

# the Catalyst

vol. I issue 8 15¢

4611 TECH STATION,

FEBRUARY 10-24, 1970

Lubbock, TEXAS



\* MILK IN SUCH CONTAINERS MAY BE UNFIT FOR HUMAN CONSUMPTION  
DDT Content .10 to .30 Parts per Million in Milk of Nursing Mothers  
(2 to 6 Times the Amount Allowed in Milk for Commercial Sale)

Photo by Eli Leon







# THE GREAT JUNK PILE



by Skippy Larue

As the Sixties sink into the swamp of decades perhaps best forgotten, we look forward with considerable hope to the Age of Aquarius, which, starplotters assure us, is approaching. Aquarius is the water-bearer and water is what we are going to need, lots of it; water to drink while our rivers run foul, to grow worthless cotton in West Texas, to wash eyes burning from the poisonous air, to sluice away the mounting piles of garbage resulting from the factories, which will need even more water to smelt, stamp, mold, roll, distill, punch, cast, spin, weave, fabricate, and spew forth the flood of junk which keeps us assured that we rest atop the highest peak of civilization that Man ever trod.

Some of the concerns of the Sixties appear a bit hokey when we hear ecologists assure us that we have a century, at best, to live it up. What matters the plight of the black man when the same smog will strangle us all? Where is the importance of the starving mountaineer when Malthus' pessimism will be redeemed, in spades? Well, of course, these things matter a lot. For one thing, if we can't settle these local problems, we are going to have a hell of a time with a world-wide famine. Besides, a morality which demands any attempt at solution also demands that the struggle be carried even to the grave.

The point is that we are facing our gravest crisis since we stood erect and stopped hanging around with the rest of the apes. We are busily digging our own graves on a planet that has less and less room in which to dig. Geometric projections of population growth used to be the province of bored statisticians and trivia experts. Some smart-ass who read *Popular Science* would say drunkenly, at a party, "In 5,000 years there will be only one square foot of space for every individual on Earth, just like a giant cocktail party, har har har." That's not too funny any more when reputable academics say, with dreadfully straight faces, that, before this new decade is out, perhaps a million people a day will die of starvation. To Americans, this should be chilling, blessed though we are. A starving world will not just sit around and watch us eat like Roman senators on a boys' night out.

Over-population becomes an even greater horror when seen with its attendant spectre, over-production. Progress has come to mean, for nations, industrialization, and, for individuals, the accumulation of non-essential material goods. Increased production is seen as a positive factor in the lives of men and nations. We tend to lose sight of the fact that goods do not spring, like genies, from nowhere. We are using up at a furious rate, especially in America, resources we either can not or will not replace. We boast of 186 million acres of National "Forests" that do not exist. Concessions to lumbering, mineral, and cattle interests have left these "Forests" to a great extent, stripped, eroded wastes. Great lumber companies piously proclaim their reluctance to disturb a single twig and their earnest reforestation efforts. This reforestation, when done, amounts to a pathetic second growth that bears little resemblance to the original green cathedrals. Take, for an example, the reseeded redwoods. It takes a few thousand years to remake these giants and intensive lumbering causes erosion and climatological changes that make their full regrowth unlikely, all for the production of ugly tubs for scrubby plants on grotesque patios and for stake fences to give us a false privacy. This is a resource we refuse to replace. We speak of vast mountains of iron ore that are left and of three trillion tons of oil-soaked shale, knowing full well the iron ore is low-grade taconite requiring expensive processing rather than the high-yield hematite which made possible our huge steel industry. The shale lies mainly in Colorado and processing it and getting the crude oil to distant refineries, or relocating the refineries, would be a neat trick.

Perhaps these are blessings in disguise. Maybe with the price of steel and petroleum driven out of sight we will see the end of the swarms of smoke-belching, iron monsters that are driving us out of our cities. The television commercials tell me how Plymouth Makes It (what's It?) and how, if I get an Impala, I will be mobbed by beautiful girls (and be able to satisfy everyone of the little dears). What they don't tell me is why it takes a two-ton, four-hundred horsepower machine to move one 110-pound girl five blocks to school, especially when the machine helps to make the atmosphere so foul that breathing in New York is the equivalent of smoking 38 cigarettes a day and that 340 acres of California a day goes under pavement. I am not too pacified by present automotive smog controls, either. The

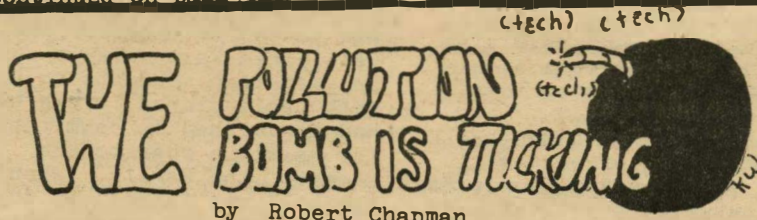
elimination of hydrocarbons accomplished by the present attachments is perhaps a placebo for a public which does not realize that even more poisonous nitrogen oxides are left in the exhaust. But remember, you need that monster; you are not fulfilled if you do not have it, no matter if it takes over your city and makes of it a concrete desert, if it kills trees with its fumes, if it sucks maybe sixty thousand dollars out of your pocket during your life. This last figure does not count the increased taxes to pay for those giant ribbons of cement which slash the countryside and lay waste to old neighborhoods, sovereign over the best works of Nature and Man.

It is not only the automobile which holds us in a literal death-grip. A jet airliner, crossing the continent, uses three thousand tons of oxygen. The present ones do that, what of the behemoths of the future, what of the other effects? What of the noise, especially if the SST takes to the air regularly? "People will just have to build stronger houses," said an engineer arrogantly, after sonic boom tests over Oklahoma City showed significant incidents of structural damage. What will the farmers have to do when cows go dry and hens refuse to lay? These have also been found to be effects of sonic booms. What will the people do when the onslaught of noise, already at the level of tolerance, increases? Experimental psychologists have made some interesting discoveries by crowding rats together and subjecting them to high levels of noise. It seems the rats reach near-hysterical states of hostility and fall upon one another in a fury. Is this a hint of the cities of the future? Why a comparatively few people absolutely have to go across country at increased cost and inconvenience to the majority beats the hell out of me.

Mention was made at first of the need for that water-bearer. Well, when he comes, Lubbock is going to be elbowing its way toward the front of the line, if past performance is any index. At the present, the South Plains pull some 7,000,000 acre-feet of water out of the ground while 50,000 trickles back in. Of course, we know the great benefits produced at this cost; partly a grade of cotton your average textile mill won't touch with a 19-foot pole, but mainly a crazy way of life that demands special advantages with no regard of the cost to others. In its incredible arrogance, it has decided that its God ordained that the Brazos, Trinity, Neches, Sabine, Red, and Mississippi Rivers flow several hundred miles away so that their water could be piped across the state to maintain the jerry-built economy of West Texas. The rest of Texas narrowly disagreed with the grant water plan.

The horror is that this is only a localized manifestation of a general American attitude. This attitude is sometimes coupled with a mad-scientist Army Corps of Engineers which goes around, blithely damming every river, creek, brook, canyon, and stream of piss it can find while readily admitting that those dams that do not silt up within twenty years will be made obsolete by the replacement of hydroelectric power with nuclear-generated power. The drowned valleys that once held trivial things like small farms, towns, wild-life, and forests now have "recreation value." This means that there is a reservoir infested with swarms of rednecks roaring about pointlessly in boats or fist-

(Continued on page 12.)



by Robert Chapman

Genesis 1: 26- "God gave man dominion over the fish of the sea and over the birds of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth." This conception, which we hold true, is going to put mankind in a large collective grave known presently as the earth. The time has come for man to realize, and in the United States particularly, that our role is not to dominate nature, but to understand her and at long last, live in harmony with her. Technological man is so aware of his strength that he is unaware of his weakness. If we do not clean up our planet now, it will turn on us and extract punishment for the rape we have been committing against it all through our history. At this point, a few of the charges should be cited:

1. 7,000,000 cars are junked each year in the United States
2. 7 tons of carbon a minute are dumped on us by jets that majestically soar over our heads.
3. 50% of the world's industrial pollution comes America, the land of smog and oil slicks.
4. Lettuce in some parts of Montana has 120 times the amount of lead allowed for interstate shipment. (Lead is poisonous to man- hamburgers are served with lettuce.)
5. 83,000,000 automobiles cause 60% of the air pollution in the U. S.
6. Excessive use of DDT in America and other parts of the world has made the female breast unsafe for babies. DDT will be responsible for the Bald Eagle becoming extinct within the next five years. (This is the National Bird.)
7. 5.7% of the world's population lives in this country and we use 50% of the world's natural resources. (These resources are limited, and what will happen when the other 94.3% demand their share?)

This list of charges is as long as the history of mankind; the evidence is overwhelming in favor of "mothah" nature, and the verdict is going to be delivered in our own lifetime.



# RALPH NADER

When Ralph Nader, one of the most important contemporary Americans, recently arrived at Lubbock Airport there was no red carpet and no redneck mayor to greet him. Nader flew in tourist class and his luggage was lost.

Lubbock wasn't quite ready for Nader, whose legendary crusades on behalf of the consumer have propelled him into the public eye. There was an embarrassing press conference attended by the second string of Lubbock journalism. The questions proved no one had done his homework about Nader.

Reporters were asking those four year old questions about General Motors and the detective that followed him, etc. Crap!

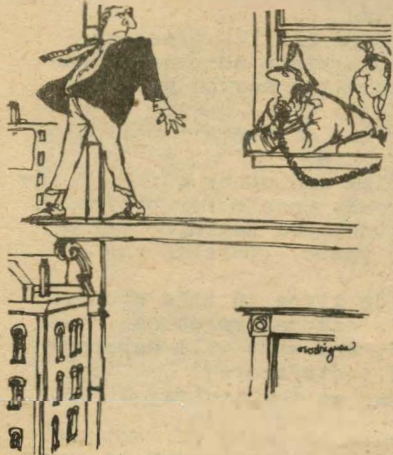
Nader was well received. The municipal auditorium was jam packed to see the person who had proved that one man can make a difference. Nader talked for two hours and then answered questions for an hour. By the time he had finished less than 10% of the audience remained. Nader talked, as he always does, about the integrity of the consumer's dollar and health and safety standards. He also talked at length about pollution which he considers the most important consumer issue.

Tall, gaunt, intelligent and cynical: Nader comes on like a mod Abe Lincoln with bushy hair, driving zeal, and hyper active intensity. Cliches such as the "quality of American life" take on real meaning when you consider the force of the man and his mission.

