

TRANSCRIPT

INTERVIEWEE: Andy Wilkinson (AW)

INTERVIEWER: David Todd (DT)

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[Beginning of Reel 2238]

DT: Andy. could you please continue with some of your—your songs...

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AW: Sure.

DT: Share with us.

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AW: You'd—you'd mentioned wanting to hear one about the Palo Duro. This is a—I wrote a piece of poetry music—an album called Charlie Goodnight, His Life and Poetry and Song. And this is a song from that,

(He is playing his guitar)

which I haven't done in a long time so we—we're allowed retakes, I hope, overs, I guess. And there's one.

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I've sold out and it's time for leaving.

I've cleaned out my desk and it's all packed away.

No man is ever too old to start over,

but I feel like an old man today.

I've said good-bye to my partner.

Good-bye to the cowhands who worked the JA.

Molly you're ready, but give me a moment;

I've just one good-bye left to say.

Good-bye to my Palo Duro.

Good-bye to your ranges that I love so true.

Good-bye to your river,
your bright painted canyon.

I'll never do better than you.

I'll never do better than you.

In the labor and the love of a lifetime,

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what's right, what's wrong they're confusing to me.

If I take the credit for the things that she is

I'll take blame for the things she could be.

Good-bye to my Palo Duro.

Good-bye to your ranges that I love so true.

Good-bye to your river

, your bright painted canyon,

I'll never do better than you.

I'll never do better than you.

Like the buffalo and the Comanche

my farewell is neither fair nor complete.

When leaving is dying the nature of parting,

a dim sight more sorrow than sweet.

Good-bye to my Palo Duro.

Good-bye to your ranges that I love so true.

Good-bye to your river,

your bright painted canyon.

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I'll never do better than you.

I'll never do better than you.

I'll never do better than you.

So there's one about the Palo Duro. What else?

DT: Anything about the prairies, perhaps?

DT: Any fun songs about Prairie Dogs?

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AW: No. No one out here likes Prairie Dogs.

DT: (Inaudible)

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AW: (He is playing his guitar)

On the highway when I'm driving
sometimes I dream about the grass and the prairie long ago.
I dream I am horseback riding
while the whole world seems to be an empty sea of buffalo.
Only in your dreams you'll know the world we should have saved.
For the prairie without buffalo is the ocean without waves.
They were shot down for the merchants,
grass plowed for greed,
the prairie paved until no green could grow.
Now it's only dreamers searching
while the whole world needs the grass the prairie and the buffalo.
Only in your dreams you'll know the world we should have saved.
For the prairie without buffalo is the ocean without waves.

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So that's grass and buffalo. Do I have anything else about just grass in particular? Not one that I could sing. There's one in a play that I wrote called, My Cowboys Gift, where it's called, A Prairie Mother's Prayer, where a mother prays that her son grow up like the grass. You know and make's a comparison to how the grass bends and doesn't break and so forth. It's in a women voice not good for me to sing, so.

DT: What about some of the people that have lived in the prairie or passed through it? You told us about the Native Americans or about cotton farmers that come through or ranchers that have been here.

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AW: Well, there's—we could do a song about Quanah Parker and Charlie Goodnight meeting for the first time, which was in the Palo Duro Canyon.

(He is playing his guitar)

They probably actually met at the battle of the Pease River when Quanta's mother was recaptured in 1860, but—cause Charlie Goodnight was a ranger scout then. But Quanta

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and his father Nocona—Chief Nocona had—were too far away to get to the battle before it was over with, so, there's really no evidence. And Quanta and Goodnight talked about it later, but we do know that they met in the Palo Duro Canyon just after Goodnight had moved his ranch from Colorado to Palo Duro to start the JA and not long after Quanah had turned himself into the reservation. Where, of course, the first thing he found out was that the government wasn't going to come through with any promises about

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providing them with food. So they left the reservation with permission, but they left the reservation periodically to go out and try to hunt more buffalo for food. And these ranchers thought that they were hunting cattle instead of buffalo.

