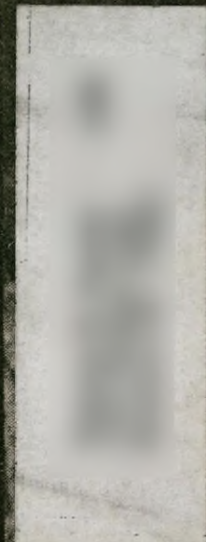


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JANUARY 1980



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LETTERS

Congratulations on your growth, on your past several issues and especially congratulations on the November 1979 *Breakthrough*.

I usually leaf through the issue after it comes in the mail, . . . browse about and usually find myself content with the growth and maturity the paper and the feminist community is seeing.

However, this issue was something else. The articles on rape, pornography, the Pope and the doctor had me *reading* almost every printed word. It was excellent.

PHYLLIS FRYE

Your October election issue prompted me to renew my *Breakthrough* subscription for the coming year. I thought your coverage of the candidates was exceptional. Their answers to your questions were a tremendous aid in solving my dilemma of who to vote for. In fact, being a lucky recipient of two October issues, my boyfriend and I sat down that Monday night to read and compare observations.

SUSAN A. SPEERT

Thank you so much, for the election issue especially, and for all those others before.

JUDITH ANN EMERSON

I am writing in reference to the cover picture of the November 1979 issue of *Breakthrough*. When this painting was first done, I had objected to it and had asked the City Legal Department to investigate to see if we might find some ordinance that was violated. I was told that

it was within all City ordinances.

I do not feel that this type of art is a credit to women or to the community. However, in this as in many other instances, there is an inherent conflict between Constitutional guarantees of free speech, press, etc. and the rights of individuals to be protected against violence and slander.

LOUIS MACEY

I thought you might be interested in printing these statements made to me during job interviews not long ago.

Statements by Prospective Employers
or
Why secretaries go to night school

"What I need is an unencumbered Girl Friday."

"Well, no, I can't say there are really any opportunities for growth or promotion from this secretarial position, but then my job as senior vice president will be the same five years from now, too."

"I want someone who's good looking for a permanent job. My last secretary stayed only five years."

"Before your interview, we'd like you to take our typing test and dictation tests. Then, there's the spelling and the verbal ability tests and, finally, a little test of logic."

"You have a husband. Why do you want to work?"

PENNY BELL

P. S. I did not work for any of the above.

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Houston's Family Newspaper

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GI War Toll Goes Over 40,000

U.S. in 10th Year of Combat

Saigon (UPI) — The number of Americans killed in Vietnam has passed the 40,000 mark...

Yet the casualty report for last week, the last recording period of 1969, showed that for the first year in the war, American losses had declined from one year to the next.

The report came as allied forces resumed combat operations in Vietnam today after a 24-hour cease-fire for New Year's.

Earlier, Vice-President Spiro T. Agnew arrived in Saigon on his first trip to Vietnam for a meeting with President Nguyen Van Thieu and a visit with U.S. troops in the field.

The casualty report said 8436 GIs had died up to last Sunday in 1969, compared with 14,592 killed in 1968.

Military spokesmen said U.S. battle deaths rose sharply last week to 86 — 20 more than the previous week — despite Christmas truces of varying lengths by both sides.

Headquarters said the deaths pushed the American death toll for the war, up to Sunday, to 39,979 since Jan. 1, 1961. The sources said battling so far this week has pushed it past the 40,000 mark.

Another 557 GIs were wounded in action last week. South Vietnamese casualties were put at 234 dead and 1000 wounded, official U.S. military sources said since early October, with today as the war entered its 10th year.

The U.S. losses for the week — 86 dead and 557 wounded — compared with the previous week's toll of 66 dead and 713 wounded and were the heaviest in deaths since the week ending Dec. 6 when 100 GIs died.

Yet 1969 proved to be 35 percent less costly in American lives than 1968.

(See GI, Page 12)

Agnew's Aim: Mend Fences In SE Asia

BY JACK FOISIE

1970 Los Angeles Times

Washington Post News Service

Manila—An objective of the Asian trip by Vice-President Spiro T. Agnew is to offset what the White House considers the very harmful effect of disclosures by Sen. J. William Fulbright, D-Ark., and Stuart Symington, D-Mo., about American relations with Asian allies in Vietnam.

The concern is over the release by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, of which Fulbright is chairman, and the personal elaborations by the two senators of information concerning diplomatic efforts to bring friendly nations into the Vietnam struggle.

The release of some testimony given by American ambassadors in Southeast Asia in executive (semi-secret) hearings has injured the ability of these representatives to hold effective negotiations in the countries where they reside, it is contended.

Agnew, on his third day here as President Nixon's representative to the inauguration of Philippine President Ferdinand E. Marcos to a second term, held an hour-long private discussion with Marcos about U.S.-Philippine relations.

Relations Strained

Relations have been strained severely by the published revelations of the Symington foreign affairs subcommittee looking into U.S. commitments overseas.

The report declared that the Philippines had received \$43 million, directly and indirectly, in benefits to send a noncombat military group to Vietnam.

A report on the Symington committee's findings on the cost of bringing Thailand combat troops into Vietnam is expected to be made public shortly, with likely severe repercussions in American relations with the Thai government in Bangkok.

There are subsequent reports due on American involvement in Laos as an adjunct to the Vietnam War and in U.S. spending on the Nationalist Chinese government in Taiwan.

What also has dismayed American sources here is that there was little evidence presented in the Symington committee reports to indicate the assistance to allies in the Vietnam War was legitimate, care-

(See AGNEW'S, Page 12)



Photos by Curtis Starnes, Chronicle Staff

STORY OF A GAME TOLD IN THEIR FACES

Kines pictures graphically mirror the results of the Astro-Houston Bowl game in the Astro home Wednesday night—University of Houston 36, Auburn 7. Left, Auburn coach Ralph (Shug) Jordan is a picture of dejection and frustration.

Right, UH mentor Bill Yeoman is deliriously happy as he rides off field on shoulders of his happy players. No. 64, left, is Butch Brezina while No. 10 is Ken Bailey. (See stories, page of pictures, Section 4, Pages 1 and 2.)

Sports and Money—The Gold Rush Is on for 70s

BY JOSEPH DURSO
1970 New York Times News Service
New York—It's green, it's abundant, it's inflated. It buys out for race horses, Bama rugs for quarterbacks, a domed stadium for Houston. It's money, and it will make the sports world go round in the seventies as never before.

unions for umpires, boycotts by players and strike deadlines for all sides.
Big Business
In short, as the sports world acquires the affluence of big business it will continue to acquire the economic, legal and political problems of big business, with everything wrapped in dollar signs from television time to lawyers' fees.

"freedom" from baseball's reserve clause, which binds a player to his team until he is traded or quits.
Flood has formidable friends in his corner: Arthur J. Goldberg, the former Supreme Court justice, and Marvin Miller, the one-time economist for the steel union who now directs the baseball players' labor relations.

TEMPERATURES VARY IN CITY BY 13 DEGREES
Houston Intercontinental Airport today recorded a New Year's Day record low of 26 degrees for the city, but lower elevations in Houston were considerably warmer.

U.S. Is Seeking Delay On Dixie Integration

BY FRED P. GRAHAM
1970 New York Times News Service
Washington—The Justice Department has asked the Supreme Court to give school systems in six Deep South states until next fall to desegregate their classrooms.

order to desegregate before next fall. The states involved are Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi and Texas.
These six states comprise the area covered by the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit, which held on Dec. 1 that 16 school districts across the Deep South could comply with the Supreme Court's demand for immediate integration by desegregating at the beginning of classes next fall.

Many legal observers took this as a sign the court would grant the appeals and order the schools to meet the Feb. 1 deadline — an action that would touch off a string of suits for immediate desegregation across the South.

Called Best Solution
But they suggested it would be a surer solution because it would put all schools in Dixie on notice that there will be no further delay for any reason beyond the target date.

2nd Brush With Death Road to Dayton Jinxed for Troy

Chronicle News Service
Mont Belvieu — The road to Dayton is short and wide and holds ghastly memories for Troy Lynn Odom, 18, a schoolboy.

the Barcelona Apts., Baytown. Troy's companion, Bruce Neely, 16, of Mont Belvieu suffered cuts and is in good condition in San Jacinto Methodist Hospital in Baytown.

Trans World Receives Two 747 Superjets
Seattle, Wash. (AP)—Trans World Airlines took delivery of two Boeing 747 superjets Wednesday and began training crews to fly them.

Complete Year-End Financial Report
Today's Chronicle reports year-ending figures on the high, low and closing prices of all the stocks listed on the New York and American exchanges in this special New Year's day edition. See Section 5, Pages 9-12.

5 Integration Plans Placed Before Court
BY FRED HARPER
Chronicle Reporter
U.S. Dist. Judge Ben C. Conally today has before him five integration plans for the Houston school district, including the currently used freedom-of-choice.

He alone survived a two-car collision just outside Dayton that killed 18 persons, including all of his immediate family — mother, father, brother and sister.
Troy was 10 then.

Houston closed 1969 with its record 378th homicide — 33 in 1967 — then started the New Year with two killings in the first hour.

Nash said he shot Johnson when the latter returned and ignored warnings not to climb through the window.
Police said they will file no charge against Nash but jailed him on traffic warrants.

Begin the new year right Chronicle up!
Tucson, Ariz. (UPI)—Melissa Katherine McKenna was born 30 seconds after midnight today at Tucson General Hospital.

Defense Fund and a zoning and pairing plan drawn up by a Florida desegregation specialist for the U.S. Justice Department.
The Houston school board filed two plans Wednesday — the free-choice plan and an alternate neighborhood zoning proposal.

SHE MAKES '70 BY 50 SECONDS
Tucson, Ariz. (UPI)—Melissa Katherine McKenna was born 30 seconds after midnight today at Tucson General Hospital.

Pushes Free-Choice
In its report to Conally Wednesday, the school board strongly recommended continuation of the free-choice system.

It added that the Justice Department "will take all necessary steps to insure compliance with the resulting decrees."

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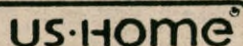
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It's all news to us!

BY GABRIELLE COSGRIFF

The first issue of *Breakthrough* came out in January of the bicentennial year. We couldn't tolerate celebrating 200 years of the nation's history without making the statement that women are news.

Now, four years later, in the first month of a new decade, we want to build on that statement, and declare what we've known all along: women's news is everybody's news. In the last year, particularly, we've broadened our scope to include more political and environmental stories, more people issues.

We feel it's time to acknowledge this growth, and to enter the 1980s as a general circulation newspaper. This will not lessen our commitment to women. As Don Gardner, co-founder of KPFT Radio, says in this issue: "Once you see, you cannot unsee."

We want *Breakthrough* to be a newspaper that will speak to both women and men, that will affirm our common humanity.

With this issue we welcome David Crossley as a new editor to *Breakthrough*. David has worked with us for over a year and is responsible for many of our design changes — he loves big pictures and feels, as we do, that photographs communicate as significantly as words.

David is a former editor of *Houston City Magazine* and the co-author of the nuclear story that appeared in our June issue. He was a reporter-editor for *Texas Monthly*, and, 8 years ago, was manager of KPFT-Radio.

We are also establishing an investigative reporter's fund, through the tax-exempt Breakthrough Foundation. In time, this will enable us to tackle important community stories that go unreported. We want to report on all the news. As our new logo says, "It's all news to us."

Coming out of the 1970s reminds me of the exquisite cartoon by Max Beerbohm, "Lord Byron shaking the dust of England from his feet." With an elegant flick of the ankle, the foppish Byron departs for



Italy's more civilized clime. His good-riddance-to-bad-rubbish sneer could well serve as a comment on the 70s, as we shake the dust of Nixon, Vietnam and Three Mile Island from our disco-weary feet. Or, as *Texas Monthly* put it, "There just had to be a better way to get from the 60s to the 80s."

So how to document the decade?

Ms. magazine gave us an impressive account of what had been happening to women. *Time* and *Newsweek* and TV gave us the highlights and lowlights on the national and international scene. Everybody had a 70s roundup, from Agnew to Zimbabwe.

We preferred to look closer to home, and find out what Houstonians had been up to for the past 10 years.

David Crossley (see photo) shot the cover picture of Gary and Pearl Chason and we set about asking the question, "Who were you 10 years ago?" We found some interesting answers — a jewel thief who went on to become a social activist, and a closed-circuit television producer who became a two-term mayor of Houston. A man who fled the city to settle on Goose Summer Farm in east Texas and a woman who found peace in an Indian ashram. Sixteen Houstonians, all of whom have changed their city and its future, make up our cover story.

Not everybody we asked is represented. Some found it too painful to relive those years. Others didn't feel them worth remembering. Still others we never could contact. Lee Otis Johnson, for example, was a local *cause celebre* 10 years ago. He is now in the federal correctional fa-

cility in Tallahassee, Florida, sent there from Huntsville "for his own protection," we were told.

Marvin Zindler went to the hospital for heart surgery the day after we talked to him. "The only difference with me is, 10 years ago, I was behind a badge, now I'm behind a TV camera," he told us. (In 1970, Zindler was with the Harris County Sheriff Department's consumer fraud division). "I don't put (wrongdoers) in jail now, I put them on TV. That's probably worse, anyway."

1970 was the most dramatic and least-remembered year of the decade retrospectives. David Crossley chronicled its key events spending several days at the downtown library.

Liberty Hall was a 70s institution in Houston, as much a social experiment as a musical one. Janice Blue interviews its co-founder, Ryan Trimble, who has "played more famous people's guitars than anybody else in town."

We introduce a new contributing editor from London, David Helton, a transplanted Texan. Unlike Lord Byron, Helton likes living in England.

Houstonian Miami Hanson tells of her involvement in the march on the Seabrook, New Hampshire, nuclear plant last fall. It's interesting that the 70s began with the anti-war movement and ended with the anti-nuclear movement — maybe a sign that the 'me' ethos was not as pervasive as we thought.

Anyway, if the 70s was really the 'me' decade, how come everybody was walking around with someone else's name on their jeans?



Janice Blue

Artists dispute election at arts council meeting

By Diane Brown

About 30 artists walked out of a Cultural Arts Council meeting December 6, angered over what some called the "high-handed and arrogant" handling of the board's election.

The Cultural Arts Council of Houston (CACH) is the entity set up in 1977 to disburse public funds for the arts. The money is generated by the city's new one percent hotel/motel tax and will amount to \$1.8 million for 1980.

The problem arose when three art groups, Artists Equity Association, Houston Area Artists, and the Women's Caucus for Art, called into question the organization's method of nominating new board members. (The CACH board is made up of 15 members; each year, five members are elected to serve three-year terms.)

The artists say the board is dominated by blue bloods, most of whom have no real involvement in the grass roots art community in Houston. The board was originally appointed by the Cultural Committee of the Chamber of Commerce.

Back in September, the CACH board of directors sent out notices asking for nominations for the five board positions up for election. Many artist/members of CACH jumped at the chance to unseat some of the incumbents, and hoped to gain representation of working artists on the board.

They met and submitted the names of artist Gertrude Barnstone and Twiss Butler, a feminist activist who worked to get the city to adopt the tax for art back in 1977. (Two other names were also submitted by individual CACH members.)

But when absentee ballots were mailed to members November 14, none of the four names appeared on the slate. The board's nominating committee chose instead to renominate four incumbents (one, artist Trudy Sween, resigned) and they added a new candidate, Martha Armstrong.

Angered by what they saw as the board's flouting its public charter, the artist groups issued a joint statement prior to the December 6 meeting.

"The artists organizations collectively nominated several people in the manner prescribed by the arts council," the statement read. "These names were not included in the slate selected by the nominating committee of the CACH... The artists groups feel that this represents an undemocratic procedure and that an organization whose existence depends on public money should be accountable to the public it serves."

After some behind-the-scenes negotiations failed to bring about a compromise, the artists nominated their candidates from the floor at the meeting, as provided for in CACH by-laws. But the weight of the absentee ballots carried the election and the board's slate was elected by a narrow margin.

During the intense debate that followed, Lewis Hoffacker, CACH board member and chair of the nominating committee, reportedly told the group, that the election procedure may not be fair but it was legal.

A motion to throw out the absentee ballots was denied. The artists walked out in frustration when Hoffacker announced that the election matter was ended and proceeded to introduce the guest speaker for the evening.

Root System

"The artists in this community acted within the prescribed methods to gain two positions on the CACH board, not to

dominate that board, but to have substantial input. The CACH represents an important part of the future of culture in Houston. This is an issue for which artists are not irrelevant," said Lynn Randolph, president of the Women's Caucus for Art, expressing a viewpoint held by many of the dissenting artists.

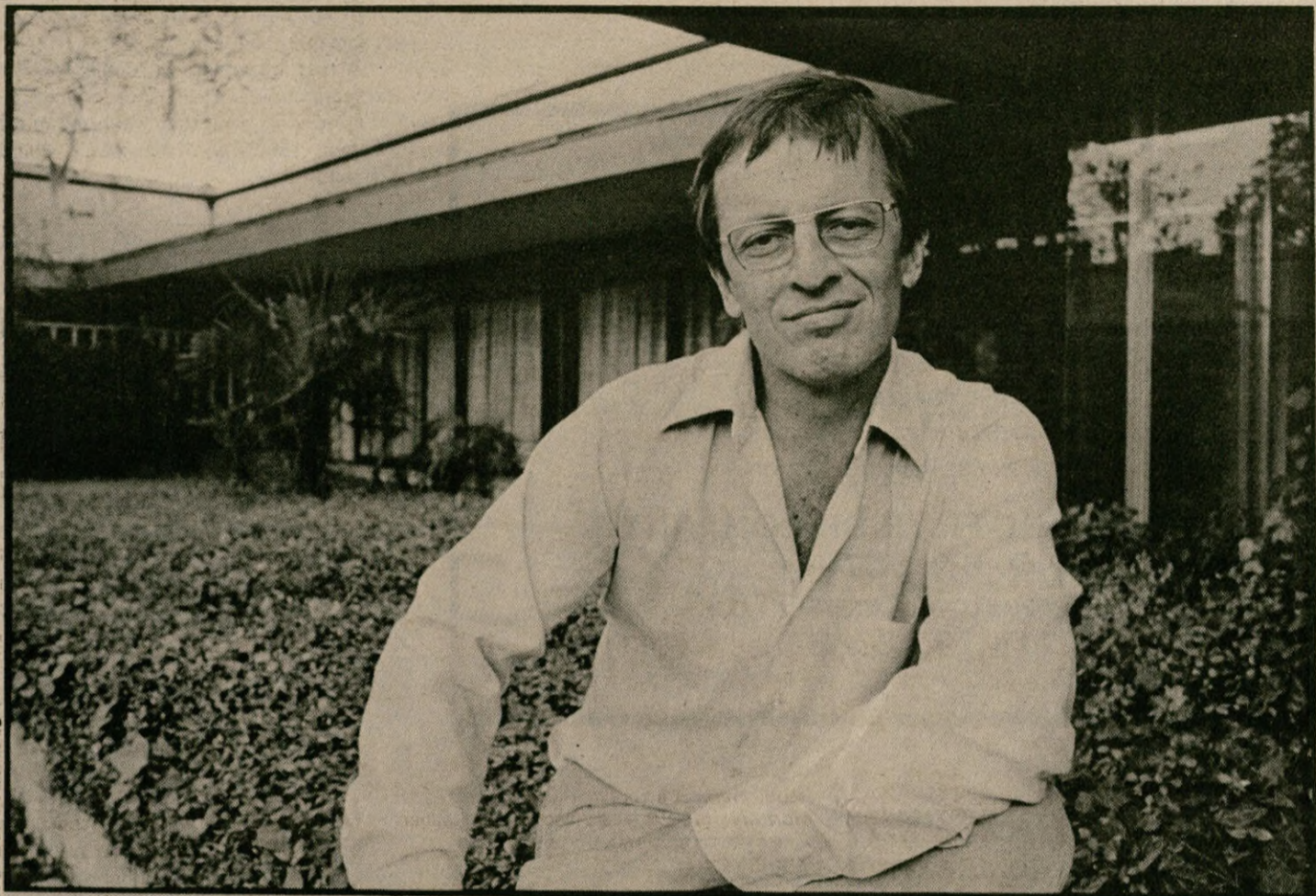
people's hope and hostility: hope for an increase if you're receiving funding, hostility if you're not."

Of the election night controversy he says, "I'm not very interested in talking about the legalistic aspects. I think that's bullshit, actually. I think the people who are expressing concern about the method of electing board members are really expressing unhappiness about their share of the money."

tions. The same thing happened a year ago.

"Our candidates lost by only about a dozen votes last year," recalls Randolph. The artists were promised that the procedures for nominating would be revised, but one year later, the loopholes remain, leaving many people feeling disenfranchised.

The second point on which the artists take issue with Blaine is his equating artist



Jeanne Ann Whittington

"I feel really crummy about what happened. It was a nightmare in my mind."

— John Blaine

Sculptor James Surls, a board member of the Contemporary Arts Museum and one of the artists to leave the election meeting early, sees a division between CACH board members and the artist/members—"I think the board is scared of the artists," yet he calls the election debate "a very healthy experience."

Randolph agrees. "If they hadn't counted the absentee ballots," she said, "we would have won. As it was, we felt we had a victory, because we pointed up the problems on the board."

The issue of artist representation on the board is now a matter of public debate.

"These (board seats) are literally social positions. They (board members) honestly love the arts, but they think that giving all the money to the ballet is going to solve the problems. The way to help art honestly eludes them," Surls believes.

The CACH budget is split this way: 75 percent goes to large cultural organizations like the Alley Theatre, the ballet, opera, symphony and museums; 15 percent is designated for grants to the smaller cultural organizations; and 10 percent goes to special projects.

Surls feels the problem is that the money doesn't go to making the system flourish. "So little filters down to the primary root system that no growth is possible. It is filtered out and siphoned off into other places."

John Blaine, executive director of the arts council sees CACH as "a focus for

Blaine does admit the board "made a very significant error" in using absentee ballots at all. "The board and all the members agree, and we've made a commitment to revise the by-laws. But to throw those ballots out would have disenfranchised the people who cast their ballots in good faith."

Blaine calls the charge by some artists that the board is operating as a dictatorship "absolutely, sinfully, ridiculous. I think the artists are expressing either deep frustration or deep naivete over something relatively minor."

Gertrude Barnstone with community volunteer Martha Armstrong, a difference that seems to put the entire controversy into focus.

"John Blaine's comment actually tells us very little about the substantial differences [between] Martha Armstrong and Gertrude Barnstone. But it does tell us, however, a great deal about John Blaine and why he's been ineffective in assessing and creatively responding to this situation," says Randolph.

In her view Armstrong was not supported by the majority of artists because

"The board seats are literally social positions. The board members honestly love the arts, but they think that giving all the money to the ballet is going to solve the problems. The way to help art honestly eludes them."

— James Surls

"There's not a nickel's worth of difference between Martha Armstrong and Gertrude Barnstone. We're talking about an elite accusing an elite of being an elite."

