

Was and Dirk, two 1960s radicals, organize a rebellion in the Teamsters against trucking bosses, corrupt union officials and the Mafia. Dirk tells the story: a decades-long, coast-to-coast trip, through protests, riots, and strikes.

Radioactive Radicals

A Novel of Labor and the Left

by Dan La Botz

Order the complete book from the publisher [Booklocker.com](https://www.booklocker.com)

<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/13375.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**

RADIOACTIVE RADICALS



Dan La Botz

Copyright © 2024 Dan La Botz

Print ISBN: 978-1-958892-41-1

Ebook ISBN: 979-8-88531-709-2

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., Trenton, Georgia.

This is a novel, a work of historical fiction. While the characters in this novel inhabit a world of familiar places, institutions, and organizations, and while the names of some famous historical figures appear in this novel, everything that takes place here is fictitious. The story you are about to read is wholly imaginary.

BookLocker.com, Inc.

2024

First Edition

Library of Congress Cataloguing in Publication Data

L Botz, Dan

Radioactive Radicals: A Novel of Labor and the Left by Dan La Botz

Library of Congress Control Number: 2024909052



Table of Contents

Prelude and Aftermath: Wes Waiting to be Dispatched	5
Part I – Wes’s Youth.....	15
Chapter 1 – An Atomic Childhood	17
Chapter 2 – The Small-Town Talent Search.....	22
Chapter 3 – Into the Movement	41
Chapter 4 – First Love	51
Chapter 5 – Occupiers.....	58
Chapter 6 – Lifted up and Let Down	68
Chapter 7 – King Killed and the Black Rebellion	77
Chapter 8 – A Job at Checker Cab.....	83
Chapter 9 – A Walk in the Park.....	96
Chapter 10 – Fred Hampton, Black Panther	111
Chapter 11 – Fred Has a Talk with Jeff Fort	122
Chapter 12 – Hampton Can’t Make the Meeting.....	130
Chapter 13 – Run Out of Town.....	136
Part II – We Turn to Dirk.....	147
Chapter 14 – Born in the City of Stink	149
Chapter 15 – Two Families: One Rejected, One Lost	166
Chapter 16 – The Agony of Adolescence	173
Chapter 17 – The Mortuary and the Free Speech Movement	185
Chapter 18 - To Chicago with Martha	207
Chapter 19 - Shulie and Me	211
Chapter 20 – California and the Commune	225
Chapter 21 – We Have a Baby.....	232
Chapter 22 – My Year with Cesar Chavez	239
Chapter 23 – Back to Chicago with Sunny	263
Chapter 24 – Struck by Lightning.....	276
Chapter 25 – Ellen and I, <i>Une Folie à Deux</i>	293
Chapter 26 – First Interlude and Reflection.....	306
Part III – Wes and Dirk at the Wheel.....	317
Chapter 27 – The Young Man Goes West	319
Chapter 28 – Ginger in 1C	331
Chapter 29 – The L.A. Teamster Wildcat.....	341
Chapter 30 – Partners with Curly Good.....	354

Chapter 31 – My Teamster Mentor Richard Hayes, Ex-Con.....	366
Chapter 32 – Organizing in the Teamsters.....	383
Chapter 33 – Wes Goes on the Road for Us	400
Chapter 34 – Pete Mancini and the Detroit TFD	409
Chapter 35 – Marching in Marquette Park.....	422
Chapter 36 – A Decisive Moment.....	437
Chapter 37 – Detroit: Headquarters	445
Chapter 38 – The Harrisburg Wildcat.....	458
Chapter 39 – The Scrap Metal Yard	474
Chapter 40 – The Tide Goes Out	491
Chapter 41 – No Revolution but Reagan	509
Chapter 42 – Reporter at <i>The Defender</i>	520
Chapter 43 – My Life in Fragments.....	530
Chapter 44 – What Happened to the Crisis?	541
Chapter 45 – The Hospital Strike and Shelly.....	548
Chapter 46 – Wes and I Talk About John Brown	564
Chapter 47 – They’re Coming for Me	572
Chapter 48 – My Nightmares.....	587
Chapter 49 – Second Interlude and Reflection	597
Part IV – Climax and Anti-Climax	605
Chapter 50 – The Big Chance	607
Chapter 51 – Wes Working for the Man.....	624
Chapter 52 – Threats and Fears.....	636
Chapter 53 – The Big Strike	641
Chapter 54 – “You’ll Pay for This.”	658
Chapter 55 – Peggy and Me.....	662
Chapter 56 – Generation Gap.....	672
Chapter 57 – Wes Becomes a Limo Driver	683
Chapter 58 – Wes’s Woman Friend.....	692
Chapter 59 – Wes’s Nightmare.....	700
Chapter 60 – All Together Again.....	708
Chapter 61 – How Do I Plead?	714
Chapter 62 – Black Lives Matter	729
Chapter 63 – The Newspaper Clipping.....	731
Chapter 64 – Shelly Finishes Dirk’s Story.....	733
Other Books by Dan La Botz.....	735
About the Author	737

Chapter 22 – My Year with Cesar Chavez

You remember that feeling, that you're being smothered by your life, that everything is piling up on you and you can't breathe? I wanted to get out of the university as badly as I had wanted to get in. That's how I was feeling in 1969. I was no longer interested in graduate school. I wanted to change the world, not just interpret it. And I also wanted somehow to change things for me, Martha, and Luther. Above all, I wanted something else, something new. And then the opportunity presented itself.

I learned from a local TV news show that a farmworker strike had broken out down in the South Bay of San Diego where I had grown up and gone to high school. I decided to go see what was going on. I stopped by to see my mom in Imperial Beach, told her about the strike and asked her if she wanted to go with me to visit the picket line. She said, sure, but then suggested that we should take along some food.

“You know, they're not being paid,” she said.

She pulled some canned goods out of her kitchen cabinets, but them in a bag, and we headed for the farm in Nestor, just a couple of miles east of my mom's house. When we got there, we walked the picket line with the workers for a couple of hours and then I took mom home and I went back to La Jolla. But the strike had hooked me. I had loved the change of pace. I liked the people. And I believed in the cause. The next day I was back again, and the day after that too. I found the strike infinitely more interesting than graduate school and for a month I missed several of my seminars.