(He is playing his guitar)

It was cold in the Palo—excuse me.

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It was cold in the Palo Duro in the winter of '78.

From the reservation in the territories come rumors of an escape.

Cowhands grew uneasy because we was losing beef.

It was feared it was Comanche. Quanah Parker it was believed.

We remembered Blanco Canyon and the Battle of Adobe Walls

and the young Comanche warriors who could not be killed at all.

So I promised her...

Let see I need to stop this—start this... let me sing another song that I'm thinking about right now. That's why I don't rap. I can't even get through

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a regular song. This is a song that is about a true story or I wrote it from a true story. And I actually found the story here at the Southwest Collection when I'd made the foolish promise to write a song for the Centennial of the City of Hale Center Texas, which is just up

the highway here. After I made that promise—their Centennial incidentally was July the 4th. That's the day they celebrate as the founding of their city. I made the promise and realized I didn't know really much about Hale Center beyond the—the Dairy Queen where I stopped to get coffee on my way to Amarillo. So I came to the Southwest

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Collection and found, to my great joy, ten years worth of the quarterly journals of the Hale County Historical Association. And in it were a couple of stories about July the 4th in Hale County and one of them in particular about July the 4th at Hale Center and it's the story I used for the research material to write this song.

(He is playing his guitar)

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Johnny was a Cherokee cowboy,
long braids hanging from his hat.
He wrangled up on the Little Less Ranch
and he rode with my Uncle Jack.
He sat like a shadow in the saddle.
He wrote poetry with his rope.
He had a light hand for the horses
and a smile for us little folk.
Johnny and Jack come a calling,
took my brothers, my sisters and I
to the Hale County picnic all set for the 4th of July.
They had a big tent and little brass band,
box lunches on the lawn.
When they raised old glory to the top of the pole
we all sang the freedom song.

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Oh say can you see,
Johnny why aren't you singing?
Say you can see

Johnny is there something wrong?
Say can you see, Johnny where are you going?
Johnny why don't you stay and help us sing the freedom song.
The other men whipped their hats off.
They hollered and they hooped it up,
but Johnny just stood there silent with a hurt angry look.
Then his face grew soft and he kneeled right down
and he sounded plum wore out
when he said, little partner it's not my freedom that they're singing about.
Oh say can you see,
Johnny why aren't you singing?
Say can you see Johnny is there something wrong?
Say can you see,
Johnny where are you going?

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Johnny why don't you stay and help us sing the freedom song?
He mounted his horse in a couple of strides
and I watched as he rode away
across the plains of the land of the free
till he vanished in the home of the brave.
Since then I've sung the freedom song a thousand times or more
and every time I wonder just whose freedom it is that we're singing for.
Oh say can you see,
Johnny why aren't you singing?
So, a true story.
DT: Sweet Story.
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AW: And a cool story to come by. I always use that in talking to my students about creativity. Everybody thinks that you need to sit around on your but until, you know, some bolt of inspiration hits you. I would never have found that story had not—had I not essentially volunteered for an assignment, you know. And having to dig around to find it, there was the inspiration, you know, just waiting to be dug up. So this is pretty interesting. Another one? You want me to try to get through the Quanah and... Oh, I tell

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you—it's a little bit off the area, but Cynthia Ann Parker—this is a—this is a good story. Cynthia Ann—and this is also a good story about songs and song writing. Cynthia Ann Parker, it's one of the saddest stories in—in Western History—Western American History. She was—the Parkers settled in Eastern—Northeastern Texas in the 1830's. And in 1836 when Cynthia Ann was eight years old the Kwahadi Comanche, the very tribe we were talking about, attacked this little four to five settlement called Fort Parker.