The artists take issue with Blaine. First, they argue, why not include more than five names on the ballot? As it is, the board lays itself open to the criticism that it stacks the deck: five slots, five nomina-

she is not a working artist in the true sense, nor does she have a "proven record" like that of Barnstone.

"In the present system which dominates the exhibition and sales of artwork, the artist sits at the bottom of an inverted pyramid," says Randolph. "On top are the dealers, curators, museum directors, critics and collectors. Many artists are

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hous'ov·kol'man

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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seeking alternatives to this system and are actively trying to have a greater voice in their futures. They're tired of being patronized and treated as naive, impoverished, crazy stepchildren."

But Blaine feels that the controversy should not be allowed to cloud the larger issues facing the council. Issues, he feels, should unite, rather than divide the group.

"I know it's more fun to write about controversy," he said. "But I wish you'd write about the real issues here. Anyone with eyes open can see that the state of the arts in Houston now as opposed to two years ago is greatly improved.

"I feel really crummy about what happened at the meeting. It was a nightmare in my mind. I don't feel I did a good job of keeping a balance between a board and a constituency. If we could all just climb out of our own egos, we might be able to get together," he said.

"Artists are important problem solvers and communicators in the community. Let's focus on what they can bring to the problems of urban America," Blaine stressed.

Both groups seem to agree that the by-laws governing board nominations need revision and clarification, and Blaine and others on the board pledged to allow the membership some input into this process.

In the meantime, the validity of the December 6 election continues to be questioned. And will again be under discussion at the next board meeting January 8 at 4:00 p.m. at Autry House. Public Invited.

THE CACH VOTE

	at meeting	absentee
Ana Riddel*	104	50
Erwin Heinen*	74	49
Artie Lee Hinds*	65	48
Patsy Arcidiacono*	90	49
Martha Armstrong	58	46
Gertrude Barnstone	75	4
Twiss Butler	63	1
Richard Keating	47	0
Mary Schiflett	48	0
Dr. Kenneth Duff	27	0

*incumbent board members

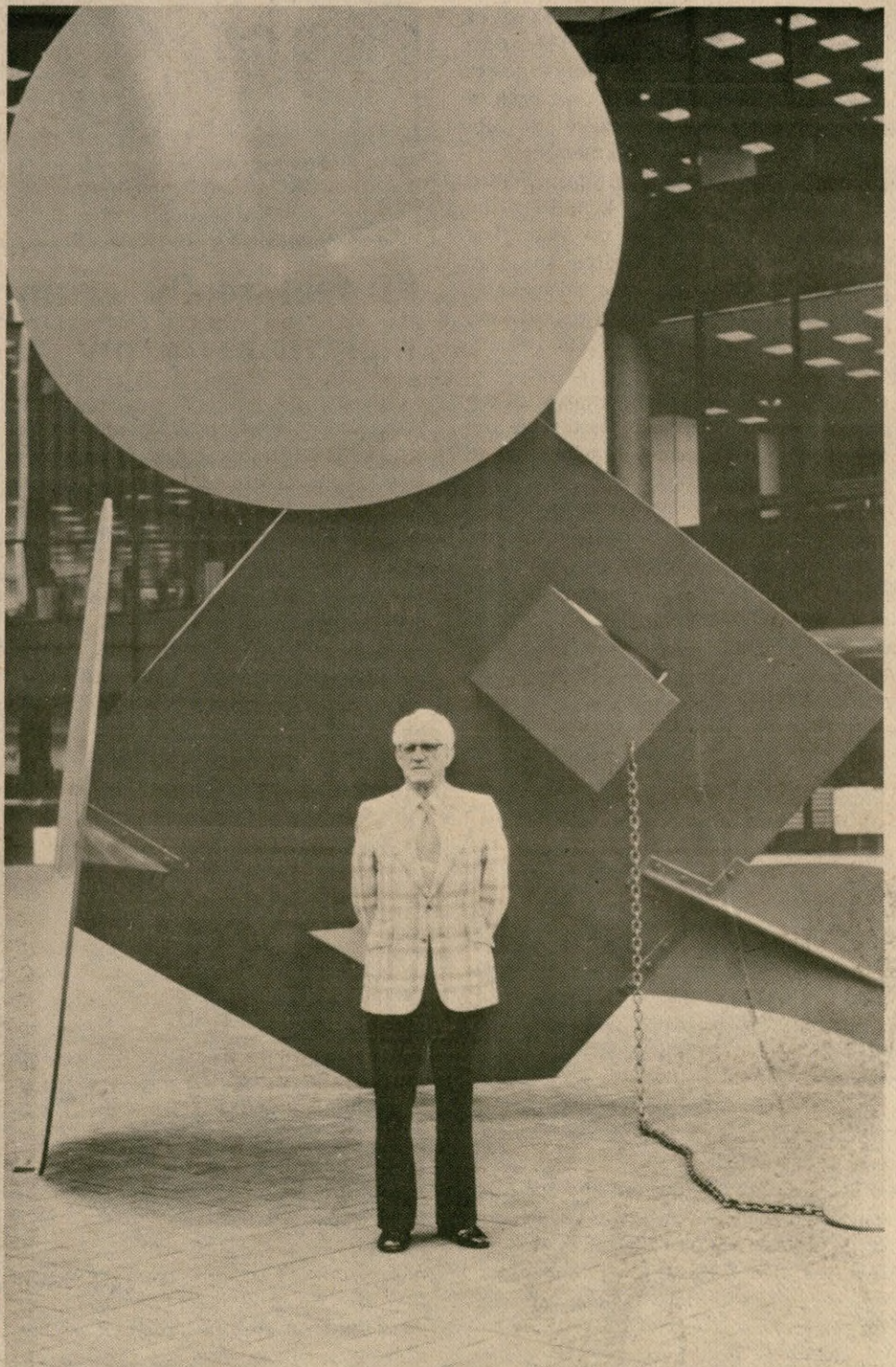
Mann's out, Tinsley's in

By Nikki Van Hightower

Judging Frank Mann by what would seem to be his own standards, he is a little less a man today than he was a few weeks ago. After all, what could be less manly than losing to a woman, particularly in public. Frank Mann's political advertising

campaign placed considerable emphasis on his gender. "Mann's the Man," we were told. The public wasn't convinced.

The Tinsley-Mann campaign was probably the most prophetic of the municipal elections. Frank Mann was a 10-term



Twiss Butler

FRANK MANN, former city councilman

incumbent on the city council. He was the only incumbent to be defeated, but he was also the most blatant in his bigotry toward certain groups in the community—namely women and gays. The public ridicule of women's needs such as maternity benefits and homosexuality finally caught up to him. This is not to suggest that there were no other issues such as ethics which brought about Mann's defeat, only that his positions on the issues were contributory.

Although the other incumbents remained in office, the ideological profile of the newly-elected representatives from the single-member districts suggest that the people of Houston wished to have representatives who had a solid track record of caring about people. Eleanor Tinsley, Lance Lalor, Ben Reyes and Anthony Hall certainly have such a record.

It is almost a certainty that the 1980's will be ushering in a new era in Houston city politics. The change in the structure of representation, from an at-large to a mixed system with single member districts undoubtedly increased the pace of the change. Politicians being what they are, the surviving incumbents will pick up on the temper of the times as reflected in the new faces on the city council. The good old days of the "old boys club" are gone. It started to crumble with the 1977 election of Kathryn Whitmire as City Controller. Her opponent tried to make an issue of her feminist involvements. It didn't take. Either the public was uninterested, supported her stance, or felt that her ability to do the job should be the de-

termining factor.

An effort by Christin Hartung's male opponent to make her marital status a relevant campaign issue also failed to capture the public's interest. On the other hand, the women running for office treated the matter of their gender as a non-issue, as it should be.

It seems that the public is, in many ways, more progressive in their thinking than the people who represent them. In other words, there is some question as to just who are the leaders and who are the followers. There is a logical explanation for this condition.

Apparently the "thrill of victory" is such a positively indelible experience that the victors put a freeze on their election tactics and issue positions. The power of incumbency, bringing repeated victories, confirms in their minds that they and their constituents hold similar values and ideas. In reality the tremendous benefit of incumbency comes from the ability to utilize the media in establishing name identity. The advantage that it generates is so great that it allows the gap between is more compatible with the public on issues.

Theoretically, at least according to government textbooks, elected officials are supposed to be opinion leaders. This does not, in fact, seem to be the case. It is the public who leads the officials and the attitudes of the public and elected officials to widen considerably before any given official is replaced by someone who occasionally, when they prove too inflexible to be led, they are defeated at the polls.

Students credited with \$22,000 gift to shelter

By Sandy Long

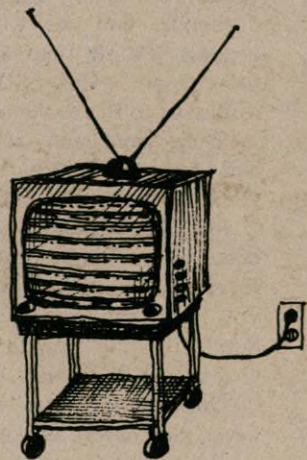
When Hill Petroleum Company decided that they would start making contributions to charitable organizations, they chose a unique and educational manner in which to do it. A representative from Hill talked to T.J. Gaines, a government teacher at Westbury Senior High School. They made an arrangement with Gaines for his two government classes to investigate local charities and select two of the most worthy, based upon low administrative cost and number of people served. Each would receive \$1,000 from Hill Petroleum Company.

To carry out their assignment, the class divided into groups and each selected one charity to investigate. One of the groups selected the Houston Area Women's Center. A young woman, Gina Fribley, visited the Women's Center's headquarters and gathered information about the center

and its shelter for abused women. Another member of Gina's group, Sandra Hill (no connection with Hill Petroleum), gave an oral presentation to the classes about the Houston Area Women's Center.

The students' work must have been very impressive, because the classes voted to give the entire \$2,000 to the Women's Center's Shelter for Abused Women. Furthermore, the representative from Hill also became very interested in the Women's Center's program. Her additional investigation resulted in a \$20,000 contribution from Hill to the Houston Area Women's Center.

"The shelter had just moved to their new facility and that money could not have come at a better time," says executive director Nikki Van Hightower. "We hope it's an omen for the 80's."



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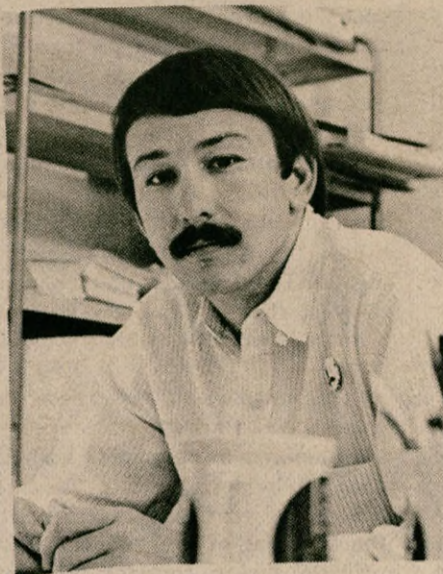
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WHO WERE YOU 10 YEARS AGO?

What have you been doing?

And who are you now?

I guess it's all right now to say that more than once, LSD inspired us. — Don Gardner



Don Gardner

Co-founder of KPFT Radio

For almost ten years Pam Murfin and I have lived on an isolated, worked-out Big Thicket farm. Our lives are so different now from what they were in 1970!

It is delightful that I am remembered by some in Houston, and it's been fun trying to organize a few sentences that paint a picture of the last decade.

1970 was not just another year for me; on the contrary, it was filled with intense drama. Three events stand out and they are connected by the type of coincidence my friend Peyton Bryan calls luck or God.

But let me digress to 1968, when Larry Lee talked me into leaving a job as a reporter at the *San Antonio Light*. With \$4,000 donated by Jubal Parten, we opened a development office at 1200 Bissonnet for the Pacifica Foundation. We were the only employees for a year and a half as we gathered friends and volunteers around us and raised \$86,000 for a people's radio station, a free and open voice, in the toughest city in the South. We thought we were doing the most important work in the world. My mind floods with memories of those difficult years. We were harassed by the KKK and government agent provocateurs every step of the way.

At least three times Larry and I were faced with the decision of whether or not to give up: we no longer had money to pay ourselves, the project looked at deadends, and we were always tired. I guess it's all right now to say that, more than once, LSD sessions helped inspire us to the challenge.

There were many who stuck with us, and fed us, and without them there would never have been a KPFT.

My first dramatic event of 1970 occurred on March 1, at about 7:30 p.m. If you had your FM radio tuned to 90.1 you heard the Beatles' "Here Comes the Sun" vibrating from a previously silent channel. KPFT was born that night.

One month later a woman I had never seen before walked into the station asking to see Don Gardner. She was one of Houston's first environmental activists and she had a story she couldn't get anyone else to listen to.

We fell in love right there. Our lives were joined and surely no one could have imagined we would still be together, but we are.

A couple of weeks after Pam and I met, KPFT's transmitter was dynamited and destroyed by the Klan. The first bombing (there were two) was a god-send. It gave us a chance to regroup.

But there was more trouble. Internal bickerings, a severe ulcer, and fatigue were reason enough for me to split the scene once we were back on the air.

I was also under felony indictment for refusing the draft and we were preparing to run from the Feds if necessary.

Pam and I wanted to get out of the city, get out of politics, and try to build a simpler life together. After driving over the southern U.S. hunting "the right place," we found it one muggy August, 1970, day in San Jacinto County on the Trinity River. We now call it Goose Summer Farm and it is one of the most beautiful spots in southeast Texas. It is home, and, if I may borrow a label from the native Americans, we have come in touch with the Great Spirit here.

One is not necessarily more sane because one lives in the country. For five years we lived somewhat like hermits. This kind of life requires that you look at yourself with unceasing honesty, again and again. There were some very dark times, but every breakthrough requires a preceding crisis. Out of nothingness was born a new faith in nature as God.

A faith that nature *is* and always will *be*; acceptance that what is, is.

Our particular development led us to Zen, an ancient philosophy close to our own. Currently raging within the Zen community in the U.S. is a debate over whether or not Zen Buddhists should be involved in politics, in public issues. We found we could not *not* get involved in certain issues that seem to affect us so directly. It boils down to accepting responsibility.

We had had our time of looking inward and now we began to expand. Our search for the laws of nature led us to cast off our prejudices against children. After the tragic death of our first baby, we are now privileged to be caring for two beautiful daughters, three year old Dawn Rivamist and baby Aurora Leah. Both girls were born here on the farm.

We have, in addition to raising children, become active in certain local issues, on one hand, and in certain planetary issues, on the other. I do not view politics as I did in 1970. I believe that hearts must change before minds will change. For us, whether or not to be involved in politics is not a matter of choice. A bell that has been rung cannot be unringed. Once you see, you cannot unsee.

Four planetary issues immediately come to mind as important now and tomorrow: an end to the release of toxic/genetic chemicals into the environment, women's rights, feeding the world's hungry, and the complete dismantling of *all* nuclear technology.

Life on a simple day to day, person to person level is so rich and full. I am, however, deeply concerned about this spectre of nuclear holocaust that hangs over our daily lives.

I bumped into an old colleague in a Houston health food store recently and she wanted to know what I thought about the city after all these years. All I could think was, good luck to you all.

Gertrude Barnstone
*Artist, full-time activist and
 part-time welder*

Ten years ago was for me the end of much, which thank goodness, always means the beginning of much.

It marked the end of a marriage, the end of a five-year term on the Houston School Board, and the end of not having to work for a living.

There were personal high spots during the seventies, such as having a free hand to create and produce an "educational" children's program on Channel 2. There was work with *Houston Breakthrough* when it began; there's been a lot of time spent in Washington on a radio series *A Texan in Washington*. Then there was the unsuccessful race for a seat in the State Senate.

Thankfully, there were jobs, though it became increasingly apparent that employers—and potential employees—are really scared of people who have wandered through the liberal area of the political forest. (I was active in the women's movement and the ACLU.) And to be considered controversial! Wow!

There was the revelation about the Criminal Investigation Division of the Houston Police Department; surveilling and keeping records on thousands of non-criminal Houstonians. As one of the "surveilled" whose name was revealed (my file was under the category *Subversive, Women's Liberation*) I became a named

Nice that time divides up into neat parcels — years, decades — so we can bundle them up, put them aside and start afresh. — Gertrude Barnstone



plaintiff—with Larry Sauer and the Houston Chapter of the ACLU—in a \$55 million suit against several police and city officials. That suit is still hanging fire.

A really important element was added to my experiences when I got into transcendental meditation. At a very low point, a friend urged t.m. and suddenly my problems changed from huge mountains to gentle hills. Most important, and this fits right into my growing feminist awareness, I got a sense of myself that I'd not felt since childhood; not me the mother, the daughter, the wife, the lover, politician, media person—but the before-anything-else, *me*.

At some point one asks—what is it that I really want—not what I think I should want, not what others think I should want, but what does the one inside of the

me really want? That kind of thinking headed me back toward sculpture which had been my total involvement for years before the fight for civil rights and integration had swept everything else aside.

In order to do the work I had wanted to do years before—work with fabric and with metal on a large scale, I went to Houston Community College and learned

welding. It was a thrill to drape the large nylon piece over the lake in Hermann Park for Main Street '76—an idea set aside years before finally materialized!

A most interesting thing happened later that year when I nearly died of viral pneumonia. I can *almost* recommend it for what that did to clarify my thinking and sense of self. Suddenly, I knew exactly what I wanted and how I was going to do it: devote myself totally to sculpture and support myself with a part-time job welding. And that's exactly what I've done.

Welding is a fascinating activity—people who have done it know what a great coordination of concentration and relaxation it can be. It has been described as a day-long mantra. Believe me, it beats an office job—nobody cares what your politics are; all that matters is that this job in hand is well done. And what a relief to have a job which doesn't depend on someone else; which has nothing to do with p.r., with image or pretense; it is either a good weld or a poor weld. It enables me to sculpt and I'll admit that I enjoy it as a political statement.

Nice that time passes and helps one change. Looking back, I find that things which terrified me 10 years ago—like being alone—I now relish. Nice, too, that time divides up into neat parcels—years, decades—so we can bundle them up, put them aside and start afresh.

In 1970, I was in the closed circuit television business and produced the second Muhamed Ali comeback fight at Madison Square Garden.

— Fred Hofheinz



Fred Hofheinz

Mayor of Houston, 1973-77

1970 was a watershed year for a lot of people in politics.

The previous year was one in which the Houston school board majority was changed in a dramatic way. I had worked with Jonathan Day and Vic Samuels and others in the political upheaval that resulted in a new majority for the school board and the election, coincidentally, of two new members of the Houston City Council.

It was obvious that there was a reform attitude on the part of large numbers of Houstonians who didn't share the establishment's view of the government, whether it was the school board or the city council.

1970 was, for me, a year of vigorous business activity. I was involved in my personal and private affairs, greatly.

In December 1970, I was in the closed circuit television business and produced the second of the Muhamed Ali comeback fights out of Madison Square Garden.

[Earlier that year] I participated in the Ralph Yarborough election—I helped raise Ralph Yarborough money and had organized a major banquet for his U.S. Senate race.

And when he was defeated by Lloyd Bentsen in the fall, I helped Lloyd in his race against George Bush.

What was going on in the nation was going on locally. There was a great deal of reaction to abuse of power in government during the late 60's and early 70's. A tremendous amount. That is what politicized me and that is what, ultimately, elected me Mayor of Houston in 1973.

We organized a dissent that was already there. The dissent in Houston translated into an anti-Herman Short, anti-police department, anti-10-year-incumbent (Louie Welch) sentiment. We organized it beginning in January 1971. The election wasn't until the fall. We came within 15,000 votes of winning in November 1971—which was considered very close.

The rest is public record. As far as my personal involvement is concerned after 1971—everything I did was well-reported.

Today, I'm deeply involved in personal business. I rarely give interviews.

After serving as mayor of Houston for two terms, Fred Hofheinz chose not to run for a third.

Ruth Milburn

Chair of Texas Common Cause

When the seventies began, I was a full-time homemaker with two small children, married to a college professor, active in the Parent Teacher Organization and the Faculty Wives Club. My hobbies were cooking, knitting, and bridge club once a week.

At the end of that decade I am a geophysicist and computer programmer. I am the principal breadwinner in my family; my husband is retired from teaching and is a free-lance writer and technical translator. I am active in grass roots politics, and currently chair the largest citizen's lobby group in Texas. I direct a volunteer chorus, and (some things stay the same) play bridge once a week.

The women's movement is directly responsible for many of the changes which occurred in my life. The founding of the Harris County Women's Political Caucus set me on a course of active involvement with the political process. The many fine women I met and worked with in the caucus, the National Organization for Women and Women's Equity Action League provided me with support, confidence, and a resolve to become all that I can be. It is in the spirit of that resolve that I face the eighties with optimism and a belief that the changes have only begun.





Janice Blue

Nikki Van Hightower
Executive Director,
Houston Area Women's Center

For some of us the women's movement created a revolution in our minds—a rebirth, I have heard some people call it. I, for one, was so primed for its happening that understanding of it was immediate, and adherence to its rationality complete.

It has been in the decade of the 1970's that the contemporary women's movement has taken form and come into its own. I was a graduate student at New York University in 1970, working on a Ph.D. in Political Science. I became totally engrossed in this movement. For the first time something was happening on the political scene that was directly relevant to my life. The theoretical forms and images of politics and political structure suddenly took on a depth and dimension that they had never had before. Suddenly politics left the classroom and entered my home and intervened in every social relationship I had.

I kept anticipating that the awakening would reach a plateau once the well-kept secrets were let out of the closet. I am beginning to wonder now if the gender-based secrets have not been compiled for so long that it will take generations to seek them out and air them in the light of reality. Whole social systems and political structures are based upon these secrets. Discovery could prove to be very disruptive.

Uncovering the secrets of ourselves and our capabilities has brought about a new popular vocabulary that was once the private domain of sociologists and psychologists. Socialization and stereotyping are now familiar concepts. The 1970's has been an era of self-examination for women. We have diligently been involved in making the distinction between what being a woman means to each of us personally, and what we have been told that it means. In the course of doing this we have been faced with dilemmas. At what point do we stop excusing ourselves for our weaknesses and omissions brought on by discrimination and start taking it on the chin? By the same token, at what point do men take responsibility for the limitations placed on women's lives? After all, if we have been victims of socialization, so have they. If socialization has turned us into victims, so has it turned men into victimizers. Are we on or off the hook?

For experience in emotional extremes there is nothing like being in on the ground floor of any movement. The women's movement is a case in point. It has been thrilling and exhilarating because of the discovery, creation, insight, and camaraderie it has brought. Laws have been passed, attitudes have modified. We have experienced the making of history.

Our frustrations and disappointments have been equally great. We have been ridiculed, despised, misinterpreted and feared. We have seen our intentions deliberately distorted and have had the unpleasant taste of martyrdom, as women take advantage of the greater opportunities brought about by our efforts while at the same time they criticize us for our sacrifices. Few of those women who provided the impetus for change have been able to reap the benefits of that change. Some of the most important pieces of legislation have gotten bogged down or are losing ground (ERA, abortion rights, Title IX).

