

HOUSTON Breakthrough

OUR FIFTH YEAR

OCTOBER 1980



Listings

Film, dance, theater, art, music —
a calendar of upcoming events.

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Nobody's given them credit for the skill
to stay alive — until now . . .

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LOCAL COLOR

Reflections on Port Arthur's pearl,
a jaded view of Houstonians in
China, and other assorted gems

FitzGerald's

in the Heights

SATURDAY, OCT. 11

the Lotions REGGAE BAND FROM AUSTIN

FRIDAY-SATURDAY, OCT. 17-18

the Planets & Doctor Rockit HOUSTON BASED BLUES BAND, DOCTOR ROCKIT OPENS FOR THE PLANETS FROM ALBUQUERQUE. FEMALE SINGERS DENISE BRISSEY AND DEBBIE BLAKELY ALONG WITH PIANIST STEVE MORELOCK DO MOST OF THE VOCALS ON A LOT OF OLD FAVORITES. THE PLANETS ARE AN OUTSTANDING GROUP OF ENTERTAINERS.

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-Charles Champlin, LOS ANGELES TIMES

"The Elephant Man" is a handsome, haunting new film. Mr. Hurt's extraordinary performance is truly remarkable. Fascinating!"

-Vincent Canby, THE NEW YORK TIMES

"A BEAUTY! A tale of redemption and transcendence, of the hunchback of London Hospital, of the noble phantom who wanted to go to the opera, of Beauty and the Beast."

-Richard Corliss, TIME MAGAZINE

"An extraordinarily touching movie. John Hurt is amazing, and Anthony Hopkins, Anne Bancroft and John Gielgud give performances of rare quality."

-Archer Winsten, NEW YORK POST

"RIVETING! A magnificent piece of bravura acting by John Hurt!"

-Rex Reed

"It is difficult not to be moved by this gently compassionate film."

-Kathleen Carrill, NY DAILY NEWS



THE ELEPHANT MAN

Paramount Pictures Presents A Brookfilms Production Anthony Hopkins and John Hurt as The Elephant Man Anne Bancroft John Gielgud Wendy Hiller Music by John Morris Director of Photography Freddie Francis Executive Producer Stuart Cornfeld Screenplay by Christopher DeLore & Eric Bergren & David Lynch Produced by Jonathan Sanger Directed by David Lynch Panavision® A Paramount Picture

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LOCAL COLOR

MUNICIPAL MIRROR

Joplin remembered, politicians in passing, and books, baking, marathons and marmalade, etc...

BY MORRIS EDELSON

J.J. We Hardly Knew Ye

It's been 10 years since **Janis Joplin** departed the stage (Oct. 4, 1970) and, curiously, no one has done an adequate biography or study of the Port Arthur singer. **Judith Richards**, a local free lance writer sometimes appearing in these pages, just completed a taped radio show for Sud-West Deutsche Rundfunk and found a certain amount of nostalgia about Janis and a lot of dissatisfaction with representations of her in *Going Down with Janis* and Bette Midler's *The Rose*. People who knew her before she became famous thought San Francisco (drugs, booze and cash-on-the-barrelhead sex) killed her; those from the Bay area who knew her later said the ugliness of the Gulf Coast did in the sensitive woman.

Some say the world ends in dope, some say in sludge — either one will do to turn your mind to fudge, no doubt. But **Ryan Trimble**, once co-owner of Liberty Hall in Houston and also the Half-Way House in Beaumont, where she sang, believes she had a rather heroic carelessness. She was a talent confident enough of herself not to sweat the small stuff; she wasn't afraid enough to save herself.

Trimble recalled how the singer used to show up, "wired and berserk," to sing a few old tunes with new words that she would improvise. She especially liked *Cry, Cry, Cry* in the mid-60s and, especially, *Going Down to Brownsville*. Janis "had a hard on for straights," Trimble said and she was beginning to try to make it in Austin. "Austin was and is as dumb as Port Arthur so she was getting some ter-

rible disappointments there — everyone was just freaked by her and couldn't hear her songs past her looks," Trimble said.

The same situation, he said, ironically prevails today, with people looking at Bette Midler's imitations and not hearing the great difference in voice and renditions. "Janis had that rhythm-and-blues, rock and roll background that Midler's New York treatments of songs lack.

"Janis was really good to me," Trimble recalled. "She never took a dime for singing at the Halfway House, and she had a following, a small group, that would come for her there. She was a handful, though. I sold the club to Bob Leviston and Dave Hargis and Leviston finally banned her from the place. She was flipping the bird to people, or something."

The police tried to set the place up for drug busts and the city fathers were displeased by the counterculture scene developing in Beaumont, so Trimble soon moved to Houston to open Liberty Hall (with Phil Bowles, now in the furniture business on Washington.) For seven years (see *Breakthrough*, January 1980) his establishment was the center of the new music culture of Houston. "I had so wanted to get Janis there," Trimble said. "I wanted to go out there and say, look, Janis, here's finally a place where a lot of people are going to love your songs — but it was then too late." (Trimble opened Liberty Hall in February 1971).

People shake their heads, recalling the bottle of whiskey in her purse, or her tongue jabbing into their mouths, her hands groping an introduction all over their bodies. But no one seems sorry to

have known Janis, all miss her music and wonder what she would have gone on to. When a meteor burns out, its fiery trail still lights up the sky, even over those Port Arthur refineries.

Junk-et

Hizzoner spent a pleasant September, thankyou, touring the bigger waste disposal plants of Munich and warming up for Octoberfest in Suds City. An official release on expensive paper from the mayor's office quoted **Jim McConn** as saying, "While in Germany I will visit two of the world's most successful solid waste recovery plants. I will share with the delegates the methods we have employed in solving some of Houston's problems." McConn's statement leads to a question: Which problems has he solved lately? Does he tie his own shoelaces? McConn delivered the keynote address at the "Large Cities Forum" in Munich which is closer to the Monte Carlo casinos than Houston is to Las Vegas.

Meanwhile, back at the municipal corral, a **Mr. Roger Line** is running the city. In case you don't recall voting for him, he is a Top Man drawing a Top Salary, \$60,000 per year, almost double what other mayoral executive assistants are making. His official title is Senior Executive Assistant and he will function as City Manager. His qualifications? He engineered a Proposition 13 type of service-cutting budget for the Fort Worth city government and he packaged the bond issue that saddled Fort Worth tax-payers with more debt to give them a bus system that isn't

much better than Houston's today.

The City Hall press release on bond triple-A stock reveals the bottom *Line* credentials: "More recently, he has held positions in real estate development. . ." So, expect another bond issue for the MTA soon — if it passes people will get from the suburbs to the city quicker, as they did in Fort Worth for a while, and the lower-income folks will die of old age, as usual, waiting for that Westmoreland or Alabama bomb-without-windows.

China Peeking

Being the consul for the People's Republic of China is not all wushu and fortune cookies. Poor **Mr. Yu** has to sail out of his Montrose Street office and pose for pictures with lizards given to the Houston zoo by the People's Republic, preside over festivities around the October birthday of his country and, occasionally, put up with gaffes from the likes of **Bob Coussins**, one-time industrial filmmaker and now scoring pretty regular foreign junkets — mostly talking-head shows in expensive locations.

Coussins was regaling Consul Yu with stories of his three-week, \$50,000 trip to China for Channel 8, to make a movie about Houston ballet director **Ben Stevenson** at the Peking Ballet School. Coussins told of buying a serge coat and Mao jacket to wear with his cowboy boots. The center of attention — no shy violet he — at a Chinese department store, he turned to the crowd watching the Roundeye buy his coat and asked, "How do you like it?" Several people actually helped him fit it right then and there.



Bones in the Gravesyard — view of one of the pieces at the Nancy Graves exhibition at the CAM.

Coussins taught his interpreter to say "Bugger off!" He and his camera crew chased Stevenson on bicycles, filming on those bicycle trucks they have in the Forbidden City, with Coussins running down the street yelling directions. Stevenson did his part to weird out the one billion citizens of his host country by insisting that they grunt and groan to the strains of acid rock and become instant Westerners in his three week visit.

Stevenson's and Coussins' deep appreciation of Chinese culture and history may be inferred from the remarks Coussins let fall to Yu the night of the report on the upcoming film, tentatively entitled *Pas de Deux — Contact of Two Cultures*. Coussins was saying, "Chinese culture seems to be making great inroads into Houston. There is even a sister city program between Houston here and Taipei." Silence. Coussins pressed on: "Now, Taipei — where is that? In the south of China somewhere?" Heavier silence. Bob was soon off and running again, pausing only long enough to hear that **Susan Spruce** brought home the national convention of US China People's Friendship Committee, to be held next October in Houston.

David Ross, who was represented at the above meeting by boxes of books from his metamorphosed Prairie Fire Book Store, says his 60s hangout has not closed but is resting. The city's largest collection of China books and periodicals and other progressive publications is still available from Ross through a post office box.

Ross himself is a teaching assistant now in the English Department at the University of Houston and is taking a side course in Chinese. It was Ross in the truck on the airport ramp helping the Fujian hand puppeteers load into and on top of his vehicle some 1800 pounds of props and scenery for their recent Houston tour. Another of his activities is the Moonlight

Madness bicycle tour of Houston, later this month, which slices several times through the central city, starting at the mid night, and ending up, usually, at some greasy spoon or other for the weary participants.

One Hand Sues, the Other Doesn't

Breakthrough readers will be overjoyed to learn that **Robert Cizik**, chief executive officer of Cooper Industries, one of the Houston area's major polluters, won the 1980 Award for Human Relations from the **Houston Council on Human Relations**, 2518 Grant (no pun intended) Street. Cizik (pronounced Cheese-ik) is one of the main men who funnels the Corporate Arts collections to the major, safe, cultural organizations of Houston, such as the Grand Opera, Houston Symphony and Alley Theater. Previous winners of the award, by the United Way-funded organization located across from the Mining Company disco, were Exxon, Shell Oil, a Mr. James McConn and Barbara Jordan. Presenting this year's award on Oct. 15 will be oily John Mazzola, president of the Lincoln Center for the Soporific Arts of New York.

Harriet E. Hubacker, Senior Assistant Attorney of Houston, resigned from her position as of Sept. 26, 1980. Hubacker noted in her letter of departure to **Edward A. Cazares**, City Attorney, that there are problems of unrest, reduced productivity and poor work in the city's legal office. Cazares himself, she charged, "discourages women from staying." Her letter said: "Your frequent sexual comments create a non-professional and demeaning work environment for women. It is a sad example."

Hubacker had run up an outstanding record of efficiency in the usually-somnolent city office, but she stated that the potential of the staff is thwarted by the sex-

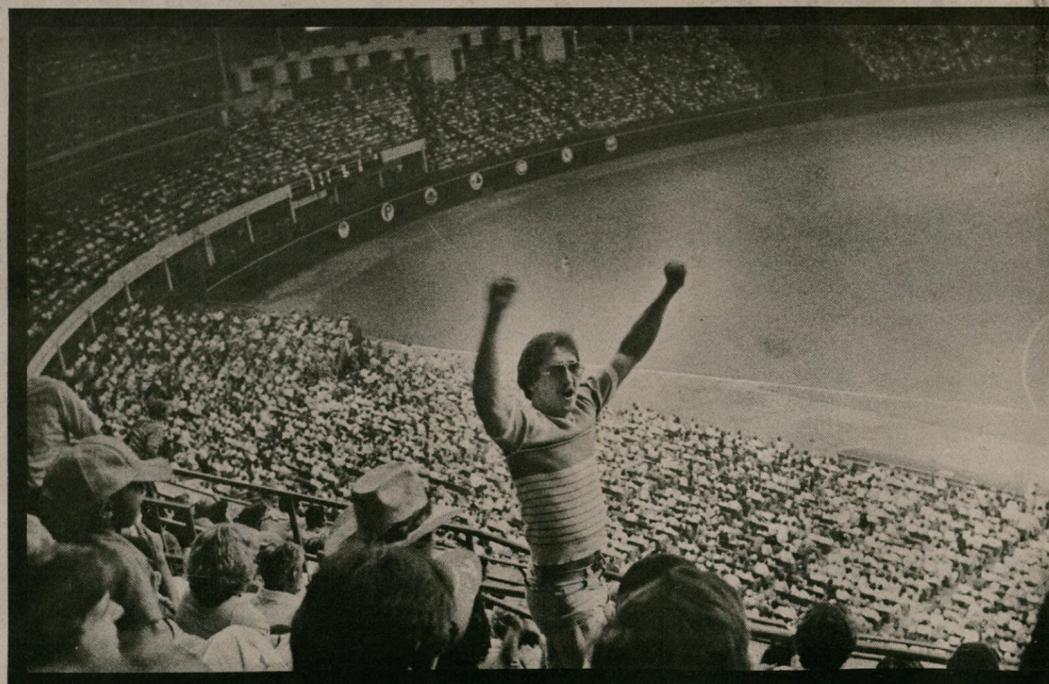
ism and racism practiced in City Hall. Her letter concluded: "I know it must be difficult to recognize and accept that women . . . have career aspirations and goals. It must be also hard to accept that (the Legal Department) is no longer an all-male club, but sooner or later you will have to accept that fact. Women have a right to equal employment and economic opportunity as well as a right to contribute. You will discover that if you will give them those opportunities, that everyone — you, the department, the client and the citizens of the city we represent — will all benefit from the contributions women can make in city government."

As we go to press, we learn that Hubacker is pressing sex discrimination charges against her ex-boss and the City.

Science Lurches On: DeBakey, Watanabe, Rely, Smoking, Picciano, Asbestos and Bull Semen

In case you are wondering what **Michael DeBakey**, sometimes surgeon in residence at the Baylor College of Medicine, does between burying his mistakes (he operated on the Pshaw of Iran this spring), he deals in buildings and power. He claimed it is only coincidental, his Pavlevi-slicing and new medical building he is dedicating this month, along with **Lady Bird Johnson** and **Leon Jaworski**, but his new erection is the largest at Baylor in more than a decade, according to communications director Gayle McNutt, and cost multi-millions of dollars. DeBakey insists His Highness paid not a piastre for the surgery, and his Highness isn't talking, but a list of patrons of the Baptist medical facility does indeed include a few with names suggestive of far-away places. DeBakey is Baylor's chancellor, chairman of surgery, and star full-back in the grants games.

Jaworski, a leading lawyer in Houston,



A lone Dodger fan takes his life in his hands to celebrate a minor Los Angeles success in the Astrodome last month. The Astros went on to win, however.



photo: David Crossley

has announced his ordination as chairman of **Democrats for Reagan**. It might be more accurate to call his new political group Democrat for Reagan, concluded one network reporter as he wrapped up his story recently.

Baylor, thank God or George Burns, finally stopped its study (?) of the **Rely Tampon**, after Proctor and Gamble withdrew the product from the market. During the study several of the Houston women participating came down with ailments similar to the toxic shock syndrome that people around the country were reporting as a result of the use of the new, too-absorbent tampon. Dr. **Paige Besch** and Dr. **Veasy Butrum** were in charge of the study for Baylor, but did not inform their subjects (1) that they were using the dangerous tampon and (2) that certain disorders had developed in other women who had used the new, haphazardly-tested product. Besch, nonetheless, when asked why his study was running after P&G had already widely marketed the tampon and why it continued to run while reports of toxic shock were cropping up, said only, "Proctor and Gamble funded the study. They told us when to stop." Oh, well, they'll love Rely in Latin America.

With scarcely a murmur of concern, recombinant DNA research has begun at the Medical Center, too, **Ed Watanabe**, an activist with the Mockingbird Alliance, is one of the principal investigators into what happens when you cross a blue-eyed *E. coli* with a red-eyed Texas Aggie. When such research began four years ago, there was a lot of protest, in places where protest occurs, about it being dangerous to possibly create new life forms (like a smart Aggie?), but now people have other things on their minds, it seems. So, scientists will be combining genetic material



Portia's complaint: Senior assistant attorney Harriet Hubacker is taking her ex-boss and the City of Houston to court. (See story)

from different organisms, and happily flushing the wastes down the toilet, no doubt, though they assure us "all measures have been taken . . ." Tell it to the South Texas Nuclear Plant.

Yes, according to cancer specialist **Pat Buffler**, University of Texas Public Health School, it is asbestos in them there water pipes for Galveston. Asbestos was touted by Johns Manville and others as the end-all and be-all in water transport — lighter than concrete, stronger than iron and able to leap deep gulleys in a single tube. Unfortunately, the marvels of new products crumble with time, just as does the asbestos piping. A United Press report says that some 200,000 miles of old asbestos pipe in use in the U.S. is now releasing small amounts of asbestos fiber in-

to the drinking water. A new book on the topic, *Water Fit to Drink* by **Carol Keough**, charges the EPA with timidity in protection of drinking supplies. The EPA's answer so far is that asbestos fibers only have been proven to cause cancer when breathed — maybe drinking them only tickles yore innards.

Houston scientist **Dante Picciano** of Biogenics Corporation spits when you mention EPA to him. Picciano was the first researcher to blow the whistle at Love Canal, when he began noticing gross chromosomal deformities from human subjects living in that toxic dump area. Picciano and other scientists were checking out an epidemic of still-births and malformations in residents of the area. He told a Medical Center audience early this

them **Marvin Legator** of the UT/Galveston Medical Center and **Margery Shaw**, UT Public Health School, Houston. Shaw said the Hooker Chemical toxic dump "is a godawful mess," and pointed out that even now, after all the publicity, the former Love Canal residents have not even received routine physical examinations and arrangements to have their health monitored periodically by scientists. Picciano revealed that President Carter just bought the whole area in October for the federal government, probably as an election ploy, and directed another study of the area by the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, Georgia.

Said Picciano: The only value of yet another cytogenic study will be its long-term academic value. Besides, you don't need such a study to know something is wrong up at Love Canal — none of the trees have any leaves. The kids play with rocks, and when they throw them against a wall, the rocks explode." He also said he saw a swimming pool, popped out of the ground and filled with a stinking black broth. Those interested in such sights are advised to walk around the abandoned and cooking dumps in the Texas City area. (The Picciano controversy is the subject of an article in the August 1980 issue of *Science*).

Consider the story of a woman, possibly **Chris Smith**. Chris was in Houston in September, taking a break after her summer break as a student in the Tampico, Taluipas, medical school. Smith spends a little more than \$6,000 a year to be classified as a student there, plus Houston-style rent, plus a lot of transportation expenses. She, and most of the American students there, do not understand Spanish and travel back and forth from Tampico to Houston to the Stanley

photo: Nancy Dahlberg



The House of Coleman family at 901 W. Alabama celebrate their 10th birthday this month: Marion Coleman (standing) with Jennings. (Front row) Pat Corrigan, Lanette Whatley, and Michael Butler with Max. (Back row) Ric Rodriguez, Barbara Jones, John Schuhsler, and Bert Clapp. (See story)

photo: Nancy Dahlberg



photo: Gary Allison Morey

A Crisp endorsement of John Anderson — Sissy Farenthold, Mary Crisp and Ruben Sandoval (l to r) reject lesser of two evil politics in a recent press conference. (See story)

month, they eventually saw fetuses with three ears and extra sets of toes and fingers.

Picciano had been commissioned by the EPA to see what was going on, genetically, in Love Canal, and he was shocked. When he tried to alert the EPA, he says, that Hooker Chemical Company was poisoning hundreds of people for generations after generations, the EPA insisted that more studies were necessary. Picciano went to the media, and then the EPA began trying to gain legal control of his research and at the same time discredit his work. **Roy Albert** of New York University, presiding over a panel convened by the EPA, agreed with them that Picciano's work was unscientific.

