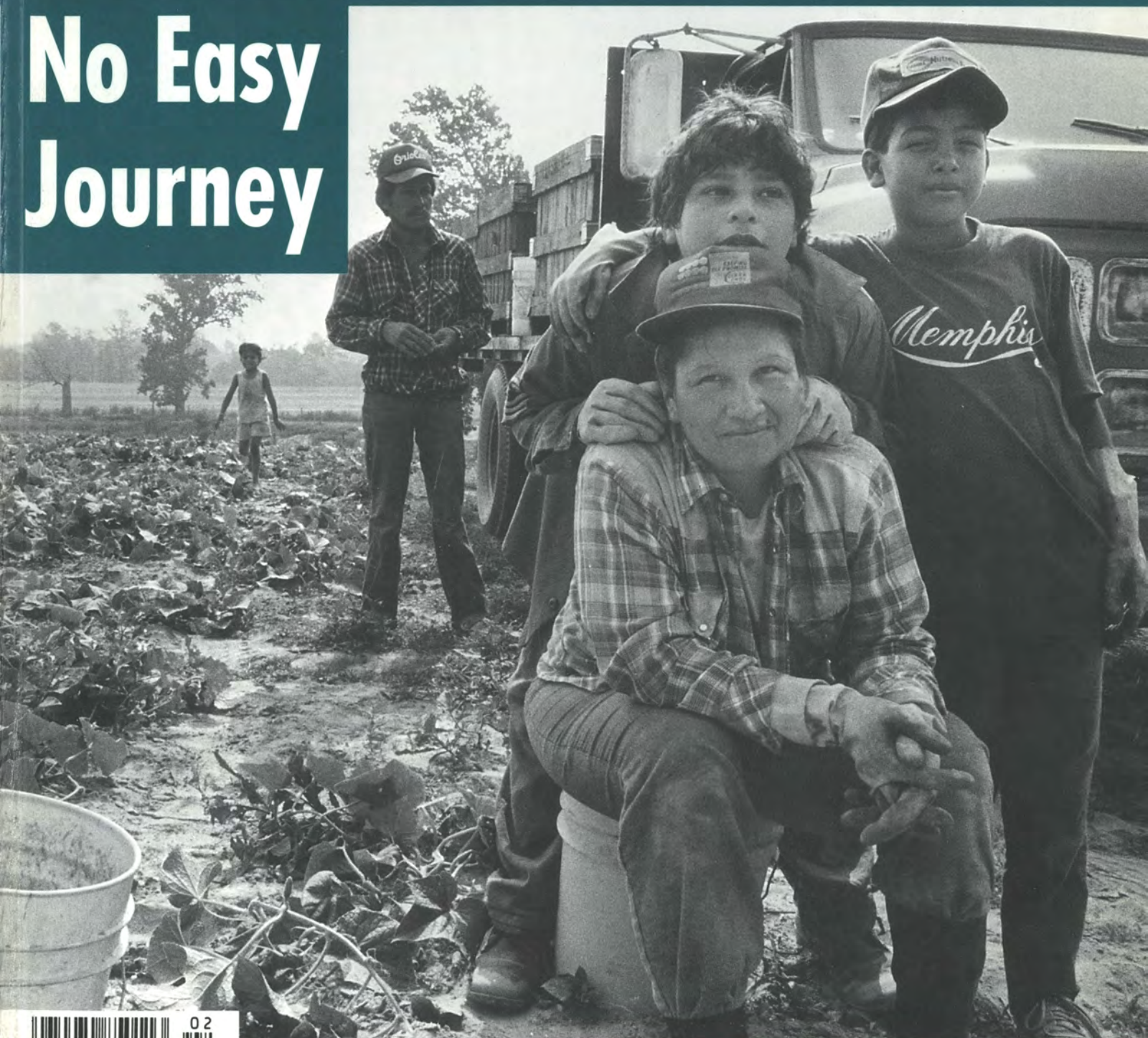


SOUTHERN EXPOSURE

A JOURNAL OF POLITICS & CULTURE

VOL. XXVII, No. 2 \$5.00

No Easy Journey



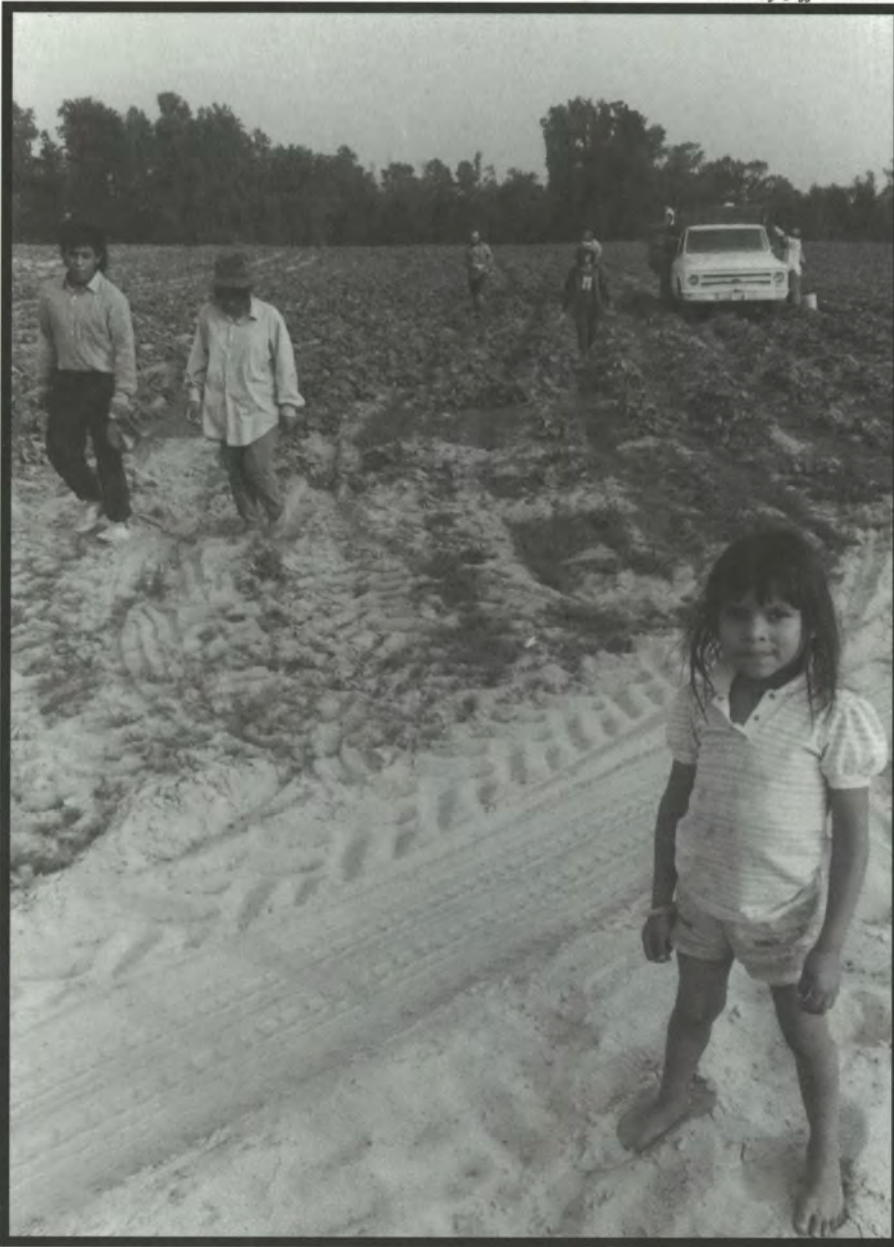
New immigrants set roots, search for justice in the South



02

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Photo by Jeff Whetstone



“What was once called immigrant-bashing should be called immigrant-smashing. It’s an outright war, waged at the highest levels of government. Like many wars, this one utilizes vicious divide-and-conquer tactics to prevent a united resistance: divide immigrants and the U.S.-born; the so-called legal (documented) and the illegal (undocumented); recent and established arrivals.”

– Elizabeth Martinez,
Chicana activist

“The more you can increase fear of drugs and crime, welfare mothers, immigrants and aliens, the more you control all the people.”

– Noam Chomsky, author

“There is a new Latino labor force all over the South that will be the foundation of the next civil rights movement in the U.S. – a movement that is going to have a brown face.”

– Baldemar Velasquez, Farm Labor Organizing Committee

No Easy Journey

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SUMMER 1999

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THANK YOU: We would like to give special thanks to two people for their help with the 25th Anniversary Issue published this spring. Gary Ashwill provided invaluable editorial assistance, and Susan Suchman Simone's photography of our 25th Anniversary Celebration provided wonderful images of the event.

From the Editor

If there's one thing that stays the same about the South, it's the fact that it's always changing. Not that change comes easy. Perhaps more than any other part of the country, the South is a region torn between its tradition-bound mystique, and the reality that its land and people are always becoming something new.

This issue of *SE* opens a window to one of our region's more dramatic transformations in the last decade – the unprecedented rise of vibrant immigrant communities, especially from the many lands of Latin America.

Of course, Latinos have been part of the social, political and economic mix for decades in Florida and Texas. But this presence is now felt throughout the region, with record-breaking numbers of Latino newcomers calling the Deep and Upper South home.

With notable exceptions, these newcomers have been greeted with something less than Southern hospitality. All too many politicians – from town hall to Capitol Hill – have tacitly or openly echoed the words of Nathan Deal, a Georgia Congressman who recently fanned the flames of division by mailing a letter to his constituents accusing undocumented immigrants of “forming vast underground communities throughout North Georgia,” posing “a threat to public health and safety,” and causing “over-crowding, unemployment and severe straining of our public resources.”

This came only days after a Baptist congregation in Lilburn, Georgia – known for lending a helping hand to the Gwinnet County Latino community – found their church defaced with swastikas and anti-immigrant graffiti.

Such pandering to our basest fears may earn politicians a quick spike in the polls, but it mostly serves to divert us from facing the glaring contradictions in how we view immigrants, and how these views become policy.

Honesty would force us to confront some basic questions: Just five years after NAFTA, which guarantees the free flow of business and wealth across the U.S.-Mexico border, why are we arming INS agents to the teeth to stop the flow of people – granting mobility only to the powerful? How can our leaders gain political currency by declaring war against immigrants, while their friends in the business establishment perpetuate an underground economy that profits them handsomely? And even more – how can any citizen of the world be “illegal?”

New immigrants who are organizing for change – like the Farm Labor Organizing Committee's campaign to bring justice to the fields of North Carolina (see p. 40) – call on all of us to move beyond hysteria and draw on more enduring values: fairness, neighborliness, and justice.

As the South is reborn, relying on such Southern traditions will serve us well. Change will come, and with determination, we can make it *our* change – change for a better South.

— Chris Kromm

With notable exceptions, these newcomers have been greeted with something less than Southern hospitality.

SHOWING AND TELLING

As an avid reader of *Southern Exposure*, I was delighted to see a review of my book, *Confederates in the Attic* (Summer/Fall 1998). However, I wasn't sure whether to take Florence Tonk's review as an outright pan, or as unintentional praise.

First she blames me for merely reporting. This is largely true; I hew to the journalistic maxim, "show, don't tell." Let readers give it their own spin. Would she have preferred that I devote pages instead to passing judgement, as so many non-Southerners writing about the region have done?

Second, she accuses me of treating the Civil War remembrance with high entertainment value. Should writing about serious subjects necessarily be dull and painful to read? I wrote the narrative as it happened to me, alternately light and dark. Life's like that. Also, I'd hope that the book's entertaining aspects might draw in a broad range of readers, and introduce them to serious issues such as race that they might otherwise rarely choose to read about.

Finally, and most distressingly, she suggests I'm exploitative of my subjects, a suspicion fed by my omission of a key character, Rob Hodge, in the acknowledgements. I always thought acknowledgements were a way to recognize the contribution of people the reader might otherwise not be aware of. The whole book, in a sense, is an appreciation of Rob; it would be redundant to mention him in the acknowledgments.

Ms. Tonk, rest assured. I'm still friends with Rob and most of the other people I got to know well while reporting the book.

Tony Horwitz
Author, *Confederates in the Attic*

Florence Tonk responds

I read Mr. Horwitz's book and gave it my own critical spin. What continues to make me uneasy about *Confederates in the Attic* is precisely Mr. Horwitz's "show don't tell" approach. While considering the book once more after receiving the author's note, I came across a very clear example of why his journalistic maxim

fails in dealing with complex historical issues like race.

Visiting Selma, Alabama, Horwitz witnesses a Civil Rights observance and comments on "[T]he litany of heroic deeds and fallen martyrs. It was the same mournful refrain that ran through dozens of Confederate observances I'd attended." Putting nostalgia for the Civil War on the same level with supposed nostalgia for the Civil Rights struggle has troubling implications.

One cannot just "show" similarities between these two scenes and expect to be done with it—especially when dealing with readers of *Southern Exposure*, for whom Civil Rights is not a "ghost dance" or a spirit from an "exalted past," but a real fight that continues to this very day.

All historical memories are not created equal. By equating the two memories, Mr. Horwitz has (unintentionally perhaps) denied the immense historical and political differences between them.

Florence Tonk
Reviews Co-Editor

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The *Appalachian Reader* covers the work of citizens' organizations in the Appalachian region. It features in-depth analysis of issues of concern to citizens' organizations and profiles of groups and people working on them. The *Reader* provides information about job openings, available resources, foundations which support work in the region, and the activities of people active in area groups. Through its pages, citizen activists can share their news, learn what others are doing, and find allies in their work. And they can reach a larger audience of supporters, funders and activists outside the region as well. Subscriptions are \$15 for one year, \$25 for two years. To subscribe, send a check, along with you name and address, to:

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Virginia Durr

1904–1999

Virginia Durr broke with her upbringing to become a torchbearer for racial and economic justice.

Photo by Tom Gardner

By Anne Braden

They broke the mold after they made Virginia Durr, who died this past February at the age of 95. Her life spanned most of the 20th Century and almost seven decades of the struggle for a democratic South.

Virginia grew up in Birmingham but spent summers on the family plantation in the Alabama Black Belt, where her family was part of the Old South ruling class. She was born into a white society that said the only role

for a woman was to be attractive to men, become the belle of the ball, and “marry well.”

But she was part of that generation that got its political education from the Great Depression. Virginia’s began when, as a young Junior Leaguer in Birmingham, she saw starving children devastated by rickets. When she was 30, she moved to Washington where her husband Cliff, a brilliant young lawyer, took a job in Franklin Roosevelt’s New Deal government. Her real awakening came when she attended hearings of the Congressional La Follette Committee, which was investigating the beating and killing of union organizers in the South. There she realized it was nice Christian men she knew, industrial barons of Birmingham, who planned these atrocities. She was horrified.

She became an ardent New Dealer, union supporter, and a founding member



VIRGINIA DURR (L) WITH ROSA PARKS AT THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE HIGHLANDER FOLK SCHOOL, TENNESSEE, OCTOBER 1982.

of the Southern Conference for Human Welfare, formed in 1938 to bring African American and white Southerners together to work for an equitable South. Virginia’s great passion was the right to vote, and she became a leader of the movement to abolish the poll tax, one of the devices used to deny the ballot to African Americans – and also to poor whites and women. The house where Virginia and Cliff raised their four daughters in Alexandria, Virginia, became a gathering spot for the crusaders of that period, many of them high government officials.

When the domestic Cold War hit in the late 1940s, terror gripped Washington, as every crevice was said to contain a Communist. Organizations Virginia belonged to were destroyed by purges, her friends were called before investigating committees and lost their jobs. Many people were running for cover like rats. Both she

and Cliff were appalled. By then he was chair of the Federal Communications Commission and resigned rather than enforce President Truman’s Loyalty Oath. Virginia had many Communist friends. She said later no one ever really asked her to join the party because they thought she talked too much.

She and Cliff went back to Alabama, and in 1954 she was subpoenaed by Sen. James Eastland of Mississippi who was “investigat-

ing” people working against segregation. She went to New Orleans and powdered her nose as Eastland roared questions. All she would say was, “I stand mute.” Her friends laughed about that for years; it was the only time in her life that Virginia stood mute.

That same year, the Supreme Court handed down its landmark decision outlawing school segregation. The Durrs were among the few whites in Alabama who supported the decision. They had also become friends with Rosa Parks and other African-American activists; when Ms. Parks refused to move on the bus in 1955, they supported the boycott, and Cliff helped on the legal challenge. The Durrs became outcasts among whites in Cliff’s hometown. But as the civil rights movement heated up, their small apartment became a mecca for activists from across the South and the nation. When Cliff retired, they moved to Pea Level, a

Virginia and others of her generation challenged the entrenched South when it was a literal police state, and dared to envision its transformation.

family farmhouse in nearby Elmore County, and the multitudes came there. Cliff died in 1975, and for 20 years – until ill health finally overtook her – Virginia continued to be active, and historians beat a path to her door.

Virginia somehow escaped the Southern custom of phony politeness. She asked everyone the most impertinent questions about their personal affairs and later passed on these stories – not as gossip, but because she had a voracious interest in people. In later years, when people came to me with tape recorders and said, “Tell me about the ‘30s,” I sent them to Virginia. Not only did she know everything that happened then, I said, but she knew who slept with whom every night of the 30s. “That’s important,” she would say, at which point she would launch into a story, for example, of a union organizer who found out too late that the woman he had been sleeping with was a company agent.

Like many white Southerners who broke with tradition, Virginia continued to like people whose politics and racial views she considered atrocious. Her unadulterated fury was reserved for the Cold War liberals who became what she called “red-baiters.” When one leading liberal who helped break up the movement against the poll tax did something equally reprehensible almost two decades later, she said: “He’s still a bastard, and he hasn’t learned a thing in 20 years.”

I met Virginia in 1955, just after the Montgomery bus protest started. My husband and I had been charged with conspiring to overthrow the government in Kentucky after we bought a house for an African-American couple in a segregated neighborhood. I had grown up in Alabama, and although my family was never part of the ruling class, like Virginia I had grown up in those circles. We

became fast friends.

But I was 21 years younger, and our life experiences were very different. She had moved in the power circles of Washington for almost 20 years, where if she wanted to organize a little committee meeting, she just “called up Eleanor and went to the White House.” From that, she had to adjust to the life of an outcast in Alabama. Since I became active as the Cold War was escalating, I never expected to be accepted in the status quo. I told Virginia I thought those years were much harder on her than on me.

Our experiences in black/white relations were also very different. Virginia’s generation challenged segregation in the 1930s when Old South traditions still prevailed and even civil rights organizations that were interracial tended to be white-dominated. By the time I became active, African Americans were already asserting independent in no uncertain terms. Virginia could never accept what she saw as “black separatism.” In the 1960s, she could not come to terms with the Black Power Movement, whereas I thought it was a major creative leap forward for the country.

But I always listened when Virginia, from her roots in the 30s, reminded activists that a major problem was inequitable distribution of wealth and “huge corporations that own the government.” “That’s what you’ve got to oppose,” she would say. “We need a new economic system.”

Virginia and others of her generation challenged the entrenched South when it was a literal police state, and dared to envision its transformation. I have often wondered whether, if I had been born 20 years earlier, I would have had the vision or the courage to do that. Everyone who came later stands in debt to Virginia and her contemporaries. **S**

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PEOPLE AND PROJECTS AT THE INSTITUTE FOR SOUTHERN STUDIES

Uprooting Injustice for Farmworkers

The Institute is pleased to welcome **Erica Hodgin** on board as coordinator of the newly-launched **Farmworker Justice Project**. The Project is based on the successful Institute investigative report released in March, "Uprooting Injustice: A Report on Working Conditions for North Carolina Farmworkers and the Farm Labor Organizing Committee's Mt. Olive Initiative."



ERICA HODGIN

The bi-lingual study by Dr. Sandy Smith-Nonini — excerpted in this issue, on page 40 — sold out within a few weeks, revealing a growing interest in farmworker issues and FLOC's historic organizing drive at the Mt. Olive Pickle Company, now the target of a nationwide boycott for its refusal to negotiate with workers.

Erica has been leading the Project's education and outreach efforts by distributing copies of "Uprooting Injustice" and working with church, labor and community groups and journalists to better understand farmworker issues and the FLOC campaign.

To order copies of "Uprooting Injustice" or to find out how to raise awareness in your area about the farmworkers' organizing campaign, contact the Farmworker Justice Project: (919) 419-8311 x25 or fwjustice@i4south.org

The Best of the Southern Press

Coal mining and mountain journalists were the dominant themes of the **1999 Southern Journalism Awards**, an Institute-sponsored contest that recognizes the South's best investigative reporting.

Awards coordinator **Kynita Stringer** announced in May that reporters from newspapers in Kentucky, Tennessee, Florida, West Virginia, Georgia, and Louisiana received prizes for stories in two categories: General Investigative; and this year's special category, Hate Crimes.

Stories winning first prize — which will be excerpted in the **Fall 1999 issue of Southern Exposure** — included:

Investigative Reporting, Division I (dailies with circulation above 100,000): **Gardiner Harris and R.G. Dunlop** of *The Courier-Journal* (Louisville, KY) for an investigation into why Black Lung Disease persists in Kentucky's coal mines.

Investigative Reporting, Division II (circulation under 100,000): **Ken Ward, Jr.**, of *The Charleston Gazette* (Charleston, WV) for exposing the environmental abuse — and government failure to stop it — by coal companies in the mountains.

Hate Crimes: **Jim Adams, James Malone, Rochelle Riley, and Ray Hall**, also of *The Courier-Journal*, for a 28-article series on

the causes and consequences of teenage gun violence in four states.

Congratulations to all the winners, and thanks to all of the judges for their hard work!

For information about the Southern Journalism Awards, including plans for next year's contest, call **Chris Kromm** at (919) 419-8311 x26 or visit our web site: www.i4south.org

Justice Behind Bars

The United States puts more of its population behind bars than any peace-time industrial nation; and within the U.S., no region locks up more people than the South (see p. 63).



As a movement to bring justice to the U.S. prison system gains momentum on the national level, over a dozen organizers met at the **National Organizers Alliance** gathering in May to coordinate the efforts of the many Southern groups and individuals resisting the prison-industrial complex.

The Institute has been monitoring the growing prison industry in the South, and will help centralize information and contacts for an initial planning session in November at the **Highlander Center** in Tennessee.

If you work on prison issues and would like to know more about getting involved on a regional level, contact **Kim Diehl** at (919) 419-8311 x28 or kim@i4south.org

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GOLF WAR HITS U.S. OPEN

Which war have you heard the most about: a) The Kosovo war? b) The Golf War? c) Star Wars? On June 17, residents and visitors in Southern Pines, North Carolina, for the U.S. Open golf tournament learned about "b" at a showing of the critically-acclaimed new documentary, "The Golf War."

The Institute-sponsored film tells the story of Filipino peasants being violently and illegally kicked off their ancestral land to make way for one of Asia's largest golf resorts. North Carolina-based directors **Jen Schradie** and **Matt DeVries** interviewed developers and politicians as well as peasants and armed guerillas fighting the development, and even caught Tiger Woods promoting golf in the Philippines.

The film was of special interest to residents in Moore County, home of Southern Pines, where officials have built over 200 golf courses for tourist-centered growth that has, in critics' eyes, often been at the expense of local economic development and environmental protection.

For current showings of the *Golf War* or to bring the documentary to your area, email schradie@hotmail.com or go to www.golfwar.org. For information on other Institute sponsored projects, visit www.i4south.org

Photo by Keith Ernst

Making the Census Count

Next April, the U.S. Census Bureau will be sending out forms for the millennium's first decennial census count. The Institute has joined with the **Piedmont Peace Project** in a research and organizing effort in central North Carolina that seeks to increase representation of people who are least likely to be counted – people who speak English as a second language, the homeless, migrant laborers, and new immigrants. The collaboration is part of the Census 2000 Project of the **Center for Community Change**.

Accurate population counts are a crucial community issue: the numbers are used to distribute federal grants, ensure adequate political representation, and initiate new social programs. And with 2000 being an election year, an accurate count is essential to ensuring that legislative districting will allow communities of color to elect representatives of their own ethnicity or race.

To find out more about the Census 2000 project, contact the Center for Community Change at 202-342-0594.



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PARTY TIME IN LITTLE ROCK

Progressive New Party gains two seats; now claims four members on city council

LITTLE ROCK, Ark. — The grassroots method is alive and well in Little Rock, Arkansas, where recent elections proved that third parties do have a place in American politics.

This January, two New Party members took their seats on the city's 11-member Board of Directors — joining two fellow party members already serving on the Board. African-American women Genevieve Stewart and Johnnie Pugh were elected to wards 6 and 1.

In Ward 6, Stewart beat the incumbent by knocking on 3,000 doors during the campaign, asking people what issues they cared about. Living wages, affordable housing, police accountability, and better street drainage and city services topped the list, and became the centerpieces of the candidate's successful campaign.

"One of the biggest surprises we got as new board members is the mayor had already put together a new tax plan," Stewart said. "When we started talking about living wage, affordable housing and street and drainage, here comes the mayor with higher taxes. People in Ward 6 were outraged."

Urban sprawl was also a hot-button issue in the campaign, as more money is diverted to new wealthy neighborhoods, often at the expense of the city's core.

"The pattern we're starting to see is because of attention to growth areas, established areas aren't getting enough attention," New Party Co-Chair Jim Lynch said. In Little Rock, both Target and Wal-Mart closed their central city stores and moved to the west side of town.

"The gravy train is moving West, leaving huge warehouses behind in our neighborhood," Stewart said. "New companies come in, set up shop, and hire people at minimum wage after getting a huge million dollar tax break."

For a double whammy, the city tried to cut



Photo by New Party

NEW PARTY MEMBERS GENEVIEVE STEWART (LEFT) AND JOHNNIE PUGH SUCCESSFULLY CAMPAIGNED FOR LITTLE ROCK CITY COUNCIL SEATS ON AN ECONOMIC JUSTICE PLATFORM.

public transportation, including night bus service. "How can people without transportation get to their jobs? How can we get out to the new Wal-Mart without buses?" Stewart asks.

To hem in sprawl, the New Party candidates are working for an "impact fee" — instead of city taxes paying for the infrastructure that benefits new neighborhoods and big business, developers would pay to pave their own way, Lynch said.

"The New Party advocates fairness in financing," Lynch said. "Then, people in Johnnie Pugh's Ward, 12 miles away (from the new Wal-Mart) won't have to pay higher taxes."

Individual ward elections were the key to realizing the New Party's goal of "making city hall look like Little Rock." Six years ago, the New Party convinced the city of Little Rock to switch to ward elections and ended the cycle of Board representatives always being from the same two or three neighborhoods.

"With ward elections you don't need as much money. You can put together a tightly organized group of friends and win a ward."

Which is how in Little Rock, the New Party is putting the grassroots back into politics.

— Becky Johnson

WHO YA GONNA CALL?

AUSTIN, Texas — State Representative Robert Puente (D-San Antonio) hopes to do for pollution fighting what crimestoppers has done for crime fighting. This past April, he proposed the state set up what he calls a "Slime Busters" program, in which citizens can call and report environmental and pollution problems to the Texas Natural Resource Conservation Commission. He says he'd like to see environmental crimes highlighted on the 10 o'clock news — just like other crimes are.

Graphic by Ted May



FLORIDA FARMWORKERS BUST MODERN-DAY SLAVEHOLDERS

FLORIDA — The Coalition of Immokalee Workers and Farmworker Legal Services of Florida have succeeded in bringing Federal slavery convictions against two crew leaders in Southwest Florida.

The Coalition identified the crew leaders and Legal Services completed the legal work that led to successful convictions by the U.S. Attorney for the Middle District of Florida, Charles Wilson.

Abel Cuello Jr. and German Covarrubias were convicted of smuggling and holding 20 Mexican slaves against their will. The slaves were held in a state of "peonage" on Cuello's farm as they labored to re-pay their \$800 smuggling fees to the Cuello operation.

In his guilty plea, Cuello admitted that the workers were not free to leave the farm and that a co-conspirator had threatened to shoot any worker that attempted to leave.

JOBS WITH JUSTICE TARGETS POULTRY INDUSTRY

Tyson reaches agreement with workers

LOUISVILLE, Ky. — At the national Jobs with Justice gathering this February in Louisville, Kentucky, 700 activists not only gathered to talk about economic justice — they took action.

The Louisville conference — which brought together labor, community and faith leaders fighting for workplace rights — featured a sit-in at the corporate office of Tricom, the owners of KFC (formerly Kentucky

Photos by Keith Ernst



IN A SHOW OF SOLIDARITY WITH STRIKING TYSON FOODS WORKERS, PROTESTERS FROM JOBS WITH JUSTICE GATHERED OUTSIDE KFC HEADQUARTERS IN LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY. AN EXECUTIVE RELUCTANTLY TOLD THE CROWD KFC WOULD INVESTIGATE THE ISSUE. TYSON SETTLED WITH THE WORKERS A FEW WEEKS LATER.