In any event, the women's rights movement is a great deal more than pieces of legislation. It constitutes a revolution in attitudes about oneself and others and everyone is affected. The secrets which have been used to control behavior are slowly getting out and the myths are being destroyed, but our social and political relationships have been so closely linked to the control of male and female behavior that fundamental changes must occur before any real semblance of equality can appear.

Looking into the 1980's the problems emerging on the horizon include linking the women's movement with a single piece of legislation—the Equal Rights Amendment—to the point that the movement's success or failure will be judged by the success or failure of passage of the ERA. Ironically, there may be more danger of this happening with passage than with non-passage. Already we hear people insisting that the battle for equal rights has been won. We should all go home and leave well enough alone. Any further developments must be left to individual initiative.

Experienced leaders are burning out. The conflicts and need for continued pressure has extracted too much from their lives and they feel the necessity to turn away from political life and pull the pieces of their personal lives together.

More and more the physical damage of sexism is beginning to be visible. Battered wives, rape victims, alcoholic and drug-dependent women—the uglier little secrets that were carefully guarded. When they slipped out, they were distorted in such a way that the victim became the perpetrator of the crime against herself.

Big questions loom over the future of our society. Who will bear children, and how will they be cared for? Who will provide the labor that has traditionally been the unpaid responsibility of women? What will happen to our economy when women not only demand, but start receiving comparable wages to men? Will any of these fundamental questions be answered in the eighties?

Bruce Bryant

Promotion Manager, KPRC-TV

Ten years ago I liked playing television, friends, old movies, television, cold beer, television, dogs, talkin' television, guitars played without electricity, and television.

Today, I like friends, old movies, cold beer, dogs, talkin', guitars played without electricity, and television. Also, I still have a little trouble explaining why my wife's last name is not the same as mine. And, yes I like my wife—she's my best friend.

I've been through high-rent Hollywood high life and low rent single motherhood. — Kay Ebeling

Kay Ebeling

Public affairs officer for NASA

As man was making his first steps on the Moon, I was singing and dancing to space songs ("Walking in space you'll find the purpose of man") in the L.A. company of *Hair*. Now, 10 years later I'm a public affairs officer for NASA taking dance lessons at night. In between, I've been through high-rent Hollywood high life and low-rent single motherhood.

It seems like the road here has been so direct.

While understudying *Hair*, I started looking for another job; and ran into an old friend who was taking Yoga classes at a school in the Hollywood Hills. I went to one class, and then another, and soon moved into the house to learn to be an instructor.

We were straight hippies—high on raisins, hilltop altitudes, and protein deprivation. The Yoga really worked, as long as you stayed in the cloister.

That was a happy dreamlike period, and I was a success. After a few months, the school opened a branch in Dallas, and I came to Texas as a manager. I taught classes, led song sessions (the trained voice), and wrote and produced our radio spots.

They gave me a nickname—"Sunshine." I beamed.

But one day the electric bill and grocery reality clashed with the 6 a.m. meditation bubble. I threw it all away. Ran off with a director of the Dallas-food co-op.

We went to Colorado to do mantras on the mountain. I got pregnant.

That led me and Alfie (imagine that: "Alfie and Sunshine") to his parents' house in Cleveland, where his mother was a very understanding grandmother. But she lectured me on scouring powders and spray polish; soon I was mopping our floors every other day even if we hadn't been in the room, wearing myself out over cloth diapers, and frazzling my nerves when the bread didn't rise.

What is this? I asked myself. You're not a housewife. I took the baby and a box of disposable diapers and drove South. Had to get out of the cold. "I wanna go home to the Armadillo" came

over the radio, and I got on I-10 headed for Austin.

It's not easy supporting a child on a secretary's salary, and since I didn't take shorthand, I was never going to reach those \$700 a month ziggurat executive-type slots. So I moved into married student housing, which had just started accepting single parents, and started college—a 25-year-old freshman.

With my freckles and curly hair hardly anyone knew, and once I got straight A's there was no stopping me. Midway through my sophomore year Alfie breezed through town with a new wife and I agreed to let him keep our son for a while. They still have him.

That was a quirk. I went to college so I could afford to support my son, and graduated (summa cum laude) free and single with no attachments. A whole world opened up.

In my junior year I discovered astrophysics. The fascination of the cosmos. Grasping a physics concept did much the same thing to my head as those 6 a.m. meditation sessions, only this was so much more real.

The solar system is within our reach. You can work out the propulsion and use the rotation of a nearby planet to swing your ship to a distant moon. And there's nobody else out there. The solar system is all ours. I wanted to work on that.

I applied to NASA just as they were looking for a journalism graduate with an interest in science. Now I edit the Johnson Space Center newspaper—write about training astronauts, spacecraft design, and the industrialization of space that will come in the near future. Some of my friends have been to the Moon. I ride along as they test Space Shuttle equipment on a 747 that simulates zero gravity. And I keep learning physics: thrust augmentation, fuel cell electronics, solar ion sail ship concepts, remote spaceships and how they scan outer planets, life support for 100 on a three-year mission to Mars, ideas on faster-than-the-speed-of-light travel, which Jupiter moons may be habitable...

And last week I started looking into theatre groups in Houston.

Miriam Edelman

Psychotherapist and Human Relations Consultant in Private Practice

Dear Friend: Let's see. If this were an epic the story would start in the middle, right? Instead, I think today is a good opener. Having breakfast and lunch with you was a treat and walking with you after lunch to photograph the fall colors and smell the crisp air made me very happy. I hope that little round tallow with the green, gold, red and wine leaves comes out well.

As for ten years ago . . .

1970: I remember joking my way through grad school about trading in my Mrs for an MSW. I get the degree and begin part-time in a counseling agency. In August comes the first vacation in 17 years of marriage and the discovery of why they were avoided all these years. Returning to Houston I find myself needing a real "thinking" vacation. By myself for two days, I become aware of the quality I want in a relationship. It has to do with appreciation, caring, fun. This is distinctly different from the past, when I kept trying to become an elusive something someone else wants. One week later comes the separation and mention of the unmentionable—divorce—about which I am unable to think sanely or talk coherently.

January, 1971: I take my kids to New York (my first and only visit since coming to Texas in 1954) to attend my aunt and uncle's Golden Wedding anniversary. I feel the need to be close to family and let my children have this chance, too. Besides, this way I can personally tell the relatives about the coming divorce. It helps. It makes it easier for me to believe. Staying at my cousin's in the hilly countryside helps, too. The sight and silence of the snow form a natural meditation space. My soul heals somewhat in that clear, clean cold.

Then, comes February and I try my hand at a sculpture class offered by Mary Narum at the Unitarian Fellowship. I see you there for the first time. You walk in. I like the way you move; you clearly know what you're about in the way you set your easel in place. You begin sketching. I'm fascinated, watching you make art. *I still am.*

Can someone who looks so good also be a person I'd want to know? Months later, one of my daughters puts it well. "Mom, do you think you'd like Don as much if he weren't such a gorgeous hunk?" I answer that the way we treat each other—with respect—matters most in how I feel—and add that I certainly don't hold it against you that you're so good-looking.

In late 1973 I decide to run my own therapy shop and go into private practice the following January. Many colleagues express apprehension, but you cheer me on, knowing it's what I need to do. Meanwhile, the two of us are evolving, entering into a growing synergy. For a long time we like what we are together so much that we're afraid marrying might make us lose something. We wait until we both know and can feel joyful. That takes six years. Then, on Ground Hog Day (that's another story) of 1977 we marry, having reached the point where (thank you Frank, for the expression) we've managed to get 10 out of 12 squirrels up the same tree.

I guess the biggest changes, Don, have been my becoming more my own person with a strong sense of your being *for* me, as I am for you. That, and the l.r., the laugh ratio. Surely, there've been more laughs in this time than in all my life before. I look forward to many more. I trust there'll always be one more squirrel to work on.



Mickey Leland
U.S. Representative

The sixties and early seventies was the most highly energized period for young blacks who were involved in the struggle. There was a mixed bag of militant activists and civil rights activists, but the consciousness of Houston and America was heightened at that time in terms of its sensitivity for the plight of blacks, particularly, but also the anti-Vietnam struggle. This period saw the beginning of all the liberation movements.

It was an exciting but very difficult and frustrating—and many times depressing—era but the movement still offered a lot of people, a lot of hope.

Ten years ago, I was active in the anti-war movement and helped organize the big spring demonstration held at the University of Texas where students went on strike, protesting a year of killings at

Kent State and Jackson State and the invasion of Cambodia.

Thirty thousand students on strike. Thousands more in the streets of Austin. It was the largest demonstration ever to take place in the state of Texas.

Ten years ago, I was graduating from Texas Southern University and was hired to teach there as an instructor in clinical pharmacy.

But at the same time I had some outside activities going. I was still working very hard to establish free health clinics in the indigent communities and helped establish the Medical Committee for Human Rights for that purpose. I was also speaking at a lot of high schools about drug abuse and racism.

In 1970, I was beaten by the Houston police, the night they shot and killed Carl Hampton.

Carl was a young, feisty black leader in the militant movement trying to establish a Black Panther party here. He did organize the People's Party 2 in the meantime, and they tried to establish a free health clinic. They were poor, young people who probably would not have been involved otherwise. They were devoted to doing things in the struggle and I appreciated that.

The night of July 26, some 300 police were moving in on the headquarters of PP2 on Dowling Street. I was trying to get folks off the street since the police had taken over that part of the community and were beating people indiscriminately.

I was with Kelton Sams, a friend who yelled to me to jump in his car because the police were after me. They pulled his car over, pulled me out, beat the hell out of me with a riot gun and arrested me for vagrancy. (I was on the TSU faculty, then. They held me for over 12 hours and withdrew the charges the next day.)

In jail, that night, the guards were on the PA system and we heard things like "Those monkeys were beaten down," and finally "Thank God, that nigger" was

killed."

That's how I found out about Carl Hampton.

Ten years ago (1969), I entered politics for the first time. I quit school for a semester to work as campaign manager for the Rev. C. Leon Everett, and his election to the school board. That was the first time Curtis Graves, a black, ran for mayor and Leonel Castillo, a Mexican-American, ran for City Controller. I worked in all of their campaigns.

I was still basically radically-oriented. My rhetoric was radical.

When single-member districts were drawn up for legislature seats in Harris County I organized a campaign, ran and won a seat in the Texas House in 1972.

I used my early political career as a forum to heighten the contradictions of the system—to show the hypocrisies, how poor people were suffering at the hands of the wealthy who profited from the labors of the poor.

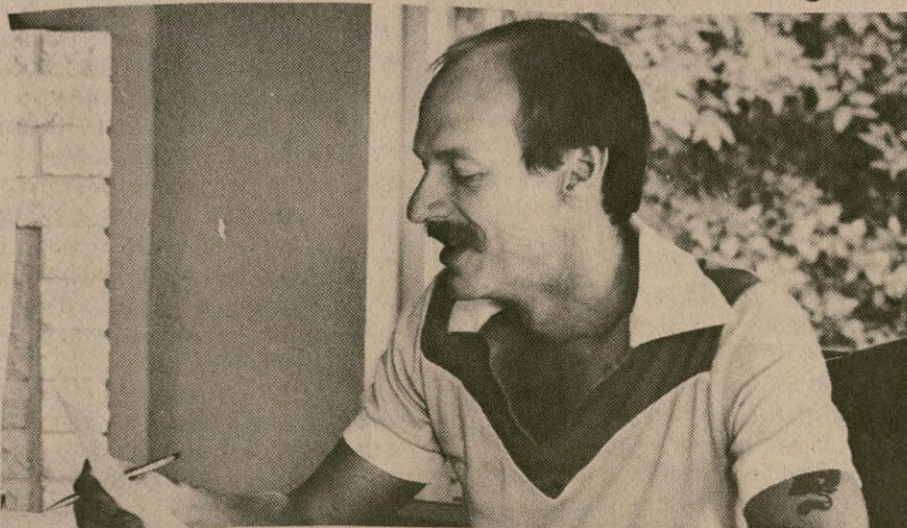
In the beginning I was tremendously adamant about my philosophies and did not communicate very well with people opposed to my philosophic views.

Today, I'm still to the left of the political spectrum but I'm a little more tolerant. I recognize that means of communicating must be open to all philosophies. I have to work with a lot of people to get my ideas across, because we don't gain very much out of the system, otherwise... Well, we don't gain very much even with that, but at least our ideas are documented and considered.

Ten years ago, people were participating at much higher levels and, now, many of those activists are quieted—either absorbed in their work and personal lives or totally disenchanted with the struggle. They didn't see any results. Things got worse. They saw no strong leadership stepping out front, challenging the right wing analysis of this country. Some of us, in Congress and in other appointed and elected positions are trying to revitalize this struggle.

I can't for the life of me understand why I thought the Vietnam war should have been fought, nor why I donated money to Nixon's re-election campaign.

— Gary Van Ooteghem



Gary J. Van Ooteghem
Gay Rights Activist

Ten years ago. Doesn't sound like much time, does it? Yet, for me, it seems like a lifetime past. The man I am today doesn't resemble the man I was nearly a quarter of my life earlier, except in body. Certainly not in mind and spirit!

The hair I started losing a decade ago is now mostly gone. My hard stomach has softened. Corrective lenses now rest under my eyelids rather than over them. I can't for the life of me understand why I thought the Vietnam war should have been fought, nor why I donated money to Nixon's re-election campaign. Today I

have more friends, smile more, and work harder. I no longer dream of success, but rather work towards it.

The new decade of the 1970's saw me leaving a good job as a senior auditor with the Chicago-based CPA firm of Arthur Andersen & Co. to become controller of several Chicago-based hedge funds. More material gain flowed into my pockets during these early years of the 1970's than during any other time before or since. The single most important lesson I learned during the entire decade also happened then: *the value of organization.* (Arthur Andersen & Co., I can't thank you enough.)

I fell in love with Houston on New Year's Day, 1974. Three more return trips during the year would only confirm this. I began the second half of the decade by moving to Houston on January 4, 1975. From this point on, my life began a rapid transformation as I personally learned about the high cost of civil rights.

In mid-1975, then-Treasurer Hartsell Gray fired his Comptroller of the Harris County Treasury, me, over my right to speak before Commissioners Court on the matter of the civil rights of gays.

While not angry immediately following my firing, that was not the case later as economic contraction after economic contraction set in. I channeled that anger into creating an organization that would eventually become powerful enough to stop this type of injustice from happening again. Today that organization, Gay Political Caucus, stands strong, proud, and has power sufficient to influence elections. And GPC stands squarely behind all people's rights, too, not just those who are gay.

GPC was not the only organization that I was involved with, just the first. My joy of the decade has been watching GPC and several other organizations special to me grow in stature, pride, and professionalism. Doing so, I might add, in the face of near-impossible odds.

Since that firing occurred, I have become poorer and richer than ever before. In wealth that is measured in dollars and cents, I can be measured only on the cents scale. A poor man by some people's standards. But in wealth that is measured in happiness, few can claim to be richer.

As for the new decade we enter, I enter it with a positive attitude: things *will* get better. The challenging and exciting 80's will be just that. Wait and see.

I moved (to New York) because I would rather work than languish in Texas.

— Sissy Farenthold



Frances T. "Sissy" Farenthold
President, Wells College

You have asked me to push a decade back—push it back in a personal way. To look back from western New York where I work and live now, to south Texas, to a trek that began with the opening of the decade in Corpus Christi. In January of 1970 I announced my candidacy for reelection to the Texas Legislature. My husband had asked me not to run for a second term and I had responded that if I did not run, I would be nothing more than a dilettante.

I remember thinking as my second term began in 1971 that I would be spending my time principally on environmental matters. But that was not to be, for soon the Sharpstown scandal began to unfold and it was to be a focal point for the 1971 season.

I remember very clearly, exactly where my desk was in the House Chambers. I remember the wonderful days of camaraderie with Ed Harris and Nick Nichols who sat directly in front of me, with Rex Braun on my left, and nearby Curtis Graves, whom we called Stokely, and behind me Charles Patterson, the youngest member of the House, who insisted on calling me "The Countess." He was bright and conscientious and willing to be more outspoken than anyone I have ever known.

We were all old hands from the session before. In mid-session I remember the letters I started receiving from people—handwritten and caring, caring about the state and the kind of government it had. I remember our hopes that reform would come. We were by then called "The Dirty Thirty."

Later, there was the dream of fielding a ticket of statewide candidates that reflected Texas—with blacks, browns, and women, as well as white men on it. And then we came upon reality—the costliness of statewide campaigns. After the 1971 session, one by one, our group decided against a statewide race.

In February of 1972 I announced my candidacy for governor. Five months of unremitting effort. A campaign comprised of a wing and a prayer and people, people everywhere, working and helping in this nation-state of ours.

I remember my surprise on finding people at the Democratic National Convention in July 1972 who had followed that primary in Texas. I clearly remember my hesitancy in having my name placed in nomination for vice president. And being firmly talked to by Larry Goodwin.

I remember that thought I had just before the balloting started, "Well, Sis, you may not get a vote," and I remember the strong and forceful lobbying of Mickey Leland and Pancho Medrano with the Texas delegation and others. The challenge for the vice-presidential nomination was based in equal measure on a woman being nominated and pushing for an open convention on that nomination.

I remember February 1973 in Houston and the insistence of Gloria [Steinem] and Bella [Abzug] and Midge Miller that I run for chair at the first convention of the National Women's Political Caucus. I remember the Texas Caucus filled with friends from the primary, urging me not to run for the harm that it would do me politically in Texas.

1973 was really the beginning of a nomadic life for me, as I began to criss-cross the country, speaking on college campuses, at YWCA's, at town halls, and in the meeting rooms of a few churches and synagogues. I remember seeing and listening and talking to women all over this country as they struggled to organize, to identify, and to cope and educate themselves. I searfully remember the Democratic primary contest of mine in 1974 against an incumbent governor, the campaign disarray of my efforts, the loyalty that springs from incumbency.

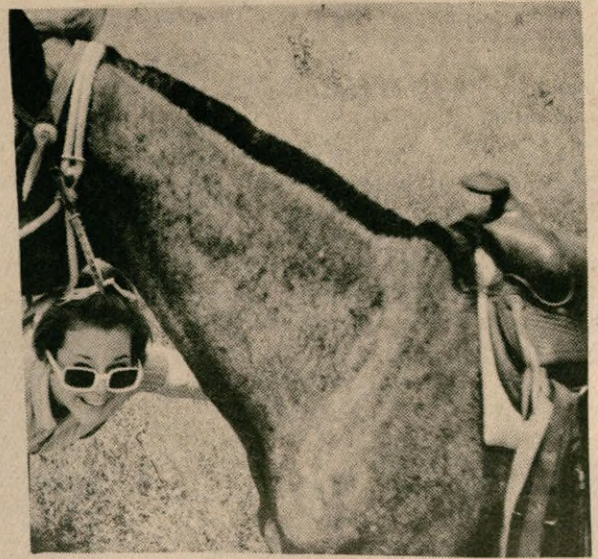
In 1973 I started teaching a course at Texas Southern University. I remember the first thing I had to do after that primary in 1974 was to get my grades out for my students at Texas Southern Law School. I often thought that my students taught me a great deal more than I taught them. Later, I taught a course on sex-based discrimination at the University of Houston, a course I had to teach myself first, since we had no such field of study at UT in the 40's.

During 1974 and 1975 the nomadic and seasonal work of lecturing continued for me. On one of those trips in '75 I spoke at Wells College in Aurora, New York. It is an area of haunting beauty. Soon thereafter, I was asked if I would be interested in the presidency of the College. Yes, I agreed to accept. Usually, when I was asked why I made the move I would respond that I would rather work than languish in Texas. And work it was—a great deal of on-the-job training, to be specific.

Soon after I came to Wells, Kingman Brewster [president of Yale University] remarked that I had left the overt world of politics for the covert one of education. Indeed, it was that. But it was a great deal more than politics. No longer can my friend Ronnie Dugger [publisher of *The Texas Observer*] question my lack of administrative experience.

Soon it will be four years that I have been here, and now that my time is coming to a close I am dwelling on various aspects of life here that I will miss. There is that haunting and ever present natural beauty. I will miss observing the extraordinary development of young women in four years' time in this institution that is committed to preparing them for the 21st century. I will miss the friendship of many Aurorians, both those in the village and those in the college. Frankly, I will miss both the authority and autonomy that has been part of my life here.

I am leaving behind the Texas flag that has flown for years here on my office building when I return home in June of this new decade.



EAT RICE HAVE FAITH IN WOMEN
WHAT I DONT KNOW NOW
I CAN STILL LEARN
IF I AM ALONE NOW
I WILL BE WITH THEM LATER
IF I AM WEAK NOW
I CAN BECOME STRONG
SLOWLY SLOWLY

"I have just read the most remarkable book about women, it is called *The Feminine Mystique* and reminds me of an article I read about 'clicks,' the sudden awareness women have about the way men treat them—it's overdue but I am going to finish it anyway."

PAO'K, diary entry, January 18, 1970.

IF I LEARN I CAN TEACH OTHERS
IF OTHERS LEARN FIRST
I MUST BELIEVE
THEY WILL COME BACK AND TEACH ME
THEY WILL NOT GO AWAY
TO THE COUNTRY WITH THEIR KNOWLEDGE
AND SEND ME A LETTER SOMETIME
WE MUST STUDY ALL OUR LIVES
WOMEN COMING FROM WOMEN GOING TO WOMEN

"Dear Ellen, I am finally getting used to being in France and these wretched French men and metros. I sometimes think (just between you and me) that my parents see my M.A. as something nice to include in my wedding announcement . . . I'm sure there could be worse uses for it . . . I'm lonely and want to be back in the U.S.A."

PAO'K to EF, December 10, 1971, Paris, France.

TRYING TO DO ALL WE CAN WITH WORDS
THEN TRYING TO WORK WITH TOOLS
OR WITH OUR BODIES
TRYING TO STAND THE TIME IT TAKES
READING BOOKS WHEN THERE ARE NO TEACHERS
OR THEY ARE TOO FAR AWAY
TEACHING OURSELVES
IMAGINING OTHERS STRUGGLING

"Some of the more militant 'women's libbers' in this class may take objection to my use of the phrase 'the reasonable man test' but of course, as we all know, there is no such thing as a reasonable woman."

Law school lecture, September 1972, Houston, Texas.

I MUST BELIEVE WE WILL BE TOGETHER
AND BUILD ENOUGH CONCERN
SO WHEN I HAVE TO FIGHT ALONE
THERE WILL BE SISTERS WHO
WOULD HELP IF THEY KNEW
SISTERS WHO WILL COME
TO SUPPORT ME LATER

"Austin Women's Brigade, a women's collective which is concerned with aligning itself with other Texas groups has just been organized. We invite all our Houston sisters to join with us in organizing women's liberation groups. Our meetings are every third Wednesday."

Second Coming Newsletter, April, 1973.