Texas scientists who knew Picciano's work better supported his findings, among

Kaplan cram academy, which costs \$300 a course and prepares them both for the required finals in Mexico and the qualifying exams in America. Attendance is not required at the Tampico classes, and would be a waste anyway, on most of the Americans who hate the environment and the fact that they are spending so much money to become doctors.

Smith and several other doctors-to-be cut expenses a little by smuggling. Usually it is odds and ends, such as tape decks and electronic gadgets, but occasionally there is an automobile or something imaginative. This summer the rage was bull semen, purchased from the American Cattle Breeder's Association in the Midwest and transported via one of the med student's trunks, encased in a canister of steaming liquid nitrogen. Bull semen

can be transported legally across the border, but in someone's trunk, it is a lot cheaper, if not safer, since the nitrogen is potentially explosive. So if your plane goes down Mexico way due to a baggage compartment puncture, please don't automatically blame the PLO.

What does the director of the medical school think of all this? He's all in favor, according to Smith: "He's the one we sell the bull semen to!" She may not know much surgery when she graduates, but she already knows how to operate.

Holy Smoke Signals

Billy Graham, announcing that he is coming to the Astrodome next year, gave the Sunbelt devil his due. According to President Nixon's former chaplain, Houston is not only the fastest growing city but the one in which sin has increased most rapidly. The infallible Baptist says that moral pollution outscores environmental pollution in this neck of the woods, and his plan to stop all those spiritual potholes and noxious ethical emissions is to have one million people here, in his prayer tent, signing pledge cards and getting on the fund-raising mailing list. Graham's advance team should hit town next spring.

Behring Avenue Methodist Church's Judy Calvert reports "complete success" in that institution's recent unique fund-raising effort. The pious plot was to give out \$10 bills to church members who asked for them and see if the members could multiply the dough for the Lord and not blow it on some Pentecostal ice cream party. See the parable of the talents for the scenario, but Behring's good servants far outnumbered those



photo: Gary Allison Morey

Texas Democrats met in Houston last month for the "Governor's" convention. Billy C. was not there and Billy G. did not seek re-election as state party chair. Delegates chose Sherman attorney Bob Slagle over St. Rep. Luther Jones (D-El Paso) to replace Goldberg. But the real fight of the convention was over the vice chair, a slot recent tradition has given to a black female. In the heated race, incumbent Deralyn Davis of Fort Worth defeated her challenger MAD-candidate Margaret Gomez of Austin.

on) in "I Came Back from the Dead for Him . . ."

Ingenuity of this sort should better be applied to helping **Ken Stabler** name his new honky-tonk, set to open after the Oiler season. So far, Stabler is reputedly dithering between the Snake's Pit, Magic Fingers, or Toes. The bar will feature a cocktail — two parts vodka and one part Lone Star — called the **Oilermaker**. Oi vay.

Pol Watching

Several thoughts came to mind as City Councilmember **Dale Gorczynski** was wheeled through the Heights Neighbor-

hood and has just finished off a \$100-a-black-tie reception for **Bob Eckhardt** in his South Boulevard mansion. Hobby is a scion of that house which publishes one of Houston's two great daily papers. He is now trying to capitalize on the liberal atmosphere that paper has helped create. The ironies are cosmic.

Cynicism is getting a little thick. One of Carter's volunteers posed this one: "What's the difference between Billy Carter and Jimmy? Billy has a foreign policy!" Then, at the Mondale touch-down (the security check on each member of the press corps took longer than the 15-minute press conference), observers at the

Hyatt Bauhaus noticed that the correspondents traveling with the feline Fritz were silently mouthing along every word spoken by his press aide introducer and the first few lines of the candidate himself.

The fervor of the Anderson supporters is a relief after all this talk of Bonzo, the Gipper and peanuts. **Sissy Farenthold**, came out strong in an endorsement for J. A.: "Anderson is the only one of the major candidates who is not a saber-rattler. John Anderson is the only one who is making sense on the overriding issue of the survival of the species." Farenthold was joined in her endorsement by **Ruben Sandoval**, a San Antonio attorney, known for involvement in civil rights struggles, and by **Mary Dent Crisp**, former vice chair of the National Republican Party.

Crisp stressed Anderson's feminism: "John Anderson is the only valid feminist in this election," she said, warning that the Right to Life groups were heavily involved in Reagan support campaigns. Anderson, she noted, promises to establish ERA as a national priority and has pledged to establish and protect public funding for abortions and Social Security inclusion of homemakers.

Sandoval rejected the "tamales and cerveza" patronage of the Democratic Party and the "pan dulce and cafe" gentility of the Republicans: "The Democrats asked us to vote for a clown and the Republicans for a movie star," he complained, rejecting them both.

They Shot in the Morning, Stripped in the Afternoon and Burned at Night!

After 10 years, **Marion Coleman**, of the **House of Coleman** print shop, Ala-

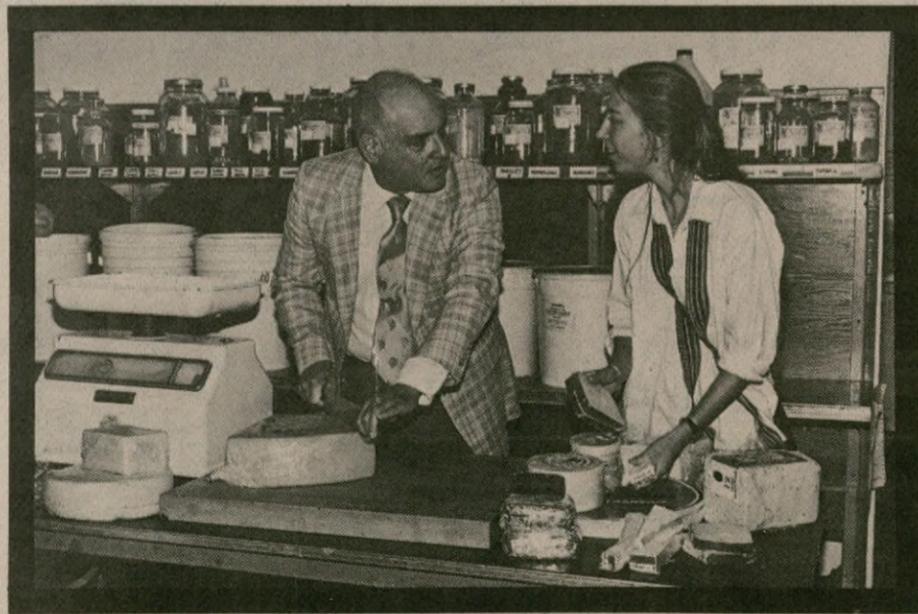


photo: Nancy Dahlberg

A Slice of Life at the Streetfarmer's Coop: Big cheese Dr. Leon Atlas and shopper Ginny Rall take care of business at 15 Waughford in the Heights. (See story)

that hid their dimes under a bushel. The return was triple the sum given out two months ago. Now, if Reverend Pogue's flock would only go to the Fourth Ward with some loaves and fishes . . .

But for sheer religious zaniness, nothing tops Fairview Baptist Church's recent revival, featuring **Samuel Tulloch**, D. D. (cum lard) of Vernon Baptist Church in Vernon, Texas. Dr. Tulloch, who will be headlining at other Houston pulpits soon, it is promised, had a week-long spiritual seance, appearing nightly as different Biblical characters with first-hand stories of contact with the Boy from Bethlehem. Monday night, he was Simon Peter, speaking on the topic, "I Denied Jesus;" one night Pontius Pilate and another night Lazarus (yes, with bandages

hood Festival dressed in a nightshirt and lying on a baby bed: dog in a manger? whose milk is he guzzling? candy from a baby? whose cribbing whom? Etc. Anyway a fine day, replete with the Encore Jazz Dancers' (hetero, female) mind-blowing imitation of the Village People and the groaning rhythms of the Heights Area Maennerchor. **Debra Danburg** looks fit as a fiddle and ready for war in her new suntan, helping people to register and vote in her upcoming District 79 battle against **Hapless May**, a Reagan clone that didn't come out just right.

Bill Hobby is clearing his throat to make the Important Pronouncement of his race for governor against Crazy Bill. Hobby will be horsing around with the ACLU and Dr. Spock at his house in Nov-

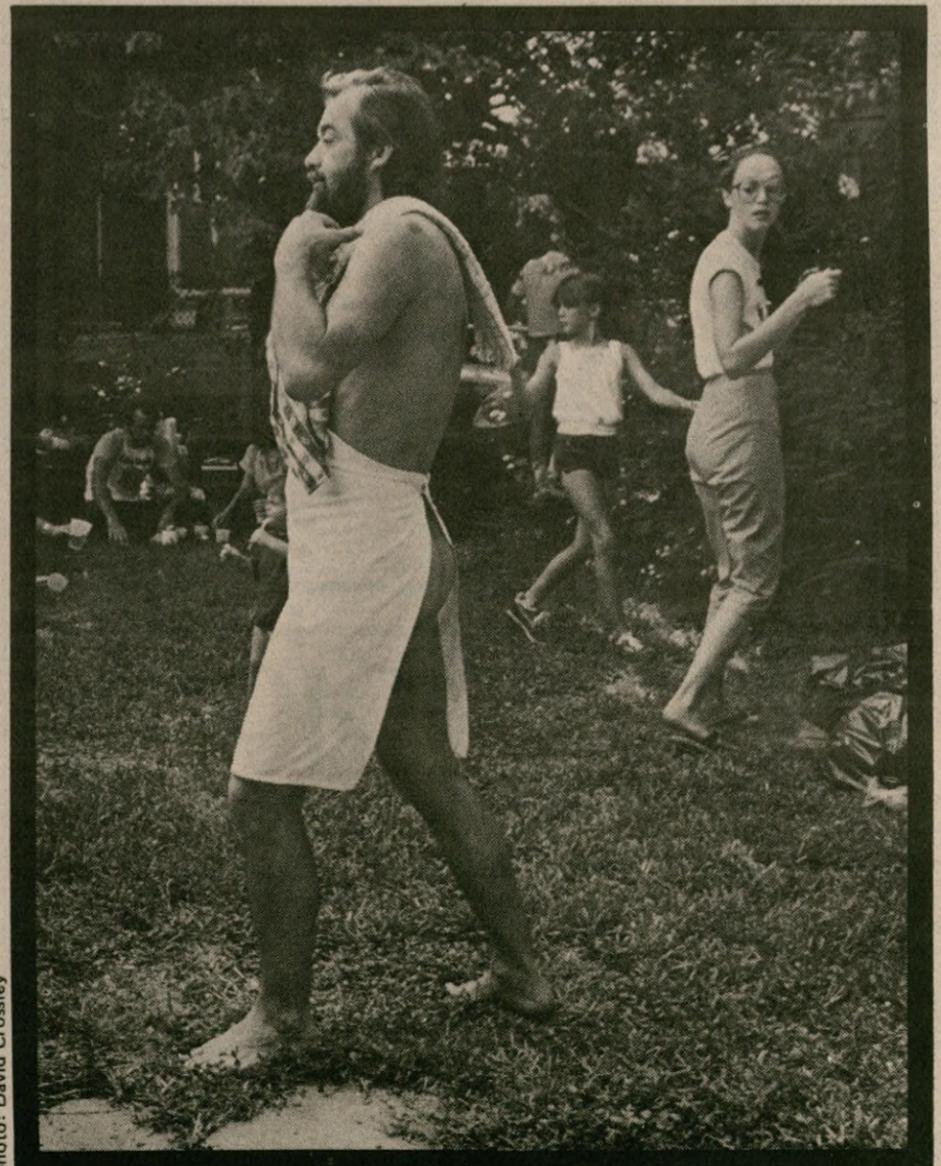


photo: David Crossley

Photographer **Leo Touchet** strolls across his yard in a strapless apron entertaining about 150 clients and friends at his **Annual Cajun Feast** last month.



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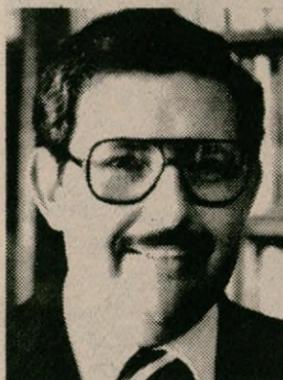
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LOCAL COLOR

bama at Rosedale, has promised her employees "a whole day of all play and no work — wine and cheese and meeting our public."

Coleman's party, set for mid-October, besides savoring the decade of work, will feature a display of her shop's most attractive productions and equipment, new and old, including the "shop dinosaur," a sprightly, re-built, 17-year-old A. B. Dick that arrived on Alabama in pieces, as an orphan, today one of her best presses.

The thousands of jobs coming into her shop, she says, are all different. The shop can design, write, photograph, illustrate, print and bind materials. "We have printed for presidents of the United States, churches, women's organizations, Kathy Whitmire," said Coleman. "It's just getting better and bigger. This is the best printing crew I have ever had or seen together, everything is paid for, and we can keep on growing in a controlled way."

Women-Assaulters Need Love, Too

*Be very patient with your rapist
And bless him when he squeezes
He only does it to annoy
Because he knows it teases*

— freely adapted from Lewis Carroll

His name is Frederick Storaska. He is 38 and rich. His book and his film is *How to Say No to a Rapist*. He spoke for two hours early in October at the UH/Clear Lake City activity center for which he received \$2000. He advises you not to forget that the rapist, too, is a human being. He preaches passive resistance. NOW chapters all across the country have

never developed much further than that. Certain aspects of his presentation counseling women to appeal to the humanity of their assailant have been modified. "He admits that 55% of the time, you can escape by screaming and struggling," said Randal, "but his basic emphasis is the same." Storaska's critics point out that cooperation, real cooperation, between rape crisis centers and police reduces problems: Baton Rouge's Rape Crisis Center claims a 50 percent apprehension and 90 percent conviction rate for the past year, basically by rejecting the nice guy approach. "Rapists are repeaters," said Randal, "if you get them off the streets, catch them and convict them, you reduce the problem. Some of them specifically stalk 'nice' ladies." She and other critics believe that Storaska's advice is not only wrong-headed, but dangerous, and they question the university's generosity toward such a speaker.

Student activities director Wanda Mercer, on the other hand, claimed that a panel of women had made the choice of inviting Storaska for the speech, assuming him to be an enlightening authority. "The fact that he aroused controversy is not necessarily bad," said Mercer, "and he was available after the talk for questions from the floor. Besides, he said, aggression is always an option, if the soft approach doesn't work out. The basic idea he was presenting was use your head in a dangerous situation. People who leafletted offered no alternative, constructive suggestions." (Here's one: Why not pay the \$2000 to the real experts — the Bay Area's People Against Rape and Abuse and the Houston Rape Crisis Coalition).

Approximately 250 people paid \$2

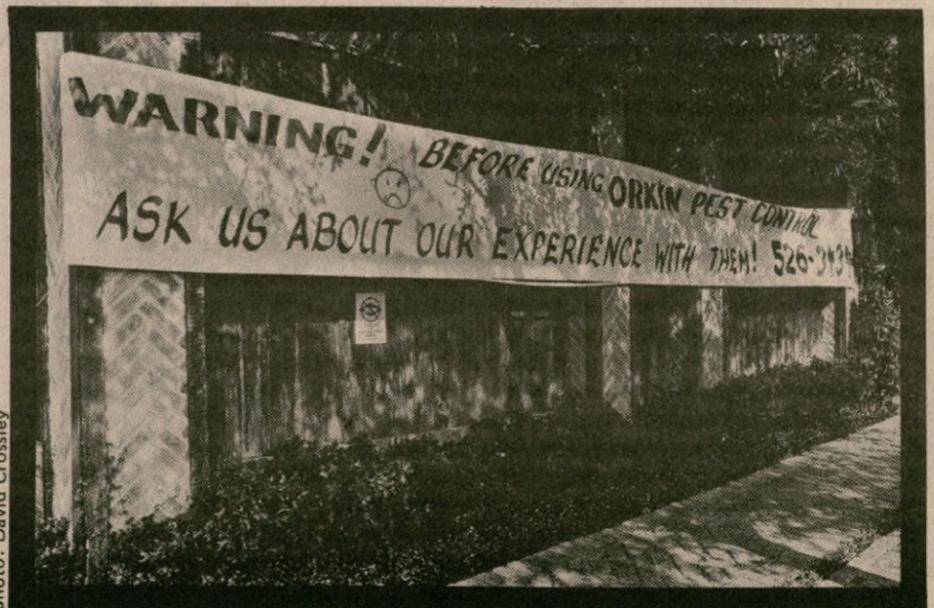


photo: David Crossley

You Bet I'm Mad, Randy: Montrose resident Randy Yost found a unique way to get his consumer complaint against Orkin Pest Control before the public. He's put up banners on buildings and placed ads in papers to, in his words, "run Orkin out of business or make them into a valid company" because of poor service. He claims they improperly treated his house for termites and refused to return his deposit (\$79 on a \$499 job) when he asked that they do it right.

protested his appearance and the Clear Lake women posted resolutions condemning his appearance there.

"His basic thing," explained Marge Randal, of the Clear Lake Women's Activity Center, "is that when you are attacked, the responsibility is on you. He has moved only a little away from square one, which said that women enticed rapists. He doesn't say that, he agrees you shouldn't feel guilty, but he does say if you are clever enough, you can get out of it. By acting extremely passive. The responsibility is still on the woman — it's just another way of blaming the victim."

According to a *Texas Observer* article (Aug. 22, 1980) on Storaska, the rape expert began 10 years ago with a progressive position, that rape deserved study, but

apiece to hear Storaska who is to be followed in the speaker series by Dr. George Sheehan, a marathon expert whose topic (Nov. 18) is "Run for Your Life."

The Greater Houston Gun Club, in a related development, expected to discharge of more than 600,00 shells on October 5, Trapshooting Day in Harris County. Lewis Haggin, spokesman for the Greater Houston Gun Club, announcing the occasion said, "Trapshooting is a lifetime family participation sport. It is not dependent on physical strength — some shooters use wheelchairs or crutches." The public was invited to the shoot he said especially women — one of the club's best shots is Linda Ford of Houston, 5 feet tall and weighing 95 pounds, he pointed out. The Gun Club is on McHard Road, just off South Post Oak.

Departure and Arrivals

Victoria Smith, sometimes editor of the Houston and New York underground press, hopped a plane for Minneapolis as October began, and she is now enjoying the autumn colors and frosted mornings of her hometown. Vic served 10 years in Houston, helped run *Space City News* with Thorne Dryer at her side. She had been working temporary jobs in Houston and considered entering a convent before she accepted a position at the U. of Minnesota. She said on her last ride to the Houston airport that she liked best about Houston "the Rice Hotel, Sakowitz, crepe myrtle, Fred Hofheinz, the Galleria before they added that second layer, the Gulf Building before the sign was taken off, St. John the Divine's choir, St. Anne's altar — and, especially, I like leaving Houston."

Her dislikes, after a decade of consideration: "The Spanish Village and Mexican food in general, beer, chicken fried steak, Houston's provincialism, most of the retail outlets and its gaucherie. Houston is a hard town — it's at least as hard to enter this city as it is to move to Manhattan."

The New York Deli in the Galleria has spawned the **N Y Cafe Bar** with variety shows, sketches and a little night music. The waiters are real jokers, not the usual amateurs you get while waiting for a table at Tony's. **Becky Bonar** of the Comedy Workshop helped them put the show together, if that's any recommendation.