The strike was not a big one. The Egger-Ghio ranch, nineteen blocks east of the Pacific Ocean and a couple of miles north of Tijuana, comprised 200 acres between the main drag, Palm Avenue, and the Bay. Altogether perhaps thirty Mexican American men and women worked there year-round, but at harvest time, there were a hundred or more in the field. Though it was small, the strike had all of the characteristics of the larger strikes of thousands of workers that were also taking place north of us in the great Central valley of California. The UFW workers marched to the fields carrying the United Farm Workers flag with the black eagle in a white circle on a red background. They stood at the edge of the field shouting “*Huelga!*” and calling workers to put

down their tools and to join them in the strike. At their meeting they sang “*De Colores*” and “*El Picket Sign*” and when the meetings ended, they chanted, “*Si se puede,*” and brought their hands together in the rhythmic, ever-faster clap that ended in thunderous applause and a few whoops of *jui*.

I loved walking the picket lines with the men and women in their big straw hats, a kerchief round their necks, most holding picket signs with slogans like “*Justicia*” and “*Dignidad*” and always one worker with a megaphone or a bullhorn calling out, “*Hermanos! Salgan!*” And, every once in a while, a worker would come out of the field to be cheered and embraced by the strikers. I already spoke a little Spanish and it improved rapidly in conversations with the workers until soon I too was trying to call workers out of the field, though not as successfully as the others. I mean, after all, I was an Anglo, not a Mexican or a farmworker.

The United Farm Workers had sent down an organizer from Delano, Luis Montoya, whose job was to help the workers organize their strike. I met him on the picket line and volunteered to help, so he gave me a couple of tasks to do like checking on the picket lines around the ranch to make sure they were covered and then going to local grocery stores to check on pickets for the grape boycott there, which was unrelated to the Egger-Ghio strike. Or sometimes I would be sent to pick up food donations or to take someone to the doctor. So, ignoring my university classes entirely, I got in the habit of driving down early each morning, having coffee and chatting with my mom, and then going to the Egger-Ghio ranch to do my chores for the union.

Leaving the ranch one Saturday night, I was told to come back early the next morning, at 7:30 a.m. for something special. When I arrived, I found a large group in front of the office and we were told we were going to another location and to follow the leader and be quiet. We drove with them in a car caravan for a mile or so to a little neighborhood and a quiet street not far from the farm. We were told once again to be silent. We parked our cars and walked about a block in complete silence. We arrived at a little house where following the leader we knelt on the grass and put our hands together, as if in prayer. We were in the front yard of Egger’s house.

When the grower and his family stepped out of their house at 8:30 a.m. to go to church, they found a hundred people at prayer in the yard.

“What are you doing here?” Egger shouted.

“We’re praying that you’ll see the light and recognize the union,” Montoya said loudly.

But the union’s prayers were not answered. Egger was hiring Mexicans who were crossing the border—just a few miles away—to come work on his ranch. He had a man down at the border handing out leaflets to the Mexicans as they came across the line inviting them to come to work for him. Without telling anyone in the union, I contacted my Independent Socialist friends and some other radicals at the university up in La Jolla and got them to come down and join me at the border where we handed out leaflets in Spanish urging the border-crossers not to scab on the strike.

I wondered whether it was doing any good or perhaps even hurting our cause, since the leaflet mentioned the strike at the Egger-Ghio ranch, which meant that there were jobs there for strikebreakers. After all, the workers crossing over were poor and desperate for work. U.S. wages were more than double those in Baja California. I doubted that we dissuaded many, but we felt we should make the appeal to them for their solidarity, for international solidarity. Internationalism, after all, was at the heart of our politics.

The strike went on for about a month, but then a few workers began to return to the field and a few scabs were hired, so the remaining strikers voted to end the strike and go back to work. The strike had not been successful, but as Montoya told the group at our last rally, “We have fought a good battle in what is a great war for justice and dignity for farmworkers, and though we did not win today, we will win one day. One day, we shall overcome.”

On that last sad day as I was helping the UFW people pack up their things, Montoya pulled me aside and asked, “Would you like to come up to Delano and work for the union.”

“Well, I’d have to wait until the end of the semester, the end of May,” I said.

“Why?” said Montoya.

“I’ve got to make arrangements. I’ve got a wife and a child,” I said.

“Everybody’s got a wife and a child,” said Montoya. “Some have got two of each. Listen, we can pay you very little, but we can find you a place to live and make sure you and your family don’t starve.”

I loved the idea of moving to Delano to work with the farmworkers and I knew that Martha would love it too. Yet there were a lot of things to think about. Martha and I had been having more problems than usual with our relationship, and now we had little Luther to worry about too. Still as I drove home, looking out my window, sometimes at the ocean, at the lagoons, and at the hills, I thought, I should do this.

When I told Martha, she immediately said, “I’m ready to leave now. I’m tired of living here at the university. We should do it. We could help with the strikes and could, you know, start over.”

I had that feeling too, that we could and should start over, though in retrospect I see that we were wrapped up in ourselves and gave little consideration to Luther and his future. Looking at Martha’s face, I could see that she had already started mentally packing up our things.

Starting over... How often I did that back in those days.

There were other issues too. I would have to arrange to take a one-year leave of absence from the Literature Department and that would then affect our apartment in the married student housing on the mesa. I might lose my draft deferment, which was based on being enrolled in graduate school, though, because we had Luther, I thought that I would still be deferred because I had a child. There was also the issue of our being in the Independent Socialists. The word on the left was that Chavez hated Communists and other leftists and wouldn’t have them working on the staff or as volunteers, so we would have to keep that quiet, even lie about our political affiliation if asked.

With all of that on my mind, I went to talk to my mother, not because she ever offered useful advice, her world was too narrow to be helpful, she would just say, “Well, whatever you want to do is fine with me, Dirk.” But I would feel better if I talked to her and heard her voice. I thought that in her presence I might make a better decision. In any case, after talking with her, I felt better. I decided to go. I told my mother.

She said, “Be careful, Dirk.” She always said that.

Martha and I talked again a few days later and we agreed that we would move. I called Montoya and told him we were moving to Delano but that we wouldn’t arrive for another few weeks. I finished up my course work, filed for the leave, and then spent the next week in the university library reading everything I could find about the farmworkers. While I had read a lot about labor unions, I knew next to nothing about agricultural workers. I read Eugene Nelson’s little book *Huelga*, perhaps the first book on Chavez and the United Farm Workers, which had been published a few years earlier. I read all the newspaper and magazine articles I could find, and I also found a few academic articles in the journals. I wanted to know what I was getting into. My experience in the little strike in Nestor had given me a glimpse into the union, but the story was more complicated than I had realized.