WOMEN DEMANDING LOYALTY
EACH WITH OUR NEEDS
OUR WHOLE LIVES TORN BY
THE OLD SOCIETY
NEVER GIVEN THE LOVE OR WORK
OR STRENGTH OR SAFETY OR INFORMATION
WE COULD USE
NEVER HELPED BY THE INSTITUTIONS
THAT IMPRISON US
SO WHEN WE NEED MEDICAL CARE
WE ARE BUTCHERED
WHEN WE NEED POLICE
WE ARE INSULTED IGNORED
WHEN WE NEED PARENTS
WE FIND ROBOTS
TRAINED TO KEEP US IN OUR PLACES
WHEN WE NEED WORK WE ARE TOLD
TO BECOME PART OF
THE SYSTEM THAT DESTROYS US

"Patricia O'Kane, an attorney who deals both privately and with ACLU in sex discrimination cases, says the Supreme Court Opinion on pregnancy benefits reinforces old sexist stereotypes that most women can afford to stay home with the children and not work . . ."

Houston Chronicle, December 9, 1976.

WHEN WE NEED FRIENDS
OTHER WOMEN TELL US
I HAVE TO SAVE THINGS FOR MYSELF
BECAUSE IM NOT SURE YOU COULD SAVE ME
IF OUR PLACES WERE REVERSED
BECAUSE I SUSPECT
YOU WON'T EVEN BE AROUND
TO SAVE ME WHEN I NEED YOU
IM ALONE ON THE STREETS
AT 5 IN THE MORNING
IM ALONE COOKING MY RICE

"In the Matter of the Marriage of	X	In the Court of Domestic
Patricia A. O'Kane and	X	Relations No. 2, Harris
Michael T. Donahue	X	County, T E X A S"

Harris County, Divorce records, May, 1977.

SLOWLY WE BEGIN
GIVING BACK WHAT WAS TAKEN AWAY
OUR RIGHT TO THE CONTROL OF OUR BODIES
KNOWLEDGE OF HOW TO FIGHT AND BUILD
FOOD THAT NOURISHES
MEDICINE THAT HEALS
SONGS THAT REMIND US OF OURSELVES
AND MAKE US WANT TO KEEP ON WITH
WHAT MATTERS TO US

"It is incredible to me that this is the 10th year that women attorney, law students and legal workers have organized a national conference on Women and the Law . . . I hope to be participating in the 30th conference that brings us all together to discuss legal issues affecting women."

PAO'K, Tenth Annual Conference on Women and the Law,
March, 1979, San Antonio.

LETS COME OUT AGAIN
JOINING WOMEN COMING OUT
FOR THE FIRST TIME
KNOWING THIS LOVE MAKES
A GOOD DIFFERENCE IN US
AFFIRMING A CONTINUING LIFE WITH WOMEN
WE MUST BE LOVERS DOCTORS SOLDIERS
ARTISTS MECHANICS FARMERS
ALL OUR LIVES
WAVES OF WOMEN
TREMBLING WITH LOVE AND ANGER

"The National Women's Conference has overwhelmingly endorsed the rights of Lesbians to openly pursue a homosexual lifestyle. When the sexual preference issue came on the floor, several hundred promoters of the lesbian cause came into the hall, many carrying signs and balloons with slogans saying 'We are everywhere' ".
Houston Chronicle, November 21, 1977.

SINGING WE MUST RAGE
KISSING, TURN AND
BREAK THE OLD SOCIETY
WITHOUT BECOMING THE NAMES IT PRAISES
THE MINDS IT PAYS

"Dear Ms. O'Kane, It has been our pleasure to approve and place on record the Articles of Incorporation for the Houston Area Women's Center. We extend our best wishes for success in your new venture."

Secretary of State to PAO'K, October 1977.

EAT RICE HAVE FAITH IN WOMEN
WHAT I DONT KNOW NOW
I CAN STILL LEARN
SLOWLY SLOWLY
IF I LEARN I CAN TEACH OTHERS
IF OTHERS LEARN FIRST
I MUST BELIEVE
THEY WILL COME BACK AND TEACH ME

"An activist attorney has been named by Mayor Jim McConn to Houston's newly created Police Advisory Commission. Patricia O'Kane called her appointment 'a clear indication of the political clout of the gay community.'"

The Advocate, November 1979.

EAT RICE HAVE FAITH IN WOMEN by Fran Winant, Annotations by Patricia O'Kane

Loraine Elms

Futurist and urban planner

I regularly plan programs for the World Future Society's local gatherings, so this exercise—a retrospective piece on the past decade—should prove a worthwhile one for a futurist. It might provide a wider perspective of my present, and offer an even better prospective on my own future. That noun, *prospective*, is one of my favorite words and symbolic of my approach to urban/regional, corporate or other planning work that I do, for the word addresses conditions as they exist, yet envisions changes—ideally, in time to plan for necessary changes before crises occur.

In Retrospect

Towards the end of 1969 we lived on some Virginia acreage near Washington, D.C. where I spent about equal time wandering through the woods down towards the pond, housewifing, and working as a research assistant. One morning, our 16-year-old daughter left her leaf-raking and invited her parents to join her in a march on Washington to protest Nixon's planned invasion of Cambodia. My husband's ailing heart kept him from going but I went with her.

I marched, listened to earnest speeches, and still marvel at how 300,000 young people from all across the country knew to gather on the ellipse across from the White House within 10 days despite their having no access to any major television channels, nor to the larger newspapers. That was prelude to the seventies for me. The Vietnam War dragged on into it.

A decade ago, with two daughters almost raised, I realized my husband was dying. I decided that if I must be alone I had to become a more interesting person for myself to be around. To that end, I enrolled in the graduate program in urban studies in the new town of Reston, Vir-



ginia, because it was the most interdisciplinary course I could find.

By mid-January 1974, John Elms was dead, buried in view of the mountain at Thunder Bay, Ontario, Canada where he'd been a young ski instructor in a earlier day. He had been uncommonly handsome, so interesting, really good for bouncing ideas back and forth. I smile sometimes now to recall that he was the one who got me involved in the women's liberation movement, but dying seems going rather too far to prove the point, don't you agree? We had quite a few dark-humored jokes of that kind.

I was working in Washington by this time, at the Public Affairs Council where I learned how larger corporations "interface" with cities and governments, their external environment. The work dovetailed with my courses in urban planning and I became increasingly fascinated with the ways these entities—companies, on

the one hand, and cities, local, state and national and international governments on the other hand—become ever more symbiotic in their relations with one another. I loved my work, the people I worked with, but financially, I was falling behind.

As a native Houstonian, letters from my mother, begging me to come live with her so she wouldn't have to move to a nursing home, letters explaining her impending blindness, her failing stamina, brought me to a decision to return after 25 years in the north.

Mother died last spring. My daughters are in California and Virginia. My M.A. in Urban Studies, three years urban planning experience, and good friends; these are mine now. I find myself in pretty good shape to enter another decade—except financially.

The Gray Panthers

I plan to remedy the financial defi-

ciency by testing the claims of certain larger firms that they will hire well-qualified individuals in management positions without regard to age or sex. I have excellent background for being an issues management expert in a corporate setting.

Until recently corporations seldom hired a 56-year-old woman for such a position. To combat that policy, born of stereotyping, I became one of the founding mothers (in 1976) of the Houston Chapter of the Gray Panthers, an organization of both young and old citizens established to combat ageism, whether subtle or blatant.

As one young Gray Panther member put it, "The average length of time spent with the larger corporation by management personnel is now seven years. My mother and my grandfather each has more good years than that to give to a company. Hiring older people, even for entry and mid-level positions in management makes good sense now."

Indeed, corporations still follow an outmoded policy of hiring younger management on the assumption that, given the proper incentives, they will be with the firm another 30 years. Facts contradict this, but status-quo thinking dies hard.

Last October 25, 500 concerned citizens including Maggie Kuhn and other Gray Panthers and religious leaders, shut down the Department of Energy in Washington for the whole afternoon. With no arrests and no violence to make it "newsworthy," this unprecedented obstruction of DOE operations by a wide cross-section of Americans went virtually unreported outside Washington, D.C.

The Gray Panthers in Houston lies fallow as an organization these days. Lack of funds and office space rather than lack of interest, make me suspect this condition will correct itself in the early '80's.

Don Sanders

Musician and songwriter

Ten years ago I lived in Houston on South Shepherd, next to Leo's Restaurant. It was a four-room apartment in a four-plex, furnished and all bills paid for \$135.00 a month.

I was very involved in learning to write and spent hours each day at my typewriter. Other hours I spent in libraries or parks because my neighbor, Pete Gorisch, who now plays bass with the Shake Russell Band, was into learning the drums.

I had already written a few nice songs, *Coffee Song* and *Third Eye*, but I wanted something more than songs. I wanted stories, folktales, fabliaux mixed with song. That's what I was writing on.

When I had written several of these musical folktales, it was my intention to move to San Francisco, get a record contract, and become moderately famous. Of course, I didn't care about money—for myself—because it seemed that money and the consumer items tended to entrap/enslave humans. What was important to me was: doing good art, having my art recognized as good art, ending the war in S. E. Asia, and having good/loving/happy relationships.

Houston was marvelous for loving relationships. Many of us worked together to 'end the war'—or to bring 'free radio' into existence. There were common causes which were so important that we could transcend the individual reasons for wanting their realization. That is, there wasn't much worrying about whether or not an individual's motivations were pure.

Lots of good feelings. Limitless present.

I read *New Republic* every week and began to be interested in films.

What happened?

I moved to San Francisco and found the emotional climate much too chilly for my system. Came back to Houston. Put out several records. Attained some momentum but—it was time for me to enter what Erik Erikson calls 'the householder phase.' I backed off from my career, concentrated on friends and lovers, and worked with children as an artist-in-school.

Separations: from friends, lovers, career—from *New Republic* and all the news of a nation whose elected President was a criminal. Separation from a self that wasn't as clean, pure, devoted, bright and rational as I'd always tried to force it to be. And at the same time, a beginning acceptance of the darker side of myself.

What's now?

Me back at work. The present much more finite—consequent picking and choosing of projects. Taking my career seriously again—while trying not to take myself too seriously. (In 1970 my passport listed my profession as 'humorist.')

I'm writing a musical play and am hoping for a professional future to move towards film. Enjoy singing and playing my guitar more than ever. Enjoying performing. Do a little politics in a quiet quotidian way. And feel many good feelings for my friends and neighbors in Space City/Energy Central.



Ingrid Stone Resident, Muktananda Center

I spent the sixties in much the usual ways—dropping in and out of college, falling in and out of love. I played the intellectual game. I always did well in school, but couldn't sustain much interest in it. It didn't seem to lead anywhere. I worked in the anti-Vietnam war movement and the radical student movement at Columbia University; then, finally, bone-weary waitress at Max's Kansas City in New York. Max's was a place where, in one evening, Andy Warhol and his gang—Janis Joplin, Jimmy Hendrix, Larry Rivers, Robert Raushenberg, Mel Brooks, Norman Mailer—and other celebrities of the sixties hung out. I was never bored. It was a relief not to have to define myself as an intellectual or an activist anymore. I only thought about making money and having a good time.

In early 1970, I was living in a comfortable way with a nice Australian guy a few years younger than myself. Gerard finished law school in Sydney, then left Australia for the states, winding up as a bus boy at Max's. We had very little in common, really, but we enjoyed a sort of thought-free, day-by-day good time together. As far as I knew, I was happy, but I had no idea that a full, deep, and steady happiness, as I now experience, was at all a possibility.

I had a lively but somewhat sombre disposition. I lived with a lot of pain after my mother's unexpected death in 1965. I had no intellectual, emotional, or spiritual context within which to understand her death, or death itself. I felt only incapacitating pain over losing someone for whom I had so much love. I tried psychoanalysis and group therapies of various sorts, but nothing eased the pain of being a motherless child.

In the fall of 1970 I was pregnant. It seemed to tie up a lot of loose ends. I'd always wanted to have just one child. I had no particular interest in a career, although I had a nice editorial job on a New York magazine at the time, and I thought that being a wife and mother would fulfill me. So Gerard and I got married, despite our misgivings about marriage. We were right, as it turned out, for despite our love for our son Clement, our marriage ended two years later.

A feminist group that I'd joined in June 1972 gave me the moral support, encouragement and love I needed to break up with Gerard. It was a difficult time. Now I had to pay for the apartment with no income and had a year old son who needed me, or someone, full-time.

I worried a lot, complained a lot, but, finally, in desperation, forced myself to

get a hack license and drove a cab nights and weekends in New York City. I did that for a year. It almost cost me what little sense of humor I had left. There were cabs with no heaters, cabs with no brakes, cabs with no windshield wipers, cabs with no spare tires. Naturally, as a part-time driver and a woman to boot, I got a lot of these. But I also got an education.

I learned I was responsible for my own survival. I learned that I could handle anything. I began to believe in myself. So I made some improvements in my life. I got a full-time, good-paying job at a medical school in the Bronx. (I had acquired some laboratory skills along the way.)

I patched myself up by the summer of 1974. The worst was over. There was enough money coming in. Clement was cared for by a maternal, middle-aged neighbor. I got a breather, the first one in three years of mothering, when Clement spent two months with our neighbor's family in North Carolina. I finally had some time to slow down and figure out where I was.

The place I do that best is by the sea. The clear air blows the fog out of my mind. I took solitary weekends on the beach, driving out in the early morning (with food, FM radio, and current reading) and arriving home after dark. It felt so good just to be alone. In the quiet of that time on the beach, two doors opened for me: one of them, feminism, opened wide. The other, yoga, just a crack. The two—yoga and feminism—were the levers that pried me out of the gummy swamp of my own melodrama.

It was Ti-Grace Atkinson's *Amazon Odyssey*, a collection of her early essays and lectures, that I read on the beach that summer. The precision and clarity and, above all, the courage of her words and her actions moved me greatly. I got the courage to call her. She was, as she put it, "burnt out"—discouraged, tired, spent. I was full of energy, enthusiasm, optimism. I had some nice ideas, too, about priorities for the women's movement. She said she was recharged by my positiveness, so we talked often on the phone and finally met for lunch and discussion. She told me about the history of the movement and introduced me to her friends. I had entered the movement late, but the first women I met were the very ones who had gotten the whole thing going. I went to a lot of meetings in those days, and I loved them all. I wanted nothing but to work for the benefit of all women.

The door to yoga opened for me through a radio program called *In the Spirit*. I heard a yogi describe his own

From late 1970 until early 1975, I studied grace and poise under the tutelage of various Texas prison wardens.

— Ray Hill

Ray Hill Executive Director, Houston Human Rights League

I began the 1970's by applying for the prescribed retirement plan for my occupation during much of the 1960's (I had been an antique, art, and jewel thief). The Texas courts would determine that I qualified for maximum benefits (20 each, eight-year sentences, or 160 years in the Texas Department of Corrections for non-violent crimes against corporate property).

From late 1970 until early 1975 I studied grace and poise under the tutelage of various Texas prison wardens, through the miracle of concurrent sentencing I completed the assigned term in four years, four months and 24 days. The State of Texas asked me to go forth into a much-changed society and armed me with a \$100 check from the state treasury (which I endorsed and gave to KPFT in appreciation for having maintained what I had salvaged of my sanity.)

Beyond the \$100 and the inherent prejudice and distrust most people have towards ex-convicts, about the only thing I had for sure was the certain knowledge that male-dominated institutions and value systems are inherently insecure and failure prone. I have devoted the last half of the decade to seeking alternatives to business as usual in a classically male-dominated world and evangelizing my discoveries to all that will listen. I have learned in the last decade that there is no justice, only a vast unfeeling machine that would devour any being, permit the corporate entities from which I stole to fill out the appropriate insurance forms and place all burden of any wrong-doing on the tax-payers and premium-payers of the future.

Modern Robin Hoods do not steal from the rich and give to the poor. No

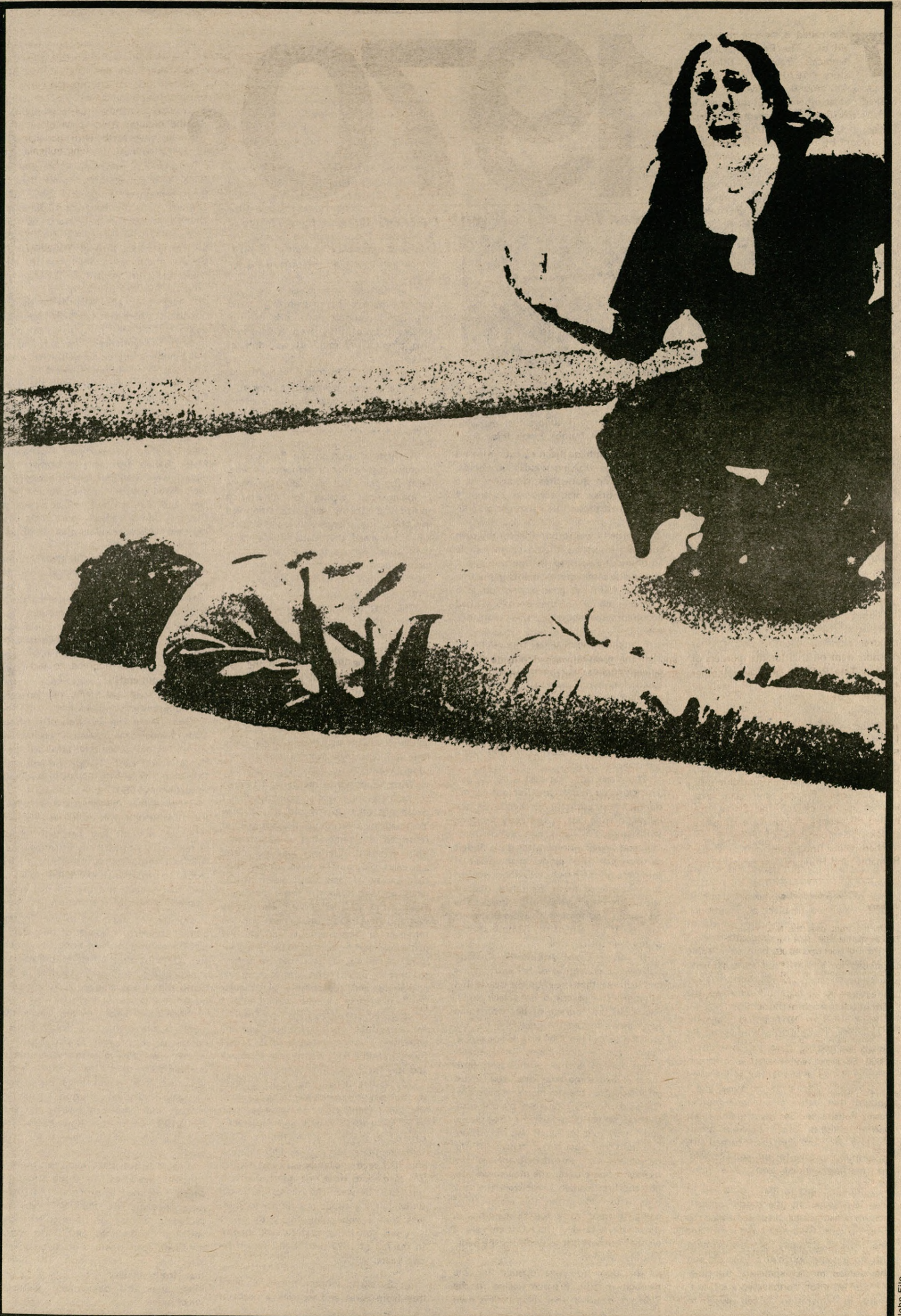
matter how crafty Robin may get it always works the other way around. This never-lose, no-risk reality favoring the upper reaches of the pecking order is as characteristically male as prison value systems (where all worth is determined by comparative maleness).

We, the various members of this society, are arranged vertically like leaves of grass, standing so we might be easily mowed down by the great yazoo forces that cut horizontally across our experiences and growth and over which we are trained to have little or no control.

All of the above notwithstanding, I am optimistic about the 1980's. Society's leaves of grass bound together can not only be strong enough to check the yazoos, but also remain surprisingly flexible. We, the folk interested in changing society, must come to the realization that we share a common interest in protecting each other's participation in society. And I think many more of us will do that in the next decade.

The growth and development of Houston's gay and lesbian rights movement has convinced me that progress can be achieved within our socio-political system if we do not lose sight of where we would like to go. More of us working together can accomplish our goals sooner and easier.

However, the most amazing discovery I made in the 1970's is that I am solely responsible for my own freedom. Others have locked me up, tried to destroy my identity, held me incommunicado, and tried to impose every known form of discrimination and exclusion against me, but nothing interfered with my freedom to be the person I wished to be. My experience in the 1970's taught me what Eleanor Roosevelt said in the 1940's is true: "No one can become a second-class citizen without his (or her) specific permission."



John Filo

Time called it "a year to be well rid of." The Encyclopedia Britannica's Yearbook titled its story "1970: A Year of Violence." All around the world, people lashed out at other people; thousands of Americans died in Vietnam; a federal judge in California was taken from his courtroom by black militants and killed in a convict escape attempt; a Manhattan townhouse thought to be a bomb factory of the Weathermen blew up; Nixon and Kissinger decided to invade Cambodia; National Guardsmen killed four students at Kent State University; police fired into a crowd at Jackson State and killed two more students; Arab commandoes hijacked airliners and killed people in airports; Cambodians massacred Vietnamese civilians; and decimated Biafrans capitulated to Nigerian government forces after a million died in 30 months of their battle for independence.

The violence was daily, it was everywhere. Hell's Angels finished off the Woodstock euphoria when they killed a black man 20 feet from Mick Jagger, who was singing *Sympathy for the Devil*. Janis Joplin and Jimi Hendrix died of drug overdoses, and writer Yukio Mishima committed ritual suicide to protest Japan's "spinelessness." United Mine Workers official Joseph Yablonski, his wife and daughter were found murdered in their home and Tony Boyle, head of the union and Yablonski's opponent for its presidency, was later convicted of the killing. Murder charges were made against two U.S. soldiers in connection with a massacre at My Lai, South Vietnam, and five marines were charged with murdering 16 South Vietnamese women and children while on patrol south of Da Nang. Whites in Lamar, South Carolina, attacked and overturned two buses carrying black children to desegregated schools. Charles Manson went on trial for the murders of Sharon Tate Polanski and several other people. A Bolivian artist nearly stabbed Pope Paul VI in the Philippines.

Neither was the earth itself peaceful. In Pakistan, a cyclone and tidal wave killed 200,000 people and destroyed 500,000 homes. Floods in central Rumania killed at least 130. Seventy-two people died in a mountain mudslide near Saint-Gervaise, France, and giant avalanches in France and the Swiss Alps buried 69 people. A massive earthquake struck the mountains of Peru. Rivers reached record flood levels in Yugoslavia, Rumania and Hungary. The largest brush

1970

A year that roared with hatred and violence, but went out like a lamb

—BY DAVID CROSSLEY—

fire in California history raged near the Mexican border. Hurricane Celia smashed into the coast at Corpus Christi, killing 31 people.