Primo's on Smith has kicked out a wall, put in some new floor tiles, added a little precision to its Mexican menu, and seems to be trying to increase the speed of its table turnover. You can't help but ask why, as you hear the nerve-splitting heehaws from the polyester knit-wits at the next table. Do owners **Louis and Nona Vasquez** want to have a lot of little Ninettes all over Houston? Ah, nothing succeeds and debases the menu like success.

Niko Niko's has given birth to **Mama Eleni's**. Freud would have had fun with that even if he didn't care for the best drive-in gyros in Texas, nor the grape-leaf specialties at Niko's mom's just across the way off Montrose. **Mama Fepokakis** has set up her \$4.95 steaks and broiled flounders in a comfortable old house about a hundred decibels quieter than Zorba's (but still lively) and offers Greek wine and, for the ambitious, a \$10.95 shishebab that will transport you to the Elysian Fields, she claims.

Two of the best cooks in Houston, **Cheryl Robideau** and **Melissa Bondy**, are opening up a concession at the **Main Street Theater**. R&B specialize in these wicked little 1000-calorie pasteries, with rich fillings and thick crusts, as well as gourmet coffee. They will have goodies for sale before the performances and during the intermissions of the Israel Horowitz one-acts, currently running at Main Street in the Autrey House.

Bondy is a student in the UT Graduate School of Public Health. Robideau is an artist, secretary of the Equity Artists Association and also the editor of a new book by **Michael Schreiber**, *Training to Run the Perfect Marathon*. Hurricane Sports in Rice University Village had the author's reception (with champagne, not Gatorade) Schreiber endorsing copies of his chatty, humorous, but thorough how-to book. Schreiber's appendix — the book's — contains blithely contradictory remarks such as "Always Run with People Better Than Yourself: this will make you try harder and make it more difficult to goof off" and "Always Run With People Worse Than Yourself: this will build your

ego and give you someone to lord it over."

But the book is a first-person, insider's approach to the long-distances and hell, you got to think about something while you are out there looking silly, don't you?

The big cheese at the **Streetfarmer's Coop** is undoubtedly Dr. **Leon Atlas**. He is responsible for the many new domestic and imported delicacies being offered by the membership store on Waughford, and he is ready, willing and able to talk cheese with anyone who leaves him a note at the place. In real life Atlas is a pomologist, a student of fruit trees, but he will make whey for curds at the drop of a slicer.

The unsung heroic people who have seen the Coop through the blistering summer and the reviving back-to-school and work period are its recently elected Board of Directors: **Bill Boykin, Arthur Minetta, Larry Schwartz, Marilyn Marshall Jones, Janet Nichel, Jane Nelson, Jane Bozeman Clark, and Juliet Clark.**

Guess Who's Coming to Houston And Going Over to Arlington

The **Houston Women's Art Caucus** is co-hosting with the University of Houston an October 23-26 convention called the Mid-America College Art Association Conference, bringing in approximately 800 delegates from 28 states. *Breakthrough* readers are invited to attend the sessions. Keynoter **Lawrence Alloway**, one of the best known art critics in the nation, a populist, will give the keynote address, "Women as a Source for Change," at the Hyatt Regency. Panels to be presented include "Women Artists: The Private Lives, the Work, and the Cultural Milieu," moderated by **Lynn Randolph**. Speakers include Eleanor Monroe, author of *The Originals*, Muriel Skuro of Rice University's English Department, and photographer/critic Martha Rossler. Suzanne Blair will moderate a panel called "The Feminist Critique: A Reassessment of Critical Methodology as it Relates to the Women's Art Movement." Alloway, Rossler, Monroe and Eleanor Tufts, art historian from SMU, will speak. "The Future of Women's Art Organizations" will be moderated by Gertrude Barnstone. Art and cultural activities will be held around the city in connection with the conference. Davis Hickman, University of Houston art department (749-1506) has complete information.

"Pioneers Then and Now: Women Innovators" will be one of six major topics of **WomanFair**, the third annual conference of the **South Central Women's Studies Association**, scheduled Oct. 18-19 at the University of Texas at Arlington.

In all, there will be about 150 panels, workshops, performances and exhibits with more than 250 participants from across the country. The intent is to present a conference with the aura of a country fair, broad enough in scope to appeal to all women. Also, scheduled are pertinent performances such as "The Trial of Susan B. Anthony" by Celynn McDonald-Jay of Fort Worth and exhibits dealing with early women labor leaders and how women made their own soap.

The opening address will be given by **Ann Richards**, Travis County Commissioner. Other highlights of **WomanFair** include the premiere by actress Stella Stevens of her documentary film *The American Heroine* and a concert by **Alive!** a jazz quintet, on Oct. 18. For information contact Jeanne Ford, **WomanFair**, Box 19528, University of Texas, Arlington, Texas 76012 or 817/273-2219.

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CHILDREN FOR SALE

"What we need is a magazine to replace *Seventeen* called *Ten*."

BY GABRIELLE COSGRIFF

In this column last May, we commented on the fact that, in movies and the theater, "pubescent hookers and bordello child-brides are old hat," now that 10-year-olds are being auditioned for the stage production of *Lolita*. The lucky kid chosen for the part gets to

In the advertising world, as in films and theater, it seems that 15-year-old sex objects are also over the hill. The cover story in *New York* magazine, Sept. 29, examined the phenomenon of "The Hottest Models in Town," respectively 12, 13 and 15-year-old girls. Writers Mel Juffe

did not share his zeal. "I find this business of 12-year-old models perfectly silly," she asserted, adding tautologously, "I would hope that the zenith would soon reach its peak and then go promptly away." When Juffe and Haden-Guest reminded Brown that it was a *Cosmo*-

conscious and thus even more intense, more dangerous." He added that "the child-woman is the supreme temptress for the adult male."

Sylvere Lotringer, a teacher of modern French philosophy: "The Pretty Babies are forbidden, but they have already become cover girls. That's what counts. The fact that they're posing means they're for sale."

In an otherwise perceptive story, the views of these "experts" were not challenged, or expanded, to address the assumption that these children, by posing, have forfeited their right to be treated as children. "They're for sale" and "the supreme temptress for the adult male" neatly shift the burden of guilt away from that adult male to the pre-pubescent temptress. That smacks too closely of the she-must-have-asked-for-it school of thought on rape and other forms of physical abuse.

The exploitation of children by way of glamour, fame and large chunks of cash is well documented and convincing in this story. The testimony of the adult male "experts" was a sour note in an otherwise enlightening piece on the last segment of the female population that can still be exploited with impunity — the children.

The Hottest Models in Town

Kristine Is 12

Lena Is 15

Cathleen Is 13



Cover photo, *New York* magazine, Sept. 29, 1980

play explicit sex scenes opposite an aging Donald Sutherland.

In a recent column, Ellen Goodman railed against the "kidporn of the ad world," as in the Calvin Klein TV ads "that pan slowly up to the crotch of 15-year-old Brooke Shields and say something like, 'I have 15 pairs of Calvins in the closet. If they could talk, I'd be in trouble.'" Goodman confessed to a strong urge to drown Brooke Shields in the nearest blue lagoon. (That column, incidentally, ran in the *Houston Post*, Sept. 21, with a *Post* subhead: "Wretching from the trash heap known as kidporn." That's either wretched spelling or an obtuse pun. You choose.)

Goodman made the point that teenagers are "often acutely aware that they are regarded as useless, if not downright dangerous," and that the only value they seem to have is as consumers. "You don't have to be a parent," she wrote, "to be appalled at the teeny-bopper stations playing the 10-minute orgasm, or the clothing industry marketing 15-year-olds into sex-for-sale objects. But it helps."

and Anthony Haden-Guest, in "Pretty Babies," point up the cynical exploitation of these and other female children in the high fashion industry. There have always been "child models with pink cheeks and white smiles," they wrote, "but this is different: It's the advent of Make-Believe Adults."

Francesco Scavullo, cover photographer for such publications as *Cosmopolitan*, *New York* and *Vogue*, photographed 12-year-old Kristine Oulman: "I said immediately, 'She's not for *Seventeen*, she's for *Vogue*. She's too beautiful, too sophisticated, to be in a teen-age magazine. . ."

Get 'em young is Scavullo's philosophy. "What it is with these young kids is they have beautiful skin. You can use a lot of makeup — that makes them look sophisticated, and older. *Nothing's* better than youth to take a picture of. . . With what's going on now," he enthused, "what we need is a magazine to replace *Seventeen* called *Ten*. Ten-year-olds will soon be what teenagers were like!"

Helen Gurley Brown of *Cosmopolitan*

politan cover by Scavullo of 15-year-old Lisa Cummins that contributed to the trend, Brown replied that Scavullo "has almost total jurisdiction over whom he wants to use on the cover." (A few weeks ago on *Donahue*, however, I heard Brown admit that she has final veto power on all *Cosmo* covers.)

Model agencies were ambivalent about the issue. Said Jerry Ford, "I won't agree that Ford goes out looking for child-women," Johnny Casablancas of Elite spoke of a "psychological block" in a model so young. (Elite is the major agency for "Pretty Babies" in the fashion-modeling industry, claimed the article.) "We seem to be moving into a Lolita syndrome," said Bill Weinberg, president of Wilhelmina.

The authors also consulted experts, who viewed the phenomenon as psychologically revealing. "When some people know, or sense how young Oulman really is," said psychotherapist Dr. H. Jon Geis, "they censor their conscious erotic fantasies. But then her appeal becomes un-

Vanessa Redgrave gave a superlative performance as Fania Fenelon in *Playing for Time*, a CBS made-for-television movie, Sept. 30. Fenelon, a French, half-Jewish cabaret singer and member of the Resistance, survived Auschwitz by playing and singing in an orchestra of women prisoners. Their gruesome task was to provide aesthetic uplift to the Nazis in their "difficult work" of slaughtering four million prisoners, mostly Jews.

The terrible irony of Jewish artists providing support for their Nazi captors is echoed in the irony of casting Redgrave, champion of the PLO and Kaddafy's "Libyan revolution," as a Jewish heroine.

The Simon Wiesenthal Center for Holocaust Studies in Los Angeles sent a letter to every Jewish newspaper in the United States, calling for a nation-wide "switch-off" of the film. CBS had a difficult time finding advertisers for the three-hour show, and Fenelon herself objected bitterly to the casting, calling it "a moral wrong."

In Houston, the reaction of the Jewish community was largely one of frustration, with a decided abhorrence for the insensitivity of the casting balanced by an equal abhorrence for boycotting or blacklisting.

"We as a people have been boycotted throughout our history and we're not in favor of boycotts," said Joseph Samuels, publisher and editor of Houston's weekly *Jewish Herald Voice*.

Steve Klein, of the Anti-Defamation League (ADL) of B'nai B'rith, called it "a complicated and frustrating issue." He said the casting was "incredibly in-

sensitive to all the victims and all the survivors of the Holocaust." The ADL did not advocate a boycott, said Klein, "but if Vanessa has the right to play the part, then we have the right to object."

The *Jewish Herald Voice* published the letter from the Wiesenthal Center, but made no editorial comment. "We almost didn't run the letter," said Samuels. "In fact, we sat on it for three weeks. We felt people should judge for themselves."

Samuels was philosophical about whether Redgrave's sympathetic portrayal outweighed the offensiveness of her ideology. "She has been involved in the Palestinian cause and now in their eyes she is involved with the Jewish cause. You could argue that she's neutralized."

The October 2 issue of the *Jewish Herald Voice* has what must be one of the shortest editorials on record. In its entirety, it reads: "Since we have heard that God does not listen to our prayers, it is mandatory that we try harder to be better." (This refers, of course, to the comments of Bailey Smith, president of the Southern Baptist convention [13.4 million members] who declared that God does not listen to the prayers of Jews.)

The editorial is accompanied by a cartoon of a patriarchal, cloud-wreathed God with his fingers in his ears, while below him Moses holds the Ten Commandments and pleads vainly for his attention.

The staff of *Galveston In Between* is taking over the magazine. No, they're not storming the port city's newsroom, they're raising funds to buy out publisher and major stockholder Joe Murphy, recently hired on as publisher of *Houston City Magazine*.

It seems like a happy situation for all concerned. "It's kind of fun," says Murphy. "They're all pooling together, everybody in the place. They're buying a piece of the rock."

Murphy says *In Between* grosses \$160,000 a year and has a book value of around \$60,000 ("That's what we'd be worth if we closed our doors tomorrow.") Because the buyers are staffers, and not somebody looking for a tax write-off, Murphy says he is "putting together a real small package, less than \$50,000."

The three major investors, who will own the controlling interest in the magazine, are editor Joel Barna, advertising manager Steve Long and art director Gayle Faget.

Barna sees no drastic changes forthcoming for *In Between*. "We have an agreed-upon idea of what the magazine should be," he says, "a balance of service articles and the hardest news we can get — that's where we want to keep it."

Racism, cultural differences and the language barrier have all hindered the progress of the nation's Spanish-speaking minority," says Rudy Garcia, former executive editor of *El Diario-La Prensa*, a Spanish-language daily published in New York City (*Houston Chronicle*, Oct. 2). Another major factor that has severely retarded its political growth, claims Garcia, is "the absence of anything resembling a national Hispanic press."

Garcia attributes much of the blame to Latinos themselves, to "fierce nationalist schisms that often lead Hispanics to work at cross-purposes," despite a common language and common roots.

Cuban exiles in this country dominate the Spanish-language advertising industry

here. Garcia maintains that they impose a form of censorship of Hispanic-oriented media by withholding, or threatening to withhold, advertisements unless news, editorial or program content is changed. So the Hispanic community, particularly along the Eastern Seaboard, is "consistently subjected to such ludicrous items as front-page pictures of Fidel Castro captioned 'the beast of the Caribbean.'"

Cubans are not the only culprits, says Garcia. Puerto Ricans, Dominicans, Mexicans and other Hispanic subgroups have pressured the Spanish-language news media by threats of boycotts or worse. The result, he feels, is that each publication or radio station has a nationalistic identity, and none serves the interests of the total Hispanic community in the United States.

"The importance of this should not be overlooked," says Garcia. "The role of a national press in developing an ethnic

conscience, forming a consensus of goals and strategies, and bringing potential leaders before the public is crucial to the progress of any American minority group."

At least one group in Houston seems to appreciate the importance of the role of a national Hispanic press, and they are doing something about it. Leonel Castillo, former commissioner of the U. S. Immigration and Naturalization Service, and other investors have formed a national news service for Spanish-language newspapers. The Hispanic American Communications Agency (HACA) will link the United States to an already existing international network, the Madrid-based Spanish news service EFE.

Castillo, a former City of Houston comptroller, resigned his post at INS last year to run unsuccessfully for mayor of Houston. HACA's goal, says Castillo, "is to link people and events in the United States to people and events throughout

the world."

The United States is "relatively untapped" in terms of Spanish-language news, says Castillo, even though it has the world's fifth-largest Spanish-speaking population. The association with EFE will provide immediate access to international events and to "the best syndicated Spanish-language columnists in the world." In turn, HACA will be able to feed to and receive from other U.S. cities, providing a national communications network.

In Houston, the only newspaper which now receives the EFE news service is the weekly Spanish language *La Voz*, started six months ago by Armando Ordonez. Ordonez, a Cuban-American, also owns a radio station and is president of HACA. Former San Antonio newscaster Juan Jose Inurria is a HACA investor, Castillo is chairman of the board and EFE owns a third of the agency.

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LITTLE THEATERS

Here's the theater, here's the jokes, open the doors, where are the folks?

BY MORRIS EDELSON

More productions, more modern productions, and more premieres are in the immediate future for Houston's unconventional theatre groups. Some of them float like butterflies, others sting like bees, but all of them intend to gain a larger audience in the 1980-81 season not only

for themselves, but for all lively arts.

The problems for theater and especially small-stage production in Houston arise from the make-up of the city—its physical arrangement and its population, both segmented and open to random bombardment from business en-

terprise and business-related problems. Not only is zoning absent in the town, but so is any predominant orderliness and community of the mind.

According to sociologist Ann Gordon Marketti, Houston "is a lot of little galaxies running away from each other.

Although it's large, there is little concentration of talent. The most concentrated thing in the city is money, which flows into institutions that support the beauty of money, the rightness of money, and the interestingness of people who have money." Her hypothesis explains why Houston ranks somewhere below Cincinnati, Ohio in its support of the arts.

"The Big Money sees no need for anything aside from professional athletics and corporation/Hollywood culture," according to Leonard T. Wagner, artistic director of Chocolate Bayou Theater. He says the problem in Houston is to create a climate for all the arts—the good thing in this sometimes hopeless endeavor is that arts organizations, especially the small ones, share a conspirators' bond.

"We're not in competition with each other," says Wagner. "We want our houses to grow as well as all the other alternate theaters. But there is only small support. Compare Houston's Equinox, Chocolate Bayou, Main Street and Stages theaters and the few others to 150 small theaters in San Francisco, 20-25 in Chicago, 14 or 15 in Minneapolis." Ann Arbor, Michigan, population 100,000, sustains as much theater as Houston, population 2.2 million; more than 30 other cities in the country exceed Houston's play-going public, according to a National Endowment for the Arts survey, and the growth in the Houston audience at the smaller theaters has been very slight in the past five years.

Limited Boom

However, some of the little theaters are doing quite well by their own measurement. Anthony Mercado, theater dir-



photo: David Crossley

Equinox Theater's executive director Jody Olbrych is optimistic about modern theater in Houston.



Main Street's Rebecca Udden: "Audience development is our number one goal."

photo: David Crossley

ector at Ripley House, for example, is very pleased to report audiences of 60-80 for the shows in Spanish there, and for the outstanding and favorably-reviewed *Of Mice and Men* houses of up to 150. "I travel a lot to other cities," says Mercado, "and there may be more small theaters in them, but they still have to scramble for an audience."

His audience, Spanish-speaking, is somewhat built-in, says Mercado, but success is never guaranteed. The theater people are ambitious and somewhat out front of their audiences' expectations. "We stretch our audiences' point of view," he says. "For example, last year we did *Jardin de Otona* which had these older women who fall in love with a TV soap opera hero, take him to their house to try to flirt with him and end up by ripping his clothes off and attacking him sexually. It did well, even though the audience is fairly traditional in taste."

Jody Olbrych, executive director of the Equinox Theater, Washington near Montrose, is possibly the most optimistic of all the small theater executives. "Theater is breeding theater here," she says, "and there is increasing acceptance of modern theater in Houston, with two or three new companies and many Houston and Southwest premieres—it's healthy and it keeps us all on our toes."

Equinox doubled its season subscribers in the past year and has just begun another innovative campaign: a pass book with five admissions good for any show, any person, any time, with a 20% discount from regular prices. Audience support is only one element in the Equinox success story. Arts council grants have subsidized more than half the ticket

price of some shows. Olbrych once estimated that if sales alone met Equinox expenses, tickets would cost \$25.00. The grants also allow innovative projects, such as the Equinox's importation of the young playwrights being performed, including last year David Mamet and

Ntozake Shange, and next year, tentatively, John Guare (*Landscape of the Body*) and Robert Anton Wilson (the *Illuminatus Trilogy*). Olbrych says, "We are going to do the whole *Illuminatus* trilogy next summer—at the end of the run we are going to do a marathon, performing all three plays in one day. It will really blow people away—it's a science fantasy mixed with rock music and eroticism." The season for the Equinox will begin with Sam Shepard's *Angel City*, a play new to Houston, a bizarre allegory about Hollywood producer-directors.

