

the Catalyst

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4611 TECH STATION

SEPTEMBER 14-30, 1970

LUBBOCK, TEXAS.



LUBBOCK'S FIRST ANNUAL FREAK FAIR---SEPTEMBER 5, 1970

UPPER LEFT

The CATALYST is going to try to be nice to the University Daily this year. For one thing, to criticize the U D, we'd have to hang around campus till the middle of the afternoon every day to see a copy. Although they're a little slow, that Blanco Offset outfit in Floydada is a FINE place to get a paper printed. They printed one issue of the CATALYST, but then they decided that our paper was "not up to their moral standards." We're sure that Director of Student Publications Bill Dean will see to it that the U D never falls below Floydada "moral standards." Actually we think the staff of the U D really tries hard. They have a lot going against them.

We're also going to be nice to poor old Dr. Caskey.



Candid K-Kamera

It is well known that the Kampus Kops film Tech rallies and demonstrations. Well, right now we are negotiating on an enterprise to be called the CATALYST-Traffic Security Productions. The plan is that after the Tech Union runs out of old W.C. Fields movies, C-TS Productions could start screening old Tech demonstration flicks.

What classics! Old name-change rallies, Larry Caroline's visit, the fun-filled antics of last year's Moritorium and Kent State Massacre rallies. Old faces, old friends, old causes. All brought to you on the big screen by the CATALYST and your pals at Traffic Security.

Negotiations for all this are still in the initial stages. There is, for example, still considerable disagreement over who will do the narration: Bull Daniels, Dr. Caskey, or Paul Bean.

cover story

The CATALYST had its Freak show, picnic, etc. on Sat., Sept. 5th at Tech Terrace Park. By the grace of mystic powers, the weather was beautiful. Over 500 people enjoyed the temporary liberation. There was music and talk and general fun. Our cover shows a few of the milder scenes. Watch this space for the next exciting CATALYST idea. It might just change your life.

At the 9:30 p.m. showing of Getting Straight on Sunday, September 6, the line was entertained by the gang across the street at the Phi Kappa Psi. The Fraternity was having a drinking party.. First they did the Country Joe cheer from Woodstock. That's right folks, "Give me an F, give me a U, etc." They shouted "Fuck" in harmony for the people. (Enter this in the Sing-Song.) Next one of the boys did a show stopping solo performance. He walked out to the curb and urinated in the street for over two hundred on-lookers. (Don't enter this in the sing-song.) To think the Administration actually thought we were obscene! When the Freak Show Picnic attracted a few hundred mild-mannered and quiet freaks, the cops were very much in attendance. We suggest they patrol the frat houses if they really want to see some action.

The Women's Liberation Bra-less march was a flop, flop. #####
The LOVE GRASS FREE FARM is alive and well and expecting a record breaking crop. It is harvest time on the plains.

La Raza Unida

The Chicanos are rising. From California to South Texas, Chicanos are banning together under the phrase "La Raza Unida". In South Texas, La Raza Unida is an accepted third party. Now La Raza Unida hits Lubbock.

On Oct. 10, the fifth regional La Raza Unida Conference will be held, for the first time in Lubbock. People are expected from all over Texas, and much of New Mexico.

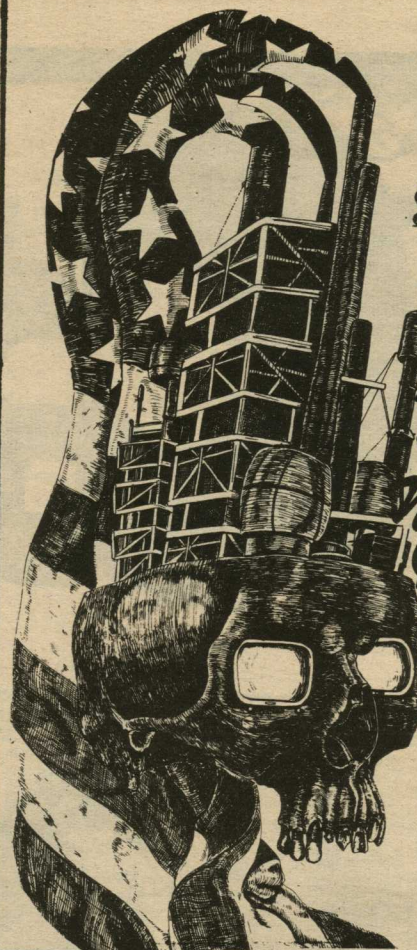
Some of the definite speakers include Alberto Peña, Joe Bernal, José Ángel Gutierrez, and the national chairman of MAYO.