I was excited to go home and share my new knowledge with Martha.

“Do you know that in hundreds of years of labor in the fields, farmworkers have never succeeded in organizing labor unions, or none that lasted more than a year or two?” I asked her.

I explained to her that when Congress passed the National Labor Relations Act in the 1930s, agricultural workers and domestic workers were excluded from the law.

“Well, that’s fucked up,” she said.

I went on telling her the story, reading from the notes I had taken.

Strikes by mostly white workers took place in the 1930s, the strikers were the dustbowl migrants who had gone to California. There were some large strikes led by the Communist Party, but they failed and created no new unions. The same with Mexican workers’ strikes at that time. In the postwar period, the AFL-CIO and a few of its affiliated unions had tried to organize but found it impossible in the face of the employers’ power and intransigence, and also made more difficult by the constant immigration of Mexican workers, some of them brought by the U.S. government’s *bracero* program, others coming without papers. The first successful union efforts

were carried out by Filipino workers who got their unions a small toehold in the industry in the 1950s and early 1960s. And then came Chavez.

Chavez is about my mother's age, having been born in 1927. His family had owned a farm in Arizona but lost it in the Great Depression. They became migrant farmworkers in California, picking fruits and vegetables. They owned a house in Sal Si Puedes—Get Out If You Can—a neighborhood of San Jose, though they were usually on the road and in the fields. At the age of fourteen, with only an eighth-grade education, Chavez left school. In 1941 he joined the Navy and spent two miserable years as a deckhand before returning to Sal Si Puedes. He had no idea what he was going to do. Then opportunity knocked—twice. A Catholic priest named Donald McDonnell—recognizing something special in the young veteran—encouraged Chavez to become a community leader. Equally important, the priest gave him a copy of Louis Fisher's biography of Mahatma Gandhi and Chavez read the book and found in Gandhi's life a model for his own.

Then, the second knock. Fred Ross, an organizer for the Community Service Organization, a group affiliated with Saul Alinsky's Industrial Areas Foundation, came to town and hired Chavez to work for the CSO. Chavez's job was to organize Mexican American communities to become a political force. For a few years Chavez taught citizenship classes, led voter registration campaigns, and get-out-the-vote operations, but in the late 1950s, Chavez stumbled across a group of Mexican farmworkers in Oxnard, California who wanted to organize a union. He became obsessed with the workers' movement, but the CSO told him to stop organizing farmworkers and get back to politics. So, Chavez left the CSO, taking with him his coworkers Dolores Huerta, Gilberto Padilla and Antonio Orendain.

Now on his own, Chavez established the National Farm Workers Association with himself as the president and with his little team of organizers began to build a union. When his union entered the fields, he found that the best organized workers were the Filipinos who had formed the Filipino Farm Labor Union, which had then been chartered by the AFL-CIO as the Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee. The Filipinos, like the Mexican farmworkers, were held together by their common ethnicity, their Ilocono language, and their fight against exploitation, and, while it was not known to the public, they were led by Filipino Communists. The Filipinos led militant strikes, but Mexican workers often ignored their picket lines and

scabbed on them. In the early 1960s, with Chavez now involved, the two unions moved across the California fields, one made up of Filipinos and the other comprised of Mexicans, organizing separately and not always cooperatively. Then on September 8, 1965, the Filipinos struck ten grape vineyards and at once the growers began to recruit scabs among the Mexicans.

The Filipino farm worker leaders Larry Itliong, Philip Vera Cruz and Pete Velasco, leaders of the Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee, went to see Chavez to seek his support. Chavez felt that his union was not yet ready for a strike, but the Filipinos convinced him to get the Mexicans to honor their picket lines. In fact, once convinced, Chavez went beyond that, calling a meeting where the members of his union voted to join the Filipinos in their strike. The unity of the Filipinos and the Mexicans made possible a victory in the strike and laid the basis for the merger of their two unions in 1966 to form the United Farm Workers, with Chavez as president and Larry Itliong with the title of assistant director. All of this I picked up in that week in the library, my first real overview of the union.

I shared all that I had continued to learn about the union and about Chavez with Martha, who was still working as a filing clerk at the university. We were both greatly impressed and inspired by Chavez whom we had frequently seen on TV, and like many others, we felt that he was more like a saint than a union leader. There seemed to be nothing in common between him and figures like AFL-CIO president George Meany or Teamster leader Jimmy Hoffa or even the more progressive United Auto Worker leader Walter Reuther. Chavez's appeal was not simply to his union members, but to the people at large, offering a vision of a more just and equitable society. I know that the I.S. was critical of him for his nationalist and religious ideology, but I thought we could work for him. Maybe we could even influence him.

When we got to Delano, Martha, Luther, and I went to the union headquarters at Forty Acres, where Eliseo, one of the union organizers, welcomed us. He showed us to the little house where we would be living and he told me I would have a meeting with Cesar Chavez.

“Cesar always wants to meet and talk to everybody,” he said.

Eliseo then led me and Martha, who was holding Luther, outside to where a group of men and women were standing in a circle under a eucalyptus tree talking. They were all Mexicans, all with dark skin and black hair, dressed in work clothes, some wearing straw hats, others holding their hats in their hands. They spoke in Spanish, a rather quiet conversation the subject of which was unknown to me and which at a distance from the group I could not hear. At a certain point the group broke up and people walked off in different directions, a few walking my way until one of them stopped in front of me. Only then did I recognize Chavez who smiled and held out his hand to me. "Daniel, *bienvenido*." He smiled at Martha and Luther, welcoming them too.

After that greeting, he spoke to me in English, with a very slight Spanish accent and a bit of a southwestern twang. He was wearing blue workpants, a plaid shirt, and a light windbreaker and his shoes were covered with dust.

He raised his hand, brushed his hair back off his forehead and said, "Montoya told me good things about you, Daniel. He said you were reliable, a hard worker, and that you asked for nothing. Everyone liked you because you treated everybody the same. That's good. That may be the most important thing."

He asked me about myself, about my parents, about where I had grown up, about what kind of work I had done, and queried me about my education. I told him about myself, and for some reason I even mentioned my mom's divorce and my alcoholic step-father. I felt he really listened, was really interested.

"Listen, Daniel," he said, speaking softly. "I know you liked working with the workers on the picket line. Montoya told me that and that's good. But you have come to work for the union, so you will do what we want you to do. Right now, I need someone to work here at the union headquarters, someone who can help with the organization of the boycott and with public relations. We have to send farmworkers out on the road across the country to talk about the grape boycott. We need to have people who can drive, people who can receive them in other cities, people who can put them up in their houses, give them a place to sleep and feed them. We have to organize all of that. You will work on that with one of our best organizers.