Fried Chicken), Taco Bell, and Pizza Hut.

The protest was in support of workers on strike at Tyson Foods – a major supplier of KFC – which has faced labor unrest due to unsafe conditions on the job. KFC was asked to sign on to a code of conduct that would require suppliers to eliminate unhealthy conditions in poultry plants.

While Tricom had refused to even meet with representatives of the group, they conceded in the face of protesters. Within weeks after the sit-in, Tyson reached resolution with the striking workers.

“As illegal and unsafe practices are discovered in more places,” said Greg Denier, a spokesperson for the United Food and Commercial Workers Union (UFCW), “it will become even more important for groups to push outfits like Tricom to adopt a code of conduct for suppliers like Tyson.”

Rebecca Smith, who works at the Tyson plant grabbing chickens from ice water and hanging them on a moving line during the graveyard shift, said that “people back home will take a lot of strength from this action.”

— Keith Ernst

DEADLY DRIVING IN DIXIE

Long lines in the left-turn lane, blinking brake lights and bottle-neck lane merges. While urban sprawl is raging out of control, sidewalks, bike lanes, buses and trains are harder to find. The result: Americans are forced behind the wheel, and turn their pent-up road stress into deadly aggressive driving – and according to a new report, the South is especially at risk.

A study released last April by the Surface Transportation Policy Project of Washington, D.C., on deaths associated with aggressive driving – or, in ‘90s parlance, “road rage.” – found that areas with the highest aggressive driving deaths are sprawl-ridden cities with poor public transit systems – a problem all too common in burgeoning “New South” cities.

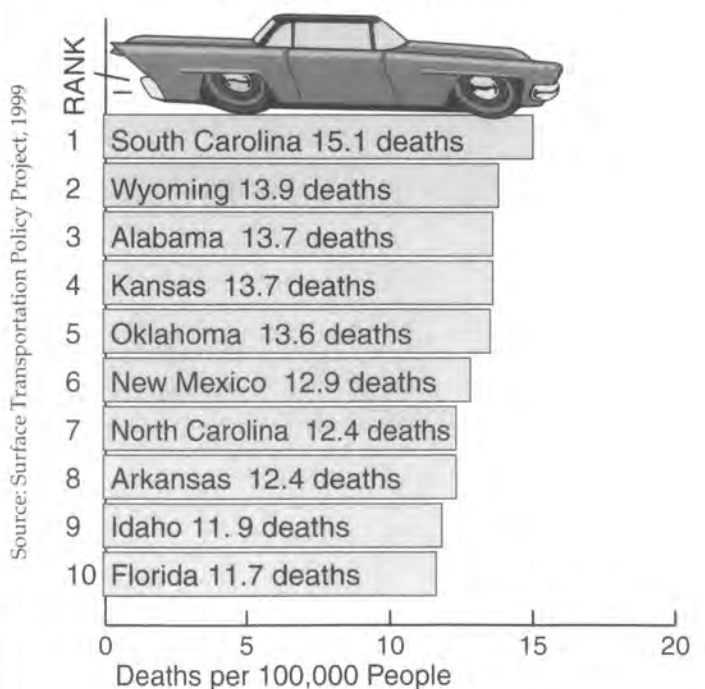
Five Southern states ranked among the top 10 with the highest aggressive-driving deaths. In 1996, there were 15 deaths per 100,000 people in South Carolina caused by aggressive driving accidents. There were also 13.7 per 100,000 in Alabama, 12.4 per 100,000 in North Carolina and Arkansas and 11.7 per 100,000 in Florida. Virginia was the only Southern state not in the top 25 for aggressive-driving deaths.

Yet, the report argues, city planners and state transportation departments continue to funnel funds into new or wider roads. Among other proposals, the group recommends installing bike lanes and expanding bus services, and community planning that reduces the need for far-flung errands.

— Becky Johnson



STATES WITH THE HIGHEST AGGRESSIVE-DRIVING DEATH RATES



WORKERS CHAMPION EMPLOYEE OWNERSHIP IN WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

CANTON, N.C. — For the best part of 100 years, the malodorous cloud hovering over the tiny western North Carolina town of Canton has carried a silver lining. Labor is at the source of that plume of steam and dioxides — both sulfur and nitrogen — that has fed, clothed and housed the population of 3,790.

Now, thanks to the largest union-led employee buy-out in the history of the Southeast, and the first in the forest products industry across the U.S., the Canton paper mill seems likely to celebrate its centenary in 2006.

Backed by a New York investment firm, workers bought the mill and six other plants from Champion International for \$200 million last May.

"I just hope the Lord it works out," said Richard Haney, a paper inspector at the mill and a member of the union's buy-out committee.

Haney's prayer is being repeated across lines more often drawn for conflict than cooperation. The successful purchase resulted from an unlikely collaboration between workers, private investors, environmentalists, state government and ultimately, the sellers.

"There's usually a win, win, win outcome to everything, and with everybody working together and trying their best, that is a possibility in this situation," said Bob Gale, an ecologist with the Western North Carolina Alliance in Asheville and a Sierra Club board member.

No such result seemed possible when in October

1997, Champion announced plans to sell off a hefty chunk of its Southeastern operations. Some 1,600 workers on an average wage of \$50,000

and board table, providing strategic and educational advice to the union almost from the outset.

"This sale is to the forest



WORKERS WON OVER ENVIRONMENTALIST SUPPORT FOR THE EMPLOYEE BUYOUT BY AGREEING TO TACKLE AIR AND WATER POLLUTION AT THE CANTON, N.C., PAPER PLANT.

wondered if the end was nigh, and the potential economic ramifications sparked regional tremors, even in this corner of Appalachia backed by tourist dollars.

Environmentalists publicly supported the buy-out bid, even though the Canton mill has poured enough wastewater into the Pigeon River to inspire lawsuits downstream in Tennessee.

The green light came only after assurances that a new ownership would not only pursue more eco-friendly products but would also spend over \$160 million on capital improvements to meet stringent air and water quality standards.

In an unusual step, State Commerce Secretary Rick Carlisle applied the William S. Lee Act, giving the new home-based industry access to incentives previously reserved for luring out-of-state corporations.

Changing state policy to accommodate the deal was a landmark development, said Frank Adams of the Southern Appalachian Center for Cooperative Ownership.

SACCO was integral to the bridge between factory floor

products industry what Wierton, West Virginia [where workers bought out a steel plant] was to the steel industry," Adams said. "We will see employee ownership in forest products happening over and over again now."

None of it was easy. When the rank and file pleaded for negotiation details, confidentiality clauses gagged the buy-out committee.

The resultant veil of secrecy spawned suspicions that union leaders had lost

sight of whose interests they were representing.

Buy-out opponents vigorously milked that pool of mistrust, arguing Champion would never shut down operations in the area and that the best course of action was no action.

"A lot of times, I'd sit up in the house and wonder how I would feel if I wasn't on the committee, knowing what I knew," said Haney. "There was a lot of stuff we just couldn't tell people and that hurt us bad."

But even though the committee experienced what Haney described as some "knock down, drag outs," the leaders had few doubts that the only future for the mill rested with the workers.

The union vote was close — 61% voted in favor — but that was enough to commit employees to a 40 percent share in the Canton mill, another at nearby Waynesville, a milk and juice carton plant in Athens, Georgia, and similar plants in Ohio, Texas, Iowa and New Jersey.

KPS Special Situations Fund has a 55 percent stake, with the remaining five percent reserved for senior management.

WINNING ON WAGES IN MIAMI

MIAMI, Fla. — In Miami-Dade County, Fla., worker advocates scored a major victory with the passage of a "living wage law" in May. Unions, working with community, civil rights and religious groups, laid the groundwork for the campaign for a



new ordinance, which mandates an \$8.56 hourly wage plus benefits for county and county contractor workers. "For thousands of working people in this area, the new ordinance is a wonderful

chance to move their families up from poverty," said AFL-CIO Executive Vice President Linda Chavez-Thompson on the morning of the Board of Commissioners' 12-0 vote.

CORPORATE WELFARE MONITOR

NEWS ABOUT BUSINESS GIVEAWAYS AROUND THE SOUTH



Illustration by Jeff Saviano

BOWLING FOR TAX DOLLARS

A plan to pass a \$2-million-dollar tax break for a "world-class" bowling center in Central Florida is still rolling in the state legislature. *Bowling Incorporated* – based in Wisconsin – wants to spend \$50 million on a World Bowling Village in Osceola County. The project's backers claim it will bring 300 jobs to the area – in return, they're asking for the two-million-dollar-a-year break on state sales taxes. Representative Bob Starks says it's a blatant misuse of tax money, but recent reports show this "turkey" to still be alive.

SOUTH LEADS IN "CANDY STORE DEALS"

A report released on Tax Day – April 15th, 1999 – shows that states across the South continue to lead the way in handing out corporate welfare. Of the "Terrible Ten Candy Store Deals of 1998" studied by Greg LeRoy of the Washington-based research group Good Jobs First, six of the plans were hatched by Southern state and local governments. Among the dubious deals featured in LeRoy's report:

▲ In Hawesville, Kentucky, lumber giant Willamette Industries was given a \$132.2 million tax credit to create only 15 jobs – costing taxpayers \$8.8 million a job.

▲ Ipsco, a steel mini-mill company, is getting subsidies in Alabama amounting to over \$166,000 a job. The state also admits that the company won't pay any income tax for 20 years.

▲ Avondale Industries, based near New Orleans, has received subsidies estimated at \$119 million – even though it refuses to recognize a union that workers voted for in 1993.

Copies of the report are available by contacting Good Jobs First at (202) 626-3780.

THE GLOBALIZATION GAME, CONT'D

After the Alabama government was roundly criticized for doling out \$250 million in "incentive packages" to lure a Mercedes-Benz plant in 1993 [see "The Globalization Game," *Southern Exposure*, Summer/Fall 1998], many assumed the state would think twice before offering more budget-busting incentives to a multinational auto giant. Those hopes dissolved when Governor Siegelman announced this May that officials had sealed a deal giving Honda America \$160 million dollars in tax cuts, site prep, and other inducements to set up a minivan and SUV production facility east of Birmingham. The new plant is slated to open in 2002 and employ 1,500 people – which means the state paid about \$107,000 for each job Honda promised to create.

FOR THE PUBLIC TRUST

The good news is, in Alabama, people are fighting back. The Center for Public Trust – a Montgomery-based government watchdog group – has mounted a challenge to what the group calls "subsidy secrecy" in Alabama. The group has filed a Freedom of Information Request with the Alabama Department of Revenue, demanding data on more than 200 deals since 1995 in which companies will not pay any income tax to the state for the next 20 years. "How can you calculate the real costs and benefits of the business incentives system – much less make sound economic policy decisions – without having this information?" asked Mike Odom, the group's director.

—Chris Kromm

Sources: State wire reports; Good Jobs First; Reuters

With few if any lay-offs in sight, the most tangible impact on the average worker is a 15 percent wage cut and a pay freeze for the seven years of the buy-out program.

Those savings go into building the company. In return, employees receive profit share and stock.

"Some people were calling that a cutback. We call it an investment," Haney said. "If we go flat on our face, well, this place would have gone flat on its face anyway. At least now we have an opportunity. It's up to us."

—Trent Bouts

TOUGH GENES

Genetics may explain the perseverance of African Southerners in the face of famine

CHARLESTON, S.C. – Nearly four decades after a geneticist speculated that a specific gene helped tribal people survive famine, the Medical University of South Carolina may have proven his "thrifty gene" theory.

MUSC researchers said they've found a "thrifty gene" among black people in sea island communities from Pawleys Island, north of Charleston, to the Georgia border. The gene regulates how much fat or sugar the body burns for fuel, said W. Timothy Garvey, director of MUSC's Division of Endocrinology, Diabetes and Medical Genetics.

It is possible, Garvey said, that the gene discovered in black Lowcountry residents helped their African ancestors survive food shortages. In modern times, the gene could be an important cause of obesity and diabetes among black Americans, Garvey said.

In 1962, University of Michigan geneticist James Neel theorized that the same

gene that helped tribal people fend off starvation made their descendants obese in new lands with plentiful food and high-fat diets. Neel's theory applied to the offspring of Africans, Native Americans and Polynesians.

"When we were hunters and gatherers, we had a gene that was useful when we ate infrequently," he said. "It released an enzyme that helped us metabolize our food. We got full advantage of what we ate, and we didn't lose a lot of sugar spilling out in the kidney and urine."

Neel said nearly every group that was moved abruptly from one environment to another experienced a rise in obesity and an increased potential for diabetes.

"A gene that was good to have in one environment may not be a good gene to have in another environment," Neel said.

Garvey and his research team have published a research paper on their findings. While it does not quote Neel directly, it supports his theory. "It is gratifying to see this supporting data come 36 years later," said the 83-year-old Neel, who has been on the Michigan faculty for nearly 50 years.

Garvey said, "We think this gene does influence which fuel is burned — fat or sugar — and if you have this gene, you will burn more sugar and less fat. We found this gene only in African-Americans. There may be another thrifty-type gene in other tribal populations."

The discovery of Neel's thrifty gene is one of the first successes in MUSC's 3-year-old project to establish a genetic registry of 400 black families in the Lowcountry. By studying their genetic makeup, researchers hope to find cures for diabetes, hypertension and obesity, Garvey said.

Most of the people in the study suffer from one or more of the diseases. Shelia W. Waring of Charleston said she encouraged her relatives to enroll in the study because it could help find a cure for diabetes.

"My mother was recently diagnosed with diabetes, and I didn't know until much later that my brother had diabetes for some time — but it just was never discussed," said Waring, a MUSC employee. "Diabetes is a silent killer, if you are not aware of the symptoms."

In the United States, diabetes, hypertension, and obesity are more common among black people than other ethnic groups.

The lowland study is called the Sea Island Genetic African-American Registry or Project SuGAR. MUSC's partners are the Beaufort/Jasper Comprehensive Health Care Center; the Franklin C. Fetter Family Health Center in Charleston; Sea Island Comprehensive Health Care Corp. and Rural Mission on John's Island; Volunteers in Medicine on Hilton Head Island; Allendale Rural Health Center; and St. James-Santee Community Health Center.

Ida Spruill, the study's field coordinator and nurse manager, said people in the study are told how to reduce their risk of getting diabetes, and, if they have it, how to change their diets.

The MUSC study also is comparing the genetic makeup of the sea islanders with two ethnic groups in the West African nation of Sierra Leone. During slavery, Africans were shipped from Sierra Leone and sold to rice plantations along the Georgia and South Carolina coast.

Researchers are comparing the genetic material found in blood samples taken from 450 Mende and Temne people in Sierra Leone with more



Photo by Keith Ernst

AT THE NATIONAL ORGANIZER'S ALLIANCE NATIONAL GATHERING IN BLACK MOUNTAIN, N.C., THIS SPRING, GUY CARAWAN (FAR LEFT) AND CANDY CARAWAN (SECOND FROM LEFT) WERE HONORED FOR THEIR LONGSTANDING INVOLVEMENT IN SOUTHERN MOVEMENTS FOR CHANGE. HERE THEY ARE SINGING "WE SHALL OVERCOME" — ONE OF THE MANY SONGS THEY ARE CREDITED WITH BRINGING TO THE CIVIL RIGHTS STRUGGLE — WITH (LEFT TO RIGHT) MAC LEGERTON, LUCI MURPHY, AND ELAINE PURKEY.

than 796 people in Georgetown, Charleston, Beaufort, Colleton, Jasper and Allendale counties.

The Mende, Temne, and sea islanders were selected because, unlike urban residents in both countries, they have remained nearly genetically homogeneous by not marrying outside their groups, researchers said.

The study also has confirmed, Garvey said, that the sea islanders are the most genetically homogeneous group of black Americans. Less than six percent of their genetic makeup contain genes from whites, he said, which is the lowest percentage of any group of black Americans.

— Herb Frazier

OIL RIG REBELLION

North Carolinians Unite to Stop Drilling for Coastal Crude

OUTER BANKS, N.C. — Along North Carolina's Outer Banks, local fisherman and

small-town business owners depend on a healthy marine ecosystem for their livelihoods. Dedicated to protecting their fragile shore, they've led a grass-roots effort to fend off the second attempt by an oil company to develop on the coast in 10 years.

However, although Chevron Oil Co. postponed its offshore drilling proposal this spring, the broader question of drilling rights still lurks in the background, and could surface again if public pressure wanes.

The battle began back in 1988, when several fisherman went to an environmental hearing with Mobile Oil, Corp., during which Mobile referred to the 40-mile offshore Point near Cape Hatteras as a "lifeless moonscape." For the dozens of deep-sea fishermen who depend on the area, the Point is one of the best fishing spots around.

"It's a whole food chain right there," Michael Egan, a Manteo resident with LegaSea, said. "You have the warm Gulf Stream running

into the Continental Shelf. It's a really rich fishing ground, probably the richest on the east coast."

After that meeting, local fisherman and town leaders formed LegaSea to fight off Mobile. Marine biologists and researchers across the state jumped on board, followed by bird watchers who value the area as a vital feeding ground for migrating fowl. Hotel and restaurant owners soon joined the effort as well.

"One tanker accident washing up on shore is all it would take to destroy the tourism industry here," Egan explained.

The legal snag is that, while North Carolina would suffer from oil operations, the federal government controls drilling rights by selling 5- to 10-year leases on an area to oil companies. During that period, oil companies can make drilling bids.

With Mobile, North Carolina challenged the federal drilling rights, citing the state's environmental policy. But with the Chevron battle, North Carolina's Governor Hunt has remained silent.

Chevron recalled this year's bid, opting to conduct exploratory drilling in 2000 - but they still have at least two years left on their lease.

Chevron spokespeople blame low-gas prices - as well as the opposition from politicians and citizens - as their reason for postponing the bid. Exploratory drilling would run around \$20 million, with only a 2% chance of viable deposits.

Rick Spencer, director of Greensboro-based EarthCulture, peddled 200 miles from Manteo to Raleigh last November to draw environmental awareness to the issue while using a non-petroleum transportation method.

"Putting any gruesome images of Exxon Valdez aside," Egan said, "The daily

operations of exploratory oil drilling drag residue from below the earth's surface up into the water column, affecting the fish."

Doug Rader, senior scientist with the North Carolina Environmental Defense Fund called the Outer Banks one of the worst places in the world to drill for oil. Situated right on the Gulf Stream, oil pollution or spills in North Carolina waters would be carried for hundreds of miles, harming small-scale fisherman, tourist towns and wildlife all along the coast.

-Becky Johnson

BUSINESSMEN AGAINST COMMERCIALISM, UNITE

In Alabama, pro-business Republicans lead the charge against force-fed advertising in the classroom

ALABAMA - Alabama Senator Richard Shelby could safely be described as a pro-business Republican. But Shelby believes in constituent service, and one of his constituents is Jim Metrock, another pro-business Alabamian who tends to vote Republican.

As CEO of Metrock Wire and Steel and founder of the Business Council of Alabama, the state's largest business association, Jim Metrock knew Senator Shelby. A couple of years ago, Metrock decided to get out of the steel business and do some community service. Metrock was concerned with commercial television's assault on children.

After Pat Ellis, a fellow Alabamian, told Metrock about Channel One, he began to research the problem.

Metrock was surprised by what he learned: a marketing company was assaulting eight million children across the country with ads for junk food, among other items.

Channel One Network, now owned by Primedia, Inc., is the company that loans televisions to public schools, in exchange for the schools agreeing to give Channel One access to schoolchildren for 12 minutes every day.

The marketers use this opportunity to pump the children with a 10 minute "news" program, generally aired during home room, and two minutes of commercials pushing Pepsi, Mountain Dew, Snickers, M&M's and Fruit Loops, among other consumer items.

The advertisers pay a hefty price for the ads - a reported \$200,000 for a 30-second spot.

Metrock asked his 18-year-old son if he had ever heard of Channel One. Yes, the son said, I've been watching it for three years.

Flabbergasted, Metrock launched his campaign. Early last year, Metrock and Ellis traveled to Washington, D.C. to meet with Senator Shelby's staff about the problem. In April 1998, Senator Shelby issued a news release expressing his concerns about Channel One and calling for Congressional hearings.

Channel One was probably not pleased. Executives wrote \$120,000 worth of checks to lobbyists in an effort

LEGAL EDUCATION

Florida students are taking the state to court for "underperforming" schools

FLORIDA - The Florida Appleseed Center has filed a lawsuit against the state on behalf of 1.4 million students who have failed the state exams for functional literacy. The Appleseed Center holds that the state of Florida is violating the constitutional is violating the constitutional rights of many of its public school students by failing to provide adequate education.

The students represented "attend schools with the worst academic outcomes in Florida," says John Ratliff, an attorney with the case. These include schools across the state with a large percentage of poor or minority students such as Miami-Dade, Polk, Okaloosa, Highlands, and Bay County. The lawsuit claims that the illiteracy rates at these schools range from 25-75 percent and students lack the skills to hold a job.

According to the Appleseed Center, Florida is not just violating the rights of minorities and immigrants. "The lawsuit includes the poor, not just black children," says John Doe, deputy general council for the NAACP. "We're talking about poor white children and children in the inner city regardless of their ethnicity."

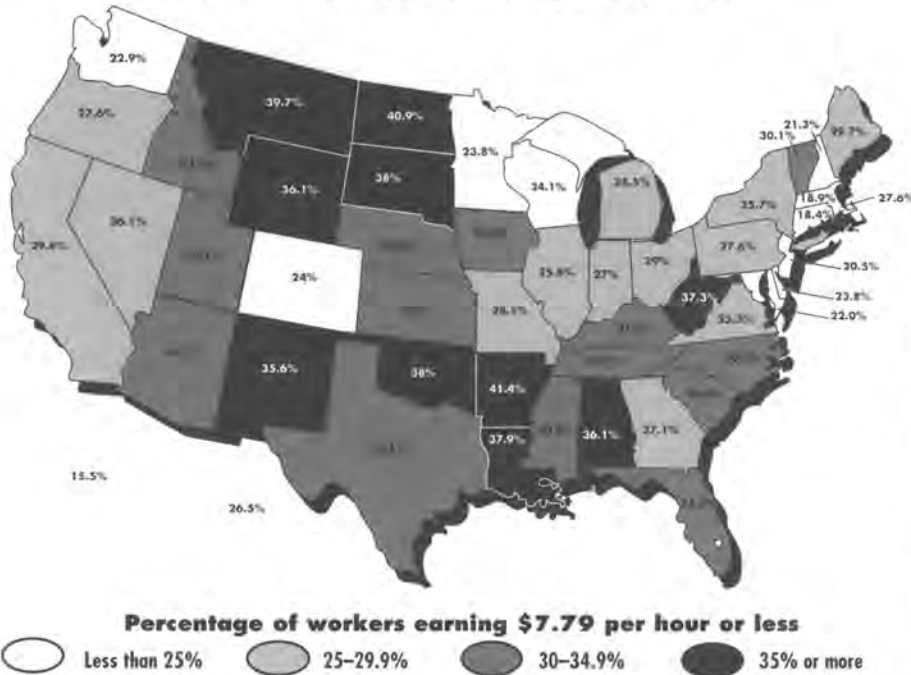
The plaintiffs in the case are not seeking a large monetary settlement, but the Appleseed Center does want the state of Florida to take whatever steps are required to achieve adequate educational results in all Florida schools. The state's legal team is reviewing the suit and similar litigation in other states is being pursued.



-Hasan Kingsberry

Paycheck BLUES

Nationally, 28.6 percent of workers earn no more than \$7.79 an hour, the wage required to lift a family of four above the federally defined poverty line.



Source: The State of Working America, 1998-99, Economic Policy Institute

to derail the hearings.

First, they put on retainer an inside-the-beltway power law firm – Preston, Gates. Then they brought on Ralph Reed, the former executive director of the Christian Coalition turned corporate lobbyist. And then they hired a lobbyist in Alabama to keep an eye on things.

The months rolled by, and the hearing date was delayed – until this spring, when the date was set in stone for May 20, 1999.

Radio spots started airing in Alabama attacking Senator Shelby, implying that he was part of a left-wing plot against the pro-Christian values of Channel One. The text of one of the ads that ran:

“Tragedies like Littleton, Colorado show how vital it is to teach our children the values of faith and family. One bright spot is Channel One. Channel One

reaches 8 million students every school day, 250,000 here in Alabama, with a television program that tells children to turn their backs on drugs, reject violence and abstain from sex before marriage. And it’s working. The Partnership for a Drug-Free America found that children are more aware of the risks of using marijuana because they are watching Channel One. But some on the radical left want Congress to ban such programming. Call Senator Shelby ... and tell him to stand up for Channel One’s right to teach our kids to say ‘no’ to drugs and ‘no’ to sex before marriage.”

The ad was sponsored by an unknown group called the Coalition to Protect Our Children, with a Montgomery, Alabama post office box but no listed phone number. And Metrock says he knows of no organization in Alabama that endorses Channel

One.

“I asked Ralph Reed if he knew anything about this advertising campaign in Alabama,” Metrock says. “He didn’t say he didn’t. He said that he just wasn’t keeping up with that.”

The campaign to derail the hearing failed. It was held on May 20. Ralph Nader and Phyllis Schlafly spoke against Channel One, while a Channel One executive and a priest from a religious school in Washington, D.C. spoke in favor of Channel One.

But the hearing has reinvigorated Metrock’s determination to defeat commercialism in the schools. He wants to start with Channel One in home rooms – which he calls “a two-by-four to the head” – and then proceed on to Coke and Pepsi in the hallways.

–Russell Mokhiber and Robert Weissman

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Has Welfare Reform Worked?

Despite a "booming economy," poverty – especially among children – still lingers

By Keith Ernst

Almost three years after the passage of federal welfare reform, the Clinton administration and dozens of state governors continue to proudly point to cuts in the number of low-income families receiving cash assistance to help raise a child. The assumption is that these families are leaving the roles to take jobs – jobs that are ensuring their children's economic well-being [see "Organizing for Dignity," *Southern Exposure*, Spring 1998].

However, despite what has been called the strongest economy in decades, the number of children living in poverty has hardly changed. In fact, states like Alabama and Virginia have seen substantial increases in the percentage of children living in poverty – while the number of families receiving cash assistance in both states has been cut in half.

Several recent studies reveal why economic security has been elusive. Former welfare participants find themselves in low-paying jobs: one report by the Center on Budget and Policy Priorities found that adults leaving welfare programs for employment in Maryland earned only \$794 a month on average. Nationally, it found that former welfare participants typically earned less than \$8 an hour.

According to an Urban Institute report which summarized several current studies, 50% of former welfare participants in



ACCORDING TO THE CHILDREN'S DEFENSE FUND, ONE IN THREE POOR CHILDREN IN AMERICA LIVES IN THE SOUTH.

South Carolina reported that they were "barely making it," with 37% experiencing "problems paying utility bills," and 16% reporting that they have "skipped meals." Other studies point to gaps in childcare, inadequate transportation, and a loss of health insurance for families leaving welfare programs as more evidence of a system in crisis.

In the face of such evidence, champions of welfare reform often shift the terms of the debate entirely. For example, the Heritage Foundation — a right-wing think-tank with \$43 million in annual income — has joined a chorus of conserva-

tive organizations suggesting that ending economic hardship was never the goal. According to a May 1999 story in the *Washington Post*, Robert Rector, Senior Policy Analyst at the Heritage Foundation claimed not only that welfare reform was working fine, but that the traditional welfare system was misguided because it was "preoccupied with eradicating poverty."

As advocates and organizers struggle to put economic security and justice back at the center of the debate the figures below offer a glimpse of what has really happened to low-income families.

Keith Ernst is a Research Director at the Institute for Southern Studies.