Chairman of the conference is Perry Vecchio. Money is

being handled by Mary Lou de la Certa, a former junior high school teacher in Lubbock, fired by the Lubbock School Board due to her activism on behalf of Chicanos.

Anyone interested in helping with the conference should contact Mary Lou at 765-9740. She is also selling bumper stickers and sweatshirts, advertising the conference.

The Catalyst will print more detailed information on the conference in the next issue. We expect the conference to be one of the major events on the Lubbock political scene this year.



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SPORT-SCOPE

Pie Skin Prognostications

BY BULL PETITE

It's rah-rah time for the crunch-crunch boys on the Astro Turf battlefields at Jones Stadium. Coach Carlen's charges face an uphill season but the turf trodding Tech tuffies will trample Texas, their arch rival. Also to fall under the unyielding Big Red will be those puerile powder puff pansies from Porkville, Arkansas. Coach Carlen's caustic Christian catechism has casually cast his charges into Charcoal Cody style conformity. Bleeding heart liberals call this rigid regimen restrictive but Carlen's crusaders are charmed by Carlen's celebrated charisma. Arkansas and Texas are the BIG BIG games and seasoned sports scribes scores a sensational set of upsets for the Tech terrors. Texas and Arkansas are the lucky league leading powerpushers, running neck and neck for that territorial tribute, the titillating trip to the Cotton Bowl. One of the two will still triumph even with the Tech trouncing.

What of the total Tech talley with this tempestuous turf time topple of the SWC giants? Unfortunately, the old crystal ball only holds these two timely conquests for the hard-luck Cinderella grunt and groan boys from Double T land. With the expanded grid season, Tech will go two and nine for the season. With the two terrific turf turnovers against the league leaders, Tech will garner national press interest. This along with curvaceous Carlen's camera courting of the T.V. land sports fans may just lead to a bowl bid for the raucous Raiders. In this case, Tech will go two and ten for the season. Well, that's the way it looks between the old uprights this turf time.



WE ARE SORRY TO ANNOUNCE THAT THE TEXAS LEGISLATURE MEETS THIS YEAR.

DID YOU HEAR?

This column presents news shorts, comments, and conversational bonmots, clichés, and (rarely) some things that are journalistically worthwhile.

At a recent rock music show in the Union, the sweet smell of marijuana smoke came from somewhere in the audience. Immediately the crowd began to sniff the air. Noses were raised like a pack of curious dogs on the scent. Everyone seemed to know and people were madly looking around the room. After the music, Traffic Security found a small pot plant outside the Union, but that is getting to be a ho-hum affair.

The UD is making some noises, like a real newspaper under Editor Jim Davis. They came out hard against the Convention Center, for which we congratulate them and admire their courage. They seem to be keeping an eagle-eye on Tech events. The UD has a policy of printing nearly all letters to the editor. Students should use this forum to discuss events that affect their lives....

When the SWC Press tour was at Tech, a reporter asked Coach Jim Carlen if he had any second thoughts on his rules for players. Coach C said, "Anytime you come out on something controversial, you'll get some backlash, as I'm sure you know in your profession. About the only thing I'm trying to do is lose weight since our (underground) paper referred to me as 'Morality Fats.'" Carlen has enjoyed a visible weight loss since our now-famous epithet reached print. This nickname has reached newspapers all over the region and as far away as the ATLANTIC CONSTITUTION and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. If the Coach continues to lose weight we will be forced to rename him. How about Sanctimonious Slim?

A barge on Washington's Chesapeake and Ohio Canal is pulled by two mules named Dick and George. Democratic Senator Fred Harris says this is symbolic of the Nixon-Wallace team because they always pull toward the right.

All last year reporters from the University Daily kept calling us for various stories. We got the impression that except for Donny Richards, they never left the newsroom. Well, finally a UD representative came by in person. We were about to congratulate him on his zeal when he tried to sell us an ad.

In a speech to freshmen, Dr. Murray said, "You should be here to learn. If you aren't, go elsewhere. You should be here to learn but if you aren't, let's get it over with real fast." Local news media interpreted this as a hard line approach to campus demonstrators. This is rather odd since Tech appears in for a quiet year and school has just started. We are sorry to disappoint the news media and the administration but we predict a very calm year at Tech.

Trenny Robb, sister-in-law of Lynda Johnson, was recently married, and Lynda was there for the barefoot hippie wedding. The new couple has a business called the "Stone Factory." They manufacture and sell marijuana and hash pipes.

