

the **Catalyst**

vol. III issue : 25 ¢

4611 TECH STATION

Summer '1971

LUBBOCK, TEXAS



***MARSHALL AT WAR ON
CITY HALL***

FARMERS ON WELFARE

UPPER LEFT

You've hopefully been wondering where the Catalyst was this summer. Well we've finally come out. This issue will bring you some of your old favorite columns and some new stories, with a few expose's.

Many things have been happening in Lubbock, Texas, and the nation. We'd like to say that Lubbock is free of scandal, but shame on you Preston Smith. Do you expect us to believe that you really didn't know that fraudulent stock sales were illegal? Come on now. We would also like to congratulate the Times and the Supreme Court for deciding to print the Pentagon Papers. We were beginning to worry about freedom of the press in the United States (for obvious reasons), but now we can say that maybe the "Land of the Free" is really the land of the free. We're still working on the "home of the brave." But really we think it is a fantastic place to live in. If we didn't we wouldn't try so hard to try to help improve its quality..

We would like to welcome all of the new students who are here at Texas Tech pre-registering or what ever. We hope that you will be proud of what ever you get from TT. It's a nice school, but I wouldn't like to live here.

Anyway we must apologize again to our hordes of avid readers, as this is the first last, and only summer issue of that well known journal of applied paranoia, the Catalyst. We trust, however, that everyone will find enough goodies to occupy themselves for the remainder of the summer. We have spicy articles, on a one-man war on City Hall, criminals on the Tech football team, welfare farmers in the Lubbock area, an unusual evaluation of the values of modern American society as contrasted with that of the American Indian, and a thoughtful observation on the discovery of the primitive Tasaday tribe in the Philippines, and the sense of tragedy in American life.

Next year year the Catalyst will again become a regular part of the Tech-Lubbock scene, and we can only hope that the best (and goriest) articles are yet to come. There are still crimes to be exposed and political figures to be embarrassed. Therefore bear with us, the Best is yet to come!

YE OLD STAFF BOX
WILLIAMS, PUCK, OSCAR,
KEN, PAUL, MICKEY, DOWNS,
ROGER, SNOW, K.E. TITO,
PERRY, BOX 4611, TECH STATION, LUB.
CLARK.



BLACKWELL'S FOLLY

by Tom Downs

On the Sunday of May 10, 1970 a member of William Ray Blackwell's family wrecked a city of Lubbock's automobile. Now this is a little disconcerting but is not against the law. However, what followed is anything but honest.

The automobile, a 1967 Mercury license number CFW 648, was taken to Western Body Works by A.B.C. Wrecker. Damage to this car was estimated to be \$450.00, however \$271.35 was paid. Mr. Blackwell, a Lubbock councilman, recieved from the city of Lubbock a check for this amount. On May 5, 1971, almost a year later, Blackwell paid \$271.35,....after a complaint was lodged by the foreman of the Grand Jury to the District Attorney's Office.

Blackwell stated that there had been a clerical error and the bill had not been brought to his attention until this time.

Now, it may be that councilman Blackwell made an honest mistake. (The kind that most people would go to jail for.) He could have honestly over-looked the bill, without malice or forethought. He may have had every intention of paying the bill. It's quite possible that councilman Blackwell is a completely honest public official who had no intention what-so-ever, of using city funds to cover up a family matter.

It's all very possible, but we doubt it.

MAYDAY ARRESTS

The U.S. Court of Appeals, for the District of Columbia Circuit has just granted the National Capitol Area CLU's request to bar the capricious prosecution of any more of the "Mayday" arrestees until the Federal District Court can conduct a hearing on the constitutionality of the proceedings.

By May 25, Justice Department officials had obtained only two convictions after trial—out of 12,000 arrests made early in the month. Nonetheless, defendants, many of them out-of-town, were still required to stand trial or forfeit collateral, thereby accepting automatic misdemeanor convictions.

CLU cooperating attorney Monroe H. Freedman went to Federal District Court to ask a halt to the prosecutions except those in which the charges were based on adequate evidence. (In most cases law enforcement authorities were vague about crime, time, and place) He asked the Federal Court to clear the Washington courts of the thousands of unlawfully brought cases, alleging that harassment of dissenters was the city's only motive in prosecuting. The Federal Court judge accused Freedman of clogging the calendar by bringing the injunction suit. But the Court of Appeals saw the point.

CLU Response

The lawsuit is the first in a broad program NCACLU has started to correct the May abuses and prevent their recurrence. The program will consist of investigation, litigation and education. NCACLU issued a call for

witnesses' affidavits immediately after the series of sweep arrests. Within days 1,200 persons came forward to offer evidence. They are still coming.

Even earlier, the CLU had collected some evidence on its own. By sleuthing in the Coliseum until 4:30 one morning, NCACLU Chairman James Heller and Legal Director Ralph Temple got a clear picture of law enforcement tactics, and within a few hours a Justice Department lawyer had given them an affidavit swearing that booking officers had been ordered to fabricate arrest information.

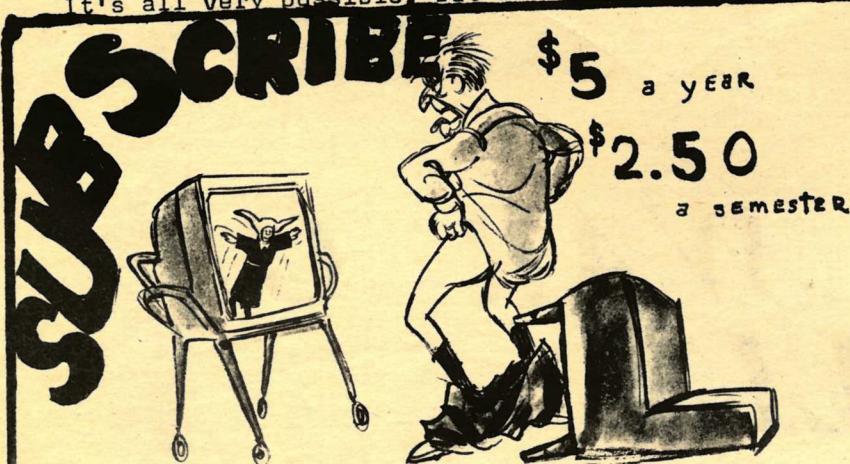
Future legal actions will include a suit to enjoin mass arrests permanently, a multi-million dollar suit for damages on behalf of those who were legally arrested and detained, and a suit challenging the "unlawful assembly" arrests of 1,146 youths on the Capitol grounds.

POLICE CONFUSION

Capitol police had barred the demonstrators from the steps, then allowed them on, then ordered them to get off within 10 minutes. Midway through the arrests, on forms prepared in advance, the charges were changed from "unlawful entry" to "unlawful assembly" because of an apparent confusion among police as to what law the demonstrators were allegedly breaking.

The CLU publicly branded official handling the events in early May as "the Vietnamization of America." NCACLU said:

"In the aftermath of the Mayday disturbances in Washington, the President of the United States and his Attorney General are congratulating



Yes, yes, oh indeed yes! Rush me my year's subscription to that much-lauded journal of applied paranoia, THE CATALYST.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

☐ money enclosed

☐ bill me by semesters

who goes to jail & who doesn't

Everyone knows that a thief who doesn't get caught will not go to jail. This is elementary. The difficulty is in staying out of jail after you get caught. Well, two Tech students just may have the answer.

Last winter there was a burglary at a Lubbock bike shop. Two bikes valued at \$125 were taken, and a window and a door were forced open and broken.

A few weeks later a member of the Bicycle Conspiracy spotted one of the stolen bicycles on the Tech campus. With the help of the Tech police the culprits were apprehended and the bikes were recovered.

The two students involved told the KK that they had bought the bikes from a "mexican" at the HI D HO. But the Lubbock police did not buy the story, and the pair confessed to Sergeant Mitchell after questioning.

They were released because no formal charges had been brought. Charges of burglary require a formal complaint from the injured party, and the shop owners wanted restitution more than revenge.

In the mean time the confessions and paperwork were forwarded to the District Attorney.

One of the boys was a football player for Coach Carlen. He was not a starter, but he was on the squad. The other was his younger brother.

The good coach decided to try to help the boys out of the jam. He went to the shop owners and attempted to work out a plan for repayment of the loss. He apparently thought he was exerting no more than parental assistance to the wayward children of his team, but the shop owners thought the boys should have come themselves, and took Carlen's moves as unwarranted application of pressure.

Next the oldest boy involved, a senior at Tech, went to the shop to get the rack and kick-stand he had bought for the stolen bike. While he was there he did not even act sorry for the theft. He told the owner that nothing would be done to him even if charges were filed. He did not offer to pay for the damages.

This made the shop owner mad. He went to the DA's office with the signed complaint in his hand, but Blair Cherry would not take the paper.

It seems that the DA can refuse complaints if he wants to. In this case Mr. Cherry has the boys in his personal probation. Do they have to report? No. But they had better not get into any more trouble in Lubbock.

At this point the shop owners were intimidated. They did not want to go to court for an order to make the DA press charges. They feared reprisals by the authorities against their business. Neither did they want publicity.

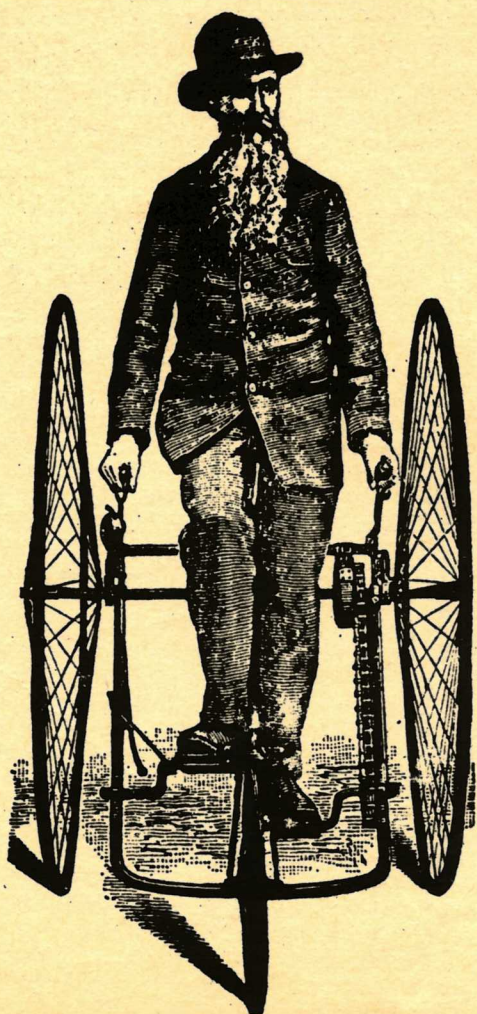
Offers to print were declined with a "please don't". All the UD saw worth print in the story was the part about Coach Carlen, and they didn't print that. But the story is not about Carlen. The little part he played in this is hardly worth mention.

