

the Catalyst

vol. 11 issue 10 25¢

4611 TECH STATION

March 16-April 7, 1971

LUBBOCK, TEXAS



CHARLIE GUY JOINS THE CATALYST STAFF

UPPER LEFT

THE CATALYST introduces DIAL-A-PARTY to help your weekends swing.

If you're going to have a party--or want to but haven't for fear of lack of guests--call us and register your party. This means too that if you want to go to a party, but do not know of one, check with us. We've got to coordinate, right? It works both ways, see.

But notice: if you're a Tech professor and want some groovy students to come over, or if you're a student and want some groovy profs--or if you're a radical chic and want blacks, chicanos or hippies, we can work this thing out. WE ARE GOING TO REVOLUTIONIZE THE SOCIAL LIFE OF LUBBOCK.

That means no more sitting on your can in Lubbock on Saturday nights. And it means you can get guests. The earlier you register your party the better. Whatever your color, profession, etc., we'll try to find a party for you. Save your DIAL-A-PARTY number now.

DIAL-A-PARTY

763-6353

(ask for Ed)



DANCE

This weekend the Lab Theatre opened its palatial gates to the Dance Department. In spite of the finest and most modern lighting and sound equipment together with the supervision of Pat Rodgers and the technical coordination of Pat Hambrick, this production was a tremendous success. In particular, choreography by Gabrielle Jacobsmeier, Janet Kerr, Barbara Weadock, Suzon Marx, Lelan Redline, and Gail Broussard high lighted the evening. 'Wheat Maiden' and 'Opus What??' are examples of the talent which made this night so enjoyable. As dancer, Gabrielle stole the show every time she was on stage. Among all the dancers, one that was any less than professional could not be found. This is unusual at Tech. We hope that a Spring Dance Festival can be sponsored again.

PHONE NUMBERS TO KNOW:

Dial-a-Party (Ed Snow) -763-6353

Abortion Counseling ---765-5853

A C L U -----763-4391

CATALYST -----744-6334

or 742-8474

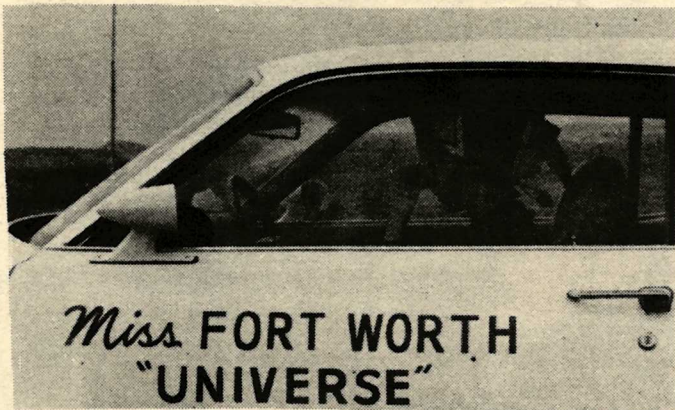
Channing Club -----765-8667

Draft Counseling -----763-4391

Eco Task Force -----762-8749

Free Speech Comm. -----742-4552

La Raza Unida -----747-5437



Miss Fort Worth: Do you remember Friday 5th when you were on your way to Fort Worth? You came around the traffic circle and when you saw me trying to hitch to Dallas, you smiled and waved and drove on. How can I forget that smile, that car, that ride, and those curlers?

Reality II

"Reality II-The New Exaggeration" will feature "Hit and Run", an original musical revue. Ron Williams (the creator of SMCC) wrote the music; Chuck Kerr wrote the lyrics. It is a fast moving, funny, clever satire of Tech, "Greeks"; the Strip, and the Silent Majority (which is reduced to nothingness by a steady barrage of direct hits by the authors). SMCC is organizing these programs partially to raise money, partially to allow people

the mind-bending ordeal of presenting a formal recital, and largely to bring together all the Fine Arts departments: music, art, dancing, drama, photography, and wishfully, experimental films. The program has not been completely filled out yet; anyone wishing to perform or display something should contact Susan Blinderman (743-3732) or Tim Brown (747-4529). March 30, in the Wesley Foundation; 50¢ admission charge.



OUR STAFF:
Polak, Doc Newcomb, Hank, Bill, Aguerro, Emmett Grogan, Charlie, Crowell, Scott, Kelly, Boyer, Kim, Snow, Klein, Adams, Fields

COVER STORY:

CATALYST - A.J. MERGER

You all remember Emmett Grogan, our ace reporter and resident foot fetish freak. Grogan's Aunt Sophie had owned the Chicken Ranch Where House in an isolated and well known part of Texas. The Ranch is the worst kept open secret in Texas history. Sophie died recently, and it is rumored that Delwin Jones was holding redistricting hearings in the parlor the night she died. Delwin's reasoning was that the girls knew all about the legislature. (Only good idea the dumb ass ever had.)

Well, anyway, Aunt Sophie left Emmett \$6.2 million and a life size nude portrait of Lyndon Johnson, Ben Barnes, Frank Irwin, and John Connally all in the same bed. Grogan took the 6.2 million dollars and went on a consumer and dope orgy of unprecedented proportions. When he settled down, he returned to Lubbock and began negotiations to purchase the AValance-Journal! Grogan had a Magic Christian idea to turn this town around by changing the propaganda arm from right wing to left wing. He said he would derive utmost pleasure in firing all the A-J editorial staff and merging it with the CATALYST. While negotiations were being worked out, Grogan was looking forward to marching into Charlie Guy's office with the news. But as usual, our Uncle Charlie was way ahead of us. He had heard all about the merger and was acting accordingly.

Last week, Charlie Guy came into the CATALYST office wearing some outlandish cheap Hole-In-Wall-red bell-bottoms and a plastic fringe vest. He had on some cheap dime store beads and a peace symbol tattooed on one of his bare feet. It blew our minds! (to resurrect a cliché). He was looking for Emmett and said he wanted, "a deep and heavy rap!" He brought along a lid he said was "some dynamite shit as a peace offering." This put us all paranoid and we threw the old gaffer out, Halloween costume and all.

(con't on Page 7)



The Ballad of Percy Mallard

by Emmett Grogan

I once had a grand idea of social and political importance. Pollution and ecology are the in thing now and I wanted to design an international symbol. Smokey the Bear has been fantastically successful in urging people not to burn forests and I wanted to create some parallel for the ecology movement. To symbolize both air and water pollution and conservation what could be more natural than a duck? You guessed it--Smokey the Duck! Now how's that for a nut grabbing symbol?

Well before I could get my call through to Nixon along came KSEL, the potato soup of radio and T.V., with their own duck, a weather duck named Percy Mallard. I could never follow through with my international promotion plans for Smokey the Duck after KSEL came in with P. Mallard, Esq. My duck was pre-empted, my plans were trashed, and I became obsessed with revenge. I did research on KSEL and Mr. Mallard; witness this article.

Now the arrival of P. Mallard has created great social upheaval at KSEL and threatens to topple what was once the most redneck pleasing station in these parts. KSEL is below taste, they have countertaste. Through the years, they have pursued a philosophy that "nothing is dumber than an ole boy from the plains." They thought there was no way to underestimate the taste of their listening audience, but Percy Mallard went far beyond poor taste.

KSEL balleyhooed the upcoming arrival of Percy Mallard for weeks. They bought ads in the A-J and beamed over their own station the cryptic repetitious message "Percy

(con't. on page 10)

BLACK PANTHERS: The Great Divide

by Bill Goodykoontz

The Central Committee of the Black Panther Party asks, in this week's Black Panther newspaper, if Eldridge Cleaver is attempting to divide the Black Panther Party, the community, and the socialist world. The statement stems from an open split in the party between Cleaver and Huey Newton, minister of defense. The conflict arose from Cleaver's response to an act of the central committee of the party, under the leadership of Newton, to expelling all but two of the New York 21 from the party, members of which were accused of threatening Newton's life. For this act, Cleaver and Bobby Seale, Chairman of the party, demanded that the 21 be reinstated into the party, and that David Hilliard, who had assisted Newton, be dismissed.

In response to Cleaver's statement, Newton indicated that "we will take action. If the central committee decides he (Cleaver) will be disciplined, I will recommend that he be put into jail inside our embassy in Algiers." In justification for his actions, Newton brought out the fact that the Panther 21 had jumped bail, leaving the party responsible to pay the amount of \$150,000. "These people not only ran out on their comrades, they ran out on Bobby Seale, who's facing the death penalty in Connecticut", Newton charged. Connie Matthew Tabor, one of the 21, had agreed to testify in Seale's defense.