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And they killed all the men, women and children that they could find with the exception of two women and about three children that they carried off. The two women were later ransomed or escaped and one of the children—but Cynthia Ann and her brother were never recovered. Cynthia Ann we know was raised as a Comanche. Her brother we don't know much about, but she was raised as a Comanche. She went on marrying Chief Nocona and she had Quanah, was her first son, Quanah Parker. And she had another son

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that—it's amusing that the history—some of the histories say that his name was Peanuts, which I find hard to imagine but—and she—by 1860 she had a brand new daughter named Prairie Flower. Eighteen sixty was a terrible year for settlers on the Brazos Frontier. The Comanche were especially active that fall raiding, killing, raping, looting, murdering, carrying off cattle and horses. And it was a very difficult time because Texas was gearing up for the inevitable war about to happen in the South. Texas was poor

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anyway and so the—the call went out for some help, you know, some army troops. And the governor didn't have anybody to send except some Texas rangers to lead a volunteer cavalry and he—he put a commander in charge, Sul Ross. One of the cavalry—or the—the ranger scouts was Charlie Goodnight, which is my interest in this story. Well, they came—the rangers came upon the Comanche settlement or the camp at Mule Creek where it strikes the Pease River, early of a morning in December of 1860, just a few days before Christmas Eve, rode into the camp and the warriors, as was their tactic, rode off like they were retreating because they didn't want to have the fight there in their—their

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camp. And this allowed the—the women and children to pack up the teepee's and—and leave. So they—the battle essentially moved a mile away from the—the camp with the rangers and the—and the warriors fighting in this pitched battle. Well, the—the cavalry rides up about this time, but these—now they're volunteers. First of all, they've never really been in a serious Indian fight and secondly, they are the husbands, and the fathers and the brothers and the sons and the neighbors and the cousins of the victims of that fall.

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And so what they did was, instead of going out to the battle, they rode back and forth through the camp killing the women, the children, the old people, the dogs, the horses until they came to Cynthia Ann and they could see that she was once White. So they—they had to run her down, capture her, drug her back against her will. It was later determined that's who she was, Cynthia Ann Parker. They returned her to the family back east. Although the rangers, interestingly enough, including my Uncle Charlie

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Goodnight said, don't take her back. She's not—she not white anymore she's a Comanche. She was never happy and within a couple of years died as the story goes just from heartbreak. Having been returned away from her—her family now. Before she died though she—she was interviewed by a newspaper writer who asked a number of questions and what did she miss most about being a Comanche and she—she said she missed the plains and she missed the teepee. She hated living in a—in a log cabin because they were cold in the winter and hot in the summer and the teepee was the opposite, you know, it was a very good way to live, you know, out in that countryside.

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But the thing that was really interesting to me in the interview is—is they asked her what—what do you hate most or what do you dislike most about being back with your people, the Whites and she said, I hate the White women's clothes. And I thought, boy, that is really interesting until I started thinking about it and did some more research and realized that what White women were wearing in the 1860's was wool, you know, and if you can imagine east Texas in the summer time. Wool, it's a no wonder she hated it, so.

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I wrote this song about White women clothes in the voice of Cynthia Ann Parker. And when we were recording it in 1994 my producer, Lloyd Maines, I asked him who should we get to sing this, a woman that could sing about being her family being killed when she was eight years old, raised a Comanche, her family being—all of her family being killed again when she was in the 30's, you know, her child dies. It's an incredible story. What kind, you know, who can sing this? And Lloyd said my daughter can sing it. Well, I

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knew his daughter. I'd known her since she was a little bitty kid and she's a terrific singer, but she 19 years old. And I said, Lloyd you know this is a women who's had children, whose you know had a life and watched her family murdered and he said, no she—trust me she can sing it. So she sang it on a recording and sure enough she did a great job. Now his—Lloyd's daughter is Natalie Maines who's the lead singer now of the Dixie Chicks. So, indeed, she could sing it. So imagine I'm Natalie Maines.

(He is playing his guitar)

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In the moon you call December

on the river you call a peace.