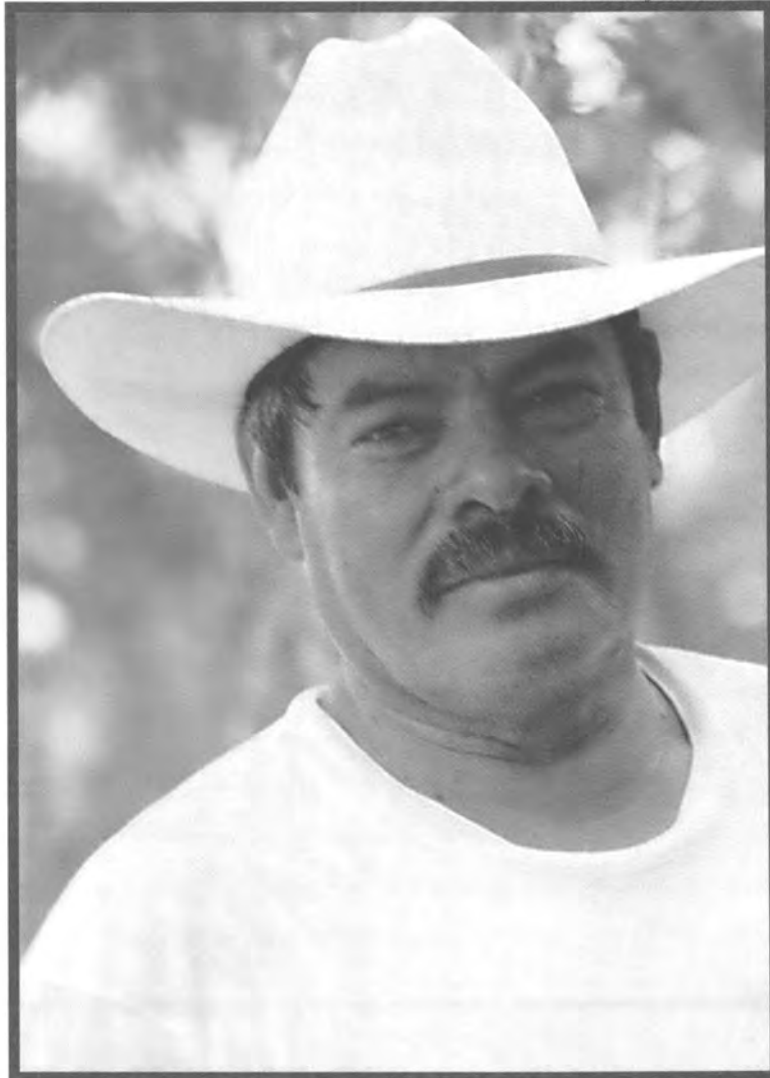
WELFARE REFORM FAILS TO REDUCE CHILDHOOD POVERTY

State	Children in poverty 1994	Children in poverty 1997	Change in welfare caseloads 1993-1998
Alabama	22%	25%	-65%
Arkansas	19%	26%	-59%
D.C.	37%	38%	-19%
Florida	23%	20%	-68%
Georgia	19%	25%	-61%
Kentucky	29%	23%	-54%
Louisiana	38%	23%	-51%
Mississippi	30%	21%	-75%
North Carolina	20%	16%	-55%
South Carolina	21%	20%	-67%
Tennessee	19%	19%	-53%
Texas	28%	23%	-58%
Virginia	12%	18%	-51%
West Virginia	26%	21%	-77%
U.S.A.	21%	19%	-46%

Sources: *Kids Count*, Annie E. Casey Foundation; *State by State Welfare Caseloads Since 1993*, U.S. Department of Health and Human Services.

New Immigrants in the South

Photo by Susan Simone



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Birth of a Mestizo Nation

By Marcos McPeck Villatoro

Fifty years ago Amanda del Carmen Villatoro held a guitar on her lap as she and her family took a bus from El Salvador to California. As

my mother and her family settled into California, my father, Ralph McPeck, stood on the bow of his ship. Six weeks had passed since the South Pacific war ended. The young sailor planned to ride a Harley Davidson, like the one he had recently seen sparkling in a magazine, from California back to his home in Tennessee. While waiting on the bike, Ralph got a job a carpet cleaning company.

My mother had just left the carpet company, but one day she returned to visit, and was casually introduced to the young ex-sailor. Though she could speak little with him, she did notice his green eyes that darted timidly her way.

They dated. A week later, Ralph drove a shiny cycle to Amanda's home in the Mission District. Ralph stood with one foot on Capp Street while he pulled the goggles up and over his leather helmet. He smiled at her, and this time his green eyes did not dart away.

Ralph never learned Spanish. Amanda knew little English. Naturally, they got married.

For their honeymoon, they drove across the nation in 10 days, taking their time, meandering off the beaten path of Route 66. In Tennessee, Ralph drove through Memphis and Nashville in one day. They left 66 behind and took familiar backroads into the eastern hills of the state. "I'm taking you home, honey," he said over his shoulder.

Amanda gazed at the foothills of the Appalachian mountains that toppled into deep lakes and rivers. As they passed through the green of that summer, into a heat that penetrated the leather of her riding suit, the young girl from the old country believed for a moment that she had crossed the border on the Harley and returned to El Salvador.

While struggling to set roots, Latino newcomers are creating a new South

Photos by Susan Simone



WHILE MOST LATINOS COME TO THE SOUTHERN U.S. TO WORK IN THE FIELDS, MANY ARE "SETTLING OUT." NOW OVER TWO OUT OF FIVE LATINO SOUTHERNERS WORK IN BLUE-COLLAR JOBS.



LA TIENDA – THE LATINO MARKET – IS A FOCUS FOR THE COMMUNITY.

"This is home," she whispered.

It would be, for the next fifty years. Here she would become a citizen and perfect her English, flavoring it with a Salvadoran-Hillbilly accent.



That was the first of nine trips across the country on the same Harley. They finally settled in Tennessee, where they raised my older brother Alan and me. Alan remained in the Tennessee area, adhering more to the Appalachian culture. As an adult I ran back to Central America, as if looking for something my mother had left behind.

My wife Michelle and I lived in Guatemala and Nicaragua for several years. There I found my mother's *Raza* – living and working in communities of people who struggle to survive, I became more intimate with that spirit called Latino, which I thankfully call mine.

When we returned to the United States, Michelle and I sought out a Latino community. We thought it would be necessary to move to Texas or Los Angeles. But coming to the Southeast United States was the only trip we had to make. Just as my mother found home here half a century ago, a community of Latins is now finding home in the deep South.



While living in the northern jungles of Guatemala, I remember watching old, large trucks pull into our neighborhood. The driver, many times Mexican,

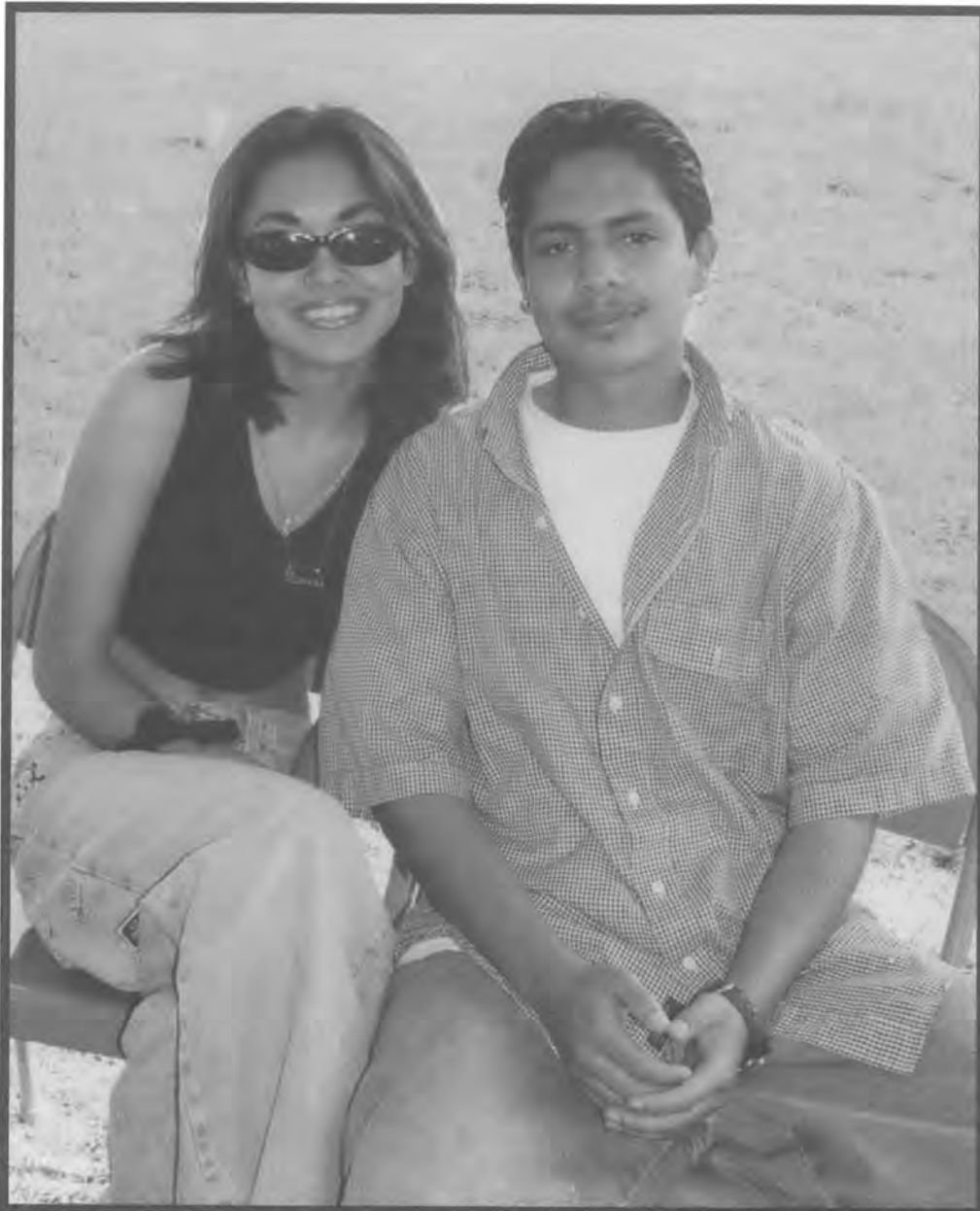
would step out and offer his *coyote* services to anyone interested. For five hundred dollars a head, you could climb aboard the back of the dusty vehicle. The driver promised to drive you all the way through Mexico and into the United States, where you could escape the poverty, violence, and any other societal aches that kept them from prospering at home.

Many of those people who board *coyote* trucks in Guatemala, El Salvador, and Mexico never reach their goal of prosperity. There are nightmare stories of individuals left in Arizona deserts to die, their forgotten cadavers littering the border's edge. Others fling themselves into *El Norte* and disappear into the large Latino populations in multi-ethnic cities.

Yet many are now giving up the ethnic connections in Los Angeles and Dallas, and moving to Tennessee, Alabama and the Carolinas, searching for jobs and *tranquila* lives.

The pattern of sowing cultural seeds is a simple one: After the first few arrive, others follow behind. Although the "wave" of immigrants generally begins with individual men who come to work a tomato or tobacco crop, it doesn't last. Having sacrificed one or more seasons separated from their families, the men bring their wives and children, who may also work beside them in the fields and factories. By the fifth or sixth year, the grandparents are in back of the car. The vehicle can no longer support

Just as my mother found home here half a century ago, a community of Latins is now finding home in the deep South.



(like myself) are the first generation Southern "halfbreeds," the products of rebellious romantic love between bi-ethnic parents who dared to cross linguistic and racial borders.

We live in small towns that are run economically by white Southerners, and often politically by both whites and African Americans. Some of these leaders and their constituencies reach out their hands in welcome (such as church workers searching for someone to save, and tobacco farmers searching for cheap labor). Others curse the day of our arrival.

Some Latinos wish to fight for the development of the Latino culture in the South, shunning assimilation for the sake of "getting ahead." Others are here just to live life in peace, dammit, and don't stir up the waters. Truck drivers, mothers, teachers, refugees, poets, tomato pickers, writers, ex-guerilla activists, drinkers, evangelicals, Bohemian Catholics, atheists. We've got it all. And here, in the South, we're right at home.

Sometimes the Latino community, in trying to deal with Southern surroundings as well as the recent events of having

the family; it's time to settle. A Latino community is born.

La Raza brings with it everything necessary to stay culturally alive. In small apartments and dilapidated trailers outside of Knoxville, Spanish sings back and forth. Walk into a Latino home, and the hot odors of tortillas, beans, singed meat, jalapenos and coffee invade your nostrils on welcome. Somewhere to be found and quickly offered is a bottle of Don Pedro Brandy. The conversations are long, vivacious, and last hours after neighboring Southern *gueros* have gone to bed.

This relatively new Southern community is as diverse as any other. Some are Mexicans, Guatemalans, Hondurans. Others are Chicanos born in California, New York and Florida. Still others

Survival makes you say things and do things like you've never said or done before.

two (or more) cultures come together, reaches back for old words in order to articulate the new situation: *Mestizo* is an appropriate term. This Spanish notion originally meant "of white and Indian perantage." It now has taken on a new social meaning for people who are of Latino/non-Latino heritages.



Newcomers in Numbers

While hard data is scarce, it's clear more immigrants are calling the South home

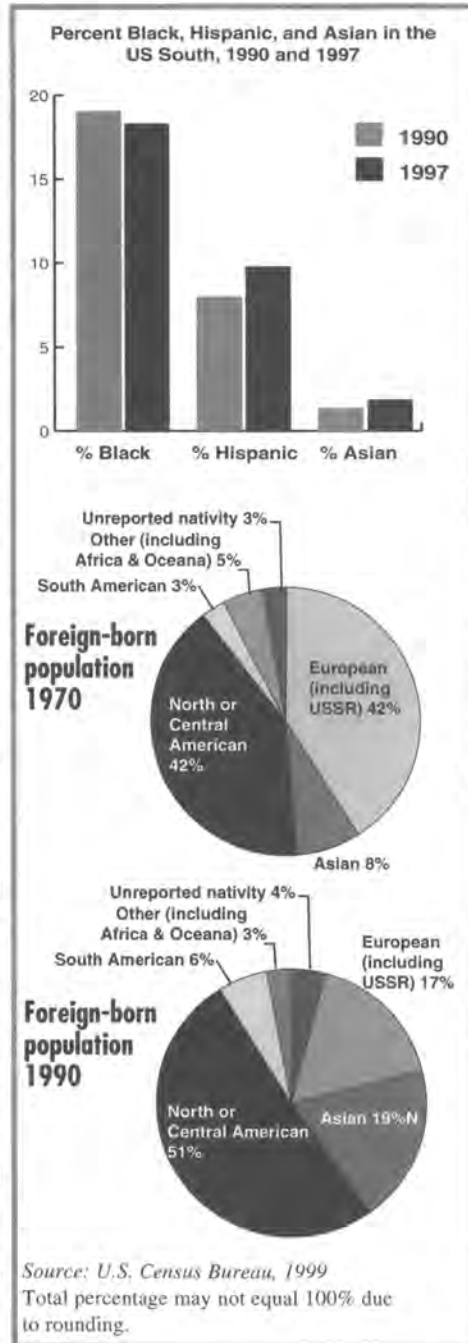
The South has been growing rapidly over the last three decades – and immigration from other countries is a leading cause of this explosive growth. Immigration from abroad represents over 20% of the population growth over the last eight years in Florida, Texas, Maryland, and Virginia, and over 10% of the growth in Louisiana, Oklahoma, and West Virginia. Overall, 17% of the growth in the region over the last eight years can be attributed to international immigration.

Who are these immigrants, and what type of work has brought them here? The composition of the foreign-born population has changed rapidly over the last three decades.

Historically, immigration policy in the United States effectively limited the number of immigrants from “undesirable” groups, generally persons with less education and darker skin. The result was a foreign-born population largely composed of aging white Europeans.

Recent legislative changes and increases in the volume of non-legal immigration have changed this pattern. Between 1970 and 1990, the percent of the foreign-born population in the U.S. South from Europe During that same time, declined from 42% to 17%. The corresponding percent for Asians increased from 8% to 19% and the corresponding percent for North and Central Americans (primarily Mexicans and other Central Americans) increased from 42% to 51%. The “Hispanic” ethnic group in the U.S. South rose from eight percent of the population in 1990 to 10 percent in 1997 alone. Over the same time period, Asians increased from 1.3% to 1.8% of the population.

Seven percent of employed immigrants from North and Central America counted in the Current Population Survey work in farming or fishing occupations – although, this group is the most likely to be undercounted, so that's a low estimate. The



largest percentages of workers from North and Central America are employed in blue-collar manufacturing and laborer positions (41%) and service occupations (22%). By comparison, only 27% of native workers

are employed in blue-collar occupations and 13% are employed in service occupations.

It is an understatement to say that counting immigrants is an inexact science. Statistics from the government come from three primary sources, each with its own shortcomings. The first – the decennial census – attempts to count every person living in the United States on a particular day every ten years, including the country's foreign-born population. The second source of data, the Current Population Survey (CPS), is also administered by the Census Bureau, which began asking about place of birth, citizenship and length of residence in 1994. Finally, the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) collects data on applications for legal immigration, and estimates “illegal” immigration from a variety of sources. There are also various private organizations and researchers who estimate immigration (primarily “illegal”) using surveys, interviews, information from employers, and apprehensions on the U.S. borders.

The decennial census and the Current Population Survey are still the best sources and are used in the charts below. However, there are shortcomings. Each is a household-based survey, and those immigrants who are living in temporary or hard-to-find homes, such as agricultural migrant camps, are not likely to be counted. This, along with the fact that “illegal” immigrant groups do not want contact with government organizations, guarantees that North, Central and South Americans will be undercounted.

On top of that, immigrants with low levels of education are undercounted because of their inability to fill out forms, and census-takers face a difficulty in contacting people without traditional “9 to 5” jobs. All of which is to say that estimates of immigrant populations are only show the lower limits of who is really here.

— Leah Van Wey

It seems that, as love endures the passage of time, so does racism. When my father drove his Harley Davidson into the East Tennessee Mountains with my mother clinging to him, my Appalachian grandparents waited on the other end. According to family lore, Papaw Abe and Mamaw Mami were resting on the porch swing, staring out into the humid August day. They saw the motorcycle pull into the gravel driveway. Papaw stood, squinted through the harsh sun, and muttered to his wife, "Oh my Lord, Ralph's gone out and married himself a goddam Apache."

My mother's deep dark skin, slight indigenous features, and long black hair that fell over her shoulders and back had a difficult time making it into Dad's white world. Language also played in the tricks: though Mom had learned a great deal of English, she had never even heard of Appalachian.

My grandparents at first found her Salvadoran tongue difficult to understand. They then saw it as charming. Mother's ways were surprisingly refined, as if she had been brought up in a good family. Their perception went from dirty Apache to Noble Savage.

At the time my parent's marriage was an anomaly. Today there exist more examples of Southern whites marrying Latinos. Young white women who work in chicken factories meet up with the migrant population, most of which is made up of young men. Some fall in love; some men fall into opportunity, seeing as a fairly easy way to get your residency papers, and later citizenship, is to marry a *gringa*.

It's risky to enter into such a relationship. Not everyone cares for the mix – just dip into any Aryan/hate website to see their perspective on such inter-ethnic minglings. Add to that the cultural and linguistic differences between Southern white and Latino immigrants, and you've created a hell of a struggle. Yet there are couples who make it. They stumble together and give the world those who are difficult to pinpoint in color, who are not white, who are not black or brown, who are children.

I watch children in Tennessee who grow up in both worlds, unable to decide which road to take. Their existence slaps against a society based upon a rigid racial logic. Perhaps, in their mere living, they will break the silent code that we have all succumbed to. Unless, of course, it breaks them.

In this community, language is always an issue, and also becomes a demonstration of Latino-ness. It is not necessarily a valid barometer. Such a measuring of cultural identity plays hard upon children's psyches.

My friend Luis and I always speak in Spanish – and discuss our Spanish, and how it has changed. Luis corrected his daughter Amalia, hoping she would not forget. "No honey, don't say *dicieron*, say *dijeron*. Where did you learn that?"

"Empuchelo! Empuchelo!" yelled one of Luis' kids to another boy, as they pushed a dog out of the house. I was confused. Luis explained, "it's a mixture. Push and *empujar*. Both mean 'to give a push.' So you get *empuchar*."

"That's lousy. We're losing our language."

Luis agreed. "That's what's happening, brother. Survival makes you say things and do things like you've never said or done before. You know how people now say *enganar* (To trick, to hustle)? 'Trickear.' You know where you buy a watch now? At a 'watcheria.' What are you doing when you clean the floor? 'Mopeando.'"

I rubbed my face with my hands. I am more a traditionalist when it comes to language, especially Spanish. Having almost lost it in my youth while living in Rogersville, Tennessee, I fought with myself and the world to become fluent again. I had spent several years in Central America honing my Spanish until it could cut glass. I practiced the past-perfect subjunctive like training etymological horses to jump fences in my brain. To hear such twisted "Spanglish" coming out of Luis' kids bit at me like treason against both our living and our dead.

Luis seemed to have read my thoughts. He chuckled, but a sadness escaped. "I wonder how my kids will talk when they're older."

I watch the other halfbreeds as they play together. Some of them are *pochos*, like my own childhood. Others are light skinned *gueros*, yet they speak Spanish with the lilt and singe of a proud Chicano with deep Mexican roots. They dart about the back yard as if refuting all labels placed on them. They are beyond halfbreed; that word loses all value as it falls into the trashbin of bigotry. These children are the perfect example of *mestizaje*.

One benefit is that they play together. As a Latino growing up in East Tennessee in the 1960s, I can vouch for one truth: The collective experience is always much better than the life lived in isolation. Together they may stumble toward the same fact, that culture cannot be pigeon-holed, that their blood knows only one body. Here in the South we find a silent people growing larger, not only with arrival, but also in birthright. They are of one *sangre* – the hot, living blood of *mestizos*, the mixtures of many into one.

We now see the birth of Latino Southerners. This should make for an exciting *futuro*.



Marcos McPeck Villatoro grew up in Rogersville, Tennessee and San Francisco. He is the author of three books: *A Fire in the Hearth*; *Walking to La Milpa*; and the poetry collection *They Say That I am Two*. McPeck Villatoro and his family now live in Los Angeles, where he holds the Fletcher Jones Endowed Chair in Creative Writing at Mount St. Mary's College.

Fotos Del Pueblo



**Photo Essay
by Susan Simone**



One summer day shortly after I moved to North Carolina in 1992, I was driving from Rocky Mount to Raleigh on a wide, two-lane road that cuts through the flat fields of the eastern part of the state. Even though it was 7 p.m. on a Saturday night, the sun was hot and the humidity high. We stopped for a soda at a small cross-roads store. It looked pretty much like the middle of nowhere to me.

Just as I started to head for my car, two massive Chevy suburbans rattled up; about 15 or 20 Latino field workers climbed out. Each had on a worn baseball cap, a soiled T-shirt and a pair of old boots covered in dirt. Each also carried a pay-check in his hand. Inside, they formed a line, cashed the checks, bought sandwiches, chips and beer, and filed back out to the waiting vans.



This was my introduction to the local Latino community. It was a male society, temporary, and confined to the fields, housed in windowless metal bunk-houses, isolated, without transportation and often without rights.

In seven short years that image has undergone a radical change. While there is no shortage of hard, sun-beaten field work in tobacco, sweet potatoes, and cucumbers, the face of "el pueblo Hispano" has been transformed. Now, everyday, without leaving my routine path, I encounter Latino workers, families, children, and teenagers in all sorts of jobs.

Sending money home is still a big part of most budgets, but now the workers include not only men of all ages, but young girls, middle-aged women, and families "settled out" into the society at large.



"Tiendas" and "taguerias" are easy to find. Salsa shows fill clubs like the Ritz in Raleigh, and Miss Latina was just crowned in Durham in July. There are soccer games, Spanish-language church services, fiestas, Spanish-speaking legal services, Spanish-speaking car salesman, Spanish-language radio stations, and two Spanish-language newspapers.

Fotos Del Pueblo is my personal encounter with the faces of these newest members of the South. This is a portrait, not an investigative project. Nevertheless, a person cannot help coming head to head with the focal challenges facing Latino life the minute a camera is raised. Life in the Latino community is still dominated by the strings that tie to the home country – economic ties, political ties, ties of responsibility and emotion.

Moneygrams are a critical part of life for Latino workers in North Carolina. Go into a local store on a Friday night — payday — and you will see an endless line of men and women sending generous cables back “home.”



These strings are threads in a cloth called “immigration.” For many, this is a fabric dyed by the fear of deportation. Many families are a conglomeration of “legal,” “semi-legal” and “illegal” members. Access to services is confusing and often driven by rumor.

And so, without any sort of digging, the camera itself, in choosing faces, in showing identity, in revealing life, can be both friend and enemy. For this reason, I do not use names in labeling my photographs. This small detail reminds us that our community may be showing the face of diversity, but it is still ruled by difference at the heart.

Susan Simone is a documentary photographer based in Chapel Hill, NC. Her Meeting Place project is a sponsored project of the Institute for Southern Studies. These images will be the elements of a larger exhibition at the Chapel Hill Town Hall August 27 – October 1, 1999.

Foreigner, Go Home!

By Marsha Barber

"Lydia" is an American whose roots in western North Carolina run

deep. She owns a home in Asheville and works full time at a mid-management job in human resources. A devout Christian, she's also been active in missionary work for years, particularly in Mexico and South America.

About two years ago, Lydia met "Jorge," who had immigrated undocumented from Mexico in 1994 because he was unable to find work there (the unemployment rate in Mexico is about 50 percent, and it had soared to almost 75 percent in Jorge's small village). The two have recently become engaged, and both asked that their real names not be used.

After a short stint working in the Texas watermelon fields, Jorge is now working full time in western North Carolina in construction, "paying taxes and supporting this country," as Lydia puts it, "but we're trying to buy things together, as a couple – and his income, of course, can't even count on our credit applications," because he doesn't have a green card.

"He can't write a check, or do the things we take for granted every day," she continues. "He can't walk into a bank and deposit his money."

And recent, sweeping changes in immigration law – most notably the Illegal Immigration Reform and Immigrant Responsibility Act of 1996 (IIRIRA) – have made it difficult or impossible for Jorge ever to become a legal resident.

"We're going to get married, no matter what," Lydia declares. "But I'll live with the fear every day that [the Immigration and Naturalization Service] will show up and take my husband away."

Jose Concepcion Pina Patino is a legal permanent resident here, along with his wife, Maria Theresa, and their five youngest children (who range in age from 9 to 21). Jose's workday at

In areas like the mountains of western North Carolina, recent immigrants feel the bite of new immigration laws.

Photo by Harvey Finkle, Impact Visuals



IN THE 1980s, WARS IN LATIN AMERICA BROUGHT THOUSANDS OF REFUGEES TO THE U.S., LIKE THIS SHELTER IN SAN BENITO, TEXAS. ECONOMIC HARDSHIP AND POLITICAL PERSECUTION STILL FORCE MANY ACROSS THE BORDER.

Holly Brooks Dairy Farm in Fletcher starts at 7 a.m. and usually doesn't end until after dark.

He immediately apologizes for his poor English skills, pointing out that those long work hours leave precious little time for taking language classes. "I feed and milk 300 cows daily, am responsible for planting and harvesting the corn and other crops, plus keeping all the barns clean," he relates.

The family lives in a tidy but sparsely furnished frame house on the dairy-farm grounds. Rigoberto, the couple's 21-year-old son, is confined to a wheelchair: Lacking even the simplest motor functions, he requires around-the-clock care, most of which his mother provides.

But that effectively eliminates whatever chance she might have of obtaining work outside the home, making it even tougher for the couple to meet new federal income requirements that would allow their two other children, Juan Carlos and Marisela, both now in their early 20s, to lawfully immigrate. Ironically, the whole family's financial situation might significantly improve if Juan Carlos and Marisela were working here, and helping care for Rigoberto. This is especially true since under IIRIRA, Rigoberto is barred from receiving disability or other benefits – even though he's a legal resident.

"I hope that, somehow, someone can help my son," says Maria Theresa quietly, adding, "If not, we'll just keep dealing with it here."

Closing the door on immigrants

"Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free." These words emblazoned on the Statue of Liberty have beckoned countless immigrants to a fresh start in the so-called land of plenty – a fresh start in a nation of immigrants (see "This Land is Whose Land?" p. 30).

Over the past two decades, however, U.S. immigration law has become more and more restrictive – and confusing. Asheville immigration attorney Jane Oakes says the laws now change so fast that even lawyers find it impossible to keep up. And increasingly, immigrants in western North Carolina, as they are all over the South, are finding themselves caught in a tightening net of legal restrictions.

The law's changes, according to the legislation's summary, were "needed to address the high current levels of illegal immigration; the abuse of humanitarian provisions such as asylum and parole; and the substantial burden imposed on the taxpayers of this country as the result of aliens' use of welfare and other government benefits."

And there's no lack of voices in this country calling for even stricter immigration limits, especially in places like California, where almost half of America's estimated five million "illegal" immigrants now live. "In L.A., the [illegal-immigrant] situation is approaching civil war," Glenn Spencer, chairman of the anti-immigrant watchdog group Voices of Citizens United, told Los Angeles Times reporter Maria Puente last year.

But in smaller, rural areas – like western North Carolina's

Henderson County – immigrants, both documented and undocumented, do the lion's share of the agricultural work that is a mainstay of the local economy. In many instances, employers say they depend on that immigrant labor to do work that U.S. citizens don't want to do.

Yet, in the wake of IIRIRA, these immigrants face the same legal hurdles as their big-city counterparts, in their quest to obtain "legal permanent resident" status – the right to live and work in the United States indefinitely, symbolized by the so-called "green card" – which hasn't been green in years.