No continent was without mayhem. The Irish fought each other with guns, bombs, sticks, and stones. Throughout South America, coups toppled one leader after another. Portugal invaded Guinea. Poles rioted over food prices for a week. Basque guerrillas killed and were killed. The Middle East was the site of sporadic, general, undeclared war: Israel was attacked from Syria, Lebanon, Jordan, and the United Arab Republic (Egypt), and responded in kind.

All trace of civility vanished, especially in the United States, where students and other protesters referred to police and politicians as "pigs" and the President, Richard Nixon, called students "thugs and hoodlums." Vice President Spiro Agnew continued his effort to ignite civil war, railing weekly against students, leftists, intellectuals, teachers, the media, and all the great unwashed outside the imagined "Silent Majority." When he gave a speech in Houston, demonstrators chanted "Lee Harvey Oswald, where are you now that we need you?"

It was the war in Vietnam that did it, that drove the world mad, and it was in 1970 that complete societal disintegration in the U.S. seemed imminent. In May of that year, the Brandeis University student strike center reported that 448 American universities and colleges were closed or on strike. But as the police and national guard became more and more violent, the student "unrest," as it was called, began to quiet, and by the end of the

decade, the universities were calm. Never again did students against the war rally in significant numbers, although Vietnam went on until 1975.

During 1970 the American split over a single issue was fractured into many issues and the age of "special interest groups" was born, soon to collapse in the final refuge of the Me Decade, which continues unabated as we begin the 1980s.

In exactly 10 years we have come from a tumultuous time when war and blood were the central issues and thousands were impassioned enough to kill or be killed, to a time when oil and money are the central issues and American dissent is just a murmur.

What happened to us in 1970? The Encyclopedia Britannica said, "In 1970 President Nixon managed to neutralize the war in Vietnam as a political issue." How? Was it the guns and bombs, the Nixon-Kissinger "toughness" and willingness to wreak any destruction on anybody anywhere to prove that toughness? Was it the absurdity of the same Nixon sneaking out of the White House in the middle of the night to go talk about football to camping protestors at the Washington Monument? Or was it the final split within the peace movement, when women finally wanted to be with women, and men with men, and blacks with blacks, and Chicanos with Chicanos, ultimately to find fault with each other? Was it the seeming collapse of the environment that in those pre-OPEC days was viewed as the number one calamity by nearly everyone, from the first Earth Day revelers to Henry Ford to Richard Nixon? And how has it come to pass that nearly all special interest groups are now willing to trade just

about any ecological disaster for a few pages of legislation favoring their own cause, as though the environment was some "special interest" and not the concern of everyone on the planet?

Or was humanity frightened by the pictures from space of the cold blue earth with no sign whatsoever of the long millennia of human activity? Were Quaaludes increasingly required because at last we could see that the earth was too small, too fragile to be saved? How did we feel, the millions of us who learned for the first time that, regardless of our care, the earth was doomed to be swallowed up by the fire of the sun as it becomes a red giant in half a billion years, taking humanity with it? How hopeful can we be, now that we know even the earth must die, and for that matter the sun and the solar system and all of the universe?

Is it because of this realization that so many in the last 10 years turned to seemingly mysterious eastern philosophies, looking for immortality, some trick that will take us through the blackest hole of all, the end of our universe and the creation of some new universe on the other side? Do we turn our attention to our souls and to their journey through time? And is the question of morality that always has surrounded the soul vanishing? We have always assumed that activity such as that we're watching in Iran will only earn the players a place in some special eternal hell; but now that they think we are doomed to that same hell—and we cannot see why they think so—do we soon have to reject forever as too confusing the very notion of hell?

Or, as some suggest, should we reject forever the notion of souls and self and get used to the idea that we are nothing special, just part of the vast chemistry of time and space—with a function, to be sure, however minute—doomed to proceed antlike to our end?

I don't think so. By 1970, we had learned about one important thing: consciousness. It has become a trite word, a buzz word, but its meaning continues to hold truth. For all of our simple chemical connection to the rest of the universe and to eternity, we are special—we are aware. However much we may be like electrons in some giant model, however much society begins to resemble a computer circuit, there is one difference. We are aware of it, as individuals, and we can change the model from within.

David Crossley is an editor of *Breakthrough*.

1970: A Chronology

January
1

On the front page this New Year's Day of the new decade is this headline: "GI War Toll Goes Over 40,000."

The Agriculture Department announces a ban on paprika in most meat products because it can mask "undesirable qualities" from the consumer.

The Dow Jones stands at 800.36.

The city council and mayor okay pay raises for police and firefighters. A first year "patrolman" or "pipe and ladder-man" will earn \$625 per month instead of \$600. Elsewhere, receptionists jobs go for \$375 to \$400 each month.

President Nixon okays Spanish-speaking and -surname headcount in the next census.

Jimmy Hoffa, in jail, asks Nixon to commute his sentence.

A contract is awarded to create Lake Conroe.

Lloyd Bentsen is "seriously considering" a senate race against Ralph Yarborough.

Boston scientist Bernard D. Davis, who was first to isolate a single gene, tells reporters that "test tube life is not in the near future." (Less than a year later, biologists at State University of New York in Buffalo report the first artificial synthesis of a living cell.)

Delores Heller, of Norfolk, Virginia, shoots a boa constrictor in her kitchen. No one knows how it got into her kitchen, or to Norfolk, for that matter.

The U.S. "expressed regrets" to Cambodia for casualties caused during a battle on the South Vietnamese border.

In London, news leaks of a U.S. Middle East plan that would let Egyptian president Nasser veto any settlement between Israel and Jordan.

Israeli jets knock out the East Ghor Canal on the east bank of the Jordan River.

The Office of Economic Opportunity says Texas has more low income citizens than any other state.

There are 203 million people in the U.S.

Nearly 60 percent of the people are optimistic about the 1970's.

Newspaper editors select the Apollo 11 moon landing as the top news story of the previous year and decade.

Dr. Ralph S. Ryback, speaking to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, says ethanol in alcohol affects the brain's memory for recent events. "As a result," he says, "participants at a cocktail party jump from one topic to another because they forget what they were talking about, where they were in the conversation, and what the other person said."

Daily oil consumption in the U.S. is 13.5 billion barrels.

The price of a barrel of oil is \$2 to \$3

Among the movies showing in Houston are *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice*, *Easy Rider*, *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, *Viva Max*, *John and Mary*, *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, *The Reivers* and *The Sterile Cuckoo*.

The University of Texas football team finishes the 1969 season number one in the nation, and on this day beats Notre Dame in the Cotton Bowl, 21-17.

Henry Ford calls pollution "the most important problem."

A new Buick Skylark with air conditioning costs \$2795 at Al Parker Buick. A Ford Maverick can be bought for \$1888. A top-of-the-line Chevrolet Monte Carlo costs \$2586. There aren't many foreign cars for sale, but a Toyota costs \$1790 and a new 1969 Peugeot is selling for \$2369.

There is a sales promotion manager's job advertised for \$13,000 per year, and an assistant controller/chemicals can make \$12,000 a year. Go-go dancers are paid \$125 per week.

A Dalmatian costs \$50. Several houses are for sale in River Oaks for \$40,000-\$60,000.

It is J. Edgar Hoover's seventy-fifth birthday.

Mrs. Betty Crichton of Harlow, England, undergoes her second sterilization operation, the day after giving birth

to her sixth child.

Pope Paul VI prays forgiveness for "giant industries" prospering on their "diabolical capacity to produce arms" and for powerful nations basing their stability on "trading arms to poor nations lacking plows, schools and hospitals." In his plea for peace, he says, "Lord, it is true! We are not on the right path."

Nixon signs the National Environmental Policy Act of 1969, creating the Council on Environmental Quality.

Israel threatens to take over a 19-mile section of Lebanon in the Gilead Mountain chain.

B-52s resume bombing in Vietnam.

2 Louie Welch is sworn in for his fourth term as mayor of Houston.

3 A Chinese news report says Russia is preparing for war with China.

14 A Senate subcommittee opens hearings on the dangers of oral contraceptives.

16 Muammar el-Kaddafi becomes premier of Libya.

18

Israeli jets bomb military targets near Cairo.

19

Nixon nominates G. Harold Carswell to the U.S. Supreme Court. (The Senate had rejected Nixon's first nominee, Clement F. Haynesworth, Jr. It later does the same to Carswell, and Nixon is not pleased.)

22

The Boeing 747 begins commercial service with a flight from New York to London.

30

The U.S. command in Saigon announces U.S. jets bombed an anti-aircraft installation inside North Vietnam two days earlier.

Also this month:

The Agriculture Department proposes a ban on the use of animal lungs in hot dogs.

Gina Lollobrigida is criticized for wearing a tiger skin coat.

February

10

Arab terrorists kill one Israeli and wound 11 other people in a Munich airport.





14 Houston's *Space City!* reports that the home of Fred and Laura Brode was riddled with 16 shots from a .45 caliber weapon, for the second time. Fred Brode is chairman of the Houston Committee Against the War in Vietnam. The paper's "Advice to Dopers" column carried this question from a reader: "How much acid would you have to put in a quart of Kool-Aid to make it really good?" Answer—about one tab per cup, or 100 honest micrograms per cup. That issue also contains a two-page "Gay Perspective."

16 Joe Frazier knocks out Jimmy Ellis in the fifth to become the world heavyweight champion.

18 The U. S. embassy in Manila is attacked by 2000 young people.

The seven defendants in the Chicago conspiracy trial are acquitted of conspiring to incite a riot during the 1968 Democratic National Convention, but five of the defendants are convicted of lesser charges.

19 Canada bans phosphates in detergents.

Lester G. Maddox, the fried-chicken emporium king who precedes peanut farmer Jimmy Carter as governor of Georgia, signs legislation preventing the court-ordered transfer of teachers and students to achieve racial balance in the state's schools.

25 Reported U.S. military activity in Laos is criticized in Senate.

1,000 people seize a three-block business section of a student neighborhood in Santa Barbara, California, and burn the Bank of America to the ground. Governor Reagan calls the demonstrators "cowardly little bums." The next day he declares a state of emergency in the area.

March

1 Rhodesia proclaims itself a republic, severing all ties with the British crown.

5 Nuclear nonproliferation treaty goes into effect.

17 Army accuses fourteen officers of withholding information about a massacre at Song My, South Vietnam.

18 Prince Norodom Sihanouk is overthrown in Cambodian coup. Lon Nol becomes premier.

UN security Council condemns Rhodesia.

23 Twenty-four Islamic foreign ministers begin conference on cooperation in Jidda, Saudi Arabia.

27 Israelis shoot down five Egyptian Mig-21 jet-fighters over the Suez Canal. U.S. reaffirms policy not to widen the Vietnam war, and claims that a recent incursion in Cambodia, with U.S. air support, happened without the government's prior knowledge.

30 Supreme Court says judges may bind, gag, jail or expel from court unruly defendants.

Also in March:

Members of the Mexican American Youth Organization (MAYO) break into Christ Presbyterian Church at 3600 Fulton and "liberate it for the people."

Little Richard sings at the Music Hall. Pacifica radio (KPFT, FM 90) goes on the air.

Jeff Jones, head of Yin Yang Conspiracy ticket, is elected president of University of Texas student association.

Houstonian Danny Schacht is sentenced to six months in prison and fined \$250 for wearing "parts of an army uniform" in an anti-war skit.

Carl Hampton announces formation of Peoples Party II to follow the examples of the Black Panther Party.

The local Ku Klux Klan sends messages to radical organizations warning Klan members are "watching you."

April

8 Senate rejects Supreme Court nominee Harold Carswell.

Egypt claims two Israeli jets bombed an elementary school, killing 30 children.

20 Nixon pledges to withdraw 150,000 U.S. troops from Vietnam within next year.

22 Earth Day.

Canada House of Commons extends pollution controls over 100 miles of offshore Arctic waters.

Australia announces plan to withdraw one of three battalions from Vietnam.

24 China launches its first earth satellite.

28 Egypt inflicts heavy damage on Israelis along the Suez Canal.

29 Transcripts of Mary Jo Kopechne inquest are released, as is statement from presiding judge who could not accept part of Edward M. Kennedy's testimony as true.

30 Nixon announces U.S. offensive in Cambodia, campuses erupt.

Also this month:

Rice students invite Abbie Hoffman to speak, but administration balks, says no, tries to negotiate, and students set fire to the Dean's office, causing \$50,000 in damages (the students having already this year demonstrated against the CIA, General Electric, the Vietnam War and the ROTC).

Hoffman speaks at Hermann Park Rally, as does Pacifica news director Dave McQueen, who advises the students to go back across the street to Rice and "tear it down brick by fucking brick," causing his own firing by station manager Larry Lee, who nevertheless feels McQueen had a good idea.

Students at the University of Houston sit in for five days trying unsuccessfully to save a grove of trees.

Bobby Joe Conner, black, 24 years old, is killed by Houston police.

Woodstock—the movie opens at Alabama Theater.

May

4 Four students are killed at Kent State University.

7 Nixon assures meeting of university

presidents that the administration's verbal attacks on students will cease.

8 Senator George McGovern announces formation of Committee to End the War. Hardhats disrupt antiwar demonstration in New York.

9 100,000 gather in Washington to protest Cambodia offensive; Nixon shows up at Lincoln Monument just before dawn to talk about it (later, Nixon says he had tried to "relate" to their problems, but students say much of conversation about football).

11 Pacifica's transmitter is bombed to smithereens; Klan suspected.

14 Two students killed and nine wounded when police fire into crowd outside women's dorm at Jackson State College.

15 Nixon appoints two women generals, the first in U.S. history.

16 French President Georges Pompidou calls for calm after a series of bomb and arson attacks against public buildings and homes of politicians.

17 About 100 members of People Against Nerve Gas (PANG) hold a "die-in" in downtown Seattle to protest shipment of nerve gas through the area.

19 South Vietnamese conclude a 24-hour cease fire marking Buddha's birthday, as Viet Cong begin heavy shelling and stepped-up activity to mark Ho Chi Minh's 80th birthday.

20 Between 60,000 and 150,000 construction workers, longshoremen and office workers rally around New York's city hall in support of Nixon and Vietnam policy.

Egyptian president Nasser confirms that Russian pilots are flying armed Egyptian planes.

21 Mao Tse-tung calls for world revolution against "U.S. imperialism."

22 Arab Guerrillas attack Israeli school bus, kill 12.

25 Stock market takes biggest single-day dive since Kennedy assassination.

27 Stock market makes biggest single-day gain ever, up 32.04 points.

Also this month: Police kill six black men during a riot in Augusta, Georgia.

June

1 KPFT goes back on the air.

2 Wisconsin scientists announce the first

total synthesis of a gene.

10 A bomb explodes in a men's room at New York City police headquarters and seven people are injured.

12 Egypt reportedly turns back two Israeli commando attempts to cross the Suez Canal.

15 The Supreme Court announces that men who object to war for "purely moral and ethical reasons" may be excused from the draft as conscientious objectors.

16 Charles Manson goes on trial.

21 Penn Central bankruptcy reorganization okayed.

26 Bernadette Devlin begins six-month prison term for her role in riots in Londerry. Devlin, a Roman Catholic from Northern Ireland, is a Member of Parliament.

27 Israel and Syria are still at it, fighting in the Golan Heights on the third day of the biggest Middle East battle since the 1967 war.

29 The U.S. announces the withdrawal of the last U.S. soldiers from Cambodia.

30 The Organization of American States is unanimous in its support of a resolution condemning terrorism and political kidnapping.

Also this month:

10,000 homosexual men and women march up New York's Sixth Avenue and into Central Park for a "Gay-In."

Space City! bemoans the prevalence of 18-20-year-olds dropping acid and thus "sapping their energy."

Abbie Hoffman's *Woodstock Nation* is published by Vintage Press.

Angela Davis, a UCLA professor, is fired. She is an avowed member of the Communist Party.

*M*A*S*H* is showing at local movie theaters.

July

1 New York State abortion law goes into effect. It is the most liberal in the nation.

Nixon names David K. E. Bruce to head U.S. delegation at Paris peace talks.

12 Thor Heyerdahl arrives at Barbados after 57-day crossing of Atlantic from Morocco to demonstrate his theory of human migration from Africa.

22 Palestinian commandoes hijack Greek passenger jet.

23 Spectators throw tear gas bombs from visitors' gallery of the House of Commons.

Grand jury indicts 13 Weathermen on charges of conspiring to commit bombing.

24 Nasser announces acceptance of U.S. peace plan for three-month Middle East cease fire.

26 Houston police attack Peoples Party II headquarters and police snipers on top of St. John's church kill party chairman Carl Hampton.

Jordan accepts peace plan; Syria, Iraq, and Arab guerrilla organizations reject it.

27 Thousands stone police, smash police cars and windows of luxury stores in downtown loop area of Chicago. Police fire into crowd. Incident caused by impatience at five-hour delay of rock concert.

29 Mayor John Lindsay places New York City on alert as temperature inversion sends pollution levels above danger point.

31 Israeli Cabinet accepts U.S. peace plan.

Also this month:

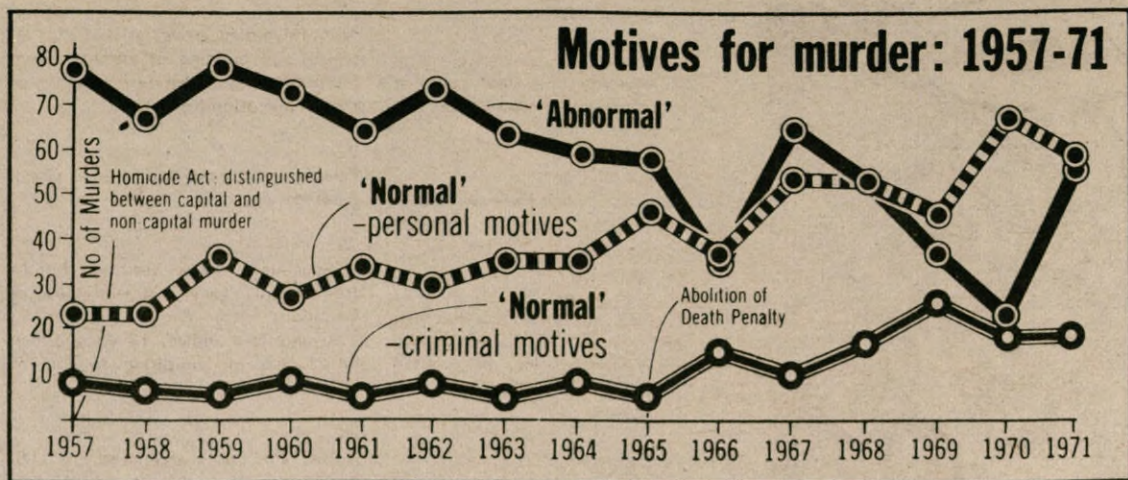
Space City! offices shot at three times in three weeks following the Carl Hampton killing. The newspaper begins publishing series on self-defense, armed and otherwise. (Later this year, paper prints information about how to buy and care for guns, with headline "Shoot Back.")

Getting Straight, with Candice Bergen and Elliott Gould, opens at movie theaters.

August

2 Fidel Castro is on hand for landing in





"Lord, it's true! We are not on the right path." — Pope Paul VI

Havana of first hijacked 747, carrying 379 people from New York to San Juan, Puerto Rico.

4 Hurricane Celia strikes Texas Coast at Corpus Christi, killing 31 people.

5 Black Panther Party co-founder Huey Newton is freed on bail after a reversal of his 1968 conviction for voluntary manslaughter is upheld.

7 Israel and Egypt begin three-month truce along Suez Canal.

Superior Court Judge Harold J. Haley is killed after an attempted escape and kidnapping at his San Rafael, California, courthouse. Also killed are Jonathan Jackson, who was the brother of Soledad Brother George Jackson and who provided the weapons, and two other San Quentin convicts. Charges of murder and kidnapping are filed against Ruchell Magee, a convict who was in the courtroom as a witness, and Angela Davis, who police say purchased the guns. Soon, Davis makes it onto the FBI's "10 most wanted" list.

10 U.S. House of Representatives approves a constitutional amendment that would prohibit discrimination on the basis of sex.

14 Israeli jets attack Jordanian army for first time since truce began.

18 U.S. sinks old Liberty ship bearing cargo of nerve gas in Atlantic Ocean. John Gardner announces the founding of Common Cause.

24 Explosion in University of Wisconsin building kills one and destroys the building.

26 10,000 women join in *Women's Strike for Equality* in New York to mark the 50th anniversary of women's suffrage in U.S.

31 Desegregated classes begin for first time in more than 200 school districts in South.

Also this month:

Nixon's anti-crime bill passes Senate. "No-knock" section allows police to break into residences if they think evidence inside might be destroyed. Nixon says it "should be a warning to those who engage in [terrorist] acts that we are not going to tolerate these activities." Bobby Seale, chairman of Black Panther Party, awaits trial on murder charges in jail in New Haven.

September

2 Senate defeats McGovern-Hatfield proposal to withdraw all U.S. troops from Indochina by end of 1971.

4 Marxist candidate Salvador Allende wins plurality in Chilean presidential election.

6 Arab commandoes hijack four airliners

headed for New York. The planes, carrying more than 600 people, are turned around; three go to Middle East and passengers are held hostage, one lands in London as fourth hijacking fails.

9 Arabs hijack another British jet and land it near two others in Jordanian desert.

11 Nixon assigns armed federal guards to U.S. overseas flights. Vice President Agnew speaks: "The great question for all of us this fall is becoming clearer and clearer. Will America be led by a president elected by a majority of the American people or will we be intimidated and blackmailed into following the path dictated by a disruptive and radical and militant minority—the pampered prodigies of the radical liberals in the United States Senate?"

12 Arabs blow up three jets in Jordanian desert. Most hostages released.

18 Nixon quoted in interview as saying U.S. was "prepared to intervene in the Jordanian civil war should Syria and Iraq enter the conflict and tip the military balance against government forces." Palestinian guerrillas are attempting to overthrow King Hussein.

26 Presidential Commission on Campus Unrest urges Nixon to exert moral leadership in healing discord.

28 Egyptian president Nasser dies of heart attack after Arab summit.

30 Presidential Commission on Obscenity and Pornography says it can find no scientific evidence of a causal relationship between pornography and crime or sexual deviance and urges the repeal of all laws prohibiting the distribution of such materials to consenting adults. Nixon condemns the report before its release, calling it "morally bankrupt."

Also this month:

The Weatherman Underground designs and executes the successful escape of Timothy Leary from the prison at San Luis Obispo, where he had been confined for seven months as the result of a little marijuana caper he and his daughter were involved in in Mexico, as well as a couple of other events. Leary goes to Algiers where the Black Panther Party Embassy grants him asylum. The Pro-Palestine/Anti-Israel movement gains momentum on the American Left.