It was cold and I remember

we had just packed up to leave

when a mounted line of soldiers

a sparkle in the sun

rode down upon our warriors

shot them one by one.

But the ponies of our women

they were loaded down and slow

with our lodge poles and equipment and the meat of our buffalo.

So the cowards of your cavalry went

all the fight was over killed the women and their babies

except for me and Prairie Flower.

The White man's liberation took me from my home

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for the prison of his houses and his White women's clothes.

You could see my hair was flaxen.

You could see my eyes were blue,

see my skin was white and ashen

or you would've shot me too. But you could not see the baby

that I cradled in my robes,

a small red skinned Comanche the color of my soul.

The white man's liberation took me from my home
for the prison of his houses and his White women's clothes.

Dressed up for your amusement in your used and second hands,
you parade me through your settlements

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and you call me Cynthia Ann.

In your walls I'm suffocating where the wind never blows
and my heart is strangulating in your White women's clothes.

White man's liberation took me from my home
for the prison of his houses and his White women's clothes.

The White man's liberation took me from my home
for the prison of his houses and his White women's clothes.

So there's another true story.

DT: It's a moving story.

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AW: Yeah, it's a—gosh it's a sad story. I mean it's just hard to even think about it, you know.

DT: You mentioned that—that—that Cynthia Ann loved the prairies. Is there any sort of song that you might have about what it is that she loved or that you love about this place?

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AW: Oh well, I have tons of songs. I mean it's—it's like you can't—a place this big you can't just have one song about it, you know, there's—see if I can remember. Its been a long time since I've sung it, but this a song from that play, My Cowboys Gift.

(He is playing his guitar)

You have to imagine some really nice fiddle going on here.

(He is playing his guitar)

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When the springtime is done

and you can't stir the days with a spoon,
our works done in the heat of the sun
our love by the wild flower moon.

Nights on the prairie come summer.

Breeze blows a beautiful tune.

Bright are the eyes of my lover
in the light of the wild flower moon.

Lie with me in the grass.

Stars all above us are strewn.

Let time pass for diamonds are glass
alongside the wild flower moon.

Nights on the prairie come summer.

Breeze blows a beautiful tune.

Bright are the eyes of my lover
in the light of the wild flower moon,
in the light of the wild flower moon.

Well, there's one song about

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the prairie. Here's another one about the prairie. We have—we don't have many trees out here. They're native, you know. Along the canyons you'll find cottonwoods, you know, by the creeks. And there—of course, there are some mesquite. Mesquite and cedar have been here forever. There's, you know, everybody says well, the mesquite didn't come here until the cattle brought the mesquite in their droppings, you know, but these archeologists find mesquite seeds from thousands of years ago. So they have been

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here. It's just that fire and buffalo kept the mesquite down and let the grass come up. But—and nobody likes mesquite either because they use up water from the grass and they're hell to get out once you get them in, but they have a cousin called prairie—called the Desert Willow that is—this is about as far north as the Desert Willow is grown. They're—they're this incredibly—they're all over the campus here, in fact, you'll see them. Like the mesquite they don't leaf out until after the first frost so when the Desert

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Willow and the mesquite leaf out you know that you're not going to have a frost again. And—but unlike the mesquite they're not so quite voracious in their appetite for water and they have these little blossoms that come on them and stay on the whole growing season. They're real delicate. They're sort of a lavender purple color and they fall—the wind comes along and they just fall off on the ground and there are desert willows littered with these blossoms and new ones come on and the next morning there's a whole new crop of these flowers. It's just a beautiful tree, so, I—I kind of think of it as emblematic of—of this area.

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(He is playing his guitar)

You're going to get bored to death before this is all over with.

Twilight is the sweetest tower summers on the Llano.

Desert Willows full in flower the breeze a soft cantando.

Lightning flickering in the clouds move

—no let me start this over.

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Twilight is the sweetest tower summers on the Llano.