Across town, Main Street Theater ends its four years at Autry House and this winter plans to brighten up Rice University Village with a newly equipped theater designed by Chris Egan at 2450 Times Boulevard, that includes a large back area with rehearsal, shop and changing space.

Sweat

The incredible effort faced by Houston's small companies is recalled by Rebecca Udden, director of Main Street: "In a sense we have always been running in repertory, the format we will switch to in the Village—since we always shared our performance space at Autry House with church groups, we had to take our sets down every night and set them back up again for each performance." The group, as a consequence, developed a taste for jig-saw sets and lighter furnishings, but nonetheless it took uncommon women and others to get things ready for each show.

"I think there is a small group out there that go to all the plays in Houston. That small group has been growing, but it is not big enough. Audience development is our number one goal," says Udden.

Those who do support theater here, she says, support it generously. As an example, John Worrell, chaplain at Autry House, not only helped develop a cooperative arrangement for performances at the church, he employed Udden, helped get the core group going in 1975, and even took the lead in one memorable production, *The Confidential Clerk*. Steve Garfinkle, one of the actors for Main Street, has done everything for

the company including lifting chairs, cleaning, singing, trucking, taking a lead or a bit part, and even taking his lumps as the bound, gagged Schmerz, a punching bag for a whole demented family on stage.

The quality is there, says Udden, "I have seen some great performances in Houston, in very small places. *Oedipus*, done in the basement of the Old Cotton Exchange building downtown, was a jewel, a stunning production, just dropped on us in the middle of one summer. At the Equinox the Ntozake Shange plays were really good—Bruce Bowen, the director, is fine, with very powerful, clean productions. In our *Old Times*, our last show, Charles Tanner gave the best performance I have ever seen him do—people really have grown here."

Udden promises children's theater, actor training workshops, more support programs and performances next winter—and there is, she laughs, a plan for a Saturday night experimental theater series, with performances from the merely campy to the outright zany, starting somewhere around *El Grande de Coca Cola* and going on from there. Main Street is ready to kick off its choir robes.

They Get Hooked

Stages Theatre is the buried child of Houston theater. Ted Swindley, artistic director of Stages Theatre, in the bayou basement on Franklin near the Post Office, is also ready to unleash more avant-garde productions on Houston, but first of all, that familiar refrain: "We are in a very crucial audience development phase," reports Swindley. "The problem is the time-consuming process of having people find out about us. We're building a brand new audience. But, usually, once someone comes, they will come back to another production and bring someone with them."

Like the other small theaters, Swindley says Stages doesn't do "easy pieces": "We have strong entertainment, plays that are confrontational in the sense that they deal with current ideas. Our opening comedy this fall will be *Say Goodnight Gracie*, which has just been

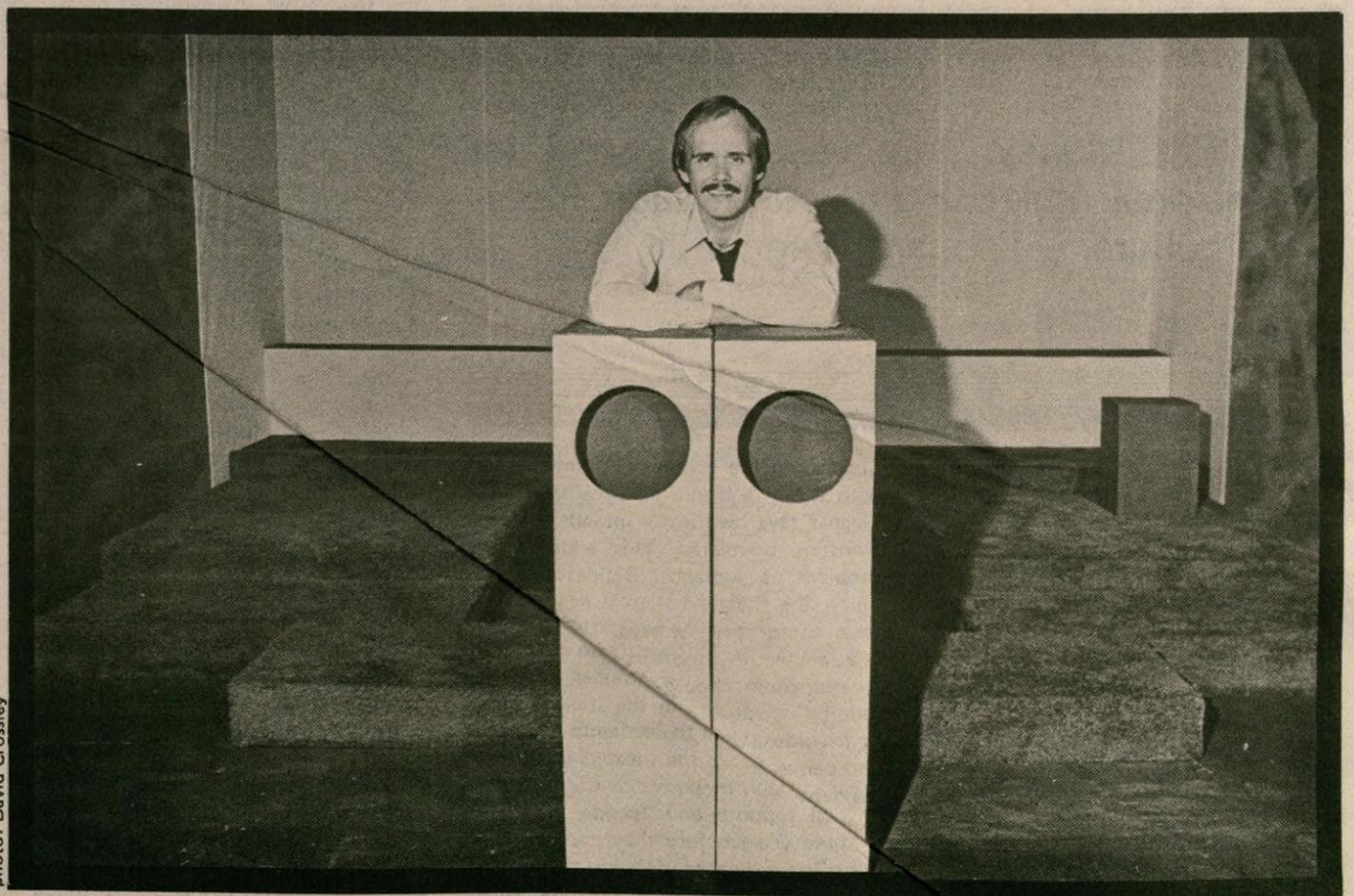


photo: David Crossley

Stages artistic director Ted Swindley, ready to unleash more avant-garde productions in Houston.

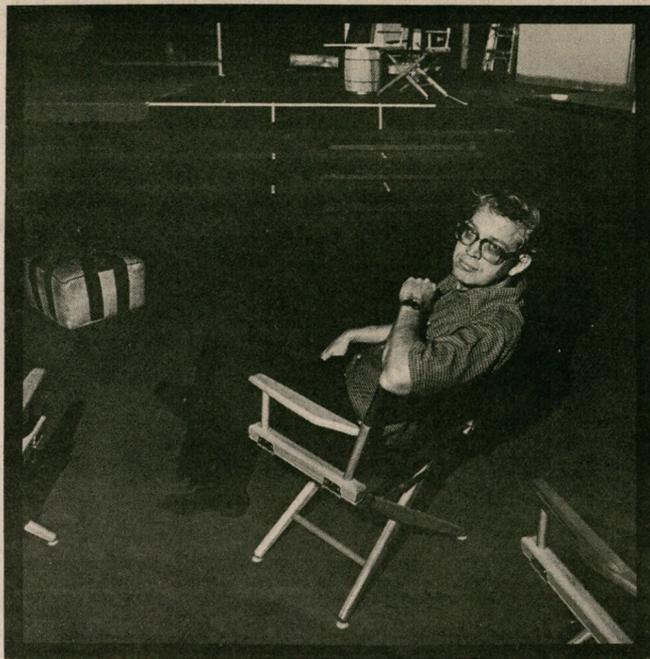


photo: David Crossley

Chocolate Bayou's Leonard Wagner says his theater will do all Houston premieres.

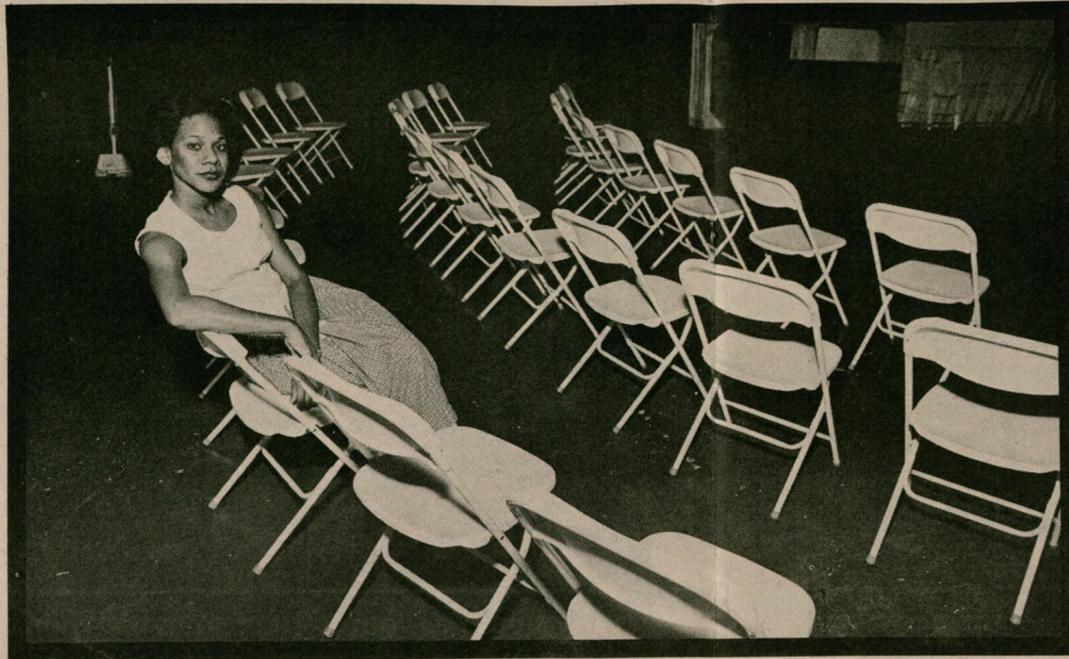


photo: David Crossley

Deborah Ledet's Black Ensemble specializes in live soap opera and dance concerts.

produced off-Broadway and deals with the crisis of turning 30, and will be done in the round. Our second show will be *Getting Out*, an intense, psychological depiction of a woman convict's first day out of prison after an eight-year term. Her personality is split in two, so we will have two women playing the parts of her mind. Our cast is going to do field work with experts in prisons and we will try to capture the whole psychological intricacy of what she is going through."

Stages' spring show list includes a celebration of Houston that has promise, says Swindley. "It's about what it is like to live in a city going through an identity crisis, moving from a local to a world outlook and involvement."

Stages tries to develop local talent by holding open actor auditions (as do

few are making a living from theater yet. "Houston has had Ken Cullinane, probably one of the finest young character actors around, Nick Hegler, a fine actor at Houston Baptist who has been in *Dallas* (he was arrested as a suspect in the shooting of J.R.), Morgan Redmond, who was trained in the Dublin theater and Jeanine Beckman, a marvelous actress, who played in *Main Street's Old Times*. Up and coming people are Max Maxwell, Kathy Goddard, Tim Parman, Lois Fleck, Ron and Barbara Jones . . . many more."

Wagner is also proud that his group was the second theater in the U.S. to do Preston Jones' *Remember*, a play given to Chocolate Bayou by Jones shortly before he died. CB also is the only innovative group with a playwright in residence, Keith McGregor, whose *Renova-*

Drama Safaris

Unfortunately, Houston is not the sort of charming, walkable place where one wants to explore highways and by-ways. But theater-goers are a hardy bunch and besides finding their way to Cecil Pickett's UH productions to see future Hollywood stars (he directed the Quade brothers and his daughter Cindy Pickett), to Rice University's unobtrusive Hammon Hall for Rice Players' romps, they seek these and other on and off-Main Street theaters such as Deborah Ledet's Black Ensemble, 1010 Tuam which does live soap opera and dance concerts, the Channing Players, hidden behind the patio at First Unitarian, 5210 Fannin (Houston's oldest continually performing community theater) and Barbara Marshall's Urban Theater Inc., the town's oldest established permanent floating performing group, operating out of a phone set, 523-4705.

Lest anyone say it's not worth the gas, Marshall's transients have included Charles Robinson, seen on national television in *Roots* and *Buffalo Soldiers*, and Loretta Devine, winner of a Delco nomination in New York. Her group won raves from Houston reviewers with its black and white production premiere of James Baldwin's *Blues for Mr. Charley*. Supporting Marshall, executive producer, and Jan Crane, associate artistic director, is Delta Sigma Theta, an unsung sorority which brought Lena Horne to Houston, established a foundation for Barbara Jordan raised money for a Fifth Ward car center for homeless children and helped arrange tours for Urban Theater to Atlanta, New Orleans and Austin.

The opening show for Urban Theater is October 12 at TSU, an original by Lacey Chimney, acquisitions librarian there, called *Big Six to the Board* which Marshall described as "urban struggles young men must face here."

Denny Stevens, director of Modern Times theater in New York, who visited Houston this year, commented on the local problems and promises in drama: "Theater succeeds when people want it. Since it's a mirror of life, people can either need it to see life, or forget it and try to deny life, escape into silliness, or vegetablehood. Theater's communal,

unifying, cathartic and immediate. It doesn't sell products, but it can stir up dangerous, liberated emotions and thoughts.

"Is it happening? The four plays I saw in Houston seemed like initiations, explorations, interesting beginnings. There's a tremendous chasm between people in and out of the theater in Texas, sometimes bridged by productions such as *Preston Jones* or *Best Little Whorehouse*, but I think the theater is going to get farther, faster if the groups don't try to con anyone, or try to present that people who see their plays are chic and in touch, but instead concentrate on capturing and improving life, making the city more open to theater

by making important productions.

"I don't think anyone would make the 100 million dollar Nina Vance mistake," said Stevens. "These days, if someone gets a few million from Exxon they will probably have something like the Greenway Three for live shows, a lot of little boutique productions. That's show biz—but I wonder, isn't the Houston theater community taking its ideas second-hand? Isn't the wildest you have going on the stages sort of the easy bronco at Gilley's? And whose hand controls the pace?"

"But we all hope for something bigger, better and different from Houston." If not, Stevens warns, "We're going to do more *Urban Cowboys* on you!"

"I'd eat a hot dog, it tastes real good. I'd even watch a movie from Hollywood."

—Frank Zappa on the album, *Roxie and Elsewhere*.

On any evening, any afternoon, at any time of year it may strike. Suddenly you know, you want to see a film. Nothing but a big screen filled with motion and nothing but the dark filled with sound will satisfy the urge. The mind clicks over, where to go?

There are countless movie houses in Houston churning out dollops of our fantasies. These are the vending machines of film culture. But you'll get more nutrition with your popcorn at the River Oaks Theatre and the Greenway 3 film programs. And a strictly gourmet affair awaits you at the after dinner theaters at The Rice Media Center and the Museum of Fine Arts. Then it's back to TV dinners (without commercials) over at the summer buffet at the Alley.

"The film culture in Houston is pretty clearly divided into groups who do not intermingle. If you go to the movies at the museum you see people there that you don't see anywhere else. The MFA crowd is very serious. You know that they know who did the make-up on every Antonioni film. That's serious," observes Doug Milburn, a social critic and author of *The Last Great American City*, a book on Houston.

"We bring in works that represent a body of thought," says Ralph Dawes, the person who orders and projects the films at the museum. You get the impression from the way he says it that these films are made from sheer intellectual commitment and that the audience must be prepared to work.

A museum guard told Dawes after one show: "Say, they all left looking happy for a change."

Dawes seems to tread a fine line between the esoteric and your standard chef d'oeuvre. He generally highlights one director's work—this fall it will be Roberto Rossellini—or chooses a thematic

Jane Collings was the summer intern at Breakthrough from Antioch College. She returned to classes last month to study her first love—film.

FILM FARE

A smorgasbord of movies from the esoteric to the avant garde.

BY JANE COLLINGS

approach—this summer Dawes decided on modern music: *Jammin' the Blues* and *Rock & Roll Revue*, rocking out with the 'Duke' and King Cole Trio; *Sven Klang's Combo*, jazz in small town Sweden '58; *The T.A.M.I. Show*, getting down to The Stones, James Brown, The Supremes, Leslie Gore; *Shell Shock Rock*, real live punks from Northern Ireland; and *Blank Generation*, Patty Smith, Richard Hell, Ramones, and Talking Heads—all the first favorite New Wave.

In the opinion of Eric Gerber, film critic for the *Houston Post*: "The Museum Film Series is the most adventurous programming in Houston because they are the least commercially dependent."

Yet Dawes offers this one regret: "Lots of times people in New York will be

"During the early 70s the de Menils had a personal vision of bringing film as an art form to Houston. They brought Gerald O'Grady who brought James Blue. By bringing Blue they brought the whole French movement—the cinemathèque," recalls Helen Foley, a local filmmaker and former film teacher.

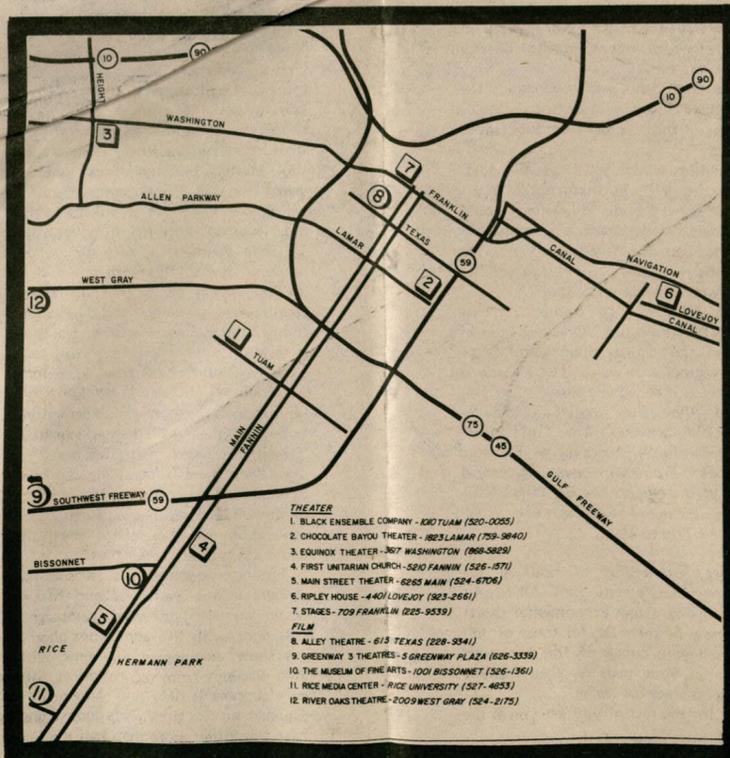
"We could go to the Media Center any night to see classics of the history of cinema. Afterwards we'd go to dinner. The de Menils would take all the students to the *Stables*. They bought up Beaujolais and steaks and people would sit and dialogue with film artists in a rather unusual way. That was invaluable—a group of people saw each other and from that grew group discussion. We don't have that anymore," says Foley.