The U.D. headline read "Notorious Nader astounds, horrifies Audience." What a description for a man who has become the inspirational figure for a generation. Nader is integrity personified. He has lived in an \$80 furnished room for five years and owns no car, T.V., or major appliance. He has refused six figure offers from leading law firms. Nader works seven days a week, often 16 hours a day, and uses his lecture fees and royalties to support the work of his idealistic investigators, "Nader's Raiders."

The impact this man the U.D. calls "notorious" will have on the young people may far outweigh the vital work he is involved in. The Harvard Law School newspaper called him "the most outstanding man ever to receive a degree from this institution." Nader already has over 700 applications from Texas Law school students for next summers work.

As I am writing this Mayor Rogers and the Tech fratrats are at the airport to welcome "the Sweetheart of Sigma Chi." She came to Lubbock to help with rush and is getting the red carpet works plus T.V., etc. Do you understand how sad that is?



Okay, they've begun pulling out of Vietnam

## Slugger Bass

When Tech played A&M, a UPI wire service story reported that Coach Bass took a swing at A&M assistant Coach Culpepper during halftime. When Tech assistant Coach Ogelsby attempted to intercede, Bass then took a swing at him. Bass denied the UPI story, although many people saw the incident. A&M Coach Culpepper said, "I was hit, but it was probably an accident."

Most of the local press gave two versions of the incident and said Bass denied it. The University Daily reported that Bass and Culpepper denied it. A UD photographer was close at hand and may have gotten pictures of the altercation. With their usual press agent approach to Tech news, the UD failed to report what happened.

## Sour Grapes

The Brown Power struggle in America continues. Chicanos have reached their Selma in the fight for full rights of citizenship. The California Grape Strike and the nation wide boycott of table grapes had become the symbol for the Brown Power movement.

At the last meeting of the Tech Student Senate, a bill was passed to champion the California Farm Workers cause and ask Tech students to boycott table grapes. This bill had languished in committee for nearly a year to the shame of the Senate. When the bill was introduced the senators of the conservative Greek block broke into derisive laughter. Senator O. J. Simpson called it the most ridiculous bill the Senate had ever considered.

Members of the graduate student group in the Senate explained that the equality and human rights of an oppressed race of Mexican Americans was very important and no laughing matter. Barbee Anderson was the only member of the Greek block to speak for the bill. Miss Anderson had recently attended a boycott rally and explained the importance of the measure to her idiot colleagues.

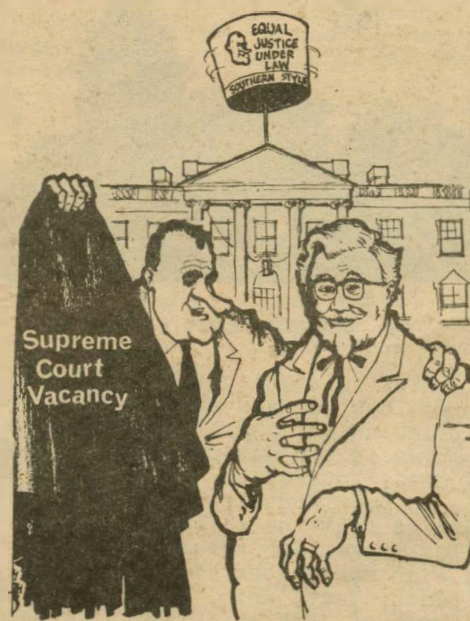
The measure passed on a roll call vote with these Greeks voting against it: Brooks, Freeman, Higgins, Kowalski, Lewis, Meyers, and Simpson. A few of the mossback conservatives were absent.

We urge all students to support the table grape boycott.



## RECOMMENDATION

The CATALYST recommends that the Tech Board of Regents appoint Dr. Murray as Chancellor and Dr. Glenn Barnett as President. This would allow Dr. Barnett to handle the day to day operations of the University. It would free Dr. Murray to work on policy matters, long range planning, and goals of the University. Murray would also have more time for fund raising and public relations. We would like the Board to take action on this at its next meeting. Remember, you read it first in the CATALYST.



"On the contrary, Colonel, I think you'd look great in black!"

## THE NADER PRINCIPLE

by Dan Bidwell

At times, folk hero Ralph Nader wants to say that the Nation thrives on waste; not that waste production is intended, nor is it to be considered a consequence of production, but that waste content becomes either a by-product, or an integral element of the market product. Obviously: (1) waste increases proportionately with production, and (2) a decrease in waste quantity is essential to maximal efficiency in production. It is also obvious that incorporating waste content into the market product itself increases profit. However, it is also obvious that the diminishing of resources necessitates something of this nature for the future, and that such practices in effect presently indicate either an anticipation of that future, an actual present need, or a profit-seeking move.

Now, the Nader Principle shares basic affinities with that of the New Left and other political groups in conflict with what is popularly called the establishment; succinctly, that principle is this: explode the image, the false front of public propaganda and private advertising. It is an "unmasking", a procedure of penetrating deceptive appearances, of getting down to actual fact, the "reality" of the situation, if you will pardon convenient philosophical distinctions. In this case, such distinctions are, in fact, justified.

What Nader is saying is this: you have been (are being) deceived, lied to, cheated. He is saying that your government perpetuates deception by virtue of its basic inadequacy to deal with the illegal practices of manufacturers and producers of market goods. He is say-

ing that the advertising world creates illusions of perfection, perpetrates deceit and lies; the "all meat" frankfurters which contain thirty per cent fat, and the neglect and refusal of the government to curtail such deceptions. What he has said is this, in effect: the failure on the part of the government to extend its control over such practices is conducive to the perpetuation of these practices. But what about "free enterprise?" What about it? Does the notion entail "license"? In effect, the dilemma, the problem, lies not at the heart of governmental neglect, but rather at the heart of the capitalistic spirit of present times.

Whatever that "spirit" is, it would not exist if it were not permitted. What anybody has to say about the matter is this: the government will not respond to consumer interests unless the consumer himself alerts the government of indiscriminate malpractices. Ideally, the government is an instrument of the public will, but the government allies itself with public interest only when that interest is manifest. If this ideal model well misses the mark of present fact, perhaps it is due to the present lack of manifest public will.

SO WHAT: Is the public too willing to participate in the game of appearances? Is the game of appearances too integral a part of the public thought that there is no opposition to deceit, but rather there is manifest tenacity to deception, fraud, the make-believe? Has the "prettiness" of shiny new products, the fascination with new gadgets of entertainment and convenience, so bound the public, that it refuses to sacrifice these devices to the cessation of an era of dreams?



# REESE REVISITED

by Tom "Nasty Hut" Mason

"Lieutenant, we're sending you to flight school up at Reese, near Lubbock, Texas."

"Lub-what, sir?"

"Lubbock. You'll like it there, lots to do. Texas Tech is right next door."

"Texas Tech, sir?"

"You know, Texas Technical University, home of the famous Red Raiders."

"Oh, yes sir, I follow them every year. I've always been a big fan of the Red Raiders."

"Any questions, Lieutenant?"

"Yes sir. How far is it from Lubbock to Dallas?"

"Three hundred miles."

"Austin?"

"Four hundred."

"Albuquerque?"

"Three hundred."

"Denver?"

"Five hundred, but don't worry, son, you can always drive to Amarillo. It's only a hundred and fifty miles."

After I had been in Lubbock for a while I began to notice some rather unusual things about the fine city. First I found out that just because Lubbock was dry didn't mean that you couldn't get a drink. I soon learned about such places as the Plaid Door and the Embassy Club. My first visit to the Embassy Club was amazing. None of this put-down-your-money-and-drink stuff found elsewhere in the country. After signing a form and paying my money the man at the door stepped back and said, "My name is Wolfman, my guest, you will be drinking out of my locker, you will be charged only for services, go right in." And he said it all in about half a second.

Later we found the "Strip," and I still don't believe that there really is a liquor store named "Pinkie's." Sounds like the name of a gay bar in Brooklyn.

Football seems to be the mania of the local residents. They take it as seriously as death and taxes. The Red Raider Inn was really a shock. I thought I'd died and gone to football heaven. Who the hell is Donny Anderson? Is he the ex-punter for the Green Bay Packers?

Flags. A million or so American flags adorn the cars of Lubbock. Actually, a friend of mine and I calculated that there were approximately two hundred and sixty thousand small American flags in Lubbock. And that doesn't include the flags on the shoulders of the Lubbock police, or on their undershorts.

And speaking of bumper stickers, do all of those people really mean it? I mean those that say "Lucky Me, I Live in Lubbock!" Could they all be blessed with so subtle a sense of humor?

While shopping one afternoon I came across another Lubbock peculiarity. Whenever I left, they would say, "Yall come back now." So one day:

"Hi, I'm back."

"You're back?"

"Yes, you told me to come back last time I was in here."

"Oh...Yall is a Yankee, ain't ya?"

There is also a peculiar style of advertising eating places here in Lubbock. The best appeal seems to be to the "plain folks." Meals are advertised as large and wholesome: "Mickey Mantle's Country Cooking," "Minnie Pearl's Fried Chicken," "Furr's Cafeterias," etc.,

etc., etc. All of these places seemed to be aimed at the middle-class, middle-sized, middle-white, middle-Texas family that thinks eating from a tray is a big night out.

After being in Lubbock I began to run out of things to do. They had closed up the one and only good pornography shop and what could I read at the Baptist Book Store? There are only so many movies to see, and the Fine Arts doesn't change often enough. I started doing all sorts of things to keep me occupied, like going to the airport to see both flights leave, selling the CATALYST on the street, and trying to obtain a Visitor's Pass to get on the Tech campus. With great difficulty, I finally began to find some real people, with long hair (please excuse mine, but they make me do it this way.) Most of the cats in Lubbock are paranoid, but wouldn't you be if you were a hippy in the Hub City? Eventually, as a result of extreme persistence and several hundred cups of coffee at the Broadway Drug, I even managed to meet a hip chick. "What's a nice freak like you doing in a place like this?"

A friend of mine wasn't so lucky with his social life. One night Russ had a date with one of the local girls, a tall blond senior, and he was excited about the whole thing. Now Russ isn't what one would call a right-wing fanatic. Before joining the Air Force, he made his living as an acid-rock musician at the University of Wisconsin. About halfway through the evening this conversation occurred:

"You know, the problem is that we Southerners hate them as a race and love them as individuals, while you Northerners love them as a race, and hate them as individuals."

"But I don't hate anyone."

"Yes you do. You can't tell me that you don't hate some niggers as much as I do."

"That's ridiculous. I don't hate any blacks, and please don't use that word."

"What word?"

"Niggers."

"Why, I've called them that all my life."

"Yeah, well let's change the subject. What do you think of sex?"

"No, let's not."

"Well, I didn't ask you to right now. I thought we'd wait a while."

"Okay, then let's change the subject. I want to talk about what a screwed up view you Northerners have of the South and Texas."