Desert Willows full in flower

the breeze a soft cantando.

When the sky turns lavender and smells of distant rain,

I recall romancing her, my lover of the plains.

Yellow slicker on the ground spread beneath the willows,

purple blossoms drifting down a saddle for our pillow.

Lightening flickering in the clouds,

moving over the range as I wrapped my arms around my lover of the plains.

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Love that's born in open spaces cannot be confined.

Arms and promises and fences still love left behind,

but when it thunders on the Llano I still hear her moan.

(inaudible Spanish) When the storm its fury spent its lightening and its thunder,

how our colors came and went as nighttime drug them under.

After glow turns discontent when promises turn change,

boundaries do not complement my lover of the plains.

Love that's born in open spaces cannot be confined.

Arms and promises and fences still love left behind,

but when it thunders on the Llano I still hear her moan

. (inaudible Spanish) Twilight is the sweetest tower summers on the Llano.

So there's song about liking the plains.

DT: Nice. Thanks. You know one thing I've—I've often heard people say about the plains is that its three quarters sky...

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AW: Yeah.

DT: And—and I know there's very dramatic weather up here, as well. The northers come through or tornados blow through, anything about the sky or the weather?

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AW: Well, the—of course weather is—it's always in—you know, if you write songs about here there—there's always something about the weather. We had, you know, we had the big tornado in May of 1970 up here. I was a policeman then. But we—you grow up (he is tuning his guitar) you grow up with tornados. And so—in fact, I saw in the—one of these, you may be a redneck if, sort of things—you maybe a red neck if you've

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ever watched a tornado from a folding chair, you know, a lawn chair. And it's—it's true. I mean we use to sit out and watch tornados, especially out in the country because you could see them a long way off and as little kids you wanted to prove your bravado. You didn't want to be the first one down in the cellar, you know, so you'd stand up there till the last possible minute and watch these things, but a lot of people don't like them.

(He is playing his guitar)

DT: (inaudible)

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AW: Well, they're a—I tell you they're nasty things. If you're—fortunately, unlike a hurricane, which covers, you know, hundreds of miles and tornados a s—small thing and so I guess if you're a gambling person you know that you have some chan—likelihood of

maybe being missed by it, but to see the damage that they can do is—is astonishing. But, so here's a...

(He is playing his guitar)

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When a cloud would come up we'd all—all go...Yeah, I can't remember this. Its been too many years go. This is a song about going down in the storm cellar. It turns out that some people are more scared of the storms cellars than they are of the tornados, so they—they would stay up. Here's a weather song. This happens to be several true stories put into one, but this is also a farming weather song.

(He is playing his guitar)

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Because in a thunderstorm the worst thing is not always the tornado.

(He is playing his guitar)

Well the clouds they look like mountains building in the distance

and the afternoon was heavy with the smell of something mean.

Lord the stillness was deceiving because it could change in an instant.

And the sun was painting pictures with the colors from a dream.

Across the way a popping Johnny droned a summertime siesta

and the traffic on the highway and the horse flies harmonized.

But the clouds were changing faces now it was dragons they suggested.

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In the southwest there was lightning and blackness in the skies

and it was cotton high in late July dollars for December.

Crop was made and we had made it well.

Oh, there ain't no way in telling why,

but I'll tell you I remember the afternoon

that we got hailed to hell.

Oh, the afternoon that we got hailed to hell.

We hadn't had no (?) no signs of (?), mostly blooms (inaudible) was strong and tall,

but the wind whipped up raw and cold like the breath of something evil.

And the clouds above began to roll and the rain began to fall.

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We stood under the tractor shed when the hail began to splatter.

The helplessness of watching took the life out of our blood.

In minutes of destruction a season's work was shattered
and the life of disappointments lay beat down in the mud.

And it was cotton high in late July dollars for December.

Crop was made and we had made it well.

There ain't no way in telling why,

but I'll tell you I remember the afternoon that we got hailed to hell,
the afternoon that we got hailed to hell.

