



The Civil Rights Quarterly
PERSPECTIVES

Spring 1980

Artifacts of Hate

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:

**Blacks and Browns:
A Budding Coalition?**

**Labor Turbulence
At 37,000 Feet**

**The Double Bind of
Growing Up Indian**

**A Front Line Report From
Boston's Troubled Turfs**

At first glance, PERSPECTIVES: THE CIVIL RIGHTS QUARTERLY, appears to be a brand-new publication bearing the imprimatur of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights. Actually, it isn't. It is, in fact, the 11-year old CIVIL RIGHTS DIGEST in a new format. But the change is more than cosmetic.

For more than a decade, the DIGEST published important pieces—many of them scholarly texts and academic papers, some of them original, many of them reprints (hence "Digest"). While the publication enjoyed both an intense and loyal following by those deeply involved in the civil rights movement, there were those within the Commission, as well as those outside, who suggested that we seemed to be (in the immortal words of the late critic and gadfly, Gilbert Seldes), "re-writing the rules of navigation in the middle of a typhoon." The typhoon may have abated somewhat in its intensity, and the rules may have become codified, but the need for a dialogue has not lessened any. At the same time, with the start of a new decade—and, we hope, a new era—in civil rights, it may be more productive to reach out to those who may not be as conversant with the issues as, say, those of our readers whom we know to be committed advocates.

In this first issue of PERSPECTIVES, we aim to provide just that: a different way of looking at what the cynic might dismiss as "the same old issues"—bigotry, discrimination, inequality and so forth. To do so, we have called upon writers new to the field of civil rights reportage as well as old, seasoned hands. In addition, we have shifted to shorter articles in order to accommodate a greater variety of subjects. Moreover, we will be expanding our book review pages and adding a number of departments. All in all, we have undertaken a major overhaul that, we think, will meet with greater reader acceptance. The new format is by no means cast in concrete. We stand ready to experiment, and we look forward to receiving your comments—*pro* and *con*.

The Editors

The U.S. Commission on Civil Rights is a temporary, independent, bipartisan agency established by Congress in 1957 to:

Investigate complaints alleging denial of the right to vote by reason of race, color, religion, sex, age, handicap, or national origin, or by reason of fraudulent practices;

Study and collect information concerning legal developments constituting a denial of equal protection of the laws under the Constitution because of race, color, religion, sex, age, handicap, or national origin, or in the administration of justice;

Appraise Federal laws and policies with respect to the denial of equal protection of the laws because of race, color, religion, sex, age, handicap, or national origin, or in the administration of justice;

Serve as a national clearinghouse for information concerning denials of equal protection of the laws because of race, color, religion, sex, age, handicap, or national origin; and

Submit reports, findings, and recommendations to the President and Congress.

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PERSPECTIVES

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FEATURES

- Coffee, Tea and Dignity** by AlexSandra Lett & Harold Silverman
The no-longer-docile airline flight attendants ask only for equality. page 4
-
- The Coming Black Hispanic Coalition**
Two Views—Black and Brown—of an *entente* that's not yet all that cordial.
- A Black View** by Lillian Calhoun **An Hispanic View** by Ron Arias page 12
-
- Contemptible Collectibles** by Paula Parker
Collecting memorabilia that preserve gross stereotypes of Black Americans. page 19
-
- Pressure Points in Growing Up Indian** by Shirley Hill Witt
The problems facing young Native Americans are more than skin-deep. page 24
-
- Turfs in Turmoil** by Alan Lupo
Bigotry and violence in Boston make the Hub anything but a microcosm. page 32
-
- The Ties That Choke** by Joe Brancatelli
Not all white ethnic Americans need help—says one Italian-American. page 38
-

DEPARTMENTS

- Speaking Out** page 2
In Review page 44
The Media page 47
-

Credits: Brian Griffin—5,7,8,11· Deborah Feingold—2; Michael Yada, *Los Angeles Times*—19,20,21,22,23; Kenneth Murray, *U.S. Catholic Conference*—25; U.S. Catholic Conference—27; Chie Nishio—28-29, 30; Chris Maynard, *Black Star*—32,34,35,37, inside back cover, William J. Kircher & Associates, Inc.—39,40-41.

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Speaking Out

by Roger Wilkins



I was asked to talk about Blacks and Jews, but instead I am going to talk about fathers and sons.

I am going to make the Earl Wilkins, Roy Wilkins, and X Memorial Speech. Earl Wilkins, my father, died many years ago when I was a little boy. Roy Wilkins is my father's older brother. X, I will get to later. Earl and Roy did not give me a hell of a lot of love because they were busy fighting the battles that had to be fought. But they said to me, hey, kid, you go out there and be honorable and decent anyway you can.

And so I did. And there came a time, 22 years ago, when I was a social worker for the Cuyahoga County Welfare Department in Cleveland; I had to go around and touch all those poor people. There

were 100 different cases in my casebook. There was all the misery and poverty you'll ever want to see, ever. It was awful.

All of a sudden I realize that, although I wanted to, I couldn't fix all those people. But I could fix some of them by being honorable and decent the way my father and my uncle told me to be. I chose three cases that I thought I could fix. One was a case where a father was in the Ohio State Penitentiary because he had done incest to his daughter and I thought I could help them, and I tried. One was a Black woman—good, decent, smart—but she had an illness. Somebody took advantage of her and she had had twins. But it was the third case that got me.

If you went into that house it was like going into a coffin. The people were white and they were pale, and they had blue numbers on their arms. That house smelled like death because the people were scared to go out, and they wouldn't let anybody come in. They only let me come in because I was the man with the money. The woman had been in Auschwitz; the man had been in some other, less well-known camp; and somehow they had survived: somehow they had married; somehow they'd come to Cleveland; somehow I was the government, and I was a kid. Of course, I'd known about the war. I'd had friends at school in Harlem who had been refugees from Germany. But I had never seen this evil in its face that way before. After a while, I gained their confidence. One day I heard—I swear

to you this is true—a scratching inside a closet, and I asked, what is that in that closet? And then I opened the door and there was a kid in the closet. The worst-looking, most malnourished kid I ever saw. It was their child, and they were afraid to bring that child out of the closet because they thought Hitler would come from the grave and burn that child.

“If Jesse Jackson said he is tired of hearing about the Holocaust then Jesse is an ass.”

I said, you can't do this. You can't inflict the pain of history on this child. I will help you find a school for this child. I did. Then that job was over. It was time for me to come back to New York and practice law, and that's what I did.

It is immoral for anybody to say they are tired of hearing about the Holocaust. If Jesse Jackson said he is tired of hearing about the Holocaust, then Jesse is an ass.

As my father's son, as my uncle's nephew, as a Black person in this world, I say to you, that there was one band of honor and decency in America and it was Jews and Blacks. Not all Jews; not all Blacks. But the people who were killed at Philadelphia, Mississippi, were James Chaney—he was Black—and Goodman, and Schwerner—they were Jews. To repudiate the Holocaust is to repudiate the child in that closet and it is to repudiate Goodman and Schwerner.

Roger Wilkins is a member of the editorial board of *The Nation* and a former urban affairs writer for *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*. The comments above were made last October 9th at a symposium on the Black-Jewish conflict at New York's Judson Memorial Church, sponsored by *The Village Voice* (whose permission to reprint is hereby gratefully acknowledged).

Speaking Out

But that is not to say that Jews and Blacks don't have fights. Yes, we do. We have a big fight. It's a heavy fight. We did great hurt in the late '60's, when we put Jews and other white people out of the movement. That was to repudiate Goodman and Schwerner. It was necessary for us at the time, but it was a dreadful thing to happen to Jews. But, later came Shanker, then came Podhoretz, then came Jews saying, hey, you can't have affirmative action. They said it through DeFunis, they said it through Bakke.

Please listen very carefully, I'm doing the very best I can now.

I have friends in this audience—Black friends, whose faces I have known. Jewish friends whom I love so dearly; when I have pain in the night, they take care of me. But some Jewish people were not prepared to say to us, you are smart people, you are tall people, we respect your minds.

There was a day I went up to Harlem to see my little cousin who was in trouble. He was a Black Panther and he told me as much as I could know about Black Panthers. I came back down to the Ford Foundation, and we were having a discussion about Black Panthers, and I said, 'Well, I think I know something about Panthers,' and a Jewish man said to me, 'No, stop talking, I will explain to you about Black Panthers . . .' You cannot have a friendship unless everybody is tall and everybody is looking one another in the eye.

So, when everything exploded around Andy Young, a lot of Blacks who had hurt about all these things as badly as I do started saying to Jewish people, we are tall people. You do not have to be anti-Semitic to think the Palestinians have some rights; you do not

have to be stupid to know that Israel cannot forever be protected by American bombs. Israel will not survive only with American bombs—South Vietnam learned that. Israel will survive only if Israel makes a peace settlement—some way, somehow.

That, really is all Andy was saying. But for a long time we could not even say that because we were scared to be called anti-Semites. Now, I myself would not sing "We Shall Overcome" with the Arabs. I wouldn't do that. But terrorism is as old as the hills and will be around. It was there with the Green Mountain Boys; it was there with the Irgun; it was there with the Algerians. Sometimes a just cause can only capture attention through terrorism because people are so primitive and so dumb.

I'm nearly finished now but I'll tell you there was this Jew, a friend of Martin Luther King's. He made some money some place, selling cars, I think. Mr. J. Edgar Hoover thought this Jew had been a Communist and that he was going to turn the civil rights movement over to the KGB. And so Mr. Hoover bugged and taped Martin Luther King because of this Jew. It's hard, it's ugly, but it's just the way it was.

Martin would be out there and people would want to kill him. When I was in the government, the good people in the FBI would call me up and say, don't let Martin go to Brown's Chapel in Selma tonight, 'cause he'll get killed; and I would find my brother Andy Young, who was born the same month I was, but I didn't even know him. I'd say, Andrew don't let Martin go to Brown's Chapel tonight.

Martin was very brave, but that kind of pressure gave him fear in the night. When he was alone in

the night, sometimes he would call up this Jew, and this Jew would take care of Martin the best way he could, the best way you could handle a man's fears in the night. After I got out of the government, I came to meet this Jew (and his name was Stanley Levison). He is the person I call X.

"But some Jewish people were not prepared to say to us, you are smart people, you are tall people, we respect your minds."

There was Earl Wilkins, who can't talk now 'cause he's dead. There is Roy Wilkins, who is old now and frail. And there was this Jew who ultimately said. I've got three sons: my son Andrew Levison, my son Andrew Young, and my son Roger Wilkins. And when the sibling rivalry between brother Andy Young and brother Roger Wilkins was so much they couldn't communicate, Stanley would fix it up and they would talk in the Waldorf Towers. He died recently. His widow is sitting right over there—Bea, whom I think of as my momma—right next to my daughter, sitting there together. And he left me his watch, right here. He knew Blacks were tall people and he dealt with us that way. And in the end I say anytime any Jewish person or any other white person says that I or any Black person, is not as intelligent as whites are, not as tall as they are, not as human as they are, I will scratch at their eyes, with the watch of the Jew, the watch of my father Stanley, strapped around my wrist. ■

Coffee, Tea and DIGNITY

KNOCKING DOWN EMPLOYMENT BARRIERS
37,000 FEET UP

by AlexSandra Lett & Harold Silverman

Last October, in Alexandria, Va., a year after ruling that American Airlines' policy of mandatory leave without pay was unlawful, Federal Judge Albert V. Bryan Jr. approved a \$1.25 million settlement of a class action filed by two flight attendants, Louise Miliotes and Linda Timberlake, on behalf of 1,502 of their colleagues. Miliotes was awarded \$5,321 and Timberlake \$9,155—token amounts, to be sure—with the balance going into a fund for flight attendants who find themselves in a similar predicament—pregnant and working for American Airlines, and forced to quit.

The following month, another Federal judge, this one in Miami, ordered Eastern Airlines to pay more than \$280,000 in back wages to eight former EAL flight attendants who had been forced to retire before the then-mandatory retirement age of 65.

In the first case, American Airlines had flown headlong into a 1978 congressional amendment to Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act; in the second, Eastern had tried to side-swipe the Age Discrimination in Employment Act by invoking a technicality. The AA settlement seemed to acknowledge that pregnant

flight attendants be allowed to work as long as they felt up to it, and then be given sick leave without worrying about losing seniority. At the same time, the hefty amount put aside seemed to suggest the battle may have been won but the war is far from over. The Eastern decision effectively puts an end to the proposition that, in the airline business, beauty comes before age.

Beauty may be, as the poet has said, "in the eyes of the beholder," but when the beholder is among the nation's top ten industries, beauty turns ugly by becoming an artificial job barrier. The airlines have been building this barrier for 50 years, at first unconsciously; after World War II, quite deliberately, even cynically. "Until around nine years ago," says an official of the Association of Flight Attendants (AFL-CIO), the largest union of its kind (23,000 members from 18 airlines, including United and Braniff), "we were out at age 32, or if we got married, overweight, had a skin problem, or God forbid, got pregnant. The age is critical; at 32 a person wants to think in terms of a career. But they didn't want us to."

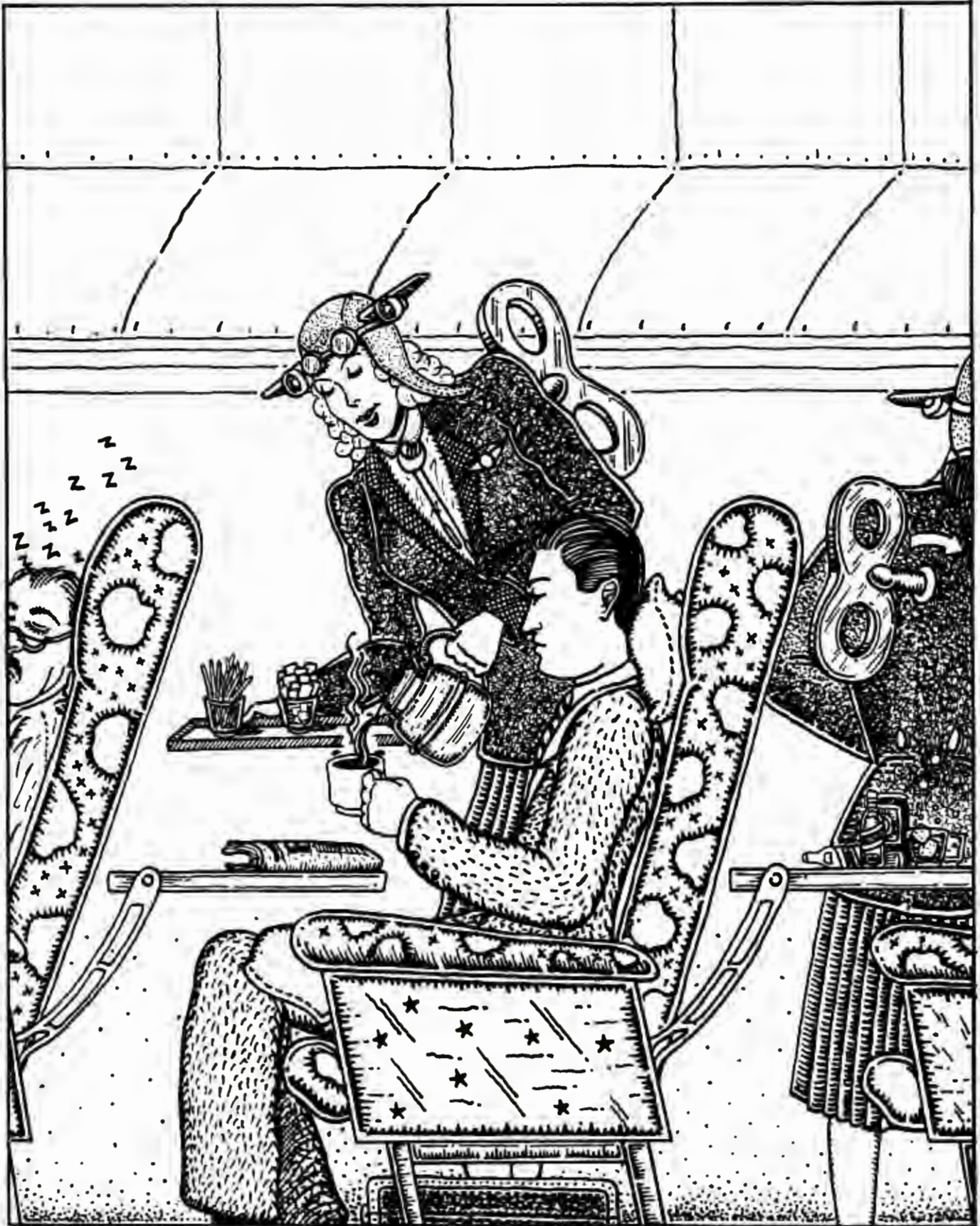
But now "they" have to. After a decade of hit-or-miss attempts at

chipping away, career-minded militants are at last getting somewhere. The "beauty barrier" is tottering, and could fall soon. Already its foundations are systematically being ripped out by the courts and by a number of federal agencies, all of whom keep reminding the airlines that while they may no longer be regulated *per se*, they are most certainly being *subsidized* by the government. Egging on officialdom is a curious coalition of women's groups, spin-off or rump labor unions, and even a handful of mortified airline executives, one of who told these writers, "we've tended to believe our own b----- about women."

The stereotypes may be hard to shake after nearly half a century of perpetuating them—most recently in such blantly-sexist advertising as National's "Hi, I'm Cheryl. Fly Me!" or Continental's "We'll Move Our Tails For You!"

But if the airlines have been discomfited recently by an embarrassing string of court defeats, they should strap themselves in for more labor turbulence ahead as they set out to trim payrolls in the wake of soaring fuel prices, plummeting profits and inadequate fare hikes. If the past is indicative, management will start cutting in the cabins rather than on the ground. The once-docile "stews" can be expected to dig in, and will demand some pretty good reasons for termination. They can expect support from the

AlexSandra Lett, a freelance writer on women's issues, hails from North Carolina where she served, for three years, as editor of She magazine. Ms. Lett is currently coordinating a women's health project at Wright State University in Dayton, Ohio, where Harold Silverman holds the post of Professor of Education.



Labor Department and other agencies, empowered to pay far greater attention to hiring/firing procedures than ever before under a little-known provision of the recent airline deregulation bill.

Ironically, airline management is no guiltier of outright sexism than any other corporate management. All would like their hired hands to be "attractive," and "visually appealing." But of all corporations, admits a now-chastened airline vice president (who like others contacted for this article, prefers anonymity), "we're the only ones who've spent hundreds of million of advertising dollars shouting our chauvinism from the rooftops of America."