This story is about "Blind Justice."

We ask you. What influential Lubbock citizen, fearful of damage to the reputation of Tech Football, might have had Blair Cherry call off the dogs?

And you, Mr. Cherry. How many young Blacks, Chicanos, and poor Whites are let off so lightly for burglary.

If this is justice, to give football players another chance, then the jails should be emptied.



Lubbock Justice With A "VAROOM" Motor
makes a lot of noise but gets nowhere.

STUDENT RIGHTS

Let's face it, as a student you are subjected to a lot of legal hazards you might not otherwise face. This sad state of affairs has come about because the police are more interested in busting students for dope or political aberration than they are in catching some of the more dangerous criminals. This attitude has led to a lot of unjust harassment but the police can't be blamed for knowing how to get themselves good publicity, and it seems that many of the people in this area feel the same way. In order to discourage this kind of behavior on the part of Lubbock's "finest", students should make every effort possible to insure that the police won't be given any "free" busts. If they had to do any heavy investigative work to catch a drug or political offender they might just give up and devote their time to keeping motorists within the speed limit, or solving murders, or something useful.

"But," you say; "How can I protect myself from harassment by a large, modern police force?" Actually it is not too hard. Of course, nothing will absolutely foil even an unjustified police investigation, but it isn't necessary to make it too easy. Let's take a look at some basic rules you can follow which can help you to stay out of trouble and provide you with some legal protection at the same time.

I. THINK SECURITY: Never take anything for granted.

Never be afraid to ask yourself a question like, "Who is this guy?" If someone you know suddenly shows up with lots of cash and no good explanation, WATCH OUT!! Of course, this policy could be carried to extremes. You don't have to go into hibernation, but you shouldn't call up everyone you ever heard of when you score.

II. LIVE SECURITY: Is your dwelling reasonably secure?

Can people look into your windows from a distance? Is the lock on your door strong enough to stop forcible or surreptitious entry? Do you have any drugs or other materials that might be construed as contraband lying around in the open? (Prescription or patent medicines should be clearly marked and stored in an appropriate place.) Are your day-to-day activities so closely tied to a routine as to invite an unauthorized search-raid? A yale-type deadlock can render valuable service in keeping your home free of uninvited intruders, whoever they work for. You should know that once you invite a police officer into your home he might go anywhere he pleases and then claim that you had voluntarily consented to a search. He will respect you more if you show your knowledge of the law by talking to him through the screen or stepping out on to the porch with him until you know if he has a warrant. If a police officer shows you a warrant, you may read it before you admit him. If you think there is a mistake (wrong address, etc.) point it out, BUT DO NOT attempt to offer force or resist him if he ignores you. If he is wrong you will have to settle for making him look like an idiot in court.

III. TALK SECURITY: This actually means two things. First, you should be careful what you say and whom you say it to. This is related to THINK SECURITY in many ways. There is an old WWII slogan "Loose lips sink ships," that can be applied here, "Loose lips bust hips." (groan) "Talk security" has another meaning as well. You should encourage your friends to take security measures of their own. This kind of evangelism is necessary for your own protection. All the security measures in the world aren't going to do you any good if your best friend gets busted and implicates you. If someone you know well persists in his carelessness, isolate him and don't give him anything to talk about.

IV. DEAL SECURITY: This last topic is particularly related to drugs although it has some bearing on political activities as well. It means that you should consider each transaction in the light of possible danger to you that could exist. It is always a good idea to know your retailer. Other factors that should be considered are: 1. location; is it public, but not too public. private but not too private. Is the area subject to long distance (telephoto lens) or invisible (bugs) surveillance? Is it so far from home that you run the risk of a chance traffic bust on the way back? Is it too close to home? 2. time; hours of peak activity are sometimes the best time to make deals. There is nothing that attracts more attention than a person trying to slink around at three in the morning. Cars too are often stopped and searched in the early A.M.

It is a good idea to think everything over before moving into any stage of a deal from preliminary negotiation to final sale. Your freedom is at stake!

In general, security is more a way of thought than anything else. You must learn to take precautions as a way of life. The examples I have mentioned are only guidelines to help you and are not meant to be a complete list. It is unfortunate that these measures have become necessary, but given the current "law and order" craze which stresses order at the expense of law you have to protect yourself. Perhaps if enough people take these measures we can put an end to unjust harassment by headline hunting police.

ECOLOGY PAGE

REFLECTIONS ON THE TASADAY



by Clark E. Cochran



Recent newspaper stories have informed us of the existence of a very small (perhaps only 24 persons) tribe of primitive people called the Tasaday. According to anthropologists who have met them, their life in the nearly inaccessible rain forests of the mountains of Mindanao in the southern Philippines is basically a stone age culture. They have been so isolated from the modern world that their tools are those of stone and wood, and they did not know the taste of sugar, salt, rice or corn before they were visited by members of the Philippine Presidential Arm on National Minorities. Until they were brought to a clearing for the first time to meet the helicopter carrying these representatives of modern culture, they had not even known of the existence of the moon, which had always been hidden from their view by the dense foliage of the large forest in which they had lived for hundreds of years without contact with other peoples. The knowledge of the outside world, one of the tribesmen said, came "without warning . . . it is like lightning." Even the existence of the clearing from which they first saw the moon had been unknown to them, but since acquiring metal tools from their visitors they had learned to construct bamboo houses there. "It is cold here, not like the forest," one man is said to have observed.

Strange as it may at first seem, I think that the discovery and description of this tiny, primitive tribe in a distant land should have some meaning and significance for us, apart from our natural fascination with the tribe's strangeness and distance from our own way of life and apart from the discovery's awakening of the amateur anthropologist in us. What the account of the discovery of this tribe can and should do, I want to suggest, is to touch our sense of the tragic aspect of human existence. Since I want to contend below that the sense of the tragic is not very well developed in the American character, perhaps I should explain why reading about the discovery of this faraway tribe should move our tragic sense. At first one might be inclined to say that the effect of the account on us lies in its revelation that soon the Tasadays will have to be moved from their forest and be "resettled" elsewhere because logging operations in the forest threaten them and their way of life. I would contend, however, that this fact arouses not our sense of tragedy but our sense of indignation (and rightly so). We are indignant at the greed of men who would destroy this primitive wilderness and its inhabitants for the sake of the profit to be made in a few trees. We feel that it is wrong and that something ought to be done to stop it. In short, we are angry. But every wrong is not a tragedy. Anger at injustice is not the tragic sense. No, the tragedy does not lie in the rapacity of the loggers; rather, it lies deeper, in the very discovery, which was basically accidental, of the tribe and in the attempts of the Philippine government to protect it from destruction.

Knowledge of the outside world came to the Tasaday "without warning . . . it is like lightning." And, like lightning, such knowledge never leaves that which it touches undamaged. Even if the civilized world had never again visited the Tasaday after that first encounter in the clearing, and even if it could preserve the Tasaday forest, it would have left the knowledge of its own existence, its wonders and its difference from the Tasaday way. And this knowledge would profoundly alter a way of life which no matter how difficult and primitive had its own validity and meaning and value. Something unique and strangely wonderful is gone forever. The Tasaday now

Cont. NEXT Column

know about the clearing and its moon; they now have the metal tools to build solid houses; undoubtedly they will now live longer than the 40 years which is the age of the oldest of them. But "it is cold here, not like in the forest." And there will be no return to the forest.

Only, I think, if we suddenly become aware, in reading the account of the meeting in the clearing, of the loss which the Tasaday will experience, of the radical alteration of a whole way of life which will accompany the improvement in their life, and of the inevitability of these changes even though the Philippine anthropologists are acting from the best of motives and for the good of the Tasaday -- it is only when we become suddenly aware somewhere deep within our being of these things that our capacity for tragedy is tapped. And I think that it is important that we experience the tragedy of this situation because, as I have indicated, American culture does not possess a well-developed sense of the inevitable tragedy of human life. This may seem paradoxical and even false in light of our awareness of the pain, sorrow and loss involved in the hurricanes, earthquakes, tornados, famines and wars which have become all too familiar to us in recent years. But, again, we must not confuse tragedy with evil or disaster. We must not confuse the sense of tragedy with the compassion which natural disasters awaken in us or with the moral outrage which wars in Vietnam and Pakistan excite in us. It is the sense of the inevitability of these things in all human life which is the tragic sense. It is the sense that every evil does not necessarily have an evil cause, that every wrong need not have a wrong-doer. It is the awareness that evil is too often done by men who truly believe that the way to save a village is to destroy it; that is, by men who think

Cont. p. 10

Feet in Filth; Head in Sand

I was having lunch yesterday with a prominent Lubbock businessman, when the conversation got around to ecology and pollution. As we began to touch upon a few of industry's contributions to the problem, he smiled his approval, agreed with most of the comments, and even contributed a few antipollution witticisms of his own. After a short period, he pushed away from the table, rose to leave, and said: "Well, so much for the world's problems. Now let's get back to the real world."

For all too many, the real world is an imagined AMERICA with stainless-steel tubs, shiny new cars, and all sorts of visible "progress." Pollution is a dirty word (pun intended). Why? Because it represents too big a problem for the average person? Maybe!

Perhaps it's too painful to realize that the probability of any Tech student ever reaching the age of fifty is becoming less and less with each added year of "acceleration for deescalation." Biologists tell us that within ten years there is a good chance that there will be no more life in the seas. Only last week we read of a corn-blight which will greatly affect this year's market production. Yet, even now, people are dying daily of starvation in all parts of the world. How do students and the great "silent majority" cope with a problem that threatens their very existence and the lives of their children? The answer is very simple. Just as the businessman said to me, "Oh well, by that time, I'll be dead anyway." In other words, we are facing the problem by trying to ignore it. This is the great American defense mechanism.