"Oh, I love the South, always have, ever since I was down here with SNCC in sixty-four."

"Let's go."

"Where?"

"Home, I don't think I like you at all."

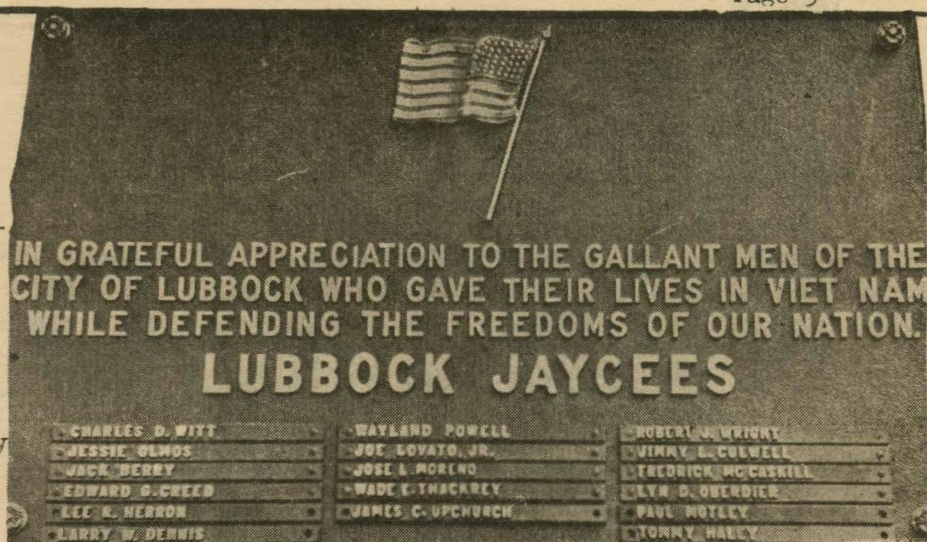
In conclusion, I have only one thing to say—Four walls do not a prison make, but Lubbock on a Tuesday night will do a damned good job.

Again, this reflects neither an opinion of the United States Air Force or the Department of Defense.



THAT'LL BE THE DAY:

"Say, do you think this stuff we're spraying on the lettuce might poison the people who eat it?"



## OVERSIGHT

The above plaque was hung in the City Council Chambers by the Lubbock Jaycees in memory of the Lubbock men who were killed in Viet Nam. The West Texas Times questioned why the only two Black soldiers from Lubbock who have been killed in the war, Pfc. Carl Henly and Pvt. Morris Brannon II, were left off the plaque.

The Jaycees "forgot" to check with Jamison Funeral Home, the local Black funeral home, which handled both bodies. Both men have obituaries on file at the Avalanche-Journal which the Jaycees said they checked.

Lubbock Jaycee President, Dr. Frank Butterfield, sent a letter of apology to the parents of both men. He said they would be included at the next dedication, probably in July.

At least two local Mexican-Americans who died in Viet Nam were also left off the plaque. Pfc. Johnny Esquiedo and Pfc. Elieso R. Vergara both died in September. Both received posthumous awards in ceremonies at Texas Tech last week.

The omission of any names from such a memorial plaque is a tragic error. The fact that they were all members of minority groups raises suspicion and doubt.

If the Jaycees are seriously interested in a plaque of appreciation, the error should be immediately corrected. Besides the omission of the aforementioned names, the most obvious fault of the Jaycee plaque is that the words LUBBOCK JAYCEES are five times as large as the names of the men. The plaque looks as if it were designed more to advertise the Jaycees than honor the men. In a new plaque, the names of the men being honored should be printed in larger print than than the name of the donor, so that it will be clear exactly who the plaque is honoring.

## WEAVER

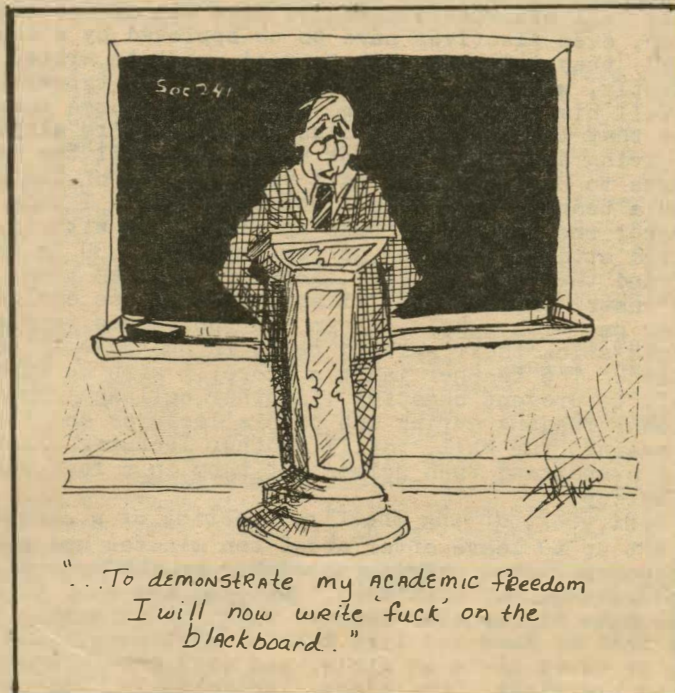
A few Lubbockites and Tech people turned out Thursday night to hear a black man speak in the municipal auditorium. Those who did not show up probably felt that Robert Weaver had nothing to say relevant to Lubbock.

"We have no slums or poverty. Our colored people and Mexicans are treated real good." The prevalence of this attitude in the hub city underlines the need for the especially creative approaches and new techniques called for by the former Secretary of HUD.

Because of the predominance of the views of the "silent minority" (Weaver's turn of phrase) the speaker underplayed his indictment of the mismanagement of cities. He obviously has been infected by his new job as college president.

In private conversation he became human again. But it was difficult to elicit from him a very clear and concrete opinion on anything. A Tech belle, complete with sorority sweat-shirt, asked a pointed question condemning integration via busing. Weaver responded feebly, insisting that busing was justifiable only in some cases. Lubbock people would naturally conclude that the local situation does not justify busing.

Despite its weaknesses, Weaver's appearance made some ripples on the stagnant pond of the South Plains. It offered reassurance that beyond the Caprock there are some new ideas and some hopes for solution of pressing urban problems.





# THE STUDENT AS NIGGER

BY *Jerry Farber*

**Editor's note:** Following is the text of an article by Jerry Farber, first published in the *Daily Bruin* when the author was teaching at Cal. State, L.A. We have had many requests to print the article, and we are happy to do so as this issue's Academic Criticism.

Students are niggers. When you get that straight, our schools begin to make sense. It's important, though, to understand why they're niggers. If we follow that question seriously enough it will lead us past the zone of academic bullshit, where dedicated teachers pass their knowledge on to a new generation, and into the nitty-gritty of human needs and hang-ups. And from there we can go on to consider whether it might ever be possible for students to come up from slavery.

First let's see what's happening now. Let's look at the role students play in what we like to call education.

At Cal State L.A., where I teach, the students have separate and unequal dining facilities. If I take them into the faculty dining room, my colleagues get uncomfortable, as though there was a bad smell. If I eat in the student cafeteria, I become known as the educational equivalent of a niggerlover. In at least one building there are even rest rooms which students may not use. At Cal State, also there is an unwritten law barring student-faculty lovemaking. Fortunately, this anti-miscegenation law, like its Southern counterpart, is not 100 percent effective.

Students at Cal State are politically disenfranchised. They are in an academic Lowndes County. Most of them can vote in national elections—their average age is about 26—but they have no voice in the decisions that affect their academic lives. The students are, it is true, allowed to have a toy government of their own. It is a government run for the most part by Uncle Toms and concerned primarily with trivia. The faculty and administrators decide what courses will be offered; students get to choose their own Homecoming Queen. Occasionally, when student leaders get uppity and rebellious, they're either ignored, put off with trivial concessions, or maneuvered expertly out of position.

## SMILES and SHUFFLES

A student at Cal State is expected to know his place. He calls a faculty member "Sir" or "Doc" or "Professor"—and he smiles and shuffles some as he stands outside the professor's office waiting for permission to enter. The faculty tell him what courses to take (in my department, English, even electives have to be approved by a faculty member); they tell him what to read, what to write, and, frequently, where to set the margins on his typewriter. They tell him what's true and what isn't. Some teachers insist that they encourage dissent but they're almost always jiving and every student knows it. Tell the man what he wants to hear or he'll fail your ass out of the course.

When a teacher says "jump" students jump. I know of one professor who refused to take up class time with exams and required students to show up for exams at 6:30 in the morning. And they did, by God! Another, at exam time, provides answer cards to be filled out—each one enclosed in a paper bag with a hole cut in the top to see through. Students stick their writing hands in the bags while taking the test. The teacher isn't a pro; I wish he were. He does it to prevent cheating. Another colleague once caught a student reading during one of his lectures and threw her back against the wall. Still another lectures his students into a stupor and then screams at them in a rage when they fall asleep.

Just last week, during the first meeting of a class, one girl got up to leave after about ten minutes had gone by. The teacher rushed over, grabbed her by the arm, saying, "This class is NOT dismissed," and led her back to her seat. On the same day another teacher began by informing his class that he does not like beards, mustaches, long hair on boys, or capri pants on girls, and will not tolerate any of that in his class. The class, incidentally, consisted mostly of high school teachers.

## FOLLOW ORDERS

Even more discouraging than this Auschwitz approach to education is the fact that the students take it. They haven't gone through twelve years of public school for nothing. They've learned one thing and perhaps only one thing during those twelve years. They've forgotten their algebra. They're hopelessly vague about chemistry and physics. They've grown to fear and resent literature. They write like they've been lobotomized. But, Jesus, can they follow orders! Freshmen come up to me with an essay and ask if I want it folded and whether their name should be in the upper right hand corner. And I want to cry and kiss them and caress their poor tortured heads.

Students don't ask that orders make sense. They give up expecting things to make sense long before they leave elementary school. Things are true because the teacher says they're true. At a very early age we all learn to accept "two truths", as did certain medieval churchmen. Outside of class, things are true to your tongue, your fingers, your stomach, your heart. Inside class, things are true by reason of authority. And that's just fine because you don't care anyway. Miss Widdemeyer tells you a noun is a person, place or thing. So let it be. You don't give a rat's ass; she doesn't give a rat's ass.

The important thing is to please her. Back in kindergarten you found out that teachers only love children who stand in nice straight lines. And that's where it's been at ever since. Nothing changes except to get worse. School becomes more and more obviously a prison. Last year I spoke to a student assembly at Manual Arts High School and then couldn't get out of the goddam school. I mean there was no way out. Locked doors. High fences. One of the inmates was trying to make it over a fence when he saw me coming and froze in panic. For a moment I expected sirens, a rattle of bullets, and him clawing the fence.