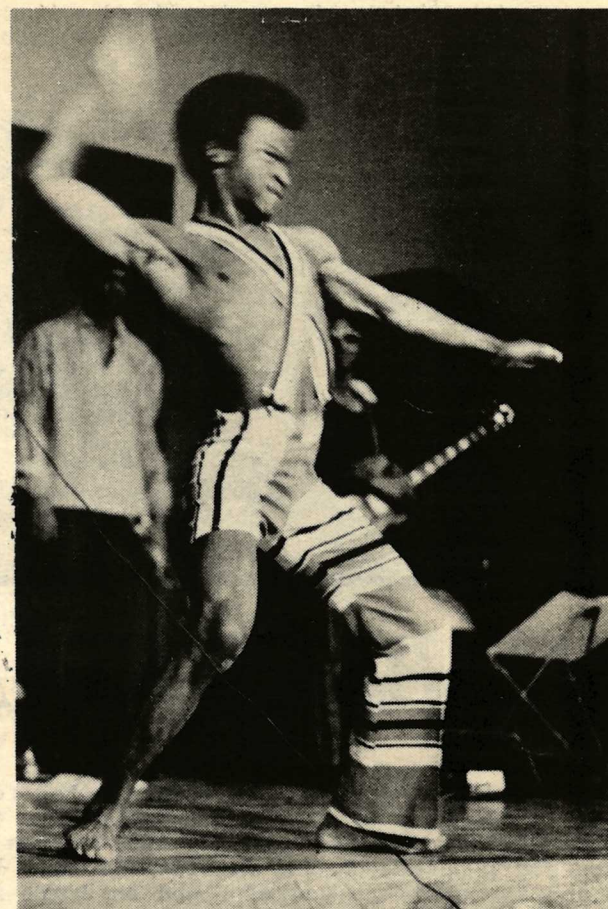
This split in the party came just before the date of the party's Intercommunal Day of Solidarity in Oakland. Another aspect of the split has arisen in this area, also. Elaine Brown, a member of the Southern California chapter of the Black Panther Party, has described, this week, a virtual imprisonment of Kathleen Cleaver by her husband, in Algiers. She was scheduled to speak with Huey Newton at the Solidarity Convention on March 5. However, Brown reports that she feels not only that Eldridge is holding Kathleen Cleaver prisoner, but that Kathleen may even be in danger for her life. She is not even allowed out of the house. "In other words, she was his woman first, and if that conflicted with her work as a revolutionary, then his chauvinist rule would take a primary position over that." This report appears ironic when considered with a statement made in the Panther newspaper -- "The true spirit of revolutionary intercommunalism is to speed up the process of having our communities no longer existing as dispersed communities under seige, but to form one world liberated community."

Along with this news comes word that Eldridge Cleaver has forced a "revolutionary bust" on Timothy Leary, also in exile in Algeria, and that Cleaver has murdered a former lover of Kathleen Cleaver. Elaine Brown: "When I last saw Eldridge, he was laughing about how 'we bury people here' (Algeria). He was referring to a brother he had in fact murdered in Algiers. As many beatings and as much suffering that Kathleen endured from Eldridge, she had finally been able to break away, steal away, and make contact with another man. She had wanted to do this all along. She had never been narrow in her approach, for just as Eldridge had had many women with whom she had relationships, she like him, also wanted relationships with other men. This was only natural, reasonable. Only she was always blocked in this area. That is, what was all right for him was not all right for her. But she finally did manage to slip in a moment in which she too could have freedom of choice.

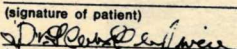
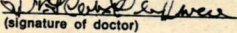
She began relating to a brother who had just - at that time - come to Algiers. His name was Rahim (Clinton Smith). Eldridge snatched even this from Kathleen. He killed - which act he could never seem to be able to commit against any of the People's oppressors - killed this brother, Rahim. He murdered him and buried his body right in Algiers, because Kathleen had done only once what he had made an integral part of their relationship.

I spoke with her for the last time in October of 1970. I had asked her to try to come back for that rally (New Haven - November 3rd), for the People would like to see her. She told me that was 'easier said than done'. For, she said, 'that man will never let me go'. That was the last time I spoke with her."

A statement by Eldridge Cleaver on the bust of Timothy Leary will appear in the next issue of the Catalyst.



If busted, have this in your wallet:

MEDICAL	ALERT
IMPORTANT	
<p>IF I AM FOUND UNCONSCIOUS, DO NOT PANIC! REPEAT, DO NOT PANIC! I AM SUFFERING FROM MONOBIOTOPIS, A RARE TROPICAL DISEASE WHOSE SYMPTOMS CAN ONLY BE PREVENTED BY AN IMMEDIATE DOSE OF CANNABIS SATIVA! ON MY PERSON YOU WILL FIND SOME OF THIS MEDICATION, WHICH I MUST CARRY AT ALL TIMES ON DOCTOR'S ORDERS! PLEASE ADMINISTER IMMEDIATELY!</p>	
<p>(signature of patient)  (signature of doctor) </p>	

BLACK WEEK

1. Langston Review
2. Charles Hamilton
3. Black Fashion show



THE BERRIGANS:

Philip and Daniel Berrigan have been noted for several years for their acts of militant, nonviolent, civil disobedience against the war machine. Best known are their raids on draft boards in the Baltimore area. In 1967, Philip and three others poured blood on draft files. The following May, both brothers, together with seven other people, took files from a board office in Catonsville, Md. Maryland, and burned them with homemade napalm. These acts stimulated many in the movement to follow suit. All the while, however, the Berrigans have consistently opposed violence directed against persons.

Given their past records on these matters, many people were shocked when, on January 12, Philip Berrigan and five other individuals were indicted for conspiring to engage in bombing and kidnapping. Daniel and six more people were named as co-conspirators, but not indicted.

The first word about this "conspiracy" came in charges by FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover on November 27, 1970. He was testifying before a Senate Appropriations subcommittee in favor of more funds for the FBI. He claimed the East Coast Conspiracy to Save Lives, led by the Berrigans, was planning these seditious acts. The East Coast Conspiracy, an eleven-member group which had engaged in draft board rip-offs previously, denied any knowledge of the "plot." The Berrigans denied any connection with the East Coast Conspiracy and challenged the government either to substantiate its charges or to retract them.

In November, many assumed that Hoover's charges were just another of his periodic attempts to "persuade" Congress to give his department more money. Now it seems that more was involved. His statement may have been designed to test public reaction to the charges. It is also possible that he was attempting to force the Nixon administration into indicting the Berrigans by making accusations which the Justice Department would have to follow up to avoid charges that it was "soft on conspirators." The former seems more likely. In any case, the Internal Security Division of the Justice Department, which has been quiescent since the McCarthy periods, has recently been strengthened. The Berrigan case will be the first major test of its power and ability.

The indictments were returned in Harrisburg, Pa., ostensibly because many of the overt acts of the "conspiracy" took place in nearby Lewisburg when Philip Berrigan was a prisoner there. In fact, Harrisburg was probably chosen because it is out of the way and the case would attract less publicity there. And that is what has transpired. With the exception of occasional stories in The New York Times, there has been almost no coverage in the Establishment media since the initial reports on the indictments.

Five people were indicted along with Philip Berrigan: two priests, a nun, a former priest and a Pakistani citizen associated with the Adlai Stevenson Institute of Foreign Affairs. Most of the alleged co-conspirators, like five of the defendants, are Catholics. Many of them have worked in foreign or domestic colonies of the US and have seen first-hand how this society oppresses people. All 13 have been associated together in the so-called ultra-resistance.

The "ultra-resistance" is that tendency within the antiwar movement which has engaged in increasingly militant, but nonviolent actions. There has been a good deal of debate in the Movement as to what acts are legitimate expressions of nonviolence. The Berrigans and those close to them have held, with some reservations, that it is all right to destroy property which could never be put to good use, e.g., draft files. This stance, coupled with their constant questioning and searching for new ways to oppose the death machine which rules this country, appears to have led the government to believe that it could get them.

The prosecution contends that they planned to bomb heating tunnels on Washington's Birthday and to kidnap Presidential Assistant Henry Kissinger the next day. It has not been made clear by the government whether the bombing was supposed to occur on the actual date of Washington's birthday or on February 15, the newly designated federal holiday. The point is of some importance because the case against the defendants is more plausible if the alleged bomb plot was to have been carried out when few people were around. Even on a holiday, though, there would likely be some maintenance men in federal buildings. That is a telling slip on the administration's part. Apparently the

(continued next column)

lawyers in the Justice Department, in deciding if their case was credible, over looked such lower-called persons. The "conspirators" would certainly have taken into account the possibility of harming them. Political kidnapping is of course hardly credible unless one is willing to kill the hostage if one's demands are not met.

The government has cited a number of overt acts by the defendants. Much of its information was obtained by wire-tapping or from informers, particularly one Boyd Douglas. He has been in federal prison much of the time since 1963. He became associated with Philip Berrigan when both of them were at Lewisburg penitentiary last year. Douglas had a great deal of freedom, at one point taking courses at Bucknell University at nights. He managed to gain the confidence of the antiwar activists at Bucknell and arranged some meetings which were attended by some of the "conspirators."