“We also need you to work on publicity, on getting the union’s position in the papers and on television, and since I hear that you can write well in English, you will work with another volunteer on that.”

I told him it sounded fine. I would be happy to do anything useful to help the union.

“We will give you a little place to live here on Forty Acres. We will pay you \$5 a week,” he said. “That’s what we pay everyone. And we will help you out with food. You will be part of our farmworker family.”

Martha, who could be emotional and impetuous, suddenly stepped forward and hugged Chavez. She was crying. He patted her on the shoulder and once again said, “Welcome.”

We moved our things into the little white wooden house, just three very small rooms: living room, bedroom, and kitchen. The walls inside were the same boards as those on the outside, though in the kitchen there was simple beadboard wainscoting. On the wall of the bedroom was a cross. On the kitchen wall someone had put up a photograph of Chavez standing by Robert Kennedy. In the living room hung a Mexican restaurant’s calendar with the inevitable photos of the eponymous mountains Popocatepetl and Iztaccíhuatl in the background and in the foreground in the most romantic style imaginable the Aztec prince carrying the dead princess in his arms. Our new home.

So that week I began working with the boycott organizer and the public relations manager while Martha began to help out in the cooperative store and traded babysitting with the farmworker women. We settled into our little three-room house with its lumpy mattress, its leaky roof, and its drafty windows. One of the other farmworkers gave us a little bed for Luther that had been made out of wooden grape boxes. Both Martha and I were happy to be having a new adventure and to be serving a worthy cause. We were part of some 300 UFW volunteers, some at Forty Acres and others scattered around the state, most of them like ourselves young white people, many of whom had been college students, who wanted to put their energy and their knowledge to work for the movement. Chavez and other union leaders gave us our marching orders and filled with radiocaesium and idealism, we carried them out. We volunteers took great pride in the sacrifices we were making

for the movement, which in some cases—though not my own—verged on self-abnegation.

In working on the boycott, I called churches, labor unions, and Mexican community organizations in Chicago, Philadelphia, and New York, spending hours on the phone until I found someone who could take charge in one or another of the cities and neighborhoods where the UFW farmworkers would go. They needed housing, they needed to be fed, and they needed to be taken around to their speaking engagements, and somehow there was always someone whose religious belief or political commitment or common decency led them to open their homes to the farm worker pilgrims. Still, in some cases the farmworkers had to make their own arrangements, sometimes sleeping in their cars until they had somewhere else to go, as I tried to assist them from afar.

Most of the Mexican American workers had never been out of California, never seen a big city, and many could not speak English well. For them to travel to America's metropolises took courage. We found it quite moving every time five or ten or sometimes twenty or thirty of them were dispatched to some city, knowing that their personal stories of exploitation and oppression and their statements of commitment to the UFW were the best publicity for the union and would have a tremendous impact. They left Forty Acres, in their own cars or in old school buses looking like a reverse migration of the Joad family. The UFW bought airplane tickets for some, but others drove across the country. Everywhere they went, they were popular and won more supporters for the boycott and more donations to support the union. Ultimately, the boycotters were essential to the union's successes. When people stopped buying grapes, or lettuce, or wine, some of the growers would cave in, recognize the union, and negotiate a contract.

The UFW in those days was capable of such things because of the sense of unity and identity that Chavez had created. Cesar Chavez had turned the farmworkers movement into a Catholic, Mexican movement and whatever your nationality, race, or religion, in the union you became part of that communal identity or acquiesce and accepted that that was how it was now. The Filipinos, led by Communists, who had built the first successful union with which Chavez merged his organization were pushed aside. The Yemeni Arabs who worked in the far south of the state in the groves of date trees became union members, but they had no cultural presence. Chavez chose the

symbols and created the pageantry of the movement, and it was Mexican and Catholic. The farmworker marched behind a flag was emblazoned with the black eagle, like the eagle in the Mexican flag, like the Aztec eagle. When they marched, the farmworkers carried a banner with the image of the Virgin of Guadalupe, protectress of the Mexican people.

Of course, there was a lot of truth to this dominant identity. Those who organized, struck, and marched had Mexican names like Ignacio Gómez or Teófilo García, Juana Rodriguez or María Gonzalez, names of Spanish origin, but among them occasionally, if rarely one heard Nahuatl names like Cuauhtémoc or Moctezuma, Xochitl or Cualli. Though some farmworkers spoke English, most spoke the Mexican Spanish that was the principal tongue of the movement. Implicit in the farmworkers movement, sometimes made explicit by some of the union's radicals, was the idea that the farm workers' struggle was a movement in the tradition of the Mexican Revolution. That's why at some meetings or rallies one occasionally saw a poster of Emiliano Zapata, the great peasant leader of the Mexican Revolution with his rifle in his hand. Mexican and Catholic as Chavez made his movement, he knew it had to be Mexican-American, and there was no march, pilgrimage, or protest without the American flag flying beside the black eagle.

Most of the farmworkers were indeed Mexican Americans, mostly the product of waves of Mexican migrants that had become the sedimentary layers of a multigenerational immigration. Some few traced their roots back before the U.S. conquest of northern Mexico in 1848 to the first Spanish settlements in California in the eighteenth century. Others, however, were the children of the one million refugees of the Mexican Revolution, many of whom settled in California in the 1910s or 1920s; and others descendants of almost another million who had come during the Mexican civil war of the 1930s when the new Revolutionary government fought the Catholic Church. Many of the farmworkers came from Sonora or Sinaloa, from Durango or Chihuahua, and "settled out," as the sociologists of the movement said, in California, Arizona, or Texas. Yet others had been part of the migrations of the 1940s to the 1960s from what were then the "sending states," as they were called: Michoacán, Jalisco, and Zacatecas, and they had settled out in California, Arizona, or Texas. Like many Mexicans of that era, they identified with their hometown or their home state back in Mexico more than with the nation as a whole.

Some of them didn't consider themselves Mexicans at all and had rejected the Mexican nationality. Some who came from Michoacán called themselves Purepachas, the name of their tribe, while others who came from highlands of Jalisco and Zacatecas considered themselves to be Cristeros, the Catholic rebels against the Revolution, and some among the Mexican Americans, particularly those around the Teatro Campesino, considered themselves to be followers of Ricardo Flores Magón, the anarchist, and they rejected the idea of nationality altogether, seeing themselves as part of a future worldwide anarchist collective.