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December came and went without a single bale of cotton.

Come spring there was an auction that paid a little on the debt.

The worst things are the things in life that most quickly should be forgotten,
but I can't forget the only time that my daddy ever wept.

Daddy died next season riding someone else's tractor.

I moved to the city and my momma moved to town.

The hailstorm didn't kill him, but it surely was a factor
because old farmers never will admit when the farming gets them down.

When it's cotton high in late July dollars for December.

Crop was made and we had made it well.

There ain't no way in telling why.

but I'll tell you I remember the afternoon that we got hailed to hell,

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on the afternoon that we got hailed to hell.

We'll there's money in the cotton bowl

and there's angels up in heaven

where Jesus sits upon his throne to make the sinners whole,
but the hail stone ain't the hand of God
it's just the cursing of the devil,
calling in the farmers note on the mortgage of his soul
and there was cotton high in late July dollars for December.

There's a weather song.

DT: You've been kind to do a number of requests. Thanks for doing that. I was wondering if—if you might have one more song of your own choice that you could sing for us?

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AW: Let's see.

DT: About this Llano Estacado?

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AW: What else would I do?

DT: Do you have any songs about your police career?

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AW: Yeah. Yeah. No. No. It's not quite that—quite that interesting. It's just very different from working at the Piggly Wiggly Store. And you know it's quite a different thing. I think if I was to—and you know it's curious. I've never written a poem about my time in police work or written a song about it. I've never and not quite sure why. I'm sure a shrink would come up with a—a good reason. But—well here—here's a song that's—that's maybe appropriate to what you're doing. It's a...

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(He is singing and playing his guitar)

It started with windmills, Aermotors and Eclipses
and then it was engines of gas and electric
the flick of a switch spewing water through ditches along the aluminum vein.
Popping the cork on the sandstone champagne.
It bubbled up cool, clean and wet
sparkling like diamonds on a young girl's neck.
With a taste so sweet we were quick to

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forget the sweat, the toil, and the pain.

We're just part of the price of the sandstone champagne.

So we nursed the cattle, the cotton and wheat,
the corn and the sorghum, the soy beans and beets,
the cities and the highways of steel and concrete.

Well, everything's been fed and sustained by a pull on the bottle of the sandstone champagne.

And we're all getting drunk on sandstone champagne.

Three bales to an acre and four if it rains, if it rains.

Just keep drilling deeper, no one will complain till the cellar is empty of sandstone champagne.

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But every year it gets deeper and deeper to drill
and the stock tank gets harder and harder to fill
and the blue weeds get thicker and tougher to kill
and nobody's watching for rain because it's gone to our heads this sandstone champagne.

We're all getting drunk on sandstone champagne.

Three bales to an acre and four if it rains,
will it rain?

Just keep drilling deeper no one will complain till the cellar is empty of sandstone champagne.

Well, it's a dam foolish part there's a hangover due for our sons and our daughters

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when all the drinking is through
because hungry and thirsty they're going to curse me and you.

We'll only have this to explain.

We drank it like water, the sandstone champagne.

And we're all getting drunk on sandstone champagne.

Three bales to an acre and four if it rains, well it rains.

Just keep drilling deeper no one will complain till the cellar is empty of sandstone champagne.

DT: Thank you.

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AW: You're welcome.

DT: You've read us poetry and sang us songs about the history of this place and—and the dilemma we find ourselves in now and I was curious if you could maybe look into the future a little bit and comment on where you think this is all taking us, if you might. What the challenges and opportunities are that you see for conservation or for...

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AW: Well...

DT: ...this place...

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AW: You know I think if you're an artist you have to have a at—at your core you have to have an optimism for the human animal, you know, that we can do better and will at some point. I think the—our problems in conservation are wrapped up in a larger problem we have, which is that we have fallen prey to an idea that is not a good one and that is the idea of—of the corporate way of organizing our lives. The idea that you can form a thing that has a life of his own, that has power and authority, but no obligation.