One theory holds that Douglas smuggled correspondence between Philip Berrigan and other defendants in and out of the prison. Only after persistent questioning did the Justice Department admit that Douglas was involved in the case. He was not mentioned in the indictment and his reliability is open to very serious question, given his close ties with the government. He recently disappeared. Activists in Lewisburg are now sorry that they were not more suspicious of Douglas. At the time he seemed to be merely a somewhat confused prisoner who had been radicalized by his jail experiences.

At least two people have refused to testify before the Harrisburg grand jury, which has continued in session since the indictments were handed down. One was Sister Jogues Egan, a "co-conspirator," a long-time antiwar activist and close associate of Sr. Elizabeth McAlister, one of the defendants. Sister Jogues was granted partial immunity from prosecution under provisions of the Crime Control Act of 1970. She refused to testify on the grounds that the act was unconstitutional and that her civil liberties were being violated. She was jailed briefly for contempt of court, but is now free while the matter is on appeal. Attorneys for the defendants and those called to testify feel the grand jury is being kept in session in an attempt to fine some evidence to corroborate the informers' stories.

What is one to make of all this? The government has chosen to attack this segment of the antiwar movement after having tried with marginal success to hit other tendencies in the Spock case and in the Chicago 8 trial. If this prosecution is more successful, many of the middle class, professional elements of the Movement, which have supported and aided the Berrigans, may become frightened. Despite the possibility for another fiasco like the Chicago Conspiracy case, the administration appears so intent on suppressing dissent, that it is willing to come into court with a somewhat flimsy case. The confusion exhibited by Hoover in his original charges, the question about the date the bombing was supposed to have occurred, and the "fishing expedition" by the grand jury all indicate that this is the kind of case the prosecution has. Beyond these facts one must look at the records of the contestants.

The abominable record of Nixon, his advisors, and the forces that keep them in power as liars and purveyors of violence is well established. The record of the defendants is totally different. Most of them come out of the best Christian tradition. They, like the black ministers in the early days of the civil rights movement, seek to bring about the Kingdom of God here on earth, rather than thinking only of paradise after death. Much as many of us are turned off by any God-trip, there is no denying that this way of thinking has moved these people to many militant and courageous acts.

The Berrigans are probable the leading spokesmen at present for this Christian radicalism. In a recent "Prison Sermon" from the federal penitentiary in Danbury, Conn., where they are now incarcerated, they spoke of their ideas and actions. "We are in jail, we insist, because we could neither remain silent nor passive before the pathology of naked power which rules this country and dominates half the world, which shamelessly wastes resources as well as people, which leaves in its wake racism, poverty, foreign exploitation and war. In the face of this, we felt, free men cannot remain free and silent, free men cannot confess their powerlessness by doing nothing...Peacemaking has now become more than moral and political duty, it is a condition for human survival....In a word, one must build the peace by first striking at the causes of war and making them peaceful."

(continued on page 9)



Confessions of a Teen-age Drug Abuser

by Dr. Elmer Green

On September 16, 1970, an Iowa teenager opened her diary with these words: "The whole world is stretching before me. Tomorrow I start college, and I'm so excited I can barely say my bedtime prayers!" A scant 15 days later, she was a broken dope fiend, her life a shambles, and her dreams ... dust or worse. The use and/or abuse of drugs had claimed another victim. Because her story so accurately portrays the horrors and dangers of addiction, it is being presented here as a public service, in the hopes that her experiences will help others for whom it is not too late.

It is not a pretty story.

It is told chronologically, and it consists of entries from her own diary interspersed with information collected from interviews with her parents, with police and other authorities. It begins with her arrival at State College, where she was to take up a program of studies leading to a degree in nursing...

Sept. 16: Got to the dorm this afternoon and found a group of people in my room — Jean and Pat, my roommates, and Professor S., a sociology professor who favors immediate withdrawal from Viet Nam. Before I had my coat off and my Bible unzipped, they offered me a marijuana cigarette! I didn't want to get mixed up in anything like that. I'd heard stories of people turning into crazed sex maniacs and Communists and cult murderers, and I thought, oh, no, sister, not me, you don't! But they made fun of me, and I felt strong pressure to

be one of the gang! Pat — she was wearing a wild dress signed by some artist — told me no one would ask me to a Freshman Frolic if I didn't turn on. "No one takes out a straight anymore," she taunted. So ... I took the marijuana reefer Professor S. held out to me, put the dirty tube of paper to my lips and inhaled the sickly sweet fumes. At first, I felt a slight giddiness, and things started to look ... weird. I think I giggled a lot, but then I must have blanked out.

(According to college authorities, she was found shortly afterward cavorting stark naked around the Quad, screaming obscenities and talking to a pair of elm trees. She was rushed to the college infirmary and was immediately placed on probation.)

Sept. 17: Woke up this morning in a strange place. Went back to the dorm, but no one's around. I have a powerful, irresistible craving for reefer. Where can I get some? I don't have any money. I tried smoking some brown stuff I found on the floor. I thought it might be some marijuana. It wasn't any good. I think it was roach powder. I'll have to think up some plan. Maybe Professor S. will help me.

(She later confessed that at Professor S.'s instigation, she sneaked across town to her parents' home and stole an expensive clock radio from their bedroom.)

Good for me! I'm learning the ropes. Took the radio to the campus SDS office and told them I wanted to exchange it for reefer. They made me swear an oath to help overthrow the government by force, and then they gave me three. I went back to the dorm and smoked them all at once, and then ate what was left. Wow! I'm feeling kind of funny. I think I'll take a little nap.

(Apparently during this period of total amnesia, she participated in two student riots and made telephone threats on the life of a college dean.)

Sept. 18: Well, I've missed the first day of classes. It's kind of too bad because I wanted to hear Professor S. lecture on home abortion. But I must have more reefer. Wonder how many the SDS people will give me for the TV? Hope Mom and Dad don't miss it too soon. ...

Sept. 19: I've been suspended from school! Well, I'll fix them. Sneaked home again this morning and carried baby Ann out of the house in a potato chip bag while she was sleeping. The SDS said I could have a key, which is a whole bunch of reefer, for her. She is my baby sister

(Even before this wanton act of violence, her parents had noted that they were missing two appliances and one daughter, and had begun to suspect that their remaining daughter was mixed up with a bad crowd.)

Sept. 21: I guess I can't go home anymore, but it feels so good to be liberated. I don't mind. I moved into the SDS office this morning and finally met the pusher who has been selling the reefer. He invited me to move into his urban commune, where he says they are into black

magic, unnatural sex and cannibalism. Groovy! He also promised to turn me on to something called hash. I can hardly wait.

Sept. 22: So much is happening. The commune is fantastic. Really groovy people, and everybody smokes reefer all

the time. Professor S. dropped by, too — it turns out he also favors immediate recognition of Red China. He is studying Black Yoga and says he has mastered a secret technique through which he can change streetlights, by just thinking about it, and achieve immortality. Clyde — he's the pusher — practices astrology and voodoo and eats nothing but wild rice and peanut butter. He's got about a hundred little dolls with pins stuck in them. He even has one of the President of the United States. I asked him if that wasn't going a little too far, but he just laughed. He says he has big plans for me.

Tonight we smoked the hash! Wow! As soon as I inhaled it, I began to see things. First it was patterns on the wall, but after a few minutes everything got ... strange. Then I looked out the window and I saw Art Linkletter just floating there. He kept beckoning toward me, telling me I could fly. It was really weird, and Clyde and Professor S. had to hold onto my legs and hit me until I stopped screaming. When that was over, Professor S. asked me if I wanted to go to a party where people would be snorting Drano, but I was too tired. The hash started to wear off, and when I asked Clyde for some more, he laughed like anything and said I was really "coming along."

Sept. 23: I'm smoking two keys of reefer every day now. I know it's too much, but I can't seem to stop. Everyone here thinks it's groovy that I smoke so much. I've never felt so accepted in my life! Today, Clyde told me to wait in the bedroom while he talked with the man

who sells him reefer and hash. The man was Chinese. I listened at the door, and I learned that the reefer comes all the way from Red China. I never knew the Red Chinese were so groovy! I also overheard the man tell Clyde that baby Ann had been sent to Peking as a white slave. Maybe it won't be so bad for her if people are really that groovy over there. When Clyde came back, he told me to go to my house and knock out my parents and bring them over in a sack. He said they'd be sent to China and made into sandals. I told him I couldn't do that, and he got very mad and hit me. Hard. Then he said I was nothing but a pothead. It's true, I know it. I'm leaving the commune but don't know where to go.

Sept. 24: Living on the street is hard, especially with a key-a-day habit to support. My old boyfriend from the Young Christians, Buzzy, passed me today and almost didn't recognize me because I've lost so much weight and all my hair has fallen out. He begged me to come to evening prayer with him. But I told him I was looking for something stronger.

Sept. 25: No reefer. Very depressed and starting to feel the first symptoms of withdrawal. I keep getting violent charley horses. I thought I'd steal a TV set from a store, but just as I was about to take it, there was a National Institute of Mental Health commercial about reefer, of all things, on one of the display models. It showed how rats' brains dissolved when they're cooked in hash over a medium flame for two hours. It made me afraid.