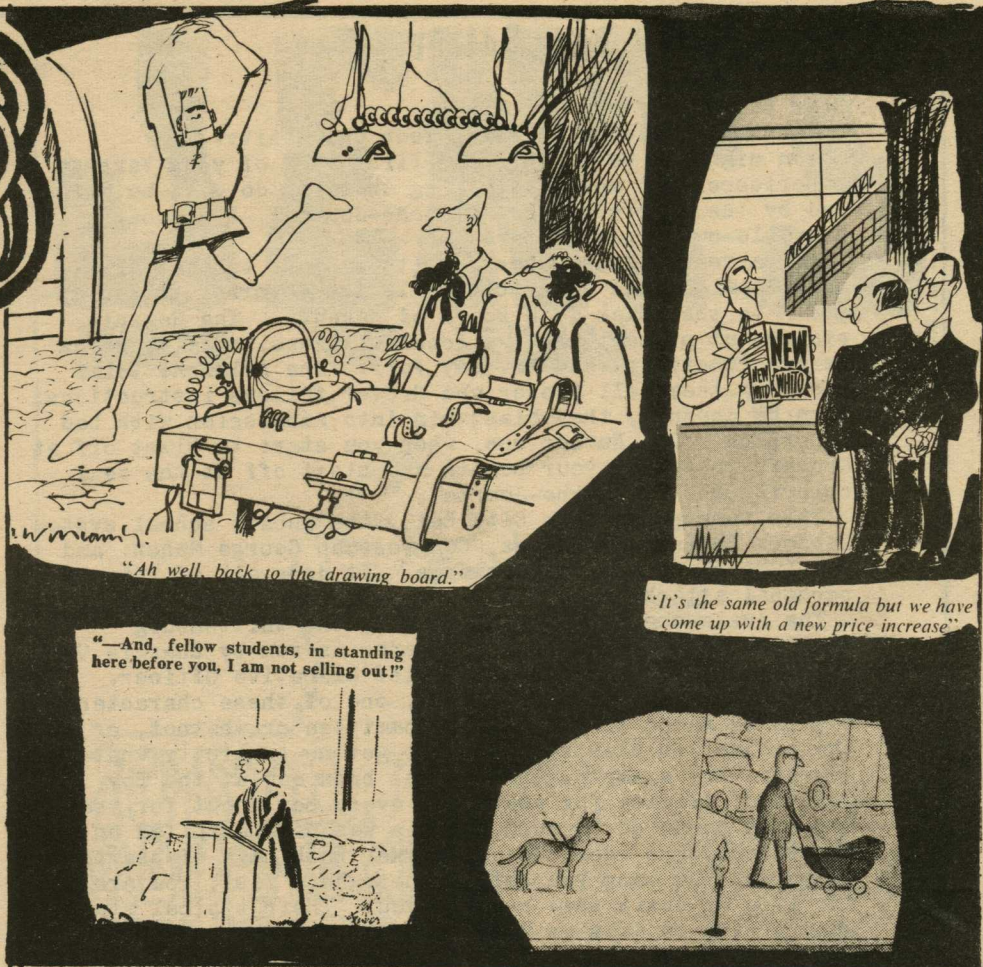
Ex-Tech student Larry L King continues to grow as one of America's leading writers. He has a fantastic article in the recent HARPER'S about comedian Dave Gardner and the "New South." King has written a couple of good books which are not in the Tech Library. Larry McMurtry of Houston has a couple of recent books that are not in the Tech Library. Doesn't anyone care about contemporary Texas writers?

When dope was found growing at SW '70 music festival site, Paul Beane of KSEL said, "More marijuana found and KSEL didn't even find it this time." Twelve plants were found. Add this to the eight or so found earlier at Tech plus two or three times it has been found in the city and you see that the fuzz are rather busy looking for the Love Grass Free Farm. They still haven't found it but they are getting warmer.

In Miami, Fla. a black father killed a Cuban father at an elementary school on the first day of class. This was a newly integrated school and the two men had never met before. The black father didn't want his child going to school with Cubans.

On August 26th, Women's Day, Bill and Lew on KSEL's TFO show talked a great deal about Women's Lib. They made fun of women and the movement in a very degrading way. Bill and Lew are to Women's Lib what George Wallace is to black people. Since they feel women are so inadequate, then maybe women shouldn't buy the products they hawk on the air. A boycott could cause them to change their tune.