Raising the bar

One of the biggest hurdles facing prospective immigrants who are trying – as attorney Oakes puts it – "to do things by the book," is Section 203 of IIRIRA: the Affidavit of Support provision. It says that any immigrant not sponsored by an employer must have a financial sponsor – one who earns 125 percent of the federal poverty income guidelines – to enter this country.

The sponsor must sign an eight-page, binding contract with the U.S. government assuming financial responsibility for the immigrant. The affidavit is legally enforceable against the sponsor for five years or until the immigrant becomes a citizen.

"If the immigrant ended up needing to receive public assistance, the government could sue the sponsor for the money," explains Hispanic/Latino Services Coordinator Toerin Leppink of Catholic Social Services. "So it's pretty much impossible to find a sponsor other than a family member."

And while an income of 25 percent above the poverty level may not sound like much, for immigrant farm workers, this requirement can be highly prohibitive.

"What I have now is family after family that come in who are petitioning for, say, two of their children to come over, and they simply don't make enough money," says Leppink.

That's precisely the Patinos' dilemma. The couple's two oldest children have been waiting to immigrate since 1991. In the mean time, however, they've both turned 21 – and been moved into another INS category, which requires the Patinos to meet the Affidavit of Support rule.

Making things even tougher for immigrants like the Patinos is the fact that, despite the lower wages in western N.C., they're being asked to meet the same income guidelines as a person living in L.A. or New York City. In order to sponsor their two oldest children, for example, the Patinos, a family of nine, would have to prove an annual income of \$37,062.

"The Affidavit of Support rules are not based on reality," charges attorney Josh Bernstein of the National Immigration Law Center, a Washington, D.C.-based immigrant-advocacy organization. "There are situations where you have elderly, financially struggling parents who want to bring over their healthy, working, adult children. In that case, the parent who's here is going to benefit, and all of society will benefit."

Jose Patino, for one, sees little hope for reuniting his family. "I have stable work and a very small amount of money in the

This Land is Whose Land?

By Keith Ernst

A lot has changed in the hundred or so years since Emma Lazarus authored these words to honor liberty—and to welcome immigrants to America. A look at how recent immigration policies measure up to our country's stated ideals:

Give me your tired, your poor,

(But only if they have connections. A common way for individuals to seek entry into the U.S. is to have a relative sponsor their application. Under the Illegal Immigration Reform and Immigrant Responsibility Act of 1996, a sponsor must prove they have a hefty income to support the applicant and sign an "affidavit of support"—guaranteeing that they will pay back the government for any public benefits an immigrant might receive before they have completed work requirements that take a minimum of ten years. Failure to pay back such aid can lead to stiff fines.)

your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,

(Know that freedom in the U.S. for immigrants means carrying your papers at all times and presenting them to the authorities, who will often stop you on appearance alone. Workplace raids and "cooperation" between INS agents and local law enforcement have left thousands of immigrants, regardless of documentation, fearing for their families and livelihoods.)

The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,

(Thanks to 1996 changes to federal welfare laws, agencies administering Temporary Assistance to Needy Families [welfare], public housing, and supplemental social security income [for the disabled] now have an obligation to report to the INS names and addresses of individuals "known to be in violation of immigration laws." While agency representatives will rarely actually "know" someone is in violation of the law, the change itself

sends a clear message that immigrants are not welcome in those offices. What happens to people detained by the INS? In a recent report, the Human Rights Watch found that two-thirds of 16,000 individuals detained by the INS were held in local jails rather than federal facilities.)

Send these, the homeless,

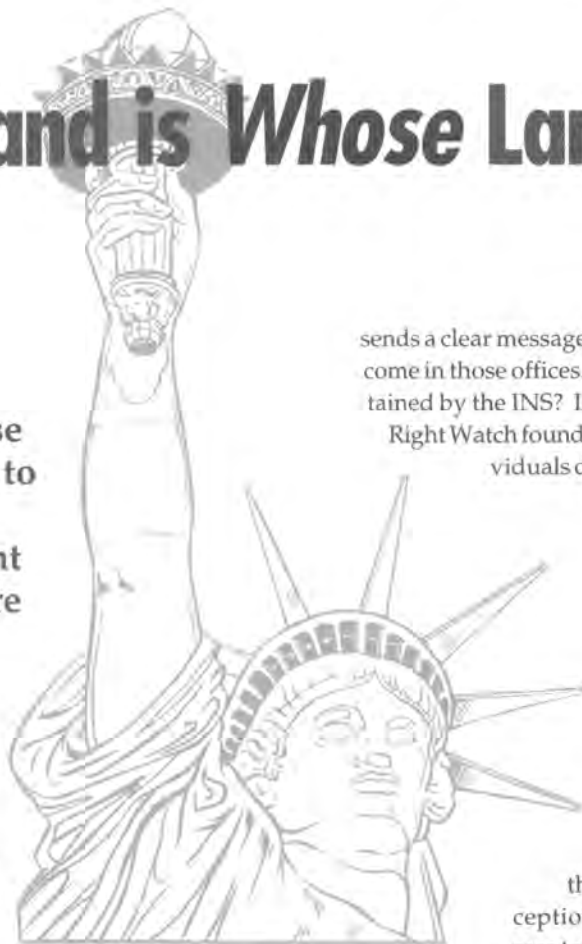
(Under welfare reform, Congress set sweeping rules that have greatly restricted access to food stamps, cash assistance, and other forms of public aid for immigrants. While they have carved out some exceptions, allowing immigrants access to emergency services like ambulances—the overall message is clear—immigrants are second class.)

Tempest-tossed, to me:

(But expect no safe port at our shores. Under the 1996 immigration law, border patrol and INS agents who merely suspect irregularities in an immigrant's paperwork now have the authority to send individuals back to their home countries without even providing them with a formal hearing or a chance to seek legal advice. Even immigrants who are fleeing persecution in their homeland can be returned without so much as a hearing before an immigration judge if they fail to comply with technical requirements for requesting asylum.)

I lift my lamp beside the golden door.

(To see who's coming this way! According to the National Network for Immigrant and Refugee Rights, the INS currently has more armed agents than any other federal civilian agency.)



This article draws heavily on materials published by Alison Brown of the Immigrants Legal Assistance Project of the N.C. Justice and Community Development Center.

bank," he says. "But I'll never be able to bring in enough money to bring my children over."

The pit and the pendulum

Shifting political winds in America – and the sometimes-contradictory immigration laws they spawn – can create a bewildering maze of restrictions for immigrants in quest of a green card.

Conflicts between IIRIRA and prior legislation (which may have been in force when these immigrants arrived) have left many immigrants between a rock and a hard place.

For example, Section 245(i) of the 1994 Immigration and Nationality Act allowed immigrants who had entered the country without documentation – but who met certain specified conditions – to pay a \$1,000 fine and achieve legal status here, without having to return to their country of origin. After a hard-fought battle in Congress, and several "stays of execution," anti-immigration forces succeeded in killing Section 245(i), effective Jan. 14, 1998.

But under IIRIRA, any undocumented alien who was in the United States for six months or more after April 1, 1997 and leaves the country for any reason will be barred from re-entering the U.S. for three years. If they were here illegally for a year

after the April 1 cutoff and then left the country, they would be barred for 10 years.

What's more, undocumented immigrants who did not leave before April 1, 1998 can no longer achieve legal status by marrying a U.S. citizen, or getting sponsored by a family member, as had been allowed under Section 245(i). And while the battle over that provision raged in Congress, many immigrants were left wondering what to do.

"There was this huge dilemma," says Leppink. "Do you leave the country before the first six months are up and [try to] adjust status at the border – or risk staying in the country, in hopes that [provision 245(i)] will be further extended and you pay your \$1,000? Nobody knew what was going to happen."

When Jorge initially entered this country, his brother was already here, in the process of becoming a legal resident. Jorge assumed that he could eventually either apply for legal residency, sponsored by his brother, or pay the \$1,000 fine and get a green card.

But as the expiration date of 245(i) approached, Jorge – who was by then engaged to Lydia – had three choices: He could leave immediately and apply for legal status from Mexico; leave before the six-month deadline and be barred from coming back for three years; or stay, in hopes that the embattled provi-

Photo by Susan Simone



IMMIGRATION LAW HAS RARELY BEEN MARKED BY CONSISTENCY. WHILE OFFICIALS CAMPAIGN ON AN ANTI-IMMIGRANT AGENDA, EMPLOYERS SEEKING LOW-COST LABOR OFTEN PRESS FOR EASING RESTRICTIONS ON IMMIGRATION.

sion would be extended indefinitely. Jorge chose to stay – thereby running the risk of being barred from this country for 10 years.

Jorge and Lydia's story, says Oakes, is all too familiar.

"The [repeal of 245(i)] is supposedly discouraging people from being here illegally," she points out, "but, in fact, the [new] legislation is actually encouraging people to stay illegally, rather than leave and be barred for 10 years – especially those who now have families, marriages, serious relationships.

"Lawmakers are saying, 'We're tough on people who are here illegally,' but it's not working," Oakes adds.

Supporters of more stringent immigration restrictions think IIRIRA hasn't gone far enough. Martin and FAIR feel the way to handle illegal immigration is simple and obvious: Deny all jobs to illegal immigrants.

That may be easier said than done, of course – because many of these immigrants end up doing work that no one else wants, for wages most Americans wouldn't work for.

And that's just not fair, argues Russell Hilliard, pastor of the West Asheville Hispanic Baptist Mission. Hilliard, a former missionary in Spain, is an active advocate for western North Carolina immigrants – attending INS hearings, teaching English classes, and generally acting as both friend and political ally to documented and undocumented immigrants alike.

"It feels like a new serfdom is being created in America," says Hilliard. "We want these people to harvest our crops and clean our toilets and do all the dirty work, pay them almost nothing to do it, and not [give them the chance to] receive any benefits or ultimately have the possibility of becoming U.S. citizens."

"I place the blame for most of this on a world that's supposedly moving toward a global economy," Hilliard continues, "and on a few of our Congressional leaders, who have reverted to a colonialism of the rankest caliber in regard to immigration policies."

If there has been one benefit of the Act, says Josh Bernstein of the National Immigration Law Center, it's that it has helped forge a potent political alliance. "The bill is so horrible, in that it throws all immigrants together and treats people who have been here for years like they're suddenly suspect that it's caused immigrants to come together for the first time and sort of recognize their stake in political participation."

That shift, he says, is "reflected in the huge numbers that have been applying for citizenship in the last couple of years [1.6 million in 1997, up from about 225,000 per year in the '80s and early '90s]. That's a direct result of this legislation. It's pushed people to become citizens, to vote, to get involved."

"Inadvertently, IIRIRA has empowered immigrant communities."

Let them eat regs

The sweeping Illegal Immigration Reform and Immigrant Responsibility Act of 1996 contains a whopping 671 sections, with provisions amending everything from land-border inspections to the salaries of immigration judges. One of the law's

Good Aliens and Bad Aliens

For the past decade, the immigrants' worst foe has been Bill McCollum, the Republican House Representative from Florida. McCollum has authored a spate of anti-immigrant measures, each one more vicious than the last. Under McCollum's bills, the INS deported 171,154 people in 1998, topping the previous record of 114,386 set in 1997. In 1999, deportations are averaging an astounding 17,000 per week.

Until now the only immigrant group to escape McCollum's punitive measures has been Cubans; others have been booted out of the country for such minor infractions as parking violations. Now McCollum is having second thoughts. He recently took to the floor of the House to reflect that the law, which he drafted, may be "too harsh and indiscriminate."

What prompted this change of heart? McCollum was pleading for leniency from the INS for a young Canadian man, a convicted thief and forger named Robert Broley. When the INS ignored McCollum's pleas, the congressman drafted a bill that would exempt Broley from the expulsion provisions of the law.

He said this boy's story was "personally compelling." Broley's father just happens to be the treasurer of the Republican party in McCollum's south Florida district.

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more controversial aspects has proved to be its drastic cuts in all forms of public assistance for immigrants – cuts which reinforced the effects of welfare reform.

In the wake of both IIRIRA and welfare reform, most legal permanent residents were denied Medicaid, food stamps and SSI disability benefits – no matter how long they'd been legally working and paying taxes, just like their American-born counterparts. Subsequent legislation restored SSI benefits and Medicaid eligibility to some of the immigrant groups. And last summer, Congress gave states the authority to restore food stamps to most immigrants who had been legal permanent residents for at least five years. To date, though, only about 13 states have done so, and North Carolina is not one of them, though pending legislation may restore benefits to certain immigrant groups.

Most legal immigrants remain barred from receiving any form of federal public assistance for their first five years of legal residency in the United States. And legal permanent residents

must accrue 40 quarters of steady employment in America (about 10 years' worth) before they can qualify for disability benefits.

Ironically, notes attorney Jane Oakes, most undocumented immigrants are paying taxes, even though they're now denied any benefits. Anyone, she says, can readily get a taxpayer ID number from the government.

Proponents of the cuts in public assistance to immigrants argue that a disproportionate number of immigrants end up receiving such benefits at some point during their lifetimes.

But statistics on this issue vary widely. A survey conducted by the Federation for American Immigration Reform (which supports stricter immigration laws) reports that immigrant households are far more likely to use benefit programs than the households of American-born citizens – 47 percent more likely, according to FAIR's survey. Various other statistics, however – including those compiled by the National Immigration Law Center (a Washington, D.C.-based immigrant-advocacy organization) – show little difference in the two groups' use of such benefits.

Family values

Critics also charge that the new laws tear immigrant families apart with arbitrary rules. A case in point is the story of Sergey Ivanchenkov.

On the surface, Sergey's life in the small, former Soviet republic of Uzbekistan seemed ideal. As chief executive director of the Swedish corporation Molnlycke SCA, he enjoyed a company car and a company-paid apartment, on top of his generous salary. And he had just married his longtime sweetheart, Marina Aziliyevna. That was 1996, when Ivanchenkov was only 25.

But all was not well – not by a long shot.

As Christians in the middle of a Moslem country, he and his new wife feared for their lives, Ivanchenkov says, describing religious persecution in Uzbekistan as "rampant."

"Gangs went around all the time breaking into homes, killing people, robbing them," he remembers. "We were unsafe, especially because we lived in a place where these gangs knew people had some money and good possessions."

Ivanchenkov says he felt he had two choices: stay there and be in constant danger, or come to the America and start over in a country where he felt he'd be safe and have unending career opportunities.

Ivanchenkov, along with his elderly parents, applied for and were granted "parole authority" to come to the U.S. Parole is a temporary status allowing non-citizens to enter the U.S. to escape potentially life-threatening emergencies – such as persecution based on race, religion, nationality or political opinion – or other humanitarian reasons. After three months, parolees are given authorization for temporary employment, and after one year, those who have been granted political asylum may apply for legal permanent residence in America.

Ivanchenkov planned to find work and then bring Marina

over, a process he thought would take about a year. In the interim, however, the Illegal Immigration Reform and Immigrant Responsibility Act kicked in, bringing tough new standards for both parole and asylum.

After completing the necessary paperwork, Ivanchenkov and Marina waited for what they thought would be the inevitable granting of her parole status. Under the new rules, however, Marina didn't qualify.

As dicey as her situation in Uzbekistan might be, Immigration and Naturalization Service officials say it doesn't constitute "urgent humanitarian reasons or significant public interest," as required by the new parole guidelines. And another new restriction – requiring victims of religious persecution to have practiced their religion for at least 10 years – further hinders her efforts to gain parole. Though Marina is now a practicing Baptist, like her husband, she wasn't one 10 years ago – when she was 15 years old.

"I've tried every avenue," says Ivanchenkov, pulling out a folder filled with INS petitions and letters he and others have submitted on Marina's behalf. "But [the INS has] made a total refusal for her and closed the case."

One of Ivanchenkov's few remaining options is staying in America for five years after being granted legal permanent resident status – the time it takes to become an American citizen – and then submitting a spousal petition to bring Marina over. But in his mind, that just isn't feasible.

"She's my wife: I'm here, she's there," he states simply. "And I only lived with her for less than a year. I don't see how I can wait that long to see her and live with her again." (Under parole guidelines, if Ivanchenkov left America to visit Uzbekistan, he would not be allowed to re-enter.)

All is not well for Ivanchenkov on the employment front, either. With a four-year degree in aircraft design and civil aviation, and four years' experience in business management, one might think he would have some prospects. Yet, despite his impressive resume, Ivanchenkov has been unable to find employment in anything even close to his field.

He now puts in a 72-hour work week – waiting tables and working on an assembly line – trying to make as much money as possible, in case he has to pay what he calls "big money" for immigration attorneys to somehow work a miracle.

Ivanchenkov, however, reports that attorneys in at least seven states have already said there's nothing he can do – short of waiting to become a citizen.

So, despite the dangers, Ivanchenkov says he'll probably end up going back to Uzbekistan to live with Marina.

"What has surprised me most about all this is that America supposedly stands for family values," he observes. "Everyone talks about that all the time. But then they won't allow husbands and wives to be together. That doesn't seem like family values to me."

Marsha Barber is a writer based in Asheville, North Carolina. This story was sponsored by the Asheville-based Fund for Investigative Reporting.

Born in the USA

By Maureen Zent

By the time Carmen E. crossed Buford Highway to get to the nearest prenatal clinic, she could barely see well enough to dodge the speeding traffic.

It was last May. Carmen was six-and-a-half months pregnant. She'd suffered skull-splitting headaches and fainting spells, and her legs were badly swollen. She had finally decided she needed medical attention.

When clinic workers at the Clinica del Bebe in Norcross checked her vital signs, Carmen's blood pressure was so high that she was rushed to the hospital, where doctors immediately performed an emergency C-section. The struggling, premature boy was then whisked away to the neo-natal intensive care unit for close monitoring.

If Carmen had had a prenatal exam even a few weeks earlier, she might never have gotten sick, notes the clinic's director, and her baby might have gone full term.

But Carmen was doing what, in a roundabout way, now seems to make sense for low-income, undocumented immigrants. Since Congress passed a sweeping welfare-reform package in 1996, expectant mothers in Georgia who are in this country without legal papers haven't had access to Medicaid coverage for prenatal care. As a result, many such immigrants are postponing exams, skipping appointments or foregoing prenatal care for their entire pregnancies.

Although the health risks of not getting prenatal care are well known, large numbers of undocumented women fear racking up huge medical debts or attracting the attention of the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service. So they don't go, and just hope for the best.

Some health officials say they've already seen an increase in maternal health problems and premature births in metro

Three years after welfare reform, immigrant children – born as U.S. citizens – are entering the world without needed prenatal care. The result: a public health tragedy with human and economic consequences for everyone.

Photo by Jim Stawniak



CARMEN WAS SIX-AND-A-HALF MONTHS PREGNANT WHEN SHE GAVE BIRTH TO JOHN ANTON. BEING UNDOCUMENTED, SHE DIDN'T GO FOR CHECK-UPS DESPITE SERIOUS COMPLICATIONS.

Atlanta's immigrant community. For Georgia residents, that development could spell a costly new public-health concern: Their parents may be undocumented, but the new babies are U.S. citizens and, therefore, entitled to Medicaid, the state-federal health insurance program for poor people. If undocumented immigrants' newborns enter the world with grave medical problems, the public expense starts immediately and, depending on their condition, may continue for years or even lifetimes.

An ounce of prevention

Given the enormous (and growing) expense of medical care, the taxpayer-borne costs of treating sickly, premature babies may only be a preview of decades of more medical problems – and more public costs. The ironic consequence is that welfare reform – which was envisioned as a cost-cutting measure – may end up actually spurring more public expense.

Medical economists at the Institute of Medicine in Washington D.C., estimated in 1985 that for every dollar spent on prenatal care, \$3.38 was saved on neo-natal and other medical expenses – a figure most likely to have risen over the last decade and a half.

The issue has emerged at a time when metro Atlanta's Hispanic population, both with and without documents, has skyrocketed, increasing overall by 78 percent between 1990 and 1996, according to Census Bureau estimates. Immigrants from Mexico, Central America and the Caribbean have streamed into the metro area to dig ditches, clean chickens, wash dishes, and tackle other grunt jobs nobody else wants – the kind of jobs that don't generally offer benefits packages. In addition to providing for themselves and their families, immigrants often are sending money to the relatives back home.

Carmen's husband fled his home in El Salvador in 1989 to escape the civil war there. Carmen followed, and the couple and their two children moved to Atlanta last year seeking work. Carmen's husband found a job working for a glass company five or six days a week. He brings home about \$400 a week, with no benefits.

Soon Carmen discovered she was pregnant again. During her two earlier pregnancies, first in El Salvador and then in her home country of Mexico, she'd visited doctors regularly. But here, with no medical benefits available through her husband's job and limited by her inability to speak English, Carmen didn't know where to turn for help. "I don't know anybody here," she

says. "I never went anywhere because of that."

Sarah Roberts, a health educator working with immigrants at a local Atlanta hospital, says social isolation is a significant hurdle for undocumented women who need prenatal care.

"Atlanta is very different than, say, California or Florida or the border in terms of the support they have," says Roberts. "The population here is fairly newly arrived and, mostly, the men come to work, and the women come to be with the men. So they don't have their moms and their grandmothers and their aunts. They are really out there by themselves, and they don't have good information."

Carmen had never had serious health problems, and she'd had no complications carrying or giving birth to her two older

Photo by Susan Simone



Medical economists estimate that for every dollar spent on prenatal care, over three dollars are saved on neo-natal and other medical expenses.

children. This time, though, at six months along, she started getting sick. In addition to her legs swelling, she began seeing spots and flashing lights. After eight days of such symptoms, she heard a radio spot about Clinica del Bebe, a privately owned clinic for poor, expectant mothers very close to Carmen's home in Norcross.

"This clinic for me was good because they speak Spanish," she says. "The first time I came here I had a terrible headache."

Although she'd felt fine for months, Carmen had developed severe toxemia and gestational diabetes. Among pregnant women, five to seven percent contract toxemia, a type of pregnancy-related high blood pressure. Suffering from both conditions, an expectant mother may feel fine in the early stages.

Whiting Out History

How an immigrant nation became anti-immigrant

By Grace Elizabeth Hale

The immigration debate in America is most centrally an argument about the order of things, about where people fit, about who belongs and who does not. The vast majority of Americans have been immigrants, whether voluntary or otherwise, coming from somewhere else in times recent enough to be remembered and chronicled. But from the nation's start, many Americans have also often been anti-immigrant.

In the country's first naturalization law in 1790, Congress attempted to legislate the definition of "American." Creating for the first time a national definition of citizenship, this law permitted people to become citizens who had resided in the new nation for two years and would swear allegiance to the Constitution. But the act added a crucial third qualification — only "free white persons" could become naturalized U.S. Americans. Being a

citizen of the nation was racialized from the start.

Benjamin Franklin, in his *Autobiography*, railed against German immigrants' disdain for assimilation and unwillingness to give up their language. By the 1850s, America's hatred of more recent arrivals spread to the West coast. Miners, who had only recently arrived in California themselves, turned on newer immigrants from China, harassing them with special taxes. The miners also violently forced the Chinese immigrants off land that was supposed to be available to anyone who claimed it first. In the East, the first Nativist Movement of whites organized widespread hatred of Irish immigrants into a political party — one that completely dominated Massachusetts state politics by the middle of the decade.

For most immigrant communities, an important part of the process of becoming

American, it seems, has been demanding the exclusion of some more recently-arrived group. But Americans have also been people, however long in residence, who could lay claim to "whiteness." This standard excluded many — the slaves and then ex-slaves in the South, the Chinese and Indians and Latinos in the West, European immigrants in the Northeast, and now Latinos in the South. Ironically, these excluded groups that provided an "other" against which whites could claim a higher status also served as the cheap labor that helped white "Americans" to a higher standard of living.

Belonging to this country, in terms of both civil rights and cultural identity, has depended more on "color" than place of birth. Until the Civil War, national citizenship, with its explicitly racial qualifications, remained more a symbolic concept than a reality. The war, of

Regular prenatal exams usually catch toxemia and gestational diabetes, which can then be managed until the fetus comes to term. Left untreated, however, the conditions can worsen and result in birth defects, premature deliveries, and sometimes even the death of the mother and the baby.

"Carmen is one of the greatest arguments for prenatal care that exists, because you can be getting sick and you can't even feel it," says Tracey Erwin, a health administrator who opened Clinica del Bebe in May to serve the prenatal needs of Hispanic immigrants.

When Carmen arrived at the hospital and was prepped for an emergency C-section, there was no one on hand to explain what was happening in Spanish. In fact, Carmen was at first uncertain whether her baby had even survived.

"He was born. I saw him for just a moment and then he was gone," she recalls. "For a while I thought he was dead because I didn't know what was going on."

After five days in the hospital, Carmen was discharged, but the baby stayed behind, struggling for life in the neo-natal intensive-care unit.

Although Medicaid wouldn't pay for regular prenatal care for Carmen, it does cover emergency care for undocumented immigrants, and even routine deliveries fall into the "emer-

gency" category. So Carmen's bills for delivery and hospitalization were sent to the state. Her baby, John Anton was, in turn, fully covered by Medicaid for his hospital stay because he is a U.S. citizen.

It's not difficult to see how such complicated deliveries and emergency care for premature infants can cost taxpayers far more than prenatal coverage. At Grady Memorial Hospital, for example, the average cost for a single day's stay in the neo-natal intensive-care unit is \$2,000. The standard cost of the full package of all prenatal visits, lab tests and ultrasound at Clinica del Bebe is \$1,500.

"The financial aspects of this are crazy," says Robert Taylor, director of the DeKalb Board of Health's North DeKalb Health Center, which serves the large immigrant communities in Doraville and Chamblee. "We're creating medical problems for people that can be lifelong by not allowing their mothers to have prenatal care."

Election year crack-down

Before President Bill Clinton signed the Personal Responsibility and Work Opportunity Reconciliation Act of 1996, some undocumented pregnant women in Georgia routinely obtained Medicaid coverage throughout their pregnancies by circum-

course, destroyed the national community that had been imagined in the late eighteenth century. The war also made an earlier racialized conception of American identity entirely unworkable. Emancipation gave the nation four million "new" residents who were not, under any understanding of the term, immigrants. The Fourteenth Amendment, ratified in 1868, made the citizenship rights of the freed people explicitly clear and demanded that the federal government protect the rights of African Americans.

From Appomattox through the end of the century, Americans struggled to imagine a new national community in the midst of a rapid economic and social change as immigrants entered the country in greater numbers and from a wider variety of places. And with this change, there was a growing tendency to define social issues through the lens of race.

After the Fifteenth Amendment failed to grant the vote to women, for example, Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady

Stanton broke with their former allies like Frederick Douglass to oppose its 1870 ratification. In their paper, *The Revolution* they pioneered the kind of racist arguments for women's (understood as white) suffrage that would become commonplace in the late nineteenth century. Why let an illiterate ex-slave or an ignorant Irishman vote over an educated, American born white woman? Race, not gender, they implied, marked the limits of American belonging.

The 1880s and 1890s, then, were decades of intense reaction to these post-Civil War movements that promoted a more racially inclusive definition of American citizenship. White Western settlers made themselves Americans by segregating Native Americans and attempting, through a series of acts beginning with the Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882, to halt entirely what they saw as a ris-

ing tide of "yellow" immigration. The second white Nativist movement permeated northeastern society, spawning both an organized political effort to limit or halt immigration altogether and a revival of English architecture, domestic furnishings, and heritage.

In 1896, the Supreme Court "separate but equal" decision in *Plessy v. Ferguson* made explicit just which people were equally created and which were not. By 1898, Confederate and Union veterans were shaking hands at battlefield reunions as their sons and grandsons marched side by side up San Juan Hill in the Spanish American War. Neither the ex-slaves nor the Filipinos "liberated" in the Spanish American War, it seemed, would really be citizens.

By 1915, Washington D.C., from fed-

Will the most powerful conception of American belonging continue to proclaim a superficial universalism by hiding the whiteness at its core?

venting restrictions through a loophole called Presumptive Eligibility. When applying for Medicaid, women with proof of pregnancy were considered to have immediate need for medical treatment and were issued a Medicaid card on the spot, rather than having to wait weeks for the application to be processed. An undocumented woman's information would be submitted and eventually her application would be rejected. Then, she'd just go to another Medicaid office and get another card, repeating the cycle of application and rejection until she finally had her baby.

Then came welfare reform. In the heat of an election year, Congress and the president were eager to get tough on "illegal" immigrants.

"Anytime you mention services for undocumented immigrants, it becomes a political battleground," says Sally Harrell, executive director of the Healthy Mothers, Healthy Babies Coalition of Georgia, a non-profit agency dedicated to reducing infant mortality.