Texas Governor Preston Smith is shouted down by University of Houston demonstrators crying "Free Lee Otis!" in support of black activist Lee Otis Johnson, who is serving a 30-year sentence for passing a joint to an undercover police officer. Smith leaves the stage, confused, it is said later, about what they were saying to him. He thought they wanted *frijoles*. Pigs vs. Hippies baseball games proliferate. The Pigs usually win.

October

2 A chartered plane carrying thirteen

members of Wichita State University's football team crashes, killing all passengers. (Then, on November 10, another chartered plane crashes, killing the entire Marshall University (West Virginia) football team.)

4 Commission on Campus Unrest says killings at Kent State were "unwarranted," but blames both National Guardsmen and students.

7 Weathermen leader Bernadine Dohrn, in a tape-recorded broadcast in New York, calls for an offensive by dissidents that "will spread from Santa Barbara to Boston, back to Kent and Kansas." Faces of many Weathermen are displayed in U.S. Post Offices.



8 Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn wins Nobel Prize for literature.

10 Quebec Labour Minister Pierre Laporte is kidnapped by French-Canadian separatists.

12 Commission on Civil Rights reports that there has been a "major breakdown" in enforcement of civil rights legislation.

13 Angela Davis is captured in New York.

15 China, Russia and America test nuclear devices on the same day in what is called an "unprecedented coincidence."

16 Ohio Grand Jury exonerates National Guardsmen in Kent State

shootings, but indicts 25 other people, mostly students and faculty, and lays blame for the deaths on "permissiveness."

18 Body of Quebec labor minister is found.

24 Joint session of Chilean Congress elects Allende president.

31 In a campaign speech, Nixon calls for the end of "appeasement" of "thugs and hoodlums." Two days earlier, various objects had been thrown at him at a California rally.

Also this month:

The Ku Klux Klan holds a rally near Crosby. About 400 people turn up at the first public Klan rally in three years.

KPFT's transmitter is dynamited again; although it had been placed in an underground bunker this time, the bombers placed explosives on an air vent and weighted them down, and that did the trick.

Gays complain of harassment by police in Montrose bars.

Janis Joplin and Jimi Hendrix die.

In *Space City!*, women's Chicanos' and blacks' revolutionary politics have almost entirely replaced war protest. War continues (it will still be more than a year before Nixon and Kissinger order the Christmas bombing of North Vietnam, including its hospitals.)

November

3 Congressional and other elections are held; among the elected are Bella Abzug, Shirley Chisholm, Yvonne Braithwaite Burke, Barbara Jordan, Ron Dellums and Father Robert F. Drinan, the first Roman Catholic priest

rate to 5.5 percent.

December

3 Senate rejects request for funding of supersonic transport plane (SST).

10 Nixon, at his first press conference in four months, warns he will order more bombing of North Vietnam if the level of fighting is stepped up as U.S. troops withdraw, or if reconnaissance planes are shot at.

14 Nixon announces John Connally will become secretary of the treasury.

15 The Food and Drug Administration order a million cans of tuna fish off the market because of excessive mercury content.

23 FDA recalls frozen swordfish from the market because of excessive mercury content.

27 India's prime minister, Indira Gandhi, dissolves Parliament.

31 County Judge Bill Elliott criticizes Armco Steel President William C. Verity, whose company had been dumping cyanide into the Houston ship channel.

Paul McCartney brings suit to break up the Beatles.

Allende announces that Chile will nationalize its banks, not long after he announced he would establish diplomatic relations with Cuba.

KPFT announces it will be back on the air January 20, 1971.

Nixon invites the White House

to vote in the House. Nixon announces that, although no great Republican gains were made, he now has an ideological majority in Congress.

9 Charles de Gaulle dies.

10 Nixon, at de Gaulle's funeral, calls it "a great day for France."

12 Biologists at State University of New York in Buffalo report first artificial synthesis of living cell.

18 Linus Pauling claims that large doses of vitamin C can prevent colds.

21 U.S. planes begin 24-hour bombing of North Vietnam.

30 Federal Reserve Board cuts discount

press corps in for an hour of drinks and conversation, and tells them he pays no attention to public opinion polls. That day, he also signs the Clear Air Bill to "virtually eliminate dangerous emissions from automobile exhausts by 1976."

At the Manson trial, the prosecution's star witness, Linda Kasabian, is called "Mr. Magoo" by Manson's attorney, who reminds the jury that Magoo always leaves "havoc in his wake but comes out unharmed himself."

Oil is still escaping from a burning Shell Oil Company platform in the Gulf of Mexico and the slick stretches 2.8 miles.

John Lennon says the first time the Beatles took LSD was in 1964.

The Next Day, January 1, 1971:

A Datsun 1200 costs \$1736, while Renaults are going for \$1495.

The last cigarette commercials are seen on American television. J. Edgar Hoover is 76.



LIBERTY HALL

The cultural center for the counterculture

BY JANICE BLUE

An interview with Ryan Trimble, co-founder of the late Liberty Hall.

Janice Blue: How did your interest in music begin?

Ryan Trimble: It started with Ikey, my next door neighbor. He played the guitar and I played the banjo. We did the folk songs back then. That was when I was 13 or 14 years old.

JB: This was in Beaumont?

RT: This was in Nederland, Texas.

JB: Nederland? That's where Karen Silkwood grew up.

RT: I knew Karen Silkwood. Karen and I went through junior high, high school and we went to Lamar University. We were friends. I dated her girlfriend.

JB: What was she like?

RT: Karen was independent and smart. She was pretty smart. Karen and her friends had a clique, sort of a small sorority. They all made good grades. They were a little elitist, but they were smarter than most of the other people.

JB: How did you react to her death?

RT: I was freaked out when I first learned she had been contaminated (with plutonium) and everything after that.

JB: That's another story, I know. Tell me how you got from playing the banjo to getting into the music business?

RT: I bought The Halfway House in Beaumont from Mike Condray, who was to be my partner in Liberty Hall a few years later. Mike and I met while we were going through Lamar. I had some money. I saw the club and bought it on the spot for about \$1500 back in 1966. It was at Second and Broadway in Beaumont, Texas. It was a Victorian-style two-story house with 20-something rooms. It had big pillars and a large wrap-around porch. It was a real nice club, a kind of a folk club where we served exotic coffees. We had a chess room and set aside two rooms for student art showings.

JB: You were still a student then?

RT: Yes, I was a . . .

JB: A business major, sounds like.

RT: No, I was a government major. I had about six or seven majors. But, anyway, I was popular because I had a club, popular among the liberal-minded students.

JB: Is it true Janis Joplin would come and sing there?

RT: Yes. Janis and I met at Lamar. She was a singer and she came to the club. She dated my friend, Ed Kalbaugh. He was a singer and songwriter. He

and I used to play the guitar together, so we used to show Janis the chords and how to do it.

JB: Are you saying she got her start at your club?

RT: Yes. She sang at the club and I never even paid her because she was a friend. I would have paid her at Liberty Hall but Janis never made it. [Joplin died in 1970.]

JB: What did she sing at your club?

RT: She did blues. She liked to scream real bluesy songs. Rhythm and blues. She had a personality to fit that blues image.

JB: What do you mean by that?

RT: She cussed a lot. Her grammar was awful. She said *fuck* a lot. Back then, girls didn't say *fuck*. Janis had a habit of hanging out and not taking care of herself. Her hair would be stringy, She wouldn't use deodorant she wouldn't take baths or brush her teeth. She was just like . . .

JB: A rebel?

RT: Well, more like a dirty hippie. She just didn't take care of herself.

JB: Who were the other artists that played at your club?

RT: I gave Jerry Jeff Walker and Guy Clark \$10 or \$15 a night because they had to come all the way from Houston. My cover charge was a dollar. I didn't serve alcohol, so I couldn't afford to pay talent very much.

You know who else used to hang out with me there? Don Sanders. He's here in town, still sings folk music. In fact, Don is still singing some of the same songs he sang in Beaumont, back in 1967.

JB: You ran your club as a business. I'm amazed you did all this while you were still in college. Most of us had a hard enough time working summers.

RT: At one point, I had the club, a 40-hour job and was taking 15 hours a semester.

JB: Did you sleep?

RT: I slept about three hours a night.

JB: What motivated you more, your interest in music or the business part?

RT: I like being independent. I like to be around artists, creative people. I like the way they're different. I don't like to be around people who sit and watch the football game every week and drink a couple of beers.

JB: Didn't you ever want a career as a musician?

RT: Well, at Liberty Hall I used to have a band. We'd play after hours. We'd get up on the stage. Mike would sing,

Roberto Gonzalez would play bass, and I'd play guitar and piano. I've played some real famous people's guitars. I've played more guitars than anybody in town. Everyone who left their guitar at the Hall, I'd play it.

JB: How did you get from The Halfway House to Liberty Hall?

RT: I straightened up my whole act. I graduated from college in January 1969 and moved to Houston in March. I was an underwriter for the Hartford Insurance Company almost two years.

JB: Why did you leave?

RT: The company was very conservative and was giving me a hard time about my cutting my hair above my ears—it was about as long as it is now—and they told me if I wanted a raise, I'd have to get married. I was handling a million and a half's worth of their accounts and I was over 40 of their agents. I would have stayed with the company if they allowed me my freedom, but I got a real good business training at Hartford, which I put to good use when I opened Liberty Hall in February 1971.

JB: Liberty Hall was the cultural center for the counter culture in the seventies. What did the founders want it to be like?

RT: Mike [Condray] and I wanted to start a place where people would work together without it being like ITT. It was a social experiment, not just a music movement, an ethical-type movement showing people could work together and not depend on the big money scene, not rip people off with prices, yet give a good thing.

JB: How were you able to do it?

RT: Our rent was cheap, all of our overhead was cut to the bare minimum and these other promoters had to charge \$5-\$6 for a concert. We were putting them on in a smaller place, charging half the price and that made them look pretty foolish. We put a lot of promoters through some bad trips. We undercut their prices and probably put on better shows. Nobody got rich off the place, the people got the benefits, not the owners. Mike and I put the money back into the place. It wasn't a capitalistic trip.

JB: What about money? How much did it take to open a counter-culture business?

RT: About \$3000, and \$2000 was just for the lease. The rest was for paint and repairs.

JB: How did you live before the business got going?

RT: Mike, his girlfriend, Linda Herrera, and I decided we'd all live together, we'd all eat together, we'd all work together. When we opened Liberty Hall, we all ate there. We ate brown rice and beans, a lot of brown rice and beans. I didn't have many of the physical, materialistic comforts, but I had the comforts of going to the shows and knowing I helped put on those shows. Plus, I didn't have any free time to spend money. I had all the entertainment I could ingest.

JB: How did you happen on the building at 1610 Chenevert?

RT: We got the old American Legion hall from these World War I veterans. They really let the place get run down. They only met once a week to play penny-ante cards. It was trashed out, so some of the workers got lifetime passes for their contributions to Liberty Hall. We didn't have any shows booked but we had a building.

JB: How did you go about booking talent?

RT: We had a policy before we'd book anyone that we'd all vote on a suggestion. We tried to take anyone's suggestion. Right at the start, we went to Austin. We had good connections there. We met Freddie King and we ran into C. C. Courtney, the director of the *Earl of Rustin* troupe. We signed a deal with both of them and they were our first acts. They were a big hit.

JB: So Liberty Hall just took off?

RT: Like any business it had its ups and downs. After the *Earl of Rustin*, which ran for five weeks, we did a blues review. Six weeks of the blues with Mississippi Fred McDowell, Lightnin' Hopkins, Big Mama Thornton, Willie Dixon and John Hammond, and I promptly lost \$10,000. But, then, I produced some rock and roll shows and we made it back.

JB: Why didn't the blues work?

RT: The blues worked. The blues established us as a place in the U.S. to play. All these blues players we had were national acts. We got mass media coverage but we lost money because there weren't that many people who came. But we were reviewed in all the trade journals and it let the booking agencies on the West and East coasts know we were here.

JB: Were you in competition with the black clubs?

RT: Don Roby, here in town, controlled the black clubs. Blacks wouldn't come and see the blues acts I billed. B. B. King, they'll go see him, when Don Roby hires him, but they wouldn't go see Mississippi Fred McDowell. The ethnic blacks weren't popular. Rhythm and blues would be. I was never in conflict with black clubs. I never competed with anyone.

JB: A lot of acts that ran at Liberty Hall, you booked before they were big box office. How could you tell they were going to make it?

RT: We just knew. We used to get four or five record albums a day. It got to be a real hassle to listen to everybody and we would book the ones we liked. The first time I heard Bruce Springsteen, I said, "He's a star," and he only had one album out. We booked him three times and he cancelled three times before he finally came down.

JB: But was he well known before he got there?

RT: No. He played Liberty Hall for four nights and then I saw him in Los Angeles six months later. He said, "Man, thank you, that was some of the best shows I've ever done in my life. I didn't know I could play that good." He told me he enjoyed the intimacy of the hall. Then, he sky rocketed. He made *Time* and *Newsweek*.

auditorium.

RT: Yes, we knew some wouldn't fill the Music Hall because I used to tell the booking agents, "Hey, man, if you don't want to play here, there's a 3000 seat Music Hall downtown, but your act is going to look funny playing to about 200 people."

JB: Who were those artists?

RT: Oh, there was Loggins and Messina, Little Feet, Bonnie Raitt, B. W. Stevenson, Willis Alan Ramsey, Joy of Cooking, Mason Profit, Leo Kotke, Alex Taylor, Dr. John The Night Tripper, Dan Hicks and the Hot Licks, Taj Mahal, the Goosecreek Symphony and Cheech and Chong, to name a few. You've got to remember we booked over 400 acts in seven years.

JB: How many people did Liberty Hall seat? And how did you decide on playing two shows a night?

RT: Paul LaGrone, he was one of our original incorporators, had the idea to turn the house, to play two shows a night. That way we could get close to 1000, rather than 500. By the way, Paul was from Beaumont, too. Most of us were from Beaumont-Port Arthur, except Roberto Gonzalez. He was from Santiago, Chile.

JB: I know there were hundreds of people who made Liberty Hall work, but it seemed to a lot of us that it took the

We used to take care of people who came to the Hall. We'd invite them into our family. We'd eat with them, we'd have fun with them and we'd work with them. That's what I enjoyed most about Liberty Hall.

JB: Did you get him back?

RT: No. As a matter of fact I discovered that about most of the artists. It's a hard business if you don't have them on contract. They never come back if they make it. It's because the record companies, their managers, the booking agencies tell them what to do. All these people depend on them for a living, so the artists are under a lot of pressure. They don't have a choice.

Johnny Winters didn't have these people on his back. I called him in New Orleans. He was in the hospital and when he got out, he came down to play with Jimmy Reed. He did three nights. And you know what I paid Johnny Winters? \$30 a night. He came to the office to collect. Here I was paying this super star \$30 a night. He was one of the few people who did that for Liberty Hall.

An act that refused to help us was Z Z Top. They played Liberty Hall in the beginning, but once they made it big, they never would, even though they lived here in town. It got so bad their manager wouldn't let them come and participate in the audience. I thought that was a little too much.

After a while we'd say to a group, we'll book you, but we want you for two return options. Doug Weston did that at the Troubador. The Troubador was to L.A. what Liberty Hall was to Houston.

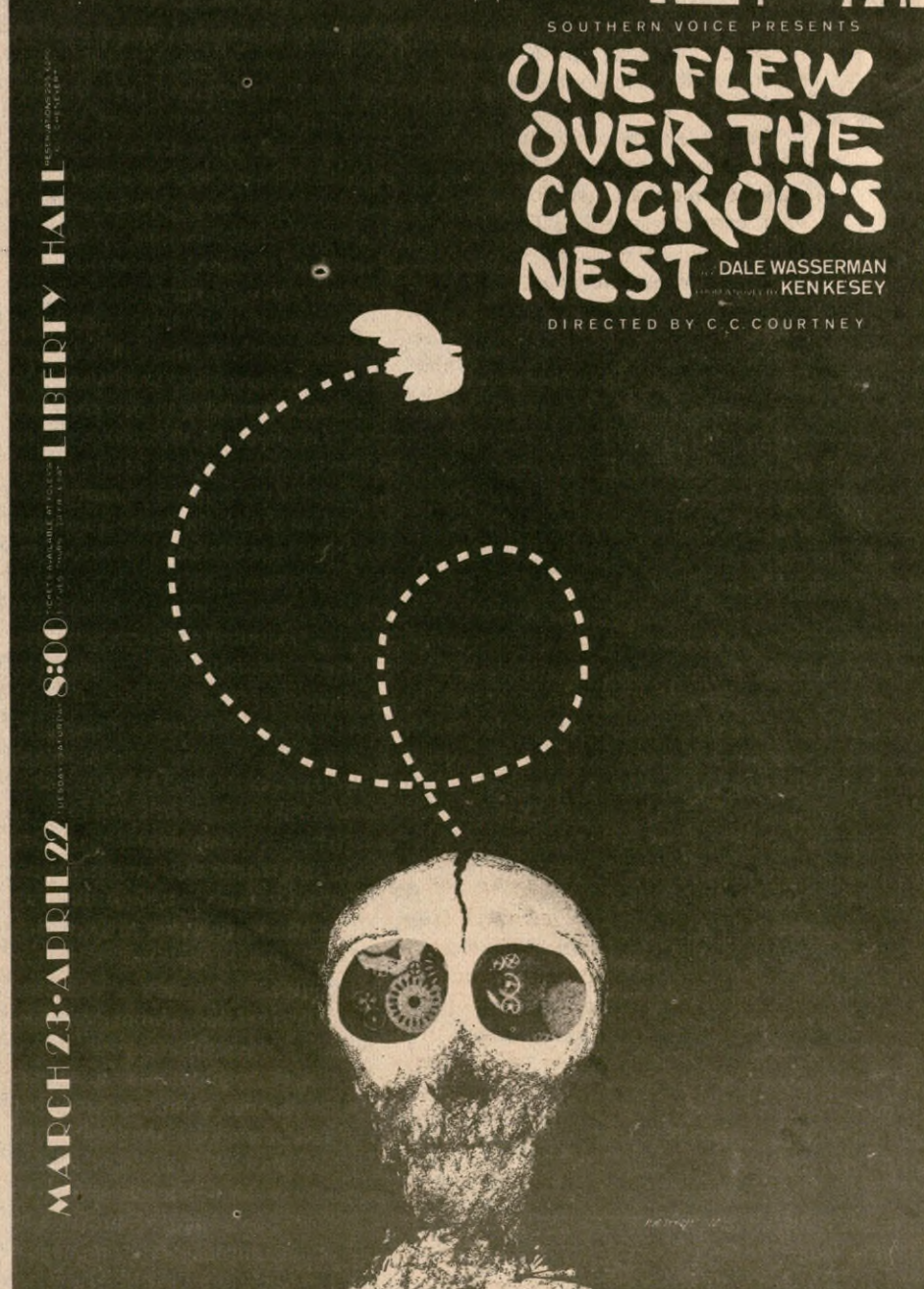
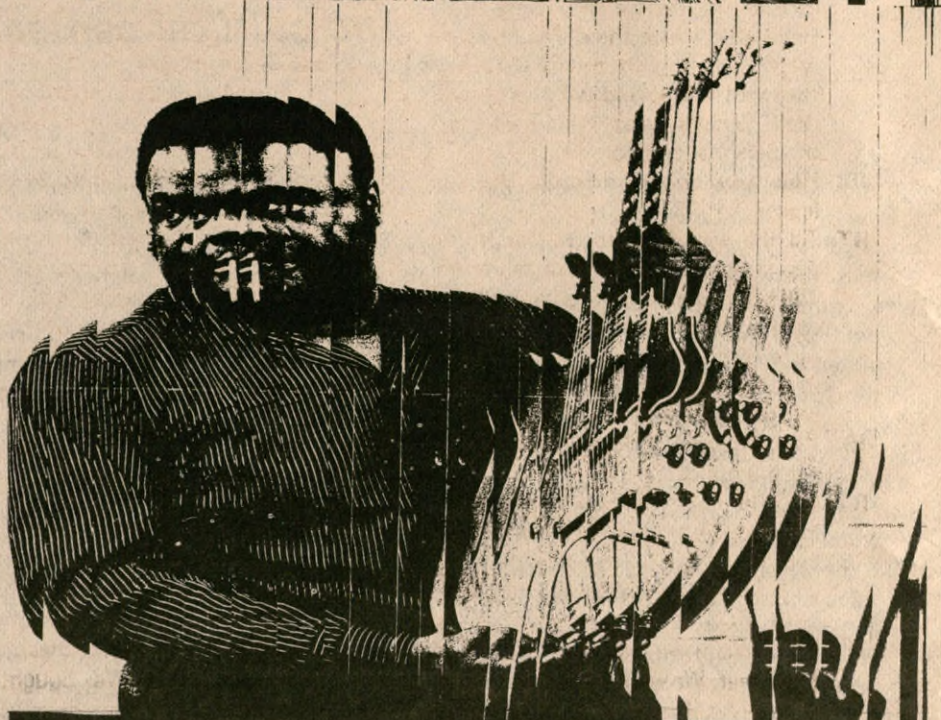
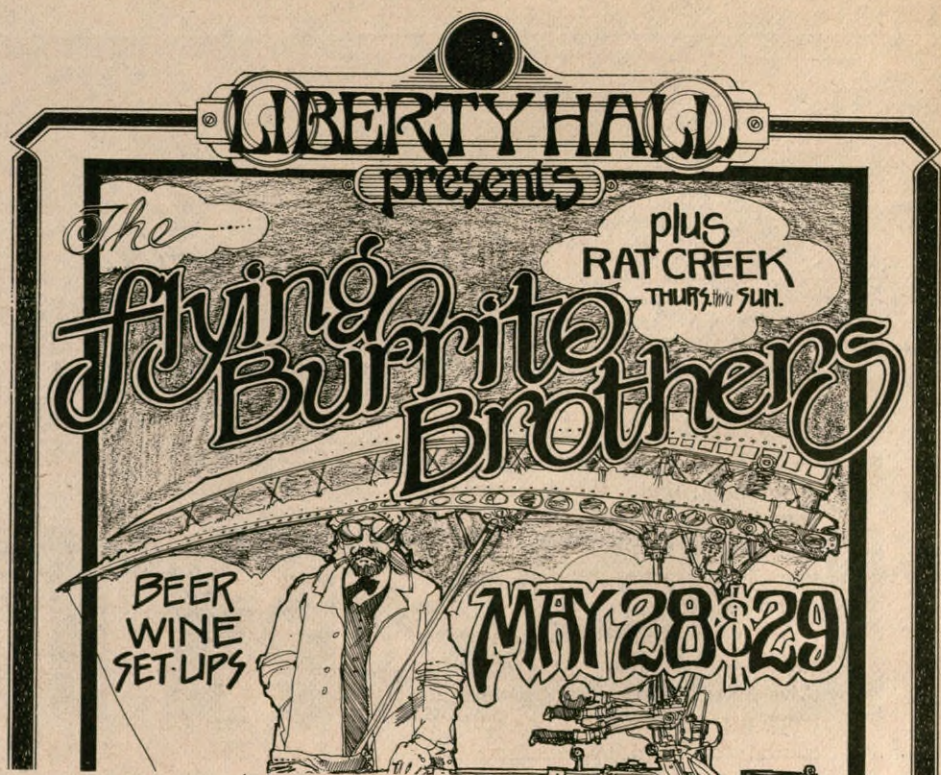
JB: Something else that seems to striking about Liberty Hall was that you gave a stage to artists who couldn't fill an

combination of you, Mike and later, Roberto and Ken Fontenot to really bring it all together.