When KSEL covered the Freak Fair, the video picture showed KSEL's own star Rusty Jones in a covey of hippies while the voice said, "these are the self-styled freaks." Who are the freaks these days? KSEL? Us? It is getting hard to figure out where one culture leaves off and another starts. If Baby Bill McAllister dons beads and bellbottoms, we are going straight fast.



THE LUBBOCK SITUATION

For the second time a group calling themselves "Concerned citizens of Lubbock" met in Lou Stubbs Park at 37th and Ave N. on August 31. This is a group of white parents formed to protest the court ruling that integrated Lubbock schools.

They gathered in the park at sundown arriving in Fords and Chevrolets. They brought lawn furniture and blankets. They were working people. The women had beehive hairdos, carried straw purses, and knawed on toothpicks. The men smoked cigars and had the rough hands, flat tops, and fat bellies of Texas working men. The air was heavy with the rich joviality of West Texas accents. These were "the folks," good people really, hard-working, God-fearing, honest-to-goodness Middle Americans. It looked like a pleasant gathering but for the menacing chill of racism.

Only about 100 were present at the meeting, down from a crowd of over 500 at the first meeting on the eve of Lubbock's school opening. A committee had been formed at the first meeting to explore ways to battle the court ruling. Bill Sinclair reported that the committee had decided to "Get some letters wrote up to our Congressmen and Senators." He said the committee had decided that hiring a lawyer would be futile. Sinclair cited busing in Wichita Falls and predicted it would happen here in Lubbock. He said the lines were drawn "for a purpose" and urged people not to move. He said the lines would be redrawn later to take in more white children at Dunbar.

Sinclair drew applause when he stated "I have done a lot of leg work. A lot of people know I'm in Lubbock." Sinclair said that the government is controlling people's lives and that in California "they are gonna take three year old children away to a school and you can go and see them if you want to."

The treasurer of the group, Mike Long, a South Plains College student, said the \$411 in the fund would be used for a "mass advertising campaign." Long declared, "Minority races can be upgraded by bringing them into the white neighborhood but it will not work in reverse."

Mrs. Lawson, the leader of the group, spoke at length against the federal government and growing government control. She cited a proposed California law that would allow for mercy killing and to use the organs of the deceased for transplants. She said a goal of the Women's Liberation is to have children "raised by the government."

Mrs. Lawson read a letter to the editor of the A-J that was critical of her group. The letter had stated that if they were Christians they would practice brotherhood. Mrs. Lawson replied, "A church is not for brotherhood but for teaching of the gospel." Mrs. Lawson further stated, "The schools are brainwashing our children. The biggest display of Communism I have ever seen was at last year's graduation at Monterey High School... Pornography in our English classes would turn your hair grey. They should change the name to the Federal School System."

Bill Sinclair came back to the microphone and complained because the court decision affected the poor and not the rich. He referred to the fact that the decision was changed to allow residents of the exclusive Lubbock Country Club area to select either Lubbock High School or Estacado and said, "The Country Club edition got theirs changed overnight. There are people out there good for \$10,000 donations at election time. These boundaries are not gonna stay."

Sinclair's final remarks were, "Do like the woman who wanted a honky tonk moved from near her house. After you say a prayer, get a box of matches and go do something about it."

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

Freshmen, welcome to Texas Tech University.

You might as well learn the first week of your Varsity experience that most everything that you do will be directed by the powers of the Avalanche-Journal, the local Amarillo-owned news paper.

As payment to the paper for its support to the political campaign, the Avalanche tells the Governor who to appoint to the Texas Tech Board of Regents. The Regent stooges at present are two local citizens, namely, Retha Martin (Chairman) and Mr. Roy Furr. The Avalanche tells them and they tell Grover and Grover follows instructions; when he doesn't, they blast him into submission with bad reporting. So, Number one, when you start to blast off at Grover, just save your breath and blast off at the real culprit, the Avalanche-Journal.

This same paper runs City Hall, the public school system, Lubbock Christian College, Congressman George Mahon, and the Lubbock Chamber of Commerce. It does all of this by personal attacks upon the principals until they line up.

The Avalanche Journal is owned by the Whittenburg families of Amarillo, but the paper is run by Charlie Guy, Editor and Parker Prouty, as Chief Executive Officer.