(Overcome by real fear for the first time in her life, she ran to a phone, dialed the police and told them: "I am a user and/or abuser of drugs. Please help me.")

Sept. 26: Everything is different now. After I was arrested, things were scary at first. I went through cold turkey on a cell floor, but it wasn't too bad except for the convulsions and cramps and canker sores and two of my fingers dropping off. I know that one day I will thank the police for helping me back to a decent life. This afternoon, I will be released in the custody of my parents. I'm very happy I didn't let them get made into sandals. I have to inform on all my friends in the commune, but I know that one day they will thank me for helping them.

Sept. 27: The first day of a new start! Can I make it? In study hall. I suddenly couldn't concentrate on my text. I kept hearing lines from Beatles songs in the back of my head and seeing Peter Max posters. I told the girl next to me what was happening, and she said I was having a marijuana flashback. It's true, I just know it. ...

Sept. 28: Well, I'm back smoking reefer again. This morning I had another flashback, and I just wanted to get high more than anything. So I found Professor S., and he gave me two reefer of really

strong stuff. Wow, it was incredible! I found out he's against building the ABM and the SST, too. I guess he's pretty smart. How long will it be before they catch me?

Sept. 29: I woke up with an insatiable craving for reefer, so I went to the commune and waited outside until the man from China came and when he left, I followed him. He went into this store called Hip Rags 'n' Flip Rags. It turns out it's just a front and when people go in to buy clothes or beads or something, they pipe in hash smoke through the air vents and then the people have to keep coming back for more. I peeked in back when no one was looking and I saw a big map of the United States with lots of little red flags stuck in it. Just then the Chinese man spotted me. He must have recognized me from the commune. I tried to run, but he caught me. He took me into a little room — and guess what? Professor S. was there talking on a big radio in a foreign language. He didn't seem too happy to see me. But he handed me a key of reefer and made me smoke them right there in front of him. Just before I blanked out, I heard the Chinese man say something about "the plan."

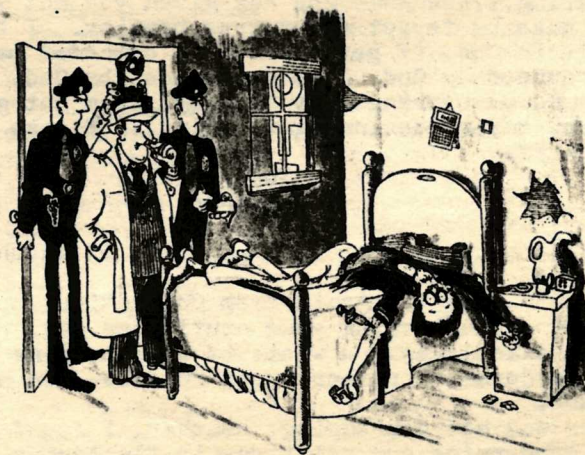
(At this point, Federal officers, acting in a tip from another drug abuser, entered the premises, arrested the Chinese agent and Professor S., and confiscated drugs worth between \$5,000 and \$500 million on the open market. Miss N--- was taken into custody at the same time.)

Sept. 30: Judge Baker said he wasn't surprised to see me again so soon. He told me I was a disgrace to America, and I guess I can't pretend that I'm not. He says they could send me to prison for 450 years, but they'll go easy on me if I cooperate with them. I told them I would do anything to deter potential drug users and/or abusers. All they wanted was permission to print my diary and the

names of everyone I think might smoke drugs if they had the chance. And I said if they thought it would help keep others from killer dope, that was fine.

Oct. 1: To think that just 15 days ago, the world was bright. They took Bunky away today. He'd been eating marijuana dog biscuits the schnauzer from down the block gave him. I wonder how many reefer the SDS office will give me for the schnauzer?

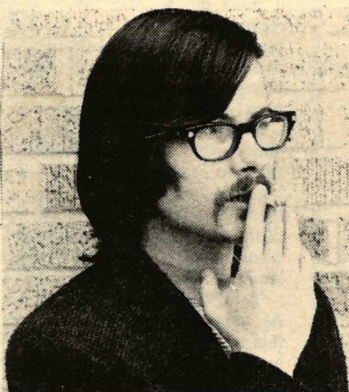
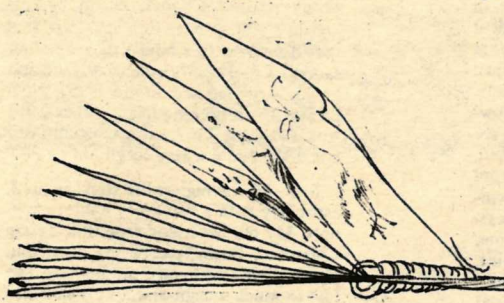
The National Lampoon



"Book him."

(Continued next column)

SKETCH BOOK



by Ed Snow

the 13th of January

Dear Edward (the letter begins),

I realize that over the last two years that I have written to you there has been periods of ecstasy, depression, and God only knows what for both of us. There have been numerous times when I have relied on you, opening my soul and pouring out my troubles, because I knew that you would understand. You were my only friend and consolation at times and at other times you remained as a warm and friendly feeling in my very being, obscure yet present.

You still are very dear to me and it is because of this that I hope you will understand what I shall try to say.

When we met each other in Brooklyn at that wild party, (it seemed wild to me because it was the first night that I was on my own, and in the big city.), I was an impressionable and bewildered little girl. In many ways I still am and impressionable little girl, still...but, I am not bewildered by it any longer. What I needed then was a friend and you made me very happy. You knew that I was much too young yet you still reached out to me and I gratefully took your offered hand. I think what I remember about that night is very unclear, but, what I do remember is one of the highest compliments I've ever received. You said something to me that I've always secretly hoped was true. It doesn't matter to me what I outwardly look like, I'm more concerned with what is inside. You told me that "someday I would make someone a good wife." I thank you for this and don't get me wrong. I didn't interpret it as meaning wife necessarily. What I think that you meant was that someday I would make someone a good mate, be able to take care of someone, love someone, make someone happy. I have reasons to believe that your prophesy has come true.

In the last two years I have experienced many troubles, romances, so to speak, and confusion. Some of this you already know about. Just knowing that I could release the tension by writing to you made life easier.

How can I explain myself? I believe that I have finally broken through the very worst of the confusion. What troubles are to come in the future I will be prepared for. I will not have to face them alone because I have someone inside of my heart and at my side. My mate, to put it crudely (when actually he is a strange and wonderful person whom I love) and myself form an unusual and increasingly mellow couple. We both need each other desperately and we have been through much together. We have used each other, abused each other, yet we now love each other. I am away to college two hundred miles distant from where he goes to school yet a weekend doesn't go by without our seeing and being with each other. Even when we are apart, we are together.

Just writing to you now makes me feel good. I want you to understand how at peace I am inside of that small pumping organ called my heart.

I am sorry if you thought that we could ever succeed together. I am. I don't think that it would be feasible. At least we understand and help one another. When you came to "the city" this last vacation it was impossible for me to see you. Not only was I not able to make it into New York because of the weather, but I live at Robert's house and it would be an embarrassing situation if we both came in to see you. I would have enjoyed seeing you, but I think that it would have been as confusing as our phone call turned out to be.

Before I end this letter I want to ask something of you, Edward. I know that you are depressed easily and I don't want this letter to be in any way depressing. Promise me that you will try to be happier. There are so many things to be happy about...living, seeing, smelling, tasting, feeling, hearing...Use what God has given you not what man has made to make us forget about true reality. I believe very strongly in God, if perhaps not an orthodox manner. You are surrounded by God, I am surrounded by God, and so is everyone and everything. (By the way, I am not a religious maniac, as you may be beginning to think). Please take care of yourself.

Your friend,
Heather.

13 March 1971

Dear Heather,

When I used to ride the train from Connecticut to New York I thought of publishing your stuff some day. I have reproduced it exactly as you wrote it with nothing omitted. That way my readers--or rather, your readers--can consider you as you are.

Your letter was not depressing, Heather; I found your sensitivity concerning our relationship flattering. I am glad you have your new mate, as you call him--but what else is he? And you should not feel sorry about anything--I feel we have succeeded quite well. I might add that another one of my loves never even bothered to call.

(continued next column)

As for that night in Brooklyn, you were the ripe olive on a plate of stale crackers. You probably noticed how really crummy my life in Brooklyn was. Staying with an old college friend in dull, gray Brooklyn during the winter was not the high point of my life. So that night is well developed in my memory. The wine, the crummy short story I read to you, the clanking of the radiator and that miserably cold walk back to Ginger's in the morning--all that I won't forget. It was our scene then; I'm glad I made the party.

My life as a student is pretty good, all things considered. Texas is a strange place, Heather; the world we were in is not the same world I am in now. There are dust storms here. People have stickers on their automobiles that say, "Lucky Me I Live in Lubbock." I feel I really can't tell you all about it.