Then there's the infamous "code of dress". In some high schools, if your skirt looks too short, you have to kneel before the principal, in a brief allegory of fellatio. If the hem doesn't reach the floor, you go home to change while he, presumably, jacks off. Boys in high school can't be too sloppy and they can't even be too sharp. You'd think the school board would be delighted to see all the spades trooping to school in pointy shoes, suits, ties, and stingy brims. Uh uh. They're too visible.

## SLAVERY

What the school amounts to, then, for white and black kids alike, is a 12-year course in how to be slaves. What else could explain what I see in a freshman class? They've got that slave mentality: obliging and ingratiating on the surface but hostile and resistant underneath.

As do black slaves, students vary in their awareness of what's going on. Some recognize their own put-on for what it is and even let their rebellion break through to the surface now and then. Others—including most of the "good students"—have been more deeply brainwashed. They swallow the bullshit with greedy mouths. They honest to God believe in grades, in busy work, in General Education requirements. They swallow it like those old grey-headed house niggers you can still find in the South who don't see what all the fuss is about because Mr. Charlie "treats us real good."

College entrance requirements tend to favor the Toms and screen out the rebels. Not entirely, of course. Some students at Cal State L.A. are expert con artists who know perfectly well what's happening. They want the degree or the 2-S and spend their years on the old plantation alternately laughing and cursing as they play the game. If their egos are strong enough they cheat a lot. And, of course, even the Toms are angry deep down somewhere. But it comes out in passive rather than active aggression. They're unexplainably thick-witted and subject to frequent spells of laziness. They misread simple questions. They spend their nights mechanically outlining history chapters while meticulously failing to comprehend a word of what's in front of them.



## INWARD ANGER

The saddest cases among both black slaves and student slaves are the ones who have so thoroughly introjected their master's values that their anger is all turned inward. At Cal State these are the kids for whom every low grade is torture, who stammer and shake when they speak to a professor, who go through an emotional crisis every time they're called on in class. You can recognize them easily at finals time. Their faces are festooned with fresh pimples; their bowels boil audibly across the room. If there really is a Last Judgement, then the parents and teachers who created these wrecks are going to burn in Hell.

So students are niggers. It's time to find out why, and to do this, we have to take a long look at Mr. Charlie.

The teachers I know best are college professors. Outside the classroom and taken as a group, their most striking characteristic is timidity. They're short on balls.

Just look at their working conditions. At a time when even migrant workers have begun to fight and win, college professors are still afraid to make more than a token effort to improve their still pitiful economic status. In California state colleges the faculties are screwed regularly and vigorously by the Governor and Legislature and yet they still won't offer any solid resistance. They lie flat on their stomachs with their pants down, mumbling catch phrases like "professional dignity" and "meaningful dialogue."

Professors were no different when I was an undergraduate at UCLA during the McCarthy era; it was like a cattle stampede as they rushed to cop out. And in more recent years, I found that my being arrested in sit-ins brought from my colleagues not so much approval or condemnation as open-mouthed astonishment. "You could lose your job!"

Now, of course, there's the Vietnamese War. It gets some opposition from a few teachers. Some support it. But a vast number of professors who know perfectly well what's happening, are copping out again. And in the high schools, you can forget it. Stillness reigns.

## FORCES A SPLIT

I'm not sure why teachers are so chickenshit. It could be that academic teaching itself forces a split between thought and action. It might also be that the tenured security of a teaching job attracts timid persons and, furthermore, that teaching, like police work, pulls in persons who are unsure of themselves and need weapons and other external trappings of authority.

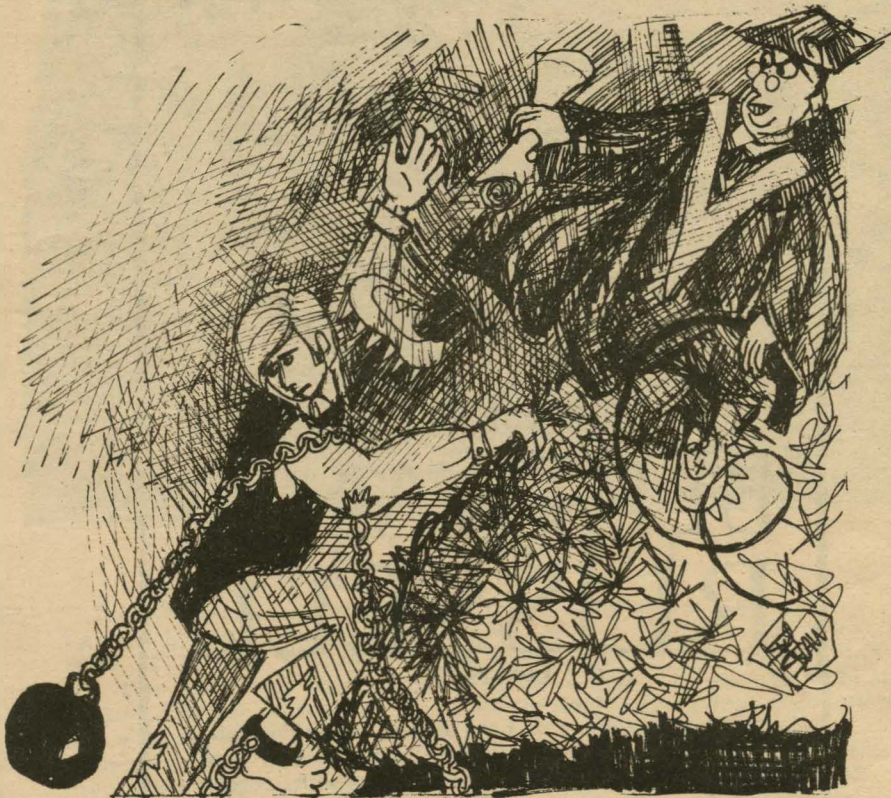
At any rate, teachers are short on balls. And, as Judy Eisenstein has eloquently pointed out, the classroom offers an artificial and protected environment in which they can exercise their will to power. Your neighbors may drive a better car; gas station attendants may intimidate you; the State Legislature may shit on you; but in the classroom, by God, students do what you say--or else. The grade is a hell of a weapon. It may not rest on your hip; potent and rigid like a cop's gun, but in the long run it's more powerful. At your personal whim--any time you choose--you can keep 35 students up for nights and have the pleasure of seeing them walk into the classroom pasty-faced and red-eyed carrying a sheet of typewritten pages, with title page, MLA footnotes and margin set of 15 and 91.

The general timidity that causes teachers to make niggers of their students usually includes a more specific fear--fear of the black people. You stand exposed in front of them, knowing that their interests, their values, and their language are different from yours. To make matters worse, you may suspect that you yourself are not the most engaging of persons. What then can protect you from their ridicule and scorn? Respect for Authority. That's what. It's the policeman's gun again. The white bwana's pith helmet. So you flaunt that authority. You wither whisperers with a murderous glance. You crush objectors with erudition and heavy irony. And, worst of all you mask your won massive ignorance--and parade a slender learning.

## WHITE SUPREMACY

The teacher's fear is mixed with an understandable need to be admitted and to feel superior, a need which also makes him cling to his "white supremacy". Ideally, a teacher should minimize the distance between himself and his students. He should encourage them not to need him--eventually or even immediately. But this is rarely the case. Teachers make themselves high priests of arcane mysteries. They become masters of mumbo-jumbo. Even a more or less conscientious teacher may be torn between the desire to give and the desire to hold them in bondage to him. I can find no other explanation that accounts for the way my own subject, literature, is generally taught. Literature, which ought to be a source of joy, solace and enlightenment, often becomes in the classroom nothing more than a source of anxiety--at best an arena for expertise, a ledger book for the ego. Literature teachers are often afraid of trade-unionism in the classroom; they do to literature what Beckmesser does to song in Wagner's "Meistersinger". The avowed purpose of English departments is to teach literature; too often their real function is to kill it.

Finally, there's the darkest reason of all for the master-slave approach to education. The less trained and the less socialized a person is, the more he constitutes a sexual threat and the more he will be subjugated by institutions, such as penitentiaries and schools. Many of us are aware by now of integrated schools and neighborhoods, and what makes the castration that goes on in schools. It begins before school years, with the parent's first encroachment on their children's free unashamed sexuality and continues right up to the day when they hand you your doctoral diploma a bleeding, shriveled pair of testicles stapled to the parchment. It's not that sexuality has no place in the classroom. You'll find it there but only in certain perverted and vitiated forms.



## BLEEDING BRAINS

How does sex show up in school? First of all, there's the sadomasochistic relationship between teachers and students. That's plenty sexual, although the price of enjoying it is to be unaware of what's happening. In walks the student in his Ivy League equivalent of a motorcycle jacket. In walks the teacher--a kind of intellectual rough trade--and flogs his students with grades, tests, sarcasm, and snotty superiority until their very brains are bleeding. In Swineburne's England, the whipped school boy frequently grew up to be flagellant. With us the perversion is intellectual but it's not less perverse.

## ONCE A NIGGER

So you can add sexual repression to the list of causes, along with vanity, fear, and will to power, that turn the teacher into Mr. Charlie. You might also want to keep in mind that he was a nigger once himself and has never really gotten over it. And there are more causes, some of which are better described in sociological than in psychological terms. Work them out, it's not hard. But in the meantime what we've got on our hands is a whole lot of niggers. And what makes this particularly grim is that the student has less chance than the black man of getting out of his bag. Because the student doesn't even know he's in it. That, more or less, is what's happening in higher education. And the results are staggering.

For one thing damn little education takes place in the schools. How could it? You can't educate slaves; you can only train them, or to use an uglier and more timely word, you can only program them.

## DANCE or DUNCE

I like to folk dance. Like other novices, I've gone to the Intersection or to the Museum and laid out good money in order to learn how to dance. No grades; no prerequisites; no separate dining rooms; they just turn you on to dancing. That's education. Now look at what happens in college. A friend of mine, Milt, recently finished a folk dance class. For his final he had to learn things like this: "The Irish are known for their wit and imagination, qualities reflected in their dances, which include the jig, the reel, and the hornpipe." And then the teacher graded him A,B,C,D, or F, while he danced in front of her. That's not education. That's not even training. That's an abomination on the face of the earth. It's especially ironic because Milt took that dance class trying to get out of the academic rut. He took crafts for the same reason. Great, right? Get your hands in some clay? Make something? Then the teacher announced that a 20-page term paper would be required--with footnotes.