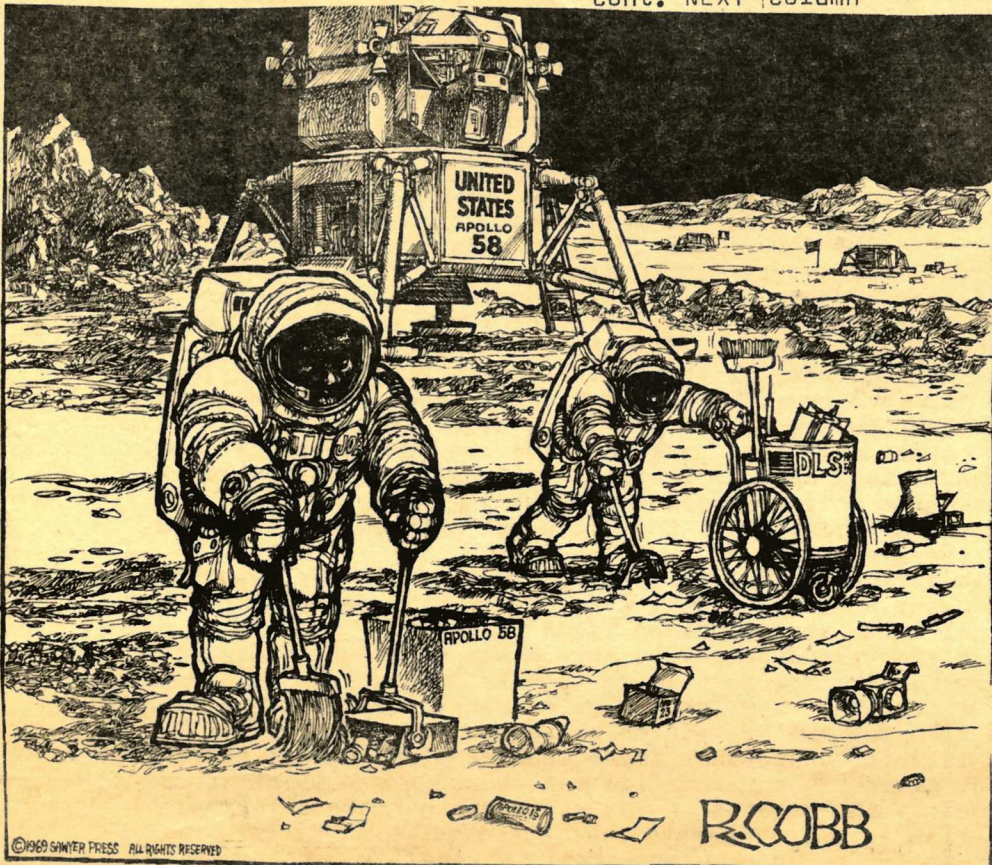
"Out of sight, out of mind." That's how we will handle our problems. What Slater calls the "toilet assumption" is America's belief that if we can only somehow get the problem out of our sight, it will disappear and we can go on living in our imaginary world of "Lucky us, we live in Lubbock." We can all flush our way to happiness.

However, removing the problem from our sight seldom eliminates it. Everyone eating in the spotless dining room of an expensive restaurant realizes but seldom acknowledges the messy, smutty kitchen immediately beyond their view where raw, bleeding, uncooked food is being prepared. We all know that the tranquility and orderliness of the dining room is only a few feet away from the hectic chaos of the kitchen. Yet we seldom consciously recognize its existence because if we ignore it, we can go on living in our imaginary, retreatist worlds.

Every student at Tech knows that each night he lies with his face only inches away from cockroaches, filth and bugs that live inside the walls and portions of his bed. We know that insects and animals are thriving on every piece of earth our feet touch. Sewers run just beneath the streets with fecal matter and filth in its purest form.

In the same way, the "other world" of filth and pollution lies just beyond our faces while we whistle in the dark and pretend it isn't there. We can go on pretending until that fetid world suddenly breaks into our neat, orderly lives and we go on flushing it away. But the world's sewers are filling up, my friends, and some day there will be no more containers to hold our refuse.

This is no longer conversation, this is a plea for facing the problem by getting our heads out of the sand and admitting that it is there to be dealt with. If we deal with it, maybe... maybe we can all live beyond 1984.



Catalyst Movie Review

Big Jake, Big Joke and
The American Dream

A few nights ago, some friends and myself, after fortifying our foolishness with a bit of killer weed, decided to partake of a John Wayne movie. We expected a ready source of straight lines for our artificially enhanced senses of humor, and we weren't disappointed.

The corn, however, was well seasoned with paranoia. Not all of it was a result of our chemically altered mental states.

The audience consisted of loud little kids, cowboys, and aging would-be heroes. As scene after scene of escapist redneck ego trips rolled by -- enhanced by commentary by a 30-IQ cowgirl who sat behind us -- we gained deeper understanding of the simplicity of the middle-American mind.

Theatrically, BIG JAKE is a motly collage of bad writing, bad directing, and bad guys. Sociologically, it provided a glimpse into the inner non-workings of the mind of that segment of America to whom Lawrence Welk has become a more entertaining night-time repast than the sinful indulgences that they may have pursued in earlier years, and to whom Haley's MO has usurped the place on the bathroom shelf formerly occupied by a large jar of Vaseline.

The hero is an aging, far-sighted, hard ridin' quick shootin', by-God-and-maybe-damn-when-he's-really-riled, true-blue, American grandpa. Without once deviating from the universal cowboy movie, it gives an Agnew-America's eye view of the Vietnam War, the Sharon Tate murders, and the generation gap.

scene I: Good n' Evil

The bad guys ride up.... You can tell they are bad guys 'cause they have long hair, need shaves, wear dirty clothes, and have an impediment which renders them incapable of speaking without a sneer.

The good guys, on the other hand, are cleancut, impeccably dressed -- even after two weeks of hard ridin' in the same clothes -- and their women wear makeup and laquered hair which somehow was available, even in 1909.

Our antediluvian hippies murdered everyone on the farm and gave Big Jake's wife a ransom note for their small grandson. Then Maureen O'Hara delivered her Academy Award speech while her stage son dies at her feet. She glares at the bad guys and gives them a real dirty look. She is really pissed off about the whole thing.

SCENE II: Respect

Wayne arrives on the scene. His oldest son chides him for his prolonged absence, 10 years, and the Duke belts him. Through bloody teeth, the symbolically mustachioed prodigal son dutifully replies "yes, sir." Wayne always belts the kid when he gets out of line.

At this, and at similar points through the movie, the cowgirl behind us would giggle and clap her hands; and balding American Legionnaires would reach the threshold of orgasm, so great was their wish-fulfillment.

SCENE III: Penis-Envy

Duke speaks: We'll need guns. Did you remember to get some shotguns?

O'Hara opens a box, Here!! Wayne picks up a shotgun, and fondles it lovingly. He drools a bit as he and the other hardhats and pigs savor the thought of what a blast of buckshot will do to a bad guy, hippie, or nigger.

Au, ya even remembered ol' Betsy, says Wayne as he picks up a derringer, sticks it symbolically in the front of his pants, and gives the steel dildo a loving pat.

SCENE IV: The Liberal Racist

The true significance of this scene in best realized if one knows that in a previous scene Wayne says, He never was a very good cook, when he learns that his faithful black servant has been shot.

Les' go do a little huntin', says Wayne to an Indian. What we hunt? Deer? Buffalo?

Nope, says the Duke. Men! I no help you hunt Apache. I no Kill own people.

Here Wayne delivers the punch. Listen, I don't care what color they are. They're just thieves an' outlaws to me. By the way, where'd ya get those saddles? Found 'em, says the red man.

Wayne gives a never-can-trust-them-gooks look and the film rolls on.

Anyway, one cornball cliché leads to another, including the classic "we'll head 'em off at the pass." Eventually, at the hideout, there is another bloc shootout, and "chopout" by one of the bad guys who looks amazingly like Manson and carries a machette.

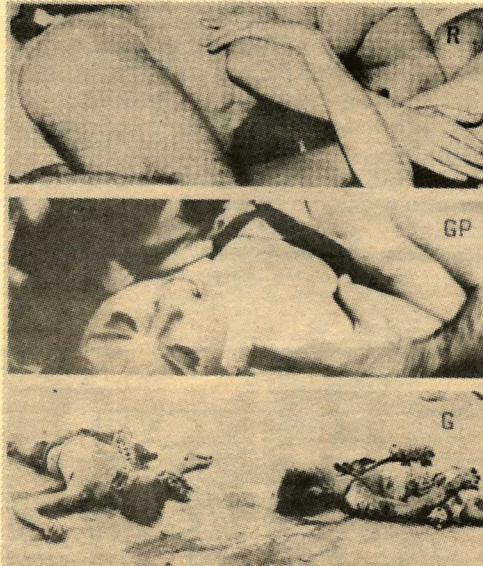
The scene ground on for some time, while the cowgirl commentator alternately groaned and giggled and clapped as good and bad guys bit the dust.

As we left the theater everyone was talking about what a good movie it had been. I guess that was because it had a good ol' American, star-spangled Blood-'n-guts theme, instead of nasty commie-pervert love-making, and because seeing celluloid straw men representing the enemies of Truth, Justice, and the American Way serves as a good mental shit to them.

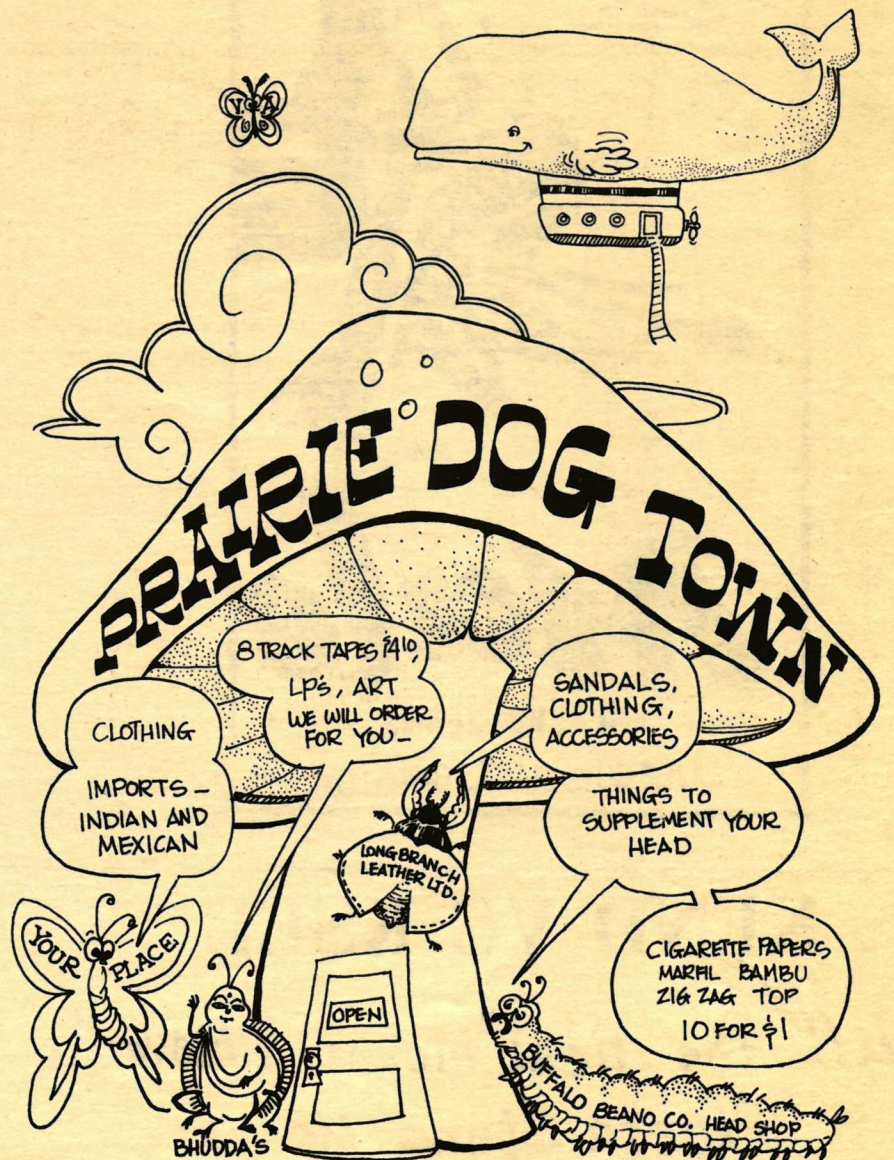
While it is reassuring to know that the revolution has only to contend with the twelve-year-old mind, it's kind of scary to think about their passion for violence.