To comply with the new laws, the Georgia Department of Medical Assistance started requiring women applying for Presumptive Eligibility to sign a Citizenship Declaration Form. Undocumented women may have been willing to feign ignorance about Medicaid's qualifying rules, but they were afraid to

blatantly lie, especially on a form that included their names and addresses.

The new regulations, though prohibiting the use of federal funds for undocumented health care, include a lot of ambiguities and haven't yet been fully tested in court. States that already had programs to provide prenatal care for all those in need – regardless of immigration status – continued to offer prenatal care after the new regulations were enacted. Others have found more roundabout ways by channeling dollars to county health programs and private clinics. Unlike a number of other states with large immigrants populations, Georgia has never had a program specifically funding prenatal care for undocumented immigrants. With welfare reform taking effect just as large numbers of undocumented immigrants are coming to the area, the state has been caught unprepared for the consequences of withdrawing benefits.

And little has been done here to fill the prenatal care gap and few voices have emerged from the Latino community willing to speak out on such a political hot potato. In November 1997, a study committee chaired by Sen. Nadine Thomas, D-Atlanta, began looking at the effects of welfare changes on immigrant health services, but benefits for documented immigrants took precedence and further study of the issue was put on hold – at least

eral employment to public facilities, was completely segregated and D. W. Griffith's film *Birth of a Nation* played to packed audiences from Woodrow Wilson's White House to California. The spectacle of film gave American whiteness a new mythic power. *Birth* portrayed the modern American nation's genesis in the reunion of Northern and Southern whites in a violent attack on and exclusion of African Americans.

Finally, white women received the vote in 1920 that African American men and women in the South were still being denied. The 1924 National Origins Act completed this cycle of the racialization of American citizenship by instituting quotas to reduce southern and eastern European immigration and by excluding Asians entirely.

Like the Civil War, the social move-

ments of the 1960s destroyed this second racialized conception of American identity and community, overturning both Southern segregation and national immigration quotas. At the end of another century, it is worth asking once again: What route will we take? What sort of nation do we want to be? Will the most powerful conception of American belonging continue to proclaim a superficial universalism by hiding the whiteness at its core? Will our twenty-first century nation welcome immigrants whose skin color, way of speaking, or culture marks them as non-white? Or will we—all of us—finally imagine a national community that economically, politically, socially, and culturally includes us all?

Grace Elizabeth Hale is Assistant Professor of American History at the University of Virginia and author of Making Whiteness: The Culture of Segregation in the South, 1890-1940.

ing prenatal care from undocumented immigrants.

Barriers to health

The cost of care is not the only concern for the undocumented immigrant community. Tapia of the Latin American Association says, "if they don't have insurance, in many cases, they believe they won't be able to afford the services they're looking for." As new arrivals, many immigrants have no idea how Atlanta's intricate health system works. Plus, without English skills they are often unable or intimidated about seeking help.

They also might be reluctant to seek care for fear of entering the radar of the INS. Health professionals insist that immigrants don't get into trouble with the INS by getting medical attention, but such reassurances mean little to people whose livelihood depends on staying in the country.

"People are concerned about their undocumented status and jeopardizing their

until after last year's election cycle. With a new governor and a new Legislature now angling to address their own priorities, the outlook for action on such a potentially explosive, expensive issue is murky.

"Hopefully, we're going to take a serious look at it," says Thomas. "It is a problem because women are not going to seek care, and [they] end up with complications."

Some of the complications already are apparent. Health-care providers, social workers, and public-health officials across metro Atlanta report that they are observing that in greater proportions many undocumented immigrant women are either skipping prenatal appointments, coming in late in pregnancies for their first exams, or going without prenatal care entirely.

"You always have a certain percentage of people who will have premature births; that's a given," says Taylor of the North DeKalb Health Center. "But now you're seeing more. More problems with the actual delivery process and problems with the child."

He says that there has not been a huge increase in problem cases, but notes that even a small increase translates into enormous expense. "The amount of money it takes to care for one child that has serious problems is huge," he warns.

The new bills will mostly be sent to the Department of Medical Assistance, Georgia's Medicaid agency. Despite the potential impact of the issue on agency coffers, Kenya Reid, DMA's director of public information, reports that no one at Medicaid is presently looking at the economics of withhold-

family," Tapia says.

The situation has created a new marketplace for prenatal care and, to some extent, both public and private providers have responded.

"In the last two years we have seen low cost services and creative solutions spring up," says Sally Harrell, executive director of Healthy Mothers, Healthy Babies.

The availability and rates of the new low-cost providers vary greatly from county to county. For example, the Cobb County Board of Health cut a deal with the Northwest Women's Center and Cobb Midwives to provide a \$520 package of prenatal exams, not including lab work or ultrasound.

Moderately priced, privately owned providers are attempting to fill the gap in other areas.

"I started doing this because there was a huge market out there that could justify the expense of having their own clinic," says Tracey Erwin, director of Clinica del Bebe. Everyone on staff is bilingual. A van service picks up women without transportation for their appointments. Recently, the clinic added an in-house Medicaid caseworker to help women apply for the emergency coverage they'd need to pay for deliveries.

Since opening its doors last May, Clinica del Bebe has built its

Little has been done here to fill the prenatal care gap and few voices have emerged from the Latino community willing to speak out on such a political hot potato.

practice to nearly 700 patients. Still, the clinic's price of \$1,500 for a full package of exams and tests is a substantial expense for a clientele with typical weekly incomes of \$250-\$400.

"They come here to work and have a better life for their families," says Erwin. "They do pay for the services. They find a way to pay, because the health of their babies is very important."

In Carmen's case, the contorted rules now governing the illegal-immigrant, prenatal-treatment game twisted the rules of efficiency. The fact that she waited until she was gravely ill allowed Medicaid to cover all medical expenses for her and her baby. Carmen ended up staying five days in the hospital. John Anton was held in the neo-natal intensive care unit for nearly a

month. When he was discharged, the hospital sent him home with a heart monitor.

Very quickly this new, young American ran up more than \$50,000 in medical expenses. If he had had lingering medical problems, taxpayers might be footing the bill for the rest of his life.

Fortunately for him and his mother, the trials of being born in the United States ended happily. Carmen now beams as she cradles the chubby eight-month-old infant.

"He eats a lot," she says with a smile.

Maureen Zent is a writer based in Atlanta, Georgia. A version of this story originally appeared in Creative Loafing.

Armed and Dangerous

The INS Beefs Up Its Forces Against Immigrants

In the war against immigration, the nation is once again turning the South into occupied territory.

Or at least that's one way to look at the Immigration and Naturalization Service's "interior enforcement strategy" unveiled this spring, the latest tactic in the government's battle against undocumented immigrants. Designed to complement the agency's fortified presence on the U.S.-Mexico border, the strategy calls for the INS – the most heavily armed federal agency in the country – to bolster its forces in non-border states, especially in the Southern region.

A key provision in the new directive earmarks \$22 million to create 50 "Quick Response Teams," or QRT's – offices that unite law enforcement and INS agents in the job of finding and deporting immigrants. Over 200 agents will be deployed this fall in areas that the INS claims are "suffering from a growing illegal migration problem:" Arkansas, Georgia, Kentucky, North Carolina, Tennessee, Utah, and four Midwestern states.

The teams make official the INS's long-standing interest in heightening cooperation between immigration and law enforcement officials. When a police officer makes an arrest, for example, QRT offices can instantly pull up the suspect's immigration record; if the suspect is undocumented, the team can immediately begin deportation proceedings.

But while critics agree that the teams promise greater efficiency, they also say that combining immigration policy and routine law enforcement opens the door for rights abuses and heightened community tension.

"We already see that when the police and INS work together, there are civil rights concerns," says Sasha Khokha of the National Network for Immigrant and Refugee Rights, based in California. "We know about instances of racial targeting of motorists, of people being arrested just because they 'looked Mexican.' When you have a history of law enforcement being used in a racially-

NEW INS QUICK RESPONSE TEAMS - 1999



biased way, you have a very volatile situation on your hands."

Immigrant advocates fear that one practical result of the teams will be increased distrust between new immigrants and the police. Although immigrants are often more vulnerable to crime – for example, many don't have bank accounts and keep money in their house – fear of police-INS cooperation could cause newcomers to avoid calling on law enforcement altogether.

"Immigrant women who are victims of domestic violence may be intimidated from contacting the police – even if they just fear being harassed by police because they look like an immigrant," says Khokha.

Such tensions threaten to be especially explosive because QRT offices are being launched where immigration is a relatively recent phenomenon, and newcomers have fewer community institutions – such as church advocates and city agencies – to protect their rights.

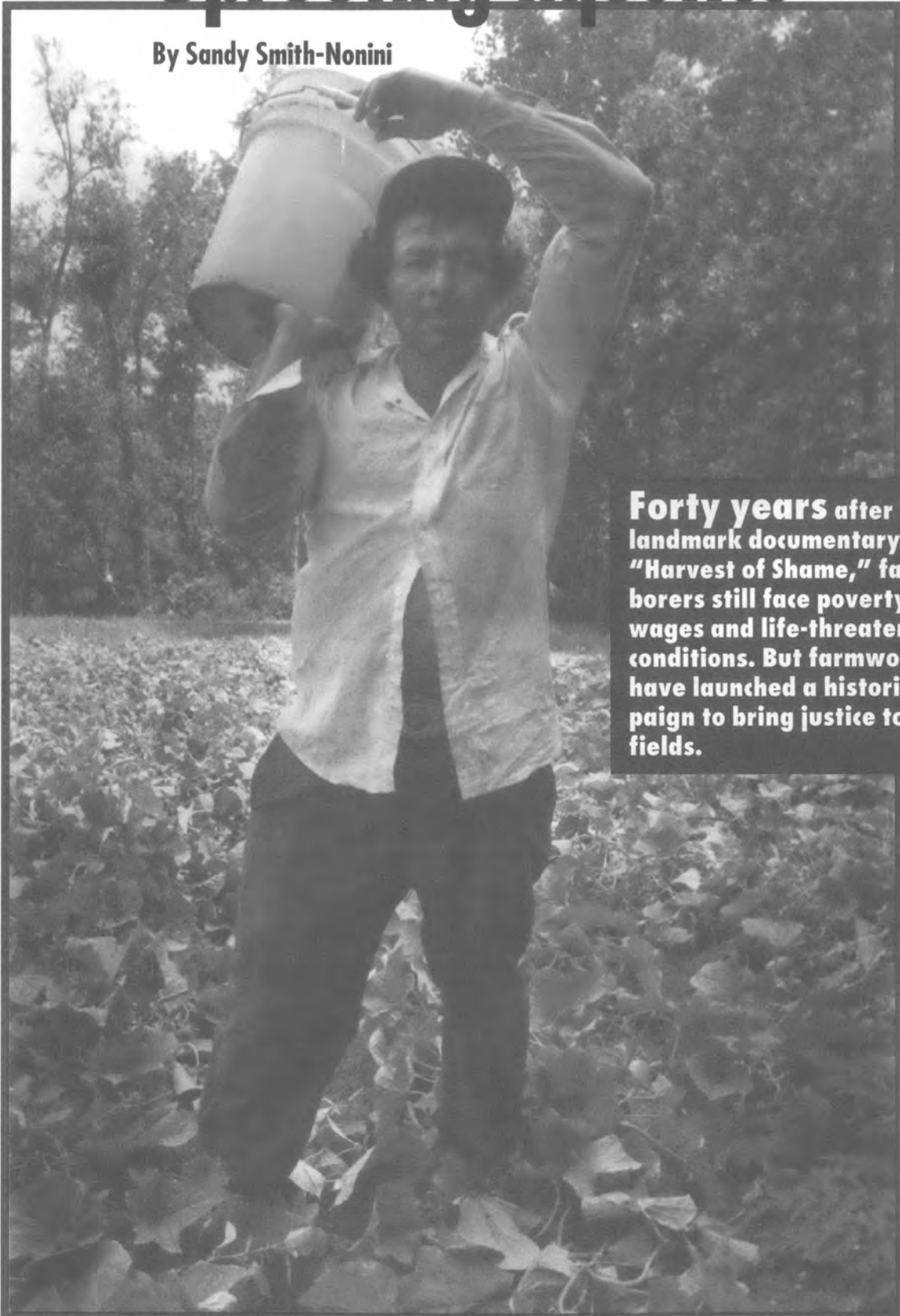
"Many communities with new immigrants are operating in a climate of misunderstanding and fear," Khokha warns. "The new policy links immigrants and people of color to crime, and is a symbol of the militarization of our immigration and law enforcement. This can only escalate the level of violence and law enforcement abuse."

– Chris Kromm

Uprooting Injustice

Photo by Jeff Whetstone

By Sandy Smith-Nonini



Forty years after the landmark documentary "Harvest of Shame," farm laborers still face poverty wages and life-threatening conditions. But farmworkers have launched a historic campaign to bring justice to the fields.

In the rural migrant camp where Carmelo Fuentes bunked, workers did not hear the weather advisories warning against overexertion in the 90 plus degree heat. Even if he had, Carmelo would have gone to work.

Three weeks after starting, he and his co-workers had been putting in 10-12 hour days picking crops near Clinton, N.C. Carmelo did not complain about the long hours. An hour at minimum wage earned him more than a day's work in his hometown of San Luis Potosi, Mexico.

On July 5th, Carmelo phoned home and spoke with his disabled sister, Yolanda. He told her that he almost had the money for the surgery that would restore her vision. His father, Porfirio, took the phone. Hearing that his son had just worked seven days in a row, Porfirio begged Carmelo to take a day off to rest. I'm fine, Carmelo reassured him, besides there's too much work to do.

Five days later, as the heat wave continued, Carmelo collapsed in a tomato field. His coworkers dragged him into the shade of a tree to cool off. They told the foreman, but hours passed before an ambulance was called. By then, Carmelo was comatose from heat stroke and dehydration.

Porfirio, after being notified of his son's condition, braved a long trip, taking buses and hitching rides, until he found the

University of North Carolina Hospital where his son lay in respiratory intensive care. Months later, Porfirio remained by Carmelo's bedside, helping nurses put lotion on his son's legs and adjusting the tubes that provided him oxygen and nourishment.

As he recounted Carmelo's sad tale, the elderly man grasped his son's head firmly between his callused hands and planted a kiss on his forehead. "It was wrong. They ought to have called an ambulance immediately, but they didn't. Now the foreman has disappeared and no one knows where to find him."

In October, Porfirio and Carmelo flew home to San Luis Potosi, the timing of his return coinciding, ironically, with the end of the farm labor season. Physicians do not hold out much hope for improvement in Carmelo's condition.

Advocates for farmworkers' rights say the Fuentes case, originally reported by David Shulman in *The Chapel Hill News*, is only the latest example of the human costs from the harsh working conditions endured by the 344,000 mostly Latino men and women who labor on North Carolina's farms. The poorest paid of U.S.

Photo by Chris Johnson, Student Action with Farmworkers



CONTRARY TO POPULAR PERCEPTION, MACHINES OFTEN ONLY SUPPLEMENT MANUAL LABOR ON FARMS.

Photo by Jeff Whetstone



CORPORATE FOOD PROCESSORS RETAIN THE MAJORITY OF EVERY FOOD INCOME DOLLAR EARNED IN NORTH CAROLINA LEAVING ABOUT A THIRD FOR GROWERS, AND LESS THAN A TENTH FOR FARMWORKERS.

workers, farm laborers are exempt from most workplace legal protections, and their constant exposure to pesticides makes farm labor one of the most hazardous of U.S. jobs. When overwork and unsanitary living conditions are added to the mix, it becomes easier to understand why the average farmworker has a life expectancy of only forty-nine years.

"People say you earn good money here; that it's the land of dreams," said Wilfredo Rivera, a former staff member of the North Carolina Farmworkers Project. "But they are really not looking at the conditions. During the season, farmworkers are often in the fields seven days a week for 10 or 12 hours a day. They live in isolated places, with the worst living conditions, run-down houses, no transportation or phone. It's like you're a prisoner."

Justino Guzmán, an immigrant from Zacatecas, Mexico, who now lives in the Research Triangle and works for a janitorial company, worked in the fields his first year after entering the U.S. Guzmán described his summer picking cucumbers near Newton Grove as the hardest work he'd ever done. "It's stoop work – at the end of the day sometimes I couldn't stand up after hours of crawling like a baby."

In 1991, when Guzmán worked the cucumber fields, he earned \$25 a day. Even today, with a slightly higher minimum wage, no worker interviewed for this story reported earning more than \$56 for a 10 hour day. And that's before deductions for taxes and debts to the crew leader.

In the last decade, North Carolina's agricultural industry has

grown rapidly. In 1995, the state ranked second in the nation for net agricultural profits, according to the U.S. Department of Agriculture. But the vertical integration of agribusiness has ensured that most of the profits are kept by food processors and large factory farms, at the expense of small farmers and the laborers who tend and harvest the crops.

The irony is that although migrant labor is vital to the profitability of North Carolina agriculture, most farmworkers cannot afford to eat the food they pick. In fact, malnutrition is higher among farmworkers than any

other sub-population in the country.

Plantation economics

One of the stumbling blocks for farmworkers is that federal law has exempted agricultural workers from wage and hour laws that protect other U.S. workers. For example, David Craig, of the Wage and Hour Division at the North Carolina Department of Labor, explained that employers of farmworkers are not required to pay them for overtime, and there are no requirements that workers be given breaks during the workday.

Whether farmworkers are paid at a piece rate or by the hour, the pay rate is not supposed to fall below the federal minimum wage of \$5.15 per hour, which applies to citizens and non-citizens alike. However, on small farms, Craig said, farmworkers are not guaranteed minimum wage. He described such "small" farms as those that employ 500 or less man-days of farm labor per quarter, or the equivalent of 7-8 workers for 5 days/week.

The state Department of Labor employs 30-35 wage/hour investigators statewide. In addition to their other work, these individuals are responsible for ensuring that growers comply with wage and hour laws. But the sheer number of farms employing migrant labor – estimated at nearly 22,000 in 1992 – means that inspectors are able to visit only a tiny percentage of workplaces in a given year. Craig said that the department relies on a "mostly complaint-driven" system of enforcement.

But with a mostly-foreign workforce that lacks immigration papers or command of English, complaints are rare and abuses

are common, says farm labor organizer Ramiro Sarabia. Some growers, Sarabia says, hire workers at a piece rate, and then convert to hourly rates for reporting to the government. They calculate worker's minimum salaries based on an eight-hour day, even though the workers actually work longer hours. As a result, many farmworkers are unsure how their pay and deductions are figured.

Unscrupulous middlemen frequently take advantage of recently-immigrated workers. The typical situation, according to Sarabia, is a cucumber grower strikes a deal to pay such a "crew leader" 85 cents per bucket for picked cucumbers, of which the crew leader keeps 20 cents, and pays each farmworker 65 cents per bucket. "It's a pretty good deal for a crew leader. If he brings 30 workers, and gets to keep one dollar an hour for each, he gets paid \$30 per hour!" Crew leaders often also take deductions from workers' paychecks for services provided such as rent (if housing is not provided by the grower), food, transportation, or debts charged to workers for finding them a job.

Child labor in the fields used to be common. "I worked with kids 7-8 years old. They were the family of the crew leader. Now, I know that it's illegal for kids to work—but at the time I didn't think anything of it," recalled former cucumber picker, Justino Guzmán.

Reforms in state law now prohibit farms from employing minors under 14, but enforcement is weak, and for agricultural labor there are fewer protections for 14-18-year-olds than in other occupations. Nationally, the number of youths under 17 in the migrant farm worker population has doubled since 1990. In North Carolina's cucumber fields, however, most farmworkers are single men, for the simple reason that farmers in the H2A program, which supplies the bulk of cucumber workers, perceive men to be the most productive pickers, and less trouble to house than families.

Alfonso, a 22-year-old migrant from Oaxaca, Mexico, described his work as he took a break from socializing at a Farmworker Festival near Newton Grove, N.C. Alfonso (who declined to give his last name) said he earned \$5 per hour in tobacco, and worked six days a week at 9-10 hours a day. "I would prefer more pay and fewer hours, but I'm just doing what I'm told. Some workers complained to the crew leader about the pay, but he says he can't pay us more." Even so, Gonzalo said he was earning far more than he had in Mexico, where he had spent three-quarters of his bricklayer salary just to pay the rent.

Stan Eury, Executive Director of the North Carolina Growers Association, has

N.C. inspections fall to four full-time and four temporary inspectors hired each growing season. At last count, only one of the eight speaks Spanish.

a different perspective on farm working conditions. "We educate [H2A] workers on how to maximize their earnings. I've seen workers make \$500 a week at the height of the season. H2A workers get free housing. Agricultural workers are treated better than ordinary citizens under the law."

"Living in squalor"

Growers have historically provided housing for migrant workers in order to ensure an adequate workforce during the season. Farms are often too remote to walk to town, and most migrants lack transportation. And due to federal reforms enacted in 1986, housing standards have been tightened. The weak link in North Carolina, as in many other states, is poor enforcement of the law.

A *New York Times* exposé by Steven Greenhouse, published in May 1998, concluded that while the economy was booming in the 1990s, "more farmworkers than ever are living in squalor." Part of the reason, according to Greenhouse, is that federal spending on migrant housing plummeted in the last 30 years. In 1998, the government spent only 40 percent of what it spent to house migrants in 1969. The Housing Assistance Council, a Washington, D.C.-based watchdog group, estimates that 800,000 current U.S. farmworkers lack adequate housing.

Photo by Jeff Whetstone



A CREW LEADER WATCHES CUCUMBER PICKERS FROM THE SHADE OF HIS TRUCK.

Rather than upgrading existing buildings, Greenhouse noted that many growers responded to the 1986 housing reforms by no longer offering housing. As a result, many migrants crowd into cheap hotel rooms, while others sleep in cars or on roadsides.

One positive aspect of the H2A program in North Carolina has been more regular housing inspections on those farms that employ official "guestworkers." To date, 1,328 growers have registered with the state for housing 16,046 migrant workers, but the N.C. Department of Labor estimated that many more of the state's 22,000 farms that employ farmworkers house migrants, yet defy the law and remain unregistered.

Eury said growers in the H2A program who do comply with the housing laws would like to see more inspections so that competing farmers are forced to bring their

housing up to standard, noting that, "those farmers who improve their housing are at a competitive disadvantage compared with farmers who don't."

Regina Luginbuhl, of the Agricultural Safety and Health Office in the N.C. Department of Labor, said that the task of inspections falls to four full-time and four temporary inspectors hired each growing season. At last count, only one of the eight speaks Spanish.

Justino Guzmán, the former farmworker who "came to the U.S. to find a better life" ended up in substandard housing the year he picked cucumbers near Newton Grove. He described bedrooms without beds where four men slept in each room, and a house with no heat, no air conditioning, and no stove. "We cooked on a camp stove. We slept on the floor, without even a rug. I remember there was a dog sleeping outside on a pad, and we talked about stealing the pad."

While heating and air conditioning are not legally required in migrant housing, growers must supply beds and stoves. A migrant camp can meet state standards, while still providing only minimal washing facilities. In North Carolina, one washtub for 30 workers meets requirements, but hardly seems adequate for workers to comply with pesticide safety recommendations that

they wash their clothes after a day in the fields. In fact, for lack of changes of clothing, many workers wear the same contaminated clothes day after day.

Sanitation has proven to be a serious problem. A University of North Carolina study published in 1992 found that 44 percent of N.C. migrant camps tested had contaminated water supplies. Field sanitation regulations are also now established by federal law, but Luginbuhl said compliance with these regu-

Photo by Jeff Whetstone



"No, I will never come back here. Not after this. It's not only the sun, it's the pesticides, the tobacco sickness."

lations remains poor in North Carolina, noting that inspectors "rarely find port-a-johns and hand wash facilities" near the fields.

Hazardous harvest

Poor sanitation, hazardous working conditions, and poor access to health care are among the explanations why farmworkers, as a population, have abysmal health. Infant mortality rates among farmworkers are a striking 125 percent higher than rates for the general population.

The 1992 UNC

study cited above found that 86 percent of N.C. farmworkers tested had intestinal parasites – a situation that reflects sanitation both in their country of origin and U.S. living conditions.

Although the federal government subsidizes migrant health clinics that offer low cost or free health care, for lack of information or transportation most farmworkers never receive health services. If every farmworker sought these services, the federal program would be overwhelmed – its funding is estimated at \$14 per farmworker.

Poor farmworker health is related to these workers' occupational risks. Agricultural workers constitute only 3 percent of the nation's workforce, but account for 11 percent of workplace fatalities. Over the last 40 years, agricultural injury and death rates have fallen at only a third the rate of improvements in other hazardous occupations like mining and construction.

For farmworkers, the major cause of illness is poisoning from the 1.2 billion pounds of pesticides that are now used on virtually all commercial crops. A 1995 report by the National Institute of Environmental Health Sciences found that pesticides were responsible for more than 300,000 illnesses and 1,000 deaths among U.S. farmworkers each year.

Children are especially vulnerable. The United Farm Workers, a union of farmworkers, blames pesticide exposure for an outbreak of cancer among children in West Coast agricultural communities.

Migrant health specialists report that pesticide poisoning often happens gradually, and causes lingering health conditions ranging from allergies and respiratory problems to serious nervous system disorders and cancer. Many workers confuse early symptoms of pesticide poisoning, such as fatigue, nausea or dizziness, with other afflictions such as the flu or too much sun exposure.

Although rarely enforced, new federal standards were adopted in 1993 that require workers who handle chemicals to take pesticide safety training classes. However, health workers who offer the classes at migrant clinics estimate the demand for training is far higher than they can meet.

Gonzalo, a farmworker who has taken a training class, reported that he now uses a mask and protective gear to apply pesticides, and wears gloves and long sleeves to work in the fields. He also said he tries to wash his hands and arms before eating. "I'm not afraid to work with pesticides as long as you don't drink them and die!" he exclaimed. "But I've seen some guys who would just pour it on their skin, then they would get sick and throw up."

At a safety class in Alamance County, a bilingual health worker explained pesticide risks, and cautioned workers to avoid working in fields that had just been sprayed until a minimal waiting period had passed. One farmworker raised his hand. "And what do we do if we're ordered into the field before then?" The health worker sighed and went over the procedures for filing a grievance with the Department of Agriculture in Raleigh. "No one is going to do that," the farmworker scoffed.

In an October 1998 interview, Sharon Preddy, of the N.C. Department of Agriculture, said the number of pesticide field inspectors for farms was upgraded during the past year from four to seven. None of the new inspectors speak Spanish either, according to Preddy, who said the department failed to find "qualified" bilingual job candidates. However, she said a bilingual staff person had just been hired to work in the Raleigh office, and would be training the staff in rudimentary Spanish. "It's way past time, but at least we are making some

progress," she noted.

Inspectors are mainly concerned with "restricted use" pesticides which 26,000 N.C. growers are certified to use. In the first nine months of 1998, 451 farms were inspected, according to Preddy, twice the number inspected in the same period in 1997. At this rate, however, it will take about 43 years for state inspectors

to visit all N.C. growers certified as pesticide users.

In response to pressure from farmworkers and advocates, the N.C. Department of Labor recently began a new program that will dis-

patch inspectors to a site within 24 hours of a complaint alleging chemical exposure.

In 1996, 198 complaints resulted in 61 write-ups for non-compliance and 41 fines. But, in an indication of how the program has fallen short of its goal to engage workers, only a small percentage of complaints have come directly from farmworkers.

When discovered, violations of pesticide regulations seldom result in more than a slap on the wrist. The average fine was \$370. Interestingly, while commercial users and homeowners face a maximum fine of \$5000 for misuse of pesticides, North Carolina growers, who wield far more clout in the legislature, face a maximum annual fine of only \$500.

Occasionally farmworkers take risks to get out of abusive situations. A North Carolina cucumber grower was left without a workforce in June 1998 when about 75 H2A workers abandoned his farm in the middle of the night. The men later said that the grower's foreman had worked them for over 14 hours with only a half-hour lunch break, and refused to allow two sick workers to stop picking. Fearful of deportation, the men declined to file a grievance, and went to work for another grower.

Farmworkers face an uphill struggle to change conditions. But, the changes cannot come rapidly enough for Aaron Fuentes, the older brother of Carmelo, the man who remains in a coma following a heatstroke in a Clinton, N.C. tomato field. Like Carmelo, Aaron came to North Carolina last summer to work with the H2A program. After months of daily vigils by Carmelo's hospital bed, he and his father, Porfirio, looked forward to rejoining their family in Mexico.

Asked if he would come back to the United States next year to do farmwork, Aaron frowned. "No, I will never come back here. Not after this. It's not only the sun, it's the pesticides, the tobacco sickness."

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Pesticides are responsible for more than 300,000 illnesses and 1,000 deaths among U.S. farmworkers each year.

"A Union is the Only Way"

By Sandy Smith-Nonini

Photo by Keith Ernst



Using a creative organizing strategy, Baldemar Velasquez and the Farm Labor Organizing Committee are counting on public support to win a contract.