RT: I guess you could say so. I was in charge of the finances, the box office, and the pr work. Mike was more into the aesthetics, the bookings, the stage settings. Later on when Roberto and Ken became partners, Ken took over the box office and Roberto did the bar and stage. Sometimes he would introduce the shows—wearing a Lone Ranger mask. We didn't have a hierarchy, no titles or business cards.

But there were hundreds of others over seven years. The people in the sound, stage and lighting departments, the transportation and maintenance crews, the restaurant staff and the waitresses. The waitresses were great. There was one, in particular, Maggie Mayer. She was the head waitress for five years. Now, she's at Anderson Fair. Maggie was great. So were Jane and Wendy Broyles. And I always remember George Banks and Ham, the two guys that put up the sign at Liberty Hall. George fell and broke his wrist putting up that sign. George had a hand-operated printing press and did a lot of our posters. Ham did, too. Man, this is hard, I want to mention everybody. We were a close-knit family.

JB: Most of the people I knew that went to Liberty Hall picked up on that feeling of togetherness. I heard you had weddings there and a lot of



parties.

RT: Roberto Gonzales got married there. He had two best men, John Lee Hooker and Lightnin' Hopkins. And Philip Bowles, who worked with lights, staging and the creative ideas got married there, too. I picked out two Gordon Lightfoot albums for the wedding music. Philip and Caroline had a preacher and they got married on the stage.

When the entertainers came to town, some of them that I liked, I'd drive down to Kemah and get a fresh batch of shrimp and cook shrimp gumbo for them. We used to take care of the people who came to the Hall. We'd invite them into our family. We'd eat with them, we'd have fun with them, and we'd work with them. That's what I enjoyed most, the personal contact.

JB: How would you describe the audience?

RT: All the way from lower class to upper class. Ninety percent white and 100% pot smokers. Maybe 1% didn't smoke pot. The police could have arrested every house, every night. I lived in seven years of fear because I knew we were breaking the law every day.

JB: I've always wondered, did you pay off the police?

RT: No. The cops never asked me for any money. They sometimes asked us to help them locate a missing person or with some VD problem. They'd ask how they could reach this person. They knew we were getting kids off the street. We were giving them entertainment. We were running a real clean operation. We weren't dealing in drugs. The only thing wrong was that we had people that smoked pot in our place.

The police did raid the place in 1971. John Lee Hooker was on the stage. At midnight, two young policemen came to check ID's. After a brawl, seven or eight people were arrested for abusive language and stuff like that. I went down and bailed everyone out. The next day, some of the motorcycle police came out and brought me some chocolate cupcakes.

JB: Somehow I can't imagine the police doing that, especially during the Herman Short era. Sure they weren't brownies?

RT: Pretty sure.

JB: Is it true Liberty Hall created the cosmic cowboy?

RT: That's not true. Austin created the cosmic cowboy. Liberty Hall introduced it to Houston. We just happened to be booking country and western acts and we booked Michael Murphy and he was singing about cosmic cowboys. That's how that myth got started.

JB: What was the high point at Liberty Hall?

RT: That had to be *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*. It was a real success. It got a lot of critical acclaim and we went on TV and radio shows to talk about it. We cast it, produced it, directed it—all the money came from Liberty Hall. It ran for two months, from March to May of 1972. Oh yeah, and Jerry Jeff Walker—that was a good show. He played one year for New Year's Eve and played all night long.

JB: And the low point?

RT: That had to be *Ripped and Wrinkled*

by C.C. Courtney. It was a "musical fantasy" and the critics thought it was awful. Come to think of it, C.C. had the high and the low—he also produced, directed and acted in *Cuckoo's Nest*.

JB: I just have to ask you about the poster art, that's what I remember over the years, seeing some really good art go up on those telephone poles. That was such a good way to communicate. I know there was *Space City!*, *Southern Voice* and KPFT publicizing your shows, but it's the poster art that I remember.

RT: Posters had to go through a committee for approval and we used some good artists like Bill Narum, Ham, and George Banks.

I developed a distribution route, a scientific method, with a key map, of blocks, corners and intersections. I didn't put them up indiscriminately, so a thousand posters went a long way. I even figured out how to put them on the poles so everyone could see them from four corners.

JB: Well, I thought they were everywhere.

RT: I figured out that we probably put out over three and a half million posters in seven years.

JB: When Liberty Hall closed in 1977, was that the official end of the sixties for Houston?

RT: That was the end of an era in music when you could go to a small place, see a name act and not pay much money for it. We didn't scalp people. We didn't buy the acts cheap and sell them expensive. We bought them cheap and sold them cheap. We wanted to have shows that people, like ourselves, could afford to see. At the time we opened, I was 24 years old. We thought it would be better for the club to have people like it because they got a good deal. We thought the community would support it and they did. People in Houston supported Liberty Hall.

JB: Do you think Liberty Hall was a product of its time?

RT: Yes. It seemed like the people of the early seventies had more of a bond together. We were fighting against the war, we were fighting for the legalization of marijuana, we were fighting for human rights. We were fighting for a system to work together and not have rip-off profits. All these things we were fighting for seemed to dissolve when people realized there was nothing holding them together. Today, we have a population that's more individual-oriented. Bonds are developed on an individual basis.

JB: Are you saying the changing times closed Liberty Hall?

RT: The business was a hard business. It had its problems. Mike and Ken got out. We had a disagreement in 1975. I got fed up with the business for personal and drug reasons. People coming to the Hall were getting uncontrollable. They were taking uppers and downers and getting sick and I got sick cleaning up the place. Also, the new wave of music, punk stuff, was coming and I didn't like that. When I lost the enjoyment of putting on shows, making people happy for my self-fulfillment, I lost everything I was there for, so I got out in 1976. Roberto kept it another year. He lost some money and went out of business.

JB: The drugs were always there, weren't they?

RT: The only drug around Liberty Hall was marijuana. There was no heroin ever, or cocaine, Quaaas, uppers and downers. Liberty Hall didn't have rules. We were loose. We gave people freedom. Our name was Liberty Hall. We wanted people to come and do whatever they wanted, as long as it didn't hurt other people or themselves. It was good for a long time. But, later, when it became abused, when they abused their bodies, they were abusing the place and the other people around them. People were killing themselves on Mandrix. The late seventies became a down generation. People realized they weren't going anywhere. They were getting older, they hadn't accomplished anything. I mean, every day you're down and out on a Quaalude and alcohol, is a day you aren't going to accomplish very much. They're wasting a lot of time being stoned.

JB: But people were stoned on marijuana, too. Do you think you just got burned out, I mean, after seven years, you were entitled to?

RT: Well, I'd been there six and a half years, every night, and I'll tell you, Janice, towards the end I'd go to the place, open the show, and stay outside with my friends.

JB: That sounds like burnout.

RT: Well, the reason for being burned out was because the New York Dolls were on stage and I couldn't tolerate their music. They were loud, abrasive, stupid...

JB: But I've heard some people say that was a stroke for Liberty Hall to bring a group like the Dolls to Houston, a couple of years before people had even heard of punk rock, glitter rock, mascara rock, whatever.

RT: We had indications people here wanted to see that group. I thought they were awful.

JB: So, the change in music, the new wave, had a lot to do with closing the Hall?

RT: It wasn't only that the music was degenerating—in my opinion it was—but I think the music came about because the young kids, as they grew up, didn't have the discipline to sit down and learn music, so what evolved was a bunch of musicians who had energy and ambition, but no musical skills.

JB: Ryan, that sounds like what our parents said to us in the 1950's about Elvis Presley and in the 60's about the Beatles.

RT: Well, my definition of music doesn't fit the definition of music of what the New York Dolls is about. I think that's a bunch of crap that they're putting out. I play the guitar and I can turn my guitar up really loud and send somebody on a psychic trip, too, but where's that? What universal beauty is in that? What poor peasant in the Tibetan mountains can appreciate that bombardment to the ears? You're saying that the new wave was brought on by the drug problem. I think people's minds under drugs are at a point where that music makes sense to them, because they have a dull sense of awareness. I think it takes something really loud and hard to get through those people's dull senses. I think that's why it's

working.

JB: What about disco?

RT: The same goes for the disco beat. That beat is mindless. That beat is appreciated by people who can't appreciate other qualities of music. That's why it's so popular. People haven't been educated in music. They don't understand the finer parts of it.

JB: So, it was the change in music that caused you to lose interest in Liberty Hall?

RT: I took my name away from Liberty Hall because I wasn't satisfied with what was coming down, the acts that the record companies wanted to promote. We couldn't book an act without record company cooperation and the record companies decided they wanted to push new wave rock.

Also, the record companies decided they wouldn't promote the acts on the road. And if I couldn't get record company money, I couldn't operate a place like Liberty Hall and put on the same kinds of shows I was used to putting on. So, when the record companies took their funds away, they killed a place like Liberty Hall.

JB: Did the oil embargo in '74 have a lot to do with the record companies pulling their supports out of live entertainment?

RT: There was a vinyl shortage and records are made from petroleum. They're plastic. The cost of records went up, real fast. They had cash flow problems, so they quit promoting their smaller acts. A lot of artists ate it, went under, because they couldn't make it on their own. The record companies were just putting their money into their sure things and their top stars. It's a big business.

JB: Do you think Liberty Hall would be as popular today?

RT: The shows would be as popular because we had the best shows in the country. But, whether or not our clientele would have that bond, like the anti-war, anti-Nixon, or marijuana thing, that wouldn't be there, but they'd be there because the entertainment was good.

You must realize that we did Liberty Hall to entertain people and to give ourselves a way to make a living that we enjoyed doing. We didn't create Liberty Hall to be a charity organization. We created Liberty Hall to entertain people. And we did let some of our political views come through. We did a lot of benefits for progressive candidates, like Sissy Farenthold, Leonel Castillo, Ron Waters and Fred Hofheinz and for KPFT-Radio. And at the same time we tried to help the city become a better city through our politics.

JB: What do you see for the eighties in music? Do you see a return to message music?

RT: Well, the message music has really slowed down, but it's a cycle. I think it will come back real heavy in the eighties and I think people are going to get away from the disco beat. They're going to get away from the hard rock beat. They're going to start listening to lyrics again, and they're going to start paying attention to a more refined mode of music.

Janice Blue is an editor of Breakthrough.



Janice Blue

NUCLEAR SOLDIER

An anti-nuclear activist describes the occupation at the Seabrook nuclear plant site

BY NIAMI HANSON

The seventies began with the anti-war movement and ended with the anti-nuclear movement. Niemi Hanson gives a first-person account of the occupation at the Seabrook, New Hampshire, nuclear plant last fall. Hanson is a member of both Mockingbird Alliance, a Houston-based anti-nuclear group, and of the newly-created Bayou City Life Force, committed to anti-nuclear civil disobedience. "In other words," Hanson says, "Bayou City breaks the law, Mockingbird Alliance does not." She was the only local activist to go to Seabrook.

Hanson traveled with members of an anti-nuclear affinity group from Austin to Boston where they left their driver's licenses, credit cards, all means of identification, before proceeding to Seabrook. "It was a strange feeling for me," said Hanson. "I felt like I was losing my own identity. Most of the people took fictitious names in the event of a mass arrest, although we hoped by our numbers to overwhelm the authorities.

"It was our plan of action not to get arrested and clog the jails, but rather to occupy Seabrook. We took food, as well as seeds to plant."

Direct action is now part of the anti-nuclear movement. Hanson predicts there will be similar occupations at Diablo (California), Comanche Peak (Texas), Black Fox (Oklahoma), Trojan (Oregon) and Bay City (Texas).

On October 6, 1979, more than 3,000 concerned individuals gathered at the Seabrook, New Hampshire nuclear plant site to demonstrate once again that nuclear power is ecologically unacceptable and potentially disastrous. This action was different from previous demonstrations at Seabrook and other nuclear locations throughout the country. The strategy this time was to penetrate the fence and physically occupy the plant site until it was shut down forever. This was done successfully in Germany in 1975, when 28,000 people occupied a nuclear plant and lived on site for 18 months. The plant has never been completed.

The town of Seabrook, New Hampshire has a population of 6,000 and is located at the southern end of New Hampshire's 18-mile seacoast. The citizens of Seabrook have twice voted against having the plant in their town. Seven nearby towns have also voted against it. New Hampshire residents have fought years of regulatory and licensing proceedings to stop this plant. Ten years of fighting the nuke through the system and years of rallies and demonstrations have accomplished a great deal concern-

ing public education—but the construction of this nuclear plant continues. The feeling is growing that we must close the nuke ourselves.

The occupation at Seabrook began on October 6, 1979 at 4 a.m. It was cold, dark and wet. The occupiers emerged from their campsites with incredible zeal, and the feeling of solidarity was obvious. Affinity groups gathered into two long lines and moved toward the 120-acre core reactor area of the plant; the majority from the south, the others from the north. Dawn emerged during this long procession. It was hilly, sometimes slippery, and there were marsh-holes to be avoided. "Engineering crews" had gone out the day before to build bridges or arrange planks over areas that were treacherous to cross.

The beauty of New England in the fall wasn't unnoticed—orange and red leaves on trees, large yellow ferns scattered in contrast with dark, often blackish mud on and off the trail, trees wearing white bark amid evergreens—almost breathtaking—and at this point in time, uncontaminated.

Members of the press were walking along these same trails, easily identified by the large yellow name tags they wore on their coats. They dubbed the occupiers a "rag-tag" army. Rag-tag was a true description and meaningful. (The British called the revolutionary colonists a rag-tag army during the American Revolution.)

It was daylight as the anti-nuclear armies from the north and south advanced to the core area of the plant site. According to *The Real Paper*, a Boston weekly, "Cheers went up across a half mile of marsh as the 25% complete unit of the nuclear plant came into view. The giant cranes, the circular reactor containment, and the enormous steel-girder turbine building stood amid brilliant blue and gold lights in the dawn. "It would be beautiful if it wasn't ugly," remarked a woman from Boston.

Helicopters were heard and seen continually tracking the activity on the ground for the authorities.

The next step was to get to the fence, cut it and enter the site. From this time forward the fence became the symbol.

Overwhelming the authorities with huge masses of people and overtaking the plant site without violence were the objectives, but slightly over 3,000 was not enough and the authorities defeated the physical occupation. As the rag-tag army cut the fence, the state police from several states and the National Guard troops stormed through the opened fence clubbing, macing and driving back the occupiers. According to the *Boston Globe*, "state police had removed their

badges, contrary to state law, and the guardsmen had no visible identification aside from rank. Some state police and guardsmen apparently felt they could act outside the law and proceed accordingly. There is at present no authority to police the police."

After several hours of cutting fence, talking to police on the other side of the fence, being gassed, maced and beaten, and after many meetings on the marsh, the army was pushed back toward the woods, and the tide came in. The marsh was flooded for several hours. The police were now outside the fence, and the fence seemed further away than ever before. The army talked, sang and slept, waiting for the tide to go out. Then an amazing phenomenon occurred—the occupiers moved out toward the fence again, this time holding hands in an act of love forming a line which reached around the reactor core area—a chain of humanity emerging from what might have been considered defeat.

DAY TWO

The battlefield was now at the batch plant (a huge concrete mixing plant). The army moved in with arms linked, singing and moving toward the fence. Approximately 60 feet of fence were pulled down, and the authorities moved toward the occupiers. Again the brutality was overwhelming. It was raining and the affinity groups struggled to stay together throughout the confusion. The occupiers remained nonviolent. According to the *Real Paper*, "About 100 demonstrators sat down and linked arms. They sang "Love Each Other as Ourselves, for We Are One," as the troopers watched them. Medics washed the eyes of the maced. A pouring rain began. People in the march said it was Selma and Birmingham all over."

A chant began, "Main Gate! Main Gate!", and the main gate became the next target. Hundreds of occupiers held a vigil at the main gate, where the authorities waited inside. Residents of the little town of Seabrook honked their car horns as they drove by to express unity with this rag-tag army that had invaded their town in an effort to shut down the nuke. Occupiers talked through the fence to the police, trying to reach their humanity. The police usually behaved in a menacing manner, under orders not to communicate with the occupiers. They were protecting the State; they were there because it was their job; they were protecting property. Why is it that property takes priority over human life? They were protecting a nuclear plant that in time could cause their death, the deaths of their unborn children and grandchildren. How can any job mean that much? *The Boston Globe* reported

that "Karen Zwiig, 35, a Boston lawyer who said she has clipped a few strands of fence in the past few days and will save them as souvenirs for her grandchildren, also said she had good experience talking to police along the front lines. 'A few times,' she said, 'I'd walk by and say, "Smile if you'd rather be guarding a solar plant," and some of them did smile.'"

News from the north revealed that the occupiers there fared worse than those at the batch plant. An occupier from New York reported, "We were cutting fence when the cops chased us through the woods, maced some in the face repeatedly, attacked medics, threw their supplies in the swamp and drove us into the swamp."

While these activities continued, other occupiers roamed through the woods hiding from helicopters and cutting more fence for a later date.

DAY THREE

There was still a vigil at the main gate. Ten occupiers tried to chain themselves to the post of the gate and police maced them. Among the 10 was a couple in their 60's. State troopers again wore no identification. Then the authorities closed in from the street behind the occupiers and made it impossible for them to hold the gate.

DAY FOUR

It was extremely cold and raining heavily. Many occupiers had left, the majority of the others were packing. The "kitchen" was still in operation. A man approximately 30 years old was standing in line for coffee. His head was bandaged from a wound received at the batch plant two days before, and his glasses were broken. He summed up the occupation this way, "It lasted only three days but we made a statement, and the world was watching. It's up to everyone to take a stand." He drank coffee and continued, "An effort was made in this country to occupy and live in a nuclear plant site until it shut down. This was the first attempt, and we learned a lot. I'll be back next time—I want to be there when we get through the fence. I want to plant a tree on the other side of that fence."

The hour-long drive back to Boston was dismal. The New England countryside was just as beautiful as before, but no one paid much attention to it—everyone had private thoughts.

I'm proud to have been a "rag-tag" soldier in this army of over 3,000 striving toward a stable, ecologically balanced environment and demanding a sane energy program.

Niami Hanson, left, anti-nuclear activist.



TUNED IN

ALIVE! coming to Houston this month

BY ASTRID SHEIL

ALIVE! is the name of a feminist jazz group, the title of their first album, and the best word to describe their music. It is a concept album, blending the traditional and explorative modes of jazz, but if the listener is looking for a typical sing-along jamboree of sisterhood or background music for the dinner hour, this is not the album.

ALIVE! was born three years ago at a jazz workshop for women in San Francisco. It began as a trio with Carolyn Brandy on percussion, rhiannon doing vocals and percussion, and Susanne Vincenza playing cello and bass. Jazz keyboardist Michelle Rosewoman often joined the group for jam sessions at local coffeehouses.

During the summer of 1977, ALIVE! crystallized its commitment to music at the Women's Music Festival in Champaign, Illinois and again later that year at the Women's Festival in Michigan. The two newest members of the group, Barbara Borden and Janet Small joined ALIVE! early in 1979. After their first tour together as a quintet in April 1979 everything began to fall together musically, spiritually, politically and emotionally.

It is obvious from the opening cut on the album, *Somebody's Talking to You* that these women are tuned in to each other and can cook with the best jazz ensembles. The added touch of congas to the combination of piano, bass and drums augments the traditional sound and gives the musicians a broader base from which to explore.

One of the more explorative endeavors on the album is *Dark Side of The Moon* which was written by Carolyn Brandy and James Gardner. On this piece the listener is taken through a whirlwind of sound from bells, chimes and piano strings to gongonqui, rattle and cabasa. The piece is impressionistic, painting colors and hues for the ears, creating mood with dissonance and a breakdown of tempo.

Much of the group's work revolves around tempo, rhythm and percussion. There are Latin and African motifs throughout the album as well as touches of bebop, whole note phrasing, parallel motion, blues riffs and extraordinary scat singing that would surely leave Lambert, Hendricks and Ross gasping for air.

Barbara Borden and Carolyn Brandy playing drums and congas respectively, break out for some percussive jamming

reminiscent of the Brazilian Carnival in the opening cut and again in the closing piece, *Yemaya, Sister of the Fishes*. Janet Small is both percussive with her accents and lyrical with long flowing runs across the keys while Susanne Vincenza pounds out a striding bass. And then there is rhiannon.

rhiannon is lead vocalist and, along with Carolyn Brandy, one of the principal songwriters of ALIVE! Her voice has the inventiveness of Urszula, the emotion of Flora, the control of Cleo, and a searing inner spirit all its own. She is at her best with her own songs, *rhiannon*, *Part of Me/Changes* and *City Life*. Her range is so wide, her improvisation so pervasive that the music is simply a vehicle to let the listener have some contact with the planet Earth. Her voice has a universal quality of emotion that would be understood in any language, but the added beauty of the lyrics gives great depth to the jazz.

There is a harmonious balance between lyrics and music throughout the album. In *Part of Me/Changes*, the joy of loving and the pain of separation are expressed succinctly: "If we can just hold on/ To our faith in who we are when we're alone/ We've grown so much stronger for our lovin'." Strong words written by women for women are delivered by a voice as full of emotion as the act of giving birth. The music and the lyrics share a unity of spirit that can only be found when the basic framework is securely rooted in honesty, trust and understanding. Their message is clear: women need to look inward to themselves and to other women for love and truth.

The philosophy of ALIVE! sums it up best: "We believe in the revolutionary and spiritual power of music, which reflects our heritage as women—healers and musicians since ancient times. Our highest goal is to express our uniqueness as individual women while remaining in touch with the source of our common inspiration." This is an extraordinary thought for jazz musicians, but a fundamental credo for women.

ALIVE! will be appearing in Houston on January 18 and 19 at Fitzgerald's. For more information, call 524-0342.

Astrid Sheil is program director of KUHF-FM and worked to get ADDLIB, the Houston all-woman's jazz group together.

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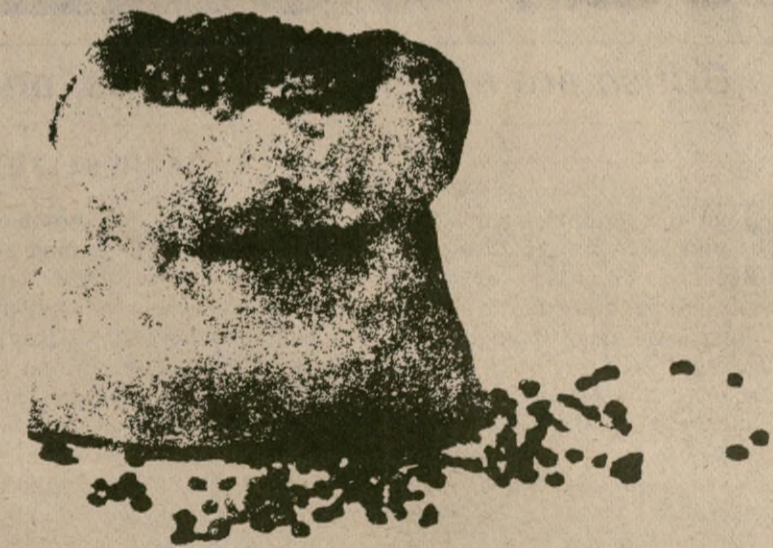
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The author, center, having fun.