At the same time, he defends this by citing "many market surveys showing that passengers *prefer* good-looking stewards"—using the now-discarded diminutive for "stewardess." But Art Teolis, president of the Independent Federation of Flight Attendants, one of several breakway labor unions that symbolize the new militancy, would like to see just *one* of those surveys. "I'll bet the question has never been asked, 'Would you like a man or woman to tend to your need?' And 'would it make any difference to you in selecting an airline?'"

In the old days it obviously did. The first flight attendants, then called "stewards" or "pursers," were men. The historical record is somewhat fuzzy, but apparently the first to worry about the comfort and—this is important—*safety* of the passengers was Lufthansa in pre-Hitler Germany. In those days, crashes were the rule rather than the exception. In the U.S., Western Airlines followed suit, as did Boeing Air Transport, the fore-runner of United Airlines. In 1930, a registered nurse, flying enthusiast and student pilot named Ellen Church approached Boeing's general manager, Steve Stimpson, and with feminine logic (or ingrained male chauvinist thinking?) suggested recruiting *women* cabin helpers. "How," asked Church, "can men say they're afraid to fly when a woman is working on the plane?"

How indeed? Stimpson got the go-ahead from management, hired Church and told her to recruit seven

other females—*nurses*—for a three-month experiment. But it was Stimpson who set the other criteria: they must be single, under 25, have "pleasant personalities," stand no taller than 5'4" because of the short interiors, and weigh no more than 115 lbs.

Their duties went beyond those of today's female flight attendants: to serve cold meals and beverages, pass out candy and cigarettes, fuel the aircraft, check the altimeter, load the baggage, mop the cabin floor after each flight and, in the tradition of Florence Nightingale, hold the hands of airsick passengers, or those who panicked.

In days of old, "stews" also fueled the planes and mopped the floor.

Stimpson was delighted. Business improved markedly, especially in *women* passengers. Not long afterwards, rapidly-expanding Eastern also hired "stewardesses." Looks counted, but even more was the designation R.N. It was not until the war years, when the shortage of men forced all the other airlines to turn to young women, that management become pre-occupied with beauty. "Not beauty as in beauty queen," says TWA public affairs vice president Jerry Cosley, "but more 'the girl-next-door' look." The airlines hired such beauty consultants as Hollywood's Westmore brothers to take even plain Janes and make them bloom. Inevitably, someone came up with the ideal of calling them "Sky Girls."

As there was a shortage of R.N.'s on the home front—only TWA and Pan-Am kept men as cabin crews on account of the fact that they were the principal non-military overseas troop carriers—the airlines quietly dropped the nurse criterion and cast for "pretty chicks who didn't think too hard." In the late war years and afterwards, glamorous

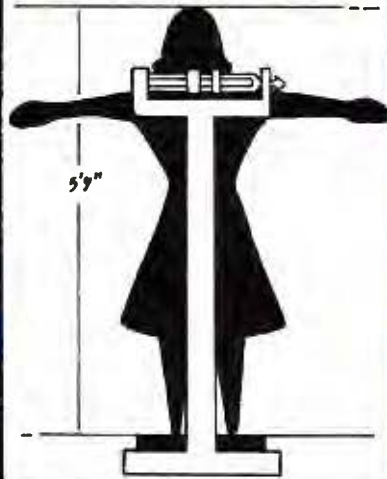
Hollywood stars gave up their roomettes aboard the Super-Chief for the new trans-continental planes, and soon, becoming a "stew" became the avocation for thousands of teenagers. In the literature of the day, one "Sky Girl" let it all hang out: "Next to being a Hollywood star," she said, "nothing is more glamorous (than this job). All you have to do is stand around and look pretty."

Now they didn't even have to fuel the plane or check the altimeters. And in the absence of price and route competition, airline management had really only one thing to sell—that ubiquitous thing called "service." And so, every effort was undertaken to recruit and hire only well-endowed, All-American girls who, with a little bit of training, could be turned into occidental geisha-girls, with pleasing personalities and submissive mannerisms. As one ex-stewardess titled her memoir, *Coffee, Tea or Me?*

By the 1960's, the die—or mold—for the ideal stewardess had been cast. Any girl who didn't fit the precise dimensions was automatically disqualified. If she showed up for her initial interview five pounds overweight or one inch too short or had facial hair, she was out of the running. Small wonder so many applied: to make it was every girl's private Atlantic City.

It was the perfect job for young women who didn't quite know what to do with themselves; many frankly admitted, later, that becoming "stews" was merely the means to an end—marriage. A great number of them ended up marrying pilots and navigators.

And then came Gloria Steinem, Betty Friedan, *Ms. Magazine* and the "women's lib" movement. Unfortunately for the airlines, the new consciousness did not penetrate the cubicles of their advertising copywriters, for shortly after the "Fly Me" campaign broke, a group of newly-liberated "stews" organized Stewardesses for Women's Rights. In 1974, reporting on SWRS, *Newsweek* magazine concluded the group was "determined not only to wipe out chauvinist advertising but also what they called 'scandalous health and safety hazards on the



job.' Hardly the work of people who look at their employment as an shortcut to the altar; rather, more like people who harbored dangerous notions about careers.

Two weeks later SWRS organizer Kathleen Heenan of TWA took dead aim at what would turn out to be management's Achilles tendon. "Flight attendants," she told *Ladies Home Journal*, "are more frequently suspended or fired for violations of weight regulations than any other reason."

The fat, so to speak, was in the fire. The weight standards, she said, were both capricious and arbitrary, and had absolutely nothing to do with take-offs or landings—as weight might have in the good old bad days of the 1930's.

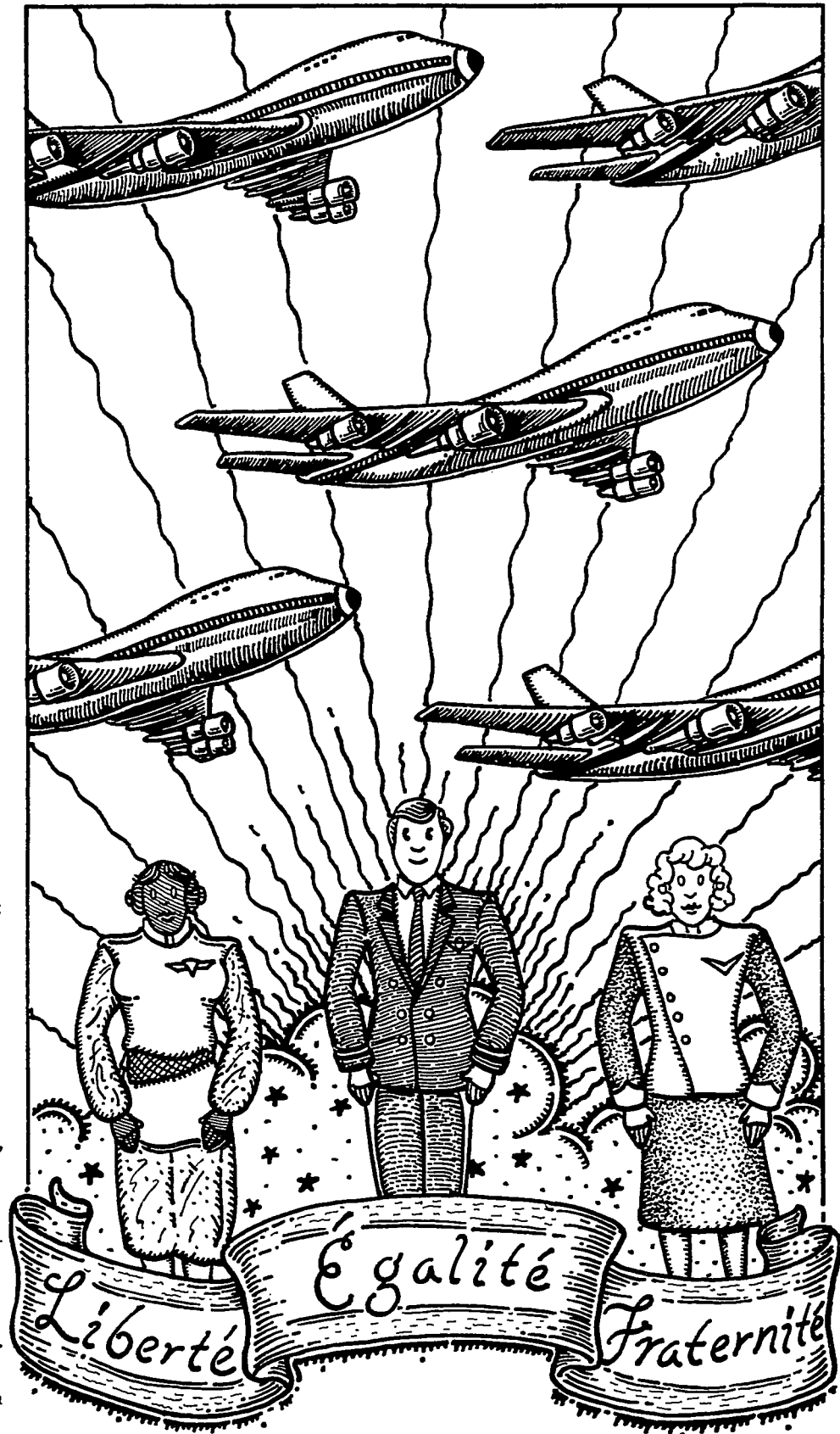
Three years later, in the fall of 1976, came the first "weight-walkout"; seven angry Ozark Airlines stewardesses, failing to meet specified weight-to-height proportions, were suspended. Through their union, they filed a lawsuit against Ozark and also brought the matter to EEOC. The "Fat Seven," as they called themselves, said Ozark's guidelines were unfair because they did not take age or bone structure into consideration and worse, *sexist* because the *male* stewards Ozark was now hiring were permitted to weigh 30 lbs. more than the females of the *same height*.

Said one of the not-so-fat dissidents:

"What they're saying is that we're airborne cocktail waitresses. We have fat pilots, fat ticket agents, fat baggage clerks and fat management. Our primary concern is passenger safety and comfort, not going around looking like *Playboy* bunnies."*

Ozark's management declined comment, but indicative of the industry's position was this remark from a United official: "You run a \$1.5

* In Spring 1980 *Playboy* Magazine will do for flight attendants what it did last year for National Football League cheerleaders and girls of the Ivy League: a multi-page nude pictorial. Comments a straight-faced American Airlines official: "we rarely grant approval for the attendant to appear in uniform in a magazine unless we arrange it." Obviously, they didn't.



billion business and it boils down to whether some chicks look good in uniform. If you have fat stewardesses, people aren't going to fly with you. . . ." The reaction of the flight attendants was swift and to the point: "Says who?" asks Alice Flynn, president of the California-based Independent Union of Flight Attendants, representing Pan-Am. "I dare one of the airlines to show me the passenger questionnaire that asks whether people want a fat or a thin person tending to their needs. They never asked and they know it." Flynn, and others interviewed, think the whole weight controversy is overblown, a conscious subterfuge—"a distraction"—that keeps passengers from questioning the advertising

that got them to take this particular airline in the first place. By tickling their libido the airlines take passengers' minds off the food and the Unthinkable.

Former airline stewardess Paula Kane, in her 1974 "confessional", *Sex Objects In the Sky* points out:

"Almost lost in all the sexual innuendo . . . is the primary reason why (we) are on the plane, which is to enforce safety regulations and supervise the immediate evacuation of the plane in the event of a crash. And in crash after crash, the efficiency and courage of the stewardesses have meant the difference between . . . lives and deaths.

"The tightly-written script they are ordered to act out in the air, including the constant smiles, the constant engaging in each customer's eyes, the constant subservience, make it difficult and sometimes impossible for them to enforce even rudimentary discipline during the flight."

Six years later, the more things change, the more they stay the same. A telephone call to the flight attendants' (personnel) office of Eastern Airlines produces a recorded message, giving general hiring requirements. The voice—a male's—says that if you're an applicant start by sending in two current photographs, one of your face, one of your *full body*.

Writing in the January 1979 issue of *Redbook*, Louise Kapp Howe amplifies Ms. Kane's point.

" . . . but beyond the *frou-frou* of make-up and hairstyles and weight requirements, (safety) is the most crucial aspect of the training. It is an aspect airlines never mention in their advertising. To do so might remind us all of our latent and not-so-latent fears."

By playing up glamour and playing down safety, the airlines are effectively degrading their personnel by demeaning their work. And if that's not enough to arouse them, there's always the realization that—as Pan Am flight attendant Alice Flynn point out—"they don't care about us as human beings. On some of those 17-hour international flights, we're just wind-up machines. It wouldn't occur to them to ask whether our weight gain may be due to physiological or emotional stress."

But there is light at the end of the wind-tunnel. "At least," notes Flynn, "they now allow us to wear contacts or eyeglasses." Even if, it should be added, male flight attendants can sprout beards while facial hair continues to be taboo for the females. But that's because the male "stews" complained about "discrimination"—pilots wore beards, so why couldn't they?

For Blacks & Hispanics, The Skies Are Still Unfriendly

As the biggest of the mainland carriers serving Hawaii, United Airlines is generally acknowledged as one of the more enlightened statewide employers when it comes to hiring Asian-American ground personnel and flight attendants. Not so in the case of Blacks and Hispanics, say officials of the Urban League and the Council for Airport Opportunity, both of which have been trying to funnel more Blacks into the industry.

Of United's more than 55,000 employees, fewer than 5,000 are Blacks—despite a consent decree signed by UAL in the Spring of 1976 under which the airline agreed to establish percentage hiring goals. (UAL in 1971 had been notified by the Justice Department that it was under investigation for fostering "a pattern and practice" of non-white discrimination. After the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission entered the case, the Government took UAL to court in 1975.) United, which had pledged to reach the 17% goal for non-white flight attendants by April this year, is still a few points short—but ahead of TWA, which says that 12.5% of its 5,800 flight attendants are non-white, 470 of them Blacks, 131 Hispanics, 109 Orientals and 1 Native American.

"We're not dragging our feet," insists a United executive. "It's hard finding the right people. You don't find them in the ranks of the unemployed." "Ridiculous," responds a spokesperson for the CAO, which was organized three years ago by Black airline personnel. "You're never quite sure what sort of barriers they throw up. You send them good kids and they come back with some frivolous excuse for not hiring them." Adds the Urban League spokesperson: 'Good faith' is one of the biggest cop-outs in affirmative action. It means you can process hundreds of bodies through outfits like ours without ever having to hire one of them."

What will bring about equal opportunity and fair representation? Pressure, apparently. One reason why so many complaints are lodged against UAL, TWA and American Airlines, and so few against Eastern and Delta, is that the latter two base their operations at Atlanta's Hartsfield International Airport. In a smart political trade-off, the city's Black mayor, Maynard Jackson, made the current massive expansion of Hartsfield conditional on the hiring of more Blacks.

“On some of those long international flights, management thinks of us as wind-up machines.”

Clearly, “comin’ around” at 37,000 ft. up takes time, patience and a great deal of fortitude. After dragging their heels in the courts, and losing on the issue of marriage, airline attorneys dug in on motherhood. Mothers-to-be had to go, right away, with not even a baby shower to delay departure. Maternity pay and disability compensation were simply unacceptable. Ultimately, they would lose this one also as they couldn’t very well argue that a pregnant flight attendant would repulse passengers in her custom-made Pucci maternity uniform. Still, compliance is artfully slow. Pan Am and TWA appear to be the long hold-outs. TWA, for one, still insists on prompt, involuntary if temporary retirement, the subject receiving immediate accrued “sick leave,” and when that runs out, company-paid “disability leave.” Presumably, upon her return the woman does not lose seniority.

Trans-World says its concern is wholly for the flight attendant, and its argument is given unwitting support by the militant SWRS, which cites “a medical study” of 12 pregnant stewardesses on one airline (not named) that found six of them to have suffered either miscarriages or the birth of deformed babies—the result, says SWRS, of excessive exposure to leaky radioactive cargo. The group also maintained that the “junk food” served on board endangered fetal life by giving the mother-to-be low blood sugar and other nutritional problems, and they demand the airlines study the effects of pressurization, time zone change and altitude (as well as radiation) on women employees—especially on their menstrual and reproductive functions.

Their demands will probably be met, eventually. And TWA’s concern for the well-being of their pregnant staffers may be quite sincere. But

then again, one of that airline’s more outspoken unionized flight attendants raises this tantalizing question: “By allowing a ‘preggie’ on board, management would obviously have to waive the weight restriction, right? And that would give away the name of the game, wouldn’t it? So don’t you think it’s worth TWA’s money in sick and maternity leaves to keep that bird grounded for nine months?”

Beyond the question of self-image, woman’s dignity, and the matter of “*frou-frou*,” the crux of the equality argument in terms of career-planning is “equal pay.” And here is where things get particularly touchy in airline board rooms.

In what flight attendants call a “landmark case,” U.S. District Court Judge Aubrey E. Robinson, Jr. of the District of Columbia—an outspoken advocate of civil rights—in 1974 enjoined Northwest Airlines from “discriminating in any aspect of employment of cabin attendants on the basis of sex” and ordered NWA to grant their women attendants “pay, pension and lodging” equal to those given men attendants. In that decision—the same one that gave Ms. Flynn her eyeglasses—he further struck down the onerous height and weight restrictions and ruled NWA to re-employ all attendants discharged on account of weight.

“Once that decision came down, the flight attendants started getting ‘really organized.’ Re-organized might be a better term.

For years, the flight attendants had been the orphans of the industry. They were represented either by the Transport Workers Union, or by the “Steward & Stewardesses Division” of ALPA—the Air Line Pilots Association in Washington. In the early 1970’s, those represented by ALPA felt “exploited” by the pilots (all of them male). By being bound, literally, to those in the cockpit, the only points they could win would be those the pilots were willing to let them have. “If we wanted to strike and the pilots wanted to fly, you knew who flew,” a former ALPA/S&S member recalls. Led by flight attendants working for United, the nation’s largest carrier, the group broke away from ALPA to form

AFA and quickly got affiliation with the AFL-CIO.

The restlessness spread north, to New York, where flight attendants for three big carriers—TWA, American and Pan-Am—were also becoming unhappy with their representation, but for different reasons. The Transport Workers Union, it was felt, was devoting far too much attention to New York’s subway workers and busdrivers, mostly Hispanic, Black and male, and not enough to the “stew,” mainly white and female. The three groups walked out of the TWU, leaving behind their brothers and sisters from Eastern and National (prior to its merger with Pan Am).