"The Big Money only sees the need for professional athletics and corporation Hollywood culture."—Leonard Wagner

all the small theaters) varying directors for performances, and performing the work of local authors. Last year it mounted a successful run of Patty Gideon Sloane's *Night on Bare Mountain*, and this season another premiere will be presented, along with two company-developed cabaret shows, in a season of eight plays. Says Swindley, "Houston's theaters are doing fine work, all of them in different ways, all of us fit in. I am really excited by the growth at Main Street—the more theatrical activity in the city, the better it is for all of us."

Leonard T. Wagner, the artistic director of Chocolate Bayou Theater, at 1823 Lamar, east of downtown, said the "talent pool" in theater in Houston is getting better and larger, although very

tions is on the coming bill which opens with O'Neill's *Moon for the Misbegotten*. Wagner says his theater intends to do all Houston premieres. This adds to the problem of audience. Besides low visibility, the theater has to struggle against taste conformity, he says. The relatively few people in Houston who do go to theater often choose "dinner or community" theater, with the tried-and-true or frivolous. All the audience comes in, and comes in big, the theaters will be dependent upon corporate or Cultural Arts Council support—and "people wait two or three years before they come around to us," says Wagner. "They suddenly one day decide to try to find us, and when they do come, we've got them. But we should have more people coming in."





(c) New Yorker, 1980.

program this fall is a staple diet of films by Hitchcock, Teshigahara, Eisenstein, Vertov, Blue, Vigo, Clair, Bresson, and Renoir. And you'll be glad to know, if you haven't been there lately, the director chairs have been replaced by ordinary theater seats except for the first six rows. So get there early.

Experimental films make one lonely appearance on the Rice scene via Wille Varela, an independent Super 8 artist currently working in El Paso. He considers himself to be a "lover of film." Of his work he comments: "My films are there to help us see the world in a way we haven't seen before."

Over at the Greenway you get everything from pasta to borscht. They show almost entirely foreign films which don't

successful because it had been nominated for an Academy Award and it had Ingrid Bergman." says Buck. *The Tin Drum*, nominated for best foreign film last year, just finished a 12-week run.

"We had a film called *Northern Lights*, I thought it was a very good film. It was the true story of the formation of a labour progressive party in North Dakota. We had to pull it after one week," recalls Buck. "*La Cage aux Folles* has been running 48 weeks, so I'd say it's the most popular film we've ever had here. It touches people, it's a good cross between comedy and pathos. It's a very funny movie and people need something to laugh at nowadays. It really draws on holidays."

"It is ridiculous that *La Cage* has been

ation at his theatre. "But," he continues, "We're getting to a point where the theatre is so profitable that we won't be able to afford to take risks with obscure films."

"Houston is changing," says Gerber. "Years ago the Greenway was losing money. In desperation they decided to fill the gap left by the Alray, an avant-garde film house that had gone out of business. Their success was a surprise to everyone. But don't look to the Greenway 3 or River Oaks for adventurous programming. They've staked out their territory, they cater to the appetite of an established audience."

"The first year the River Oaks was open I went there a lot," recalls Milburn. "But now they tend to repeat themselves and are not exploring any new horizons. Occasionally, they do, and when they do explore it is worthwhile, but they have found the formula to draw an audience and they follow it."

For a large number of Houstonians the formula must work. Even on a Monday night the place is packed; the lobby crowded with chic T-shirted singles, and every movie seat filled. The film fare ranges from pure box office, *Animal House*, to serious inquiry, *Our Hitler*; from cult films like *Pink Flamingoes*, to classic works by Fellini, Bergman, Altman, Bunuel, Fassbinder.

"The River Oaks usually runs double features and pairs them together in terms of directors, actors, and sequels, like *Godfather 1 and 2*," says Tom Packlick. He's an avid River Oaks fan and explains why: "I prefer spending my three dollars on double features, and the theatre is within walking distance of my house."

A real problem with the programming is that most films run for only one day. It takes real devotion to rush across and see Bogie on Tuesday at 7:35 or Aguirre on Thursday at 9:40. Or is it the other

way around? If you lose your wall poster with the schedule on it, you're just about lost. The River Oaks doesn't advertise in the dailies (except for the listing on today's show) and their information number is likely to be busy. So tape it securely on your refrigerator.

Downtown Houston, like most commuter towns, is deserted at night. On any given summer evening the only people to be found downtown are perched in lonely offices, walled-in at the library, asleep on the sidewalk, or over at the Alley Theatre watching re-runs.

"Our attendance was growing until the River Oaks moved in," says Bob Feingold, manager of the Summer Film Program at the Alley.

"I hate to lead people," says Feingold. "We schedule films that people might want to see rather than films they should see. There's a camaraderie among audience members who have turned out to see a particular movie," says Feingold. "The Fred Astaire films are like that."

The Alley can be counted on for refries. Says Feingold, "One year I ran an experimental short, along with Betty Boop cartoons. It was a lot of hassle, I don't think it added anything."

The Alley film repertoire includes many old favorites. The "most well-attended films" according to Feingold have been: *Women in Love*, *Rebecca*, *A Night at the Opera*, *The Big Sleep*, *Casablanca*, *Shanghai Express*, and *Flash Gordon's Trip to Mars*.

There's something in Houston for most everybody's taste buds. All except those craving a few experimental shorts every now or then. So, for those of you with well-worn copies of *The Expanded Cinema* at your bedside, keep reading. There's no place for seeing.

But for the rest of you, see you at the movies.

"The museum film series is the most adventurous because it is the least commercially dependent."—Eric Gerber

get a lot of exposure in Houston. Milburn hates going underground to see a film. "It's like exploring a cave," he says.

But "our attendance has been incredible," boasts Steve Buck, manager of the Greenway. "I think it's a growth in taste. There was a time in Houston when foreign movies meant dirty movies, sex movies."

How does Buck decide what films to order? "I have a well-used ouija board," he laughs. "What I book is based on how it opens in New York. If it's a smash hit in New York, then there's a good chance it will take off in Houston." Buck finds that the audience here is attracted to films with a pedigree. "Bergman's *Autumn Sonata*, a very heavy film, was suc-

tying up one screen for 12 months. And since they have three screens," asks Milburn, "why not change one every day?"

Buck has his reasons for the long haul: "We are doing so well with *La Cage* that economically we cannot justify taking it off. In our contract with the distributors we have a hold-over clause. If a film grosses such and such a figure we are obligated to continue running it. Success breeds this," he says matter-of-factly.

"I feel a sense of responsibility as a contributor to film culture in Houston," says Buck. "And right now I can bring in what I want. We've built up a real trust with a group of regulars, and we have customers suggesting films for us to screen here," says Buck of the present-day situ-

SWAMP FEVER

Breaking down the loneliness of the independent filmmaker.

BY JANE COLLINGS

When is a SWAMP not a swamp? When it's the South West Alternate Media Project. Southwest is a key word. It's part of a national network to develop media participation on a regional basis.

Tom Sims, assistant director of SWAMP calls it "a spin-off from the Rice University Media Center." A conflict fermented within the Media Center in the late 70's over its future direction: was it to be a film program strictly for Rice University students or would it be a community media center. Or both?

The resolution was to continue the community access program through SWAMP—and so it took its offices off campus, in the upstairs of a garage apartment across the street from the Rothko Chapel. It's an informal setting from which you can rent film- and video-making equipment cheap. Canon and

GAF Super 8 cameras for \$4 a day, tripods and light kits for \$4 a day, mikes at \$3 a day and ¼ inch portable video production units at \$3 an hour or \$15 a day. You must pay an initial \$10 membership fee. They also have 8 mm and 16 mm projectors and editing facilities.

If you don't want to make films you could always just watch them. Carefully filed in a big wooden box is a collection of some important avant-garde works. *Meshes of the Afternoon*, by Maya Deren; *Touching*, by Paul Sharits; *Window Water Baby Moving* and others by Stan Brakhage are only a few. The public is invited to see these films on an informal basis (set up the projector and turn off the light). It's the only place in Houston for experimental films.

SWAMP also has access to grant money. Applications are flooding in for a

\$30,000 production fund to be allocated this fall. Awards of varying amounts will be given to independent Southwest film and video makers. "We find people here are doing a kind of film we didn't even know about! And these people, the people who are really committed to the idea of making a film have something unusual to say," says Sims.

SWAMP does not have satellite access facilities yet. However, they do show films made by southwest independents on *Territory*, a television program aired at 10:30 on Monday night on KUHT-TV. Says Sims: "On *Territory* there isn't a form or genre we haven't put on—documentary, narrative, experimental, animation—and even things that don't fit into any of those categories. The weekly program has been running for five years and represents a very rare opportunity for a

regional film or video maker to broadcast to a mass audience.

"The beauty of Houston," states Guillermo Pulido, an artist from California working here, "is that you can approach the people who make programming decisions and simply say, 'I want something put on the air,' and they do it."

The existence of such public access demonstrates how wide-open the possibilities are in a developing center like SWAMP. "Texas film and video is less like-minded [than in other areas], exceptional when banded together," says Pulido. In the loosely-knit film world here there is room for fresh and original ideas to grow whereas cohesive groups tend to adopt one theory and ignore other possibilities, he feels.

Some people, however, think that the Houston film community is too loosely knit. "Right now in Houston," says Helen Foley, a local filmmaker, "you work in absolute isolation." What seems to be lacking in the city are informal screenings of current local work. It would be an opportunity for filmmakers to get together, discuss each other's ideas—add fuel to the fire!

"We're training filmmakers to make films they watch themselves, then put away in the closet," says Ed Hugetz, the director of SWAMP. A filmmaker himself, Hugetz identifies with the "isolation" of the independent. "In our culture the ultimate test is facing people. It's no good to produce stuff if people don't see it, if you can't share with them what you believe and listen to their challenges. This is something we at SWAMP must work out or this whole business of independent media is a farce."



All in the SWAMP family (seated) Fletcher Mackey, Don Quaintance, Tom Sims and (standing) Tina Brawner, John Techman, and Laurie McDonald.

ARTISTS IN SCHOOLS

Students making street films.

BY JANE COLLINGS

"The aim of the artists-in-schools film program is not to inspire these kids to be filmmakers, but to show them that something interesting is going on in their neighborhood," says Tina Brawner. With funding from the Texas Commission on the Arts and the Cultural Arts Council of Houston, Brawner teaches groups of kids 10- to 14-years-old the basics of filmmaking.

The program took roots in the early 70's. Helen Foley, a high school English teacher, introduced film to a class of students, all of whom had failed English. If they couldn't communicate in words, perhaps they could in images. They did, and some of the films had heavy social comment. Foley recalls one film made by some black high school students: "They had a black heroine tied to a railroad track, and they simulated a train coming at her. A rescue attempt is launched, but at the crucial moment the screen goes entirely black. On the soundtrack someone says: 'That's the way the cookie crumbles.' The implication was that there is no rescue for the black in our society."

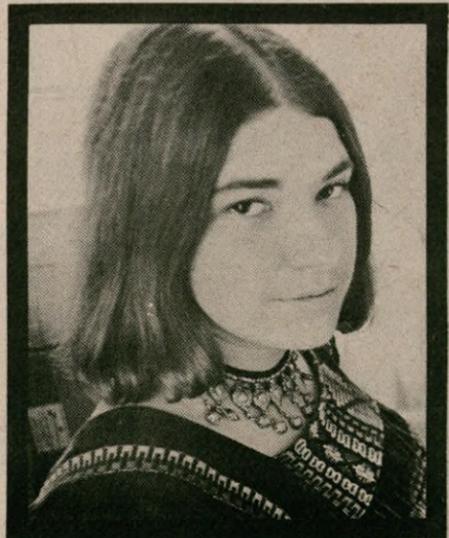
The idea took hold, funding came along and the program became a traveling "film school." Brawner became involved in 1978 and has taught in west Texas (Alpine and Marfa) and at several Houston high schools.

"Media literacy is regarded as a frill," says Brawner. "It isn't. It is basic to understanding this society. Media dictate the cultural norms and what politicians are in office."

As well as demonstrating to the kids that they can have input into the society via a fairly sophisticated medium, the classes also get the kids into contact with their own surroundings.

"The initial response of the students is: 'There's nothing happening here.' Or 'We don't know anyone interesting,'" Brawner relates.

But that changes. The next big step is to let the students find out that they can talk to strangers. "It is up to them to make initial contact with their chosen film subjects," she says.



Tina Brawner teaches film to 10-14 year olds.

"I never knew how they got from one place to another so fast! Now I know they put two pieces of film together," exclaimed one fifth grader enrolled in the program. Brawner needs to introduce all the basics to the kids. While they are deciding on a topic, they are also watching documentaries in class and discussing their details.

Initially, she observes, "A lot of young girls are very intimidated by the camera, while the young boys are always more aggressive about using the equipment." Brawner goes on location with the kids as they begin the actual shooting to see that everyone gets a chance to use the equipment; to see that mikes are turned on and cameras focused.

One film made by Brawner's class centered around an interview with Donald Judd, an important contemporary artist. Judd moved to Marfa, Texas from New York to get away from the commercial art world. "If I had gone in as a professional filmmaker, I would not have had the same response that these kids had," says Brawner.

In fact, she thought she would probably have been refused. "However, the eighth grade kids were classmates of Judd's own kids and he agreed to do the film."

The film opens panning along walls to the ceiling, out the window—like a day-dreaming student. It cuts to the interview. The questions which the kids ask Judd are naive and spontaneous. "Why do you call this art?" Judd found himself confronting the basic issues in the nature of art-making.

"The kinds of film the 10-14 year-olds can make are quite different from the ones an adult would make. They haven't yet made a series of conscious decisions about what they are seeing," she says.

Another class at Wheatley High School filmed their visit to a funeral home. The conversations of the students inside the parlor sounded like a group of teenagers browsing around a department store.

"Oh, what a cute little coffin," one young girl says as she looks at a baby-sized pine box.

"Ooh, I wish my bed was this soft," another says as she touches the satin upholstery of another casket.

"What colors do they come in?" they ask of the funeral director.

"Could I bring a body already in a coffin, and have it buried by you?" one young girl wonders.

In another scene two girls are sitting in front of an open coffin, discussing how "nicely laid-out the body is." "They do such a nice job," says the first girl. "Yes," agrees the second: "If I die, I'd like to be prepared here, but I wouldn't want to work here."

"As you can see," Brawner says dryly after the film's showing, "Kids say things that an adult would be too inhibited to ever ask."

photo: Nancy Dahlberg

MODERN DANCE

"Houston could be an open city."

BY DEBI MARTIN

It is a naive and romantic notion that art can be appreciated by everyone. Art audiences are not born, they are educated. For dance to be appreciated it must cultivate and educate an audience. The fever contracted in recent years by the popularity of the movies *All That Jazz*, *The Turning Point*, and *Fame* enlarged that audience.

Jazz is easily popularized because it is entertainment-oriented and has a smooth sexy look. It is not surprising that a lot of disco dancers look like jazz dancers and vice versa.

In ballet, an audience can follow a story-line or fairy tale as well as marvel at a spectacular execution of fouettes and leaps. Just as athletes set new records, ballet dancers exceed their predecessors in technical feats.

But this is not the case with modern dance. Its lines are often ugly or not sexy at all, sometimes it intends to shock, not simply entertain, and significantly, most modern dance works are presented in abstract and esoteric form. This keeps the concert audiences small.

Modern dance has not received the attention or popularity the other arts have. This is Texas and there are vast, wide open spaces artistically. As Farrel

Dyde, a modern choreographer who has made Houston his home, puts it, "There are dances [performed here] that just can't be done in New York—open-ended, experimental works. There just isn't room for them in New York."

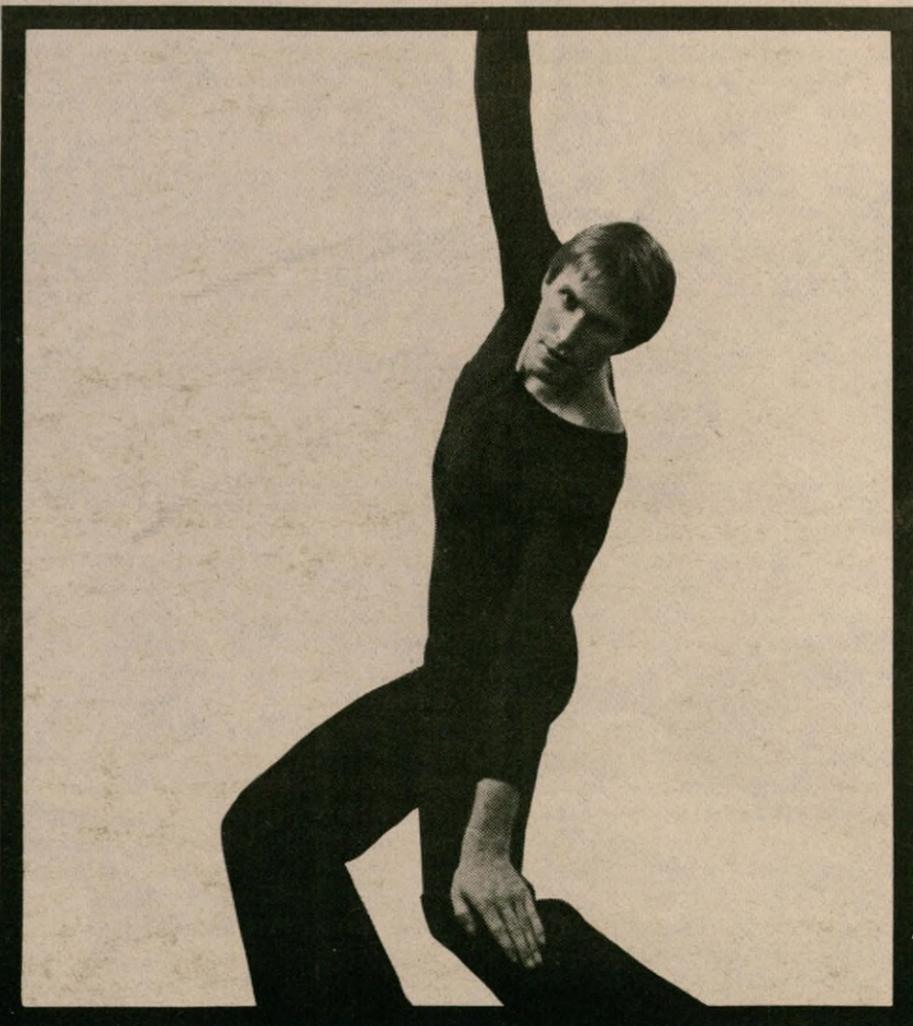
In order for modern dance's possibilities to be realized in Houston there must be more than vision, there must be action. And the Modern Dance Council (MDC) is a group intent on acting as an umbrella for Houston contemporary dance artists. Roberta Stokes, one of the founders, said the MDC has a two-fold purpose: "to bring local dance artists together to cultivate and educate an audience."

Although MDC has as yet no financial backing, it does have a well-balanced council representative of Houston's dance community: Roberta Stokes, Barry Moore, Janis Simonds, Mary Wolff, Barbara Day, Leslie Schlumberger, Julie Louis, Clare Duncan, Jack Carter, and Mary Martha Lappe.