PROTECT YOUR CHILDREN!

KNOW THE CODE!

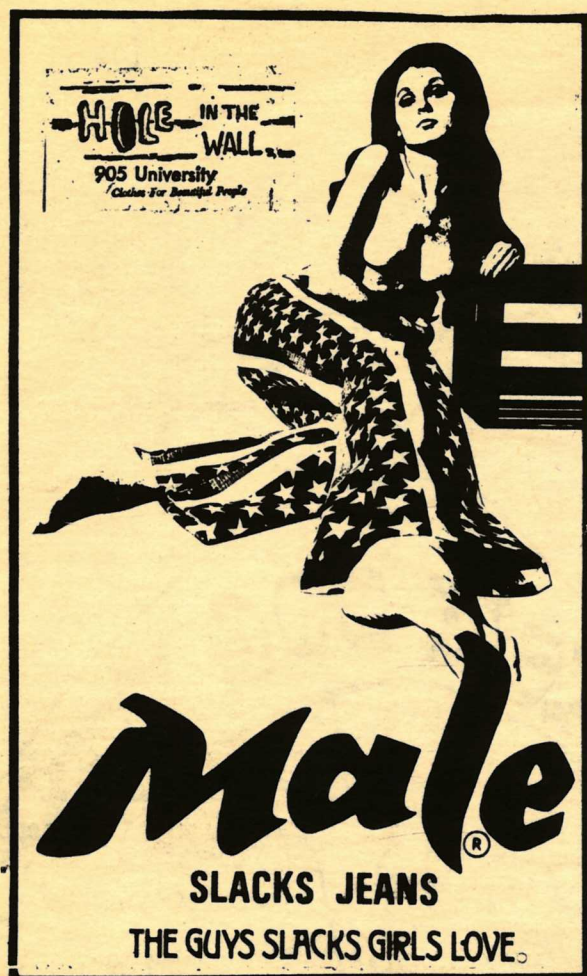


A new Harris poll said that 63% of American Blacks think that the American political system "is rotten and has to be changed completely for Blacks to be free." Nine percent of those polled consider themselves revolutionaries, and 31% believe that violence will be necessary before blacks can be free.



Percy Mallard flew the coup!....Casey Jones has all the major distinguishing characteristics of a herd of locusts—he eats everything in his path....One of our white liberal friends really has a lot of revolutionary potential. He always votes against management when he returns his stock proxies....After those three Cosmonauts died, Company Commanders all over Vietnam included them in their body count...The A-J headline on the space deaths said REDS DIE. Can you imagine reporting the death of one of our astronauts: REPUBLICAN DIES (?).....You know how to tell how long hippies have lived in a house? Count the Sunday Suns in their yard....The Pentagon Papers were leaked to the press just to promote LBJ's latest book....The trouble with the whores in the Texas Legislature is that they don't have hearts of gold....Our definition of caution: Someone who smokes grass but doesn't inhale....On FYI, Mac McAlister just challenged us to "find out how your Legislature works"....We already know Mac, it runs on bribery... From the A-J Editorial page of July 1st, "girls who look good enough to eat are asked out to"...Has the A-J endorsed oral sex? The CATALYST motto: "He who shits in the road will meet flies on his return"... The A-J motto: "All the news that is conservative enough to print and slant"....People who spend summer in Lubbock are getting in practice for life in hell... Where is Percy Mallard?.....Did you hear about the guy they arrested that was really stoned? He used his one phone call to order an anchovy pepperoni pizza....To show our patriotism this July 4th, we say Fuck Communism!....I didn't even know Henry Kissinger could play ping pong....If Nixon goes to Peking, and has a Chinese dinner of Peace, we'll be hungry for war in an hour....The late night bike riding fad is a boon for window peepers....Kathy Williams is going to get her file from the KK and publish it as her memoirs.....





KEND VS KSEL

Will the Real "Morning Mayor" Please Stand Up

For years KSEL had a morning radio talk show featuring Lew Dee and Bill McAlister. They called themselves the "Morning Mayors", which is really very modest - considering.

Now there is a new radio station, KEND, where Lew Dee has a morning talk show with Paul Beane that is in direct competition with TTO on KSEL. McAlister added Paul Archinal to his team. Without Lew Dee, TTO is plainly in trouble.

KSEL has long dominated Lubbock radio and has been one of the top radio stations in Texas. KEND was founded by KSEL dropouts and its staff includes Lew Dee, Paul Beane, Rusty Jones, Herb Harding, and Allan Delp. These are all ex-KSEL staffers.

The real battle is for listeners which generate ratings and ad revenue. The early morning talk show catches people at breakfast and driving to work. Radio listeners aren't dial switchers like T.V. watchers are, so the principle of primacy is important. Whatever station people tune to in the morning, they stay with.

Since the new station, KEND, is trying so hard to gain audience from KSEL, it makes good listening to try both talk shows. Both feature the usual news, music, and call-ins from listeners with comments.

Paul Beane adds a lot to KEND with news analysis and comment since he is a topflight newsmen. None of the others have much nose for the news.

Persalesman Lew Dee was recently rated as Lubbock's number one radio personality by an unbiased Tech marketing survey. He has a great combination: Talk show interest and he can really sell products. Sort of like a pup from a litter produced by Johnny Carson and Ed McMahon.

Paul and Lew make a good combination and already astute businessmen are buying KEND ad spots.

The Lew Dee show is in color, and TTO is still in black and white. Lew is a slick promoter, a modern day snake oil salesman, but that's what it takes. KEND is said to be the only full color Lubbock Radio Station, whatever that means.

There had better be color radio because Lew Dee was selling color radios door-to-door in Southwest Lubbock before KEND went on the air. The nouveau rich will buy any home appliance.

You can tell by this article that we are kind of in favor of KEND but we aren't really knocking KSEL. We certainly won't badmouth Paul Archinal. We took some cheap shots at Percy Mallard and Bill McAlister's first post-Lew partner, Moron Don, and they both disappeared. Maybe they eloped.

After all, KSEL still has the Tooth Fairy and that would be funny if you were stoned. Actually we have one hardcore friend who loves the Tooth Fairy. He does get stoned at 7:30 A.M. and really likes TTO, but then he is saving up to buy a Minnie Pearl franchise and still sends obscene letters to the Editor of Collier's Weirdo.

After the talent drain at KSEL, it is rumored that Mac McAlister is trying to switch FYI to KEND. That's just a joke folks; FYI is still the funniest five minutes in modern communications. (Repeat after me, "Gus Mutscher is honest." Keep saying it.)

Delwin Jones hopes to start his own radio talk show about state government called "Bribe of the Week." He would tell what good bribes he and his "team" friends had been offered lately, and keep score on those "dirty thirty" liberals who never get any conflict-of-interest money.

This article was just to alert you that something interesting is happening in Lubbock this summer. Try both stations as they desperately bid for listeners in a battle to the death. The only trouble is their weapons are the corniest humor this side of the Catalyst.

PEOPLE'S VIEW

By Tom Downs

Editor's note: In an attempt to socialize the community to become more aware of cultural and ethnical problems the Catalyst will publish a series of interviews with individuals whose concern causes them to become involved in the changing of these problems.

Any subculture of a society is bound to suffer alienation from the established culture. America's first generation of freaks is just now discovering the icy depths of that alienation. But the isolation of white-middle-class American drop outs is subtle and almost playful compared to the hostile paranoia experienced by one of America's oldest subcultures--The Black.

James Young, a Lubbock Black who was recently appointed to the Student Association's President's cabinet gives his views on Blacks and Student Involvement.

Young describes himself as an activist, something he considers rare in the Black community. "The average Black student a Tech is concerned with only two things, making his grades and getting out of Tech. To him, running for the student senate is a trivial game that doesn't have much relevance."

Other factors more deeply rooted in the culture also affect the Black student. "Frankly, a lot of us are paranoid of all of you," Young went on to say. "Quite a few Blacks are just plain scared by the overwhelming number of whites on campus. Think how you would feel if you were the only white in a monster class of 400 Blacks. The only thing a Black wants to do after class is get back to his own kind."

Young said this feeling was a reason many Blacks failed to participate in student affairs.

"Blacks also have a very strong family feeling," he said. "If you ask a white where he's from he'll say a certain city. A Black will tell you he's from a certain area of the country or a state. They tend to identify with their families instead of a certain city or town. Since most Blacks come from large families and share a family identity with each other, they tend to stick together rather than mix with whites."

"This is why you see so many Blacks calling each other brother and sister. There's a real feeling behind their words. They feel as if they really had the same mother and father," said Young.

He also said a large amount of hatred Blacks have for whites is coming out in the open now.

"Some of the Blacks a white person sees occasionally and considers his friends really 'hate whites' and talk about them as soon as they get home to their Black friends of course Blacks who have close friends that are white don't talk about them that way. I'd say about 45% of the Blacks at Tech are racists. They aren't openly violent but if a riot erupted they'd be the first to react," said Young.

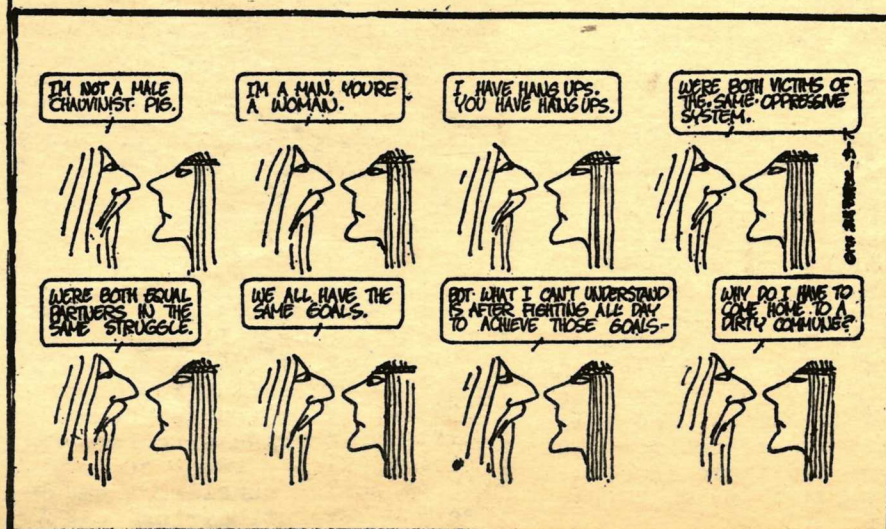
He said he doubted that Tech would ever have a race riot though.