Looking for a new connection, they spoke with the AFL-CIO about setting up something similar to the AFA in Washington, but they were reportedly rebuffed “because we’d insulted a sister national,” recalls one organizer. They were then approached by Frank Fitzsimmons’ Teamsters, “but we turned *them* down.” Someone suggested tying up with the Brotherhood of Railway & Airline Clerks, but that too was rejected. “We were airborne and they weren’t. The priorities wouldn’t have meshed.”

“We’re like gnats. The airlines never know where we bite next.”

So TWA’s flight attendants organized the Independent Federation of Flight Attendants in New York, Pan-Am’s their International Union of Flight Attendants in Burlingame, California, and American’s their Association of Professional Flight Attendants in Dallas-Ft. Worth.

Interestingly, the split hasn’t led to a dilution of power. “We’re like gnats,” says one militant. “The airlines never know where we bite next.”

It appears to be working splendidly, if slowly. Not long ago, attendants were only paid for their hours in flight, even though the advent of the jets meant having to spend most of their time on the ground. Now, thanks to union intervention—credit is not

shared gladly—they receive one hour of flight pay for every two hours grounded between flights. Fringe benefits have improved “considerably,” as have retirement planning. Obviously, the airlines now look upon their “birds” as *career* employees. In its latest full-page print ad campaign introducing its air and ground personnel, American Airlines (“Doing What We Do Best”) tells us about flight attendant

Victoria Getz, who was ten months old when AA “founded the industry’s first training school for professional flight attendants . . . where more than 200,000 people apply each year (and) less than one-half of one percent are finally accepted.”

As for *male* flight attendants, here too things are looking up. Depending on which airline you ask, the percentage ranges from a low of 9 percent to a high of 15 percent (which

is better than the number of blacks and Hispanics—see sidebar, page 9). Male chauvinism appears to be gasping its last breath, at least on this side of the cockpit.

But as noted earlier, wars are not won by battles alone. The hearts and minds must also capitulate. And on this score, this final word from a high-level airline executive who knows better, but unfortunately values his job and tends to keep his thoughts private:

“What our management still doesn’t understand is that we’re no longer dealing with girls in the twenties but with women in their thirties, forties and fifties—mature women with husbands, grown children in many cases, mortgages to pay. To line them up like *Playboy* bunnies at a hutch inspection can be a very degrading experience, and perhaps we’ll get to that next.” ■

Equal Flights

For those whose most recent image of Chinese women is a stern warrior type dressed in a padded Mao uniform, the latest news from Peking may be something of a surprise. China’s Civil Aviation Administration is advertising for comely, “well-proportioned” young ladies to serve as hostesses on overseas flights.

It is clear that the new pragmatists, in their drive to gear up China’s economy, have their eyes on the appearance of modernity—and on foreign exchange, too. But it is a little daunting to find them pandering to what has become the traditional, now slightly passe, image of the stewardess.

We don’t doubt that the young applicants in Peking will measure up to the norm. They must be high school graduates, aged 17 to 20, between 5 feet 3 and 5 feet 6 inches tall, with ‘pleasant features’ and some knowledge of a foreign language. All very cosmopolitan—but 50’s and 60’s style. If the Chinese mean to be truly modern, they’ll hasten to advertise for another kind of flight attendant: men.

Editorial Topics, the *New York Times*, 1/1/80.



The Coming Black . . .

A Black View

by Lillian Calhoun

When we were in high school, recalls California Superior Court Judge Donald McCullum, "we used to just talk about 'going together.' We didn't plan on marriage and babies just then."

His remark was not lost on the assembled Blacks and Hispanics who met last September 29-30th at Washington D.C.'s Shoreham-Americana to talk about their mutual concerns.

Judge McCullum, who happens to be Black, offered some wise counsel. Why not just try "going together" for awhile instead of worrying about "coalition"? Familiarity, and the passage of time, he suggested, would eventually lead to a more permanent relationship between Black and Hispanic.

He didn't say it would be easy. Indeed, the two-day conference got off to a rather rocky start when a number of Hispanics took umbrage over the fact that fewer Blacks than Hispanics were present. Some Hispanics were offended because several chief *honchos* of Black organizations were absent: Vernon Jordan, National Urban League president, was represented by Ron Brown; Rev. Benjamin Hooks, president of the NAACP, was represented by Althea Simmons; and Coretta Scott King was represented by Ed Anderson. One Hispanic group walked out for good because of this complaint.

Carl Holman, chairman of the National Urban Coalition, who with Raul Yzaguirre, president of the National Council of La Raza, cohosted the conference, defended the representational nature of the attendance. "There is only Vernon Jordan or a Coretta King. . . . The

best possible way to build entente is to begin." Eschewing numbers games, Holman added, "if fifty people left the room and five were left, I would work with five."

It is also true that in sheer numbers the Black organizations represented by Washington staffers—the NAACP and the National Urban League—far outweighed the numbers of some of the Hispanic organizations whose presidents attended. It was never made clear, however, why the presidents of the Black colleges sororities and fraternities, the black National Bar Association, the black National Medical Association and the National Black Police Association had not been invited. Moreover, most of the Blacks who were there came from the Washington metropolitan area and this was possibly irritating to the Hispanics who had traveled often longer distances. That may simply reflect the greater institutionalization of older Black organizations which have established more Washington offices than have younger Hispanic groups.

Similarities of bitter experience and powerlessness shared by the two major minority groups—police brutality, unemployment, underemployment, poor health care, under-registration for elections—emerged as the discussions proceeded. Only in two areas, were there major differences. The Hispanics want more bilingual education and better treatment by immigration authorities.

In fact, one man present personified all the problems rolled into one: Dr. Miguel Sandoval, president of the National Alliance of Spanish-Speaking People for Equality, stressed his double vulnerability as a black-skinned Hispanic. He was, he told the conferees, discriminated against

Continued on p. 14

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Hispanic Coalition

It's called coalition, and if recent stirrings and events are any guide to the future—then coalition between Blacks and Hispanics most likely will be the political watchword of the 80s.

"It's imminent," says Dr. Maurice Jackson, a race and ethnic relations specialist at the University of California at Riverside. "We have a lot of the same problems, so it's easier for us to get together. Common issues and common reactions make a fertile ground for coalition."

Dr. Jackson, a Black, adds that the best sign such a coalition will work is the absence of open hostilities between the two groups. "Sure, there's friction, but we're still coming to the same places for the same thing. After all, minorities tend to think alike, have the same needs, even when they're not in intimate contact with each other."

What fears or animosities Blacks and Hispanics may feel toward each other, they are usually set aside when both groups join forces over specific issues and with a single objective in mind. It may be a drive to stop a redevelopment project, as occurred recently when Puerto Ricans and Blacks opposed the New Brunswick, N.J., "Tomorrow" project, charging it would only benefit white, middle-income residents. Or it might be a "black-brown" coalition that helps win a political race, as happened when Mickey Leland from the Houston area took a seat in the U.S. Congress. As participants in such cooperative battles will say, successful coalitions are invariably shortlived, pragmatic affairs. "It's like 'going together' in high school," explains Carl Holman, president of the National Urban Coalition—no

long-term compromises, just a strong sense of mutual concern.

Whether or not mutual concern will occur at a national level is a question whose answer is still up for grabs. Holman and Raul Yzaguirre, National Council of La Raza president, have now co-hosted three national meetings on Hispanic and Black concerns; yet results of the meetings thus far are minimal. The issues certainly have been identified, but as Lois Carson of the National Council of Negro Women observes: "Both sides are still holding their cards close to the body, being cautious, checking each other out."

The "out-front" subjects everyone eagerly discusses—regardless of how the playing cards are held—include voter registration, the new education department, the 1980 Census, employment, energy, health, police brutality, housing and the media. These are meaty subjects, actually safe subjects, since it's easy to air mutual grievances whose substance often can be reduced to numbers. Thus the numerical need for more Spanish-speaking census takers is made clear; also, it's repeated that newspapers and the TV networks should hire X more Blacks and Hispanics; not only that, but the proportion of Blacks in U.S. medical schools can be cited at its lowest figure ever (6.4 percent), not to mention the paltry 3.6 percent figure for Hispanics; and finally—or most importantly—the number of Black and Hispanic voters is still abysmally low and must be increased. Fine. These are facts, and quantifiable facts are easy to grasp, often beyond argument.

However, a national coalition involving organizational as well as

Continued on p. 16

An Hispanic View

By Ron Arias

Professor Ron Arias is on sabbatical from his post with the English department of Crafton Hills College in Yacaiapa, California. A frequent newspaper and magazine contributor, he is currently completing a book on Latin American views of the U.S.

A Black View

Continued from p. 12

because he is Black and also because he is Hispanic. "Blacks in Harlem told me I was Hispanic and many Hispanics think I am Black."

Curious about what some of the "missing" Black leadership might have said about Black/Hispanic cooperation had these leaders attended the conference, I contacted several of their offices by phone. In Vernon Jordan's view, "For too long, Blacks and browns have been played against each other. Black and brown people have been victimized by discrimination, by poverty and by exploitation. But by uniting in a coalition, we can defend our right and help our people out of the deprivation that afflicts us."

"For too long, Blacks and browns have been played against each other."

Corretta Scott King, president of the Martin Luther King, Jr. Center for Social Change, is particularly concerned about voter registration for Blacks and Hispanics. "Other minorities such as Hispanics have suffered discrimination at the polls because of outmoded citizenship criteria," Mrs. King stated. "But there is a reservoir of strength and vitality in the Hispanic community which cannot be stifled and the time is fast approaching when Hispanics will assume their rightful place as elected and appointed leaders." And, although Jesse Jackson was out of town when I called, his press secretary, Frank E. Watkins, stressed that, "Rev. Jackson is on the record for Black-Hispanic coalition. He is very much in favor and has had a long history of involvement with Hispanic movements, especially Cesar Chavez' United Farm Workers union." Watkins added that Jackson has met frequently with Chicano, Puerto Rican and other Hispanic groups and has "made many overtures to them."

These and other statements by Black leadership at the Washington, D.C. meeting leave little doubt about the commitment and concern that national Black leadership have for Black-Hispanic coalition. They also make clear that more characteristics and experiences unite Blacks and Hispanics in the U.S. than divide them.

Howard Saffold, of the National Black Police Association, for example, observed that, "Given the similar circumstances that Blacks and Hispanics find themselves in, it would be advantageous to both groups to work together on some issues. It has been our experience, over the years, that, all too often, Hispanic police officers lean toward trying to be white. Consequently, in earlier years, we had difficulty in convincing them to work with us on issues centered around discrimination in the hiring of police officers as well as police brutality, which adversely affect both communities. We would hope that, by now they have realized that they are not going to be treated as white officers and their community needs representation in those areas. We are willing to work with any group that lends itself to the elimination of discrimination and brutality within police departments throughout the country. We have one or two affiliates which have Hispanic members now and we hope for more in the future."

The newly elected president of the National Bar Association, which serves some 8,000 Black lawyers nationwide, Robert L. Harris of San Francisco, said: "I think it is very, very important that there be efforts toward coalition of Blacks and Hispanics in order to bring together the collective strengths of both groups. The problems that confront the minorities go beyond race and nationality. It is imperative that we pool our resources to combat them."

Alpha Kappa Alpha, at 71 years, the nation's oldest Black college sorority, is headquartered in Chicago.

Its executive director, Mrs. Anne Mitchem Davis, said her organization also endorsed Black-Hispanic coalition. "We would be interested in participating in such efforts. One of the goals or targets of Mrs. Barbara K. Phillips, of Winston-Salem, our national president, is coalition with other organizations. It is necessary and vital for all minority groups to work together, and we would be interested in being represented at any future meeting."

The statements are so strong, it would seem part of the difficulty at the Shoreham was that some Hispanic leaders did not know how involved "the princes and barons," as Holman called the top leadership, are. Perhaps what is needed is an ongoing one-to-one relationship, such as Holman and Yzaguirre enjoy, of each Black leader with a Hispanic counterpart. If future meetings are held, it would seem the better part of wisdom to ensure that a greater number of Blacks attend and are drawn from more geographically diverse areas.

An evident sense of community between the two groups as to experiences with discrimination and an eagerness to excise its root and branch was a most encouraging feature of the conference. Differences were only apparent when discussion turned to how to fight discrimination and on setting a time table. But, one would scarcely expect unanimity from complete strangers who vary as to geographic location, age and sex, fluency in English, and educational background, much less skin color. That so much bound together this disparate group of some sixty men and women, two to one Hispanic, was remarkable.

Time after time, first one then another participant reinforced each others' statements. A Black southern man demanded health care as a high priority of the group, and a Hispanic woman chimed in with the same view.

It may be that Holman and Yzaguirre, if they chose the conference

topics—the media and police brutality—shrewdly picked two areas that could well serve to bring coalition about. Blacks and Hispanics are so grossly underrepresented in media management that those at the conference could sense the existence of a common bond based on this form of shared discrimination. The same could be said of the police brutality issue. As Robert Lamb of the Community Relations Service, Department of Justice, put it, “Blacks and Hispanics are more likely to be arrested, more likely to be convicted and less likely to gain release.”

Here, too, various conferees suggested joint stratagems to improve conditions. Roger Wilkins, formerly of the *New York Times*, suggested that Blacks and Hispanics form delegations to confront publishers, editors and news directors on news coverage and minority employment. A like kind of cooperation was urged as an answer to excessive force by police in many communities.

“Blacks and Hispanics are more likely to be arrested, more likely to be convicted, and less likely to be released.”

Discussion of the response of black and brown communities to police brutality quickly turned to the political powerlessness of each group. And it was at that point that the conferees began to divide again. Judge McCullum, who began by suggesting the limited dating game analogy for Black-Hispanic coalition, later had ventured up the coalition road far enough to espouse joint voter registration drives. But he met with resistance.

It was then that Miss Simmons said she could not commit the NAACP nationally, and several Hispanic speakers also spoke of doing their own thing. It was evident throughout the conference that Holman and possibly Yzaguirre were personally committed to a joint voter registration drive. The wisdom of that tactic for the nation's two largest minorities would seem self-evident in advance of what may be a tightly-fought Presidential election.

It is here that the strains of coalition show through. It is likely

Blacks are relatively better organized nationally through organizations such as the Urban League and NAACP. Already in control of city halls in such major cities as Los Angeles, Atlanta, New Orleans, Detroit, and now, Birmingham, Blacks have made an important dent in state and local politics. Hispanics have been slower to organize politically and to receive the fruits of their political efforts. In Chicago, for example, we have not one Hispanic alderman.

Yet, Hispanics are mounting a heavy campaign to obtain more government jobs, especially federal government jobs.

At the conference, I wondered if the disparity in political plums and goodies received by each group may not have increased the disinclination of many of those present to coalesce politically. The frightful statistics given on underregistration of Blacks and Hispanics did not overcome this seeming reluctance.

On all fronts where they are almost equally mistreated, the conferees seemed to express a willingness to cooperate and to fight oppression. Time after time, however, when Holman edged the discussion back to a joint voter registration drive, the participants backed away. This may represent, unfortunately, an unwillingness of Blacks to join with Hispanics in a sphere—the political—where they perceive they are ahead; and of Hispanics, slightly lusty for power, especially for top appointive government jobs, to share what they perceive they may soon get.

Ron Brown of the National Urban League said the NUL was “all for it [coalition]. We think it important politically. In addition, dialogue keeps others from successfully turning us [Blacks] against them [Hispanics].” Yet, employment is perhaps the League's number one concern. When asked about undocumented workers and job losses by Blacks, Brown responded that it was a “difficult issue and no clear position has been formulated yet.”

Commissioner Irene Hernandez of the Cook County Board (Chicago) noted that where President Carter won in the last election, he won with Hispanic help. “Where he lost was in California where 800,000 Hispanics are unregistered or nonvoters.”

Another issue that may be touch and go for the Black-Hispanic coalition is the upcoming Census. Even if Black and Hispanic leadership get together on it, thousands of skittish Blacks and Hispanics, especially in the major cities, may play hide and seek with Census takers. Yet, political under-registered, undercounted minorities are a tragedy for themselves and for the well being of the U.S., which doles out federal funds on the basis of population.

It may be that Holman, Jordan, Hook, *et al.* with Yzaguirre, Sandoval, Alvarez, *et al.* will bring off a significant voter registration drive in the nation's big cities in time for the 1980 elections. I tend to doubt it, on the basis of what I heard.

It is far more likely that coalition will come on little cat feet around the country—in New York, Hispanic and Black women coalescing on rape; in the Southwest, Hispanics and Blacks on police brutality; in Los Angeles or Boston, on strategies to open up the media, or any combination of the above. It is to be hoped that these tentative beginnings will be successful and will lead to other larger undertakings and to the Big One—joint voter registration and get-out-the-vote drives.

A news conference, itself hotly debated at first, was held at conference close and a statement issued that the participants would continue to meet and to work on police brutality, the media and voting rights.

The talks would continue because there was still a mechanism. The first two meetings were held in the offices of the National Urban Coalition and the third in a neutral corner, so to speak. Another session, sponsored with the full cooperation of the National Urban Coalition and the National Council of La Raza balancing representation of black and brown and involving more leadership, would result in broader agreement. By this fall, who knows, the participants may tiptoe up to coalition on voter registration and even—God bless the Republic—on voting. The issues that lead to coalition are more numerous than those that divide.

Let all who run for office in 1980, beware. A brown and black behemoth may await them on the way to the polling place. God knows, I hope so. ■

An Hispanic View

Continued from p. 18

congressional leaders, requires a truer understanding of each other—a more genuine respect, if you will. No one with a national voice, for example, has seriously addressed the fuzziest, more complicated areas of racism, social behavior and cultural values among all these varied peoples collectively, or conveniently, known on one side as Blacks or Afro-Americans, and on the other side as Latinos or Hispanics. The latter, of course, are tags that sometimes don't sit well with Chicanos, Puerto Ricans, Cubans and so many other recently arrived from Latin America.

Curiously, at the last national concerns meeting the only participant who mentioned the need to discuss racism on both sides was himself the darkest person present and also an Hispanic. He happened to be a black Cuban, and he spoke about prejudice against black Hispanics by other Hispanics and even by other Blacks.

But the subject as an "issue" was not explored. Again, perhaps it's a fuzzy area for discussion, a can of worms better left unopened. Or perhaps it's because Blacks in this country for decades have been defining their own identity; whereas Hispanics, though they may have known racial, ethnic or class discrimination here and in Latin America, recently have only begun to talk about it within their own sub-groups, and barely with other Latinos as a whole, or with Blacks, for that matter.