David Crossley

where he worked as an accountant.

The other night I met some friends at a pub, and we went into the back room where a world famous—or so I was told—New York cocktail pianist was giving what looked like a chamber recital. I was the only one there who'd never heard of the man—so please don't ask me his name—but I think I was also the only one who managed to feel sorry for him. I'm not a great frequenter of places with cocktail pianists, but I've seen one or two, and a hundred in films, and while the piano player plays, the people go on with their chatting and drinking, in a sort of cocktailly way, lots of tinkles to go with the tinkling music. But this poor bastard was up on a little stage, and the audience, about two dozen gents and ladies dressed in cocktail gear, sat in straight chairs in a semi-circle just beneath him, silently staring at him and holding their token martinis (and a British martini is just that, no gin) erect in their laps. At one point between tunes he said very shyly that it was all right with him if we talked, but I was the only one to try and I immediately got shushed. After a while I couldn't stand either the social constraint or the man's obvious agony (you don't take your piano-playing to a cocktail bar in the first place if you're overendowed with chutzpah) and went back to the main part of the pub, where I could drink beer and hear the juke box. This is the same pub, by the way, where every Sunday afternoon all the Dixieland purists gather (with much the same attitude, although there are more of them and they do make a little noise between numbers) to hear precise imitations of King Oliver, Louis Armstrong and the rest of the jazz-goes-up-the-river crowd. Occasionally, the MC will drag up some poor nonagenarian Creole, tottering from jet lag, and make him blow his old lungs out, while the audience sits in a hush so unnatural considering the kind of place that the fellow must have started his career in, that he probably imagines he's performing at the Judgement.

I could go on and on with examples of this, including a bluegrass crowd that I fell in with once and, of course, the massive annual Country Music Festival at Wembley Stadium, where a large part of the audience of hundreds of thousands dress up in cowboy suits, complete with spurs and toy guns, and the main attractions are Nashville musicians who have recently, or not so recently, peaked in the States. (In the last couple of years, a country rock night has been added, but only hippies go to that one. Hippies, as any decent Tammy Wynette connoisseur will tell you, don't got no sense of history.) There are Civil War fanatics who stage battles, fast-draw experts,

THE COLLECTORS

The British are a nation of magpies, and they're storing our music.

BY DAVID HELTON

Right now I'm listening to a radio interview with Lee Clayton, a country singer and songwriter from Alabama, and every so often he and the DJ/interviewer break off to play one of his numbers. He's very good, but I've never heard of him before, though I've recognized most of the songs they've been playing, the last three being sung by Willie Nelson, Waylon Jennings and Jerry Jeff Walker. On Sunday on this same station I got an hour and a half of 1950s San Antonio Chicano doo-wah music, and the week before there was an hour of Cousin Joe from New Orleans. (I don't read radio schedules; these are just programs that happen to be there when I switch on.) Not much to write home about, you may think—except that writing home about it is exactly what I'm doing. I live on the other side of the ocean, and the station that broadcasts this arcane music is BBC Radio London.

Although author David Helton lives in London, his heart will always be in Texas.

As the Cockney San Antonio doo-wah freak put it, "We know more about these geezers than what the Americans do."

Well, how much *do* you know about Juanito and Pete, Slim Mickey or Johnny Spain? Certainly any mental files I ever had on them are long lost, and I spent part of the fifties in San Antonio, and was in my teens then and used to listen to that kind of music. Yet here is a Londoner who could write an encyclopedia entry on the genre (or subspecies) and, what's more, gets an hour and a half of scarce BBC air time to entertain the city's other aficionados of Juanito and Pete and company. A Johnny Spain record, he said, changes hands these days at 20 British pounds.

In fact Britain's full of curators of odd bits of Americana. When I arrived here several years ago, one of the first people I met, a man who lived in the flat above me, was a Wild West fanatic. He had a room stacked halfway up the window with True West-type magazines

and obscure historical journals, most of them published in Texas and Arizona, and since it's not that enormous a subject it's conceivable that he knew everything there was to know about it. For instance, he could name from memory all the men who died in the Alamo. He could give you a run-down of Billy the Kid's psychopathology, or tell you the economic imperatives leading to the establishment of Round Rock. At first he was excited to learn that I was from Texas, but he cooled as time passed and he saw that I was just another dumb cowboy who'd been to too many movies and didn't know the Ringo Kid from John Wayne. And it was of course only a hobby with him, except for whatever political thrill he got from being president of the local Wild West Society (though in British tradition politics can be a hobby too). After he'd got up off his blanket in the morning and taken off his boots and bandana, he'd put on a brown business suit and go to his office,

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May Ross Taylor
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music could start a cult.

people who pretend to be Indians and camp out in tee-pees, a woman from Southampton who has built a shrine to Jim Reeves and apparently prays to him, and of course an army of Presleyites prepared to mourn forever more—*he never came to England*. I think they'd settle for his body, though.

Now, why would a country that's not really so bad off (don't believe everything you read) fawn so shamelessly over another country's culture, especially when its own culture is so rich? Okay, Americans are a bit that way about Shakespeare and so on, but mostly because they feel obliged, because they learned about this stuff in school, and because, anyway, Shakespeare, being pre-1776, is as much a part of American culture as British. But what American knows anything about British traditional music, for example? For that matter, hardly any British know anything about it. There are a couple of societies that try to save it from extinction, and clubs here and there where the few traditional musicians who remain will perform for expenses and beer (I'm discounting the "folk" movement, which includes some festivals and the occasional good rock group like Steeleye Span, because that's just the hippies again), but I'll bet they're outnumbered by the Elvis Presley clones alone. When I've broached the subject here, the answer I usually get is that American music is just so much more alive.

All right, but why? The first explanation, the easy one, is that the British class system killed the native popular music by not allowing it on the radio. When you mention class here, it's no Marxist abstraction (and anyway, don't forget where Marx lived while he was refining his world view;) the system has concrete effects. All during the twenties, thirties and forties, and even into the fifties, when radio was proliferating in the US, there were only two stations in all of Britain, both of them run by a Government corporation, the BBC, which was run by upper-middle-class bureaucrats who thought popular music was vulgar, as, by definition, it is ("vulgarity" only has a bad name because of the way the middle classes sneered when they said it). So they wouldn't broadcast it, British, American or any other kind. The most "popular" music on the radio was a Paul Whiteman imitator named Ted Heath, who had managed to find taints of Storeyville even in the aptly-named Whiteman's music and had refined them out. While in the States radio was fusing dozens of regional styles into broad popular sounds—Nashville, blues, bee-bop, Tin Pan Alley, swing, rhythm and blues, rock and roll—British traditional music, including its once-thriving

Music Hall, was still in the boondocks, still depending on live audiences, most of whom weren't there any more because they were at American movies or listening to American records or tapping their toes to Ted Heath. A remaindered shipment of, say, San Antonio doo-wah music could easily start a cult, and a hard, expensive object like a phonograph record, if it's your only source of the sound, doesn't go out of fashion as easily as the momentary whims of a disc jockey. American popular music was rare and cherished and passed from hand to hand, a bit like modern literature in Moscow today—indeed, like popular music in Moscow today. (I might add that when the BBC put on two popular channels and began setting up local radio stations, one of the first results was the Beatles.)

Another explanation, and this one's harder, is the national passion, common to all classes, for collecting things. Maybe this derives from their long history as a trading nation—who knows?—or because their mothers don't pay very much attention, or all of the above and more, but everybody I meet seems to be some kind of magpie—collecting everything from stamps, coins and matchboxes to steam engines, beer labels and the numerals on passing airplanes. Frazer, Darwin, Burton, Leakey—they could only have been British. But there is also a typically British disdain for the people who produce or otherwise live with the things that the British collect. A musicologist I know, who specializes in Deep South music, can't stand the States. He only goes there when he has to, because he finds the place culturally barren. By this he means that most Americans don't know what they've got. They sit around in their bars and honky-tonks getting on with drinking their lives away and being quite grateful that somebody's playing some music, but they don't even know that this is Deaf Boy Blue who was born in Yazoo, Mississippi, and used to play with Two-Toe Jackson when Jackson was still on one-string washtub, and in 1925 they cut three records on such-and-such a label, and do you want to know the serial numbers?

The attitude can be irritating, but you'll have to admit that it's useful. It means that the rest of us can go on living and creating and neglecting, and there'll always be some Englishman to pick up what we've thrown away and put it where it won't get lost, broken or rained on, saving it as surely as the Karyatids were saved when they were stolen from the Parthenon. The British are always wondering if they have a role in the world any more. I think that they do and that it's the same as it always was: the British Museum.

Lynne Mutchler, editor

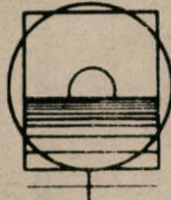
Harris County Women's Political Caucus will sponsor a fundraiser for Congressman Mickey Leland on Saturday, January 19 at 8 p.m., at 1415 Indiana.

Fund-raiser for Anne Wheeler, January 26, 7-11 p.m. \$5 donation, cash bar. 306 Terrace.

Houston: A Women's History is a series of free lectures exploring the contribution of Black, Anglo and Hispanic women to Houston's history, politics, business, and the changing status of women.

The Learning Library Program of the Houston Public Library is presenting these lectures twice: at 2:30 p.m. on Sundays (January 20 to March 23) at the Jungman Branch, 5830 Westheimer; and at 7 p.m. on Thursdays (January 24 to March 27) at the Central Library, 500 McKinney.

The first topics are: *A Woman's Place in Houston*, Carol Brown, HCC; *The Women's Suffrage Movement: Its Birth in Houston*, John Eudy, NHCC; *Women in Houston Politics: 1950 to the Present*, Eleanor Tinsley, Houston City Council; *Black Women in Houston Politics*, Marcella Washington, HCC; *The Changing Legal Status of Houston's Black Women*, Myrtle McKenzie, Attorney; and *Mexican American Women in Houston Politics*, Olga Soliz, Business Consultant. For further information and the complete schedule, call 222-3268.



Volunteers to work with residents of the shelter for abused women maintained by the Houston Area Women's Center will be trained on four consecutive Saturdays beginning January 5, 1980. Training will be from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. and will include: an understanding of family violence, crisis intervention training, information on community resources and procedures at the shelter. For more information call the Houston Area Women's Center at 792-4403.

Reel Women is a 10-week series of films offering an intensive opportunity to explore how films have perpetuated myths and stereotypes and reinforced beliefs of the proper "place" of women. The films will be shown free Saturday afternoons at 2 p.m. beginning January 12 in the auditorium of the Houston Public Library's Julia Ideson Building at 500 McKinney.

Chronicling almost 50 years of social history, the films were chosen by Eric Gerber, film critic of the *Houston Post*, and Dr. Antoinette Boecker of TSU. Each film dramatically depicts a specific era in the changing role of American women and significantly reflected and influenced the values and beliefs of its first-release audience.

January 12	<i>Stella Dallas</i>	1937	Barbara Stanwyck
January 19	<i>Mildred Pierce</i>	1945	Joan Crawford
January 26	<i>Shanghai Express</i>	1932	Marlene Dietrich
February 2	<i>Klute</i>	1971	Jane Fonda
February 9	<i>His Girl Friday</i>	1940	Rosalind Russell
February 16	<i>Some Like It Hot</i>	1959	Marilyn Monroe
February 23	<i>A Woman Under the Influence</i>	1974	Gena Rowlands
March 1	<i>Rachel, Rachel</i>	1968	Joanne Woodward
March 8	<i>Looking for Mr. Goodbar</i>	1977	Diane Keaton
March 15	<i>Girlfriends</i>	1978	Melanie Mayron



What state elected the first woman governor in the United States and inaugurated the nation's only all-woman Supreme Court—all within the same year?

Texas, of course.

The year was 1925 when Miriam "Ma" Ferguson was sworn in as Texas' and the nation's first female governor. "Most Texans know about Ma Ferguson, but few have ever heard about the All Woman Supreme Court, appointed only 5 years after women won the right to vote," says Travis County Commissioner Ann Richards.

Hortense Ward was appointed Chief Justice, Ruth Brazil and Hattie L. Henenburg were appointed associate Justices by the previous governor, Pat M. Neff. The women were appointed to hear a case involving Woodmen of the World, a fraternal organization whose members included all the male members of the Court as well as most of the male attorneys of the state, who might be charged with a conflict of interest in the case.

These little-known facts of Texas history are being uncovered by the Texas Women's History project of the Texas Foundation for Women's Resources, a non-profit organization. The material is being gathered for a major exhibit about Texas women—and the role they had in shaping the state's history. The exhibit is tentatively scheduled to open at the Institute of Texas Cultures in San Antonio in 1981. A film, a traveling exhibit and several publications are also being planned.

"We have had calls from all parts of Texas, with offers of information, materials and assistance to the project," says Mary Beth Rogers, project director. More than 4,000 museums, historical organizations, libraries, universities and private individuals have been surveyed to identify artifacts, photographs, documents and other material to include in the exhibit.

The project will soon publish a *Guide to Sources on Women's History in Texas*, compiled from the unprecedented survey of historical sources made for this project.

Initial funding for the project has been provided by the Texas Committee for the Hu-

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manities, the National Endowment for the Humanities and private donors. Additional funds are being solicited to carry out future plans.

For more information about the project, contact the Texas Foundation for Women's Resources, P. O. Box 4800, Austin TX 78765.

Managing Your Time is the subject of a Saturday workshop at Family Service Center, 3635 W. Dallas. The February 9 workshop scheduled for 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. will focus on setting priorities and balancing needs, uncovering time-wasters and exploring time-savers. For information on tuition and reservations call 524-3881.

An ERA Action Team is forming in Houston to staff a phone bank. For further information contact Jan Stevens at 445-2220 or 442-6838.

Inside Running, a tabloid for Houston-area joggers, sponsors night running and jogging at Bellaire Senior High School, Maple and Ferris (between Beechnut and Bellaire), on Tuesday and Thursday evenings between 7 and 9 p.m. The quarter-mile track and adjacent parking lot are well-lit, and *Inside Running* has arranged for security personnel to be on hand during those hours to supervise joggers' safety. For more information, call 777-9084.

Interested in making a career change? The Career Options Program of Houston Community College will be offering its first free four-week workshop, beginning January 7. The workshop will be in three units; the first will deal with coping strategies for changing roles. Experts will address the questions of legal rights, childcare and financial management. There will also be seminars in communication skills, stress, and time management. The second unit will offer participation in vocational and technical programs at the college. The third unit will deal with strategies for making a career choice and methods of implementing it, including resume writing, interviewing techniques and individual job counseling.

The workshop is scheduled for Monday through Friday, 9 a.m. to 2 p.m., January 7 through February 1 at HCC, 2720 Leeland. For further information, call Career Options at 237-1040.

Tips on Relaxation, a continuing series of one-hour meetings teaching principles of decision-making and stress management, is presented by The Community, the public service branch of the Synthesis Foundation, a non-profit education organization. These meetings are free and open every Sunday, 7:30 p.m. at 2208 Portsmouth, Houston 77098. For more information call 520-6067.

The realities of teenage pregnancies in Harris County will be the topic of a combined meeting of the Montrose Area and Southwest Houston Chapters of NOW. Lorie Smolins will be the speaker for the meeting at Jungman Library, 5830 Westheimer at 7 p.m. on Tuesday, January 22. For more information, call Peggy Hall at 522-4468.

Working Women as a Part of the Labor Movement will be the topic of a talk by Nikki Van Hightower for **Houston Network** at the First Unitarian Church, 5210 Fannin, on Thursday, January 24 at 7:15 p.m. For further information on this program or about Houston Network, a new organization to address the problems of working women call Beverly Stotesbury at 729-8742 or 797-1207.

The National Association of Women Business Owners Houston Chapter is sponsoring a seminar series through the Houston Community College system. The first topic is *Entrepreneurship* with a focus on motivational and planning techniques. This seminar begins on January 22. For information on schedule, tuition and other topics, contact HCC, or the National Association of Women Business Owners at 3100 West Alabama, Suite 306, Houston TX 77098.

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Women Against Nukes: Send name, address, phone, and brief description of group/organization of women opposed to nuclear technology to be listed in resource section of *Handbook for Women on the Nuclear Mentality* (to be published in March 1980). Send information to: Nina Swaim, Box 421, Norwich VT 05055.

At some time or other, we all want assistance. For personal change, awareness, relaxation and relationship counseling, call Rikki at 526-9808.

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Women and Work—New Options: A Guide to Nonprint Media, an illustrated listing of more than 100 films, videotapes, videocassettes, and slide/tape presentations, particularly useful to counselors, teachers and administrators interested in showing women in non-traditional occupations is available for \$4.75 (prepaid) from Women's Educational Equity Communications Network (WEECN). Far West Laboratory, 1855 Folsom Street, San Francisco CA 94103. Complete publication list available upon request.

NEWSMAKERS

Linda L. Cathcart, Director of the Contemporary Arts Museum, has announced the appointment of Marti Mayo as Curator of the Contemporary Arts Museum effective January 1, 1980.

Mayo comes to the Museum after seven years at the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C. as Coordinator of Exhibitions. She was deeply involved in organizing 15 exhibitions at the Corcoran during that time including: *36th Biennial Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting, Photographs from the Collection of Sam Wagstaff, Andre, LeVa, Long, and Helen Frankenthaler: Paintings 1969-1975.*

Mayo's education includes a B.A. in studio art and art history from The American University in Washington, D. C. (1970) and a M.F.A. in painting also from American University (1974).

As Curator at the Contemporary Arts Museum, she will be responsible for coordinating and originating exhibitions, catalogs and special program events.



Marilyn Appelbaum has been named executive director of the National Center for Montessori Education. Director and co-owner of the Houston Montessori School, Appelbaum has coordinated workshops and training for hundreds of childcare workers and has trained parents in the Parent Effectiveness method. She is actively involved in promoting quality childcare legislation and is president-elect of the Harris County Chapter of the Texas Licensed Child Care Association and is on the advisory board for *American Mother* magazine. For further information on the National Center for

Montessori Education contact Marilyn Appelbaum at NCME, 3130 North Pebble Beach, Houston TX 77459, (713) 774-7299.



Patty Bass recently declared her candidacy for State Legislative District 80, the seat made vacant by Lance Lator's election to the Houston City Council. While an undergraduate at the University of Texas, she served as one of the first female Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms in the Texas House of Representatives. Bass worked with a Washington D.C. law firm and represented clients before Congressional committees and federal agencies prior to returning to Houston to practice business law with Armogida & Coates. Her basic intent in the legislature is that "It is time to return primary gov-

ernmental responsibility to the state and local level where it belongs." Bass believes, "We need more competent women in Austin."



Janet Fisher kicked off her campaign for the District 80 seat formerly held by Lance Lator at a New Year's Day fundraiser. As a long-time member of the Harris County Women's Political Caucus and activist in Democratic politics, Fisher says, "I want to be in a position, not only to encourage good political activity, but I want to be on the level where my vote can be felt and acted upon." Fisher, now a teacher of remedial reading with HISD, worked on the news desk of *Time* magazine, and was on the staff of Adlai Stevenson's campaign for president (in 1956). She has been foreign editor and

translator for *Current Digest of the Soviet Press*. In New York she ran against an entrenched Republican incumbent for a position on the school board and nearly made it. She lost by 82 votes out of several thousand.



Mary Phillips, president of Phillips International Company, her own commercial real estate firm, has had good response already to her latest project, the National Association of Women in Commercial Real Estate. The new association will educate, encourage and promote women in the field of commercial real estate.

Six years ago, Phillips had to educate and encourage herself into this lucrative field. Her persistence with Shindler & Cummins paid off—the firm allowed her to start making "cold calls" on prospective clients. It was a tough, rejection-prone job that the men hated

doing. Phillips persisted until the clients started asking for her to show them the property. "All I wanted was the opportunity," she recalls. "I want to work with people who have the power and money to make decisions." And now she wants to encourage other women as well. For information on the National Association of Women in Commercial Real Estate, contact Mary Phillips at 850-9300.



The Sportswoman is a newly-opened store specializing in sports equipment and apparel for women only. Margaret Windsor, Sandy Wallace (with a combined total of 22 years coaching experience), and Irene Wallace (l to r) offer women's cut and sizes in togs for tennis, jogging, golf, skiing, camping and swimming. The Sportswoman is open Monday through Saturday, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. at 9131 S. Gessner, Houston TX 77074, 988-5135.

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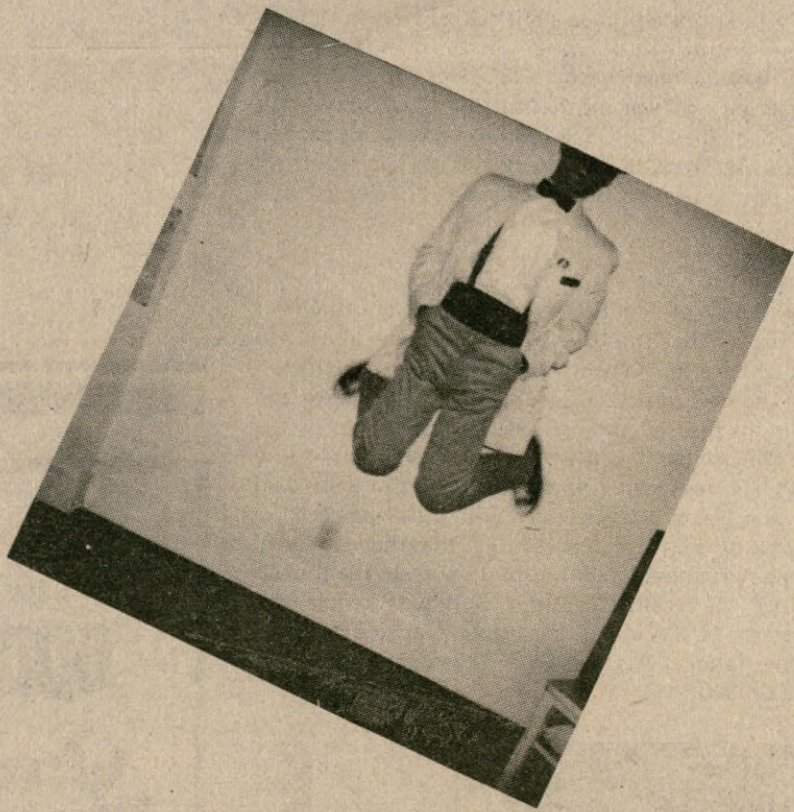
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