At the beginning, most of the staff were Anglos, that is white Americans, Protestant or Jewish, while others were agnostic or atheist radicals. Nevertheless, whether they were Filipinos or Yemenis, Purepachas or Cristeros, Magonistas or Jewish radicals, Chavez lined everyone up behind his black eagle, the Virgin of Guadalupe, and the American flag and turned them into a Mexican American civil rights and labor movement. The heterogeneous group, now held together by the Catholic Mexican majority and its identity myth of which Chavez was the high priest, developed a sense of unity which held the union together and allowed it to carry out its strikes and boycotts.

One other thing also played a central role in defining the union: Chavez's commitment to nonviolent action. He placed himself in the tradition of Mahatma Gandhi and Martin Luther King and abjured force and violence. Even as growers beat, shot, and killed some farmworkers, Chavez held to his philosophy of nonviolent resistance. When the union was attacked, its members didn't fight back, they followed Chavez as he led them in pilgrimages and prayers and supported him as he engaged in hunger strikes. When someone burned the growers' packing sheds, Chavez condemned the violent action. While some wanted to fight back, his moral stature held them in line.

Chavez came to visit me after a couple of weeks to tell me that I was doing a good job working the boycott and helping to handle publicity. He also said that because publicity was about projecting the union's position, that he wanted me to attend the weekly—and sometimes daily—strategy meetings of the union leadership. When I went to my first meeting he paused by my chair and said in a low voice, "You can't sit at the table and you can't speak. Everything that we say is confidential unless I say it isn't. Sit in one of the

chairs around the outside of the room. And pay attention.” So, in this way I learned about the union’s key leaders.

One could think of the union leadership—not as it existed in the bylaws but as it was in reality—as a series of concentric circles at the center of which was Chavez himself. Around him was the top decision-making group made up of his family and closest longtime friends: First, his wife Helen, mother of their eight children. Then his brother Richard, the carpenter. His cousin Manuel too, who had been a used car salesman in San Diego. And, finally, Chavez’s closest coworker from the CSO, Dolores Huerta with whom he had worked for a decade. She had become family. Chavez’s family members seldom attended meetings, but Huerta was always there.

The second circle was made up of the mostly white advisory committee, almost none of whom were Mexican, Catholic, or farmworkers: LeRoy Chatfield, a former Christian Brother and Chavez’s close confidant, personal ambassador, as well as manager of the UFW Service Center. Chris Hartmire and Jim Drake, two Protestant ministers who worked for the Migrant Ministry, both of whom were early supporters. There were also two Jews. Marshall Ganz was a Harvard dropout, a civil rights activist, and a lead organizer. Jerry Cohen, a graduate of the U.C. Berkeley Law school was the union’s principal attorney. Another Anglo, Chavez’s old mentor, Fred Ross of the CSO, also formed part of the group. Besides Dolores Huerta, Gilberto Padilla was usually the only Mexican farmworker at the meetings that I attended, though his alcoholism and a painful divorce sidelined him while I was there. I only once saw Antonio “Tony” Orendain, the only other actual farmworker, who also had his own radio show. Orendain, who was the most critical of Chavez’s followers, had been sent off to Texas to organize, which also got him out of the way.

The third circle was larger, broader and much less stable, its members being staff organizers and rank-and-file leaders from the ranches. Only once in a while did one of them attend the leadership meetings in Delano to report on a local situation, but they had little voice and no vote. Chavez relied upon organizers and rank-and-filers to carry out his and the central leadership’s directives, but he did his best to keep those underlings from becoming an independent force in the union. The UFW had no local unions and so it had no elected local officers who might have become powers in their regions and who might have offered other ideas—or threatened Chavez’ control. Still

sometimes the local leaders did organize and act independently, as I myself observed on occasion.

Chavez's central leadership group was both a brain trust and a quasi-military general staff. While most were in their thirties, a few of them were a decade or more older; between them they must have had something like two hundred years of collective experience in dealing with farmworkers. Chavez and his advisors were brilliant strategists, able to mobilize the farmworkers to challenge the enormously wealthy and powerful growers. As I observed over the several months that I worked for the union, Chavez held the group together with his personal charisma, his Catholic Mexican identity, his commitment to pacifism and his sense of purpose; and, while he listened to the views of others, his position ultimately set the union's agenda. He was not first among equals; he was simply first.

Attending the leadership meetings was useful to me in doing the publicity work. When Chris Hartmire, Marshall Ganz, or Dolores Huerta or someone else asked me to write a press release, I was well informed about the union's activity and could write a good one. My head was filled with the names of the growers and their ranches, with crops and pay rates, with information about the latest strike or boycott. All of that was helpful when I had to call and talk with the media or write a release. While the local media was hostile, we were getting favorable coverage in the big city papers and on urban radio and TV.

Occasionally Chavez would call a meeting of the volunteers where he talked with us about the union and its work and reminded us that "You've got to work as hard at your jobs as the farmworkers do in the fields." He talked about unity and loyalty, making it clear that, in his book, laziness and disloyalty were the greatest sins. He would tell us the story of the origin of the union in the early 1960s when he traveled thousands of miles up and down the state of California and visited hundreds of farmworkers. He would talk about sending out his organizers who had no salary and no money, relying on the farmworkers to feed them, fill their gas tanks, and send them on to the next town. He would talk about Gandhi and King and the building of a non-violent poor people's movement. He talked about the growers, their ruthless exploitation, their violence, and their racism. At other times, he turned to the dangers of Communists and other leftists and also sometimes alluded, without naming them, to some vague oppositionists or to dangerous

union dissidents. Those groups he suggested could destroy the union, but he wouldn't let them. He would conclude by praising us for our loyalty and our hard work and then maybe Padilla would wind up the meeting with a few words, a cheer, and the farmworker clap. And back we went to our work.

I knew that there were some leftists among the volunteers. It would have been strange if there weren't. Among the union's supporters were some old Communists, though Chavez kept them out of the organization itself. The early 1960s had produced a generation of wide-eyed do-gooders, and by the late 1960s and early 70s many young people had been radicalized and politicized. A good many had become Trotskyists, Guevaristas, and Maoists, joining one or another group that called itself "the vanguard party," called for revolution, and proclaimed the goal of socialism or communism. Those who were able to hide their political identity, get hired by the UFW, and ended up in Delano knew they had to keep their views to themselves, but I could recognize them by some key word that would inadvertently come up in conversation, a reference to the importance of a "transitional program" could only come from a Trotskyist, while a mention of "contradictions among the people" surely came from the mouth of a Maoist, and the followers of Che Guevara might talk about our struggles creating a "New Man." Even if they said nothing so explicit, something in their way of speaking, in their carriage, or in their gestures betrayed their political convictions to an experienced eye. Chavez and the leadership usually recognized them too and periodically weeded them out.