Hispanics now are saying they are

the least understood large minority group in the United States. Chicanos (or Mexican-Americans) especially have voiced this concern. And barring the event of Puerto Rican statehood, Chicanos are by far the most numerous of Hispanics in the continental United States, comprising about two-thirds of the total. Blacks, it is pointed out, have been in the public eye for some time and, as the entertainment media would have us believe, most Americans *know* about Blacks—their music, their food, their sports, their literature, their heroes, their religion and, yes, their roots. As for Hispanics, specifically Chicanos, what is known? And what do Blacks—some now eager to form coalitions with their brown brethren—know about Chicanos?

"You can't have a national coalition until there is mutual trust. Only then can there be mutual understanding . . . mutual cooperation."

Cecilia Preciado Burciaga, Stanford University assistant provost and (along with Bella Abzug et al.) until recently on President Carter's National Advisory Committee for Women, answers this way:

"In general Blacks are unaware of the great diversity within our population. The Black establishment in the East is particularly unaware of what the Chicano population is, and they tend to view us as followers of Cesar Chavez and rural folk. That lack of

knowledge of about 60 percent of the Hispanic population, of course, greatly hinders a natural coalition.

"The Black women I've dealt with in the women's movement are also, for the most part, ignorant about Hispanic women. There's a certain amount of hostility between us, as though there were a sense of insecurity on the part of Black women *vis-à-vis* Hispanic women. My own sense is that Black women recognize that the Hispanic population will soon surpass theirs and that they will lose some ground they've gained through the years. That is, there's a bit of 'we have suffered more and will continue to suffer more because we are visible and can't hide.' And these same Black women in the establishment tend to be completely deaf to our needs."

Rather than sensitize Blacks and Black leadership about Hispanics—from their cultural values to their racial consciousness—Ms. Burciaga cautions that mutual trust must come before mutual cooperation. She notes, for example, that Wilson Riles, a Black, heads California's public education system.

"On television, he'll talk about the need to provide bilingual education to the state's Hispanics. But when he goes back to his office, he won't sign a piece of paper that will create the mechanism at the state level to enforce the delivery of bilingual education. That's the double-stand and back-stabbing I'm talking about. It's almost as though Blacks are walking a tightrope, not wanting to alienate us in public but making sure they wield the power in private."

Ms. Burciaga and others also believe that mutual trust won't be developed as long as Hispanics have such a flimsy relationship with the power bases of this country. "During the International Women's Year efforts," she remembers, "I often saw the Black women leaders simply walk into the White House and heard them refer to the Cabinet level appointees by first names. Hispanic women, conversely, had very little influence with the real power brokers. . . . Blacks have their own keys and go directly to the power sources. The status of a Vernon Jordan, Patricia Harris or Andy Young cannot be duplicated in the Hispanic community. . . . I also believe that Blacks hold the power of

intimidation much better than we do."

Adds Dr. Rudy de la Garza, a political scientist at Colorado College:

"How do you enter into an agreement between unequals? Blacks have a national leadership and visibility that Chicanos certainly don't have. A good sign of who is directing the show are the meeting locations for Black and Hispanic get-togethers. Miami, Chicago, Houston, D.C.—these aren't big Chicano cities, not like Denver or Los Angeles. Not only do we not have the visible leaders, we can't even meet with Blacks on our home ground, out west where we're numerically strong. . . . I'm not saying coalition won't work—it has in many places. It's just that it's very hard to achieve when one side has so much more clout, so much more political experience."

"Our wounds are merely chipped teeth because we've been gnawing at the same bone."

Dr. de la Garza, co-author with F. Chris Garcia of *The Chicano Political Experience*, also believes mutual trust and coalition as a goal are "almost impossible" because of the way the federal assistance system is structured. "The government isn't expanding opportunities and programs," he says, "so a lot of tension and friction result." Or as Larry Amaya, national vice chairman of the American G.I. Forum, puts it: "Most of our wounds are merely chipped teeth because we've been gnawing at the same bone."

One factor that would tend to even-out such a tug of war over government attention—especially in the pivotal decade ahead—is simple growth. Creditable forecasts are already showing Hispanics surpassing Blacks as the largest minority group in the U.S. by 1990. "Our numbers have got to cause alarm among Blacks," explains Dr. de la Garza. "Everything Chicanos and other Hispanics get means less for them."

Many minority affairs observers around the country point to the Bakke case as an instance when superior Chicano numbers should have prevailed—this time in leading the fight for affirmative action at the University of

California at Davis medical school. As it turned out, according to Dr. Ada Sosa, the university's Chicano Studies Department head, Blacks didn't have much to lose by lending the Chicano activists a hand; and once they joined, the news media practically overnight hyped them to spokesmen status. "Even though we initiated the protests, we didn't get much out of it," Dr. Sosa says.

In this regard, Cecilia Preciado Burciaga provided the following insights, and though they concern only women, they may apply to men as well:

"Generally when Black women say 'minority women' they are really talking about other Black women and do not mean Hispanic, Asian and American Indian women. There were several times when I actually felt double crossed because in a closed meeting Black women would agree to a stand for 'minority women.' And then when we went public, it would be the Black women who would insure that it was Black women who made the publicity.

"You can, of course, look at this in two ways. Why are Hispanic women so reticent about taking the leadership? For example, in Houston it was really Hispanic women and Gloria Steinem who worked night and day to build the minority womens' plank to be presented at the conference. But when the moment came, it was suddenly Coretta Scott King who was rushed before the mikes and TV cameras to make the pronouncement for 'all minority women.'

"It may seem a petty thing to worry about, but I can tell you that many of the Hispanic women were extremely angry about this one incident. . . . So how mature are we? It seems as though Hispanic women have maintained the values of dealing with people on a personal level while Black women have learned how to deal with people in political terms. And I'm not sure if Hispanic women can or want to change that much. But one thing for sure, until we make some changes in our own styles of interaction, I believe we will also be left behind."

Then again, perhaps Hispanic men and women will see *others* change to accommodate them. Yvonne Braithwaite Burke, for one, believes

that the "greater society" will have to learn how to get along with Hispanics. Los Angeles County's newest supervisor adds that in Texas and California everyone—including Blacks—must not continue to view large concentrations of Hispanics as only "a threat" to the greater community.

Clarifying the Hispanic position or attitude toward Mexican illegal immigration into the U.S. would certainly help diminish the so-called threat—at least in the eyes of many Blacks anxious about finding and keeping a job. Of course, many Chicano leaders are trying to define such an attitude, usually on a humanistic basis or by showing the illegal alien's tremendous contribution to our economy—a contribution often produced amid much injustice and exploitation. Still, it appears that the Black reaction to the issue is ambivalent at best. Perhaps such studies on undocumented workers as that being prepared by the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights in the future will allay fears, thus removing one more potential divider between Blacks and Hispanics.

Aside from immigration—legal or illegal—other areas needing a public airing for the benefit of Blacks and anyone else interested in promoting a black-brown political coalition, include: a clear Hispanic position on bilingual-bicultural education; a sensitive explanation of the politically conservative bent among many Hispanics; an exploration of racial and class tensions among Hispanics; and finally, a thorough definition of Hispanic attitudes toward religion, authority, public institutions, work, and common endeavor for political purposes.

All of this may not speed the forming of an effective national coalition in the 80s, but a little education might ensure a stronger longer lasting bond. Dr. de la Garza actually views the 80s as a decade during which Chicanos and probably Puerto Ricans will *not* vigorously seek out blacks as political allies. "Blacks," he explains, "historically have had one good political ally, the white liberal. But who's *our* ally? So far, no one. Will it be the blacks? The liberals? The Catholic Church? Organized labor? If you analyze what

each of these has to give and what each needs, it's more logical to see labor as the primary Hispanic ally. Blacks will be secondary, because whatever there is to get, they feel they need it all themselves. And they were first in line."

But even as "secondary" friends, the two big minorities may form some strong ties and may venture into some unlikely areas for coalition efforts. Sociologist Maurice Jackson suggests that temporary alliances in the near future may even occur over foreign policy positions. Thus Chicano groups might support Black sentiment concerning the Middle East situation, while Black groups would reciprocate by supporting Chicano contacts, say, with the likes of Mexican President Jose Lopez Portillo.

Whatever the trade-offs in these far-afield areas, an undeniable truth that emerges from the black-brown coalition experience to date is that such efforts succeed best at the local level when single, specific issues are involved. Ralph Hernandez, a Chicano, and John Hobbs, a Black, easily personify coalition in its most positive political form. In 1979 the two helped each other win city council seats in the fair-sized Los Angeles satellite community of San Bernardino. What happened to both men, especially Hernandez, is perhaps the most accurate sign of what may occur in local, even state, elections throughout the country during the next decade.

Explains Hobbs: "We just got together, compared notes, then he helped me and I helped him. And we both won. It's that simple."

Hernandez, however, thinks he was lucky. He was charging a windmill called the white, or Anglo, power system in town. Business, the city's big newspaper, the usual political leaders, even Catholic Church figures, lined up against him. He was viewed as a radical, a dreamer, a man whose shoestring campaign budget and political naivete reduced his chances of winning a city council seat to zero. Besides, in San Bernardino minorities never have occupied more than two out of the total seven seats.

Yet here was a graying Hernandez, mounted on a dream, trying to claim a third seat in a ward—or district—with only a 40 percent minority

population, mostly Chicanos. The community activist, heart-attack victim, ex-pool hustler and father of seven charged out with only a few weapons, weapons seldom used in San Bernardino. One was a big drive to register Chicano and Black voters and educate them at home on procedures and the election process. "I've got studies showing that 56 percent of Chicanos are functionally illiterate," Hernandez says. "That's not a put-down, just a fact. They don't vote because they don't know how. So we educated them, and they voted."

The other seldom-used weapon was a coalition with the city's Blacks. Hobbs was running for the predominantly Black ward, practically unopposed, but accepted the help of Chicano volunteers in the campaign among his Mexican American constituents. Hernandez, in turn, received Black volunteer help to get the Black vote in his ward (the third minority seat was already held easily by another Chicano).

"Chicanos don't vote because they don't know how. So we educated them, and they voted! And we both won."

"Blacks helped me because they trust me," Hernandez says. "They know I know their problems. I know poverty and discrimination too. Thank God for the Blacks who helped me. They were working seven-day weeks around the clock. If it hadn't been for them, I would have gone down the tubes."

Incidentally, Ralph Hernandez won his race by two votes. He simply split the vote between the two unsuspecting Anglo frontrunners. Unsuspecting because Hernandez's volunteers registered voters and either got them to the polls or made sure they knew about absentee ballots (allowed for under certain "hardship cases" by California law). "Two votes isn't much of a win, but I'll take it," Hernandez concludes.

The bushy-haired councilman, whose meager education (eight years of schooling) ironically has made him a champion of education, describes his quixotic venture into politics as a "miracle". A better word, some would say, is "coalition." ■

Contemptible Collectibles

by Paula Parker



Los Angeles dental hygienist Mary Kimbrough spends an inordinate amount of time and money collecting *objets d'art* of curious value: some 1,400 pieces of memorabilia that portray Black Americans as subhuman, "symbols of racism in its concrete form."

Hers is a bizarre array of antique clocks and cookie jars, movie posters, postcards, books, advertisements, letter openers, figurines, sheet music and other items acquired over the past nine years.

Most of the pieces are old, dating back to an 1859 Topsy clock, but there are contemporary items including a 20th Century-Fox film poster of *Star Wars* villain Darth Vader.

The 37-year old Ms. Kimbrough uses her collection, now valued in excess of \$35,000, as an educational tool, a painful but effective reminder that Blacks have been stereotyped for hundreds of years and continue to be shown in narrow, unrealistic roles on television, in films and other media. "It's still strong and prevalent and very significant," she says. "Nowadays, it's just done in more subtle ways."

Thus, it is no accident, that the evil Darth Vader wore only black and was played by James Earl Jones, an actor with a distinctive Black voice, while the 'good guys' wore white and were white. Merely an updated version of

cowboys and Indians, she contends. And to get her message across to the public, Kimbrough has lectured and exhibited her collection on television shows, at colleges and museums in Los Angeles and her native San Diego, and is in the process of writing an illustrated book that explains the collection meaning in an historical context.

A would-be social worker who, after obtaining a B.S. degree in sociology from the University of Oregon at Eugene, instead chose the family profession (her sister is also a hygienist and her father a dentist), Ms. Kimbrough feels her life is not unrelated to the objects she collects.

"Having had experience in racism looking for a job is why I understand and know that stereotyping still goes on. I have a sign in my closet. It's from Dallas, Texas, made in 1929. It says no dogs, Negroes or Mexicans," in that order, she adds.

The sign has more than just symbolic meaning for Kimbrough, who still remember a day in the 1950s when, just over the Texas-Mexico border in Juarez, her family was refused service in a restaurant that would only serve whites.

And she still recalls the irony of being one of a handful of Black dental hygiene students while attending the predominantly black Howard University in Washington, D.C. in the mid-1960's. The majority of hygiene students then at Howard were white.

Many of the items in Ms. Kimbrough's collection are blatantly obvious in their attempt to portray her race—

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the cookie jars with exaggerated features like coal-black skin and huge lips and noses.

There are Blacks playing banjos, dancing, boozing, stealing and eating watermelons, and extolling the virtues of soap so pure it can turn black skin white.

There is sheet music to a Civil War-period song titled *All Coons Look Alike to Me*, and *The Negro, a Beast*, a book published in 1900 by a religious printing house in St. Louis, that attempts to justify the then-widespread lynching of Blacks. Benign in intent, but patronizing in their effect, are such artifacts as the World War I recruitment poster showing, under an all-black troop of soldiers marching off to battle, the slogan, "The Colored Man is No Slacker." Or the cloth game similar to pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey in which the tail is actually a watermelon slice to the rear-end of a grinning Black man.

Ms. Kimbrough also owns prints from the Currier and Ives "Darktown Series," which shows Black people fumbling at a variety of activities like tennis and fox-hunting.

Humor was, and still is, used as a palatable way to convey racial stereotypes, she says. "When something is humorous you don't think, you immediately take in what is shown."

Starting out as a collector of African art, she bought her first piece of racist memorabilia, a postcard of a little Black girl being chastised by a group of white children, at a swap meet in Los Angeles in 1971. "There was no purpose initially. It was just a curiosity," she says.

The seeds of that curiosity had already been planted by an Aunt Jemima cookie jar she saw in her cousin Judy's home during a visit. "I said why do you have this thing in your kitchen?" It was 1971, a high point in the Black nationalist movement in America, "and it just seemed out of tone, out of kilter."

"She said 'Well, it's part of our history. This is what happened, this is reality. We lived through slavery and oppression too.' I just tucked it away in my mind."

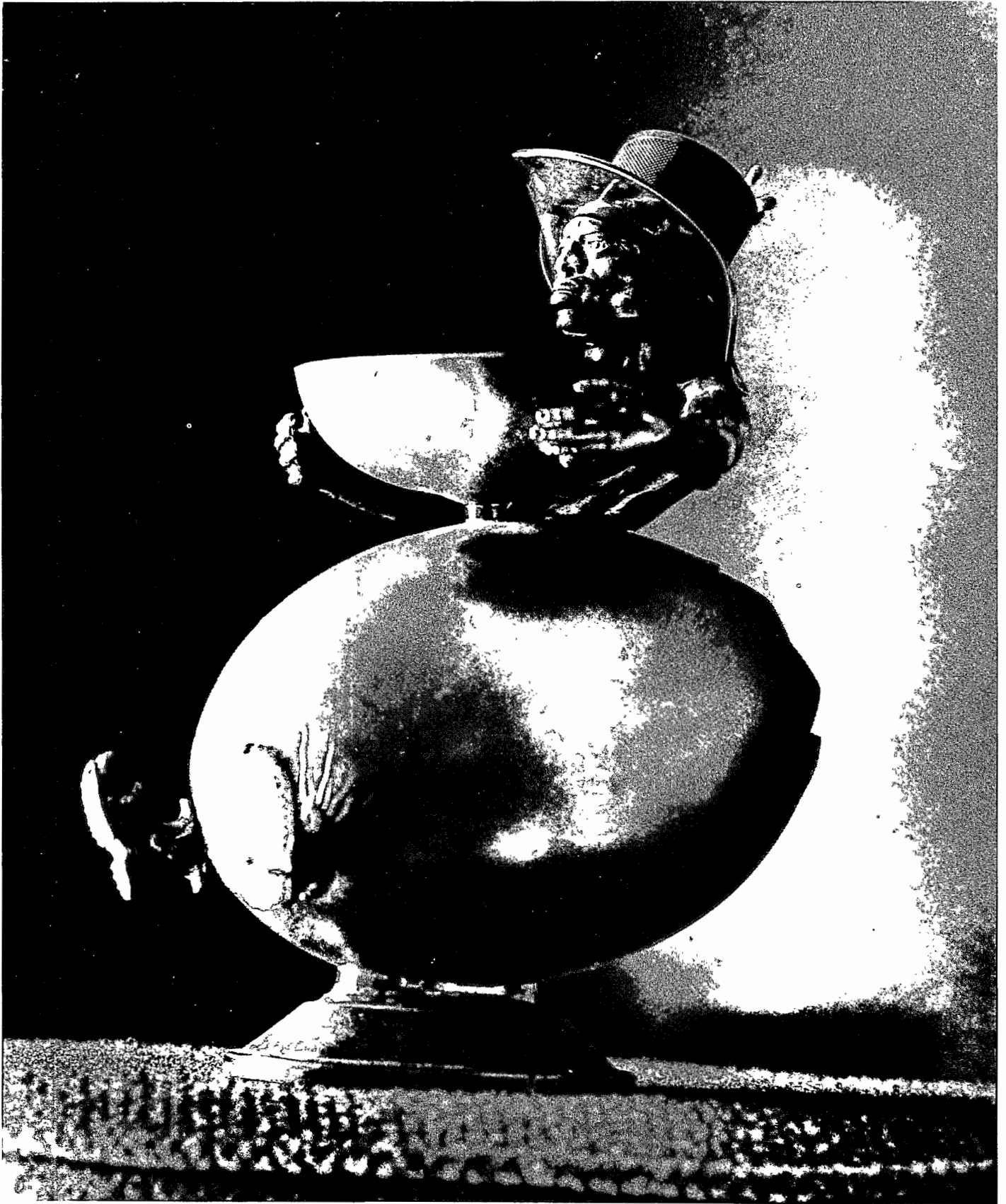
But a few months later, while searching for antique crystal, she came across the postcard and later, other items. She became a regular at swap meets, junk shops and antique shops.

And soon, almost without knowing it, "I was hooked."