Young hopes to promote campus recruiting by initiating a Black studies course. The course would be offered as a mandatory requirement in the Tech curriculum. It would be offered as an alternative to the required government course at Tech, and include many aspects of Black life not just Black history.

He was doubtful that the program would be put into effect the way he wanted it to be. "Lubbock is so conservative, it's not even funny."

"The objective of this course would not be to inform white students as much as it would be to attract young Blacks. Blacks in high school are becoming more active now and they'll be more active when they get to college. The only problem is getting them to come to Tech," he said.

He talked about the difficulty of bringing Black professors to Lubbock. "Most professors we've brought to Lubbock liked Tech but they didn't like the town too much. There just aren't that many places for a college professor to live. He has the choice of moving into a low income Black district or an upper class lilly-white district. In the white district he wouldn't be subject to open hostility as he would be to mild paranoia. It's the same thing as the white student in an all Black monster class."



BLACK STUDIES

By Kathy Williams

Black students have a unique situation facing them when they enroll into a college. Tech is no different than any other. Blacks are not encouraged, and in some cases are even discouraged from taking an active part in campus politics.

Jim Boynton, ex-chairman of the Student Senate, has said that there have been no substantial efforts to recruit the Blacks into the senate.

It is time that token efforts and lip service is stopped. Blacks and Whites need to work together toward a university that is truly representative of the students that attend it.

However the responsibility should not rest entirely with the White student. There seems to be a vicious cycle in which Blacks feel frustrated even before they start. Perhaps it is because they feel they have no chance to compete against a mass of Whites in a White-run Senate.

It is precisely because Blacks rarely try, that they have not penetrated the White student government. On the other hand White students feel condescending if they try to help Blacks, and guilty if they don't.

There seems to be a need on campus for like groups to stick together. Blacks eat, date, and associate with other Blacks. Whites do the same thing. People tend to remain by themselves in their own groups. They avoid rejection by avoiding involvement. Still the problems are deep rooted, and cannot be blamed on any one group.

The objective of any university should be to present programs that will appeal to the majority of the student body rather than to any special group. At Tech the majority is white, but it would be unrealistic to ignore any other group.

A University is an assimilation of the thoughts and culture of all groups that represent the common human race. It is a disservice to promote activities that are understood and comfortable to one group of people only. The university should present the ideas of all cultures, not just those the larger group of students are comfortable with.

Perhaps the situation is improving; and perhaps these buildings for the free-flow of censored White ideas will become in every sense of the word a university.

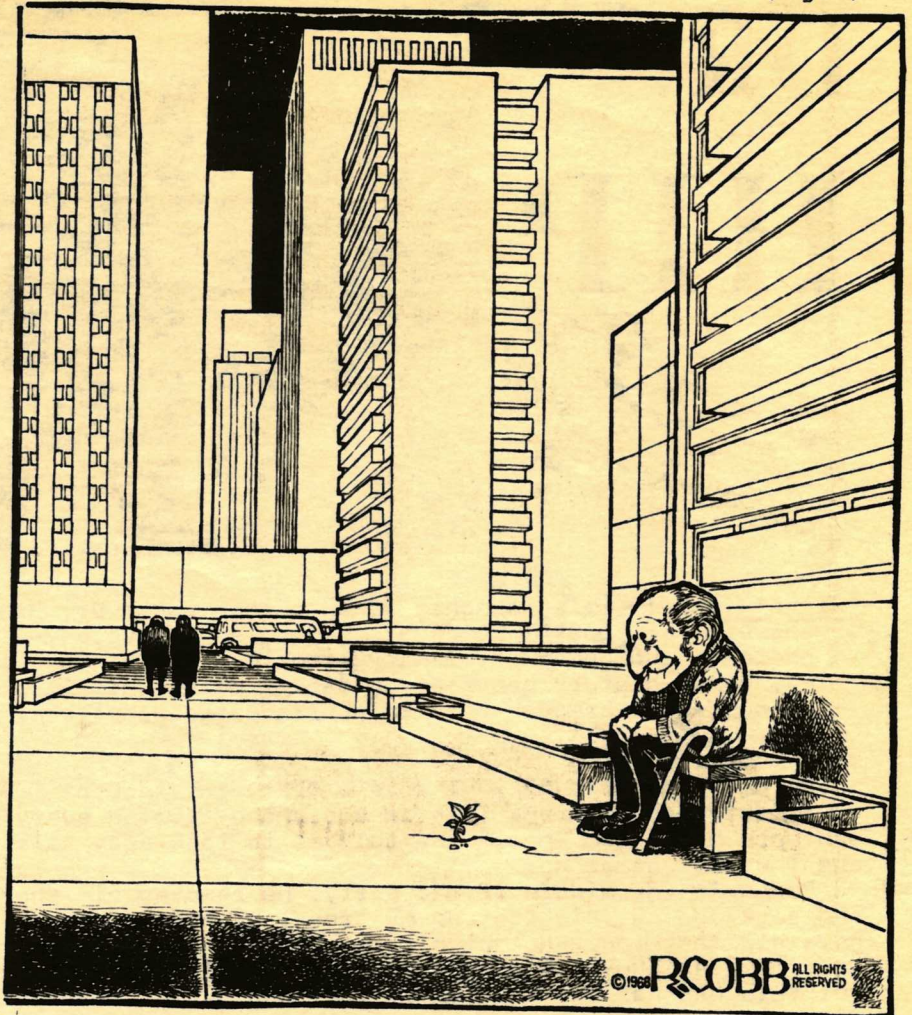
Campus leaders are incorporating into their programs places for peoples of different shades of brown.

A Black studies course is being initiated into the Tech curriculum. It would include many aspects of Black life, not just Black History.

True, this is a small step but it is a step in the right direction. It is an example of Black and White leaders working together, but the lack of interest in the program has discouraged these leaders.

Let them know what you want and what you think about a Black Studies course.

Persons interested in the course should contact James Young, or Bill Scott, or the Catalyst. Interest spells action. A Black Studies course could be a step toward a more universally integrated Tech.



numbers to know

Abortion Counseling	765-5853
ACLU	763-4391
Catalyst	744-6334 or 762-2706
Channing Club	765-8667
Dial-a-Party (Ed Snow)	763-6353
Draft Counseling	763-4391
Eco Task Force	762-8749
La Raza Unida	747-5437



PI LAMBDA PHI

a fully integrated,
liberally oriented

National Social Fraternity

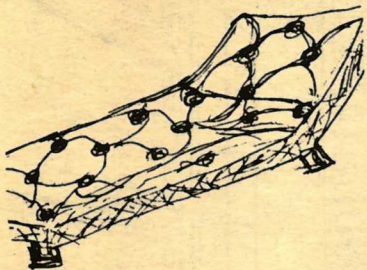
is now colonizing at Texas Tech. The brothers and the Alliance of Sisters are sponsoring a Smoker-Rap Session for all who are interested in a wide variety of political and community projects.

TUESDAY, JULY 27

8:00

ANNIVERSARY ROOM, UNION

DR. HIP



Editor's note: This launches a new column where Dr. Hip answers your questions about wealth, sex, love, psychology, and chess problems. Actually, Dr. Hip has a Ph. D. in history but the job market being what it is he needs the bread. Send in your questions, please.

Dear Dr. Hip:

My boyfriend recently pledged a frat. He took me to a party and we drank lots of booze and started every sentence with "You know." He told me to talk baby talk and I would get along.

Right in the middle of the party, he removed his shoe and sock and put his foot up my dress. I noticed other guys did that too. He put his toes inside my pants and gave me what they called a "Toe Job". Well later I found out this was part of the frat ritual and he was forced to do that.

My problem is I really liked it. It was the only way I have ever been able to get satisfaction. I want to ask my boyfriend to do it again but I don't want him to think I am a toe freak weirdo.

Signed: Squirring

Dear Squirring:

Anything that one human can do to another is all right as long as they are consenting adults. Our motto is: If the foot fits wear it. However, from a medical standpoint, beware of the hairy Athlete's Vagina.

Dear Dr. Hip:

What compels Kathy Williams to lead all those activist things on campus?

Ex-Senator Boyton

Dear Power Mad:

Kathy Williams really married a plumber in Tulia last semester, and left town. Who you think is Kathy Williams is really Arthur Yarish in a drag disguise.

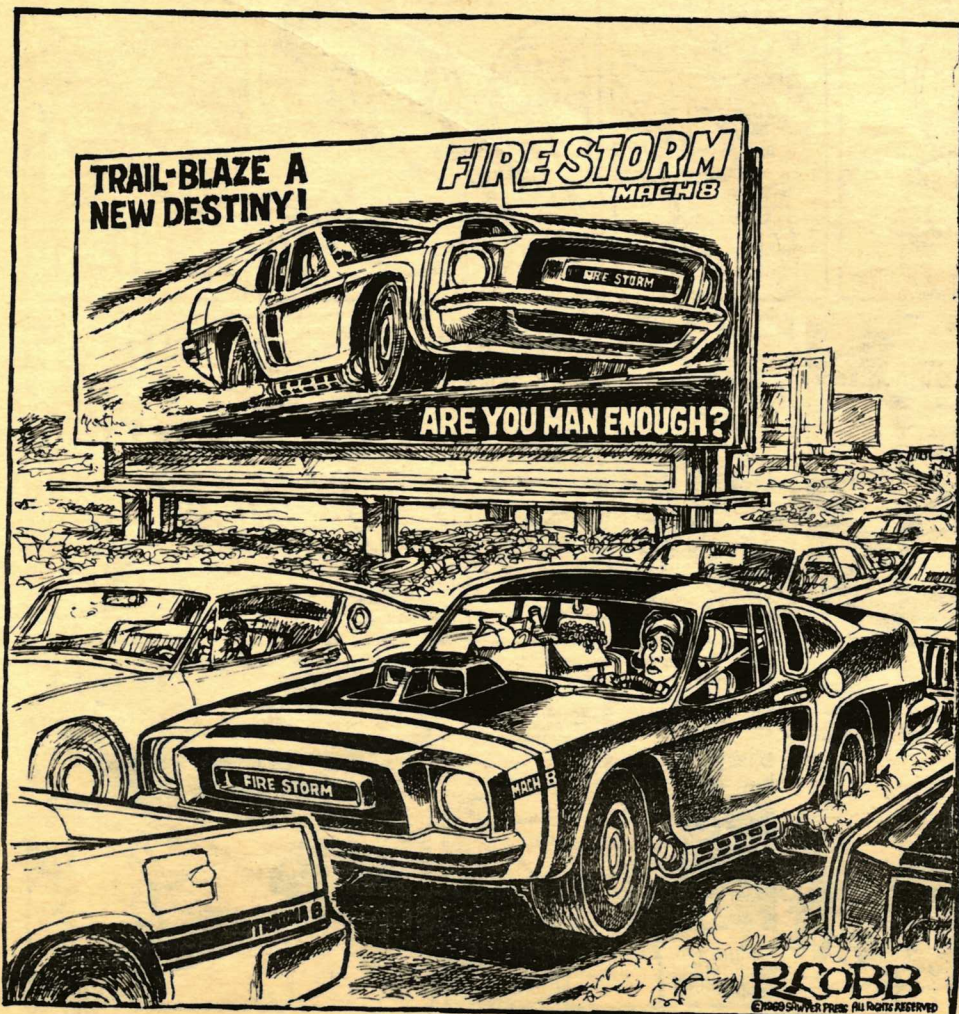
Dear Dr. Hip:

Some very disturbing rumors have been going around about John Fletcher. Some people say that he is pledging a frat. What is the truth?