But I am having a good time--living, seeing, as you say. I believe you only get one try at it so you better dig it while you can.

Heather, I've got to go. Write soon.
Love, Edward.



HOW TO MAKE A HASH HOST

Combine: $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening
3 tablespoons sugar
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons salt
1 cup scalded milk

DO NOT ADD YEAST!

Blend in: $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups all-purpose sifted flour
1 lid fine grade pulverized hashish

Knead and roll dough flat. Using round cookie cutter, cut out discs $1\frac{1}{2}$ " or 2" diameter. Bake in moderate oven at 375° for 12-15 minutes.

Take out of oven and repeat, "Domine, non justum sub tectum meum," three times over discs. Serve with milk or wine.

ELI'S

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ONLY HAVE TO BE 18 TO GET IN.

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BICYCLING

I went on my first bicycle camping trip last week. That's right, folks. Rode my bicycle to Stone Mountain, pitched a tent and stayed there a couple days.

When I first started riding a bike again last fall, I thought it was a little absurd to think about riding 20 miles or 40 miles to go camping. But it's not.

It feels really great to stretch out on the road using your own muscles (getting stronger every week) to get out of the city. You need to ride regularly to build your muscles so they are ready for longer and longer rides. At first it was a real struggle to get out to the Women's Center or Morning Star Inn but now that's almost routine.

Riding a bike puts you so much more in touch with the countryside than riding in a car. You go a little slower so you see a whole lot--old houses, kids playing, birds feeding by the road, spring flowers coming up. You can smell all kinds of things too--pine trees, dinner cooking, wood fires, and, all too frequently, automobile exhaust fumes.

Traffic's as much of a problem as you make it usually. Bicycles have a right to use the road! It takes confidence and some aggressiveness to keep the cars from bothering you. (It helps me to yell at cars that do stupid things.) A load of camping gear on the back makes the bike look wider to the drivers, too, so they usually go way out to pass.

A couple things facilitate this kind of riding. One is getting a good bicycle. You need a lightweight bike with more than one speed--3-speed, 5-speed or 10-speed. The greater number of speeds lets you go faster on level

ground in the high gears and get up steep hills with less effort in the low gears. As you go up and down varying grades, you can keep pedaling at a fairly constant rate so you don't get tired quickly.

Another thing is to use the less-travelled roads. Get a local road map plus a geological survey map with contour lines showing elevation (the more contour lines the route crosses, the more hills there are.) Using these maps, you can figure out a route that doesn't have too many hills or much traffic. (We got our survey map at Harte Associates, 198 Luckie St., NW.) Roads following railroad tracks are good because they probably won't have any steep hills. Between Clarkston and Stone Mountain, some tracks an

Mountain, for example, we took E. Ponce de Leon which follows some tracks and is a pretty easy ride even with a load of camping gear.

Besides less traffic, the back roads have hardly any billboards. Just woods and trains by the road. So you get closer to the earth.

The experience is all very physical. Legs and arms working together to pull your load up a hill, huffing and puffing. Then a long winding downhill. You sail along turning with your body weight--bike and person as a single unit.

Maybe the best part is how you feel when you get there. After unloading the bikes and pitching the tent, I went up to the restrooms. I felt really physically stoned. My body felt fantastically good. My image in the mirror was prettier than usual. Turned on.

by Tilly
The Great Speckled Bird

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**MOUSETRAP
IS
COMING
APRIL 3**

MERGER

(cont'd. from page 2)

Finally, Grogan went to the A-J and the whole staff was dressed in garish plastic hippie garb. Freda McVay was topless, so Grogan told her that she could stay for sure. Jay Harris offered Grogan a shot of speed and a volume of Rod McKuen poetry (ugh!). Kennie Bird Abdulah May (his new name) invited Grogan to a group grope, gang bang scheduled for four in the news room. Everyone was really trying hard to keep their jobs.

Finally the awaited confrontation came with Charlie Guy and Parker Prouty. They were passing a water pipe and sitting on cushions on the floor in their office. They had removed all the office furniture and had black lights, posters and incense. Grogan planned to fire them, but they begged to be heard.

"Listen to reason, baby," said Charlie Guy, "You want to propagandize this town right? Who could do it better than us? We are masters at manipulation of rednecks. Look at our track records."

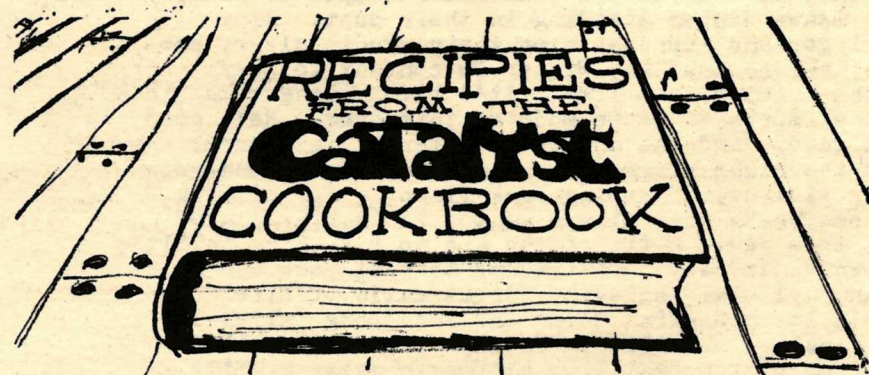
"That's right," said Prouty. "We don't care, left, right, or middle. We are technicians. You tell us what you want us to lay on the folks and we can convince them."

"We control city hall, the legislative delegation, the County and the Police," said Charlie Guy. "When we yell bull frog, they jump." Let us start editorializing from the left. These jackasses will change in no time. We have been such a strong force around here they are conditioned to do anything or vote anyway we tell them."

By this time, Grogan had taken several hits from Charlie Guy's magic waterpipe. He was noticeably softened up and very receptive to suggestions. He just said, "Write On, Uncle Charley!" Guy gave him the movement hand shake as a seal of their infamous bargain.

They agreed to make the changes slowly over a year for best effect. Haven't you noticed anything different about the A-J lately?

CATALYST progress marches on. Today the A-J, tomorrow the world! Or at least maybe we'll buy KSEL.



By Sherry Crowell

The other day, I noticed one dandelion flower and knew it was time to print a recipe for dandelion wine. So, all of you brave souls who will want to have a spring festival to welcome the sun, take note:

DANDELION WINE

Pick dandelion flowers when fully out and dry (no rain or dew). Pick 3 quarts of flowers, packed tightly and no stems. Cover in a crock with 2 gallons of boiling water (that's a lot of juice). Let stand for 36 hours. Strain through a coarse sieve or colander. Add 7 pounds of sugar. Roll 6 juice oranges and 6 lemons to make them juicier, then slice both with skin on and add. Also, add 1 box seeded raisins.

Stir thoroughly. Let stand for 24 more hours. Add 1 package of dry yeast which was dissolved in 6 tablespoons of water. Stir. Then, strain the mixture through a wet dish towel, old sheet or muslin into screw-top bottles. Fill it to the brim. Tie pieces of muslin over these tops. Put the bottles in a dark, cool place for 6 months. This means that it will be ready just in time for a fall celebration. Screw on tops when the fermentation has stopped (no more bubbles in the bottles).

I found this recipe in a really far-out book, How to Live on Nothing. The author is one of the people who puts out The Whole Earth Catalogue. It is 95¢ in paperback.

THE MUSIC

Dear Friends,

Because of some things that have been going down with me and with others, I was just not able to put together a worthwhile review column this time. I'm sorry, because I know this isn't very good journalism or whatever, but I can't help it. So I asked a good friend to help me out, and he said he would. The thing this time is by Speedy Perez. Thank you, man.
To Peace,
Bill

Sitting around the store listening to Miles Davis and wondering if, when, and will we ever get some musical talent to appear in the Hub City. For a city its size, Lubbock is woefully backward in its concerts. Take the Chicago tour that's in progress as you read this. Waco, Odessa, Wichita Falls, Austin, in short, damn near everywhere in the state except Lubbock. Why does this sort of thing go down? For one reason, from a promoter's point of view, Lubbock is a risk. It's audiences have shown in the past that they have no appreciation for true musical talent. Three Dog Night sells out the coliseum. Spirit does well to fill one-fourth of the much smaller auditorium. See? So, we have an intolerable situation existing that nothing can help. All this is a preface to one man's opinion of what's going to happen here March 30 or 31. Grand Funk Railroad will be here along with Bloodrock. To my mind, the talent inherent in these two groups amounts to zilch zero. In a word, noise. The "music" made by these groups is an insult to any listener with taste. Yet, I'll lay you 3 to 1 odds that the coliseum is packed or damn near overflowing. Why? Because the Grand Funk and Bloodrock know how to really "get it on" as the people who'll attend can readily attest. Bullshit. Anyone who buys billboard space in Times Square proclaiming to everyone how they're bringing us all "closer to home" doesn't deserve or get my respect. Hype does not replace talent. It never has and never will. It won't start with Grand Funk. So go right ahead on, brothers and sisters, if its right for you, get into it and get it on. But you're wrong. Otis Rush, Townes Van Zandt, and every other great artist that has to scrape for gigs in dives and holes will remember you and your neglect when all this bullshit passes. It took you too long to "discover" B.B. King, John Lee Hooker, and all those other dudes that laid the foundation for our music. I just hope you come out of all this with your heads in a better place.