Part of the attraction, she explains, was "antiquetitis," a collector's craze that runs in her family. Her sister has a similar collection one-third the size of hers, and their father, Jack Kimbrough of San Diego has a collection of early Negro fiction that is considered to be one of the best in the country. But the more she acquired, the more she began to see patterns emerging from what had at first appeared to be isolated pieces.

"It was like putting pieces of a puzzle together," she recalls. She found that there were distinct themes of racism centering around a variety of symbols used to stereotype Blacks. Cotton, watermelon and chicken, three commodities that helped blacks survive slavery, are only some of the symbols that appear frequently in the items in her collection.







There is also an abundance of mammies, cooks, butlers and porters, depicting Afro-Americans as eternal servants with a special aptitude for cooking and cleaning. And there is that poster of the late actress Hattie McDaniels tightening Scarlett O'Hara's corset strings in *Gone With the Wind*, and a similar strong, "sexless earth mother" image on an original Aunt Jemima pancake mix ad. The ad shows, Ms. Kimbrough says, how Aunt Jemima was "lightened up" and glamorized over the years to make her more acceptable to Black consumers.

"The sad thing about it, she states, "is that Black people have internalized the stereotypes, and it simply started from a very premeditated attempt to make Black people inferior."

As sad is that this has been going on for a long time, going back to the touring minstrel shows of the mid-to-late 1800's, which served to assuage the white population's guilt about treating Blacks as inferiors. "The minstrel shows demeaned the Negro," Ms. Kimbrough observes. "It was society's way of rationalizing slavery."

To a considerable extent, little has changed. Kimbrough agrees with Black psychiatrist Dr. Frances Cress Welsing that there is still in force a program of depicting Blacks as something else—with the media, notably television, sustaining the stereotyping.



(Several years ago there appeared a book—*Toms, Coons, Mulattos, Mammies and Bucks* by Donald Bogel—that argued convincingly that Blacks in films and on TV were invariably typecast in those five categories. More recently, an October 1979 study by the Annenberg School of Communications at the University of Pennsylvania concluded that Blacks and Hispanics are the "worst victims" of a programming philosophy that generally exhibits them as "powerless," playing—along with women—secondary roles.)

Ms. Kimbrough especially would like the message of her collection to reach young Black children, who, she says, continue to devour today's TV shows such as *Good Times* and *What's Happening* "like candy."

But for all of its educational value, her collection can be painful to older Blacks who view it. Many would probably prefer to forget the stereotypes they lived with for so long. "Our parents, most of them, could only be maids and janitors or Pullman porters, and it's very depressing to bring back memories like that," she says. "This sort of strikes at the chord of American life. Blacks and whites alike try to sweep it under the rug. They don't want to think about it or deal with it."

Ms. Kimbrough recalls her mother telling her how she hated having to use "Nigger in the Cane Field" syrup, an empty tin of which now goes for \$1,500 in collecting circles. The price of the can points to an interesting phenomenon—the growing number of people who are collecting objects similar to Ms. Kimbrough's, to the point that "most of the good stuff's been bought up," she says. Kimbrough personally knows "at least a dozen people" who collect similar "hate memorabilia," and not only of Blacks but also of Jews and other minorities. She has also heard of a store in New York City that seems to specialize in such objects.

After the Los Angeles *Times* wrote about Kimbrough and her collection last August, there was more than a flurry of interest in the collection—and in the collector. "People called and wrote, asking to see what I had. Some were writers hoping to use the collection for research. A number even offered to sell or swap artifacts"—including a white contractor who, learning of Kimbrough's plan to publish a book and then to house the collection in some museum, donated a tube of "Darkie Tooth Paste." Sold in the Orient, the tube shows a grinning black man in top hat—with teeth pearly white, "of course."

All told, 70 percent of the Kimbrough collection is made up of items "made in U.S.A.," the rest abroad in Germany, Great Britain and Japan.

Perhaps referring to the "Kimbrough Collection" sounds too grandiose: with the exception of a Topsy clock, the entire gathering is crammed into boxes and jammed onto shelves inside a tiny closet in the corner of her Baldwin Hills apartment.

"I keep it out of sight because, frankly, the objects give off negative vibes." ■

PRESSURE POINTS in GROWING UP INDIAN

by Shirley Hill Witt

It used to be so simple when the conventional wisdom spoke of "racial traits"—by saying, for example, that blacks have "natural rhythm," that Jews "know money," that Orientals are "inscrutable," or the American Indians are "stoic." But then came the social scientists, bending every effort toward disabusing us of such stereotyping claptrap, insisting that how we behave is pretty much the exclusive result of our training and our culture. And so the pendulum swung away from biological determinism in accounting for human behavior towards a strong bias favoring *cultural* determinism.

Now the pendulum moves again as the scientists look anew at certain categories of behavior, looking for possible biological bases without worrying about being branded "racist." One of them, psychologist Daniel G. Freedman, after studying the behavioral differences among babies of various racial groups, writes in *Human Behavior Magazine* that the differences are very real, and apparent as early as birth.

He may not be wrong. Consider the development cycle of American Indian babies as I, and others, have witnessed—a cycle that places an exorbitant burden on the psychological wellbeing of these children when confronting the postwar culture of Anglo America. For not only does the clash of culture (and perhaps of biology as well) inflict psychic pain at the instant; it also leaves them with open wounds they will be carrying the rest of their lives.

Let us begin with the beginning. From time before memory, Indian babies have been taught not to cry within days of their birth. If there was a hunt in progress, if there were hostile neighbors to avoid, or if the Seventh Cavalry was stalking, the cry of a baby could place the

survival of the group in jeopardy. Whether training babies not to cry was universal among Indian groups, or to what extent it is still practiced is unclear, but the method is simple enough: when the newborn begins to cry, place the hand over its nose. The mouth now must be used for breathing, not vocalizing. Take the hand away. If the baby cries again, repeat. The method teaches quickly. From now on, communication from the baby will be a small whimper, not the piercing wail we often hear today. This sounds like a simple trick, but is it really?

Freedman tested a group of racially-different babies for this "defense reaction" and found that while the Chinese and Navajo babies accepted the cloth pressed to their noses and lay back breathing through their mouths, Anglo and Black babies fought by swiping at it and struggling to get away. In another study, a group of Anglo mothers who wanted to raise their babies on Navajo cradleboards gave up in failure: apparently their babies howled so persistently that they were off the tightly-wrapped board in a matter of weeks. Just how scientifically valid these findings are remains to be seen. But if the inference is obvious, so are the long-term implications as those babies grow up.

Take the way American Indians live—in large family groups. This is a preferred living arrangement, not necessarily related to poverty. Thus, it is not unusual to find more than one child sleeping in a bed, a situation that was once common for all but wealthy American families. But times have changed, and an arbitrary ruling that the "proper" home has a bed for each child has been used in some instances, as a lever to pry Indian children out of their homes and communities.

Not long ago, Bernice Appleton, an officer of the Native American Children's Protective Council chartered in Michigan, protested against the restrictions of the Michigan state social service agencies which, she contended, were denying foster home status to Indian families

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because they could not provide a separate room or half a room per child, nor a service bed for each child. She reported that:

"These agencies are going into Indian homes and telling them their homes are unfit because they have two children, or three children, sleeping in one bed. . . . It isn't necessary for Indian children to have one bed apiece. I don't even think it's good for children to sleep apart. Our children learn sharing right from the start."

Such requirements can force the breakup of families in a culture in which, traditionally, there is no such thing as an orphan or an illegitimate child.

But in recent years, Indian children have become the prized booty of welfare, social service, and adoption agencies. A variety of church organizations covet these children for both adoption and foster child placement actions. The Church of Latter Day Saints (Mormons) is the most conspicuous child hunter, but few Christian organizations are innocent of taking part in the wholesale removal of Indian children. The prestigious New York-based Association on American Indian Affairs, in its 1977 study entitled *The Destruction of American Indian Families* reports that 25 to 35 percent of all Indian children are taken from their families and placed in foster homes, adoptive homes and institutions. And Ramona Bennett, former chair of the Puyallup Nation believes that as many as 40 percent of the Indian children in the state of Washington are removed from their homes and raised by Anglos, a situation which would never be tolerated by more powerful citizens in this country.

"One can link the junk foods donated by the government with the fact that Indian morbidity and mortality far exceeds that of any other group in the nation."

Rural poverty makes life difficult even in a supportive environment, and questions must be asked and answered about what we can expect by way of mental and physical growth where there is seldom electricity, plumbing, refrigeration, or stores. Accessible trading posts sell junk foods at exorbitant prices. The Federal Commodities Program donates food which produces nutritionally-absurd diets, despite every effort of their few hard-worked nutritionists. Obesity pervades the reservations, obesity wrought by a diet that is neither aboriginal nor modern. There is the old sad joke, "What is the Menominee word for 'food'?" Answer: "Com-mod-i-ties." This means flour, lard, peanut butter. Everything gets fried.* In Anadarko I saw that while butter was too expensive for the average Anglo citizen to buy, the Indians were deluged with it, courtesy of the Department of Agriculture. Pre-schoolers

* So tribally universal is the fry bread introduced by Europeans to the Native diet that it has become "traditional." Bumper stickers seen at the 1979 Crow Fair in Montana: "Fried Bread Power", and "Fried Bread: Breakfast of Champions."

as well as everyone else go on junk food binges when they get into town. Believing in the intimate linkage between diet and behavior, I have only the dreariest thoughts about the mental and physical health of our native peoples. Half of the story is self-evident: Indian morbidity and mortality far exceeds that of any other group in the nation. I would strongly recommend research on the relationship of diet to the status of Indian children's mental health and learning ability.

In the traditional Indian home, permissiveness characterizes the attitude toward the young, and they enjoy the warmth and support of males as well as females, and from persons of all ages. It is deemed a privilege to tend and play with children, and it is a rare moment if a child should find itself alone with just one adult. As soon as they can toddle, they become part of the larger group of household or neighborhood children, watched over by older siblings, cousins, or other members of the extended family, male and female. In the play group, one seldom sees the severe age grading and sex segregation that seems to distinguish Anglo play groups.

Competition within the large play group is easy or nonexistent. A baseball game can be a delight to watch, with changeable team membership, each child being allowed to swing at the ball as many times as it takes to hit it, or perhaps someone else pinch-hitting so that the child can run or be carried around the bases—sometimes in creative sequences. No one keeps score, any questionable hit is dismissed, and the game ends when it gets boring or something more important takes its place. From my admittedly-biased viewpoint, if Anglo children "acted like wild Indians," it might well be a decided improvement all around.

(I shall never forget my own culture shock when, after spending the summer with the Kiowa, Kiowa-Apache and Comanche people in Western Oklahoma, I briefly stopped off in Centerville, Iowa. From an environment where babies and children are quiet and contained while receiving continual but not animated attention from grown-ups, the Anglo children commandeered total adult attention by fabricating tears and incessantly interrupting grownup conversation.)

The topic of discipline in the home is also illuminating. Many traditional Native people believe that children are especially beloved by the spiritual powers since they have so recently come from mystery. Those same traditions hold that striking a child, punishing a child, or treating it without respect may cause it to return to the mystery from which it came. Those parents who may no longer share this mystic view tend nonetheless to perpetuate the behavior pattern which prohibits harsh mental and physical punishment of a child.

The recent laws passed in Sweden outlawing spanking makes perfect sense to the Indian, but based on the outpouring of reader mail to newspapers reporting this development, the move caused great perplexity and even anguish to the Anglo. At the same time, those Native



people who have been heavily indoctrinated by the Christian ethos tend to absorb the peculiar notion that "to spare the rod is to spoil the child." Film and television media also portray the beating of children by parents as normal and natural ("This hurts me more than it does you," and "I'm doing this for your own good," etc.).

Correction of Indian children is verbal and quiet, by shunning or ignoring the child who is not behaving. With older children, ridicule is used. Self-control is expected of the child as early in its growth as possible. Objects are removed from the reach of toddlers' hands, or the toddler is itself removed: one doesn't hear "don't do this" or "don't touch that" in traditional households.

The removal or distraction of a child from a situation where it cannot maintain control resembles in some respects the "time-out" procedures discussed in the behavior modification literature, the main difference being that the Indian child is usually not punished by isolation and sequestering. Self-control will come in its natural time for each person, and therefore punishment would be of no use, or so it is believed.

At home, children are not compared with and contrasted against one another. Manipulative ploys such as, "Johnny is a good boy. He eats up all his dinner (or keeps his room neat, or doesn't get messy). Why can't you be like Johnny?" simply is not part of the training repertoire. Nor is the inculcation of guilt part of it; instead, I believe that encouraging reciprocity and social responsibility serve to generate altruistic behavior for traditional American Indians.

Perhaps the keystone of Indian childrearing is the belief that each child is uniquely a person from its earliest moments and has a right to that separate personhood. It is often reported that school personnel are stunned when a parent explains away truancy by saying that the seven or eight-year old doesn't want to go to school anymore. The non-Indian administrators believe that the child *should* be made to attend by the parents. Indians tend to see this as unfair coercion: the child is not putty to be molded and manipulated into the desired shape. No matter what happens, it either will or will not become an authentic adult.

Until the school years, the children spend all of their time embedded in groups spanning all ages and both sexes. Older children tend younger children; the older children may be no more than six or seven when they begin leading the toddlers along in the play group. Such responsibilities encourage ties and dependencies between those of differing ages, and tend to prevent isolation, polarization and the discrimination that could develop against those outside one's age or sex category.

And then they go to school.

Probably the first clash is the language barrier. This may range from simple dialect or vocabulary differences to situations where the child has had no English introduction whatsoever. In recent years, emphasis has been placed more and more upon the use of programs





such as English as a second language (ESL) to help overcome these barriers. The Navajo Nation is in the forefront of this endeavor; other reservations where the need exists are less well funded and may be slower to accept such programs.

Behavioral traits may be the next to come into conflict. Indians as a rule do not engage in the level of eye contact that non-Indians do. As evidence of the Anglo propensity to hold eye contact, consider this observation: "one of the first things I learned while growing up in the south was 'never trust a man who won't look you in the eye.'" This was the late Martha Mitchell discussing Richard Milhous Nixon.

In the school setting, it is not unusual for the teacher to request that the child "look at me and speak up." At home, this would be disrespectful behavior toward an older person, particularly one in authority. The teacher may try to induce the children to compete with one another for the right answers and the quickest responses. This has often been met with absolutely no response at all, because the children do not want to humiliate those who do not have the expected response. Or, in some instances, all of the children will raise their hands simultaneously, after they have shared the answer around the room. This behavior precipitated an experiment by a Bureau of Indian Affairs teacher some years ago, as recounted by the late D'Arcy McNickel. The teacher attributed what he saw as a lack of competitiveness and spontaneity among Indian students to slow reaction formation. He would train them to speed up their reaction time. Out on the playground he tied a shoe to a length of rope and had the children make a circle. He planned to swing the rope around faster and faster, challenging them to jump and react quicker and quicker. He swung the rope,—and each child took one step backward. Would Anglo children have stepped backward, or jumped?

There can be many other strange things for our children to see and experience in school, not the least of which might be the cafeteria. The school feeding program will acquaint Indian children with foods they may never have seen before. One thing they will have to contend with immediately is the Anglo belief in the beneficence of a peculiar liquid called cow's milk.

"It may be that what is good for the Anglo body may not in fact be good for everyone else."

Very slowly we are beginning to understand that nutritional requirements mean different things to different racial, and possibly subracial, groups. Although what I have said may be shocking to the most democratic of us, it may be that what is good for the Anglo body may not in fact be good for everyone else. This may be another mindless prejudice yet to be purged: *nutritional ethnocentrism*. To put it another way, the consequences

of ethnocentrism may be more tenacious and deep-seated than we have thought. In the animal pens near Navajo hogans you can usually find the remains of milk products from the commodities program: butter, cheese, dried milk. From one tribe to the next, parents will report that "she (or she) won't drink that milk," to the double perplexity of the non-Indian inquisitor, i.e., that the child dislikes milk, and that the adults don't force children to drink it anyway "for their own good."

But as more and more investigations are reported, the fact is becoming incontrovertible that for many or most of the world's people, milk is not our most valuable food, or "nature's way," or so say the slogans of the milk industry. These studies indicate that most of us cannot drink milk after early childhood without suffering gastric upset, cramps, bloating, diarrhea and nausea. One report, *The Health Letter*, published in San Antonio, summarizes by saying that:

"... Most of the adults in the world have some degree of lactose (milk) intolerance, ... the major exceptions to this are the northern European and Scandinavian descendants. In the United States, over 34 million whites and 25 million blacks have lactose intolerance. Most of the nation's minority races have a high rate of lactose intolerance. The rate has been described as high as 90 percent of all adult blacks and 70 percent in a random sampling of the black population. The American Indians, Mexican Americans and other people not of northern European and Scandinavian extraction have lactose intolerance."

What bearing does this have upon Indian children? In schools across this nation, children are browbeaten into ingesting vast quantities of milk whether or not they have the genetic equipment to do so. In 1972, a study I conducted in one of the New Mexican pueblos showed that only one person out of a hundred over the age of six was able to tolerate lactose without strong digestive reactions. (Incidentally, the two-month study took place in the school cafeteria where ubiquitous posters proclaimed that milk was essential to good nutrition.)

The ability of Native children to tolerate milk fades after the age of three or so, and tends to pinch off entirely by eight or ten. It has often been reported that these children do extremely well in school until they reach third or fourth grade. Has anyone investigated any possible correlation between elevated milk intolerance and classroom performance over the K through 5 years? Might we not expect that a student fighting off gastric discomfort will not perform up to his or her full capacity? In short, it might be worth investigating the relationship between genetic endowment, diet and behavior. I suggest further that in her campaign against junk food in the school feeding programs, the Department of Agriculture's Carol Tucker Foreman may also wish to contemplate the possibility that contrasting nutritional requirements might exist between the various racial populations in this country.



No more than twenty years ago, the overwhelming majority of Indian children attended boarding schools operated either by the Federal Government or by a wide variety of churches. In recent years, the boarding school has steadily lost students and its central place in Indian education. Two prevailing currents have contributed to this: pressure by parents for local reservation facilities, and the steady growth of off-reservation populations using public schools

Yet the final stake has not yet been driven through the heart of the boarding schools, and children are still being removed from their homes for months—and even years, in some cases—into a situation of determined indoctrination and acculturation. Whether Church or Federal, the technique is regimentation and its goal assimilation. The most profound impact on the children is the enormous contrast that is drawn between their home lives and the promises of the school system. The children are encouraged to make comparisons, and come away troubled and shaken. Many experience a feeling of guilt for the first time in their lives and don't know how to deal with it. As time goes by, their ability to contrast the two worlds becomes more acute, and all the more poignant. Family and tribe lose out to the insistent noise of the Anglo world, its teachers, preachers, television, and

John Wayne movies. History is redesigned to show that "White is Right," that manifest destiny is inexorable.