Freddy Freak

Dear Freak:

Yes I'm afraid it is true. When John was a freshman his life ambition was to be a member of the K's. However, he couldn't meet their standard of being a natural shit. So John rushed 10 other frats, and was rejected by all of them for the same reason. This launched his career of bad-mouthing all frats, which only alienated him from the Greeks even more. But with all of the publicity of the famous cough syrup arrest, John became a over-night hero. This caused most of the Greeks to realize what a fun guy John was, and several frats offered John membership. After much deliberation John finally accepted, and now he is a proud I Felta Thigh pledge. Its not quite the Kiss A but we all can't be picky.



FARMERS ON WELFARE

Did you ever wonder where those local farmers get the money for those large ugly Cadillacs that barge down the street like gay tanks? Wonder where they get the money for those atrocious chartruse suits they wear to Furr's Cafeteria?

Some of the same rightwingers that scream about welfare and farm unions are on the dole themselves. Below is a list from the Congressional Record of some ASCS Program payments in Lubbock County:

CONGRESSIONAL RECORD -- HOUSE

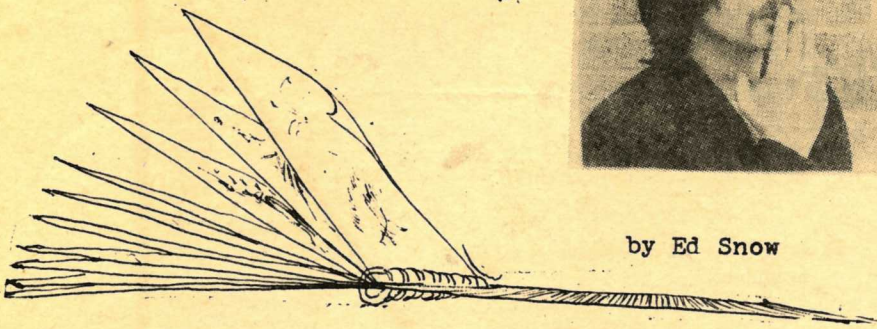
April 27, 1971

11 3089

William E. Armstrong, Lubbock, \$95,684.
Standefer & Gray, Lubbock, \$86,864.
L. L. Lawson, Lubbock, \$78,146.
R. E. Jones, Lubbock, \$76,389.
Wendell D. Vardeman, Slaton, \$70,926.
J. Carter Caldwell, Slaton, \$70,207.
Dulahey Bros., Shallowater, \$69,949.
James F. Davis, Jr., Lorenzo, \$69,586.
Fred E. McNabb, Lubbock, \$62,206.
Coyne E. Killian, Lorenzo, \$59,739.
M. B. R. B. Stanton Pts., Lorenzo, \$58,062.
George Oliver Jackson, Abertathy, \$56,013.
Howard L. Alford, Lubbock, \$54,271.
Elijah M. Debusk, Idalou, \$54,108.
Joe B. Lovelace, Abertathy, \$52,294.
Roy Hugh McKelvy, Lubbock, \$50,780.
Jay Stanton, Shallowater, \$50,739.
Medlock Farms, Inc., Lubbock, \$50,069.
Kirby Hobgood, Petersburg, \$48,707.
Billy J. Robbins, Idalou, \$46,728.
Walter O. Heinrich, Slaton, \$46,361.
Edward S. Smith, Jr., Lorenzo, \$46,341.
Greenlee Farms, Lubbock, \$45,243.
J. W. Furgeson, Petersburg, \$44,313.
Loren J. West, Abertathy, \$44,280.
Max Barnett, Slaton, \$43,372.
Graham C. Holmes, Lubbock, \$41,514.
The Dunlap Co., Lubbock, \$41,073.
San Augustine Ranch, Lubbock, \$40,925.
Leroy Grawunder, Shallowater, \$40,456.
A. L. Cone, Lubbock, \$39,432.
Ferman R. Fridy, Lubbock, \$39,259.
Earl Foerster, Slaton, \$38,625.
B. B. Hobgood, Wolfforth, \$38,566.
Luther Lawson, Lubbock, \$38,187.
O. B. Chessier, Lubbock, \$37,777.
Johnnie Joiner, Idalou, \$37,729.
Kirksey & Booher Pts., Wolfforth, \$37,602.
Frank W. Hancock, Slaton, \$37,584.
Billy Meyers, Lubbock, \$37,243.
Excell W. McFarling, Lubbock, \$36,958.
Clifford Hamilton, Lubbock, \$36,663.
Sam A. Durham, Lubbock, \$36,426.
A. B. Enloe, Jr., Lubbock, \$35,928.
J. C. Heinrich, Idalou, \$35,364.
Morris S. Smith, Lorenzo, \$35,255.
McFarling & Clark, Lubbock, \$35,224.
Harold E. Voigt, Slaton, \$35,142.
C. W. Teal, Lubbock, \$34,746.
Doyce Middlebrook, Lubbock, \$34,575.
Gilbert H. Ragland, Slaton, \$34,240.
Willie C. Neel, Amarillo, \$34,206.
Davies & Davies, Slaton, \$34,115.
L. T. Foster, Lubbock, \$33,934.
Clayton E. Enger, Abertathy, \$33,849.
Medlock Inv. Co., Inc., Lubbock, \$33,654.
Billy Bryan Boyd, Lubbock, \$33,413.
John T. Patterson, Wolfforth, \$32,187.
Charles W. Wood, Lubbock, \$32,020.
C. O. McNabb, Ropesville, \$31,986.
Debusk Enterprises, Inc., Idalou, \$31,739.
M. J. Williams, Shallowater, \$31,645.
Albert C. Henderson, Shallowater, \$31,576.
Herschel V. Newman, Shallowater, \$31,503.
Alton L. Lawson, Lubbock, \$31,295.
W. A. Bill Alspaugh, Slaton, \$31,006.
Smith Keller, Lubbock, \$30,945.
Weldon M. Boyd, Idalou, \$30,744.
Melvin H. Jack Phipps, Lubbock, \$30,634.
David S. Enger, Lubbock, \$30,590.
D. J. May, Idalou, \$30,250.
Ray D. Langford, Idalou, \$30,204.
Glen B. Payne, Slaton, \$30,192.
Robert Melcher, Lubbock, \$30,129.
Roy Allen Forkner, Lubbock, \$30,119.
J. H. Kurklin, Petersburg, \$30,093.
James T. McMenamy, Shallowater, \$30,079.
Edward Moseley, Slaton, \$30,039.
Harold Campbell, Lorenzo, \$29,921.
D. D. Qualls, Lubbock, \$29,572.
O. W. Smith, Wolfforth, \$29,365.
Farm Enterprises, Inc., Slaton, \$29,110.
Weldon Bailey, Wilson, \$28,924.
Robert Fehlson, Lubbock, \$28,901.
Leon L. Lincecum, Lubbock, \$28,726.
Buddy Hettler, Lubbock, \$28,675.
Bennie L. James, Anton, \$28,600.
John B. Lamb, Slaton, \$28,532.
Paul Cates, Lubbock, \$28,369.
George A. Taylor, Jr., Slaton, \$28,256.
Fred D. Bradshaw, Idalou, \$28,170.
I. Arnold Chauncey, Lubbock, \$28,036.
Lowery M. James, Lubbock, \$27,925.
Roy C. Clark, Lubbock, \$27,883.
Omer D. Lindsey, Lubbock, \$27,879.
Bruce Isom, Idalou, \$27,570.
Newman Lusk, Shallowater, \$27,467.
Walter Lurton, Shallowater, \$27,460.
Randal L. Rieger, Lubbock, \$27,397.
William V. Halford, Abertathy, \$27,283.
Earl Reasoner, Slaton, \$26,847.
Raymond R. Marshall, Lubbock, \$26,819.