On to one man's opinion of some of the newer releases:

Live - Johnny Winter And - And is, of course, 2/3 of the old McCoy's ("Hang On Sloopy", "Fever", 1965-66) that now have the enviable job of trying to keep up with Texas' own flash Mr. Winter. Amazingly, not only do they keep up, but on a couple of cuts, they leave Winter standing in their dust. Rick Derringer was impressive on their studio album, but live, he shows us why Winter is content to play rhythm a lot of the time. It's been a long time since anyone impressed me so much as this dude. He's good. Real good. And the choice of material is superb. Just the right program for a good old-fashioned rock and roll show. "Jumping Jack Flash" - for all you Stones freaks that always wanted to hear it played just this way. A tip of the axe to B.B. King in "It's My Own Fault Baby". A tribute to real rock and roll in an explosive medley of "Great Balls of Fire", "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On" and "Long Tall Sally". And finally the killer, "Johnny B. Goode". All in all, one of the best live albums in quite a while.

Moments - Boz Scaggs - Remember "Dime A Dance Romance" from Steve Miller's Sailor album: Well, Boz wrote it and sang it as he did on a few others on Miller's first two releases. About a year and a half ago, Scaggs released his first effort on Atlantic. It was one of 1970's best albums. Naturally, no one bought it. Now, after a label change, Boz Scaggs is back with one of 1971's best albums. Don't look for flashiness, pomp, or jive. Scaggs doesn't need it. Do look and listen for a soothing, very mellow and very fine album. Starting with "We Were Always Sweethearts" and a horn line that sounds like Bob Kubans old hit, "The Cheater". Boz just floats through a really great album that encompasses just about every mood that a person goes through. Highly personal and excellent.



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New David Crosby Reg 5⁹⁸ our price 4⁸⁰

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Live Johnny Winter - reg. 4⁹⁸, our price 3⁹³

Moments - Boz Scaggs - reg. 4⁹⁸, our price 3⁹³

Coming Soon:

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Crosby, Stills, Nash, & Young Live

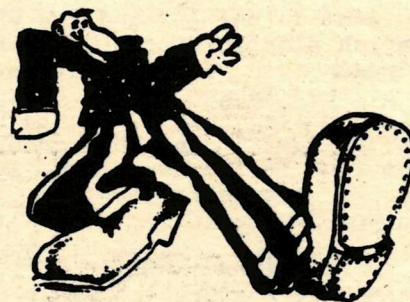
Hendrix Atlanta Bootleg

Plus Lubbock's Largest Selection of Blues & Bootlegs

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Dave Mason and Cass Elliot - This one leaves me completely baffled. Why in the hell Dave Mason wants to go and record some awfully commercial crap with former Mama, Cass Elliot, has to rank with the recent conversion of Jeremy Spence to Jesus, as one of the mind-boggling events of this young decade. Dave Mason you will remember, had perhaps the best solo album of 1970, or any other year, and now he gets into this. Strange. Not very good and extremely banal. Don't waste your bread on this one. Wait'll Mason puts out another solo effort. Hopefully it will be in the vein of his first.



Source Point - John Hammond - It's really amazing how much John Hammond is devoted to the blues. Total and complete devotion to America's oldest music form is John's forte. Hammond is very possibly the best white blues performer on the scene today, and this album shows you why. Name me someone else that could do justice to Muddy Water's "She Moves Me" or Slim Harpo's "Got Love If You Want It". No one else comes to mind. Mind you, these are not new versions; they are almost identical to the originals. To say Hammond does the songs justice would be gross understatement. By sticking as close to the originals as possible, Hammond actually adds something to the songs, something that can't always be said of anyone the likes of Mayall, Butterfield, etc. Hammond may never get rich, but at least he's doing the thing he loves best. Keep playing those blues, John.

- Speedy Perez

THE BERRIGANS. (con't. from page 4)

But the Berrigans and their comrades have not maintained a stance of "Catholic pacifist purity." They have been at the forefront of the Movement, exploring new tactics and strategies. The Berrigans refused to give themselves up after exhausting their appeals from their Catonsville convictions. Instead they went underground, forcing the FBI to track them down because they felt the courts had become instruments of the warmakers and they could not voluntarily submit to such powers. They have examined the tactics used by such groups as the Black Panthers, the NLF, and the Tupamaros. (Some people close to the Harrisburg defendants fear the government may have incriminating evidence lifted from wiretaps of wide-ranging discussions of such tactical questions.) Daniel Berrigan has suggested that the nuclear family must give way to resistance communes which could support and shelter those actively opposing the power structure. That is hardly a traditional Catholic position. Throughout all of these discussions, the Berrigans have reiterated their commitment to nonviolence and insisted on making their own decisions about their activities, rather than blindly following the lead of one or another Third World group. Daniel Berrigan said in an interview while he was underground: "I'm working against a white war and a white war machine and I don't know how the black community relates to that. But the minute we start saying that we're only being men when we're shooting, I begin to turn off."

In a letter to the Weatherman underground, taped three days before he was captured by the FBI last August, Daniel Berrigan continued in this vein. He spoke to the Weathermen as brothers and sisters. He spoke of the difficulty which the society has in dealing with them, people who were not obviously and immediately oppressed by the system. But he also expressed his doubts about the wisdom of even the kind of "symbolic sabotage" he used against draft boards. He did not question the actions of the NLF or the Panthers "for their acts come from the proximate threat of extinction," but "no matter what admiration or fraternity we feel

with them, we have other demons to battle." These demons are the tendencies toward violence which Berrigan sees in all people, including himself. "The mark of inhuman treatment of others is a mark that hovers over us. It is the mark of the beast, whether its insignia is the military or the Movement.... A revolution is interesting only insofar as it avoids like the plague, the plague it promises to heal."

The trial will be of great importance not only to the Movement, but to the whole of American society. The 13 people involved in the case put the issue well in a statement released after the defendants were arraigned on February 8: "Our anguish for the victims of this brutal war has led all of us to nonviolent resistance, some of us to the destruction of draft records. But, unlike our accuser, the Government of the United States, we have not advocated or engaged in violence against human beings. Unlike The Government, we have nothing to hide. We ask our fellow citizens to match our lives, our actions, against the actions of the President, his advisors, his chiefs of staff, and pose the question: who has committed the crimes of violence?"

We must support these people. If they can be convicted, then no dissenter is safe from prosecution. At a minimum, individuals should join in the defense effort. That Atlanta area representative of the Defense Committee is Prof. Eugene Bianchi of the Emory Religion Department. Activities presently contemplated are a speaking appearance by one of the defendants and a production of *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine*, a dramatic work by Daniel Berrigan based on the court transcripts.

Even better would be a widespread response to the appeal issued by the 13 in their February 8 statement: "We urge our fellow citizens to join us in demanding that our Government stop the current secret invasion of Laos, end its expansion of the war in Southeast Asia immediately, and bring its troops, planes, guns and bombs home without delay. We ask our fellow citizens to resist this war by refusing to fight, refusing to pay taxes, refusing to cooperate in any way. Finally, we reaffirm our dedication to a world without violence--that violence which for so long has ravaged so many lands, so many souls."

RABID RADIO



by boyer

If you're beginning to notice the sickening trend in radio around Lubbock don't think it's only your mind. Both stations which once played some what decent music are very obviously trying to present a good strong WUSA type image.

Beyond this both KLBK and KSEL have come up with a format of rotten D.J.'s, bubble gum, and Tom Jones, and Spirit of American Patriotism tips for rednecks.

The childish little games they play for old ladies who have nothing to do but eat chocolates all day and wait for Percy Mallard or Bobby Dark and silly friends get worse each week.