At my school we even grade people on how they read poetry. That's like grading people on how they fuck. But we do it. In fact, God help me, I do it too. I'm the Adolph Eichmann of English 323. Simon Legree of the poetry plantation. "Tote that lamb! Lift that spondee!" Even to discuss a good poem in that environment is potentially dangerous because the very classroom is contaminated. As hard as I may try to turn students on to poetry, I know that the desks, the tests, the IBM cards, their own attitudes toward school, and my own residue of UCLA method are turning them off.

Another result of student slavery is equally serious. Students don't get emancipated when they graduate until they've demonstrated their willingness--over 16 years--to remain slaves. And for important jobs, like teaching, we make them go through more years, just to make sure. What I'm getting at is that we're all more or less niggers and slaves, teachers and students alike. This is a fact you want to start with in trying to understand wider social phenomena, say, politics in our country and in other countries.

## THE INNER EAR GALLERIES

Delicious VALENTINES Fantastic  
UNUSUAL HANDMADE GIFTS

744-7823 display your art work 10:30-5:00

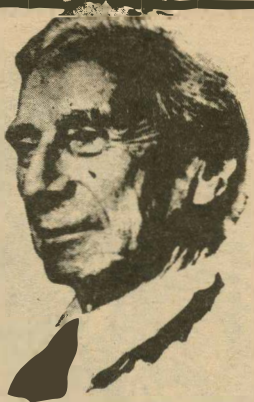
CONT

NEXT PAGE



JUST PUBLISHED

*The third and  
concluding volume  
in one of the  
most significant  
works of our time*



## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BERTRAND RUSSELL

1944-1969

**T**his final volume of Lord Russell's autobiography may have the widest appeal of any. For in it Lord Russell deals not with the distant past, but with struggles and ideas still going on—struggles and ideas that have made him one of the controversial figures of our time.

His account of forming the Who Killed Kennedy Committee and of seeking to bring the United States to trial before an International War Crimes Tribunal for its role in Vietnam have an immediacy and relevancy—especially for the young—that sets this volume apart from its predecessors.

Here is a fitting climax to the record of an incredibly long, utterly fascinating and completely rewarding life.

## Letters:

Dear Editor:

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of last week (January 29, 30, and 31) it was my pleasure to be a visitor in Lubbock (insofar as pleasure is possible in said city). During this visit I had my first contract with underground literature at Texas Tech U. Quite to my surprise, however, I found the Catalyst a truly good paper, well-written, humorous, and responsible. Your articles, photos, and cartoons were, with few exceptions, first rate.

It strikes me that being banned from the campus is a windfall for the Catalyst. It gives you a beautiful issue on which to show the public the errors of the ways of the administration. I recommend that you heed the advice of the olde English barrister who so eloquently counseled his client to "Sew the Bawstards".

Steven A. Carriker  
Austin, Texas

Brothers & Sisters of  
Catalyst:

WOW! I don't know what to say, I'm a little shocked—I just got a hold of a copy of your paper & it's out of site! I was stationed at Reese AFB for 2 years & couldn't believe the conditions that existed in Lubbock (City of Churches). Your paper was a long time coming... I hope it's a long time before it's gone. Good Luck!

Peace,  
Bob Amesse  
12AFHosp B-600  
CMR # 1 Box 2411  
APO SF 96326



"Say, buddy... ya got a light?"

STUDENT AS NIGGER continued---

## INTIMIDATE or KILL

Educational oppression is trickier to fight than racial oppression. If you're a black rebel, they can't exile you; they either have to intimidate you or kill you. But in high school or college, they can just bounce you out of the fold. And they do. Rebel students and renegade faculty members get smothered and shot down with devastating accuracy. In high school, it's usually the student that gets it; in college, it's more often the teacher. Others get tired of fighting and voluntarily leave the system. This may be a mistake though. Dropping out of college, for a rebel, is a little like going North for a Negro. You can't really get away from it so you might as well stay and raise hell.

How do you raise hell? That's a whole other article. But just for a start, why not stay with the analogy? What have black people done? They have, first of all, faced the fact of their slavery. They've stopped kidding themselves about an eventual reward in that Great Watermelon Patch in the sky. They've organized; and they've decided to get freedom now, and they've started taking it.

Students, like black people, have immense unused power. They could theoretically, insist on participating in their own education. They could make academic freedom bilateral. They could teach their teachers to thrive on love and admiration, rather than fear and respect, and to lay down their weapons. Students could discover community. And they could learn to dance by dancing on the IBM cards. They could make coloring books out of the catalogues and they could put the grading system in a museum. They could raze one set of walls and let life come blowing into the classroom. They could raze another set of walls and let education flow out and flood the streets. They could turn the classroom into where it's at—"a field of action," as Peter Margin describes it. And, believe it or not, they could study eagerly and learn prodigiously for the best of all possible reasons--their own reasons.

They could, theoretically. They have the power. But only in a very few places, like Berkeley, have they even begun to think about using it. For students, as for black people, the hardest battle isn't with Mr. Charlie. It's with what Mr. Charlie has done to your mind.

*"for a different kind of  
Sunday  
Experience"*

First Unitarian Church

Sunday: 11:00 A.M.

36<sup>th</sup> & Ave. U. 795-9089

# EDITOR HOAXED

What do you do every Sunday morning? I turn first to the letters to the editor in the Avalanche-Journal and laugh until my cheekbones ache. They always excoriate HEW, Civil Rights, and the peace movement. Joe Boyd, Sue Stevens, and Robert Welch are by far the funniest writers. They see a red under every bed and a conspiracy in every cupboard. One letter said the peace symbol was the international Communist sign of the "broken cross" which is to downgrade Christianity.

The most racist and right wing letters come from the little towns. These letters often change subjects several times and discover several manifestations of the Commie conspiracy in a single paragraph. These are always illogical John Birch letters. They quote directly from the hate literature the Birch group mails out.

Many of the letters are openly racist but whereas they like to disguise their racism in code words, they openly call people Commies. A current target of the Birch nuts is sex education which they all know is a Commie plot to ruin the morals of the young. It seems that after sex education, our youngsters will waste away from frequent sexual misadventures and not be up to the important business at hand, namely stopping the Commies before they come marching down Avenue Q.

For years a favorite liberal diversion has been to hoax Charlie Guy by sending letters written in the formula--right wing nut jargon under fake names. It is hard to guess which letters are for real and which are intentionally ludicrous. One reason for this practice is that when liberals write serious letters exposing the foolishness of the mindless right wing, they get the threatening anonymous phone calls.

Recently there have been several letters about the LIFE article that exposed Lubbock to the nation as dogpatch in drag; a real hick town. Below is a hoax letter, tongue in cheek, sent to the A-J and printed Feb. 1st. The cryptic name and address are fictitious but have deep meaning.

### Embarrassed By Article In Magazine, He Avers

**EDITOR:** The Avalanche-Journal: My wife and I were embarrassed to tears over the latest slap in the face by a noted magazine. We just want you to know that we agonize over the plight of our fine city trying to grow up big in this remarkable country of ours.

We wish we had a Lubbock flag that we could fly out back next to Old Glory every day. We're just busting with grief that the Hub-Once More has had to backslide and turn the other cheek to them Eastern nose drops.

Ben Goodman, 1234 Bascom Exot.

After there were so many letters to the University Daily, our staff writer Emmett Grogan thought he would add some balance. Below is a letter Emmett sent to the U.D. Even though Emmett's name appears in our staff box every issue, the U.D. misspelled his name.

I am sick of all this talk about the CATALYST. The paper was banned and it should have been banned.

I noticed that it was back selling in the SUB but I would never again buy a copy. Tech can easily do without a paper like the CATALYST, all it does is cause trouble. It was unfair to Coach Carlen and unfair to Tech administrators.

All it prints is lies, filth, and radical propaganda. What kind of creeps would write such trash?

Emmett Grogan  
Box 4218  
Tech Station

We had not been mentioned in the A-J, so Grogan sent the following letter to our friend Charlie Guy. The A-J was the only local news outlet that didn't mention us when we were banned. This was in last Sunday's paper.

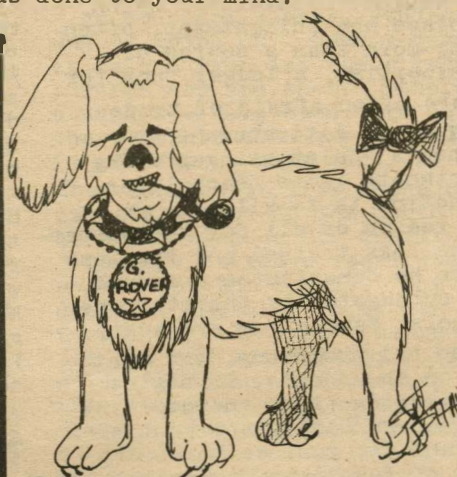
### Student At University Disagrees With Critic

**EDITOR:** The Avalanche-Journal: I noticed that one letter writer objected to your calling some people "peaceniks" and "punkniks." Well that is what they are! I really appreciate your conservative approach to the news.

Until recently there was a so-called underground paper out at Tech. It was filth and lies and went against everything we hold dear. The Administration finally banned this paper; an act I congratulate. Of course, this caused some hearts to bleed. From reading a paper like this it looks as if it is put out by a bunch of Commies.

I like your editorials and I really like your sportswriters.

Emmett Grogan, Box 4611, Tech Station.



EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY  
(IN COURT)



# TUCHOLSKY'S FACTS

Editor's Note: Kurt Tucholsky (1890-1935) German humorist, political and social satirist, pacifist and left-wing intellectual during the Weimar Republic (1919-1933). During this time he became associated with the *Weltbühne*, an organ of the liberal left. His works were among those burned at the infamous book-burning rally May 10, 1933 in Berlin. Shortly thereafter, deprived of his German citizenship, Tucholsky made his home in exile in Sweden. He committed suicide December, 1935.

## Professor Tucholsky's Facts

Once upon a little planet,  
A nice provincial planet set  
Deep in the galactic sticks,  
There lived an interesting  
thing  
Called Man.

Man had two legs and two  
Convictions: one he called  
Luck,  
Which he believed in when  
things went right;  
The other one he used when  
things went wrong.  
This was called Religion.

Man was vertebrate, bipodic,  
Omnivorously dieted, often  
bald,  
And he had a soul that never  
died.\*  
Also he had his fellow countrymen  
To stop him from getting  
overconfident.  
Man ate a lot:  
Plants, fish, animals, birds,  
snails. . .  
Almost anything that he  
could reach;  
Occasionally he ate other  
men,  
But this was rare.

Each man had a liver,  
A heart, a brain, and a flag.  
These were his vital organs.  
On these his life depended.  
Doubtless there were men  
alive

With only half a liver,  
Some had no heart,  
And many had no brain.  
But a man without a flag?  
Impossible.