Henry John Kveton, Petersburg, \$26,817.
Hugh V. Newton, Lubbock, \$26,786.
James Atterbury, Abertathy, \$26,780.
Jack Loudon, Lubbock, \$26,778.
Melville Hankins Est., Lubbock, \$26,694.
L. E. Bartlett, Lubbock, \$26,684.
Paul D. Kitchens, Slaton, \$26,687.
Chester B. Gilmore, Idalou, \$26,103.
Valton V. Cox, Lubbock, \$25,996.
Bruce Gentry, Sr., Lubbock, \$25,992.
W. A. & F. D. Drachenberg, Smyer, \$25,914.
Jack Adamson, Lubbock, \$25,905.
J. P. Thompson, Lubbock, \$25,903.
Joe W. Felty, Slaton, \$25,786.
Glenn Brown Blackmon, Shallowater, \$25,405.
E. W. Harkey, Lubbock, \$25,385.
W. R. Sage, Lubbock, \$25,367.
A. C. McCallon, Lubbock, \$25,333.
George H. Johnson, Idalou, \$25,269.
Charles R. Hodges, Shallowater, \$25,054.
Donnie Shafer, Shallowater, \$24,926.
Walter E. Morgan, Slaton, \$24,922.
Sherman Nelson, Lubbock, \$24,860.
Joe Fortenberry, New Deal, \$24,681.
Ralph B. Maby, Petersburg, \$24,594.
C. V. Sturgeon, Lubbock, \$24,481.
Marvin Hall, Wilson, \$24,433.
Volney T. Rush, Slaton, \$24,384.
Pierce H. Truett, Idalou, \$24,371.
Wesley W. Ferguson, Lorenzo, \$24,370.
Ward W. Carroll, Lubbock, \$24,332.
Don L. Enger, Lubbock, \$24,319.
May Lewis Stewart, Lubbock, \$24,243.
Carl D. Jones, Lubbock, \$24,229.
Olan K. Dosett, Jr., Lubbock, \$24,194.
Milburn Barrick, Abertathy, \$24,186.
William B. Criswell, Idalou, \$24,171.
Roy G. Cannon, Abertathy, \$24,168.
Paul E. Crosnoe, Jr., Lubbock, \$24,085.
Kenneth G. Wright, Lubbock, \$23,946.
L. D. Stanford, Lubbock, \$23,934.
Darrell L. Burrese, Abertathy, \$23,926.
Clifford Hilbers, Idalou, \$23,897.
William H. McKelvy, Lubbock, \$23,862.
Donald E. Adrian, Petersburg, \$23,792.
Brodie A. Darby, Lubbock, \$23,699.
Shadden & Shadden, Idalou, \$23,644.
Henry W. Taylor, Jr., Lorenzo, \$23,502.
Wienke Bros., Idalou, \$23,375.
E. Donald Bledsoe, Lorenzo, \$23,280.
Leroy Zieschang, Slaton, \$23,252.
J. T. Davis, Lubbock, \$23,197.
Ed H. Foreman, Lubbock, \$23,132.
Billy H. Piercy, Lubbock, \$22,965.
Aubrey Pounds, Lubbock, \$22,930.
L. E. Evans, Lubbock, \$22,823.
Virgil M. Isom, Idalou, \$22,818.
Melba N. Thompson, Jr., Lubbock, \$22,685.
John B. Allen, Lubbock, \$22,518.
Lulain Est., Lubbock, \$22,364.
Walter L. Luker, Lubbock, \$22,321.
David C. Fowler, Shallowater, \$22,279.
Glen M. Wages, Lubbock, \$22,276.
Durward D. Mahon, Lubbock, \$22,111.
Hilton Foerster, Lubbock, \$22,107.
J. W. Hamilton, Jr., Abertathy, \$21,994.
J. W. Shadden, Idalou, \$21,980.
Wendell F. Attebury, Lubbock, \$21,901.
Sam H. Rosson, Jr., Idalou, \$21,862.
Robert C. Baxter, Lubbock, \$21,797.
Don Freeman, Lubbock, \$21,565.
Holeman Farms, Lubbock, \$21,526.
Joan Rieger Louder, Lubbock, \$21,446.
J. D. Hufstetler, Lubbock, \$21,380.
Richard A. Stennett, Lubbock, \$21,223.
Betty L. Petree, Lubbock, \$21,169.
Charles C. Hurley, Shallowater, \$21,062.
Jerry F. Melcher, Post, \$21,062.
W. T. Settle, Abertathy, \$21,003.
Luther C. Childers, Jr., Lubbock, \$20,994.
Wayne Richardson, Wolfforth, \$20,930.
Joe Leaverton, Inc., Lubbock, \$20,859.
Weldon Ferguson, Lubbock, \$20,708.
V. T. McDougal, Abertathy, \$20,674.
Berlin Haught, Shallowater, \$20,554.
Victor L. Cade, Lubbock, \$20,462.
The Medlock Co., Inc., Lubbock, \$20,458.
Delbert Robbins, Idalou, \$20,377.
Bobby B. Jones, Slaton, \$20,333.
B. A. Stephenson, Jr., Idalou, \$20,266.
Dean Leonard, Idalou, \$20,164.
John G. Shipp, Shallowater, \$20,134.
Perry Looney, Idalou, \$20,089.
Rodney R. Harmon, Idalou, \$20,076.
Terry Albritton, Lubbock, \$20,069.
Robert H. Park, Lubbock, \$20,060.
James E. Winder, Lubbock, \$20,013.
Total payees in county (199), \$6,251,113.

Sketch Book



by Ed Snow

CHAPTER I. THE SON ALSO RISES

I was once lightweight Party King of Texas Tech. Do not think that I am very much impressed by that as a social title, but it meant a lot to me. At first I did not like parties at all but I learned painfully and thoroughly to throw them to counteract the feeling of inferiority and shyness I had felt from being a WASP Texan who was slender and only sixty-six inches tall and looked years younger than I really was and failed repeatedly at graduating from college. There was a certain inner comfort in knowing I could throw better parties than anybody at Texas Tech who was snooty to me, although, being very shy and a thoroughly nice boy, I never threw any parties for any reasons other than to drink with my friends, other nice boys and girls who were usually WASP Texans also. When they were not WASP Texans they were former Protestants who had become agnostics or atheists but they were still Texans and remained thoroughly nice boys and girls.

Now please allow me to confess to you immediately that I feel a bit vulgar and rather ashamed for trying to be entertaining by telling you something about myself in parody of the opening to *The Sun Also Rises* by Ernest Hemingway. There is brashness to it, and I usually dislike that kind of cleverness (or dullness) when I see it in the writing or behavior of other people. But I cannot stop now and start again for reasons that may eventually become clear to you. Possibly you are wondering what I am leading up to. If so, you may smile coolly and with mordant detachment you may etch with the red pen in your imagination these words on this page:

Precisely! What is the point?

Acknowledging that I may have delivered the first sting of criticism to myself in anticipation of a more nearly mortal blow of disapproval from you the reader, who really may be a kind and interesting sort and having, of course your own stories which are swapped and bought and bargained for in the barroom of your identity or the restaurant of your choice, I am ready to let it all--or most of it (still better: some of it)--hang out and circumlocute before your very eyes, rambling as I may to tell you the story of Ernest Hemingway and others in relation to my insanity (right! this book is about going nuts in America) and convincing you I hope that the printed page you are now reading is no negation of the sound of my soft and mellifluous South Texas drawl which I absorbed naturally once but later refined in hope of charming people outside of Texas and convincing filling station attendants within the state that I am a Texan and a good old boy and thus should not be ripped off. You are no doubt noticing that the move from humble masochism to complacent vanity I have made in this paragraph is not difficult for me. As for my self-consciousness and tendency to explain myself, allow me to try to be profound and say: exit out thirty seven left-hand overhead rollout, when I really may be meaning: The fruits of earthly delights left town Sunday.

Sheeit. This ain't no lecture in Freudian linguistics. But it is just that I have this problem, see. My mind, schizophrenic, tends to race. That is what I am going to try to explain to you: what it is like to be schizophrenic and how it was to be locked in Bellevue Hospital in New York believing I was Acting President of the United States and married to Gloria Steinem. This is true.

But first, a quick preview in which I shall take schizophrenic license, knowing all along that you will be patient, understanding and interested in this.

Look: And before the last bellows that befell of the P-47 of eternity when billboards flashed recognition signals and all that was left were the ruins of volcanoes nobody figured out.

It has a lot of possibilities, I know. I am probably showing off to you. But dig:

In a flash: leaping hares outside Alabama found out the hard way that Lincoln died.

Okay. I am trying to introduce to you a mild form of tripping without drugs. Your own mind can probably already perform minor stunts like the above. Think of a thing and watch where your mind takes you. But I am becoming instructive and banal. You have probably been through all of the above anyway.

But anyway I have said that this book will be about going nuts and so another confession is in order to partially explain my reference to Ernest Hemingway. I did not do it only to be cute.

A. Confession

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS: THAT I, EDWARD SNOW, age 31, a senior at Texas Tech University, do hereby confess that I once believed myself destined to become America's Greatest Living Writer. I admit that the pathological obsession began in Boston in May of 1962 when I discontinued my study of jazz drumming, having realized at that time that my chances of becoming America's Greatest Living Jazz Drummer were slim. I confess also that the real reason I became lightweight

Cont. NEXT Column

FOTO

FUNNIES



Party King of Texas Tech was a displacement of my inner desire to be Heavyweight Boxing Champion of the World so I could knock down anybody who was snooty to me. I confess to wishing I had written *The Sun Also Rises*. Anyway, I was launched in the trajectory toward insanity precisely as a missile to the moon or a bat flying into the cave of its dank, black and timeless suspension where Nothing is forever. Give me Utopia or give me Death, I often thought. In Bellevue I later found either Hell or Paradise or both. About that time I thought perhaps I was the Second Coming. Jesus II, I considered myself. The Son Also Rises, but I know mathematically that my chances of being Jesus II are slim.

B. Meditation

A little self-pity is sometimes good for the soul.

C. Prayer

Dear President Nixon,
I wish to sincerely apologize for thinking I was Acting President of the United States when you were in office. Even though I was insane I had no real ill will against you and did not assume that you were out of office. Silly though it may be, I thought then that America should have two presidents, the other being an Acting President, someone like myself or Paul Newman who could go around spreading good will and be entertaining and who might go right into the streets to drink wine with the people. What I am trying to say is that I might be willing to be Acting President if you could get Congress to pass a new law or something and provide for me enough bread and wine and a place to crash at night plus a 500cc Kawasaki for me to travel around the country on and round up guys to give you motorcycle escorts whenever you felt hep. Anyway I think we could work well as a team. So here's hoping you won't forget about me or rip me off, though I do not mean that as a threat or an ultimatum of any kind. You can contact me about this in any way you prefer at Carlsbad Caverns, White City, New Mexico, where I'll be hanging around awhile (ha! ha!).

Forgive me also for acting silly in this letter, but there is nobody to talk to here so I am sort of spaced out (ha! ha!) and looking forward to your getting this and hearing from you in return. Let me know how the writing is coming along.

Sincerely,

Morning Glory

P.S. I don't hold any grudge against Spiro. He was just doing his job.

SPECIAL COMPLETING PARAGRAPH TO CATALYST READERS.

I did not get to include the rest of CHAPTER I due to space limitation so the True Unity is lost. This is going to be one of those Hit and Miss Projects but I hope I can keep running successive chapters in these pages until the novel will be published elsewhere I hope. Have a good day and get it together. If I can do it you can do it. Later.

TASADAY cont. from p.4

that they are doing good. It is, finally, the realization that our own best actions and desires often inflict pain and are tainted with pride; the awareness that we who condemn those who wage violent war are ourselves infected with violence. The tragic sense is one which views pain and sorrow as the very stuff of life and not as a temporary and remediable setback in a life which is characterized by the "pursuit of happiness." If anything, the tragic sense sees happiness as an interlude in a life of living through suffering and sorrow. The tragic sense can say, with the hero of Dostoyevsky's short story, "White Nights": "My God, a moment of bliss. Why, isn't that enough for a whole lifetime?"

Perhaps it is our affluence or a relative lack of tragic incidents in our history which has dulled the sense of tragedy in America. Perhaps the tragedy of Vietnam will reawaken it. Whatever the reason, it appears that this sense is not well-developed in America and that this may be one cause (among many) of some of the problems which are so familiar to us. Let me use some illustrations of what I mean for the sake of brevity. The incidence of mental illness in this country is a serious problem. Might this not have a relationship to the lack of a sense of tragedy? It is not the person with this sense who succumbs to despair or who strikes out violently when tragedy overtakes him; rather it is the person who fully expects a life of uninterrupted happiness and comfort. Divorce seems to be reaching epidemic proportions. Might it not be that the inevitable difficulties and sorrows of married life contradict our myth of married bliss? After all, I have a right to happiness, don't I? If I cannot seem to find it with this person, then I ought to try someone else. But then we find that happiness is more elusive than Lewis Carroll's snark. Perhaps drugs also are a way to escape the sorrows and pains which invade our dreams and try to destroy them. What better way to repulse the invasion than to desert reality for the dream world where sorrow and pain cannot enter (except, perhaps, during a bad trip)?