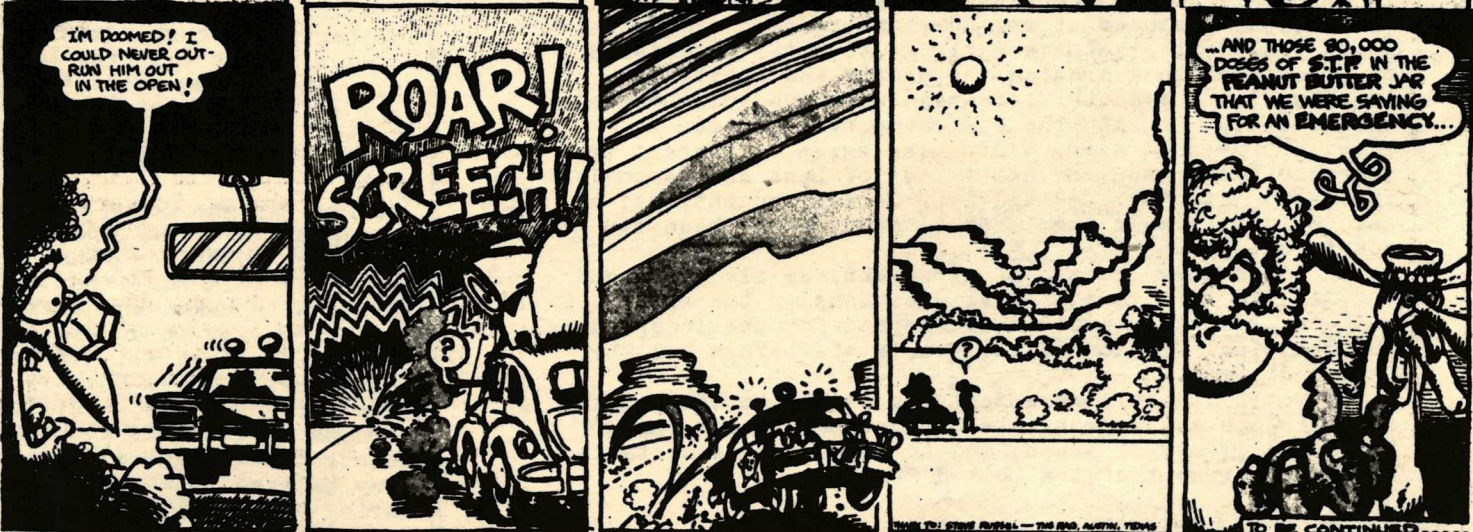
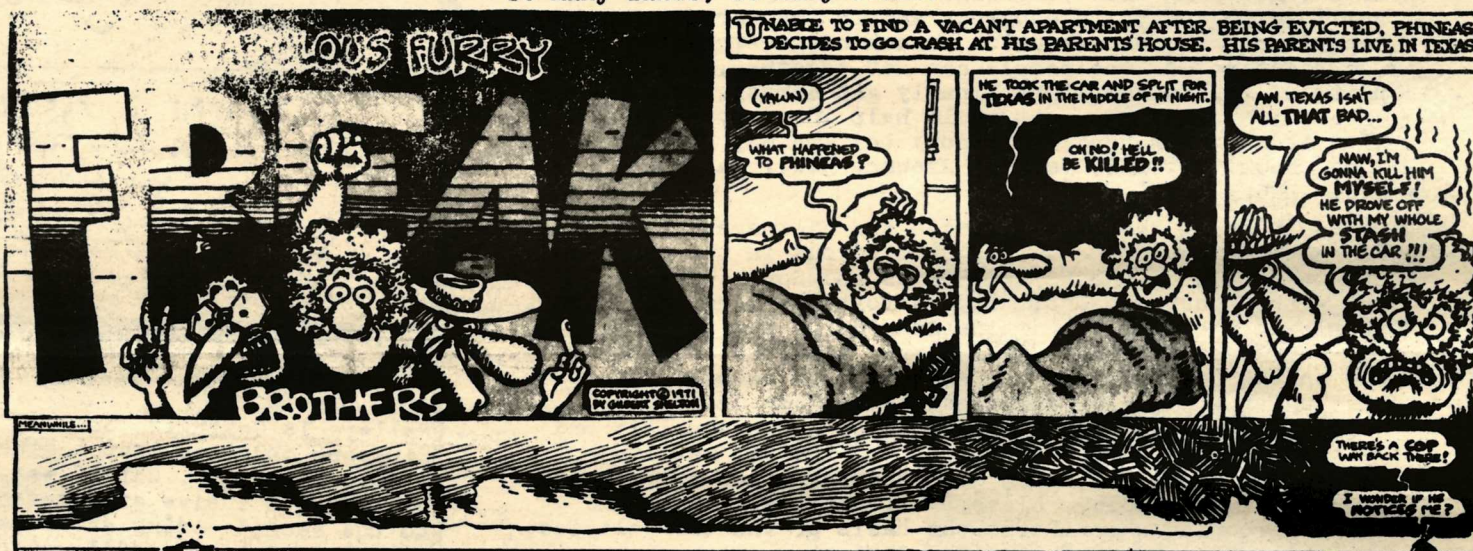
If you have the chance give KTXB, 92.5 FM, a try. The news is a little slow, but the music is good and there are no commercials other than notices of campus activity, (if and when it exists).

If you like blues, progressive, country or hard rock and you would like to hear a whole album without interruptions check out "Free-form"-9 pm each evening. You'll never hear "The temperature is 90 degrees in my city" or "Remember the good old days when college kids ate goldfish and you could get away with lynching niggers," and you'll probably enjoy the entire four hour show.

SO, YOU THINK RELIGION IS A DRAG?



YOU AREN'T THE ONLY ONE! BUT AT LEAST THE NEW ADVENTURES OF YOUNG CAT BY TONY STURGEON IS FUNNY. ONLY \$1.99 FROM RIF OFF PRESS P.O. BOX 14158 SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA



MAYDAY!

The People's Peace Treaty has become, over the last few months, a most important and widespread document. We print it here in hopes of introducing more people to the treaty, and to its implications, as far as providing a means to the end of the Vietnam conflict. To promote the treaty, which has been presented to groups and individuals throughout the entire country, massive collective actions of a non-violent, civil disobedience nature will occur on May 1, in Washington, D.C., and in other cities. Organizational meetings in Ann Arbor, Michigan have proven to be very effective in strengthening the already rising consciousness to the positive aspects of this rally in Washington. Because of the lack of organization centered upon anti-war work in Lubbock, no collective action has yet been planned for this community.

We have requested information from the Washington organizers, and should receive additional materials concerning all aspects of the May 1 actions shortly. If anyone would like more information, please contact us, and hopefully together we can help in our own area those who are working on the national level.

In addition to this project (which is being called MAYDAY), the National Peace Action Coalition, based in Ohio, is initiating nation-wide actions on April 24. Organization to this end has already begun in Lubbock; we will have more information on this area of action in the next issue of the Catalyst. On the national level, lobbying will take place in Washington from April 24 to May 5, in Congress and in the various departments of the executive branch of government.

This time, if the people can get together, the point of the masses might finally get across. The treaty is as follows...it would help if everyone would sign it and then send their copy to: The May Day Movement, Room 906, 1029 Vermont Avenue, N.W., Washington D.C. 20005.

Be it known that the American and Vietnamese people are not enemies. The war is carried out in the names of the people of the United States and South Vietnam but without our consent. It destroys the land and people of Vietnam. It drains America of its resources, its youth and its honor. We hereby agree to end the war on the following terms, so that both peoples can live under the joy of independence and can devote themselves to building a society based on human equality and respect for the earth. In rejecting the war we also reject all forms of racism and discrimination against people based on color, class, sex, national origin and ethnic grouping which forms the basis of the war policies, present and past, of the United States.

1. The Americans agree to immediate and total withdrawal from Vietnam, and publicly to set the date by which all U.S. military forces will be removed.
 2. The Vietnamese pledge that as soon as the U.S. government publicly sets a date for total withdrawal, they will enter discussions to secure the release of all American prisoners, including pilots captured while bombing North Vietnam.
 3. There will be an immediate cease-fire between U.S. forces and those led by the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam.
 4. They will enter discussions on the procedures to guarantee the safety of all withdrawing troops.
 5. The Americans pledge to end the imposition of Thieu, Ky and Khieu on the people of South Vietnam in order to insure their right to self-determination, and so that all political prisoners can be released.
 6. The Vietnamese pledge to form a provisional coalition government to organize democratic elections. All parties agree to respect the results of elections in which all South Vietnamese can participate freely without the presence of any foreign troops.
 7. The South Vietnamese pledge to enter discussion of procedures to guarantee the safety and political freedom of those South Vietnamese who have collaborated with the U.S. or with the U.S.-supported regime.
 8. The Americans and Vietnamese agree to respect the independence, peace and neutrality of Laos and Cambodia in accord with the 1954 and 1962 Geneva conventions, and not to interfere in the internal affairs of these two countries.
 9. Upon these points of agreement, we pledge to end the war and resolve all other questions in the spirit of self-determination and mutual respect for the independence and political freedom of the people of Vietnam and the United States.
- By ratifying this agreement, we pledge to take whatever actions are appropriate to implement the terms of the Joint Treaty of Peace, and to insure its acceptance by the government of the United States.