The MDC was formed in November 1979, and grew out of the Contemporary Arts Museum choreographers project which Roberta Stokes, an instigator of MDC, formerly headed. Under Stokes, CAM brought dance artists Bella Lewisky, Deborah Hay, and Austin's *Invisible Inc.* to Houston. Dance concerts were often performed in the museum.

Some may remember that it was the

Debi Martin was a former dance critic for the UT Daily Texan.



Choreographer Farrel Dyde sees more open-ended, experimental works performed here.

photo: Theresa Di Menno

CAM choreographers who danced downtown and through the tunnels. The dancing was structural improvisation, that is, the dancers used their surroundings to feed them movement phrases designed to interact with their environment, and ideally, their audience. This was an experiment that CAM choreographers hoped would reach the business community audience. Unfortunately, this didn't happen, as Farrel Dyde, once a CAM choreographer recalled, "We had to put out a tremendous amount of energy to compete with the buildings; it was a fatiguing and antagonistic experience because it was as though we were dancing against all of what these businessmen believed."

The CAM choreographers failed to attract a less alienated modern dance audience, but it did lay down the foundation from which MDC would eventually spring—it briefly united Houston's contemporary dance artists. Farrel Dyde has fonder memories of that aspect, "It was very stimulating to present your work before your peers. There was an exchange of ideas, an interaction, I haven't seen since."

CAM choreographers lasted for two years, and the list of the choreographers reads like the *who's who* of the Houston modern dance scene: James Clouser, Farrel Dyde, Mary Wolff, Sandra York, Polly Motley, and Roberta Stokes. The project's guest choreographers were Beverly Cook and Janis Simonds.

MDC's schedule of coming events indicates their tactics of reaching an audience will differ from those attempted by the CAM. Working on one level of the problem, the alienation Houston modern dancers feel from each other, MDC will present an all-day improvisation session at the University of Houston at Clear Lake City on October 11. Roberta Stokes encourages local contemporary dance artists to surface for the event.

In January MDC will sponsor a dance gathering open to the public which will provide the audience with a one day sweeping glimpse of several local modern dance groups.

Concentrating on the education of an audience, MDC will present two evening shows at Rice Media Center in February. The first evening will consist of dance history films, with the second evening devoted to avant garde films and a lecture-demonstration.

MDC's most impressive scheduled



photo: Theresa Di Menno

Roberta Stokes is one of the founders of the Modern Dance Council.

zation for her or his fantasies. For example, seeing someone run in place for five minutes on stage does not appear to be a significant piece of art, even if the choreographer's intention was to exemplify the speed at which we move through modern life. Intention is not enough. Watching such a piece is boring and it seems trite. Usually, artists who have been told that few understand their art, respond as though they have transcended to the "BE-yond," and they have an elitist attitude regarding the abstract nature of their work.

Clouser, the choreographer for Space/Dance/Theater (S/D/T), on the other hand, is working on a unique grass roots level approach to attract a modern dance audience. Instead of insisting that his audience come to him, he's going to them—in gymnasiums, basketball courts, public

Humphrey Foundation. But since there are no funds for a board of directors or administrator, the company handles these tasks cooperatively.

When S/D/T began, its purpose was unclear, except, Clouser himself admits, as a vehicle for his art. However, since the birth of his son three years ago, Clouser began to think about Houston's future, "Houston is in danger of choking itself to death. The number of parks is not growing, there is more violence, and not enough free, safe, attractive, cultural enrichment. People are cut off from everything. Houston could be an open city." He continued, "We [in S/D/T] see ourselves as a service organization to get people to realize the vital things in this city."

Clouser's realization that as an artist, he must also be an activist, is a far cry

from the elitism in modern dance of previous years. His grass roots approach, (significantly used by social service organizations in the last 10 years, and much more recently in the arts), has never before been tried in Houston with such a full-force effort.

In the end, for this outreach to be successful, the artists must offer something to the developing modern dance audience in return for time or money spent. The audience must leave a performance with a sense of enrichment, whether through shocking innovation or simply pleasure. These works should communicate and be relevant to an audience. And although the success of other forms of dance may indicate a ripe climate for modern dance in Houston, it still seems dancers will have to meet the public more than half-way.

There are dances performed here that just can't be done in New York . . .

event will be a combination choreographers workshop and panel discussion held in the spring, open to the public. The discussion will be over the artists', critics', and audience's roles. MDC puts responsibility on the modern dancer to clarify and advocate his or her art form, and bring audience and artist closer together.

James Clouser, former artistic director of the Houston Ballet, in explaining his journey from ballet to modern, remarked, "I rebel against modern dancers, too. They get so esoteric and self-conscious that they don't communicate to anybody. And audiences are small because of it."

Audiences are frustrated, especially in these times, to pay to see a dance concert so esoteric and self-indulgent. They feel as though the artist is asking for subsidi-

schools, parks, or any local facility easily accessible to people in their own community. Clouser wants to reach people who either won't or can't come into the theatre, and he plans to visit homes for the handicapped and aged, as well as 137 housing projects. Many of the pieces in S/D/T's repertory are designed to be performed in non-theatrical spaces.

S/D/T will spend the fall making visits throughout the city, and use the summer for performances at Miller Theater. In recent years, the Miller Theater performances have been generously funded by the Cultural Arts Council of Houston, and S/D/T's past and present funding record looks good; it has also received support from the Moody Foundation, the Texas Commission on the Arts, and the



S/D/T's James Clouser is working on a grass roots approach to attract a modern dance audience.

photo: Theresa Di Menno

WHY ME?

Battering happens to all classes of women at every level of society.

BY TOBY MYERS AND BURNET OLIVEROS

An interview with Lenore Walker by Toby Myers and Burnet Oliveros.

Lenore Walker is associate professor of psychology at Colorado Women's College, director of the Domestic Violence Institute in Denver, author of *The Battered Woman*, and mother of a son and a daughter.

Toby Myers is associate professor of child development and family living at Texas Woman's University Houston Center. Her interest in family violence stems from personal experience. She is one of the founders of the Houston Area Women's Center Shelter and of the Texas Council on Family Violence. She is the mother of a daughter and two sons.

Burnet Oliveros was a battered wife from the age of 19 until she was 29. She has been free for seven years. She is a mathematician and a geophysicist, a mother of three daughters, and a member of the board of directors of the Houston Area Women's Center. She has been working with their Shelter for Battered Women since its founding two years ago.



Lenore Walker, author of *The Battered Woman*.

Burnet Oliveros: You've been doing research on battered women; I'd like to hear about that first.

Lenore Walker: We've collected information on 435 women over the last year and a half. Most of the women are from the Denver area. They are self-identified as battered women, but they have to meet certain criteria,

(such as) they have to have been abused at least twice. When we're finished, we're going to be able to talk about characteristics—sociological, demographic and psychological characteristics of the women.

Toby Myers: How did these women come to you?

Walker: Many of the women are self-referred (which means they did the calling in); many are referred from other sources. In addition to newspapers, television shows and mental health centers, we put up notices in the bathrooms of companies and in the airport.

Oliveros: Were these women still in a battering situation?

Walker: No, as a matter of fact, only about a quarter of our women were still in at the time of the interview.

Oliveros: What kinds of things are you learning? Walker: I can only tell you our preliminary findings—that battering occurs across all socioeconomic levels, all educational levels. We had a high percentage of professional women in our sample.

Oliveros: Is there a particular type of person who is likely to be a battered woman? Intellectually, I reject the idea, and yet when I meet other women who have been battered, I feel an immediate closeness. I don't know if it's the

same kind of thing fellow survivors of a hurricane feel or what it is.

Walker: That's a question that's really hard to answer. I have to answer that question through my clinical impressions and not through the research data. Clinically, battered women change so quickly once they begin to regain a support system—once they begin to move back into the world and become free of the batterer—that it doesn't make clinical sense to say they have some kind of preexisting condition that made them more likely to get into a battering relationship. I'm not willing to say that totally, because there may be a vulnerability, a kind of conditioning that occurs in childhood for some women so that when they meet up with a batterer, probably accidentally, they, then, are more vulnerable to the maintenance of the relationship.

One thing battered women have that nobody's given them sufficient credit for, is the skill to stay alive. The more interviews I do, the more I wonder, how come they haven't died. I think that the woman recognized the fact that, yes, she's still getting beaten, and, yes, she can't control that, but she's not getting killed. Every battered woman always says: "Thank God, it's over. It could have been worse." No matter how bad it is, she always

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thinks, "It could have been worse."

We're collecting data over four battering incidents and we're trying to see if it changes over time.

Oliveros: Does it change?

Walker: The woman gets more passive. Although sometimes there are ups and downs. She'll have sort of a quiescent period, then she'll start defending herself, and, then, she'll get quiet again. It's not a straight line. She starts out with much more shock. It isn't until later that she develops an enormous amount of anger and hostility. The hostility grows as the shock diminishes.

We also have found out that battered women develop survival skills, not escape skills. Maybe if you're going to survive you can't escape.

Oliveros: I made an interesting observation at the shelter, comparing the volunteers who hadn't been battered with the women who had been battered. A lot of the battered women knew how to fix things—work on cars or repair things around the house. Whereas the other women were really ignorant about things like that. They just said, "Oh, I'll call my husband to come fix this."

Walker: I think they're more self-reliant. Although I don't know that I'd say that as a group they are, I haven't got the data to say that.

Oliveros: Sometimes I think what attracts a woman to the batterer is her own sense of being powerful. But because she believes in sex role stereotypes, she wants to be the power behind the throne. I really enjoy having power over what happens to me since I've gotten out, and I think I was interested in power even when I was in that, but I had to be the woman behind the man.

Walker: Are you saying that women may have difficulty in assuming personal power on their own, and may stay in a relationship even though it's not a good one because it gives them some kind of power?

Myers: You're saying that the way you get power, then, is not to have it yourself but to marry it?

Walker: Well, that's why the women's movement has been so critical in understanding battering and abusive relationships because the women's movement has said that women can have and should have power on their own. I think that's why we're having so many more women leave abusive relationships, because they're discovering that they can.

Myers: I think that's a real important thing. I think men have beaten women because they've realized they can, and now women are leaving because they realize they can.

Walker: And that they would even get society's support for leaving. If there's anything we've done, we have made it really okay for a woman to leave a relationship if she's being beaten. Nobody asks "Why didn't you stay longer? Why didn't you try harder?" People are now saying: "Why don't you get out?"

Myers: The most fascinating case in your book was the one of Alice, the physician, that got beat up and lost a kidney. Did you ever hear from Alice again?

Walker: No, I never heard from her again. You know, that's one of the hardest things when you work with battered women, that you have to accept that it's not your responsibility to save them. And yet you have to be available for them. You have to make it very clear that you know what's going on, you don't approve of it, you support whatever they want to do about it, and that you will be more than willing to be an advocate for



Toby Myers is a founder of the Texas Council on Family Violence.



Burnet Oliveros works with the Houston Area Women's Shelter for Abused Women.

them in getting help.

If you go that far and she says "I want to go back. I don't think he's going to hit me again, but I'm willing to take that chance," you've gotta let her go. And you die because you're so sure that she's going to get hit again, but how can you not do that without taking away this woman's dignity?

Myers: I think getting out is a process. . . .
Oliveros: . . . of trying and going back and trying and going back.

Walker: And it doesn't matter whether you work that process out before the physical separation or afterwards. You're gonna have to go through that process no matter what.
Oliveros: One thing you've talked about is that battered women often underestimate the extent of their injuries. I think it was on *60 minutes*—they talked to some person in California who was claiming that they overestimate.

Walker: In the years that I have been working on this problem I have never found women who overestimate. In fact, it's much like child abuse cases. Most of the time the women minimize what happens, because if you start dealing with the reality of what's happening you've got to do something about it. It's the psychological mechanism of denial, which just protects you from having to do something before you're ready to do it.

When battered women do retaliate, they are their own worst witnesses at trials, particularly at some of the trials I do for assaults or murders, because you want the woman to be able to convince the jury as to why she

stayed. And you're convinced, because you understand it, but if she doesn't know how to say what happened to her with impact, then the jury is not going to buy it.

Oliveros: One of the really difficult things is that it really is a life and death situation that the woman is in, yet everyone around her is denying the fact that she's in danger of being killed. It's just too dramatic. People can't deal with it, and it's really hard to get people to take you seriously.

Walker: I agree with that, but I think it's getting easier to get people to take you seriously. But I still think people cut off battered women when they want to tell their stories, they just don't want to hear. It's too gory.

Sometimes people are not helpful to a battered woman. It's because of ignorance, not malevolence. They don't really appreciate the sense of danger she's in. A little bit of help and assistance early on might have averted what's been going on, escalating.

Myers: Do you think that when the woman finally kills the man that it goes back to the conflicting or paradoxical thing about control: that she's finally in the ultimate control?

Walker: No. I think that the woman does it because somehow somewhere she's made up her mind, "I am not going to take it anymore. I am not going to be hurt again. He has no right to hurt me." And somehow, even if she doesn't say those words, she has that feeling. Once you accept that feeling, and he starts to hurt you again, you strike back.

Oliveros: A lot of battered women go around

for a long time trying to get someone to make him stop. The police can't make him stop, his mother can't make him stop, nobody can make him stop. She must realize that no one is going to be able to make him stop.
Walker: Interestingly, the women I've worked with, when they kill, most of them have used guns. Maybe a knife.

Oliveros: No poisons?

Walker: No poisons that I know of. No tortures. I mean we've worked with some of the most bizarre cases. We've worked with the case in Kansas where the man built a coffin for the woman and made her try it out for size. He'd put her in the coffin all night with chains. He was going to bury her alive. She killed him before he could do it.

Myers: That's bizarre.

Walker: But is that any more bizarre than the man who takes you up to the mountains and rapes you, then the next minute is loving and takes you for a walk, then a couple of hours later starts slapping you around?

Is it any more bizarre than the man who takes out a gun and points it to his head and says "I'm going to kill myself," and points it at your head and says "I'm going to kill you"?

When the women strike back they strike back with a tremendous amount of force. After the first blow almost all of them say some catch words like: "I better get him good because if he gets up he's gonna kill me."
Myers: Well, that's what they tell you—I mean, that's what mine told me—"If you ever hit me back you better make it good because if you don't, you're a dead woman."

Walker: One of my interviewers said it was almost like batterers went to the same training school, because they all say such similar things. You'd think that they all knew each other.

Oliveros: Sometimes I feel like there's an uneasy truce between men and women. Even men who aren't batterers—sometimes if you talk to them for long you can feel—they have this rage inside against women that they're suppressing.

Walker: I believe that you can learn a lot about relationships between men and women by looking at the extremes. I sort of see all relationships on a continuum, with the ideal utopian egalitarian relationship between a man and a woman on one end and at the other extreme the most violent physically and psychologically abusive relationship you can think about. Relationships can fall anywhere along that continuum.

Myers: But not all relationships that aren't egalitarian are violent.

Walker: No. But I would say and argue that all relationships that aren't egalitarian fall somewhere on that continuum. And when you get to the normal traditional relationship, I think it goes over the halfway mark, in that there's a lot of coercion involved. It may well be just psychological coercion, but the power base is still unequal.

Oliveros: I want to talk about money. You made a very good point: that even when the women are earning the money, the men still control it. I read a book about prostitution, and there seems to be a lot in common between pimps and battering husbands.

Walker: I didn't say it, you did. My view of domestic violence and wife abuse is that it's not only violence run amuck (which I think it is, and I think violent behavior is learned behavior), but I also believe that the root of all violence between men and women is the power difference between men and women, and that were there egalitarianism there would be no need for violence.

photo: Nancy Dahlberg

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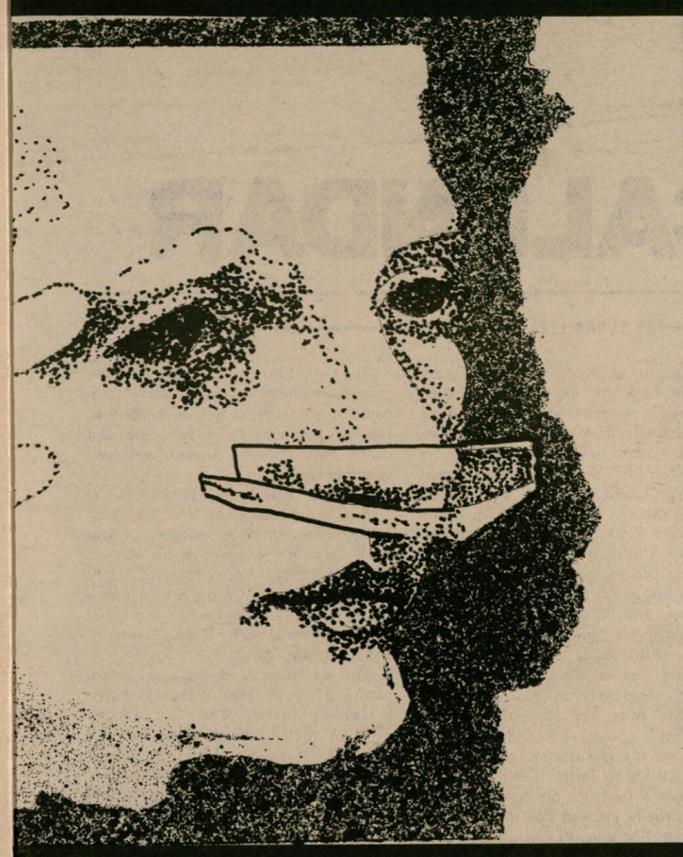
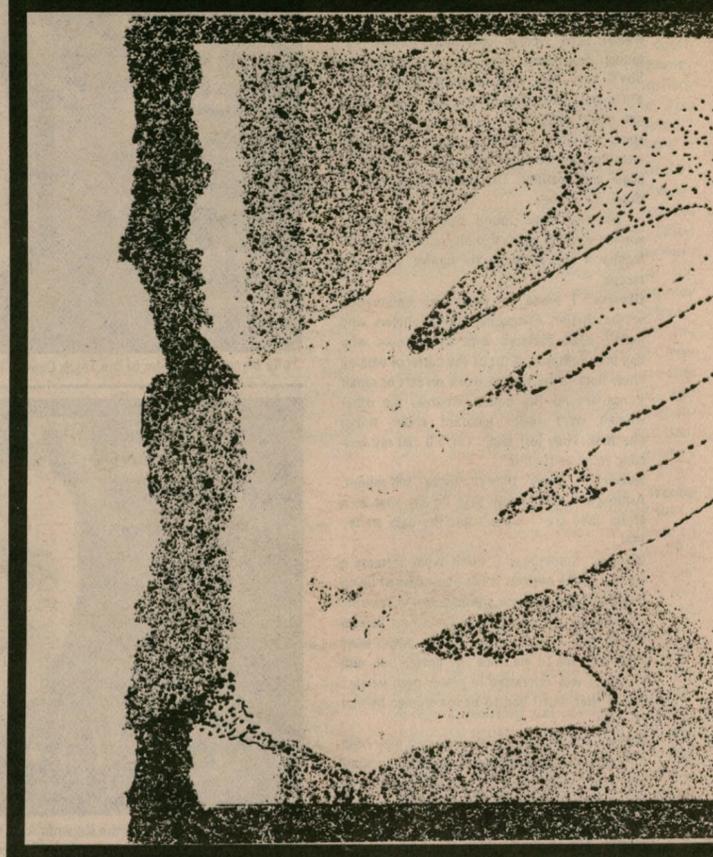


Illustration: Sonia Dawidowicz

THE BATTERED WOMAN

BY BURNET OLIVEROS

The Battered Woman by Lenore E. Walker (Harper & Row, 1980). Reviewed by Burnet Oliveros.