While many consumers believe U.S. agriculture is largely mechanized, 85 percent of U.S. fruits and vegetables are tended or harvested by hand. Those hands belong to farmworkers, who are among the most underpaid and exploited of U.S. workers, their lives virtually invisible to most Americans. This is particularly true in the anti-

union South where agribusiness has grown in recent years by recruiting the cheapest and most pliable workers, which today are mostly Spanish-speaking immigrants from Mexico and Central America.

In North Carolina, however, a bold new organizing drive led by the Farm Labor Organizing Committee (FLOC), an Ohio-based farmworkers union, is challenging this 1990s version of a plantation economy. A handful of former farmworkers affiliated with FLOC have been working in southeastern North Carolina to organize cucumber pickers working for the farmers of "growers" of Mount Olive Pickle Co., the second largest pickle producer in the United States.

Baldemar Velasquez, FLOC's president and founder, places FLOC's campaign to "organize the South" as part of a wider social movement. "There is a new Latino labor force all over the South that will be the foundation of the next civil rights movement in the U.S. — a movement that is going to have a brown face."

To date, more than 2,100 cucumber pickers have signed cards authorizing the union to represent them, but Bill Bryan, the Chief Executive Officer (CEO) of Mt. Olive Pickle, maintains that since his company does not hire farmworkers, he has no responsibility for their working conditions. He has refused to encourage growers he buys from to recognize the union.

"Everyone takes advantage of a migrant worker," said Ramiro Sarabia, who heads up FLOC's North Carolina campaign from an office in Faison, N.C. "The wages are low. Some even get paid less than minimum wage. And everywhere you look you see bad conditions. A union is the only way we're going to improve conditions. FLOC is going to be here a long time, maybe forever."

In Ohio and Michigan, after two decades of struggle, FLOC has achieved fairer working conditions for more than 7,000 farmworker members. FLOC is most well-known for its seven-year boycott against Campbell Soup. The union eventually won 3-way contracts between Campbell Soup, vegetable growers, and farmworkers. FLOC has also developed a collaboration between Ohio's state government and the private sector on a pool of funds to subsidize housing improvements for farmworkers.

Asked why the union targets food processors rather than growers, Sarabia put it simply, "They are the ones who have the money." He explained that many growers contract directly with processors, who supply them with seeds and even buy the crop in advance before the seeds go in the ground.

The new FLOC campaign has been endorsed by the North Carolina Council of Churches and is assisted by volunteers from the ecumenical National Farm Workers Ministry. Each of these groups is seeking to build community support through religious organizations. In rural North Carolina, where many congregations side with local growers and companies than the predominantly immigrant farmworkers, support for the FLOC campaign has been slow to materialize. FLOC supporters have only recently begun to build support among urban religious and community groups.

In June of 1998, FLOC organized a 4-day march from Mt. Olive, North Carolina to Raleigh where a rally at the capitol drew attention to farmworker concerns. The march, which took place in 90-degree heat, attracted only a small contingent of supporters for most of the distance, although over 150 people, including a handful of farmworkers, demonstrated in Raleigh. A highlight of the event was a speech by J. Joseph Gossman, Raleigh's Catholic Bishop, who pointed up the distinction between the charity work that many churches engage in and struggles for justice.

"Basic justice demands that people be assured a minimum level of participation in the economy," said Bishop Gossman.

"It is wrong for a person or group to be excluded unfairly . . . farmworkers need to be partners around the table with growers (and) corporations so that the common good of all is reached."

The new Latino face of farm labor

The large numbers of workers who earn low wages and endure marginal living and working conditions have proven to be a boon for North Carolina growers who have experienced an economic squeeze as food processors have increased corporate control over products from seed to marketplace.

Cheap labor costs have enabled North Carolina's agricultural industry to become the second most profitable in the U.S. Yet, food processors rake in the bulk of income from sales, while growers keep about a third, leaving farmworkers with only about eight cents of every food income dollar in North Carolina. In contrast, in California, where farmworkers have organized, farmworkers keep approximately 18 cents of every food income dollar, according to the 1993 Commission on Agricultural Workers Survey.

(Continued on p. 51)

Photo by Sandy Smith Nonini



"EVERYONE TAKES ADVANTAGE OF MIGRANT WORKERS," SAYS FLOC ORGANIZER RAMIRO SARABIA. "A UNION IS THE ONLY WAY WE'RE GONING TO IMPROVE CONDITIONS."

SEED TO TABLE: The Story of Mt. Olive Pickles

Illustrations by Malcolm Goff

The Farm Labor Organizing Committee (FLOC) is organizing N.C. farmworkers in an attempt to negotiate a three-way contract with farmworkers, growers, and the Mt. Olive Pickle Company. Mt. Olive argues that it is only a consumer of farm products and has no direct dealings with the farmworkers that grow its pickles. FLOC argues that the company plays too large a role in the growing cycle to escape responsibility. Readers can find the process here, from seed to table.



1. Growers usually contract to sell cucumbers to middlemen who operate grading stations. The middlemen agree to pay the grower based on a contract it has with Mt. Olive. Mt. Olive also provides cucumber seed to its grading stations.

2. To escape poverty at home, Mexican and Central American workers pay recruiters a fee upwards of \$100 to be hired as a U.S. "guestworker" for the season. Mt. Olive Pickle Co. has lobbied for guestworker programs, presumably because they help keep down farm labor costs.



10. The bulk of profits from the \$17 million N.C. cucumber crop are kept by processors like Mt. Olive. Farmworkers receive so little that the estimated cost of paying every farmworker 50% higher wages would run each consumer less than \$4 a year.



11. Mt. Olive Pickle Co. is the 2nd largest pickle company in the country, with about 70% of the market in North Carolina, Virginia and South Carolina. Each consumer who purchases a jar of \$2.29 Mt. Olive Pickles indirectly sanctions Mt. Olive's practices.



4. During the season, the amount of work and pay for farmworkers vary greatly, depending on rainfall and crop growth. Workers often go weeks with little work and pay, especially before and after harvests.

3. Guestworkers and other farmworkers are usually required to live in group houses and trailers that often fail to meet basic standards. Many growers claim they cannot afford to upgrade housing.



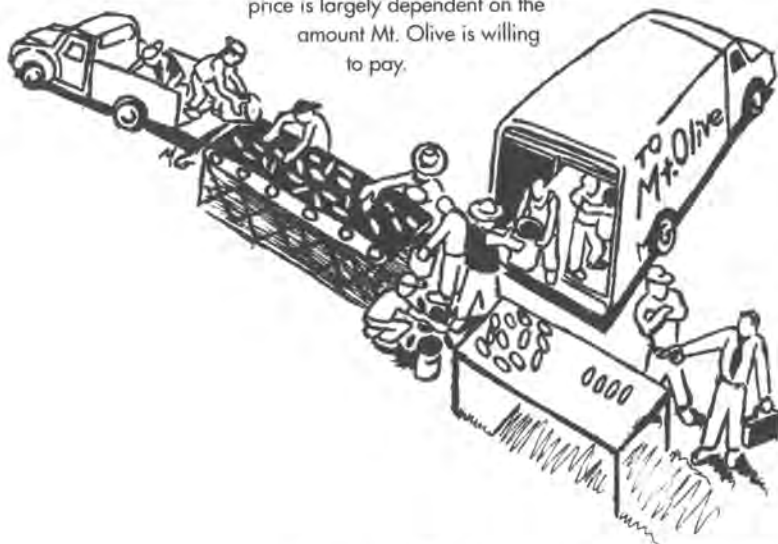
5. In July, farmworkers often harvest 10-12 hours a day in 90-degree heat. Farmworkers have no overtime protections, and bosses are not required to offer breaks.

6. Inspectors report the most frequent violations in the fields are failure to provide portable bathrooms and hand washing supplies—leading to health risks for workers and consumers.



7. Mt. Olive representatives visit the farms that grow its cucumbers to ensure that they use the company's favored agricultural practices—but disclaim responsibility for working conditions.

8. Most farmworkers are paid at a "piece rate" of about 70 cents per 5/8 bushel (5 gallon) bucket of cucumbers. Depending on the price the grower receives from the grading station, an average worker might earn \$6.00 an hour on a good day. The grading station price is largely dependent on the amount Mt. Olive is willing to pay.



9. Mt. Olive pickles the cucumbers in huge vats at its plant and the pickles eventually make their way to supermarket shelves.



Baldemar Velasquez: Healing an Industry

The kick-off of FLOC's 1998 organizing season was a Prayer Warrior's Vigil, which found Baldemar Velasquez, the union's president, praying over the pickle vats of the Mt. Olive Pickle Co. It's not the kind of protest action you'll find many labor leaders engaged in. But no one has ever called Velasquez a typical labor leader.

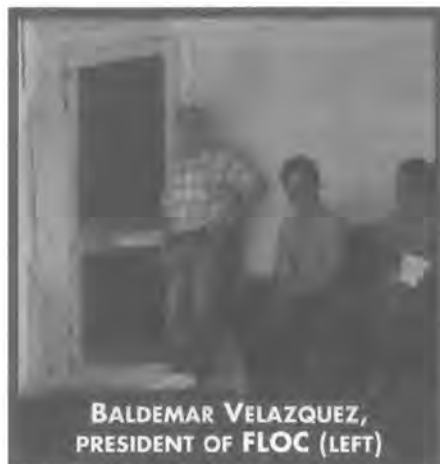
The winner of a MacArthur Genius Award for his innovative leadership of FLOC's 10-year struggle against the Campbell Soup Co. in the Midwest, Velasquez has in recent years found himself studying scripture as well as labor strategies. He is now an ordained minister, and sees no conflict in the two roles.

A recent FLOC planning meeting found the charismatic Velasquez declaring a verse from Corinthians, "The spirit is the Lord, and where the spirit is there is liberty. But the prevailing spirit here in North Carolina is the spirit of bondage left over from slavery. We have to break the spirit of slavery in this state!"

It was the process of the struggle itself, and working with Christian supporters of FLOC that he credits for developing his spiritual side. After many years regarding churches as "an anglo trick," Velasquez said, "I began looking at things from a different perspective. I used to take advantage of every incident we came across to point up exploitation. But that doesn't always lead to the solution of problems. Now I see that FLOC is in the business of reconciling repressive relationships."

"The agricultural industry can be compared to a dysfunctional family. You have to get the garbage on the table, and separate the members in order to get them together again. Fifteen years ago there were some farmers there who would set their dogs on me. Now I go and sit in their kitchens to resolve issues."

FLOC's organizing strategies also con-



**BALDEMAR VELAZQUEZ,
PRESIDENT OF FLOC (LEFT)**

trast with the approach most people associate with organized labor. "Other unions do a campaign and whether they win or lose, they leave afterwards," explained Velasquez. "What I've been telling the AFL-CIO is that if you want to organize workers in the South, you have to make a permanent commitment to the community."

FLOC's strategy in the Midwest was to

make Campbells' labor practices a moral issue with the public. That strategy hurt Campbell's national reputation, and is widely credited with bringing the company to the bargaining table.

But to Velasquez, the labor contract itself is just the beginning of the process. He says, "The development of the union is more important than the union. The union is not the goal; it's a vehicle to build community. It's not about winning or losing; when a community is developed, victories will come."

The FLOC campaign is counting on a similar strategy of a long-term struggle that looks to the wider community for moral support of farmworkers' rights in North Carolina. At a recent consultation on a boycott of the Mt. Olive Pickle Co., Velasquez described the struggle in moral terms.

"What the N.C. agricultural industry is doing with these workers doesn't square with scripture," he said. "We're looking to the churches to support this struggle."

—S.S.-N.



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UPROOTING INJUSTICE

A Report on Working Conditions for North Carolina Farmworkers and the Farm Labor Organizing Committee's Mt. Olive Initiative.

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For more information call 419-8311 x25 or email: fwjustice@i4south.org

(Continued from p. 47)

In all, more than 340,000 farmworkers work in N.C. annually, of which about 40 percent are migrant laborers – those who work in different states over the course of a year. But the demographics have changed since the 1980s when most migrant farmworkers were Black. Today, 90 percent of farmworkers in the state are Latino.

Since 1990, North Carolina growers have begun recruiting large numbers of Spanish-speaking “guestworkers” through the federal H2A program, which provides temporary work visas for laborers who cultivate and harvest crops during the growing season – typically from May to late October.

One former farmworker's story

Often farmers or “growers” do not deal with farmworkers directly, but rather with middlemen known as “crew leaders.” Some of the worst abuses and working conditions occur when immigrants unfamiliar with local work arrangements fall under the control of an unscrupulous crew leader.

The experience of Ramón Berosa, who uses the name of his dead grandfather for this article, illustrates a typical situation encountered by migrant workers. Berosa came to North Carolina in 1996 from Río Bravo Tamaulipas, Mexico, where typical wages for unskilled workers were the equivalent of \$2 per day. “I came to the United States to work and make enough money to return to Mexico and start a small food store.”

The first “coyote” Berosa hired to guide him into the U.S. and find work, took his \$800 and abandoned him on the U.S. side of the border. He then paid a second “coyote” to help him find work, and that man “sold” him to a crew leader who landed him a job on a North Carolina cucumber and sweet potato farm. As a result, Berosa began work for the crew leader \$500 in debt.

“Once I subtracted my debt payment, rent and transportation from my weekly paycheck, all I would have left was \$40. It took a year to pay him off,” Berosa recalled.

“Some left because they were mad at the crew leader for working them too hard and paying them less than the minimum wage. But we were guarded; I didn’t dare try to leave. None of us had cars, and his spies reported on us if we went to talk to newcomers [to the farm]. He kept me like that for 2 years. I never sent any money to my family during that time. They had been running a small food store, but they lost the store because I couldn’t send them any money.”

Photo by Chris Johnson, Student Action with Farmworkers



PROTESTERS ASK MT. OLIVE PICKLE COMPANY CEO BILL BRYAN IF \$7500 A YEAR IS FAIR PAY FOR FARMWORKERS.

Berosa learned about FLOC last summer when he went looking for medical assistance for a farmworker with bad kidneys. A friend put him in touch with Ramiro Sarabia, who found his friend a doctor. After learning more about the union effort, Berosa decided to quit farm work and work full-time as an organizer for FLOC.

An anti-union climate

Existing U.S. labor laws offer few protections to farmworkers, who are specifically excluded from the National Labor Relations Act. And, as a “right-to-work” state, North Carolina law permits employers to hire non-union workers, even in a workplace where workers have a union contract. The state’s history of hostility to labor poses a special challenge to FLOC’s campaign.

Mt. Olive Pickle CEO Bill Bryan said in a phone interview that FLOC’s pressure on his company is unfair. “Our company has been targeted solely because of our name recognition. We deal in free enterprise. Our only moral responsibility is to treat suppliers as we would like to be treated, which is to allow them to make their own decisions about unionization.”

Bryan, who said that his company had been growing and expanding its market into the Midwest, hinted that Mt. Olive Pickle could look elsewhere to buy its cucumbers. “We buy fewer pickles in North Carolina than we did a few years ago. We buy according to market demand and where the product is most available.”

Stan Eury, Executive Director of the North Carolina Growers Association, said unionization would hurt growers. “We’ve

heard from farmers in the Midwest that the union was the worst thing that's ever happened to them. After FLOC got its contract, production went down, and it may go down here if workers unionize. Pickles are not a high profit crop. I think many growers would get out of the business of cucumber growing if workers unionize."

In contrast, Velasquez claims that growers, as well as farmworkers, have benefited from the Midwest contracts. He says that since unionization, growers now receive a higher price for their crops from processors.

In Ohio, for example, the price for 100 pounds of "No. 1" cucumbers (the smallest and most profitable) was \$26 in 1998, up from \$14.50 in 1986. The 1998 price in North Carolina for the same quantity of No. 1's was \$17. Velasquez also cites surveys showing that production is higher in unionized areas of the Midwest than before the FLOC campaign.

Wally Wagner, a cucumber grower for Vlastic in Ohio, supports Velasquez's position. "The farmworkers with FLOC are just looking for a fair shake. We didn't find that unionization threatened our business." He credited the FLOC effort for helping farmworkers get better pay and lobbying public and private interests to contribute to a fund for better farmworker housing. He said the union has worked with both growers and processors to improve productivity, which he thinks is better than a decade earlier.

Virginia Nesmith, Executive Director of the National Farm Workers Ministry, said the anti-union sentiments of many growers translates into a climate of fear for workers. "Workers who support the union often experience an intense level of intimidation. Public support is very important to create a climate in which workers can come forward."

Wilfredo Rivera, formerly with the North Carolina Farmworker Project in Benson, agreed, noting that organizers of any kind are not welcome in farmworker camps - which are usually located on the property of growers. "Many camps don't even allow visitors. The owners put up 'No Trespassing' signs, even though it's a violation of the workers' tenancy rights," explained Rivera. "Growers in many areas have a lot of influence over the local sheriff's department. They'll arrest you for visiting a farmworker camp."

In fact, H2A contracts adopted by the North Carolina Growers Association assert that owners have the right to restrict access to farmworker camps.

Last June, attorneys for Farmworker Legal Services were expelled from a work camp on the farm of Cecil Williams, a Nash County grower who threatened to have them arrested for attempting to meet with an injured worker on the property. In August, FLOC president Baldemar Velasquez, Sarabia, and two other organizers challenged this policy by visiting the same camp.

About an hour after FLOC's arrival, two law enforcement officers broke up a meeting between the organizers and about 20 local workers. When they refused to leave voluntarily, the

FLOC organizers were arrested. Although a magistrate threw the case out, the local sheriff later told organizers he would continue arresting anyone who growers accuse of trespassing.

Building community support for a boycott of Mt. Olive

In October 1998, around 100 people, including Velasquez, the FLOC organizers, and a contingent of twenty-five farmworkers gathered on Duke University's campus in Durham to plan the next steps in the campaign. Since the Mt. Olive Pickle Co. continues to reject talks, organizers project that a center point of the campaign will be a boycott of Mt. Olive Pickle products throughout the Southeast, where the company's market is based.

The campaign's immediate focus is to build a community network of support for the farmworker struggle. The involvement of churches, universities, and community groups were critical to the success of the FLOC campaign against Campbell Soup in the 1980s. Velasquez said FLOC learned in the Midwest campaign that strikes are not effective organizing tactics for farmworkers. In the end, he said, it was the combination of the boycott against Campbell Soup and the moral pressure from the surrounding community that forced company executives to sit down at the bargaining table with farmworkers and growers.

Velasquez says that the FLOC strategy, in contrast to many labor unions, is to "make a permanent commitment to a community." In North Carolina, that kind of long-term vision might be what is needed to win a victory. But if Velasquez is right about his prediction that the time is ripe for a "new civil rights movement," winning may well depend less on economics than on the strength of the public's moral stand in support of adequate housing, decent wages, and safe working conditions for farmworkers.

Ramon Berosa may be the kind of person who will help lead such a movement. Up until August, Berosa held a decent paying, if dangerous, job loading tobacco on large trucks. Recently married, with an 18-month-old child, and a new baby on the way, he had good reason to hold on to his job, but he took a cut in pay to work for FLOC.

"It's true that I earn less now with FLOC," he admitted. "But I like to work for people. It's not just a matter of money. No one's going to get rich doing this, but that's not the point. This work makes me feel good."

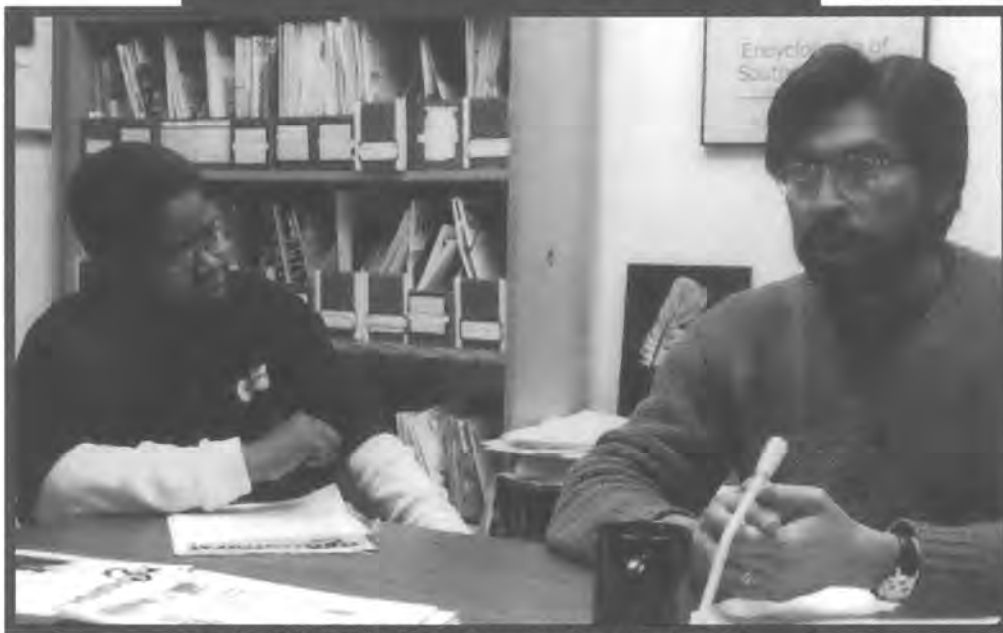
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Sandy Smith-Nonni, PhD, is an Assistant Professor of Anthropology at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill. This story was part of a sponsored project of the Institute for Southern Studies, and is excerpted from the 32-page bi-lingual Institute report, "Uprooting Injustice." For copies of the report (\$6) or other information on farmworker issues, contact the Farmworker Justice Project at P.O. Box 531, Durham, NC 27702; (919) 419-8311 x25; or fjustice@isouth.org

Beyond "Divide and Rule"

Activists talk about confronting tensions, media hype and the "real issues" in the community.

Photos by Keith Ernst



AQUEELAH AS-SALAAM AND LUIS ALVAREGA

Each year since the mid-1990s, North Carolina has ranked in the top five states as a destination for new immigrants, especially Latinos. This dramatic rise in newcomers – which has doubled the state's Latino population since 1990 – has brought with it an explosion in stories, both in the media and on the street, about heightened community "tensions." These conflicts are said to exist mostly in working-class neighborhoods, especially between the African-American and Latino communities and center on issues of crime, competing for scarce jobs, and cultural differences.

Is this tension real, or media hype? Or is this even the right question to ask? One hot summer evening, we invited several African American and Latino activists to a small roundtable at the offices of the Institute for Southern Studies to talk about what they think the real issues are, based on their work in North Carolina. The following were able to participate:

Luis Alveraga works for the Durham, N.C., public schools coordinating English as a Second Language programs and is a community organizer with La Casa Multicultural, a multi-issue organization based in Durham.

Ray Earqhart is a city worker in Durham, secretary-treasurer of

the Durham City Workers Union/AFSCME Local 1194, and active in NC Public Service Workers Union (UE Local 150) and Black Workers for Justice.

Rosa Savedra is a popular educator with the Highlander Research and Education Center in Tennessee. Previously, she was director of the Farmworker Project in Benson, N.C.

The discussion was led by Chris Kromm, editor of *Southern Exposure*, and Aqueelah As-Salaam, director of the Institute for Southern Studies. We asked a few questions, but mostly sat back and let the tape recorder roll on a conversation we think offers a glimpse of issues many communities – and community activists – grapple with.

“The newspaper has never been a friend”

Southern Exposure: *We want to start out with how the public perceives this issue. About a year ago, in the Raleigh News and Observer, there were quite a few stories written about tensions between the Latino and African-American communities, especially in more working-class neighborhoods. These stories focused on crime, and implied there was a general feeling of ill-will. From your experience, what do you think? What are these stories missing?*

Rosa: They’re missing a clue! I know from the experience we’ve had that they [the media] don’t come seeking answers, but seeking to hear the answers they’ve already got. Latinos here don’t trust the media.

There’s conflict everywhere. But to spotlight this, it’s like they use it as a tool to divide. I worry about that.



RAY EARQHART AND ROSA SAVEDRA

Ray: My approach to all of this is that, in my community, we’re busy working, trying to build our community. That includes African-Americans, Latinos, whites who have been thrown out on welfare reform. But the kind of cooperation that happens is not newsworthy. I could go on and throw out stories of what work we’re doing, but we’re not trying to get on 60 minutes. For us it’s survival.

We know that the newspaper is about selling papers. The newspaper has never been a friend of communities of color. It’s always been racist, it’s always been homophobic, it’s always been sexist. When you want to know what’s going on in the black community, Latino community, white community, you have to go to the community.

I’ve been disturbed about how the paper projects all these different images, but I haven’t dwelled on it, because I just know too many good stories of African American and Latino cooperation.

Luis: I used to be a media person. I started with a newspaper, and then I became a reporter for radio, and then TV. And the main job of the media person is to get the dirty story, the one that sells the most. They have to sell stories.

Rosa: But it’s just absurd to see this coming out in the papers, [this image] of tension between immigrants and African Americans. On the West Coast, you can look at Koreans versus African Americans. In Washington, D.C., you can pick any group of immigrants, and pit them against each other. Everybody knows there is tension, but what’s the purpose of these stories? It’s like we’re two groups of savage people who don’t know anything, and must be analyzed, so a solution can be thought of.

“Talk about the real tension”

Luis: There are definitely tensions [between the African American and Latino communities]. This afternoon, a man came to my door, and asked, “How many Latinos live here?” I remembered that I had called the Spanish-speaking newspaper the other day, *La Connexion*, and I asked the editor, “How many Hispanos do you think we have in Durham?” He said, “Officially? 15,000. But I always say 30,000.” So none of us know the dimensions of who we have here, and why they’re here.

Not knowing who’s here, and where they come from makes for uncertainty, and that uncertainty is bringing tension to the street where they live together.

Living in the same neighborhood, people find tensions. The walking in the night, the being afraid, “I don’t know you, you don’t know me.” So the tension is real, there is no doubt about it. I work with 1,700 kids, and they all talk about tensions on the bus.

So how are we trying to solve this problem? We’re training the teachers, we’re training the bus-drivers, we’re training the cooks in the school, so they know how to handle and grasp these issues.

There is violent tension, there is unspoken tension. And there are people who are working together, trying to make things happen.

Rosa: But what worries me is that everyone knows there is tension – [the issue is] how do you deal with it? A concern I have about this being in the papers, is there seems to be an owner-

ship of this tension. It's a white world, saying, "Here are Latino/African-American tensions, what will we do about this now?" Making those two groups feel even more powerless – not just the new immigrants, but the African-American community, too.

The majority of people in North Carolina who are Latino are farmworkers. They come as farmworkers, and end up moving on to other things. Then you have issues that come into every race and nationality, and those are class differences... The issue doesn't boil down to just race.

There are African Americans who are bankers, who have assimilated, and some Latinos as well. And they might not be sensitive to you just because they're Latinos, or because they're African Americans. I had a friend, who's in government – who's not a real friend anymore, but that's ok – who said, "I know what it's like, because I was in the civil rights struggle." But she got really pissed off when I didn't make an appointment to bring a filthy mattress to the governor's office [in a protest of farmworker living conditions].

She's African-American, but I don't think this has to do with the color of her skin. It's more about the system.

Ray: The newspaper represents corporate America. We've all been waiting for analysis that talks about the real tension: the tension that allows companies to violate health and safety, wages and hours, worker's rights, that denies folks the right to unionize or to speak up about issues that impact their community. About a racist construction industry that never hired African Americans – and somehow now we [African Americans] say Mexicans are taking our jobs. We never could get hired in the construction industry.

And why are Central Americans, Latinos in this country? Corporate America. Because of what's happening in Chiapas, with United Fruit Company, the multinationals. Because of what corporate America is doing in their countries.

A story I always tell people in my community is that there is no city in America called "Mandela." But there are lots of cities with Hispanic names. Why is that? We came over on the boat in chains. Latinos had their country taken from them. That's the story I tell my community when they start saying, "they need to go home." Latinos *are* home.

When you talk about the bank folks, they don't represent the interests of the African-American community. That's some real tension: the class divide.

But despite that, when you look what's happening across the country, there is social change, a movement building. So the newspaper, they're not really talking about tension, they're talking about divide and rule. They don't want this unity between working-class whites, working-class African-Americans, working-class and farmworker Latinos, coming together around common issues.

"Start a real grassroots force"

Luis: One of the issues I have found is that the Latinos, many of us, have never experienced what it means to be organized. Es-



pecially my fellow Mexicans. We know about 1910, when there was a guy named Zapata. The founding fathers. But it's like talking about a totally irrelevant thing. Sometimes I've found my fellow African Americans talk about Martin Luther King like something totally not happening right now. I am looking for that opportunity to work in the fight together, in the local neighborhoods.