Anglo religious teachers inform the children that the old ways are pagan and evil. The rich ceremonial lives of all the tribes and nations are cut off from them by distance and ceremonial calendar. Participating in obligatory rites for one's family and relatives is no longer possible. Ceremonies which mark the passage from childhood to adulthood are not performed. (It is not unusual to find middle aged Indians of either sex undergoing rituals for the first time which normally begin at puberty.)

To explain how imperative the Mormon Foster Child Placement Program is for the salvation of Indian children, Spencer W. Kimball, prophet and president of the Church of the Latter Day Saints, observed that:

"When you go down on the reservations and see these hundreds of thousands of Indians living in the dirt and without culture or refinement of any kind, you can hardly believe it. Then you see these boys and girls [placed in Mormon homes] playing the flute, the piano. All these things bring about a normal culture."

In the same Los Angeles *Times* interview, Kimball noted, "The children in the home placement program in Utah are often lighter (in skin color) than their brothers and sisters in the hogans on the reservations." You should know that the Mormon program has been exempted from the Indian child welfare bill now in Congress despite strong tribal protest.

"The recent phenomenon of child and wife abuse among Indians may be directly related to physical and mental punishment 'learned' at boarding schools."

Assuming penal as well as educational functions, the boarding schools have long held a notorious reputation for meting out physical and mental punishment. Yvonne Winde of Sisseton/Wahpeton suggests that the recent phenomenon of child and wife abuse among Indians may be directly related to learning these patterns from such schools. If it is true that those who have been abusers become themselves abusers, the pattern may be set in this way. There are in some places third and fourth generation boarding school graduates.

In face of such persistent pressure, how do the children fare? Some are resilient and resistant. Others retreat in shock. And still others become true converts to assimilation, like the Janissaries under the Turks.

Then there is that body of Indian students who live in a world where the force of native culture has become attenuated, that is to say, "off-res." Included here are some students who attended public and federal day schools on or near reservations and who are sometimes called the "border-town kids."

Surrounded on all sides by the insistency of Mainstream

America, Native people of all ages find it extraordinarily difficult to span two ways of life and still remain tranquil. There is the old Iroquois saying about how one cannot for long have one's feet placed in two canoes. To be able to operate effectively in both cultures with a certain level of authenticity in each has been called "controlled schizophrenia." Perhaps it is. In any event, it is difficult to maintain a satisfactory self-concept under these circumstances, and young people tend to worry a great deal about their authenticity. City youth yearn for "the old ways" or "going back to the res." And, indeed, there is much nomadism between city and reservation or home community. But to economically survive in today's world, most Indians must more or less permanently live away from the homelands of their cultures and dream of the day when they can retire to the reservation, if they have one. They will rarely say hello to other Indians unless formally introduced. Many major cities have Indian centers providing opportunities to meet, get news from home, and to participate in the stylized powwow culture that has been developing nationally during this century.

Yet many young Indians have been completely disenfranchised from their heritage. They have been severed from cultural roots either by the migrations of parents or grandparents who retained no ties, or by adoption or foster home placement. With the renaissance of Indian culture currently unfolding, these young Indians desperately seek their origins. Sometimes those origins are retrievable; sometimes they are not. Here are where stereotypes come into play: while non-Indians harbor unrelenting opinions about what Indians should look like and act like, Indians do, too. The more remote from the wellsprings of one's culture, the more susceptible are young Indians to "buy" the stereotypes, behaving and dressing in a fabricated stylized way. Matching the stylized behavior to the inner self is impossible, and the resultant stress for youth caught up in the syndrome is unyielding. A study made in Oklahoma indicated that while young males are committing suicide at an enormously accelerated rate, those who do so have been adjudged "more acculturated" than those with whom they were compared in the control group. Suicide as a mode of behavior is rarely found in native legend and the ethnographic literature. The current suicide rate is alarming, and the fact that it appears almost exclusively among teenaged males makes us pause and wonder why this should be.

In the final analysis, then, if growing up is never easy, growing up Indian in Anglo America today is doubly difficult. Yet we are duty-bound to confront and try to solve the unique problems that engulf Native children as they try to become resilient adults in a generally inhospitable American society.

Although I cannot presume to speak for all Indians, I believe that many of us are ready to help scientists and humanitarians with useful skills and insights. Are you ready to help? ■



TURFS IN TURMOIL

BOSTON'S TROUBLES GO BACK A LONG, LONG TIME

by Alan Lupo

"An event of fearful import as well as of the profoundest shame and humiliation. It has come upon us like the shock of the earthquake and has disclosed a state of society and public sentiment of which we believe no man was before aware."—1834 report on destruction of a convent by Protestant mobs in Massachusetts.

There is no way to pinpoint it, when the bigotry took seed, when the racism began, when the class warfare was declared. The beginnings are shrouded in the fog of ancient history of other nations, other tribes whose descendants now populate Boston's neighborhoods—those artificially etched pieces of turf laid out by long-dead Yankees to be defended unto death by the rest of us.

Boston has sparked potent ideas about independence and community; it has nurtured giants to proclaim those messages. No one with any sense of history could accuse this city of having failed to contribute to the progress of the republic. But the same city that ignited the fires of revolution and preached the gospel of abolition has also undermined the social contract and destroyed many of her people. Her latest chapter of intolerance has muted the cry for freedom of movement and liberty of thought that she has sounded throughout the world for 350 years. Whatever she has learned, Boston has not learned to live in peace. Boston suffers from self-inflicted wounds. She stabs herself repeatedly, as if she wants to die for the sins of America.

A statue of Mary Dyer sits on a pedestal in an obscure corner of the State House lawn watching the sporadic eruptions of intergroup violence that undermine the fragile foundation of peace and love that the grandchildren of Cork and San Juan, of Nova Scotia and Africa, of Abruzzi and Vilna try to build.

Such violence Mary Dyer may recognize, for if Boston is in any measure the Athens its literati labeled it a century ago, then this city's violence is the heel of an Athenian Achilles, and Mary Dyer was one of its early victims. In 1660, she and three other Quakers were hanged on the Common. She was, her statue says, a "witness for religious freedom." Her deeply cast eyes shame the viewer.

"Boston is neither more nor less bigoted or racist than Newark, Baltimore, New York or Los Angeles. However . . ."

That somebody was legally executed by a bigoted community 320 years ago is of little sustenance to those waiting in a hospital room for a black teenaged athlete, shot in the neck, to regain some movement in his body. Nor does it console the friends of white women whose cars were smashed by rock-throwing Blacks, a woman terrorized for driving through a black neighborhood.

It is important to remember the Mary Dyers of Boston and to remember what has happened to so many in this city who have been labeled "different" because of what they believe, what they say, how they look, or act or pray. To say only Boston is racist is to say nothing. If history is any guide, few pluralistic societies have been immune to intolerance or its consequences. In

this country, when Black youths take over downtown Detroit and scare everyone in sight, that's not just violence, that's racism. When the Klan and Nazis open fire in Greensboro, that is political oppression with overtones of racism. When Mexican-Americans fight Vietnamese refugees in the Southwest, the banners held aloft are not only of fear and poverty, but of racism.

Boston is neither more nor less bigoted or racist than Newark, Baltimore, New York, or Los Angeles, and none of them is more so than America's predominantly white suburbs. Boston, however, is different, sufficiently different so that violent racism here is more likely to prompt national, even international, attention than if the same violence were perpetrated in Cleveland.

What is different is the clash between the liberal aura surrounding the city and its inner reality. What is also different is that Boston, more than most American cities, has been in a financial depression for a century or more. This means that whites have less to lose than people elsewhere, and so, not surprisingly, a lot of them fight as if they had more to lose. As for Blacks, many have nothing to lose, and feel they might as well go for broke.

Woven through Boston's fabric of history is a thread of insecurity, of one crowd of threatened people putting down another. What makes Boston different, again, is that almost all of her neighborhoods still have what New York and Chicago and other cities used to have—a lot of tough, white kids and young adults with deep loyalties to a religion or a piece of turf, to a neighborhood and to one another.

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The city lives now, and has existed for some time, in the clutches of what is called in international politics a "balance of terror." The meaning of that term, a believable threat of mutual annihilation used as a deterrent, can be applied to domestic situations as well. In Boston, gangs—white, Black, Hispanic—have terrorized their own neighborhoods, both city and suburb. But they have been, in a limited and perverse way, the defenders of neighborhood cohesion and security, the last line of defense against the inroads of whatever feared group is living a few streets away. Their very existence constitutes Boston's "balance of terror." Diplomats, knowing the consequences of that phrase, have learned that it is not the easiest, most assured or moral way to keep the peace. Boston has not yet grasped that truth.

"We Bostonians possess a long memory, and our major avocation is getting even."

Long before anybody invented bus-ing, Boston's natives had invented riots, violence, bigotry, discrimination, racism. Much of Massachusetts is divided, as is its capital city, into fiefdoms, with armies loyal to the local dukes. And every family with a history of a generation or more in the densely populated clusters of the Commonwealth has its folklore or clans in battle. Some battles end in a generation; others seem to go on forever, and young men and women fight because it is expected that they do so. Long after the street fighting might end, the guerilla warfare goes on—in universities, corporate board rooms, union halls, city halls. Should a travel writer decide to reach beyond our historical landmarks to describe the people of Boston, he or she might well conclude we possess a long memory and that our major avocation is getting even.

The scars are deep and lasting. "Special attention," a study warns, "needs to be given in the schools to the promotion of tolerance among the diverse groups which comprise our . . . society. The spread of such outbreaks of racial persecution and conflict as has been notorious in Boston in recent months is both a social danger and an economic liability to a community."



Those words, so accurately describing the state of city in 1980, were written in 1944. The only difference, besides 36 years of time to ponder such wisdom, is that they were then addressed to a wave of violent anti-Semitism that had given Boston unwanted national attention. At stake, then, as always, was Boston's "good name." When the court-ordered buses finally began rolling in 1974, with television crews recording the angry outbursts that followed, there was much national debate over the city's good name.

But that there has been violence in Boston is not news. The real news, the welcome news, is that there has not been *more* of it, for the bigotry is as old as God's Holy Commonwealth.

The Puritans of Massachusetts persecuted others, as they themselves had been persecuted. Indians, Catholics, Jews, other Protestant denominations were but heathens. For an Episcopalian or Baptist to build a church was an act of courage, an assurance of conflict. When a congregation of Baptists dedicated a church in Boston 300 years

ago, the enlightened rulers of the Bay Colony nailed the doors shut and posted a warm-hearted little greeting:

"All persons are to take notice, that by order of the court, the doors of this house are shut up, and they are inhibited to hold any meeting . . . as they will answer the contrary at their peril."

Massachusetts became a closed shop. Who was going to object to this Puritanic Welcome Wagon? The American Civil Liberties Union hadn't been invented yet.

By the 1830s, Boston was a city, by statute and by behavior. To the outside world, Boston was a hub of commerce and of intellectual and artistic circles. To those who knew its streets, Boston was also one hell of a town for anyone desiring the company of drunken sailors, wharf rats, fun-loving teamsters, street musicians and prostitutes—most of them white Protestants.

They stopped brawling with one another only because there was a new kid on the block. He was known variously as an Irishman, Celt, papist,

harpie or Paddy. He was regarded as dirty, less than human, given to drink and violence and, worse of all, prone to procreating, bringing over his relatives and, as the century wore on, registering them to vote.

Protestant toughs hounded the Irish almost everywhere until the Irish simply overwhelmed them. The Irish had the numbers, and, being the most despised, they became the most reckless and feared fighters. If one draws an analogy with today's Black street fighters, one is getting the point precisely.

Yankee kids complained that Irish kids put stones in their snowballs. Irish kids complained that Italians didn't fight fair, because they used stilettos. And in one of the latest spates of racial violence in Boston, an Italian boy was knifed by a Black. Does anything really change?

The nativists, the Know-Nothings, the anti-papists and other crowds of bigots fought the Irish on religious, economic and political battlefields. Their very strange bedfellows were often the abolitionists, who made Boston a center of resistance to slavery and agitation for the rights of Blacks. To them, the Irish were pro-slavery. Some Irish newcomers did fear that newly freed Blacks would compete for what few jobs they were allowed. Neither for the first nor for the last time, economic and political forces of American society were placing two groups of oppressed people in confrontation.

In the middle of the Civil War, the Irish in Boston, as in New York, rioted against the draft. Yankee authorities responded with shot and shell, and the field tenements echoed with the keening for the dead and wounded. As the Irish later took local political power and street-gang power from the Yankees, they might have turned their attention sooner to the Blacks, but for two reasons. There were barely enough Blacks in Boston to compete for jobs. There were, instead, thousands of new immigrants.

From Russia and Italy, from Poland and Greece they came, one poet insisted, ". . . to desecrate Thy Sabbath and despoil Thy rich heritage purchased with so much Anglo-Saxon blood and treasure." Boston and the rest of America must be careful of hyphenated Americans, the nativists warned.

At best, the Yankee patronized the newest immigrants, if only to sway them from the Irish-controlled Democratic machines. And that attitude is still with us. An Italian-American politician, trying to raise campaign funds in the mid 1970s, approached an established Yankee and got \$25 and a piece of verbal inheritance: "I'm glad you're running, young man. You know, the Irish were never meant to rule." Long memories, scars, getting even.

The political maneuvering never, however, accomplished all the Yankees had wished. Successful Irish politicians extended the lunch bucket to Italians, Jews and others moving into their pre-

cincts. But this did not relieve the tension on the street, not when the new immigrants were physically pushing the Irish out of their old neighborhoods and jobs.

Blacks went unnoticed until the 1950s. Many of those Blacks already in Boston could trace their local roots further back than could their immigrant neighbors. When the Blacks had built up enough numbers to control a few precincts, they were gerrymandered into political obscurity. It was only in the 1950s, as the Black population swelled dramatically in the city's center and in the 1960s, as it spread its boundaries and flexed its muscle,

that Boston began noticing—and fearing—them.

Racist seeds had already been planted. Even ardent abolitionists had patronized the Blacks they agitated to free. As Harvard exercised quotas for Jews, it tried in the 1930s to bar Black students from the dorms. As controversy raged in the World War II years over anti-Semitism, a local NAACP leader complained of police brutality, discrimination against Blacks in the service clubs and public apathy toward doing anything about racism.

As with the Irish, indeed as with any group reaching for power, numbers make the difference, numbers more than the morality of an issue. Numbers create fear, momentum and voting power. With numbers, you can make noise. By the 1960s, the Blacks in Boston were doing just that. With white allies, they documented the horrors of Boston's slums, and less-patient Blacks took to the streets.

More Black faces appeared in City Hall, at bank teller cages, in secretarial pools and in graduate schools. What began happening was not overwhelming in the annals of human relations, but it was a beginning. At times the movement for understanding stumbled badly. But Black and white leaders within the city worked together against airport and highway expansion. Blacks and whites from city and suburb fought to integrate housing and schools.

It was too little and apparently too late. Much of the integration, as elsewhere in America, was taking place in wealthier or liberal circles; very little was filtering down to the poorest, toughest and most insecure neighborhoods. As a federal court began its inevitable march toward finding that Boston's schools were segregated *de facto* and *de jure*, the tension increased.

The fear-mongers closed their eyes to reality, swore busing wouldn't happen, and their constituents, already overpowered by so much else in life that they could no control, believed. And so, after the initial anti-busing outbursts in 1974 and 1975, it seemed that courageous and caring parents might endure, that after centuries the devil of bigotry could be exorcised in the most appropriate place, the public schools.

Racism and the Social Engineers

Nothing seems to please Bostonians more than an opportunity to proclaim eagerly a flaw in their metropolitan make-up, and to subject themselves happily to public self-flagellation on the matter. Mention the city's bad drivers and these Bostonians will make it a point of seeming civic pride to tell you *how* bad the drivers *really* are. Locals pack Fenway Park to watch a ball team they cannot wait to describe to you as a bunch of overpaid choke artists. They elect Kevin White, then proclaim him "the crookedest mayor in the country."

And then there is the matter of race relations. It's not enough that Boston, like any other major American city, has its racial problems—no. Boston must be nothing less than "the most racist city in America." In truth, it is not even close.

A racist city is a city where the social, cultural, and political patterns—where you go, what you do, whom you see—are determined in large part, often exclusively, by considerations of race. By these standards, Chicago and Washington, the two other cities where I've lived, are distinctly and inescapably racist cities. Boston—though it has its share of bigots, haters, screamers, and night-scared fear merchants—pales by comparison.

No, what *is* victimizing Boston is not the racial prejudice of its people, but unique divisions of the city's economic and ethnic groups. Boston society is divided into three major classes: well-off white professionals, the Irish, the others. And, as a significant percentage of the last two make up the city's economic underclass, they are frequently found attacking each other. A friend of mine lives in Charlestown near where Darryl Williams was shot, and as he said after that tragic event: "It wasn't white kids shooting at a Black kid. It was residents of one project shooting at a resident of another project."

There you have it: *the project*. Boston's class distinction, ethnic divisions—and racial prejudices—have been exacerbated by projects, busing, destroyed neighborhoods, and wrecked families. This is the meanest sort of manipulation and the social engineers who contemptuously rearrange others' lives must now share the brunt of the burden of the shootings and the stabbings and the fights.

If Boston deserves any paramount designation in the country in these times, it is not that of "most racist." It is that of the American city where those with the least to lose attempt to manipulate the lives of those with the most to lose.

—Terry Catchpole
Boston Magazine
December, 1979



Busing alone, however, solved little. A predominantly patronage-ridden, bureaucratic and unimaginative school system was properly shaken up. But white flight from the schools insured that Boston's school population would become predominantly Black and Hispanic. Just as parent councils began working with local school administrators, as a decreasing school population gave some classroom teachers breathing space to actually teach, the city was faced with another order; it now had to close and consolidate schools.

In the midst of what appeared to be peace, but was only a fragile truce, kids threw food at one another in a cafeteria, others stoned buses, a youngster was shot, crowds of one race attacked individuals or clusters of another. We forget the persistence of our legacy of bigotry. We forget that even during those seemingly peaceful interludes, there had been a seething beneath the surface.

"We are fighting out of poverty or the memory of it . . . fighting the battles of our own grandfathers and those of other grandfathers who cared not to know us."