To be honest, I have to say that while I was very busy, my life was not all work. I had while staying at Forty Acres met a young woman, Melanie Watkins, a Berkeley student who had come to volunteer for the union. She was blond, shapely, self-confident, and playful: a delight. She told me that she came from a wealthy San Francisco family, went to Berkeley where she became radicalized, heard Chavez speak, and then decided to come to Delano to volunteer. We got along well. She liked my jokes and I liked her laugh. We became very friendly and when I touched her shoulder, she touched my hand. And, well, you know how these things happen, we soon began slip-sliding away to be together. And as you know, no matter how busy you are, you can always find a place and the time.

Ah, Melanie! The name means honey and she was a pot of it. The two of us driven by our radiocaesium, enveloped in potent clouds of pheromones lost

all inhibitions. She grabbed me with her prehensile parts—And which of her parts weren't?—and squeezed me in her vice-like vaginal grip. We did it frontways and backways, straight forwardly and all roundabout, right-side up and upside-down. Wonderful, marvelous Melanie! She interrupted my life just as she's interrupting this narrative, only briefly but beautifully.

Such discrete affairs were common among the UFW staff and leaders, the volunteers and among the farmworkers, just as they are common everywhere. Cesar too had his affairs, that he carefully kept from his wife Helen, though years later they came out in the most painful way. I didn't feel guilty about my affair, especially since I had learned that Martha had taken advantage of the cooperative day care center to find some free time of her own and was sleeping with Cesar's cousin Manuel, a tough guy and reputedly a notorious womanizer. It was said to be Manuel who organized the burning of the growers' packing sheds while Chavez looked the other way. Of course, these affairs of ours, mine and Martha's completely destroyed the notion that we were going to start over or that we would give more time and attention to Luther. In fact, we continued to behave just as we always had and our relationship once again became distant and tense, though the discipline of the union, the routine of our jobs, the issue of caring for Luther, and now our dependency on the UFW for our housing and income kept us from breaking up.

In any case, I continued to learn more and more about the union and about Cesar. I think because I was always at the meetings, sitting quietly against the wall, people began to think of me as part of the furniture if not part of the family, my presence was hardly noticed. I thought of myself as the legendary fly on the wall, since after a while they forgot that I was always there listening to everything. As I became more aware and more accepted, I began to occasionally hear in the offices and the halls expressions of concern about Chavez's domination of the union and sometimes critiques of his leadership, though everyone continued to love, fear, and respect him and nearly all remained fiercely loyal to him. The criticisms were many. Some of the leadership and the staff believed that the importance of the boycott had reduced the weight of the workers in the union. The boycott organizers it seemed were now more important to winning a contract than were the striking workers. Ganz once went so far as to say that the fieldworkers' committees were a distraction from the boycott. Others resented Chavez's fasts, the way he would sometimes ignore both his advisors and the members

and decide to go on a hunger strike or on other occasions decide to end it without consulting anyone. There were those too who thought he had become too close to Robert Kennedy and the union had become too dependent on the Democratic Party and the government. So, I came to know more about the union than I had learned in the library.

Martha too, who was working in the childcare coop and at the cooperative store, also heard the from farmworkers and volunteer criticism of Chavez.

“I think we should tell Cesar about the people who are bad-mouthing him,” she told me. “We can’t have traitors in the movement.”

I tried to dissuade her, but I’m not sure if she told Manuel or Chavez what she had heard.

Then a couple of weeks later Martha changed her mind. Now she wanted to persuade the dissenters in the union to overthrow Chavez.

“We should organize a caucus,” she said, “like the Miners for Democracy in the United Mine Workers.”

Martha was always like that: impetuous, overly emotional, changing her views from day to day. While Chavez had his problems, I suggested, he was far from being the murderous mineworker leader Tony Boyle. In principle I agreed with her, that the union needed to be democratized, but how could one do that in an organization that was in a perpetual struggle for survival and whose charismatic leader held it together while also having the allegiance of the membership? Remove Chavez, I thought, and the whole organization would come unglued. Dissent was not tolerated at all. If anyone started to organize, Chavez would find out fast and crush them, as he had already done several times to both farmworkers and volunteers. I persuaded her to keep her views to herself, knowing that if she said anything, we would be among the first to be driven out.

Chavez, of course, sometimes left Delano to visit some group of workers or to speak to students at Berkeley or some other university. The students support and donations were significant. But when he was around headquarters, he would always stop and say hello to me. We came to have a friendly relationship, in so far as one can be friendly with someone whose

character seemed to combine the attributes of Gandhi or St. Francis with those of Fidel Castro or Mao Tse-Tung. I lived in fear of ostracism at best and the firing squad—being fired—at worst.

After I was there a while, Chavez sometimes invited me to have lunch with him, never more than a bite to eat and never more than half an hour. In our lunches together every week or two, Cesar talked to me about the union, sometimes explaining to me in simple terms how the union worked. I flattered myself with the thought that perhaps he was grooming me to become a member of the inner circle, perhaps one of his Anglo advisors.

“When I began to organize the union,” he said, “I went to talk with all of those workers who live in all the little agricultural towns in the valleys. Most of them are not migrant workers, even if their parents or grandparents had been. They live on or near the ranches. They are skilled workers who year-round do the planting, irrigating, and tending of the plants. Their grandparents migrated to the United States during the Mexican Revolution, back in the nineteen-tens or -twenties and they were born and raised here. They are Americans, even if many of them don’t speak English. They and their families make up the heart of the farmworker communities and of our union.”

“What about the migrant workers?” I asked.

“Of course, we also organize the Mexican American migrant workers,” said Cesar. “I and my family were migrant workers. There are tens of thousands of them who also live in the valleys and who follow the crops. But they’re harder to organize. The labor contractors have a lot of control over them. The migrant workers have some skills too, of course, but many of those skills can be learned in a couple of weeks or even a few days, so they are more easily replaced if they speak up or they strike. But if the skilled workers who live in the community on a permanent, year-round basis go on strike, they cannot be easily replaced. They can be starved out, but it will be hard to replace them.”