SIGNATORIES

South Vietnam National Student Union
 South Vietnam Liberation Students Union
 North Vietnam Student Union
 National Student Association
 Saigon, Hanoi, Paris, December, 1970

SIGNED: _____

located in the Alley between Broadway-
 and Main St.-Just off University
 you'll dig it... if you can find it
 Special Hours for our Opening 10:30 AM to 7:30 PM

PERCY (con't. from Page 2)

Mallard Is Coming!" Some of the fundamentalist Holy Free Firezone churches that plague this area thought this was a code meaning J. Christ was coming to Lubbock and KSEL had some exclusive arrangement. The publicity was equal to the second coming and local fundamentalists exhibited a zealous faith in KSEL matched only by their frenzied fear of hellfire.

Imagine the anger and frustration when Percy Mallard turned out to be a dummy duck that gives the weather forecast! Not only does he give a weather forecast but he makes vague attempts at what might be interpreted as humor by a retarded four year old that had been raised in a cave by wolves. These humor attempts are in the form of insulting and humiliating the weather forecaster. If this outrage weren't enough, all this goes on while you could be watching Dick Cavett's monologue. Even the A-J's torpid television writer took KSEL to task for this unforgivable breach of decency.

Percy Mallard has become KSEL's Achilles heel and literally threatens to financially ruin the station if he isn't killed soon. Such a timely mercy killing would be welcomed by citizens from all walks of life. KSEL had four bright employers before P. Mallard: Paul Beane, Lew Dee, Johnny May, and Bill Maddox. All but Maddox quit because of the shame and degradation of working for a station responsible for a social atrocity like Percy Mallard. I predict Maddox won't be there long. Every night as time for Percy's celebration of ignorance approaches, Maddox begins to turn green. This has a funny side effect because people all over Lubbock get up to adjust their color and end up switching to Johnny Carson's monologue. Only a few fascinated masochists sit through Mallard's stomach turning performance. It is very much like swallowing one-half pound of raw liver or kissing an aggie girl.

Johnny May was doing the weather when Mallard was introduced. Percy Mallard was the idea of Bumbling Bill McAlister, Lubbock's final solution to the Hee Haw problem. May told McAlister he couldn't go out there psychologically naked and talk to a plastic duck and urge the duck to lay it on the people about the weather. May said that he lost all his friends and was refused service in restaurants because of Percy Mallard. When he drove through Lubbock children jeered and spit at him and grownups threw rocks at his car. He quit and is now on another channel where he is slowly removing the stigma of Percy Mallard. He was replaced by the Goodyear blimp wearing an OMAR the TENT MAKER sports coat.

Next Paul Beane and Lew Dee left. Beane was News Director and easily the best non-Catalyst newsman in Lubbock (which is no great honor). Beane's children were attacked at school by a mob of classmates screaming, "Duck Lover! Pinko!" His wife was dropped from her bridge

(continued next page)

WANTED

EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYERS

WHO HIRE REGARDLESS OF RACE, CREED, COLOR,
NATIONAL ORIGIN, OR LENGTH OF HAIR

CALL 744-6334 OR 742-8474

(con't. from preceding page)

club and no vet would treat his dog. Beane and Lew Dee pleaded with Bill McAlister to drop Mallard before a mob of middle-aged housewives attacked the station. McAlister has a bestial love for Percy and refused to listen to reason. It is rumored he also chases swans in McKenzie Park.

Lew Dee had been on the TFO show as McAlister's co-host and verbal punching bag for many years but he had to quit. After years of being interrupted so that Bill could read something from yesterday's A-J or tell a joke from the Reader's Digest's of the fifties, Lew had to quit over an artificial duck. Just when people thought he was void of dignity, he split. Kudos to the man who regains his soul.

Well, that's what has happened to KSEL. Just when you thought they couldn't get any worse, along came Percy Mallard and they peoneered new depths of intellectual depravity. Bill McAlister has always been a mental eunuch. Lew offered some balance on TFO but now that he is gone the program is so boring that the time and temperature seem vastly interesting by way of contrast. Lew has been replaced by some moron named Don. He and Bill are a perfectly matched set. They both read items from yesterday's A-J as if they were the only subscribers. Don even does imitations of Negroes and the type of racist humor that faded out years ago.

Bill McAlister is a typical rich man's son given business control by Daddy. He was born with a silver foot in his mouth. Bill is completely insensitive to the feelings of others. Even Moron Don is beginning to get edgy about his daily dosage of public put-downs over the air.

P-L-E-A-S-E, someone sit Bill down and read him this article. It is rumored his wife doesn't read either, but spends the day sucking on crayons. Our message is simple: Get rid of that fucking duck and bring us Dick Cavett!

FOTO FUNNIES



SPECIAL
OFFER →

\$1 UNDERGROUND \$1
CINEMA
DISCOUNT
COUPON
\$1 ONE DOLLAR \$1

UNDERGROUND CINEMA



NO ONE ADMITTED
UNDER AGE 18 — MUST
HAVE I.D.

"You can't always get
what you want, but
if you try somehow, you just
might find, you get what you
need." — Mick Jagger CIRCA 1968

ADMISSION: \$5⁰⁰ or \$4⁰⁰ WITH TECH I.D.
OPEN 10:00^A TO 12:00^A

2417 MAIN

762-9286

EARTH

With the coming of spring break and finals upon us, Earth Day, April 22, may pass with little or no recognition. (The Lubbock City Council is still debating whether to recognize it or not.) The usual token celebrations are being planned, the collection of beer cans, a few gas masks in remembrance of our future heritage, and people talking about pollution.

Agreed, pollution is always a major problem of discussion whether it's Earth Day or not; but the root of the problem is still there--man. What

is to be done about him?

The largest problem with him is his nature. On Earth Day, April 22, we urge you to do what you can, but make it a special point to try and understand man. Talk to a stranger, he won't bite. Walk up and kiss a girl, someone you don't even know. You'll be surprized at what you can learn by relating. Even if she does slap you, ask her why she did.

Break out of your shell, find your fellow human being. Perhaps with total understanding we can solve the world's problems, peacefully. Happy Earth Day To You!

1ST ANNUAL REEFER ROLL and DANCE

KEEP THE SPIRIT OF
WEST TEXAS ALIVE, ROLL
YOUR OWN JUST LIKE
REAL COWBOYS DO!

WHO WILL BE THE WEST
TEXAS ROLLING CHAMPION?

YOU CAN WIN VALUABLE
PRIZES!!



FUN FOR EVERY-
ONE!

LIVE MUSIC &
DANCING!

TEXAS TECH (SIC)
BALLROOM 7:30
SATURDAY APR 17TH

ADMISSION 50¢*
PER HEAD (50¢ FOR NON-HEADS)
FOR DANCE AND SHOW
CONTEST ENTRY - FREE

*
TO PAY FOR PRIZES

"an open cigarette rolling competition"

ALL ENTRIES MUST REPORT IN BY 7:00 P.M. AT THE SUB BALLROOM
OR MAIL IN THE HANDY ENTRY BLANK ON THIS PAGE.

RULES

ALL YOU DO TO ENTER IS ENTER
ALL YOU DO TO WIN IS BRING YOUR
OWN BULL DURHAM OR FLYING DUTCHMAN
TOBACCO AND ROLL TEN CIGARETTES
(NO MACHINES ALLOWED) BETTER THAN
ANYONE ELSE.

YOU WILL BE JUDGED ON; SPEED,
SIZE, QUALITY & CREATIVITY.

YOU CAN ENTER ALONE OR IN TWO MAN
TEAMS.

YOU MUST USE FLYING DUTCHMAN
OR BULL DURHAM AND WHITE ZIG-
ZAG PAPERS ONLY!

PRIZES

- 1ST PRIZE: RECORD ALBUM, GIFT CERTIFICATE,
CATALYST SUBSCRIPTION.
2ND PRIZE: RECORD ALBUM, CATALYST SUBSCRIPTION.
3RD PRIZE: 2 SIX PACKS OF OLD ENGLISH 800 (IF 21)
AND CATALYST BUMPER STICKER
4TH PRIZE: CARE PACKAGE SENT IN YOUR NAME TO
SLATON, AND NAME MENTIONED IN CATALYST
5TH PRIZE: PICTURE OF WAGONER CARR AND YOUR
NAME MENTIONED IN AVANCE-JOURNAL
6TH PRIZE: 8x10 GLOSSY PICTURE OF GROVER
MURRAY & NAME MENTIONED ON KSEL
7TH PRIZE: THE DISTINCTION OF BEATING EVERYONE
ELSE!

creation by → Jim Boyer & Polak*
'GOLIATH PROJECTS'

CLIP OUT AND MAIL THIS COUPON **NOW!**

YES I CAN ROLL THE BEST AROUND!

NAME SEX.....

YOU CAN SAVE ME A SEAT AT THE CONTEST
TABLE.

AGE Wt. Ht. HAIR COLOR....

HOME TOWN IQ.....

ALL CIGARETTES ROLLED IN COMPETITION
WILL BE COLLECTED BY THE SPONSORS, TO
BE HIDDEN AROUND CAMPUS AND LATER
FOUND BY KAMPUS KOPS AND SENT TO
AUSTIN AND ANALYZED TO SEE IF
THEY CONTAIN THE KILLER DRUG
MARIJUANA!