Man was the most useful living  
creature;  
He raised the value of steel  
shares;  
Cheerfully he died a soldier's  
death,  
Or committed spectacular  
crimes,

Thereby selling innumerable  
newspapers.

Man was Political.  
He lived in groups.  
Each group detested the next  
group.  
O, there were so many detestations!  
And the chief of these was  
called Patriotism.

Although he had two ears,  
Man rarely listened, and if  
he did,  
He only liked to hear promises,  
estimates  
Of his own value, congratulations,  
and,  
Above all, expressions of  
gratitude.  
Of course, some men were different. . .  
Thinkers, revolutionaries,  
saints,  
But these were few,  
And they were quickly crucified.  
Shot, or poisoned.

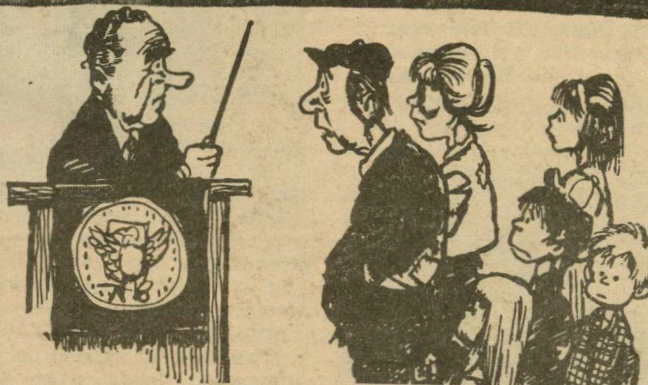
And in addition to men there  
were  
White South Africans; though,  
As their extinction was hourly  
expected,  
And did eventually arrive,  
None of their artifacts survive.

Next week we study Dogs.  
All of which have now vanished.

Many admired human character,  
But it was a split. One  
half was known as Male--  
And did not want to think;  
The other was called Female--  
In whom thinking was discouraged.  
Yet both had this in common:  
They were both full of fear.  
They were afraid of cancer,  
debt,  
Old age, loneliness, and  
failure;  
But most of all they feared  
their fellow man.

Thus justifying the name  
"Sapiens."

\*Although extensive intergalactic expeditions have searched the whole universe for what must be a colony of some trillion Immortal Souls, none have been found. And, in justice to these expeditions, it must be said that Man was known to tell lies about himself.



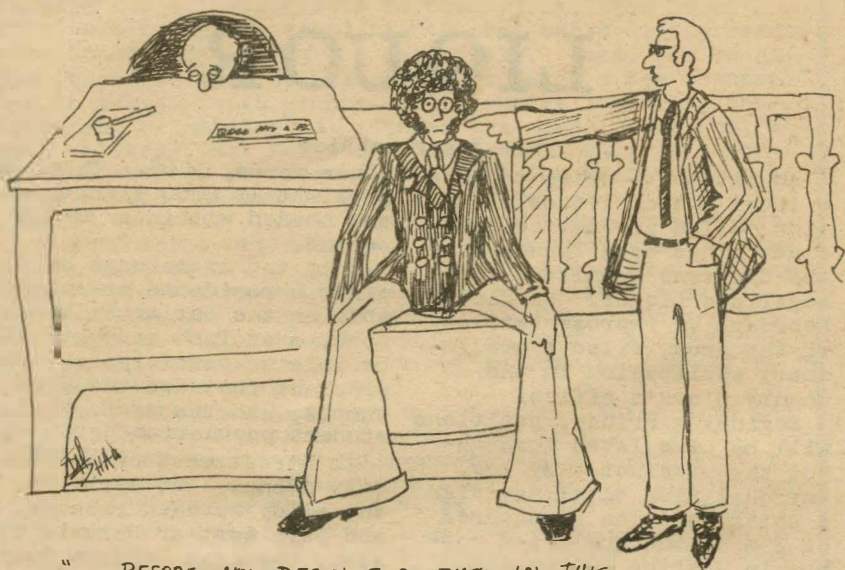
What's the deadline for putting a low income family of six into a decent house?

## MORALITY FATS again

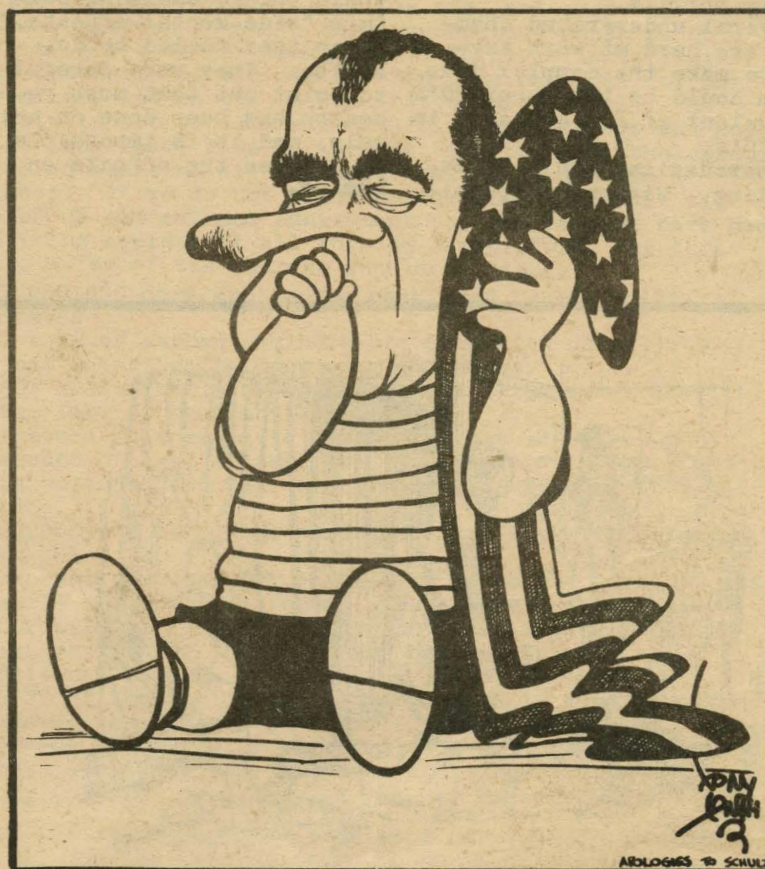
Well, there I was in Furr's cafeteria in my field jacket and love beads when this cat in front of us started flashing dirty looks our way. Now neither myself nor the chick with me looked particularly respectable that night, but to quote an Italian friend of mine from Newark, we "weren't no shitbums." So anyway, this cat keeps looking at the chick and me as if we wouldn't have the bread to pay for the meal or might start a demonstration or something. He was a very neat dude, short burns, narrow tie, a little over-weight and looked to be over thirty. I thought he was some kind of cop or even the military. He had that hungry look, like someone was wrecking the country and he was going to kick their ass. You know the look, you saw it in the last scene of *Easy Rider*, only this guy was much better dressed than the cracker with the shotgun, plus I don't think he was carrying his

that night. So he starts to mutter something to the people in front of him about the kind of people that were coming into Furr's these days, and then he told them how if he ate too much he would gain weight. Anyway, we all shuffled through the line; he had fish and salad and I had roast beef and potatoes plus pie and he gave me another dirty look when I asked for ice cream on top. It seemed like he wanted dessert but just couldn't bring himself to do it. We finally came to the end of the line.

"Well, good evening, Coach Carlen," said the cashier. Now I haven't been in Lubbock too long, but I do know that they dig their football, and I had heard the name thrown around. I did think that it was kind of unusual for a man of Coach Carlen's status to eat at a place like Furr's with the rest of the masses. But you know something? That guy didn't even say grace.....



"... BEFORE YOU BEGIN JURY DUTY IN THIS NARCOTICS TRIAL, THE D.A. WANTS TO KNOW YOUR OPINION ON LSD, MARIJUANA, AND OTHER ADDICTING DRUGS..."

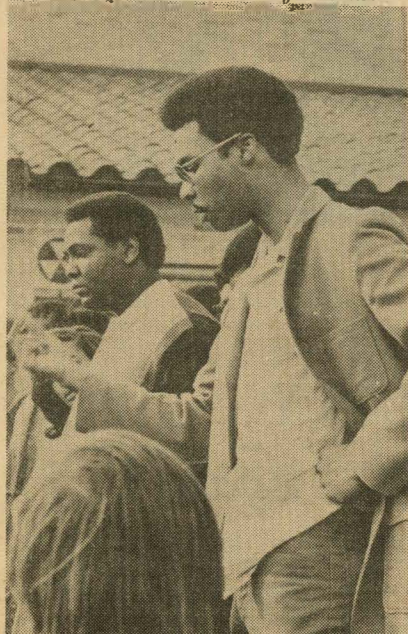




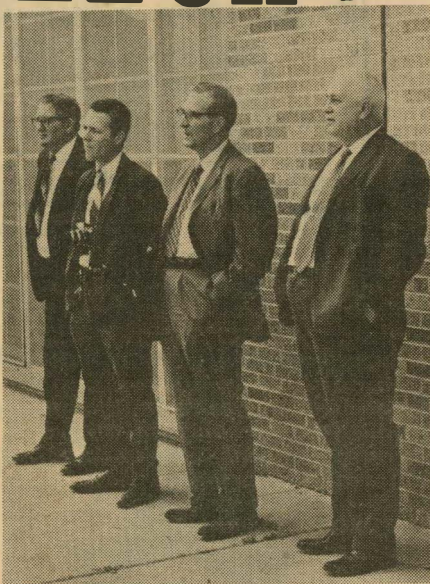
# FREE SPEECH?

Shortly after noon, on Wed. Feb 4, groups of black and white Tech students began a free form seminar on the steps of the Tech library. White-black relationships and self-awareness evolved as central topics.

The Seminar had lasted a short time and had drawn 50-60 participants when Tech administrators, "anticipating a hazard," sent Mr. George Scott, black Assistant Dean of Men over to ask that the students move to the Free-Speech area (i.e. that cowpasture out behind the Tech Union). This was so that they would



Photos courtesy Tim Brown



Fat Cats observe. Their job is to anticipate hazards.

"not obstruct traffic."

The black students co-operated fully with Assistant Dean Scott, and the white students followed suit. The seminar was moved back of the Union, where the session continued some two or three hours.

Throughout the session, the hazard anticipators (see pic.) stood by and watched.

Ulysses McCowan, black initiator of the seminar, insisted that he held no resentment toward Scott because of his action, contending "better Scott than Grover Murray". McCowan said Scott was "real nice about it" At the CATALYST we were pretty disgusted.

## STEAM THRILLS

(From the Village Voice.)

Science has given the underground the next of its chemical miracles: p-chlorophenylalanine. In clinical tests with rats, rabbits and monkeys, the animals were sexually turned on by the chemical, and if it works for us, it will be the first true aphrodisiac ever discovered that stands up to scientific tests.