I have undoubtedly overdrawn the picture. The sense of tragedy must be kept in perspective by the sense of joy (which also may be lacking in the present time). The tragic sense is not wholly lost in America, nor are all of our problems traceable to its weakness. But if I am correct in my assessment of its place in American culture, a sharply etched picture is required to make myself clear. And if I have allowed myself to be a bit too extravagant, blame it at least partly on the reporter who told the story of the encounter with civilization of 24 primitive men, women and children who call themselves the Tasaday.

Mayday!

cont. from p.2

themselves on their handling of the crisis. They have no reason to do so. They botched their job. They had the problem enforcing the law against traffic disruptors through legitimate law enforcement methods. They had advance notice, reinforcement methods. They had advance notice, resources, manpower and the experience of previous disturbances at hand, and they still made a mess of it.

"They have jubilantly told the American people that they kept the traffic moving. What they haven't told us is the terrible price we paid for traffic control. They achieved their 'victory' by suspending the rights guaranteed to us all under the Constitution and by imposing on us a domestic version of the techniques used on the helpless people of Viet Nam.

FREE ARREST

"The Free Arrest Zone: like the free fire zone in Viet Nam, the objective was to pick several areas and arrest everybody in them, including the bystanders and people on the way to work. The maneuver netted lawyers, government workers, students, newspaper reporters, medical observers and children. We say categorically that the majority of those arrested were not committing any offense whatever, and the government knew it when they swept them up and knows it now.

"The Gooks': Anybody with a beard long hair or unconventional dress was marked for immediate arrest, no matter where they were or what they were doing or not doing. They were the 'enemy' just as all civilian Vietnamese - North or South, men, women, and children - are the enemy - 'gooks', 'slants' and 'slopes'.

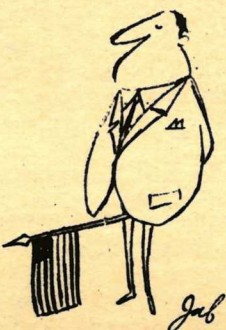
"The Body Count: We've gotten used to the routine falsification of records in Viet Nam. Now it has been brought

to America. Police didn't bother with field arrest forms; after they herded those arrested into detention centers, they simply made up the forms. They used the names of six or seven policemen on a rotating basis as the arresting officers. These arrest records are false.

"The successful adaptation of Vietnamization to America reached its peak when more than 7,000 American Citizens were illegally penned into detention centers without shelter, adequate food or water, sanitary facilities or medical attention, without a chance to notify their families or call a lawyer. Thousands of them were held without arrest forms, without any possibility that they could be connected with the disturbances, left alone prosecuted and convicted.

"Above all, it wasn't necessary. The same amount of planning could have produced a workable method of apprehending only the actual wrongdoers. Instead, the President and the Attorney General made a calculated decision that it served their political ends to escalate a troublesome disturbance into a massive show of governmental power. Now the Attorney General is encouraging police officers all over the country to follow his lead in jettisoning the Constitution and ignoring the law.

"We don't intend to let them get away with it."
...Civil Liberties, July '71



July 4th is the day that all those superpatriot uptight paranoid Birchers have their annual erection. Congrats fellows! Rat On!

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In case you didn't Know - Old news to impress your friends

JUNE NINETEENTH

This June 19 Curtis Graves (Black Representative from Houston) spoke to a crowd of celebrants at Mae Simmons Park in East Lubbock. The A-J said the gathering celebrated the issuance of the Emancipation Proclamation. Shame on you, Perry Flippin. That just isn't true.

The Emancipation Proclamation was issued by President Lincoln on preliminary form in September 1863, and signed in final form on January 1, 1864. This did not free the slaves in the border states which did not secede (like Maryland) so the 13th Amendment was necessary. This was ratified by the required number of states, and became law, when Alabama accepted it in December of 1865.

By the time of ratification, the slaves were already free. The last state to free the slaves was Texas, and that is what June 19th really is.

87. GRANGER'S PROCLAMATION ABOLISHING SLAVERY IN TEXAS

June 19, 1865

From Houston Tri-weekly Telegraph, June 23, 1865

(MS transcription of the proclamation, Texas State Library, Archives).

After the cessation of hostilities in April, 1865, Texas had no central government for more than two months. On May 29, General P. H. Sheridan was assigned to the command of the Military Division of the Southwest with headquarters at New Orleans, but because of the lack of troop transports it was three weeks before he was able to take possession of Texas. He ordered General Gordon Granger to proceed to Texas with eighteen hundred men on June 10. Granger arrived at Galveston on June 19, and on the same day issued a proclamation declaring that all slaves were free.

Headquarters, District of Texas.
Galveston, June 19, 1865.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 3.

The people of Texas are informed that in accordance with a Proclamation from the Executive of the United States, all slaves are free. This involves an absolute equality of rights and rights of property between former masters and slaves, and the connection heretofore existing between them becomes that between employer and free laborer. The freedmen are advised to remain at their present homes and work for wages. They are informed that they will not be allowed to collect at military posts, and that they will not be supported in idleness, either there or elsewhere.

By order of
G. Granger
Major General Commanding

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by BRIAN JONES

COMPLAINT FILED ON COUNCIL

On July 15, 1971, a complaint was filed by Mr. James G. Marshall in the City Attorney's office. The complaint was presented to Assistant City Attorney George Lemon, Jr., and named as defendants Mayor Granberry, Deaton Rigsby, Lonnie Hollingsworth, Bill Blackwell, Fred Senter and other officials and employees of the City of Lubbock.

The complaint involves an incident on July 7, when Mr. Marshall appeared at a meeting in the "E.O.C. Room" of City Hall. Food was served to our governmental elite. Mr. Marshall also asked to be served but was refused, and was told by Mayor Granberry to go to the restaurant down the hall and buy some food.

Therein lies the basis for Mr. Marshall's complaint. He maintains that the refusal to serve him food constitutes a clear case of preferential treatment of the officers and officials and employees named in the complaint. Preferred treatment is in direct violation of the of the City Charter; specifically Chapter I, Article 9, Sections 4 and 14.

Section 4 states in part that "no officer or employee of the city shall accept any frank, free ticket, passes or service, or anything of value directly or indirectly from any person, firm, or corporation upon terms more favorable than are granted to the public, and any violation of this section shall be a misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof, such officer or employee shall be forfeited".

It would appear that since the apparatus of the city government constitutes the Home Rule Municipal Corporation of Lubbock, Texas, the accused are guilty of accepting their own gratuities. They are therefore guilty of a collective misdemeanor and must forfeit their offices and employment.

Notice that it would "appear" this way only according to a strict interpretation of the City Charter. Yet, as all who are familiar with Lubbock City government are well aware appearances can be deceiving.

According to George Lemon, Jr, Assistant City Attorney before whom the complaint was filed, there is "no basis" for the suit. He maintained that the food enabled the Mayor, Councilmen, and others to "complete their work."

This is undoubtedly so, for even high city officials must sometimes partake of nourishment in order to remain able to shoulder their heavy burdens.

At issue is the question of who should pay for that food and the service it engenders, us or them.

Lemon maintains that the money for the service comes from the general budget, and when pressed he could say no more. Mr. Marshall feels that the money for this and other services just may come from the liberal expense account of the City Manager, Bill Blackwell, and he intimated that the City Manager is in the habit of supplying "little things, maybe big things" for those in the upper echelons of city government. "Those people are not honorable people," said Marshall.

The case will come under the jurisdiction of Municipal Court Judge Gene Blair; Fred Senter having waived his right to dismiss it because he is named in the complaint. Judge Blair owes his office to the City Council and it might be safe to say that he probably will not, in turn, deprive them of their offices. Probably not.

Whatever the outcome of Mr. Marshall's complaint, a closer scrutiny of the internal machinations of any city government is never amiss. For every misdeed uncovered, there are countless acts that go undiscovered.

Somehow the best checks are the watchful if somewhat jaundiced eyes of citizens like James G. Marshall.

A CONFLICT OF VALUES

by ROGER
SETTLER

The bitterness of the Plains winter ravaged the small band of 300 refugees as they set up camp by the frozen creek in the Dakota wilderness. After long years of war, the huddled group desperately sought peace. Their haggard faces documented their sufferings—few young men were left, and hungry babies cried in the night.

Early in the morning, a company of soldiers came upon the band and demanded their "surrender." Possessing only a handful of weapons, the group hesitated, and a search was ordered. Suddenly, a roar of machine guns shattered the calm. Within minutes, the entire number lay dead—including a number of soldiers, killed in the haste of their own crossfire.

Several days later, the dead were heaped on wagons and thrown into a mass grave. Twenty-six medals were awarded to the "victorious" soldiers.

Poland during World War II? Vietnam? No—the "Battle" of Wounded Knee, South Dakota, 1890.

For modern Americans, it is easy to forget the slaughter of Indians on their own soil just three generations ago. It is equally easy to forget the brutal aftermath of those slaughters which lingers on today, and to dismiss the protests of Indian civil rights leaders who demand justice for America's most impoverished and oppressed minority. No, the dilemma of the Indian is not a laughing matter, but a profound problem for the American conscience.

It has been a long, hard road for the Indian since the tragic surrender of Chief Joseph and the Nez Perce in 1877, the last victory of the Plains tribes at Little Big Horn in 1876, and the senseless murder of the Sioux at Wounded Knee in 1890. The Indian has watched in despair as history books have belittled his culture as savage, and Christian preachers have condemned his religion as pagan. The last American to gain citizenship (even the long-neglected woman received the vote in 1919, six years before the Indian), my people have been exploited and degraded by a myriad of white institutions, cultural, political, and economic.

Systematically excluded from American society, the Indian is enmeshed in a fatalism born of defeat and despair. The disastrous meddling of the Bureau of Indian Affairs and white business has reduced most reservation Indians to a state of abysmal poverty. Old ways are forgotten as the universal poison of American materialism seeps into Indian life.

Still, the basic fiber of Indian philosophy—the compassionate, integrated world view of man and Nature—remains unabated. It may have been easy to kill the huddled people at Wounded Knee, but it is infinitely more difficult to kill a way of life. The "Vanishing American" has survived—and will endure—and his influence will be felt far beyond his numbers.

Modern America, disoriented by the magnitude of its technology, forsaken by the hollowness of its materialism and gnawing lack of vision, may well learn from the people that it once worked so diligently to destroy. The harmony of the Indian's affirmation of natural rhythms and the cycle of life in his own existence, the brotherhood of all living things and the sanctity of their interrelationship, a biophysical and spiritual awareness beyond the confines of dimension, all of this the Indian can teach America before it is too late. Perhaps one day the words of Black Elk, the Sioux philosopher, may embrace us all in a new reverence for life:

"Grandfather, all over the world the faces of living ones are alike. In tenderness they have come up out of the ground.

Look upon your children with children in their arms, that they may face the winds and walk the good road to the day of quiet.

Teach me to walk the soft earth, a relative to all that live. Give me strength to understand, and the eyes to see...."

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