We brought our own brands of prejudice across the sea to this city, and such ignorance was nourished here by the home-grown bigotry of America. Boston has bred angry people who look to the future and see only what they've known of a conflicted past. We are yet fighting the battles of our own grandfathers and the battles of other grandfathers who cared not to know us. We are fighting out of momentum, out of fear and shared ignorance. We are fighting, some of us, out of poverty or the memory of it, fighting to stay out of a poverty worse than we have known.

For decades, those of us who have needed peace the most have practiced war on ourselves in the name of survival. Some call it racism, others call it bigotry. It is both, and yet it is more. It is collective suicide. ■





The Ties *choke* That Bind

by Joe Brancatelli

From this exact instant until the moment you finish this article, let's you and I talk real world. Forget we're both here to consider the weighty matters of civil rights, civil liberties and civil whatever-anybody-can-think-of-next. Forget you're supposed to be some vitally concerned American citizen who worries a lot about the state of society. Forget I'm an equally vitally concerned American journalist commenting on that same sorry state of society.

Forget, if you can, that my last name ends in a vowel.

Let's just you and me talk real world, okay? About what is and what isn't.

Like all of a sudden, everyone I know who's not Black, Hispanic or descended from the Powhattan, turning out to be a white ethnic American. A white ethnic *hyphenated* American. You know: Italian-American, Polish-American, Irish-American, Serbo-Croatian, Greek-American, that sort of thing. It's the "in" thing to be hyphenated; inner, still, to be downtrodden *and* hyphenated.

I happen to be neither. Or at least I didn't think I was until this friend of mine, who works on this magazine, and who knows me as an eccentric reporter who just happens

to have thought once or twice about what its like being an American kid of Italian extraction in the *real* world, buys me lunch. In a Chinese restaurant, no less.

He's fired up by this white ethnic American fervor. He's convinced we hyphenated, downtrodden Italian-Americans have all sorts of problems that have been suppressed all these years, that need "airing."

He wants me to write how I can't get into medical school because I'm Italian. He wants me to write how everybody discriminates against me because they think I'm in the Mafia. He wants me to write how society has wronged me for no other reason than my Italian origins and my funny name that ends in a vowel. He wants me to write how I'll never become a justice of the Supreme Court just because I eat a lot of macaroni.

I tell him I don't buy any of that stuff, although I think I phrase it a little less delicately.

I tell him the only reason why Italian-Americans aren't more visible in mainstream society is because they have never wanted to *be* in the mainstream. I tell him Italian-Americans don't become doctors or lawyers or businessmen or journalists—or civil-right experts—because

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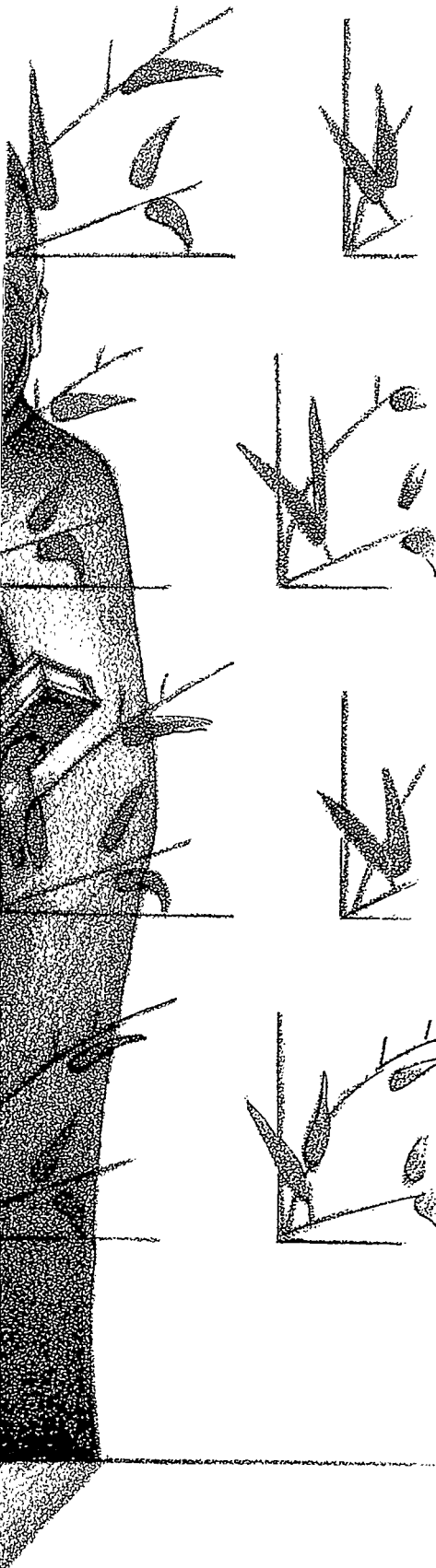
they don't want to be any of those things. Ever since Italians started coming to America, I tell him, all they've ever cared about are their family and their church and their little house and their little neighborhood and themselves. I tell him Italians are just that way.

I tell him Italians stick to themselves because they really think they're better than everybody else. I tell him Italians don't even like other Italians. I tell him Italians only hang around with other Italians because they think it's better than hanging around with Jews or Blacks or Puerto Ricans. I tell him I don't even know what an Italian-American is and never heard anyone claim to be "Italian-American," let alone feel very Italian-American or care about Italian-Americans or believe that downtrodden white ethnic minority garbage.

But most of all, I tell my friend, Italians have never been judges or lawyers or politicians or "mainstream" Americans because they have made a conscious effort *not* to fit in. They stick to themselves, build their lives around "the family," eat their pasta on Wednesday and Sunday and raise their kids to be the same way. It's been that way for generations. Family first, last and only and to hell with America and American ways.

Well, my friend thinks my theories are great. Jenò Paulucci, a self-made American multi-millionaire of Italian extraction, has been going around making speeches about how he and the rest of the Italian-Americans are being discriminated against (see sidebar, page 42). My friend wants me to write the quintessential article attacking Paulucci's concept. He wants an unassailable piece of ponderous journalism showing how Italian-Americans *haven't* assimilated into the non-existent American Melting Pot because they can't cut loose their traditional emphasis on home, family and, above all, respect for the traditions of home and family. For all the world to see, he tells me, explain why this Italian-American doesn't need a civil-rights law, doesn't need an affirmative-action program and doesn't need all the other real or imagined spiffs that come with being a member of a newly





discovered downtrodden white ethnic minority in 1980 America.

So I try to write this masterpiece, this social magnum opus on the peculiarly Italian ties that bind the best and the worst of each new generation to the last. I try to explain it in all the accepted—and ponderous—ways.

I interview all the professors who are starting all the Italian-American study programs. I talk to all the professional civil-rights groupies. I interview all the so-called Italian-American leaders who all seem to be running for office or pushing a slick new product or trying to rip off some federal funding program somewhere. I talk to all the successful Italian business people and lawmakers and scholars. I even talk to the Mafia.

And do you know what I got after all that talking, all that interviewing and all that writing? I got exactly the kind of story that people like Michael Novak or Geno Baroni would like to see in print.

I get this story that starts: “Young Italian-Americans, hoping to break the traditional Italian ties that bind, exist in a curious netherworld, caught between an unfamiliar Anglo-Saxon Protestant Society and an increasingly uncomfortable ‘Old World Society’ based on archaic, almost medieval, values.”

The professors say Italian-Americans have never assimilated because their rich cultural and gastronomic past offers a more comfortable alternative to Americanization. A priest says the Catholic Church has delayed the assimilation of Italian-Americans. This historian says historical patterns form an impenetrable barrier. The Mafia blames the FBI and the Justice Department.

The story steals quotes from Richard Price’s novel, *Bloodbrothers* (Italian boy runs away from the blue-collar family to start his own white-collar life, but comes back home for the sake of tradition), steals from Albert Innaurato’s play, *Gemini* (Italian boy is caught between typical South Philadelphia family and his new-found Harvard friends), and even steals from *Saturday Night Fever* (Italian boy gives up the dream of breaking away to be young, stupid and live

in Brooklyn).

I even steal from Shakespeare. You know, “The fault, dear Brutus, lies not in our stars, but in ourselves.”

Lucky for us all, however, I don’t give my friend the story. I don’t give him the story because, down deep, in my heart, I know it’s all garbage.

Down deep, from the heart, I know it’s garbage because it’s too pat, too simple and, in the long run, a ponderous lie.

I know, down deep, everything you need to know about Italian-Americans and their failure to assimilate can be explained by one simple story. By the rather painful Brancatelli good son/bad son story.

This is 1965 in the catering hall of Fra-Mar, a better-than-you-might expect neighborhood Italian restaurant in Brooklyn. The flocked wallpaper is red, the wine is red, the sauce is red, everybody in the place is named Brancatelli or DiBella or Sirna or Summa, and everybody is talking with their hands and eating at the same time. In other words, it’s a typical Italian family party.

My grandfather, Angelo, the family patriarch, is springing for his own 70th birthday dinner. He is also providing the entertainment. After the stories about Italy and Mussolini and the trip to America and his run-in with the Mafia in Cleveland, Angelo wipes his wire-rim glasses and talks about his son, my father, Joseph Frank.

“I want to thank my son Joseph because, without him, I’d never be alive today,” he says with an accent I would never attempt to translate into written words.

“My son Joseph is a good son, he’s a good boy,” he says. “You all know my son Joseph. He’s a smart boy. He went to war (World War II), he went to college (Fordham), he went to law school (St. John’s) and he became a lawyer (a promising third-year associate with Cravath, Swaine and Moore, the prestigious Wall Street firm.)”

“But,” Angelo says with a sudden turn toward solemnity, “when I got sick and had my heart attack in 1953, my son took care of me for a month. And when I got better, I went back to the shoe-repair shop and he looked at me and said, ‘Thank God.’”

“But when I told him, ‘Joey, I

need you to work with me in the store. Stop being a lawyer, the family needs you to work in the store,' my son came. He never went back to being a lawyer. And I say 'Thank God' every night for a good son like Joey."

And everybody in Fra-Mar cheers. Angelo, who at 70 can still run three miles every day and drink two bottles of wine with dinner, has a good son who gave up his legal career for his sick father and the family business.

Now this is 1971 in a pre-fabricated bedroom of 2016 East 23rd Street, a sadder-than-it-had-to-be house in Brooklyn. The room is small, the typewriter is clacking away, the clock is ticking past 4 a.m., everybody in the argument is named Brancatelli and everybody is talking with their hands and leading with their hearts. In other words, it's a typical Italian family confrontation.

My father, Joseph Frank, is trying to talk over the noise of the typewriter. He and my mother have just returned from an overnight trip to Cleveland, where my grandfather was buried in 1970. After talking about the grave and the relatives, he pulls the plug on the typewriter and talks about his son, me, Joseph Angelo.

"I don't understand you, Joey," he says. "This was your grandfather, he loved you. You should have come."

"Hey, Dad, I wanted to, honest, but I had to finish this story for my journalism class. It's due tomorrow and if I get an 'A', I win the internship at United Press International."

"What's the big deal, you act like this is important. So what's the big-shot writer going to do, write poems on the shoe boxes?"

"Come on, lay off," I say. "You know I'm going to be a reporter. I gotta do this stuff."

"Every night, every night, you bang away on that thing, you write those stories. You can't be a writer. You're a Brancatelli, you sell shoes."

"Dad, stop it, I'm gonna be a reporter. Leave me alone, willya!"

"Joey, son, I'm getting old. I'm 45. I built up grandpa's business for you. Hey, we sell shoes now. We don't fix them anymore. It's all for you. What am I going to do, leave the store to your sister Roseanne?"

"You're not old," I say. "Besides, I always wanted to be a writer. You

know that. You *promised*. You told me if I worked in the store on Saturdays I could go to school and take the scholarship and be a reporter. You *promised*."

"Joey," he says, "you're my son. You're a good boy, a good son. The business is for you. Grandpa wanted it for you, you know that. Be my son, Joey."

"Stop screaming," I say, not realizing I am screaming, too. "I just want to be what I want to be. Does that make me a bad son?"

"Yes," my father says with a sudden burst of solemnity. "It makes you a bad son. What kind of Italian are you? Where is your respect? What about your mother and your sisters? What about your family?"

And everybody in that little pre-fab bedroom cries. Joseph Frank, my father, the good son who wordlessly gave up his law career for a shoe-repair shop, has a bad son who will walk out on the family.

And that, my friends, is the way it is when you're Italian in America. Be

Jeno Paulucci is "Mad as hell and isn't

Each and everyone of us has a right to be proud of our heritage, and to do something about it. And I'm no exception.

Where else but in America could a 30-year old Italian-American by the name of Luigino Francisco Paulucci, the son of immigrants, borrow \$2,500 and go into the Chinese food business in the Scandinavian country of northeastern Minnesota, can chow mein and chop suey practically in the shadow of the iron ore dumps and 19 years later sell that business for \$63 million cash to a tobacco firm—and I don't even smoke?

And then, after being board chairman and becoming bored, start all over again by going into the frozen pizza business where my mother said I should have been in the first place—and in seven years becoming the world's number one frozen pizza maker?

I ask you, isn't that a testimonial to America? To the great opportunity that's available to all of us Italian-Americans?

Yes, but. We Italian-Americans have to work harder. Because in my heart and soul, I don't believe that the Italian-American community, which since our great nation's founding has contributed greatly to its growth and progress, has yet received its just respect, recognition and rewards for its many accomplishments.

Sure, today we have an Italian-American in the Cabinet—Attorney-General Benjamin Civiletti. But let us remember that over the past 204 years we have had only three others in the Cabinet: two in HEW—Joe Califano under President Carter and Anthony J. Celebrezze under President Johnson—and one in Transportation, former Ambassador to Italy John Volpe in the Nixon Administration.

We now have an Italian-American as head of an Ivy League college—A. Bart Giamatti of Yale—and another, Lee Iacocca, the top man at Chrysler. But how many others can you name in similar positions of power and influence? The few who got there did so by scratching their way up, but in my judgment there are millions and millions of other Italian-Americans who have worked equally hard, who have contributed in their own way to making this country great, but who have not been recognized as they should have been—and who never will be because of the way they spell or pronounce their names.

I believe we have been discriminated against, and have been left out of the top fabric of America. And like the "hero" of the film *Network*, I say to you that 'I'm mad as hell and I'm not gonna take it any more!'

a good son. Be a good wife. Stick to the family. Only the family counts. Go out, get a job with the family, live with the family, do for the family. In the end, the Italians will say, all you've got in the world is your family. Forget everybody else.

About this time in every article in the Civil Rights Quarterly there is some appropriately scholarly bit of conclusion and some pie-in-the-sky tripe about how to make things better and more civil and more just.

But I don't have any choice bit of

academic wisdom to offer here. I don't really know how or why this good son/bad son syndrome started up with Italians. All I know is that it happens all the time to all the families. Most sons go the good son route and that's why we don't—they don't—assimilate.

I even talked to my father about all of this the other day because he's a smart guy and he's surprisingly insightful and we've been getting along like father and son—a real father and son—for several years now.

We talked for hours about being

Italian in America and his decision and my decision. We talked in a sparsely furnished room at 2016. My family calls the room "The Empty Room." It used to be my room. My two sisters still live at home, but they share a bedroom. Nobody gets my old bedroom at 2016. That room used to be Joey's room; now it's The Empty Room. Maybe that explains something because my father, for all his trying, had nothing to offer.

"I was a good son," he says today. "My father said stay with the family. He said he needed me. I never really thought about it. It's just what you do—just what I did, I guess. Maybe we're all part of that . . . what do you call it. . . ."

"The good-son syndrome?"

"Yeah, yeah, that's it," my father says. Italians teach their boys to be good sons. They teach their girls to be good wives. And the family. I don't know, that's just the way it was, you know. It's still like that, you know."

These days, my father tells me, I'm a pretty good son as bad sons go.

I guess I am. I moved back to the old neighborhood a few years ago and I live exactly six blocks from 2016 and exactly six blocks from my grandpa Angelo's old house. I come to Sunday dinner and sit for hours with the relatives, even if I have something important to do. When my writing schedule allows, I fill in a couple of hours on a Saturday in the shoe store. I hosted the Brancatelli family engagement party when my sister Roseanne finally decided to marry the Irish guy she's been dating.

My closest friends, it turns out, are still my childhood Italian cronies, all of them good sons: James, who went to college, got a Masters degree and his teaching license and then went into the family storm-door manufacturing business; Kevin, who went to college, made the Dean's List, but then dropped out to work for his father's private sanitation company; and even Stephen, who dared move from Brooklyn to California only to meet and marry a native Italian and move to Genoa last year.

After everything, it seems, the ties still bind, even for bad sons like me, even for those of us who tried to, assimilate. ■

gonna take it anymore"

by Jenò Paulucci

Look at the church—*our* church. We Italian-Americans comprise 20 to 25 percent of its members. And yet, of the 345 bishops, only 16 are Italian-Americans. Do you think that's right?

And can you name me one—just one—Associate Justice of Italian-American extraction who has served on the U.S. Supreme Court over the past 200 years? Would you believe that today, of the 500 names under consideration for 145 federal judgeships, the White House could only come up with four Italian-Americans?

Defamation is becoming institutionalized. Last year, a high official at HUD had the audacity to suggest, publicly, that a certain Italian-American applying for an urban renewal check should get an FBI check! We raised such hell that Mrs. (Patricia) Harris, [then] Secretary of HUD, made a formal apology to the Italian-American community. We have yet to hear that the Justice Department will disavow its long-standing contention that organized crime in the U.S. is controlled by—guess who? And when will the media—television—stop depicting Italian-Americans as ignorant brutes, criminals one and all?

Because my parents came from the sulphur mines of Central Italy, when I grew up in northern Minnesota I suffered enough discrimination. I was called a dirty Dago and Wop. In those days, such ignorance was understandable. But not today. Instead of calling us names, they refuse us the respect and recognition that we have earned many times over. My grandchildren deserve better.

All of which explains the founding of the National Italian-American Foundation by myself and others who have risen above the "norm." And why the Paulucci family has invested large sums in starting a magazine we call *Attenzione*—"attention." I want Italian-Americans to pay attention, to address themselves to all those subjects we've always been afraid to talk about before—like this one. We already have over 100,000 subscribers and we're aiming for an eventual five million. We think that's possible: our computer in Duluth already has over a million Italian-American households on tape, according to address and zip-code. The implication is obvious: we now have letter-power, and don't think we won't use it to get what we want and deserve—*recognition, respect and rewards*.