Supposedly the drug counteracts a sex-inhibiting chemical in the brain, frees the libido and heightens sexual excitement so much that the underground has

nicknamed it "steam". Instead of "Speed kills," the hip slogan will be "Steam thrills."

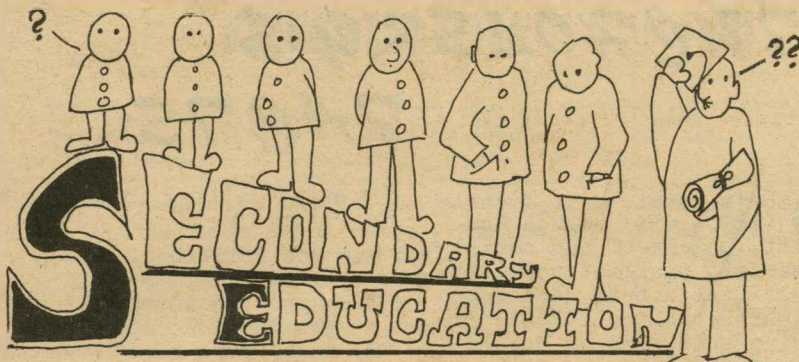
Several underground chemists are hard at work trying to make the complex drug. Steam could be the super 70's equivalent of pot and acid in the 60's.

Repercussions could be astounding. Figure the possi-

bilities—it could be used to give new meaning to the "second childhood" of octogenarians, to turn homosexuals on to girls, or to give prostitutes a chance to enjoy their work more. Dying species like the whooping crane would be energetically repopulated.

Unfortunately, there is also the possibility that steam burns. Can you imagine being strung out on steam? O.D.-ing? Steam freaks and steam rapes could provide a new source of hysteria for America's frightened middle.

Of course the drug company manufacturing steam is pretty up tight about the whole thing, claiming certain "side-mental-effects," which they failed to describe. They were careful to point out that most research has been done on animals, and it is impossible to foresee the effects on humans.



Some of the problems of secondary education were explored in our last issue. Now is the time for some specific gripes about high school. It's the little things that make 12 years of education into a slow hell.

The first complaint of every secondary pseudo is the infringement upon his right to look the way he wishes. The foremost justification given by most administrations is the responsibility it has to the public served by the school. No thoughts are given to the student. Below-the-ear-lobe boys are hustled to a mogul who calmly states that long hair is unnecessary and inappropriate for an educational environment.

Girls are also coerced into sitting around all day dressed to the hilt. They are kept in easy submission because they have inculcated into themselves the belief that they beam with feminine attraction (sex appeal). Fashion makes great conversation and a compliment appropriately administered makes a life long friend (at least until the rumors you've been spreading reach her). The administration has a justification for this one, too. Girls in pants would tend to make the atmosphere of the school too informal. Dear Superintendent of Lubbock Public Schools: What's wrong with informality? Aren't your teachers well-trained enough to handle thirty kids? When so-called formality is conducive to pettiness and negative attitudes, something is amiss. Dear Mr. Superintendent: we're only young once!

The next complaint is that of the satisfactory student who finds that high school is becoming more and more a machine for grinding out unprepared victims. School has become less human and more technical, almost to the point of inapplicability. Sex education and drug educa-

tion are neatly pushed aside by the curriculum planners of Lubbock. We need knowledge not speeches by half doctors/half social workers who proceed to attempt to scare you into propriety.

Work study is a program to be improved and encouraged. In this super-technical machine age, many unheard of fields are emerging. Work study should broaden its range to include these. People must be trained. Girls now are offered cosmetology, medical aid and secretarial training. I pity Lubbock if all of its high school girls not going to college are planning to become housewives.

High school is an important time for the developing of a mental adjustment to man's place in a multi-media, super-sonic world. Counseling provided by schools should supersede choice of curriculum and university. Students need a source other than parents to discuss personal problems and the newly married next door doesn't always know the answers. Before such a system of personal psychiatrists can be established, a radical change must come about in student's negative attitudes toward the administration. Some understanding is created when the administration lets students know more about its problems. The red tape between the students and board is enough to inactivate any beneficial changes. Reformers are turned into pessimists, student governments are turned into ineffective bureaucracies, the administrators are turned into perfunctory monsters, the faculties are turned into frustrated clerks.

Competitiveness makes twelve years of education into a bum trip. Peer and parent pressures cause students to try to reach nothing less than excellence in everything from grades to football. Are we aiming at the creation of a race of frustrated schizophrenics?

## LIQUOR

by Roger Settler

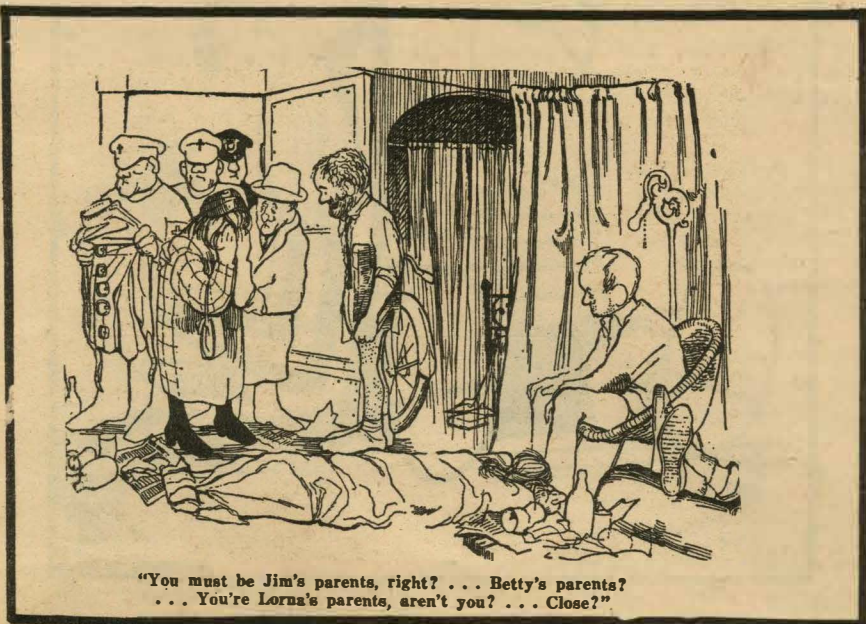
An intensive drive to have a local option liquor election called in Justice Precinct 6 has been launched by the Citizens Committee for Legalized Liquor. On Monday, February 9, representatives of the group filed a preliminary application in the County Clerk's office.

Beginning Friday, petitions will be circulated throughout the precinct. By law, any qualified voter may sign a petition. The signatures of 25% of the qualified voters in Justice Precinct 6 are required on petition before an election may be called, based on the number of votes cast in the precinct in the preceding gubernatorial election of a presidential election year -- in

other words, 1968. Thus, approximately 4400 signatures are needed within a 30-day period.

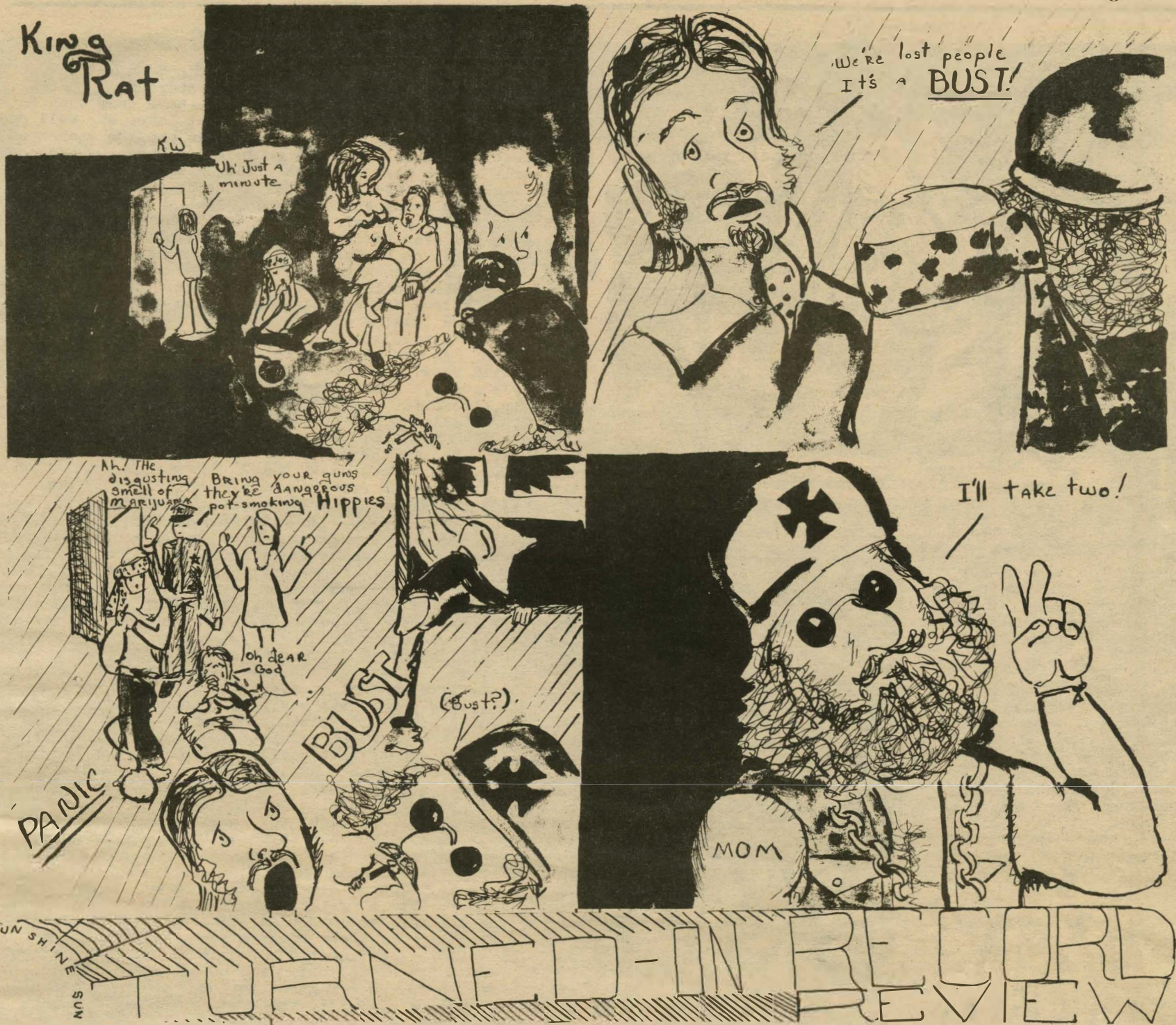
Only the signatures of Precinct 6 residents are acceptable on the petition; therefore, most Tech students will be able to participate. The precinct includes the Tech campus, and the centers of student population north of 19th Street west of University Avenue, and north of the alley between Broadway and Main east of University. Also, the area between Quaker and Frankfort south of 19th Street to 82nd is included in the precinct.