Ray: You talk about block meetings and the neighborhood – you've got police here who are very much like the military in El Salvador; the political police is what I call them. This whole thing about neighborhood watch and community policing – it's about a gigantic P.R. scheme by the police to get all this grant money to update themselves with all the high-tech guns and weaponry.

And it moves people away from what we're about, which is getting to the grassroots, empowering people and letting people work together. The reason it's not happening here goes back to those black bankers, the black bourgeoisie, who want to get a person on this commission or that council.

We've been trying to start a real grassroots force. I was so happy when I read about you [Luis] and Casa Multicultural because, before, the emphasis was always on cultural things – and the corporations and landlords were getting away with murder.

So it's not just "how" you get at these questions, but who? Is it grassroots folks, or do we rely on that upper layer of African-Americans, the black bourgeoisie, or those well-meaning reporters? *We're* the leaders we're looking for.

Rosa: You know, sometimes in the urban areas – like you all are talking about – sometimes a negative side is that there are commissions. And you get drawn into working the system instead of hitting the streets. In the rural areas, we don't have any options. It is a sink or swim situation. You hit the streets, you hit them hard. You don't have anything to lose.

We can't relax and let ourselves lose ground. You can't let people get comfortable. When you raise issues, you cause change. People are now talking differently [about Latinos in North Carolina]. People examine, "Can I say something or not, can I do this or not, can I get away with this or not..." For people who are on the wrong side, we need to make them feel it.

Ray: The material conditions for all this organizing and unity is

coming. But we've just got to talk more, have more conversations, and not rely on those people up top.

This takes me to when we had the sanctuary movement here. When they [the Immigration and Naturalization Service, INS] comes after some brother or sister who's Latina or Latino, the African-American church needs to say, "Hell no, you will not take this or that person." Like when we took in the Soweto youth, like when we were sneaking people out of Chile, housing them in the churches. When we lay this stuff out in the community, at the grassroots, people remember how we brought in folks from South Africa and Latin America.

Rosa: The disposition, I think, especially of Mexicanos, which are the majority of farmworkers in this area, is not so much – and I have a different perspective about this than Luis – is not so much that they don't know, or have not been organized, but in Mexico there are hundreds of *syndicatos* [unions]. They have been unionized to death, and their unions are corrupt. So they come here with a very heightened political sense – and a lot of suspicion, you know? So it has to be worth it to you to get arrested for something.

The difficulty in organizing Latinos is often not the situation that exists here, but that we come with what we bring from our countries and we plug it in here, and sometimes it's not a good connection.

But if you reach into the community – with someone who is of that community – we can show people that this is worth it. You're going to make a stand here – you have to make a stand, because it's a commitment. That's the *consciencia* that's needed, and I think within Latino organizations, we're not articulating our vision.

"Our issues are very similar"

Southern Exposure: *So what are some of the ways you suggest we can move forward?*

Rosa: Well here is an example of how not to work together. Here we have the NAACP, and it's for people of color. They recently said, "We want you to recruit Latinos to buy membership so that they can be part of the NAACP – so that we can represent them." It's like, we don't know anything about your issues...

Ray: Who did they send – was it a Latino person they sent?

Rosa: Nope.

Ray: Well, ok, that tells you something right there ... But that's good news to hear that the NAACP is actually trying to recruit in the Latino community. Somebody's got it in their mind that the party's changing, that the NAACP is for "people of color," and that Latinos are part of that. That's positive. But the question of having the capacity to do that – speaking Spanish, understanding the cultural issues, understanding what Latino issues are – they don't have that.

Rosa: But that's the work we could be doing, at the grassroots level – if we have an understanding or working relationship between us.

Luis: I think my challenge is to bring power to the people in the Hispano-Latino community, and to organize the African Americans with me, and for me to get organized with African



Americans and their struggles – it's a two-way street. Our issues are very similar.

Ray: When we talk about common ground – everybody eats. I work with S.E.E.D.S. [a community garden group in Durham] The impact this community garden in my neighborhood has had. We started to clear up this lot, and one of the old folks said, "it'd be nice if we could grow stuff." So we started growing stuff. Two years after we got into it, Latino families moved in, and we started working with the Latino families. This has brought this community together. We have learned so much through this little garden, it's kind of growing people together.

And I like to think that that is why nobody [Latino] has been robbed in our community. It's respect.

Rosa: See, you reduced the vulnerability of the people because of your involvement. The rest of the people said, we're not going to let this happen.

Ray: When you lay it out, people see the common ground. Take this whole thing about "how many Mexicans live in a house." And you think about how, when we went to the city in the [1950s], what did we do? Tons and tons of us living with relatives, saving money, waiting to get that job and get on our feet. It made sense.

So when we take people back to where they came from, when we came to a no-man's land, and what we had to do to survive, it comes to folks, and it takes away all this tension. It makes sense. This is what we've got to equip each other with. And then go out into the community and start organizing. Because our experiences are not that different.

Resources

Farm Labor Organizing Committee

1221 Broadway Street
Toledo, OH 43609
Phone: (419) 243-3456
Email: mferner@floc.com
Web: www.iupui.edu/~floc

Farmworker Justice Project

Institute for Southern Studies
P.O. Box 531
Durham, NC 27702
Phone: (919) 419-8311 x25
Email: fwjustice@i4south.org
Web: www.i4south.org

Highlander Research and Education Center

1959 Highlander Way
New Market, TN 37820
Phone: (423) 933-3443
Email: hrec@igc.apc.org
Web: www.hrec.org

Immigrants Legal Assistance Project

NC Justice and Community Development Center
P.O. Box 28068
Raleigh, NC 27611-8068
Phone: (919) 856-2570
Email: jena@ncjustice.org
Web: www.ncjustice.org

National Farm Worker Ministry, Southeast Office

P.O. Box 1589
DeLand, FL 32721
Phone: 904 738-2269
Email: BertNFWM@aol.com
Web: www.nfwm.org

National Network for Immigrant and Refugee Rights

310 8th Street, Suite 307
Oakland, CA 94607
Phone: (510) 465-1984
Email: nnirr@igc.apc.org
Web: www.nnirr.org

Student Action with Farmworkers

1317 W. Pettigrew
Durham, NC 27705
Phone: (919) 660-3652
Email: mwiggins@acpub.duke.edu
Web: www.cds.aas.duke.edu/saf

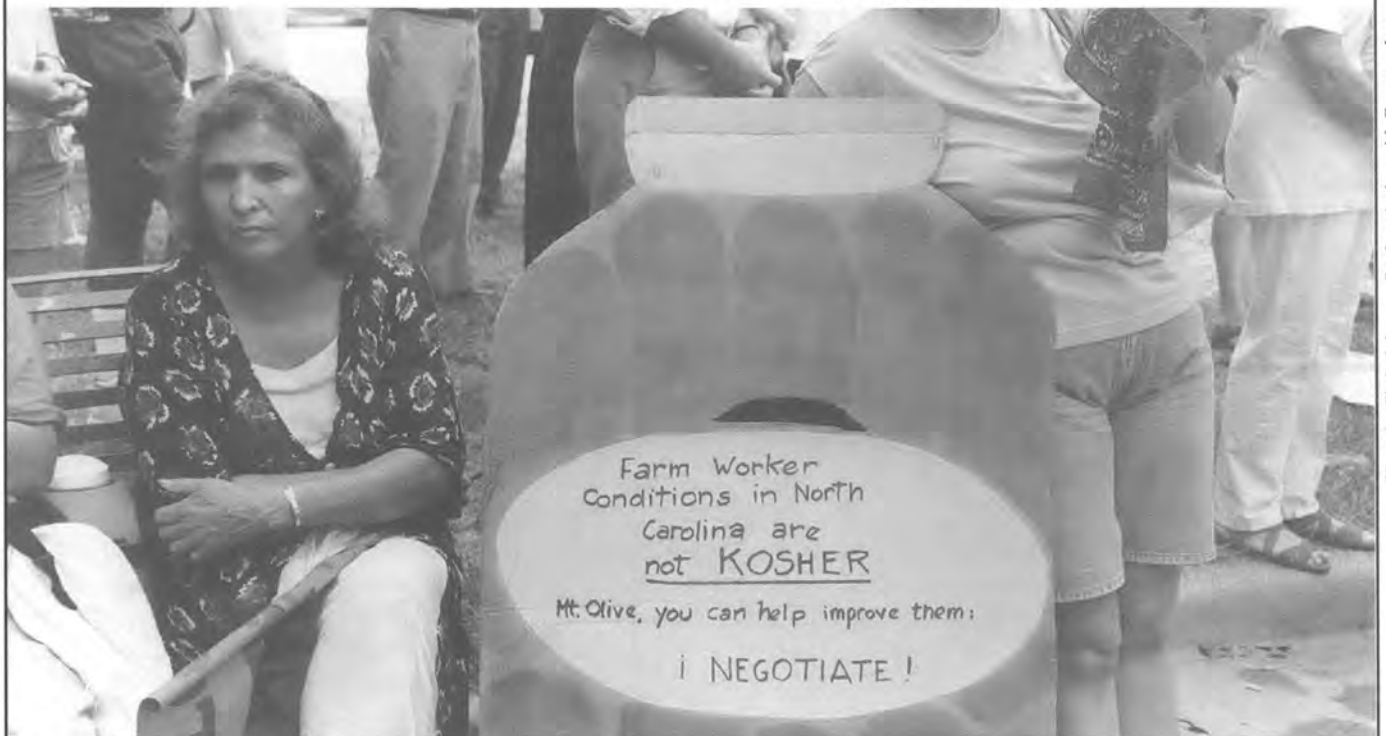


Photo by Chris Johnson, Student Action with Farmworkers

Not This Virginia

By Terry Bisson

On Sundays we take Mama for her drive. Always the same drive. It helps relax her. Cools her out. Instead of fidgeting around the kitchen, which she no longer understands, or trying to work the remote, which she will never understand, she can "feature herself" (as country still like to say) riding in a wide Oldsmobile back seat while the world slides effortlessly by on the other side of the glass. Here it comes, there it goes, now it's gone. Not quite real, and no commercials either. Nothing to get anxious or confused about.

Emma and I ride up front.

"Your mother thinks the commercials come out of the remote control," Emma said yesterday, finding me in the basement sorting my father's tools, for the eleventh time. "She's upstairs shaking it over the trash can as if it had bugs or water in it."

It is an uncommon relief, these days, to hear Emma laugh. Laughs are scarce in this little town. Hers especially.

The truth is, I've been worried about her lately. Emma. She's the type who never lets you know something is wrong until it's too late, so I watch for signs. "Winston, can we talk?" she said last night, Saturday night, while we were getting dressed to go to bed. We sleep in pajamas because Mama is up and down all night.

"Talk?"

"Winston, I really don't know if I can stand this any longer."

"Stand what any longer?"

"We have to get on with our lives."

"Get on with our lives?"

"And please, please, please stop repeating everything I say, Your mother's not getting any worse and she's not getting any better. I don't know how long I can stand being stuck in Virginia being a geriatric social worker."

"We have always lived in Virginia."

"Not this Virginia."

From downstairs came a roar like water or wind. Mama had hit the wrong button on the remote again. Then came applause, then shots, then laughter. She gets it working again by punching all the buttons at random. Not her laughter. TV is serious business for Mama. Every night she surfs through thirty-nine cable channels, never stopping on one, as if she's looking through a big house for some-

thing she lost or somebody who's not there. Opening and then closing every door, but never going in any of the rooms.

"Not this Virginia," Emma says again, shaking her head.

Emma was the Executive Director of the Community Arts Museum in Arlington, until it was de-funded in August. That's the reason we were both able to come to Kingston when Mama started to lose it. Had her stroke, or rather strokes, a series of small strokes, the doctor tells me. Our kids are grown, the youngest in college. That's another reason.

"Let's go for a drive," I suggest the next morning, Sunday morning, as I always do. "Your Sunday drive, Mama." I guess if you say so, Winston."

Mama named me after Winston Churchill, the first international personality to capture anyone's attention around here. First and last. She dresses herself pretty well, though it can take hours, or seem to. She sits in front of her mirror in her tiny dark room, combing her hair, once her pride and joy. I guess it still is, even white as snow. Eventually she will emerge into the daylight, blinking, powdered and combed but with her slacks on backward, or one sock on and one sock off, literally. She gets agitated and forgets what she is doing. She hasn't been to church since my father died.

Today's not so bad. A white blouse and pearls and shoes that match. I lead her into the kitchen where Emma is eating yogurt, from the carton, with a pointy grapefruit spoon. Serrated. "There is sure a lot of this lately," Mama says when I piece of toast on a plate in front of her.

"A lot of what, Mama?"

"What this is."

"If you don't want toast, we can get a sausage biscuit at McDonald's, Mother Worley," Emma says.

"I surely do like those ham biscuits."

"The don't have them at McDonald's, Mother Worley."

"They have them at that other place, Winston."

"The Sonic, Mama. But they always have such a long line. And it's all the way on the other side of town. Remember how we always get sausage biscuits instead?"

"You like those McDonald's sausage biscuits, Mother Worley."

"I guess if you say so."

"I surely do say so, Mother Worley. Surely do."

Emma can be cruel. She talks without looking up. She is



if you squinted. I thought it was a great improvement. Funny how taking the trees off a mountain can make it look bigger.

The mountains in the other direction, toward Tennessee, are long and low and green. There's no coal on Bays Mountain.

Emma gets in the driver's seat. Mama sits in the back, on the right against the door, and stretches her sweater over her lap.

"Lots of people goin to church today, I reckon," Mama says as we drive past all three, the Baptist, the Methodist and the Cumberland Presbyterian, all on Main Street. They are all on the same side of the street, in a row.

"We heard from Bob last night," I say as Emma pulls into the drive-in window line at McDonald's.

"Out son Bob, Mother Worley," Emma says. "Your grandson. He's in Alaska for the clean-up. He called."

"Well, I reckon so," Mama says.

"I reckon that's right, Mother Worley," Emma says.

She can be cruel all she wants because Mama doesn't notice. Mama has enough trouble just thinking of things to say. The

reading the paper avidly, you might even say desperately. We got two *Washington Posts* in Arlington so we could both read them at the same time. Emma calls this paper the *Roanoke We-Don't-Want-To-Know*, and I don't read anything at all. Sometimes I think we are under water. It's like I returned to my childhood home and it was a pond, and Emma was there too, both of us paddling in circles under the green water.

My father died a year and a month ago last month. I've been on compassionate or family leave (we're still negotiating this, since the effect on my benefits differs) from Urban Affairs for almost four months, since Mother started losing it. My being here helped a little at first, but in the long run we have to do something.

Mama's standing by the front door, already ready to go.

"Mother Worley, you won't need to wear that sweater."

"Well I don't know."

"Mother Worley, let's put that sweater away."

"I think there'll be snow in the mountains."

"Here, Mama, we'll carry it with us, just in case."

I carry the sweater on one arm and Mama takes the other, out the door, across the lawn, to the back seat of the Olds. There's no snow of course, on the mountains or anywhere else. It's October and this is Virginia, not fucking Norway. From the end of our street you can see the long ridge almost in Kentucky that was stripped off by the coal companies the year I left for college. When I came home that first Christmas it looked like Colorado,

line is slow. Hardly anybody's inside McDonald's. Everybody's in the drive-in window line. Car truck car truck car. Pencil-colored Japanese cars and trucks. When I was growing up nobody except farmers drove a truck on Sunday. Now nobody farms but everybody drives a truck.

There was no McDonald's then, either. There was the Sonic, on the other side of town, but it was for Saturday night. We were all teenagers.

"Lots of people at this church," Mama says.

"Not a church, Mother Worley."

"This is not a church, Mama. This is a drive-in."

"Well, I reckon there'll be snow on the mountains," Mama stretches her sweater over her knees. I can tell by the way she's pulling at it, she's getting agitated again.

The girl in the window gives us three sausage biscuits and two coffees in a sack. I hand Mama her biscuit wrapped in greasy paper, and a napkin.

"I don't think this is right, Winston. I don't think this is a ham biscuit."

"It's a good McDonald's sausage biscuit," I tell her. "It's your Sunday drive sausage biscuit, Mama. You should see the line at the Sonic. There's no way."

Emma sighs, gets a wheel pulling out.

"Is that my coffee you have there?"

"No, Mama." She always wants coffee but it makes her want to pee, and it's impossible to find a bathroom in the country. "I

didn't think you wanted coffee, Mama."

"I always want coffee, Winston."

"Let's take our drive out into the country, Mother Worley. Out the Hat Creek Road. Good old Hat Creek, I reckon. I surely do declare."

I tear a wedge out of a coffee lid so Emma can sip it like a truck driver, the way she likes. We take the same drive every Sunday. Down Main Street through the deserted center of town, past the Baptist, Methodist, and Presbyterian churches again, out the Briston Highway, past the Glenn Funeral Home. Past the Cumberland Conductor plant and Bewley Chevrolet-Subaru. Past the Family Dollar Store and the Sonic and the Highway Gospel Tabernacle.

There's no line at the Sonic (never is), but Emma drives on past without Mama noticing, we hope. Her sausage biscuit is rewrapped in its greasy paper on her lap, untouched.

"Look how the leaves are getting pretty," I say, but if Mama notices she doesn't say anything. Actually, they've hardly started to turn. The old Bristol Highway leads south across the valley and then east along the foot of Bays Mountain. We're in the country now. It used to be that Mama had something to say about every house we passed, once we were heading for Hat Creek: "There is where Josh Billings lived. He had a peacock that screamed. There is Madelaine Fussel's house. It was the nicest house. Her father built every stick. She was stuck-up. Her little brother drowned in a pond." And so forth. Now she has nothing to say. She stares at the window glass. She unwraps her biscuit and wraps it back up. She stretches her sweater over her knees. We pass the old consolidated school. The lot is filled with yellow buses.

Yellow is such a fall color, just like leaves. I started at this school, before we moved to town. "Look at all the yellow buses, Mama," I say. It dawns on me that it's exactly the kind of thing she used to say to me.

Emma follows the same route every Sunday, like a bus driver, out to Hat Creek and back. Past the school, then right at the old auction house on Cedar Hollow Road, then down the hill to Willard's store, then left on Hat Creek Road. The familiar scenery relaxes Mama, even if it no longer makes her talk. She eases up on pulling at her sweater. She even look across and out the left window once or twice, on the other side of the car.

"Are you comfortable, Mama? Want me to roll your window down?"

She rolls her window down herself. It's electric.

But then Emma doesn't turn at Willard's store. Instead of going left on Hat Creek Road, she goes straight on Cedar Hollow Road toward Bay's Mountain. Mama rolls her window back up.

"Just going a slightly different way," Emma says. "Don't let it bother you, Mother Worley. Win, don't you look so surprised. You two are two of a kind. I looked on the map the other day. We're going the same place we always go. This road leads

around the end of the mountain and comes into Hat Creek from the other way. That's all. Don't you want to see a little something new?"

I guess I'm game if it's on the map. "Sure."

"I don't like this road," Mama says, starting to stretch her sweater again. "This is the wrong road."

"Mama, relax and let's enjoy the ride," I say.

"There's no wrong road, Mother Worley. There are just different right roads. Don't you want to see some different sights? Different scenery? Why, look at that pretty house over there."

"We better go back and go the right way. This doesn't look right to me."

"No," Emma says.

The road winds over a low ridge, through trees. Then we come out in another narrow valley just like the one we just left paralleling it. The fields and the farms are the same. The new cars, the old barns. We cross a narrow concrete bridge without slowing down.

"I don't like this. Those sheep are going to drown."

There are, of course, no sheep. Just Mama's anxiety. Was it the stones in the creek, or the light on the water, or some ghost from the past that she saw?

"What a pretty little valley," Emma says. She's not being sarcastic for once. It is a pretty little valley. It looks exactly the same as the one on the other side of the mountain. Maybe a little steeper, a little narrower. Or maybe just less familiar.

"I don't think we're going the right way. I don't think I like this road." Mama is rubbing at the window glass with the side of her hand as if she imagines she can straighten out what she sees through it.

"Sure you do, Mama," I say. "Wouldn't this be what they used to call Cedar Creek community? Didn't you tell me Auntie Kate had a boyfriend in Cedar Creek?"

Auntie Kate was Mama's oldest sister who died almost twenty years ago.

"I don't recollect any Cedar Creek. You told me we were just going to get a ham biscuit."

"I never said that. As a matter of fact, I said we weren't."

"You saw the line at that place, Mother Worley. Just relax and enjoy your Sunday ride."

"The Sonic. I don't think there was hardly no line."

"She's already forgotten we're taking our drive to Hat Creek, Win," Emma says, dropping her voice, as if that keeps Mama from listening. "Let her fret a little. Then she'll be happy as a clam when we get to Hat Creek and she sees we're right there where we always go. Or is it happy as a pig in shit?" She raises her voice back to what she considers normal. "Happy as a cow in clover, right, Mother Worley?"

"I think you gave me the wrong biscuit, Winston."

"Wrap it back up, Mama, and we'll save it for later. There's the Cedar Creek Holiness Church. Must be closed. Didn't some friend of Aunt Maddy go to Cedar Creek Holiness Church?" There are no cars in the lot.

"We never knew any Holiness."

"Sure you did. Daddy's sister Louise married a Holiness preacher, remember? The one who lived in Kentucky."

"I think they are all dead now."

"But he was a Holiness!"

"Quit bickering and look at the pretty scenery, you two," Emma says. She takes all the curves at exactly the same speed, like an amusement ride. My father's Olds purrs right along. 77,000 miles, and almost twenty years old. 77,365.09 to be exact. We haven't seen another car since Emma went straight at Willard's Store.

"We never knew any Holiness, Winston." Now Mama's sulking. I can tell by the way she stretches the sweater over her lap. "I don't like this road. It's just not right."

"What's wrong about it, Mama?" I actually want to know; I am curious. What does she see that looks so wrong? All these little mountain valleys are the same. You could switch the houses, the farms, even the people around, and nobody would ever know the difference. What's why I never came back after college. Nobody ever does.

Yet here I am. And Mama won't say. We pass another church. We pass our first car, or rather truck. A red Mazda.

"They think they're so smart," Mama says.

"Who, Mother Worley?"

"Those girls. Those dancing girls."

"That's right, Mama. Just relax and enjoy your Sunday ride."

"They have all the fun, I guess. They're so smart, they think they understand everything."

"Who, Mother Worley?"

"Those girls."

The road dead ends after another narrow concrete bridge, and Emma turns left. "Are you sure this is the right way?" I ask.

"Trust me."

"I think this is a bad road," Mama says, agitated again. "This is not right." She rubs the window and then turns away from it. She won't look out the window. She stretches her sweater so hard it changes color from mauve to pink.

Emma and I ignore her. We are coming down a long hill toward Hat Creek community now. It's too small to be called a town. Mama doesn't recognize it because we are driving in from the wrong side. Let her fret a little; it will be a nice surprise when it dawns on her where she is.

Hat Creek is nothing but five or six houses and two stores, one of them closed down for good. Two kids on bikes are making lazy circles around the concrete islands where the gas pumps used to be. I wave (like country people still do) and I am surprised when the boy gives me the finger as we pass. The girl just stares.

"Did you see that?" Emma says.

Houcher's store, the open store, is also closed. A sign on the door says DEATH IN THE FAMILY. Emma has enough sense not to slow down, even though I doubt Mama would have no-

ted. She doesn't read sign anymore, and the Houcherds were always considered beneath our notice anyway.

The Hat Creek Methodist Church stands alone on the hillside, as pretty as a page torn from a magazine. Leaves are beginning to scatter across the graveyard.

"What did I tell you. Where are we now, Mama?"

"No."

"Does that mean you don't know where you are?"

"No." She looks angry.

"Look over there. There's the chimney were Aunt Ida's house was. You told me about the goldfish pond. Remember how you used to tell me how they used to scare you?"

"Are they going to whip him?"

"Whip him?"

"Whip who, Mother Worley?"

"That boy - you know, that boy - I can't say his name right now, anymore. Winston, you think of it."

"You think of it, Mama."

"Well, I can't think of it. I don't like this road."

"Sure you do! This is Hat Creek Road, we're just driving on it in the wrong direction from usual. Recognize that house? No, on the other side. Over there."

It's the old home place, where Mama lived until she was twenty-five. She was the last one to get married. Now she is the last to die. She doesn't recognize the house because it's on the left instead of the right. That's the way old people get.

"Look out the other window, Mama. On the other side."

Emma, who has the master controls, rolls the left rear window down. "Where are we, Mother Worley? Do you know where you are?"

"Damn this shit."

"What?" Emma, shocked, grins at me.

Mama is leaning across the seat, pushing the button, rolling the left window up. "I don't want to go in that house," she says. "There's nobody in that house. Damn this shit."

Now she has rolled her right window down. She is tearing little pieces out of the sausage biscuit and throwing them out.

"What did you say, Mother Worley?"

"I said they are all dead. You children think you are so smart. Damn this shit. All I wanted was a ham biscuit and now they are all dead."

Emma pulls in the driveway. Somebody's living in the house. I can see a curtain move. Somebody's coming out on the porch to see what we want.

"I said they are all dead," Mama says.

"I think we better head back to town," I say. "Mama, roll your window up. Emma, just back out and turn around, okay?"

§

*Terry Bisson was born in Owensboro, Kentucky, and is the author of five novels, most recently the acclaimed **Pirates of the Universe**. His short stories appear regularly in **Playboy**, **Asimov's**, **SF Age** and **Fantasy & Science Fiction**, and his 1990 short story collection **Bears Discover Fire** was a Hugo Award winner.*

Village Cry

I am living under the dread
of the confederate flag.
In my heart I know...

I am taller than plantation pillars.
I am taller than academic towers.
I am taller than the confederate flag flying.
I've lasted five-hundred years of slavey
There has been 3 Generations separating me
from this grip. Count them 1-2-3
Five Generations of uneducated misery
between me and my resilient ancestors.
Their wilted souls like broken bones
provide the blood in the red soil I sojourn on.

I look back.
I don't see no trail-blazed in glory
just blood soaked cotton.
They tell me roots are lovely.
How would I know?
I can't touch them.
I can't hold them.
I can't see them.
I've only held them in my mystical hand.
I've seen how they shrivel and shrink, when
ripped
from familiar soil.
I've seen how vulnerable they become by air.
They cannot breathe as I cannot breathe.
I look back...
I don't see no trail-blazed in glory
just my last name forced on me by slavery,
R-E-D-M-O-N-D.
Redmond is too fragile to stretch across these
atlantic
waters.
I don't have no last name neither does any other
African brought to this
american soil.

There is nothing affirmative action can repair or
replace
in thirty
years.
Count them!
Five Generations of blood soaked cotton!

The new south cannot stand on the pillars of the
old
south.
We can dress her up with Magnolias, Camellias
Honeysuckel vines.

Blood soaked cotton lets out a stench.
I will not close my eyes to it.
I will not go gently.
I will do as Dylan Thomas says.
I will rage.
I will rage.
I will rage.

The berlin wall toppled
as did USSR.
apartheid did too.
This flag will go down!

And, I will be standing Taller...

Taller than plantation pillars.
Taller than academic towers.
Taller than the confederate flag flying.

This flag will go down.
It will be gone with the wind.
There will be no sequel scarlett,
Because, frankly I do give a Damn!

– Glenis Redmond Sherer

Glenis Redmond Sherer is the 1998 International Poetry Slam Champion in the "Individual" category. She and her brother are the hosts and caretakers of the Greenville, South Carolina slam scene.

Jailcell Journalism

Writing from the South's prison-industrial complex

Publications featured in this review:

Prison Writing in 20th Century America

H. Bruce Franklin. New York: Penguin USA, 1998
\$13.95 paperback

The Angolite: A Prison News Magazine

Louisiana State Penitentiary, Angola, LA 71712
\$20/year subscription

The Echo: Texas Prison News ECHO/TDCJ

P.O. Box 99, Huntsville, TX 77342-0099
\$8/year subscription



of prison reformers a century ago, who, as Franklin points out, "viewed prisoners as victims to be rescued by progressive social movements," rather than political actors in their own right.

But for those who are interested, a more subjective perspective is available: the testimony of prisoners themselves, who have never remained mute in the face of the state's efforts to crush their spirit and personality in the guise of "crime control." As H. Bruce Franklin, author of the still-unparalleled *Prison Literature in America: The Victim as Criminal and Artist* (1978), notes in the introduction to his new anthology of prison writings, "one of the most extraordinary achievements of twentieth-century American culture is the literature that has come out of the nation's prisons."

In his new book, Franklin limits his selection to convict writings about the prison experience itself, thus making available a raw critique of incarceration and the culture produced by those who lived it. As Franklin points out, the very nature of imprisonment is designed to hide this culture from those on the outside. Indeed, while promoted as a "humane" alternative to the spectacle of public punishment, the penitentiary "institutionalized isolation and secrecy" in the name of reform. Imprisonment censored the convict's soul while it incarcerated his or her body.