No matter what the project is, one of these characters has to be named to the Board, Committee or whatnot, or the project is blasted, or, will get no publicity whatsoever. For example, Charlie has been mad at the Boy Scouts of America for years, so every Boy Scout for years has been punished because Charlie was not consulted on something years ago. He and Parker both have elephant memories, and once you get on their hate list, you are on for life or until they can use you. Their typical stunt when trying to make up with someone that they need to use is to run their picture, or their wife's picture and this is supposed to be a payoff for whatever they may have done to someone in the past.

Parker runs Tech athletics, and has a big hand in political appointments in West Texas. If Parker likes the coach, he will stay, but if Parker does not like the coach, he will get him run off; so, Jim, you had better learn who your Quarterback really is. This is a man that you do not want to ever cross.

Experienced people in this community had rather have a run in with a Cosa Nostra Chief than to get on Charlie's list. One past Avalanche-Journal staff member said that he took another job because the hate list was so long he couldn't remember all the names but Charlie could. If he comprised his efforts to big events, that would be one thing but he thinks little, he is little and people that know him, personally, know that he is so very little.

Old Charlie actually believes that people like him, but they do not. They expressed their feelings for him when he ran for a second term on the school board and the people voted him out. He could not get elected as dog catcher today.

When you read the Avalanche-Journal just remember that their supposed-to-be reporting is always slanted. Most of their reporting should be on the editorial page.

But there is hope, for rumor has it that the Denver Post is considering opening up papers in several Southwestern cities and Lubbock is on the top of their list. When this happens the Avalanche Journal will go down like the Titanic, for readers and advertisers all use the Avalanche-Journal because it is all that is available. A big institution like the Denver Post cannot be conned. They do honest reporting. The paper is run by people of good reputation. They will be a big asset to Lubbock, Texas Tech and all of West Texas.

Let's write and phone the Denver Post and tell them that the red carpet is out. We want them and there is no time like right now.

When the Denver Post puts out the first edition, the celebration will be when the first paper runs off of the press. You Freshmen will get to see this day, and you can hasten the celebration by using your influence.

Name withheld by request

Dear Catalyst Staff:

I am trying to file an injunction in court against the school administration about the dress code. The code states, "boys are required to keep their hair cut so it will not protrude over their eyes, ears or shirt collar, and should be kept neatly combed at all times."

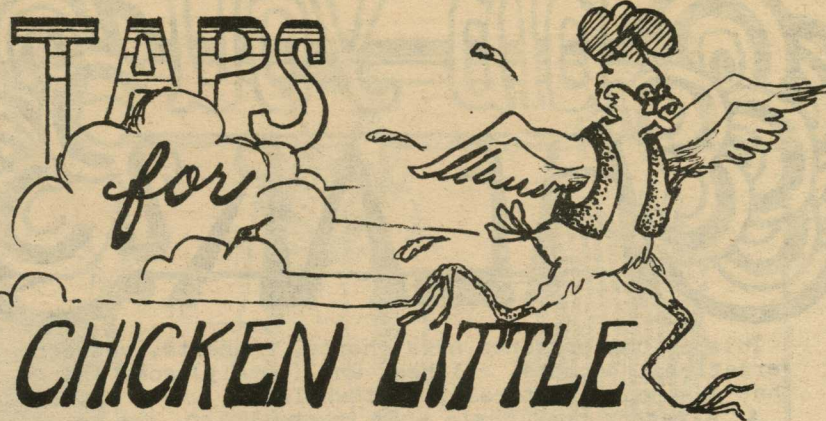
As of 3rd period Monday, August 31, 1970, I have been suspended from school. My lawyer is trying to get me back in school until this thing can be settled.

Money is needed for the injunction. A small story or a reprint of this letter in your paper would be appreciated. Contributions may be sent to:

Jon Whitsell
1003 Christine
Pampa, Texas 79065



"I hate to charge, but you know what Barry Goldwater says—'People start getting things for nothing, they lose their initiative...'"



By
Matthew Mark

And God appeared in the West Texas town of D_____ in the form of a lightning bolt in a dark cloud and said to Chicken Little, "Go to Lubbock. They are against you here."

Chicken Little had spent the summer letting his comb grow while he sat on the porch listening to rock records, reading the Bible and smoking little cigars that the neighbors thought contained marijuana. The police had even taken to cruising by C.L.'s house.

"They're trying to bust you here in D_____, " God said.

"Right on," C.L. said, even though he had read in Time that the expression was square, "But why Lubbock?"

"Because I could use a little more publicity," God said, "I haven't done well since the tornado. Tell them the sky is falling."

"Of course the sky is falling," said C.L., "But why do you want me to spread it around?"

"Because you believe," God said. And his form ascended to the heavens.