The most frustrating, perplexing, aggravating and downright embarrassing thing about battered women is that they often remain in violent relationships for years, sometimes lifetimes. Even once they leave, they usually return. Over and over. And they usually claim to love the man who beats them. Why? Why? Why?

Of all the good books written about battered wives, none comes close to answering these difficult questions with as much insight and empathy as Lenore Walker's *The Battered Woman*.

Battered women are neither crazy nor masochistic. They desperately want their men to stop hurting them and will go to great lengths to avoid or postpone a beating. But perhaps battered women believe too much in traditional feminine virtues like nurturing and forgiveness.

Burnet Oliveros is a former battered wife.

And that's part of their trap. Battering men are not all evil and brutal monsters. They can be exciting, sensitive and charming. At times. Such a man does not think of himself as a "batterer," although he may accept the title "disciplinarian." A battering man feels that he should be the boss, and if the woman has to be slapped around a little to teach her a lesson, that's too bad. Both the man and the woman agree that it's somehow her fault that she's getting beaten. And they're wrong.

Lenore Walker has been interviewing battered women for over five years. After her first 20 interviews she was struck by the similarities in the stories she was hearing. She began to be able to predict what each woman was going to say next. Her interviewees thought she must be psychic. Every battered woman feels alone and isolated in her own private hell, convinced that she is the only person in the world this is happening to, feeling somehow at fault, and working very hard to keep her shameful secret hidden.

Yet, as Dr. Walker discovered, all the horror tales are very much the same. She applied the theory of learned helplessness to explain why battered women find it so difficult to extricate themselves from such a destructive situation.

The theory of learned helplessness was developed by psychologist Martin Seligman. In his experiments, random electric shocks were applied to dogs in cages. At first the dogs struggled, tried to avoid the shocks, tried to escape from the cages. But eventually the dogs learned that nothing they did could prevent the shocks: they learned that they were helpless. Their behavior became passive to the point that they refused to try to leave their cages even when the doors were left open. Battered women are beaten repeatedly by their batterers. The excuse one time might be cooking the wrong thing for supper, the next time it might be wearing the wrong dress, next time it might be having the wrong expression on her face, or saying the wrong thing. A battered woman soon learns that it makes little difference what she does, she's going to get beaten anyway. She, too, feels helpless.

Yet life with a battering man is not constant violence and misery. Dr. Walker developed her own cycle theory, and she describes the three phases that make up the psychodynamics of the battering relationship.

Phase One, or *You've screwed up again, you stupid bitch*. The first phase is called the tension-building phase by Dr. Walker. The batterer constantly criticizes everything about the woman, everything she does or doesn't do. He slowly builds his case against her, proving to his own satisfaction that she is a thoroughly worthless person. This phase, punctuated by minor violent incidents, is usually the most lengthy phase. The stakes slowly rise until the explosion, the acute battering incident.

Phase Two, or *Now, look what you're making me do to you*. The acute battering incident is marked by loss of control and by destructiveness. It almost always occurs when the couple is alone together. Batterers, if you talk to them later, are either unwilling or unable to remember or discuss details of the beating. They are totally focused on their justifications for having done it, reciting at length a whole laundry list of offenses committed by the woman.

The battered woman, on the other hand, remembers every detail of the beating vividly, often for years. She frequently describes her perception of the beating as if she observed it from far away, in slow motion. Her immediate experience is reported to be more of fear and of feeling trapped than of physical pain. The pain is felt later.

When the beating is over, the woman—like any other disaster victim—is in a state of emotional collapse. Then comes phase three, like a key turning in the lock of the battered woman's cage.

Phase Three, or *I love you, I'm sorry, I promise I'll never hurt you again*. The batterer, his hostility vented, is now calm and loving. A strong shoulder for the collapsed woman to lean on, concerned hands to bandage her injuries. He apologizes, earnestly he promises never to do it again. He exudes sincerity, charm and love. This attentive man is the man the battered woman loves. This wonderful romantic movie hero is the man she believes herself married to. The violent behavior is seen as an aberration that he could control if only they would both try harder. But the good times don't last. Soon, with criticism and recrimination, the cycle begins again.

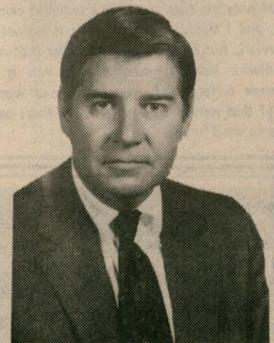
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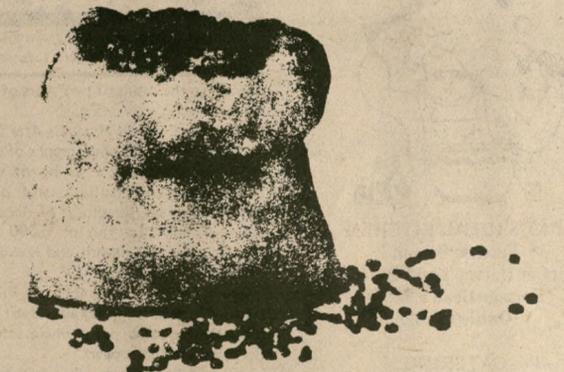
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ART CALENDAR

BY SUSAN L. CLARK

The *Houston Arts Calendar* compiled by Katherine Much and Melanie Young. (1981).

Two Houston women with considerable experience in publishing and a strong commitment to the arts have collaborated on a project that is certain to fuel local interest in the arts. *The Houston Arts Calendar*, designed and compiled by Kathleen Much and Melanie Young, not only is a response to Houston's growing involvement in and support of the arts



Aeolian Air oil on canvas by Kermit Oliver appears in the new *Houston Arts Calendar*.

but is also the result of two years of work from planning to printing.

The spiral-bound *Houston Arts Calendar* will include 55 photographs of works by Houston artists, a listing of visual, performing, and cultural arts organizations, and a directory of local art galleries. The first run of 6,000 came off the press last month and is available city-wide.

Most of the photographs are in color and each week's photograph of art work faces the calendar page, where information on the artist appears.

From a list of over a hundred names, garnered from gallery owners, and museum and university art people, 55 artists doing "unique or unusual" work were chosen. "We were not trying to establish some snobbish 'Who's Who of Houston Artists' and say that these are the only good artists in Houston, but rather wanted to get a representative selection of artists," says Much.

They sought to achieve a balance in the group, so that established as well as lesser-known artists would gain exposure, and so that there would be a variety of media and approaches included.

"We didn't want all of the people to be minimalists, or representationalists, or abstract expressionists. We wanted to show what diversity there is, and how much is going on creatively in Houston," notes Much.

The calendar contains the 1981 schedules of planned symphony, opera, ballet

and theatre productions. The directory in the back of the *Calendar*, called "Access," provides telephone numbers of organizations that have not yet determined exact schedules for the coming year. Much and Young have also included non-local cultural events within easy driving distance of Houston, such as San Antonio's Institute for Texan Cultures, Winedale's Shakespeare Festival, and Galveston's Dickens on the Strand Festival. Nearly 200 events are listed.

Much and Young met at the Rice Publishing Program in the summer of 1978. Much holds undergraduate and graduate degrees from Rice and freelanced extensively as an editor. She currently edits *Rice University Studies*. Young will receive her Ph.D. from Rice in 1981 and is under contract to a publisher for a study on Joseph Heller.

It was a freelance project of Young's that partially inspired *The Houston Arts Calendar*. She says, "I was working on a children's book for a local press, and I had to find an artist to illustrate it. I interviewed at least a dozen artists and in the process realized how many artists were actively working in Houston."

The idea of a calendar evolved, inspired and reinforced in part by *Breakthrough's* own engagement calendar of the International Women's Year, *Woman: Inner Reflection*, that featured black-and-white works by Texas photographers.

"We both had been art collectors in a minor way, as well as big lookers!" Much says. Nevertheless, both saw the need for a market study to determine the feasibility of a project as large and as complex as theirs, despite their own impression that Houston art-goers would be receptive to such a calendar. The two ultimately decided to finance the project themselves.

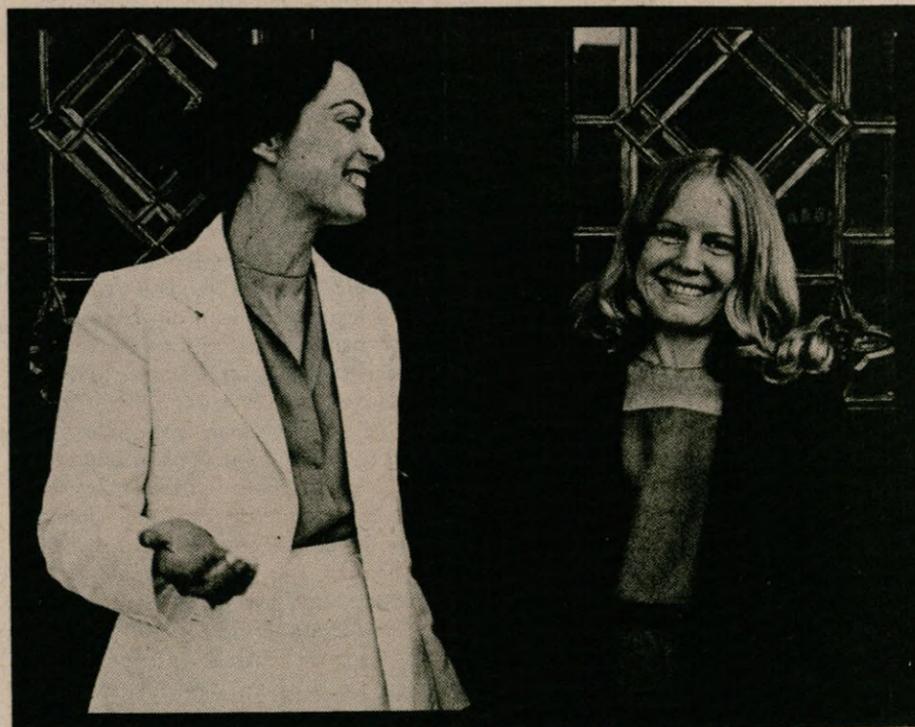
They point out the changing attitudes towards the arts in recent years—attendance at museums, as well as numbers of season-ticket subscribers to opera and ballet, have doubled, tripled, and even quadrupled.

"Houston has been coming into its own as a cultural center, and is looking for its image—not as an imitation of New York City—but is searching for its own cultural identity," Young observes. "Only three cities in the United States have a professional opera, symphony, and ballet season [New York, San Francisco, and Houston]," Much points out.

The art being produced in Houston, particularly in the area of the visual arts, is healthily diverse: "There are so many different kinds of things being done—all different styles—all different media. There doesn't seem to be a thread that says, 'This is Houstonian.' And I think that's good. It shows that people can work here and support themselves as artists in lots of different ways. You don't have to be a New York School artist to get shown here and you don't have to paint bluebonnets and cowboys and Indians either," states Much.

Paradoxically, the influence of newcomers, in combination with the native Houstonians—both in the art they produce and in the demands for urban cultural richness—has produced an interest in indigenous art. Much and Young chronicle the coming of age of Houston art—"We want people to realize that we've got something to sit up and be proud of."

The Houston Arts Calendar retails for \$15, and became available at the end of September in local bookstores and department stores, as well as by direct mail from Wordworks, Inc., 5105 Beech, Bellaire, TX 77401.



Kathleen Much and Melanie Young collaborated on the 1981 *Houston Arts Calendar*.

Susan L. Clark is an associate professor of German and Russian at Rice University.

photo: Jeanne Anne Whittington

EDITED BY VIRGINIA RALL

Contributors, Debi Martin, Kathleen Packlick, and Virginia Rall

ART GALLERIES

Blaffer Gallery, UH central campus (749-1320). American Fiber Art: A New Definition (currently on view until Oct. 26). The invitation exhibit features 45 works by 14 American artists. A photo documentary section will examine fiber works by Marcel Duchamp, Claes Oldenburg, Eva Hesse, Robert Rauschenberg, and Miriam Shapiro. Hours: Tues.-Sat., 10 am-6 pm, Sun., 1 pm-6 pm. Catalogs available.

Contemporary Arts Museum, 5216 Montrose (526-3129). Upper Gallery: Nancy Graves: A Survey 1969-1980 (showing Sept. 20-Oct. 26) and Lower Gallery: Earl Staley, Mythologies (Oct. 3-Nov. 10). Hours: Tues.-Sat., 10 am-5 pm, Sun. noon-6 pm. There are free public tours Sat. at 2 pm and Tues. at noon.

Cronin Gallery, 2008 Peden (526-2548). Fifth Anniversary Exhibition (Oct. 7-Nov. 15). Gallery catalog available. Hours: Tues.-Sat., 10 am-5 pm.

DuBose Gallery, 2950 Kirby (526-4916). A Drawing Show of Contemporary American Artists (Oct. 9-29). Hours: Mon.-Fri., 9 am-5:30 pm and Sat., 11 am-4:30 pm.

Forty Walls Gallery, 1200 Southmore at San Jacinto (520-1766). Currently showing nine artists from Austin (thru Oct. 18); group show of regional artists (Oct. 25-Nov.). Hours: Tues.-Sat., 10 am-5 pm.

Janie C. Lee Gallery, 2304 Bissonnet (523-7306). Philip Renteria: Recent Works on Paper (Oct. 18-Nov. 16); Ann Ryan: Collages (Oct. 25-Nov. 16). Hours: Tues.-Sat., 10 am-6 pm.

Kauffman Galleries, 2702 W. Alabama (528-4229). Harold Altman's New Lithographs (Oct. 10-Nov. 10). Hours: Mon.-Sat., 9 am-6 pm.

David Mancini Gallery, 1200 Bissonnet (522-2949). Photographs by Atget (Sept. 13-Oct. 23). Hours: Tues.-Sat. 10 am-5:30 pm.

Museum of Fine Arts, 1001 Bissonnet (526-1361). Cliche-Verre: Hand-Drawn, Light Printed, A Survey from 1839 to the present (Sept. 10-Oct. 26); and in the Masterson Junior Gallery: Points of View—The Stereograph in America: A Cultural History (Sept. 23-Nov. 16).

Rice Museum, Rice University campus, Stockton Street entrance. Jim Love: Up to Now (Sept. 5-Nov. 16). Hours: Tues.-Sat., 10 am-5 pm; Sun., noon-6 pm.

Texas, 2012 Peden (524-1593). Paintings by James Rosenquist (Sept. 27-Oct. 31). Hours: Tues.-Sat., 11 am-5 pm.

University of Houston/Lawndale Annex, 5600 Lawndale at Dismuke, *Eyes of Texas*, (Oct. 3-26), an exhibition of work from living Texas folk artists.

Watson/de Nagy Co., 1106 Berthea (526-9883). Earl Staley: Watercolors and Paintings of Big Bend (opening Oct. 11 to the end of the month).

Watson/Willour, 2000 Peden (524-0865). Jane Allensworth, Robert Goodnough and Earl Staley. Recent Paintings (thru Oct.). Hours: Tues.-Sat., 11 am-5 pm.

DANCE

Oct. 10: *Harry*, a concert primarily featuring dance works by Senta Driver. U. of Houston Cullen Auditorium. Begins at 8 pm. Tickets: \$5 for the public, \$3 for U of Houston students.

Oct. 11: *Improvisation Workshop*, sponsored by the Modern Council for the enrichment of the dance community. At the U of Houston at Clear Lake City in the Developmental Arts Building. 9:30 am-3:30 pm. Free. Reservations: call Jan Simonds (488-9264).

Oct. 13: *Champagne Benefit* for the Dance Theatre Unlimited and Houston Alliance for Performing Artists. 3221 Milam studio (523-2679). Music by Shake Russell and John Vandiver. Begins at 9 pm. Tickets: \$5.

Oct. 19: *Choreographer's Concert*, Joan Karff's New Dance Group will perform at Hammond Hall on the Rice Campus. Begins at 2 pm. Tickets: \$4.

Oct. 30-Nov. 2: *The Seasons*, by Ronald Hynd. *Britten Pas de Deux* and *Three Preludes* by Ben Stevenson. *The Brood* by Dick Kuch. Houston Ballet at Jones Hall, 615 Louisiana (227-2787). Thurs., Fri. and Sat., 8 pm. Sun., 2 pm.

Nov. 2: *Jazz Workshop*, by Delia Stewart. High School for Performing and Visual Arts. Tickets: \$15. Call Deborah Quanaim for information (869-5392).

FILMS

Code:

MOT: Miller Outdoor Theatre, Hermann Loop Drive, Hermann Park (222-3576)

MFA: The Museum of Fine Arts, 1001 Bissonnet (526-1361)

RMC: Rice Media Center, Rice University Campus (537-4853)

RO: River Oaks, 2009 W. Gray (524-2175)

Oct. 10: *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World* (Kramer, 1963)—MOT—7:15 pm. *Special Section* (Gravas, 1975)—MFA—8 pm. *Sunday, Bloody Sunday* (Schlesinger, 1971)—RMC—7:30 & 10 pm. *Carny* (1980)—RO—7:30 & 10:30 pm. *Freaks* (9132)—RO—9:30 pm.

Oct. 11: *The Hound of the Baskervilles* (1942); *They Might Be Giants* (1971); *The Phantom Creeps: III*—MOT—7:15 pm. *The Rise to Power of Louis XIV* (Rossellini, 1966)—MFA—8 pm. *Sitting Pretty* (Lang, 1948)—RMC—1:30 pm; *Young Frankenstein* (Brooks, 1975)—RMC—7:30 & 10 pm. *Hair* (1979)—RO—3 & 7:15 pm; *Grease* (1978)—RO—5:15 & 9:30 pm.

Oct. 12: *Lifeboat* (Hitchcock, 1944); *Strangers on a Train* (Hitchcock, 1951)—RMC—7:30 pm. *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* (Capra, 1939)—RO—3:15 & 7:15 pm; *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* (Capra, 1936)—RO—5:30 & 9:30 pm.

Oct. 13: *The Iceman Cometh* (O'Neill)—RO—7:30 pm.

Oct. 14: *The Thief of Bagdad* (Powell, 1940)—RO—7:30 pm; *Four Feathers* (Korda's, 1939)—RO—9:30 pm.

Oct. 15: *The Phantom Creeps IV; The African Queen* (Huston, 1952)—MOT—7:15 pm. *Shoeshine* (de Sica, 1976)—RMC—7:30 pm. *Angi Vera* (1980)—RO—7:30 pm; *A Slave of Love* (1978)—RO—9:30 pm.

Oct. 16: *Duck Soup* (1933); *Animal Crackers* (Marx Brothers, 1930)—MOT—7:15 pm. *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner* (Richardson, 1962)—RMC—7:30 pm. *Tales of the Taira Clan* (Mizoguchi, 1955) 7:30; *Yojimbo* (1961)—RO—9:15 pm.

Oct. 17: *The Adventures of Robin Hood* (1938); *Robin and Marian* (1977)—MOT—7:15 pm. *Mozart - A Childhood Chronicle* (Kirscher, 1976)—MFA—8 pm. *Annie Hall* (Allen, 1977)—RMC—7:30 & 10 pm. *King's Row* (1941)—RO—7:15; *Dark Victory* (1939)—RO—9:30 pm.