In the face of imposed silence, both literal and cultural, prisoners have expressed themselves in a multiplicity of forms. Represented here are Southern convict work songs (evidence of the direct link between the slave and convict experience for African Americans), oral testimony, poetry, autobiography, fiction, journalism, all accompanied by extremely informative and evocative headnotes provided by Franklin.

Many of the authors represented in these pages will be familiar to readers, including Jack London, Kate Richards O'Hare, Chester Himes, Nelson Algren,

and Destroy: *African American Males in the Criminal Justice System* (1996), in some cities, on any given day more than half the young black men in the community were under some form of "correctional supervision." African Americans are imprisoned nationally at seven times the rate of whites, and in many Southern states this ratio has climbed to ten to one. One of every three black men age 20-29 in the U.S. is in jail or prison, on probation or parole.

Many of these young men are descendants of Southern migrants, and it is hard to avoid the conclusion that an unbroken chain—linked to the history of Southern criminal justice, designed as it was to control the lives of black sharecroppers, the poor, and the unemployed—has trailed after them across time and space.

Activists and academics who have observed the expanding American gulag and its racial disparities with increasing alarm still tend to be limited in their approach. They focus on numbers, on inevitable fiscal constraints, on ineffective and counter-productive forms of punishment, on the torrent of non-violent offenders caught up in the fruitless "war on drugs." Indeed, even at their best, they recapitulate the concerns

By Alex Lichtenstein

The great Yugoslav socialist and dissident, Milovan Djilas, once observed that "the way prisons are run and inmates are treated gives a faithful picture of a society." Having spent considerable time in Tito's jails, he was in a position to know. Most Americans, however, remain willfully oblivious of the punishment carried out in their names.

Sadly, this seems all the more true even as the nation's prison population has doubled and doubled again, so that by 1998 it had reached an unprecedented high of 1.2 million people, or a world-leading "incarceration rate" of 452 per 100,000 people (not including another 600,000 jail inmates).

Historically, the highest incarceration rates have been in the South, and this continues to be the case. Texas and Louisiana, for example, have rates of over 700 per 100,000. The figures are even more shocking when broken down by race. As Jerome Miller reports in his book, *Search*

Kathy Boudin, Mumia Abu-Jamal, George Jackson, and, of course, Malcolm X.

Other selections bring to light more obscure, but no less eloquent, interpreters of the lived prison experience. Many of the writings reveal in searing detail the prisons' central place in race and class control.

Quite striking, for example, is Jack London's 1903 account of being sentenced to 30 days on the chain gang for vagrancy – not in Birmingham or Macon, but in Buffalo, New York – an experience that left him a socialist. This is echoed in George Jackson's powerful 1970 letter to his white attorney, noting that "only two types of blacks are ever released from those places," rebels and broken men.

More than a few selections explore the life of female prisoners, whose testimony of sexual exploitation and degradation, pregnancy, and separation from children mark their experience as unique.

Despite Franklin's efforts to give the collection historical depth, however, in truth only eleven selections are drawn from before 1965, pre-Malcolm. Franklin notes that Malcolm X's *Autobiography*, which had a profound influence on many other African-American prisoners, "marked the beginning of a new epoch in American prison literature," forging links between resistance inside prisons to the larger black and other liberation movements outside the walls. True enough, but earlier epochs saw similar bridges established, as the missing examples of Angelo Herndon, Bayard Rustin and the Scottsboro boys (to name just a few) would have testified.

With the hardening of the prison regime over the last two decades, Franklin notes, prison writing has also been suppressed. *Prison Writing* does conclude with the jailcell journalism of Dannie "Red Hog" Martin, which thanks to a First Amendment lawsuit provided readers of the *San Francisco Chronicle* an intimate glimpse of life on the inside of a federal prison in the 1980s. Yet absent from Franklin's definition of "prison literature" is the significant role played by inmate journalists and their own newspapers, many of which have a long and distinguished history and continue to publish on the inside.

The Angolite, for example, an uncensored monthly newsmagazine published from inside Louisiana's long infamous Angola State Prison, has garnered numerous awards for its coverage of inmate life. In addition to letters, poems, and "op-ed" pieces from prisoners and their families across the country, *The Angolite* covers topics as diverse as prison rodeos, inmate religion, death row, the plight of non-citizen convicts, prisoners' legal rights, and penal history.

[A recent issue featured a story on what the magazine calls the growing "graybar empire" of private corrections facilities spreading across the South, reminiscent of the region's convict lease system of a century ago. The Tennessee-based Corrections Corporation of America now holds 60,000 people in its private prisons and jails, according to the issue.]

Texas prisoners (now numbering 150,000 – nearly half the total number of all prisoners in the U.S. 20 years ago) have produced *The Echo: Texas Prison News*, "a monthly censored publication compiled by inmate staff at the Walls Unit," as it says on the masthead, since 1928. Censored or not, this prison paper includes features on executions, legal issues, overcrowding, inmate health concerns, and prison labor. While pitched as a story on "job training," an article about the latter notes that some of the Texas Department of Corrections' "practices and programs put more emphasis on using inmates to run its prisons and factories than in teaching felons a vocational skill."

This genre of prison writing remains unique because, unlike the work found in Franklin's book, it speaks to and among those inside, as well as those in the free world. Unfortunately, of the top ten prison publications of the 1960s, only one remains. What will happen when, in addition to being unable to communicate with each other, life behind bars for millions of men and women becomes ever more shrouded in silence, invisible to the rest of the society?

Franklin's invaluable compilation suggests this would be an immeasurable loss, both to the nation's literary canon and to its status as a free society.

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The Girls Next Door

Films featured in this review:

The Southern Sex
Cafe Sisters Productions, 1992
Color, 29 minutes

Mother Love
Cafe Sisters Productions, 1996
Color, 59 minutes

Tobacco Blues
Cafe Sisters Productions, 1998
Color, 56 minutes.

The Girl Next Door
GND Productions, LLC, 1999
Color, 80 minutes.

By Kevin O'Kelley

Kentucky tobacco farmer Tom Greathouse stares directly at the camera, his voice firm. "I would probably have a pretty severe fallin' out with anybody who called me a drug dealer." Twenty minutes later, Greathouse looks worried. He's talking about his son, Tommy. "Hopefully he doesn't smoke much," he says softly.

The sequence is typical for a Cafe Sisters production. People are more honest with filmmakers Eren McGinnis and Christine Fugate than they are with themselves; they utter individual statements in genuine sincerity that accumulate to reveal the contradictions in their lives.

But McGinnis and Fugate don't sit in judgment of their subjects. They simply show people navigating the space between lies and ideals, that messy gap where real life happens. In the process they've created an unusually revealing series of documentaries on Southern – and by extension, American – life.

In the seven years they've worked together, Fugate and McGinnis have made four films. In *The Southern Sex* (1992), which won the Special Judges Award at the New York Expo, they profile twelve Kentucky women struggling past the expectations of their parents, their men, and their neighbors to figure out what they want for themselves. *Mother Love* (1996), which won the Chris Award at the Columbus Films Festival, follows four Kentucky mother-daughter relationships for three years, in an attempt to plumb the depths of a relation most of us take for granted.

In *Tobacco Blues* (1998), Fugate and McGinnis walk right past the tobacco companies, the lawyers, the activists, to reveal some of the lives caught in the middle – the tobacco farmers. In *The Girl Next Door* (1999), Fugate and McGinnis examine the life of Stacy Baker, a young woman from the Bible-Belt city of Tulsa who has become a remarkably successful porn star.

Perhaps they have a rare instinct for complicated realities because they're such outsiders themselves. McGinnis – in spite of a name that epitomizes Southern Celtiness – is the granddaughter of a Mexican immigrant and grew up in Southern California. Her husband teaches at the University of Kentucky. She examines life in one of the most distinctive states of the union from the cultural and social island of a college town.

Christine Fugate was born and raised in Kentucky, and in some ways followed a fairly conventional path for a middle-class Southern woman. In high school she had won Miss Congeniality in the Lexington Junior Miss Pageant. She went to Tulane, joined a sorority, and dated fraternity boys.

But her family had also lived in Greece and England during some of her formative years. As a result, she looked at life differently from her peers. "I was very sensitive to the conventions," she remarked, "and could never figure out how to fit my personality and travel experiences into the Southern belle role."

"I was infuriated by the double standards for men's and women's behavior, and the extra baggage that comes with being a woman in the South," she added.

Cafe Sisters Productions



CHRISTINE FUGATE FILMING STACEY VALENTINE, SUBJECT OF THE FILM "THE GIRL NEXT DOOR."

The two met while working in the Espresso Cafe, a coffee shop in Lexington, Kentucky. Erin had just moved to Kentucky with her husband, still a little bewildered at where she found herself. Christine had just finished a year and a half of post-college travel, and was figuring out what to do next. They discovered they had a fair amount in common. "We share an interest in women's issues and the changing face of feminism," Fugate said. "It's a topic that has affected us both personally and that we can discuss for hours."

However, their collaboration didn't begin immediately. McGinnis left the coffee shop and got a job in sales. Fugate moved to Hawaii for graduate school in Asian studies, and got a feeling of self-conscious Southernness. "Living anywhere outside of the South makes you reflect on being from the South," she mused. "It's not like anywhere else."

"I started thinking about how being from the South affected who I was as a woman. I decided I wanted to make a film about Southern women, and I asked Erin if she would like to help me."

The resulting film, *The Southern Sex*, set a pattern of intimacy for Cafe Sisters documentaries. Although Fugate calls it

their most "economical" film ("the shooting was done in seven days") they had known all the women they interviewed for years.

Their subjects talk openly about the difficulties of being women in a region with limited notions of what a woman is. Anita Madden, the first female racing commissioner in Kentucky history, describes learning to stand her ground working with good old boys. Magazine editor Jeannie Leavell talks about struggling to feel emotionally what she knows rationally: that it's okay to be thirty-four and unmarried in Kentucky. And medical student Cheryl Brown recounts her disastrous first marriage to a husband proud to say his wife was a biology major – but who destroyed her homework when he thought she spent more time as a student than as his wife.

In *Mother Love*, Fugate and McGinnis spent three years with the mothers and daughters they chose as subjects. "Our goal was to explore the full complexity of motherhood," McGinnis said.

"If you stay home with your children you're gonna fuck 'em up and if you work you're gonna fuck 'em up."

"We interviewed women who exemplify a variety of mother-daughter combinations," McGinnis notes, adding that she finds it interesting that "the poorer women had much better relationships with their daughters than the affluent mothers."

"Of the women we interviewed," McGinnis recalls, "the mother who had what I considered the best relationship with her daughter was the welfare mother."

Their next film, *Tobacco Blues*, which aired on PBS last June in the independent film series P.O.V., explored how four tobacco-farming families feel about the crop they grow and the politics that surround it. *Tobacco Blues* – which was screened on Air Force One for Clinton and his aides – best embodies the political philosophy that influences Cafe Sisters films: all politics is personal. Whether the subject is tobacco or the women's movement, the real history of an issue occurs in the lives of people who will never make headlines.

They talk to Bill and Mattie Mack, an

African-American couple extremely proud of owning their own farm. At one time they grew tobacco because no one thought twice about it. Now they do it because it's one of the few crops that keeps a farm solvent.

They interview Steve Smith, a tobacco farmer gradually converting to organic vegetables. But Smith believes that in saying goodbye to tobacco, he's saying goodbye to his culture. "Tobacco is one of those rare crops that brings people together," Smith says. "Every step of the way, every process of the crop, it just involves a lot of people. It strengthened those bonds of kinship and friendship."

Fugate and McGinnis mix sound and archival photos to show how tobacco permeates our culture, from the blues musicians who sang about tobacco work to the magazine ads that helped keep smoking sexy.

The inescapability of the larger culture is a recurring theme for Fugate and McGinnis. In *The Girl Next Door*, they trace two years in the life of Tulsa housewife Stacy Baker as she becomes porn celebrity Stacy Valentine. They follow her through a grotesque world of monthly HIV tests, fake orgasms, and multiple breast implants, but see simply an insecure young woman whose life isn't as abnormal as we would like to think. "Porn stars take what ordinary American women are supposed to be and push it to another level," Fugate says.

After you watch a *Cafe Sisters* film, it doesn't matter whether you're not a Southern woman, or a tobacco farmer. It doesn't matter if the world of pornography is totally alien to you. You've just seen a film about your world and your life.

Kevin O'Kelley is a free-lance writer in Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

Hands Behind the Harvest



With These Hands: The Hidden World of Migrant Farmworkers Today
Daniel Rothenberg. New York: Harcourt and Brace, 1998. \$28.

By Lori Elmer

When we reach out for an orange or a sweet potato at the supermarket, we seldom think of the hands that had brought us this bounty. Often, when we think of farmworkers at all, we are limited to the depressing, and often over-simplified, media exposé.

With these Hands: The Hidden World of Farmwork Today brings to the reader a collection of narratives from the farmworkers themselves, as well as the growers, crewleaders, advocates and others who shape their world. Daniel Rothenberg gives us a glimpse of farmworker life that he hopes "serves to honor their sincerity, openness and pro-

found desire to have their stories heard and their lives recognized."

The heart of the book comes from the narratives, a sampling of the results of over 250 interviews Rothenberg conducted throughout North America. Rothenberg's own voice is limited to sections providing historical and legal context. As a farmworker attorney, I found the author's notes vital for an understanding of why and how farmwork remains a separate economy, exempt from many legal protections and denied the gains in spending power enjoyed by other workers.

From the first speaker, the reader understands that farmworkers may not be simplified or caricatured. James "Shorty" Spencer, Jr., an African-American farmworker, is vibrant and proud. He describes his love of working outdoors and the pride of hard physical labor, telling us how many so-called athletes could not survive a week in his occupation.

With these Hands is notable also for the variety of persons who openly contribute their experiences. Rothenberg includes several contradictory perspectives; such as the grower whose crewleader was convicted of involuntary servitude, followed by the farmworker who was caught in the crewleader's control. The reader is taken across the border from the perspective of the "coyote" paid for this service, the INS agent, and the Mexicans seeking to reach "el otro lado" (literally, "the other side").

A former paralegal with Florida Legal Services, Rothenberg does not neglect the perspectives of employers; such as the Farm Bureau, a million-dollar lobbying machine funded by agribusiness. Just as the workers are not idealized, the employers are not demonized, but instead allowed to offer their own view.

The openness with which farmworkers speak to Rothenberg is exceptional, considering the obstacles against such hon-

In Brief

Tarheel Politics 2000

By Paul Luebke
Chapel Hill, NC: UNC Press,
1999

The revised version of this study of North Carolina politics has been improved not only by updated facts and analysis, but by the best of teachers: experience, gained in Luebke's eight years as a Senator in the NC state legislature. In the first edition, Luebke broke new ground by arguing that Tarheel politics rarely follow the continuum of "left" vs. "right," as the media would have you believe, but rather involve a battle – seen across the South – between Jesse Helms-style "traditionalists" vs. Jim Hunt/New South "modernizers," both of which serve powerful interests and leave little room for progressive politics. What has Luebke learned since joining the system? For one, ideology may be less important than who you know. As he says in the new introduction, he "misunderstood

the importance of personal relationships in helping or hindering legislation ... We sometimes vote for a bill about which we have some reservations because of a friendship or because we are 'trading' support." One of many important pieces of wisdom Luebke offers to those of us interested in Southern politics.

– Chris Kromm

Development Arrested

By Clyde Woods
London: Verso, 1998



At the beginning of this superb history of the Mississippi Delta, scholar/activist Clyde Woods says it was a "lifetime" project, and the work shows. The intricate weaving of politics, economics and culture make this a landmark work – all told through the language of the blues, America's most definitive (and radical) form of musical expression. It's not light reading, but it is good reading.

– Chris Kromm

The Southern Poverty Law Center Website

<http://www.splcenter.org>

SPLC started as a small civil rights law firm, founded 1971 in Montgomery, Alabama, by Morris Dees and Joe Levin. The Center fought and won many landmark legal cases, including challenges to racially-biased "learning-disabled" education in Georgia, and reforms for Alabama's prisons. The Center's website describes the Center's activities, and offers a compelling overview of hategroup activity in the region. If you have a civil rights case that affects a large number of people, or want to battle a violent extremist group in the courts, this might be the place to look for help. "Teaching Tolerance" is a special outreach link for teaching materials that promote understanding of diversity. And finally, the site contains interesting information on fellowships and internships for law students and teachers interested in promoting civil rights. An impressive organization with an informative and well-designed website.

– Florence Tonk

Hands Behind the Harvest... continued

esty. All too often, workers are warned not to speak with outsiders. However, of all the farmworkers interviewed, not one represents the rapidly growing H-2A program, which brings temporary foreign guestworkers from Mexico and the West Indies. In North Carolina, H-2A workers are told outright in the employee handbook they "will only harm themselves" by speaking to worker advocates. This subtle threat is often followed with a reminder of the ease with which workers may be fired.

Some older farmworkers remember times when conditions were much worse; others remember relatively better pay and greater freedom than at present. Baldemar Velasquez, founder of the Farm Labor Organizing Committee [see page 40], might add that the more things change, the more they stay the same. Velasquez tells of entering a barbed-wired labor camp in 1967 and being arrested for trespass by the grower seeking

to block his organizing efforts. Sadly, as the book was going to press, Velasquez was again charged for trespass for speaking to H-2A workers at a labor camp in North Carolina. The grower based his charges on a provision in the H2A contract which waives farmworkers' rights of tenancy – including the right to have visitors.

Rothenberg saves perhaps the most valuable chapter for last. In "Back Home," the reader is taken to Mexico, which, for the American reader, is "el otro lado." The men that U.S. readers consider "migrants" and "transitory" are finally seen as members and leaders of a community and the value of their contributions to community are recognized.

Further, the popular myth that "illegals" come to stay permanently in the U.S. is shattered as workers dream of returning and mourn all they have left behind. The message is clear that Mexico is poor, but is it also the place of home

and family. The family members who are left behind speak of the loss of their loved ones for months at a time.

Likewise, it becomes clear that while the trip North is full of hardship, the resulting income is essential to the growth of many Mexican communities. The income generated from farmwork has transformed the home communities and allowed development that otherwise would be impossible.

The farmworker economy, long ignored, is also reshaping rural America. The newcomers to small towns, and the workers who have always been there (but were never heard from), let themselves be known in *With These Hands*. Overall, the reader begins to understand farmworkers' history and present situation. Only with this context can we watch the next media exposé and begin to think critically on making changes.

Lori Elmer is a farmworker attorney from North Carolina.

Still Searching for Freedom

Ella Baker: Freedom Bound
Joanne Grant. New York: John Wiley and Sons, 1998. \$24.95

By Edward O. Frantz

At a speech before the Institute for the Black World in 1969, Ella Baker commented: "I don't think you could go through the Freedom Movement without finding that the backbone of the support of the movement were women. When demonstrations took place and when the community acted, usually it was some woman who came to the fore."

This quote not only reflected Baker's incisive understanding of the freedom movement. It also displayed her selflessness, because in a movement where women were the anchor, Ella Baker was often that woman – as organizer for branches of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, di-

recting the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, or serving as adviser to the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee.

Unfortunately, until Joanne Grant's *Ella Baker: Freedom Bound*, no biography of this civil rights crusader existed. If Baker was correct in her assessment that women were the backbone of the movement, it could be said that until very recently, its history lacked a spine.

Three of the most important organizations of the black freedom movement – the NAACP, SCLC, and SNCC – owe crucial debts to Baker's dynamic gifts as a grassroots organizer and political strategist, although her contributions were often overlooked in her own lifetime as

"I don't think you could go through the Freedom Movement without finding that the backbone of the support of the movement were women."

journalists focused their attention on Martin Luther King, Jr.

Grant, herself a civil rights activist and intimate friend of Miss Baker's, seemed well positioned to paint a vivid portrait of this dynamic figure. Undoubtedly, Grant's book fills a significant void in the scholarship of the Civil Rights Movement. It also demonstrates, however, how much more needs to be written if younger generations are to grasp the magnitude of the movement and the pivotal role that Ella Baker played in it.

Tracing Baker's combative spirit back to the legacy of her grandparents, who were former slaves, Grant's narrative stresses a continuity of resistance within the African-American community. The book tells the story of Baker's grandmother, who refused to marry a light-skinned man deemed desirable by her master. Instead, she married the darker-skinned suitor who would become Baker's grandfather, willingly facing the scorn and punishment of her master. The same pride and stubbornness would be passed down by her parents and inherited by Miss Baker.

Baker was born in 1903 and grew up in a respectable middle class family that encouraged her pursuit of higher education, which culminated in her graduation from Shaw University in 1927. Baker soon headed North, and found herself amid the swirling intellectual and political currents of the Harlem Renaissance. As Baker would later recall, "New York was the hotbed of – let's call it radical thinking."

Her early life saw stints as a newspaper reporter, librarian, WPA teacher, recruiter for the National Negro Congress, and the NAACP, often doing the work

Photo courtesy of Highlander Research and Education Center



ELLA BAKER IN A WORKSHOP AT THE HIGHLANDER CENTER IN TENNESSEE.

she is mostly closely associated with: grassroots organizing. "The ability to relate to local people," Grant observes, "was vital to her work."

The heart of Grant's book covers Baker's years as director of branches for the NAACP, her service as director for SCLC, and her aid to the young people of SNCC. Frustrated by the lack of democratic participation and resistance to female leadership in both the NAACP and the SCLC, Baker would ultimately find satisfaction with the methods employed by SNCC between 1960 and 1966, when grassroots organization and a commitment to local leadership became pillars of SNCC's efforts.

Through the eyes of Baker, one gets a critical view of two African-American legends: Martin Luther King, Jr., and NAACP leader Walter White. In Baker's opinion, neither man recognized the potential that common people had to advance the cause of African-American civil rights. What is more, Baker resented King, with whom she worked at SCLC from 1955 through 1960, for failing to recognize that "the movement was making him, rather than him making the movement."

If White and King did not recognize Baker's vision, the same could not be said of the young activists of SNCC. SNCC secretary Chuck McDew observed the extent to which Baker and her "hands off" style influenced the young activists. "Her philosophy became our philosophy," McDew said. "Miss Baker sort of shaped us in her image."

The discussion of the SNCC years is the book's highlight. Here, Grant weaves autobiographical references and recollections with the larger story of SNCC. The apogee of Baker's vision came with the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, organized in 1964 to protest the exclusion of African-Americans from the political process of the Magnolia State. The protest made its way to the National Democratic Convention held in Atlantic City, where the members of MFDP attempted to convince the credentials committee to seat them in lieu of the lily-white official Mississippi delegation.

Fearful of the backlash from the white

South, President Lyndon Johnson proposed a compromise measure, which the activists ultimately rejected. But it was in this moment of defeat that grassroots organization showed its largest triumph. Local people had demonstrated the strength Baker had long advocated, and grabbed national attention in the process by shaking the foundation of white supremacy in Mississippi. Baker herself eschewed a leadership role during the crisis, preferring to let local people prove their ability to carry on the fight.

With the transformation of SNCC's politics toward a more militant black power, internationalist message in 1966, Baker's role as adviser to SNCC waned. As Stokely Carmichael replaced Bob Moses, it soon became clear that Baker could make herself useful to other causes. Still young enough to feel as though she could contribute her organizational skills to worthy causes, Baker unfortunately did not find a suitable replacement for her SNCC role.

To be sure, she kept busy, working with churches and as an activist in demand by women fighting for equal rights, among other causes. Baker would seek such advisory roles for the rest of her life, until Alzheimer's disease ultimately slowed her down before her death in 1986. In Grant's words, after a lifetime of crusading, "during the last ten years of her productive life, Miss Baker basically held court." There was no doubt that she had long ago earned the right to do so.

Ella Baker: Freedom Bound is an excellent introduction for those unfamiliar with Baker's life. Those with previous knowledge of Baker or the civil rights movement, however, may not be as richly rewarded. Grant's excellent documentary of Baker's life, *Fundi: The Story of Ella Baker*, is more engaging than this long-anticipated work. In addition to a distracting journalistic writing style lacking the kind of narrative flow usually associated with biography, Grant's work suffers in three crucial areas.

The first is Grant's difficulty in presenting much of a perspective on Baker's personality and character. Rather than benefiting from her long friendship with

Baker, Grant appears to be hamstrung in this respect, perhaps taking for granted the enlivening personal details that readers yearn for.

The second troublesome area is more of a paradox than a flaw. Although Grant stresses Baker's commitment to localism and grassroots organization, she rarely shows this commitment in the book. The unexpected result is that the majority of the narrative is top-down and institutional-laden. Readers looking for an alternate approach can consult Charles Payne's *I've Got The Light of Freedom: The Organizing Tradition and the Mississippi Freedom Struggle*.

Perhaps the most significant shortcoming of *Freedom Bound* owes itself to unfulfilled promise. Lamenting the oversight of the role of women in the movement, Grant saw her book as potential panacea. Ironically, she demonstrates that although a book may be written by a woman about a woman, it does not necessarily give insight into what qualities women brought to the civil rights movement. Gender politics are not central to this biography.

These three reservations should not detract from what is a very significant contribution to civil rights history. Rather, they suggest how new this history is and how much more needs to be explored. Baker's life spanned much of the 20th century, and witnessed drastic changes in American society. Drawing out the full profundity of these changes is a task that confronts a new generation of historians. Short and readable even for younger students, *Ella Baker: Freedom Bound* provides a foundation on which future biographers of Ella Baker and historians of the civil rights movement will soon build.

Edward Frantz is a doctoral student in history at the University of Wisconsin-Madison.

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Red Tides

By Mary Lee Kerr

As visitors make their way to the South's famous beaches this summer, they may be in for a poisonous surprise. Populations of tiny algae are exploding in coastal waters around the region, causing phenomena called "red tides" that kill sea life and sicken people.

"The algae that cause red tides produce a toxin that kills fish and the fish wash up on the shore," says Ed Buskey, a Professor at the University of Texas' Marine Science Institute at Port Aransas. "They also release an aerosol that causes people's eyes to water and nose and throat to sting. Red tides can particularly aggravate people with respiratory problems."

Gymnodinium breve, one of many tiny algae that can poison fish and cause illness in humans, is the most common cause of red tides in southern waters. Under the right conditions, the *G. breve* algae become active and quickly reproduce, producing a reddish-colored toxic "bloom." Scientists say a number of events may trigger the sudden bloom, including weather and water temperature, but nutrients found in animal waste and fertilizer that wash into waterways are also possible culprits.

The issue of whether red tides are on the increase and whether human activity is the cause is a matter of hot debate for scientists. "There's some evidence of an increase in frequency of red tides due to growing coastal population, development, nutrient run-off, and pollution," says Buskey. "It's a logical hypothesis, but it hasn't yet been proven."

In North Carolina, researchers have found evidence for links between runoff from hog farms and blooms of another toxic algae called *Pfiesteria*. Florida studies are underway to determine whether there is a similar connection between nutrients and *G. breve* red tides.

While red tides may be on the increase, they are nothing new in the South. Native Americans marked the seasons by fish kills, and Spanish conquistadors noted dead fish and discolored water in the Gulf of Mexico as early as 1530. Though red tides have been recorded in other parts of the country, they have been particularly devastating in the South in recent years, killing millions of fish as far north as North Carolina, along the Atlantic coast of Florida, and into the Gulf of Mexico.

Florida may be the state worst hit by red tides, with one oc-



There's some evidence of an increase in frequency of red tides due to growing coastal population, development, nutrient run-off, and pollution.

curing almost every year. In 1996, red tides killed 10 percent of Florida manatees and 162 dolphins, and cost the Sunshine State an estimated \$40 million in losses from the fishing industry and tourism. With each red tide, shellfishing beds are closed, but occasionally affected shellfish is harvested and can cause stomach problems and numbness in people who eat it.

To find out more about what causes red tides and ways to control them, citizens and scientists are working together. ECOHAB, a federally-funded project, was developed by Florida scientists and supported by a citizen's group called Solutions to Avoid Red Tide (START) to examine the formation and transport of red tides.

"START has worked to lobby the state and federal government to get funding to find out how and why red tides are initiated," says Jeremy Whatmough, President of START. "We want to find ways to control red tides that are environmentally friendly." Efforts at control have included using clay to disperse the blooms and skimming dead, algae-poisoned fish off the surface of the water.

But mechanical dispersal and cleanup do not attack the root causes of the red tides. If the problem is linked to human farms and sewers, solving it may take years of grassroots work to change policy and practices. "People need to be educated," says Buskey. "This isn't going to go away overnight."

SE

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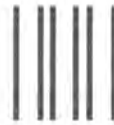
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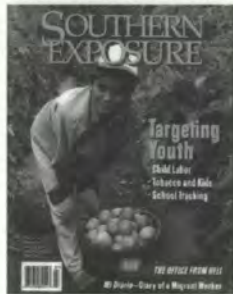
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