Cesar paused.

“The problem,” he said, “is the wetbacks. If the growers can bring in the wetbacks, the illegals, we can’t win. The growers, the U.S. government, and

the Mexican government will join together to bring in the illegals to destroy our union.”

When Cesar said that, I was so shocked that I couldn't reply. While I had read a lot about Chavez and the union before coming to Delano, I had never heard before about his vehement opposition to the Mexican migrant workers, not the Mexican Americans, but the ones who came up from Mexico. It suddenly shattered the notion that he was a saint. His was the same position as that of the AFL-CIO unions, like the construction trades my step-fathers had been in: Keep out the foreign workers or they will get your jobs. As a socialist, I had come to believe in working class internationalism that went back to Marx's call: "Workers of the world unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains!" But Chavez ultimately was a nationalist, a Mexican-American nationalist.

One day, maybe a month later, Cesar told me that since I was from San Diego, he wanted me to go with him on a trip to a large farm down there. He wanted me to do publicity. Chavez told me that a wealthy liberal supporter had paid for our plane tickets. The next day we flew to San Diego where we met Congressman Lionel Van Deerlin, a liberal Democrat and supporter of the union. The congressman had arranged for a helicopter to carry us to the farm that we were going to visit. When we arrived, we were met by reporters from local and national media who gathered around Cesar and the congressman. Cesar, always in his workman's clothes, always looking shy and modest, told the reporters that the fields we were in were "full of illegal workers who had been brought in by the growers to break the UFW strike."

"These illegals, these wetbacks are taking jobs from our members who were born and raised here," said Chavez. "We demand that the Border Patrol remove these illegals from the fields."

Even as he spoke, U.S. government Immigration and Nationalization Service officials and Border Patrol agents moved through the fields, detaining field workers, as others ran toward the road hoping to escape the immigration raid.

While I knew that what he said was true—after all I had seen for myself how the undocumented workers could be used as scabs back at the Egger-Ghio strike—nevertheless, once again I was shocked. Cesar was not only demanding that the scabs be driven from the fields, he was also demanding

that these immigrant workers be driven from the country. He didn't believe that he could organize the tens of thousands of Mexicans coming up from Michoacán, Jalisco and Zacatecas—but he knew that he could unionize the Mexican Americans born and raised in California. So, he demanded that the government kick the Mexicans out and keep them out. And I had to write the press release.

Another time, Chavez invited me to eat Chinese food with him, his favorite. Again, he talked to be about the early days of the union.

“Today, when people think of our union, they think of our strikes,” said Cesar. “But we built the union on services as much as strike, because the farmworkers were poor. We provided insurance, we created cooperative stores. With our services we built the base of our union on a few hundred families and later our services grew to cover a few thousand people. We built the union on the idea of mutual aid, all of us, all of us poor people, cooperating in the insurance fund and the cooperative store to help one another.”

Since I now knew the union inside out and handled a lot of the publicity work, I was aware that what once may have been mutual aid had become something quite different. When the UFW affiliated with the AFL-CIO, the federation established a one-million-dollar annual fund for the union, something known only to the insiders. President Lyndon Johnson's Office of Economic Opportunity provided hundreds of thousands of dollars to the union's social service arm, the Farm Worker Service Center, while the Catholic Church and Protestant churches, and some wealthy individuals also gave hundreds of thousands of dollars. Chavez, who was president of both the union and the Service Center organization and in charge of the budget tended to ignore the legal distinctions and when necessary used money intended for social services to support the union's organizing campaigns and strikes. He was not personally corrupt. He never used the money to enrich himself or his family, but he used it for the union as he saw fit. While there was a good deal of aid for farmworkers, it was no longer mutual aid, but rather assistance paid for by the AFL, the federal government, the churches, or philanthropists, and administered by Chavez and the staff, several of whom were his best friends and family members. Still, it was clear that in Chavez's imagination, he had built a poor people's movement based on

mutualismo, and, though that hardly existed anymore, for him it remained the shimmering ideal.

I had not said anything about it and Chavez had apparently not registered my discomfort at his position on the Mexican immigrant workers and other issues, or perhaps he declined to pay attention to it, for he continued to be friendly with me. Chavez continued to ask me to join him for a quarter of an hour while he threw sticks to his dogs Boycott and Huelga, or every once in a while, to share Chinese food with him, only now he began to talk about the union leadership and the members in ways that revealed his profound fears and insecurities. I was not a confidant, or a sounding board even. Perhaps because I was an outsider, an Anglo and a nobody in the union structure, he had no qualms about talking with me. I was insignificant in his world. I was like the stranger one meets on the train or plane to whom one tells every intimate detail of some life problem, knowing that you will never see that person again.

Speaking with me in his low voice, Chavez revealed that he believed that he couldn't trust some of his closest advisors, though I was not clear about who exactly he didn't trust. He explained to me that he didn't really believe in labor unions at all, that what he really wanted to build was a poor people's movement. To the extent that the UFW succeeded as a labor union, he believed its members would become more satisfied with their lot, less active, and the union as a movement would become weaker. But he knew that the worker leaders and the members wanted a real labor union with contracts, benefits, and higher wages. He feared that if he UFW was successful as a union, the members would become secure and self-satisfied and drop out of the poor peoples' movement he was building. It was hard to imagine how he dealt with this contradiction—both philosophical and practical—that faced him every day in everything he did.

Most of the time of course, I was busy with organizing support for the boycott, for the farmworker pilgrims traveling back east, dealing with Martha and Luther, or sometimes I was busy sneaking off someplace with Melanie, but the conversations with Chavez were highpoints of my time there. One day, toward the end of my stay at Forty Acres, I had to take a press release to Chavez for his approval. It was about seven in the evening and most people had gone home for dinner. Chavez invited me to sit down while he read the release before initialing it. To my surprise, he started one of our

conversations, one of his monologues would be more accurate, and it was the strangest of all of our talks. He told me that he was worried about the future of the union. He could foresee, he said, that there would be conflicts between himself and the Mexican farm worker leadership. He laid out a scenario where he could see himself struggling against the local leaders.

“In a confrontation, I can beat them,” he said. “I can beat them because they haven’t been around organizations, they don’t know how to stab each other. And I know how to do every fucking stab. But once you do that to save the union, then every time there’s opposition developing, boom, you have to get them. In other words, I’ve got to pull a Joseph Stalin. And I don’t think I want to do that. But by the time I do that, then I’ll be a different man. Then I’ll do it again for some other reason.”