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And because at its heart conservation is—is an understanding and acceptance of obligation, a sense to leave things better to—to be the steward, the shepherd of the resources. And the whole way of looking at the world from a corporate notion is antithetical to the idea of stewardship and obligation because the whole notion of a corporation is to shirk responsibility and to pawn it off, to get rid of it. You know I'm

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firmly convinced that a 1000 years from now when historians study us, assuming there are historians around to do that, that this will not be the atomic age and the information age and the nuclear age. It will be the corporate age because this blasted animal pervades every aspect of our lives. We're all members of one, we work for one and we put our money in them. They warp our politics. They warp our sensibility about things and the only good thing about all that is we're now in sort of a spot about like we were 100 years ago—120 years ago when people were first recognizing the excesses of the Robber Barons at the end of the 19th Century. And now we have the good fortune to have Ken

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Lay and the—all the other list of miscreants that we could—we could talk about forever that are really pointing up. Because we, you know we—if things are going good and your football team wins a few in the fall, you know, you don't get too worried about things until there's no water coming out of the tap or until you read the paper that somebody at Enron made your gas bills go up last winter and your electrical bills go up this summer. And not only that, the guys sticks not a

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million dollars not a—a 10 million dollars but a billion dollars in his pocket or whatever those huge numbers are. That gets peoples attention and I think maybe we're all in a cusp of a change with that. And if we change that we can do m—a lot more with conservation. We know so much about the science of conservation. What we lack is the political ability and the—the political will to do it, that's what we lack.

DT: Well, given that—that insight what—what sort of advice would you give to younger people that are coming along, some of the students you have here at Texas Tech or—other people you might run across?

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AW: Don't be part of the system. Don't be part of the machine. If you have to get out in the streets and stick up a sign, do it. If you have to look at an alternative, don't buy, you know, don't buy Microsoft. It's a mistake to do that. Don't support those things. I mean we really need to get back to some things that we—we thought of in the 60's and

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people, you know, Mahatma Gandhi thought of it. People have been doing it for a long time. But we really need to have a—a grass roots level of—of interesting change. That's what it takes, you know, you—you can't do it from the top down. Its got to come from the bottom up. That's what people need to do. Think about their—the—the decisions they make in everyday life. It's—and it's hard to do. You know, when you drive a car and you fill it with gas and you put on clothes that are made from petroleum products,

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you know. I live on a computer just like everybody else does, you know, you can't grow one of those in your garden. It's a—there are a lot of things that make it difficult, but you can still have an impact and—and that's the kind of impact that'll make a difference. You know, not only go out in the street, vote and to make sure that you are active. We're—we're awful in this country about our involvement in politics from the community level right on through. And if we would be a lot more active in that, we would have candidates who would listen instead of having to pick the least of the worst, you know, which is kind of our usual anymore.

DT: One last question. We often ask people to pick their favorite spot that gives them some sort of recourse to things that they truly care about, some kind of serenity? And you've sung a lot about the Llano Estacado. Maybe it's a place there maybe some other location that could you describe a...

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AW: Well...

DT: ...special spot?

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AW: I get ser—where I get serenity is—is coming in on highway 87 just before you get to Post. You can look up and—and you get your first real good solid glimpse of the Cap Rock of the Llano, a big wall that rises up, which is the occasion for the name El Llano Estacado, which is not the staked plains, but it's the stockaded plains. You know its—its appearance from the ground level looking up and you see it and when I look and I see that I know that I'm almost home. That is a—is a good feeling for me.

DT: It's been a nice feeling listening to you play

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AW: Oh, well thanks.

DT: Thank you very much.

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AW: I'm anxious to see what you do with this project. This is a great idea.

DT: Thanks for participating in it.

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AW: My pleasure.

[End of Reel 2238]

[End of interview with Andy Wilkinson]