Oct. 18: *The Phantom Creeps V; Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* (1953); *Blonde Venus* (1932)—MOT—7:15 pm. *Bach: B-Minor Mass* (Kirscher, 1978)—MFO—8 pm. *Annie Hall* (Allen, 1977)—RMC—7:30 & 10 pm. *The Kids Are Alright* (1979)—RO—3:15 & 7:30 pm; *Quadrophenia* (1980)—RO—5:15 & 9:30 pm.

Oct. 19: *I Married a Witch* (Clair, 1942)—RMC—7:30 pm. *Gilda* (1946)—RO—3:45 & 7:30 pm; *The Lady from Shanghai* (1948)—RO—5:45 & 9:30 pm.

Oct. 20: *The Ill Fated Courtesan*—RO—7:30 pm; *Demon Woman Killer*—RO—9:15 pm.

Oct. 21: *Autumn Sonata* (Bergman, 1979)—RO—7:30 pm; *Cries & Whispers* (Bergman, 1973)—RO—9:30 pm.

Oct. 22: *The Phantom Creeps VI; Footlight Parade* (1933)—MOT—7:30 pm. *Hiroshima, Mon Amour* (Resnais, 1959)—RMC—7:30 pm.

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n. 1. A woman-owned business specializing in quality graphics and printing. 2. A large red brick house in the heart of Montrose. — adj. Having many and varied features. — v. Producing design, illustration, camera work, printing and bindery. — adv. 1. To increase the client's business manifold. 2. To satisfy the client.

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NETWORK continued

The Lady Killers (1955)—RO—7:30 pm; *The Magic Christian* (1970)—RO—9:15 pm.

Oct. 23: *The Phantom Creeps VII*; *Maria Candelaria* (1962); *Corazone de Ninos* (1965)—MOT—7:15 pm. *The Green Wall* (Robles Godoy, 1970)—RMC—7:30 pm. *The Man in the Glass Booth* (1974)—RO—7:15 pm; *Rhinoceros* (1974)—RO—9:30 pm.

Oct. 24: *Ruggles of Red Gap* (1936); *Red River* (1948)—MOT—7:15 pm. *The Last Years of Childhood* (Kuckelmann, 1979)—RMC—7:30 & 10 pm. *Rude Boy* (Hazan & Mingay, 1980)—RO—7 & 9:30 pm.

Oct. 25: *The Phantom Creeps VIII*; *Let the Good Times Roll* (1975); *Breaking Away* (1979)—MOT—7:15 pm. *Monarch* (Flutsch & Stelzer, 1979)—MFA—8 pm. *The Conversation* (Coppola, 1974)—RMC—7:30 & 10 pm; *Pinocchio* (Disney, 1937)—RMC—1:30 & 3:30 pm. *Rude Boy* (Hazan & Mingay, 1980)—RO—7 & 9:30 pm.

Oct. 26: *Paths of Glory* (Kubrick, 1957)—RMC—7:30 pm. *Rude Boy* (Hazan & Mingay, 1980)—RO—7 & 9:30 pm.

Oct. 27 & 28: *Rude Boy* (Hazan & Mingay, 1980)—RO—7 & 9:30 pm.

Oct. 29: *The Phantom Creeps IX*; *North by Northwest* (Hitchcock, 1959)—MOT—7:15 pm. *Yojimbo* (Kurosawa, 1961)—RMC—7:30 pm. *Rude Boy* (Hazan & Mingay, 1980)—RO—7 & 9:30 pm.

Oct. 30: *Stormy Weather* (1943); *Scott Joplin* (1977)—MOT—7:15 pm. *Lolita* (Kubrick, 1962)—RMC—7:30 pm. *Rude Boy* (Hazan & Mingay, 1980)—RO—7 & 9:30 pm.

Oct. 31: *The Phantom Creeps*; *Abbott & Costello Meet Frankenstein* (1952); *Love at First Bite* (1978)—MOT—7:15 pm. *The Night with Chandler* (Noever, 1979)—MFA—8 pm. *Psycho* (Hitchcock, 1960); *Murder* (Hitchcock, 1930)—RMC—7:30 pm. *King of Hearts* (1967)—RO—3:45 & 7:30 pm; *Harold & Maude* (Ashby, 1971)—RO—5:45 & 9:30 pm.

MUSIC

Agora 5124 Richmond (960-1318)
Oct. 10 & 11 - *Easy Street*
Oct. 15 - *Hepinstill*
Oct. 16 - *Headmaster*
Oct. 17 - *Headmaster* (midnight show) - *Rockats*
Oct. 18 - *Headmaster*
Oct. 20 - *Head East*
Oct. 21 - *War*
Oct. 22 - *The Coldcuts* featuring Jimmy Don Smith/John Vandiver
Oct. 23, 24 & 25 - *Easy Street*
Oct. 27 & 28 - *Shake Russell-Dana Cooper Band*
Oct. 29, 30 & 31 - *U.S. Kids*

Anderson Fair Retail Restaurant 2007 Grant (528-8576)
Every **Wednesday** in **Oct.** - *Dr. Rockit*
Oct. 10 & 11 - *Nanci Griffith*
Oct. 16 - *The Banded Geckos*
Oct. 17 - *Don Sanders*
Oct. 18 - *Bill Haymes & Don Sanders*
Oct. 19 - *Bill Haymes*
Oct. 24 & 25 - *Eric Taylor*
Oct. 31 - *Vance Bell*
Every **Sunday** - *Rock & Roll* (*The Natives* or *Little Screamin' Kenny Bobo*)

Birdwatchers 907 Westheimer (527-0595)
Every **Tuesday - Saturday** in **Oct.** - *Scott Gertner Quartet*
Every **Sunday** in **Oct.** - *Craig Smith Quartet*
Every **Monday** in **Oct.** - *Craig Smith Quarter with Terry Meason*

Cody's 3400 Montrose (522-9747)
Every **Monday - Saturday** in **Oct.** - *Paul English Group*

Cooter's 5256 Richmond (961-7494)
Oct. 14 - *Dean Scott*
Oct. 21 - *Shake Russell-Dana Cooper Band*/
Michael Marcoulier
Oct. 28 - *Johnny Dee and The Rocket 88's*

Fitzgerald's 2706 White Oak (862-7580)
Oct. 11 - *The Lotions*
Oct. 17 & 18 - *The Planets*
Oct. 19 - *The Chuck Miller Band*
Oct. 24 & 25 - *Tomi-Lee Bradley and The Shuttle Brothers*

Houlahan's #2 128 Westheimer (528-1835)
Every **Monday** - *Open Stage*
Oct. 10 & 11 - *Wild Card*
Oct. 12 - *Lindsay Haisley*

Oct. 14 - *Don Sanders*
Oct. 15 - *Eric Taylor*
Oct. 16 - *Marianne Phelps*
Oct. 17 & 18 - *The Natives*
Oct. 18 & 19 - *Marianne Phelps* (noon-6 pm)
Oct. 19 - *J. W. Wier*
Oct. 21 - *Rick Gordon*
Oct. 22 - *Lucinda "A" Band*
Oct. 23 - *Clover Roll*
Oct. 24 & 25 - *Little Screamin' Kenny Bobo*
Oct. 26 - *Gordy Headly*
Oct. 28 - *Donna and The Survivors* with *Michael Knutz*
Oct. 29 - *The Banded Geckos*
Oct. 30 - *Clover Roll*
Oct. 31 & Nov. 1 - *80¢*

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Wednesdays - *Over The Hill Gang*
Thursdays - *The Market Squares*
Fridays & Saturdays - *I. H. Smalley*

Jones Hall 615 Louisiana (222-3415)
Oct. 10, 12, 14 & 17 - *Houston Grand Opera* ("Il Trovatore")
Oct. 18, 19 & 20 - *Houston Symphony Orchestra* (All Mendelssohn Program)
Oct. 24 - *Houston Symphony Orchestra* (Open Rehearsal)
Oct. 25 & 26 - *Houston Symphony Orchestra* (William Schuman, Mozart, Falla, Debussy & Ravel)

Mum's Jazzplace 2016 Main at West Gray (659-1004)
Every **Sunday** - *Add Lib* featuring *Donna Menthol*
Monday - Friday (5:30-7:30) - *Horace Grigsby*

Music Hall 810 Bagby (222-4461)
Oct. 24 - *The Houston Pops* featuring *Tom T. Hall*

Rockefeller's 3620 Washington (864-6242)
Every **Wednesday** in **Oct.** - *Beto Y Los Fairlanes*
Every **Sunday** in **Oct.** - *KUHF Jazz Jam*
Every **Monday** in **Oct.** (Blue Monday) - *Double Trouble*
Oct. 10 - *Peter Rowan*
Oct. 11 - *The Kingston Trio*
Oct. 17 & 18 - *Ramsey Lewis*
Oct. 23 - *Green Onions*
Oct. 24 - *Doc Watson*
Oct. 25 - *Pure Prairie League*
Oct. 29 & 30 - *Eric Johnson*
Oct. 31 - *The Krayolas*

Rock Island 4705 Main (520-9040)
Every **Tuesday** - *The Natives*
Oct. 10 & 11 - *Radio Planets*
Oct. 17 & 18 - *The Delinquents/Sharon Tate's Baby*
Oct. 24 & 25 - *The Judys*
Oct. 31 & Nov. 1 - *The Gators*

St. Michel 2150 Richmond (522-0041)
Every **Tuesday, Wednesday & Thursday** - *Joe Nettles*
Every **Friday, Saturday & Sunday** - *Mickey Mosley*

Steamboat Springs 4919 West Alabama (629-6650)
Oct. 16, 17 & 18 - *Shake Russell-Dana Cooper Band*

The Summit 10 Greenway Plaza (961-9003)
Oct. 11 - *The Cars*
Oct. 14 - *Elton John*
Oct. 24 - *The Doobie Brothers*

Whiskey River 8670 S. Gessner at Hwy. 59 (777-5235)
Every **Sunday** in **Oct.** - *Greased Lightning*
Oct. 9, 10 & 11 - *Larry Franklin*
Oct. 14-18, 21-25 & 28-31 - *Vince Vance and The Valiants*
Oct. 1, 2, 7 & 8 - *Tommy Connors Band*

THEATERS

Black Ensemble, 1010 Tuam (520-0055). *Once in a Lifetime* by Celeste Colson. From Oct. 16-Nov. 9. Thurs.-Sat., 8:30 pm and Sun., 5 pm. Tickets: \$5.

Chocolate Bayou, 1823 Lamar (759-9840). *A Moon for the Misbegotten* by Eugene O'Neill. Running Sept. 19-Oct. 11. The show will possibly be extended through Oct. Call to find out exact dates. Thurs. 7:30 pm; Fri.-Sat., 8:30 pm; and Sun., 7 pm. Tickets: \$4.50-\$5.50.

Channing Players, First Unitarian Church, Southmore at Main (622-3152). *Dangerous Corner* by J. B. Priestly. Opens Oct. 10 and runs Fri.-Sat. until Oct. 25, 8:30 pm Tickets:

CLASSIFIED

\$3.75 and \$2.00 for students and senior citizens.

Comedy Workshop, 2105 San Felipe (524-7333). *Chrysler Died for Your Sins*. Original comedy written and performed by the resident professional company. Runs through Nov. Tues.-Thurs., 8:30 pm, Fri.-Sat., 8:30 pm and 11 pm. Tickets: \$5.00 on weekends, \$4.00 weekdays. Next door at the **Comix Annex** (529-7996) is *Comedy Tonight*; during the week it is an open stage for stand-up comics and the weekends feature professional stand-up comics. Cover charge weekends, \$3.00 and weekdays, \$1.00 with show time 9 pm. Weekend late shows at 11:30 pm.

Equinox Theatre, 3617 Washington (868-5829). *Angel City* by Sam Shepard. Running Sept. 25-Oct. 25, 8:30 pm. Tickets: \$5.00 on Thurs., \$6.00 on weekends. Reservations.

Main Street Theatre, Autrey House, 6265 Main (524-6706). Four one-act plays by Isreal Horowitz. From Oct. 2-Nov. 1. Thurs.-Sat., 8 pm. Tickets: \$5.00 and \$3.00 for students and senior citizens.

Nina Vance Alley Theatre, 615 Texas (228-8421). *To Grandmother's House We Go* by Joanna M. Glass. Previews begin Oct. 10, opening Oct. 16-Nov. 16. Tues.-Wed., 8 pm; Thurs.-Fri., 8:30 pm; Sat., 5 pm and 9 pm; and Sun., 2:30 and 7:30 pm. Opening night, 8 pm. Tickets: \$4.25-\$10.25. Student rate, \$3.00 during week, \$3.50 on weekends. Check with box office for preview prices.

Ripley House, 4401 Lovejoy (923-2661). *Casa de Bernardo Alba (The house of Bernardo Alba)* by Garcia Lorca. In Spanish. Oct. 30-Nov. 23. Fri.-Sat., 8 pm and Sun., 7 pm. Tickets: \$2.50.

Stages, 709 Franklin (225-9539). *Say Good-night, Gracie*. Houston premier of recent off-Broadway comedy. Opens Sept. 20-Oct. 11. The show will possibly be extended through Oct. 18. Call to find out exact dates. Thurs.-Fri., 8:30 pm; Sat., 5 pm and 9 pm; and Sun., 7:30 pm. Tickets: \$5.25, Thurs., Sat. at 5 pm, and Sun., \$6.00 Fri. and Sat. evening, \$1.00 off student and senior citizen tickets.

EVENTS

Unbeaten Women, A Discussion Group for women who have been battered. Meets Mon. evenings 7:30-9 pm. For more information leave message for Burnet Oliveros with W.I.R.E.S. 792-4664.

L'Alliance Francaise de Houston is a non-profit organization aimed at promoting French culture in the Houston area. Upcoming events include: a photographic exposition on "Les Industries de Pointe en France, Oct. 8-22; a performance by the Bob Kuldell Orchestra, Oct. 13, 8 pm. and two films: *Hot Pepper* about the music of Louisianan Clifton Chenier, Oct. 29, 8 pm and *Le Diable par La Queue (The Devil by the Tail)* Oct. 31, 8 pm. All events take place at the Alliance Francaise, 427 Lovett Blvd. (one block south of Westheimer & east of Montrose). Telephone: 526-1121

Super Big Thicket Weekend The Big Thicket Museum will be conducting a series of special hikes, tours and canoe trips of the Big Thicket area on Sat. and Sun. Oct. 11-12. Registration will be held at the Big Thicket Museum in Saratoga, located on FM 770 from 7:30 am to 5 pm both days. Included in this years SUPER BIG THICKET WEEKEND are the following activities:

All-Day Village Creek Canoe Trip
Early Morning Photography Hike
A Hike Through the Rosier Unit Wetlands
Exploring the Teal Homestead
Pioneer Living Workshop

All-day Big Thicket Area Historical Tour
There is no charge for activities taking place within the boundaries of the Big Thicket National Preserve. The fees charged for the above activities go to the Big Thicket Museum for coordinating the tours, hikes or trips, and orientation functions which take place outside the National Preserve. All-day tours and hikes: \$5.00 (18 and over); \$1.50 (12-17 yrs.) and FREE (under 12 - along with family; other hikes and programs: \$3.00 (18 and over); \$1.00 (12-17 years); and children under 12 are FREE with family. For further information call: 713-274-5000.

The South Central Women's Studies Association (SCWSA) will hold its **WOMANFAIR** Conference October 18 and 19, 1980, at the University of Texas, Arlington. WomanFair will highlight: women's work, physical-spiritual-mental health, families in the 1980s, women innovators, women's culture, and minority women's experience. Registration is free. For information, contact: Jeanne Ford, WOMANFAIR Conference, Box 19528, University of Texas, Arlington, TX 76012; 817/273-2219.

ERA is alive and well in Houston! There will be the ERA Alliance rally on Sun. Nov. 2. This will be in front of the old City Hall, by the reflection pond. In opposition to the Republican Party's anti-ERA platform, a **culminating ERA event** will take place before Election Day, Nov. 4. Ideas are welcomed in planning this event. You may call Elizabeth Otey Terry or Sharon Rodine at 523-6881; Jan Stevens 445-2200 or Jeanne Saletan 471-2862.

The Park People's October Float on Buffalo Bayou is scheduled for Sat., Oct. 11. The trip is made possible through the efforts of Don Greene, owner of The Whitewater Experience and the Park People's Recreational Activities Vice President and Waterway Committee Chair. Contact: The Park People Inc., 228-0037 One Main Plaza #1016

WIRES, Women's Information, Referral, and Exchange Service, is recruiting volunteers. WIRES is an organization whose goal is to help women find the knowledge, skills, and information to develop their fullest potential. Volunteers staff a phone service 9 am to 9 pm Mon. through Fri. The calls they receive deal with questions on credit, education, housing, welfare, child care, legal rights, health, and employment. Crisis calls from battered wives, rape victims, and alcoholic or drug addicted persons are also handled by WIRES. Volunteers are given training on what resources are available in the community, how to refer persons, and how to effectively handle crisis calls. If you are interested in volunteering, please call Ruth Randall at 792-4664. WIRES is a program of the Houston Area Women's Center. Its office is located in the Medical Center.

Share your home with a foster child. To become a foster parent, you must live in Harris County & your income must meet your present needs. If you are a working single parent or if both parents work, you must agree to take only school-age children; and you must have a bedroom available for no more than two (2) children which is at least eighty (80) square feet. Foster parents are paid a monthly reimbursement to help cover the expense of foster children in the home. One Harris County Child Welfare Unit provides for the clothing, medical and dental needs of the children.

Attend a free film and learn about the foster parent program at Harris County Child Welfare, 4040 Milam, 3rd floor. The film will be shown on Oct. 14 at 10:30 am, again on Mon. Oct. 20 at 7:00 pm. For more information, call Harris County Child Welfare, 526-5701.

6th Annual Texas Renaissance Festival (Route 2, Plantersville, Texas) is on again this fall with jugglers, rope walkers, singers and costumed artists and artisans selling their wares from quaint village shops. Hours: 9 am-7 pm, Sat. & Sun. Dates: Oct. 11-12, 18-19, 25-26, Nov. 1-2. Tickets: Adults: \$7.95, children 5-12: \$3.95. Children under 5: free.

IN HOUSE

Do you know where we can get bricks? New or used. We need them for a project on the Breakthrough house. Call 526-6686.

Breakthrough needs typesetters, advertising sales people and news carriers. Call the office at 526-6686. If we are out of the office, please hold for our answering service and leave a message.

Classified ad rates are 30 cents a word (one month run); 25 cents a word each month (two month run) and 20 cents a word each month (three month run). Payment must accompany ad placement. Deadline: 25th of preceding month. Mail copy and check to Breakthrough, P.O. Box 88072, Houston, TX 77004.

Options Career Coop: designed for homemakers entering or re-entering job market; or preparing for career change. For more information, call 465-1118.

Read, browse, have tea. Salon atmosphere. Lectures, activities, music. Buy a book—help stamp out TV! The Heights Bookstore, 301 W. 19th St., 864-5593. Owner, Marianne Williamson.

For interior painting or wallpapering. Call Lee-Cher Distinctive Wallcovering at 466-3997 or 932-6348 after 4:30 pm. References

Jazz Records, New and Used, Bought and Sold — Jazzroom, 808 Lovett, Monday-Saturday, 17-7 — 529-0926

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"REQUIRED READING"



At the Chapultepec Restaurant, 803 Richmond

photo: Nancy Dahlberg

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