In order to check completed petitions, a deadline of February 28 has been set by the Committee.



"You must be Jim's parents, right? . . . Betty's parents? . . . You're Lorna's parents, aren't you? . . . Close?"



King  
Rat

**YOUR SAVING GRACE**- The Steve Miller Band- The latest great offering from this versatile West Coast group features outstanding vocalizations in the driving style that has made The Steve Miller Band one of the most popular groups going. Social comments abound in the lyrics. Best cuts are "Baby's House", "Motherless Children," and "Your Saving Grace."

**THE FLOCK** - One of the newest and most notable jazz rock groups on the scene is The Flock, a group of seven musicians from the Windy City. Their sound is distinct and delightful, and features the electric violin on most cuts. The best cuts are "I Am The Tall Tree", "Tired of Waiting", and "Truth." However, each cut has something exciting to offer. Viva The Flock!!

**THE GREAT WHITE WONDER**- Bob Dylan- This two-record set contains cuts from recording sessions, live appearances, and interviews with Dylan. The material is badly recorded and quite a motley assortment. It was lifted by some people on the West Coast, who reportedly produced only 5,000 of the uncopyrighted LP's and then escaped to the North Country. Tracts include: "Parchment Farm", "Maggie's Farm", "One Kind Favor", "Ballad of Hezekiah Jones", "Tears of Rage", "I Shall Be Released", and "Wheels on Fire".

This album isn't available in Lubbock record stores, but Dylan enthusiasts are welcome to record from one of the four copies in the possession of CATALYST staffers. Drop us a line at Box 4611, Tech Station. **EVERYBODY KNOWS THIS IS NOWHERE**- Neal Young with Crazy Horse- This album spotlights Neal Young, the

newest addition to Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young. With able backing from Crazy Horse (Danny Whitten, Ralph Molina, and Billy Talbot), Neal Young creates an exciting fusion of country blues and hard rock. Best selections include "Cowgirl in the Sand", "Running Dry", and "Down by the River". **IN THE COURT OF THE CRIMSON KING**- An Observation by King Crimson- This is the first album by this British group composed of Robert Fripp, Ian McDonald, Greg Lake, Michael Giles, and Peter Sinfield; and it is a very good album. The secret of the group's success is the haunting mellotron of McDonald and the lead vocals of Lake.

The underlying theme presented in most cuts is the futility, confusion, and disillusionment of the human race. Best cuts, although all are excellent in their own way, include "Twentieth Century Schizoid Man" and the title song.

**MISSA LUBA** sung by Les Troubadours du Roi Baudouin uses "the joyous voices of Congolese boys in praise of their grandfather's gods as well as the Christian god."

The Gregorian mood of the Catholic mass lent itself well to Congolese drums and tribal feelings. The music is rhythmic and relaxing but driving- by no means primitive. Although it may not be accepted by the

American ear which is accustomed to nothing but 4/4 time and C-major chords, Missa Luba, an experiment with African culture, is very revealing to any willing listener.

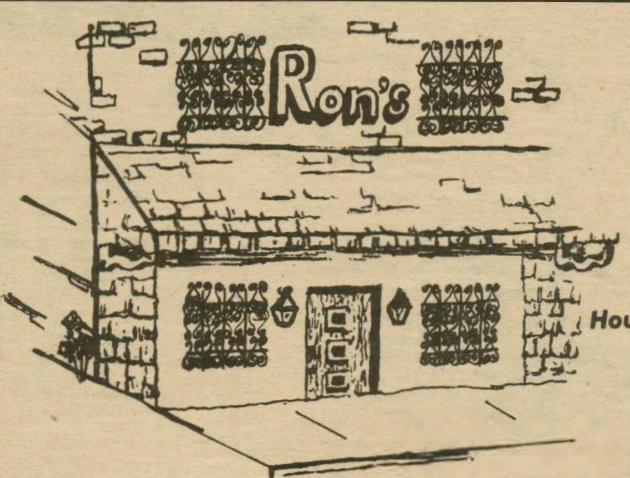
"The South African song, 'Wimoweh,' has told us the lion is sleeping. Events now tell us the lion has awakened."



**ATTENTION PLEASURE SEEKERS** and followers of Epicurus: Do you find that you are constantly searching for new windows of enlightenment? Well, look no further! The answer to your quest is at RON'S on University between Broadway and 13th St. RON'S offers whatever you desire in the way of dining, atmosphere and live entertainment. There is no cover charge.

The Blue Ridge Special bluegrass band played there last week. They produce a sound that will really move all that listen. They feature the banjo, guitar, mandolin, and bass. This is the type of music the whole campus community will dig- hips, aggs, greeks, heads, and even faculty. The Special will again be playing next week on Friday and Sunday night.

It is a welcome change to the drab fare usually seen on University to visit RON'S. Why don't you soon?



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The Tech football squad was polled as to whether or not they would prefer to play on grass next season. Most replied that they preferred alcohol.

There has been a recent move in Lubbock and on campus to sabotage grapes. Beware! People have been taking old atomizers filled with urine and spraying the grapes in supermarkets. Even the grapes served on campus have not escaped this treatment.



Alan Yaffe, Tech law student, has worked as an undercover man for the KK's this year. He lists as part of his past accomplishments the arrest of all those Ad Building homosexuals. Al also tries to keep watch on all of Tech's bizarre political factions. We think that law students should spend their time learning other things besides entrapment, surveillance and invasion of privacy. We are old-fashioned, but we still think of lawyers as protectors rather than violators of basic freedoms.

## GM

"What's good for General Motors is good for the country." Ha! This monster corporation has embarked on another attempt to shaft the public. Senate hearings have been ordered to investigate the accusations of warranty double-dealing by GM.

Senator Philip A. Hart of Michigan exposed a letter that GM had sent its dealers instructing them not to fix non-safety defects already covered by warranty unless irate customers discovered them and demanded repairs.

Chevrolet became frightened of the Senate committee, ducked its head quickly and tried to fool the public into believing that the car maker was being persecuted by the nasty government.

In this "let the buyer beware" society of white collar crime GM has once again shown its intention to live up to the old American idea of "do unto others, then split."

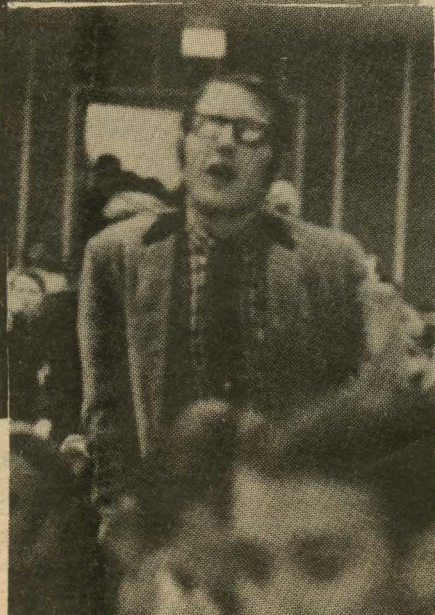


Photo: Alan Yaffe, seen here interrogating Ralph Nader in the Municipal Auditorium.

### ACLU MEETING

The Lubbock chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union will meet at 8:00 P.M., Thursday, February 12, at the First Unitarian-Universalist Church, 36th & U.

All students and faculty are invited to attend.

Ted Taylor will report on 1969 activities and on issues surrounding The Catalyst suit.

## con't JUNK

fighting in squalid little "Bar-Bait" emporiums. On the other hand, maybe we need new lakes, we have made such fetid stews of our natural ones. The Great Lakes are well on their way to becoming lifeless cesspools and the stench of our great rivers on a hot day would gag a maggot. Back in the early 1900's Fort Worth restrooms had jocular little signs saying, "Please flush, Dallas needs the water." That's not too funny anymore.

This is merely a brief, sketchy catalogue of horrors. If anyone believes the writer is a fabulist, let him do a little research on his own. He will then lie awake in a cold sweat for three nights. This piece has not even attempted a worldwide look at the situation. For one thing, space is limited; for another, in talking about the United States, we are talking about a nation that has one-fifteenth of the world's population, yet consumes one-half of its production. As was said before, how long an increasingly hungry will view this house of gluttons without acting is anybody's guess. America is the greatest technological power in the world. It is also, supposedly, socially advanced. This latter claim will be put to the test in the future and we may find that America has created a New Barbarianism. "Don't worry," we like to say, "The scientists will figure out something." What? The world's population skyrockets while its resources disappear. This is dead cold absolute fact. It is a situation which calls for reform of a sort and scope never before attempted. Here is where we enter into a great and misty realm of conjecture. That technology could save us is probable, given a certain set of ifs. That's the nut, for they are the ifs of human social behavior. The success of any reform movement depends upon the willingness of its participants to sacrifice. This is a prime test of humanism, and humanism of a new dimension has become a necessity if we are to survive. There is no longer room for the rampant ego, a la Ayn Rand. Whether mankind can simultaneously, and very soon, exercise widespread birth control, reverse the trend for more and more junk goods, and go to a simpler, calmer way of life, remains to be seen. It will not be easy, even if we are all aware of the physical, social, and psychological benefits. For one example, it could involve (see how your libertarian consciousness handles this one) selective breeding. The question here, of course, is— who will decide who is to take the Pill, or the Loop, or whatever?

There are simpler problems for America alone that demand solutions more massive than anything we have ever done. We can mention only a few here: the strict control of automobiles with perhaps only small slow electric carts in the cities, the limiting of air travel, and that at sub-sonic speeds, the revival of railroads with fast electric trains carrying passengers on less than transcontinental distances, the abolition of the suburb, which gobbles up land while intensifying our apartheid societal characteristics, strict regulation of pollution and noise and, mainly, a willingness to forego our great national pursuit, the acquisition of pure unadulterated crap, which is what most of our goods are.

Some of these things will require governmental control, in fact, nationalization. Free enterprise, in the past, was, in many ways, a splendid system. It is, however, license for the stronger to rape both the land and the weaker. Some measures must be voluntary to be really effective, for instance, noise control. The spectre of "noise policemen" skulking around the hallways of apartment houses is chillingly Orwellian. Are we willing to give up these things? Will you abandon your car and ride a bicycle? Will you forego having children? Will you do without furniture, electric can-openers and the plethora of books, magazines, and newspapers that consume square miles of forests?

More than a century ago, Thoreau howled in his wilderness like a Yankee Jeremiah, and his words ring true today! "Talk of heaven," he thundered, "Ye disgrace earth."

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