A native of Hibbing, Minnesota, 62-year old Jenò F. Paulucci was a food salesman when, in 1947, he took an old rutabaga cannery in nearby Grand Rapids and converted it into a hydroponic garden for growing beansprouts. Eventually, he went into canning chow mein and chop suey, moving the works into a huge Duluth factory and ending up with the world's biggest packer of Chinese foods—the Chung King Corporation. Acquired in 1966 by R. J. Reynolds, he became board chairman of Reynolds Foods (Hawaiian Punch, My-T-Fine puddings, Vermont Maid maple syrup, etc.). In 1972 he quit to form, with his son, Jenò's, Inc.

In Review

THE CIVIL RIGHTS STRUGGLE: Leaders In Profile, by John D'Emilio, 191 pp., New York: Facts on File Inc., \$22.50

A slim but highly-useful addition to anyone's reference library, this hard-bound book profiles 83 men and women in the vanguard of the civil rights struggle since 1945—on both sides of the ramparts. All the important heroes are here, from Abernathy, Ralph (D)avid, to Young, Whitney (M)ooore, as are the villains, such as Ross Barnett, Theodore Bilbo, Jim Clark, T. Eugene Connor, et. al. Conspicuously missing are the presidents (Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon, Ford, Carter), the almost-presidents (Humphrey, Robert Kennedy) and others whose careers were not necessary central to the struggle. (They will be found in Facts-on-File's previously published political profile studies—five all told—from which this book is obviously a spin-off.) The biographies are preceded by a tightly-written 20-page introductory overview, and followed by both a bibliography of written works on the civil rights movement and a chronology of important events. Why the chronology ends in 1977 when the biographies extend to the death, in May 1979, of A. Philip Randolph, may be the book's only shortcoming.

THE "AVERAGE AMERICAN" BOOK: What The Latest Surveys, Polls & Lifestyle Studies Tell Us About the Not Very Average American People by Barry Tarshis, 377 pp.: New York: Atheneum/Scribner's, \$12.95

This being a presidential election year, we will once again be told what the "average American" thinks of the candidates. And who is this person? Compiler Barry Tarshis, a freelance writer who claims to be one of 11.5% of the population who is between 35 and 44, of the 71% of American men who is married, and whose household is one of the 10% with at least one dog and one cat, suggests it doesn't much

matter. "Strictly speaking, the 'average American' is a 29-year old hermaphrodite who stands about 5'4", weighs about 150 lbs., earns close to \$17,000 a year and eats hamburger three times a week . . . is married (though not as likely to stay married as in the past), had 1.4 children and watches television about 2.5 hours a day." As this reviewer doesn't know anyone fitting that description, it may be assumed that the only common denominator that binds the electorate is its infinite variety. Depending on what poll or survey one believes—and as gag-writer Goodman Ace once observed, "in America, everyone believes in polls, from the farmer in the field all the way up to President Thomas E. Dewey"—the portrait of the "Average American" that emerges from this book should give all the political candidates pause. Civil rights activists will find of particular interest a 40-page section dealing with "Our General Attitudes" (about such issues as women's rights, crime, education, government and the Black viewpoint—the latter divided into Blacks who maintain at least moderate faith in the American system and those who view the plight of Black Americans with despair).

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE: The Autobiography of Paul O'Dwyer, 302 pp., New York: Simon & Schuster, \$10.95

In November 1979, civil rights lawyer Bill Kunstler dropped in on the Iranian Embassy in Washington to discuss some legal ramifications growing out of the seizure of the 50 American hostages in Tehran. The Charge d'Affaires happened to spot the book Kunstler had in his briefcase—"Counsel for the Defense"—and, pointing to the white-maned, bush-browed author's picture on the cover, wondered aloud if he would have "the guts" to represent the Islamic Republic in its case against the deposed Shah. "Just ask him," Kunstler said. The Khomeini people

did, and within three days, Paul O'Dwyer took on another "lost cause".

Actually, most of the cases O'Dwyer has taken on during the years—from seeking recognition for "little labor" in the 1930's, defending blacklisted artists and writers in the 1940s and 50's, campaigning for voting rights in the Deep South in the 1960's to defending anti-Vietnam war protesters in the 1970's—turn out to be any thing but lost. At the time he argued for them, and fought for them, they must have struck a lot of people as quixotic, even forlorn. But even his enemies will grant, never pointless. In hindsight, even his momentary lapses of good judgment—championing the Irgun Zvai Le'umi of Menachem Begin in the 1940's, the Irish Provisionalists in the 1960's and 70's, and now, the Ayatollah's "students"—turn out to be not so terrible, after all. Not when viewed in context with his real achievement, as a freedom fighter *nonpareil*. The trouble with Paul O'Dwyer—one which his own memoirs make quite clear—is that he marches slightly to the left, always to the sound of different drummers. What is most endearing about this splendid little book is its lack of *apologia*.

EDUCATING ALL OUR CHILDREN: An Imperative for Democracy, by Doxey A. Wilkerson, 173 pp., Westport, CT: Mediac, \$12.95

A valuable and frightening mirror of the turmoil that permeates the educational establishment today, this anthology of essays by eight prominent educators and sociologists looks at society's failure to deal with the needs of the "children of the poor." Taken as a whole, the book is a major policy statement calling for sweeping and fundamental reform of our schools. While each contributor seems to disagree with the next one—offering their own specializations, approaches and theories, to say nothing of jargon—they suggest *in toto* that "back-to-

In Review

basics" for all its sincerity is anti-democratic. It will perpetuate and even worsen an elite system that selects a few children for advancement while increasing and further alienating the vast numbers of disadvantaged children. It will do so because its advocates maintain not all children have the potential to learn. This, the contributors agree, is nonsense. What is good for children is good for poor children as it is for rich children. Consider the letter from a Native American mother, asking an educator: "Can you help him acquire the intellectual skills he needs without at the same time imposing your values on top of those he already has?"

Wilkerson, emeritus professor of education at Yeshiva University and a respected Black scholar with impeccable credentials, has assembled a high-powered group of theoreticians including sociologist James S. Coleman of the U. of Massachusetts. The only irrelevancy seems to be the forward by Vice President Walter F. Mondale—but if this helps bring the book to the attention of the Educational Establishment, why cavil?

THE FREDERICK DOUGLASS PAPERS Series One: Speeches, Debates & Interviews, Vol. 1: 1841-46, ed. John W. Blassingame, New Haven: Yale University Press, \$35.00

Ex-Slave, abolitionist and orator, Frederick Douglass (1817-95) had a profound influence on this century's civil rights movement. A mulatto, he was born Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey to a Negro slave of exceptional intelligence and an unknown white man. He became indentured at age eight, and at 21 broke free, escaping by rail to New York City, masquerading as a sailor. Having been apprenticed as a ship caulker, he moved to and settled in New Bedford, Mass. In 1841, he joined the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, became an ardent abolitionist (though disapproving of John Brown's

attack on Harper's Ferry) and became one of the most sought-after lecturers of the Movement. An early advocate of using Negro troops in the Union Army, he ultimately came under the sponsorship of President U.S. Grant, rose to spend his twilight years as U.S. Minister and Consul General in Haiti.

While he himself told his story twice—*Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, an American Slave* (1845) and *The Life & Times of Frederick Douglass* (1882)—this anthology is the first in a long-awaited series by the noted black historian John W. Blassingame. He has undertaken a monumental task to locate and record Douglass' papers and speeches, many of them heretofore unpublished and available only in British newspaper files of 1845-47, when he hid himself abroad to escape recapture.

The speeches and the papers have been verified in multiple sources for "completeness, accuracy, and historical significance". Headnotes provides the date, the source, and a summary of circumstances surrounding each presentation. Footnotes, often extensive, provide clarifying information. A listing of the speeches by title and by date as well as a reconstructed itinerary and a subject index help to locate them. Particularly helpful is Blassingame's introduction placing Douglass in historical context and his clear delineation of editorial method. He relates the criticism that Douglass faced from Blacks and whites. Through the speeches themselves it becomes evident how Douglass could stir his audiences and Blassingame's inclusion of the standards of excellence that are present in this first volume of a proposed fourteen volume set prevail, it will be part of the most complete and comprehensive edition of Frederick Douglass' papers.

AMERICA REVISED: History Schoolbooks in the 20th Century, by Frances FitzGerald, 240 pp., Boston: Atlantic-Little, Brown & Co., \$9.95

"If the texts were really to consider American history from the perspective of the American Indians, they would have to conclude that the continent had passed through almost five hundred years of unmitigated disaster, beginning with the epidemics spread by the Europeans and continuing on most fronts today . . . Add to this . . . the Chicano, Asian-American, African-American, Puerto Rican and women's perspective on events [and] American history becomes unbelievably complicated—as does the whole issue of what constitutes balance and fairness. . . . The message of the texts would be that Americans have no common history, no common culture, and no common values, and that membership in a racial or cultural group constitutes the most fundamental experience of each individual. The message would be that the center cannot, and should not hold."—*America Revised*

An indignant and often incisive book by the Pulitzer Prize-winning author of *Fire in the Lake* (perhaps the most definitive work on the origins of the Vietnam war), *America Revised* takes dead-aim at U.S. textbook publishers and their pedagogical patrons for depriving million of elementary and secondary school children of their birthright. Herself the product of textbooks that depicted American history as the culmination of "democracy, freedom and technological progress," FitzGerald suggests that both the Vietnam War and the violent Sixties came about because those texts convinced us of our ability to influence events. Today, things are even worse. Publishers, whom she contemptuously describes as "Ministries of Truth for Children," are institutionalizing blandness lest they offend some ethnic, racial or regional pressure group. In order to tow the line, the conventional wisdom is that which prevails at the moment. Instead of informing students, educators and publishers are actually manipulating them—and

In Review

turning history into a long, crashing bore.

For all their jingoistic shortcomings, their dreadful inaccuracies, argues FitzGerald, the 19th Century textbooks at least reflected and defined what used to be called "The American Dream." In the process, they helped share a national consensus. Today, of course, there can be no consensus about anything: the way to "good citizenship" is to believe, like Candide, that this is the best of all possible worlds. As long as our educators persist in depicting America as utopia, "a place without conflicts, without malice or stupidity," teaching history "with the assumption that students have the psychology of laboratory pigeons," concludes FitzGerald, we are creating instant second class citizens who haven't the foggiest notion of their own sense, or of their country's place, in history. A polemic that is great fun to read and sure to be heatedly debated for some time to come.

WITH HEAD AND HEART: The Autobiography of Howard Thurman, 274 pp., New York: Harcourt, Brace & Jovanovich, \$10.00

Now 79 and in "active retirement" as he dispenses scholarships in religious study for Black students, Dr. Howard Thurman looks back on the bad good old days when he became the first Black clergyman to not only crack the color line but, as *Life Magazine* called him, "one of the twelve great preachers of the 20th century." His autobiography describes his founding of the Church for the Fellowship of All Peoples in San Francisco, the first interracial and interdenominational church in the U.S. and his deep friendship with Mahatma Ghandi and other notables.

THE BAKKE CASE: The Politics of Inequality, by Joel Dreyfuss & Charles Lawrence III 278 pp., New York: Harcourt, Brace & Jovanovich, \$8.95

Was 33-year old NASA engineer Allan Bakke actually a victim of "reverse discrimination" in trying to win acceptance to the U. of California Medical School at Davis, or merely an unqualified student? Did his landmark Supreme Court case defend the constitutional rights of the non-minority student or did it prove once again that wealth and privilege are advantageous in our democracy? While *The Bakke Case* may be the first book to raise the ugly spectre of racism *redux* as a result of the Bakke Decision, it won't be the last. Interestingly, the book is by a Black journalist (Dreyfuss) formerly with the *Washington Post* who has written extensively for *The Village Voice*, *Rolling Stone*, *Playboy* and *Black Enterprise*, and an "Establishment" graduate of Haverford College and Yale Law School (Lawrence), now a teacher of constitutional law at the University of San Francisco and an associate of Public Advocates, a public interest law firm. They maintains that, contrary to popular belief, race was not real issue, but that in articulating the fierce competition among the middle class for "the increasingly limited number of career opportunities," the case ended up weakening the affirmative action programs that still exist.

THE CHICANOS: As We See Ourselves, ed. by Arnulfo D. Trejo 221 pp., Tucson: U. of Arizona Press, \$7.50

As the title suggests an anthology of essays by 14 Chicano scholars, rather than another look at how Anglos perceive the Chicano experience. All told, quite insightful.

I HEAR AMERICA TALKING: An Illustrated History of American Words & Phrases, by Stuart Berg Flexner, 505 pp., New York: Touchstone/Simon & Schuster (paper) \$8.95

Now in paperback, this classic by the author of *The Dictionary of American Slang* tells the story of the distinct American vernacular as seen through the eyes of American history. A worthy companion to William Safire's *Dictionary of Political Dictionary* (Random House), the Flexner work lists thousands of words and expressions in context with the times and occasions when they were first used. Illustrated.

TALES OF AN ALL-NIGHT TOWN, by Elin Schoen 222 pp., New York: Harcourt, Brace & Jovanovich, \$9.95

There is Brooklyn and there is Brooklyn. One of the Brooklyns not in New York City is a suburb of St. Louis, just across the Mississippi in Illinois. Virtually its entire population is Black, and in November 1973, there was a shoot-out between a special deputy on the political force and the man who had just become police chief three hours earlier. What makes this inside look at street life in a forgotten village in the heartland of America so remarkable is that Ms. Schoen is a white woman who managed to win the trust of the denizens of a Black ghetto. "There are no heroes in my book in the usual, glamorous sense," writes Ms. Schoen of the events leading up to a four-hour crackdown that ended a town's year of terror. "But in certain places, merely waking up in the morning can be a heroic act." This is an arresting study of the urban condition endured by Black Americans; it succeeds in etching this Brooklyn's generalizable plight and special identity on our consciousness.

The Media

In Philly, fair is foul . . .

In many American cities, voluntary school desegregation has dropped from the ranks of politically sensitive issues. But not in Philadelphia. There, a series of four ads promoting a new desegregation program has set off a tug-of-war between the city's board of education and local TV stations. Since it began in late summer, the struggle has raised questions about the rights of broadcasters to reject commercials and their obligation, under the fairness doctrine, to address controversial issues.

"Philadelphia is a fine city of neighborhoods," begins one of the thirty-second spots produced by the Philadelphia School District. School board member Augustus Baxter is talking:

"Today we have a chance to desegregate our schools without federal intervention. As people of goodwill, and at the eleventh hour before court mandate, parents and children might examine new quality educational programs. Make choices wherever these programs are. Visit your schools. Give our plan a chance. We do not need to be a Boston or a Louisville. We are Philadelphians."

The ads were created to publicize the city's voluntary desegregation program for the 1979-80 school year. The plan, approved by Pennsylvania's state courts in 1978, was formulated as an alternative to a federally mandated solution that would likely include forced busing.

Two Philadelphia stations, WCAU and WPVI, found Baxter's statement provocative, and refused to sell air time to run it. WPVI, the ABC affli-

ate, agreed in early August to screen the three other ads, and KYW, the NBC affiliate, has been airing all four as public service announcements. But WCAU, a CBS owned-and-operated station, still refuses to run the Baxter ad and two others, contending that they advocate a position on the controversial matter of school desegregation. "The bottom line on the rejected spots is that overall CBS policy—not just at this station—has always been that we won't accept commercial messages taking a controversial view on issues of public importance," says Daniel Gold, WCAU vice president and general manager.

Each of the spots encourages students and parents to investigate Philadelphia's new magnet schools, which, through special curricula, seek to attract students of both races from all parts of the city. "Everybody loves the magnet school program, even conservatives," remarks Bill Jones, information director for the school district. "But CBS sees desegregation *per se* as controversial."

One of the ads that WCAU rejected features an interracial group of high school students discussing how the new plan is working.

Student One: Did you know there are other programs outside of your neighborhood school that take volunteer pupils? I volunteered and now I'm glad I did.

Student Two: And you know that, aside from programs we have here at the High School for the Creative and Performing Arts, there are also programs in Philadelphia for math, science, and the humanities.

Student Three: Yeah. And I think it's great there are kids from so many different racial and ethnic backgrounds here and we are communicating and working together.

Student Four: I've been here since the program first started and I find it an exciting and challenging experience.

The Media

George Dessart, vice president for CBS TV stations in New York, says the o-and-o objected to the comment of the third student, a black teenager: "I may think that's a great statement, but it nonetheless takes a stand on the issue." In a letter sent to the school board over the summer, WCAU manager Florence Satinsky had explained the rejection of the ad by writing: "The youngster's comments about students with different ethnic and racial backgrounds working together is indeed a euphemistic comment on desegregation."

WCAU's decision was based on a twenty-year-old CBS guideline. "We have a policy of restricting commercials to goods and services," says Dessart. "We won't allow sponsors to advocate particular positions. We feel issues should be discussed in the news, public affairs broadcasts, editorials, and editorial replies, where they can be given detailed consideration away from the 'jingoism' of advertisements." WCAU, he notes, has covered the desegregation issue in its newscasts.

The policy described by Dessart is, in a nutshell, CBS's interpretation of the fairness doctrine, the FCC standard that, on the one hand, requires broadcasters to address issues of public importance and, on the other, to treat them in a balanced way, presenting a wide range of opinion. "We think the fairness doctrine would pose obligations for us were we to sell time for controversial issues," says Dessart, meaning that if the station were to air the school board commercials, it might be required to provide free time to opposing views.

Nicholas Johnson, chairman of the Washington-based National Citizens Communications Lobby and

a former FCC commissioner, disputes WCAU's stance. "The law doesn't require that every conceivable format be balanced," he says. "For an ad, the law doesn't require them to sell time to the other side. It only requires that, in the totality of programming, the station must provide an opportunity for a range of views to be heard."

In determining which views reach the air, TV stations have enjoyed the right to reject advertising since 1973, when the Supreme Court ruled that CBS did not have to accept commercials from the Democratic National Committee. Broadcast editorial decisions, the Court declared, should be as free as possible from government interference. That decision has allowed broadcasters to achieve the balance required by the fairness doctrine by simply ignoring controversial matters altogether.

Only once, in 1976, has the FCC ruled against a station that had neglected to cover a matter of public importance. As a result, broadcasters now face few official sanctions if they evade issues significant to their communities. "Desegregation is a controversial issue in Philadelphia," observes David Beddow, vice president and general manager of KYW, the station which decided to run all four ads as unpaid public service announcements. "As a licensee, we have an obligation under the fairness doctrine to deal with controversial issues. To refuse to run the ads because they deal with a controversial issue is an untenable position." Untenable, perhaps, but commonplace.

—Michael Massing

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