I didn’t know what to make of it, though it proved to be an accurate forecast of the future. By the mid-1970s, Chavez would be purging members of his advisory council, local farmworker leaders, and loyal supporters.

Still, despite Chavez’s disturbing confessions, I was mostly happy. I worked six or seven days a week, often ten or twelve hours a day for the UFW during the entire year that I was at Forty Acres. While I was sometimes exhausted, I loved it. Martha and I had come to share the spirit of self-sacrifice and commitment that permeated the volunteer community, and despite the criticisms of Chavez, in the end we, like almost everyone else, remained completely loyal to him. I truly enjoyed, even loved my work with the UFW.

One day Padilla called me into a meeting with Cesar, but when I got there, I was surprised to find Dolores Huerta was also there, and so were Richard and Manuel. Chavez handed me a couple of pieces of paper, which I immediately recognized as a press release that I had written a few days before.

“What the hell is this?” Chavez asked.

I started to explain that it was a press release about the grape boycott but after a few words Chavez interrupted me.

“This is bullshit,” Chavez said, in as loud a voice as I had ever heard from him. “Why would you put this out?”

I looked at the press release and the wrinkled little check list stapled to it, with the initials of Ganz and Chavez himself approving it. I held it up for Chavez and the others to see.

“You saw this release just a few days before, and you...” I began, but was once again interrupted.

Chavez was now furious.

“Don’t tell me what I did and did not do,” he spit out. “Who the fuck do you think you are? Well, I know who you are. You and your wife are part of the leftist dissidents, part of the opposition that sabotages our work and spreads gossip behind our backs. You’re a traitor.”

I had no idea what to say. Richard and Manuel also chimed in, saying that they had heard from others that I was “telling lies” and “backstabbing Chavez.”

Dolores Huerta now spoke too. “We don’t want Communists in the union.”

I was now completely in shock and had no idea what to say. I realized that I was trembling and had tears in my eyes. I felt as if I had been stoned or whipped in the public plaza. Feeling a little dizzy, I walked out of the meeting and onto the porch wondering what had unleashed this fury? Had they found out I was in the I.S.? Would they have even cared about that? After all we weren’t Communists. We opposed the Communists. And Martha and I were the only I.S. members at Forty Acres and we never talked about it. I knew that I hadn’t. Had Martha said something critical of Chavez to someone else? She might have. She couldn’t control herself. Or was there something in the way we handled ourselves that made us seem disloyal? We worked as hard as anyone else and behaved like the others. Had Martha’s sleeping with Manuel gotten her too close to the family’s inner circle? Had she mentioned something to Manuel?

I went to our cabin where I found Martha and Luther playing on the bed. I told Martha what had happened, that Chavez and the others had called us traitors and made it clear that we were no longer welcome here. She started crying too. And then so did Luther. I went over with her again all of the

questions I had already asked myself, and she assured me that she had never said anything to anyone about Chavez, except of course to me.

“Manuel stopped talking to me last week,” she said.

We skipped dinner—neither of us felt hungry—and after feeding Luther and putting him to bed, we talked for two more hours. We came to the conclusion that we had been purged, just like those who had been driven out in the other purges we had heard about. Yet, while we knew it was not our fault, we could not overcome the feelings of rejection and the pain of being severed from people we had come to respect and care for.

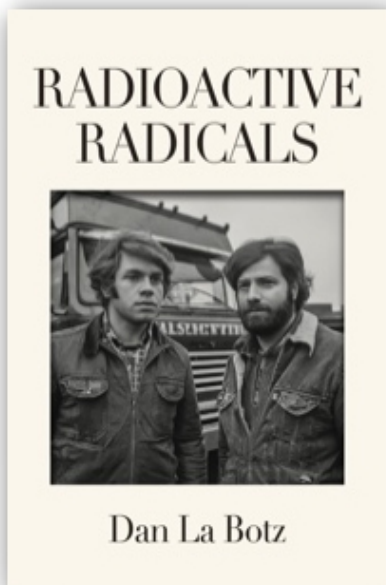
That night we packed up our things. We didn't have much and what we had would fit in the car. Martha and I went to say goodbye to a few friends. We didn't try to explain anything but just said that we were leaving. A few seemed a little distant, guarded. We wondered if they had heard, if they knew that we had been driven out.

We put our things in the trunk and some in the back seat next to Luther and around 11:00 o'clock that night drove out of Forty Acres, driving through Delano and getting on the old U.S. Highway 99 and then Interstate-5. We drove South back toward San Diego, back toward the university, toward our hometowns where our parents lived, toward our families. We needed to be with them.

We would have to start over. Again.

Other Books by Dan La Botz

- *Riding with the Revolution: The American Left in the Mexican Revolution, 1900–1925.* Leiden: Brill, 2024.
- *Trotsky in Tijuana,* New York, Serge Press, 2020.
- *Le nouveau populisme américain: Résistances et alternatives face à Trump.* Paris: Syllepse, May 2018
- *The Nicaraguan Revolution: What Went Wrong?* Leiden: Brill, 2016; Haymarket 2018.
- *A Vision from the Heartland: Socialism for the 21st Century.* Cincinnati: Buckeye Socialist Press, 2010.
- *César Chávez and La Causa.* New York: Pearson Longman, 2005.
- *Made in Indonesia: Indonesian Workers Since Suharto.* Boston: South End Press, 2001.
- *Democracy in Mexico: Peasant Rebellion and Political Reform.* Boston: South End Press, 1995.
- *Mask of Democracy: Labor Suppression in Mexico Today.* Boston: South End Press, 1992.
- *The Troublemaker's Handbook: How to Fight Back Where your Work and Win!* Detroit: Labor Notes, 1991.
- *Edward L. Doheny: Petroleum, Power & Politics in the U.S. & Mexico.* New York: Praeger, 1991.
- *Rank and File Rebellion: Teamsters for a Democratic Union.* New York: Verso, 1990.
- *The Crisis of Mexican Labor.* New York: Praeger, 1988.



Was and Dirk, two 1960s radicals, organize a rebellion in the Teamsters against trucking bosses, corrupt union officials and the Mafia. Dirk tells the story: a decades-long, coast-to-coast trip, through protests, riots, and strikes.

Radioactive Radicals

A Novel of Labor and the Left

by Dan La Botz

Order the complete book from the publisher [Booklocker.com](https://www.booklocker.com)

<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/13375.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**