C.L. mulled over the dialogue for a couple of hours and decided that he was the Second Coming. He packed his gear into a laundry bag, told his parents goodbye and rode his Yamaha to Lubbock. He was stopped twice by police for looking like a hippy, but when he told them he was a Divinity Major at Texas Tech, the cops let him go. He told them also that the sky was falling.

He told a lot of people the same. He decided to go to church before enrolling at Texas Tech and when he took a loaf of bread the minister scowled. "My Father in heaven wants me to share this loaf," C.L. said. It didn't do any good. The minister asked him to leave when Chicken Little added that the sky was falling.

But C.L. was all heart and feathers. He decided to take God's message to the Tech campus. "The sky is falling," he said to some people he thought looked hip. They were sitting in the Snack Bar, under the stairs.

"Yeah?" one of them said. Rumors about C.L. began to spread. He became known as That Guy Who Thinks He's Jesus.

In his Bible classes, Chicken Little felt horrible. He tried to tell them about the sky and how it fell, but it was useless. Nobody believed that the Father in heaven in the Bible was the same Father who had started C.L. on his mission. Chicken Little became frustrated. He wanted to get it right with God.

One day he stood in front of the fountain in the library and said, "Look, Dad, if you spoke once, speak again."

So God said to C.L., "You've been trying, man. But you need more power. You need to be officially recognized. What we need to do is to take Texas Tech. Just the two of us, kid. I have a plan."

"What?" C.L. asked.

But God had disappeared. And so did the feathers and comb and beak and claws of C.L. He had been changed from a chicken into a man. And he was fully clothed in the Ivy League style. And he looked around him and saw that everyone else had been changed to chickens.

He walked out of the library in amazement. Chickens were everywhere. So they came to him and said, "The sky is falling."

"I'm hip," C.L. said. Then he whispered to God, "What now?"

And over the P.A. system came a deep voice, "I Hereby nominate Chicken Little for Student Body President."

It is God's work, C.L. thought. The sky is falling. He went into the Mens Room and combed his new hair, smiling with satisfaction at himself in the mirror. (to be continued).

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AJ's CONVENTION CENTER

In the recent bond election Lubbock witnessed a power struggle over the richest political plum in its history; the 8 and 1/2 million-dollar "civic center" which is in fact a gigantic convention center designed to line the pockets of a very few rich, rich down town property owners.

In years past the convention center proposition has been rejected by our elected officials on several occasions; 2 1/2 years ago it was soundly defeated at the polls. Nevertheless, these downtown mercenary millionaires, with the help of the editor of the Avalanche-Journal, would stoop to any low in order to get their way. They wanted this convention center and would do anything to get it -- anything, that is, except pay for it themselves; they arranged for the taxpayers to do that.

With motives as pure as the driven slush, the down-towners used the tornado, tornado victims, the Catholic Church, the Board of City Development, and the voters. To achieve their steal they played on emotions by calling it a "memorial" civic center.

Ideas, footwork, and organizational help came from the First National Bank whose president became the head of the movement. Financing came through the Board of City Development whose president just happened to be on the board of directors of the Lubbock National Bank. The many-thousands of dollars that were spread around the news media to brainwash the people came not from the bank but from the people themselves by way of tax money channeled to the Board of City Development.

The editor of the Amarillo-owned Avalanche-Journal just happened to be on the Board of City Development also, but don't think the AJ's support of this project was influenced only by these BCD tax dollars flowing into their advertising till; they might have been more than a little influenced by the fact that the "civic center" location adjoins the AJ on the west.

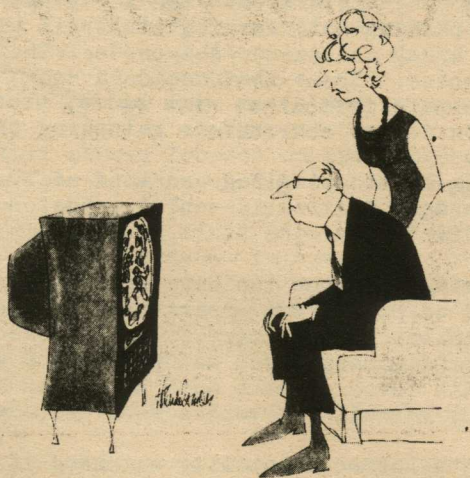
Proponents went all out for this one, even designating a special voting box for the tornado displaced Guadalupe residents. At least, Chicanos knew its location because it was in the Corporation Court where many of them had been so many times in the past. To insure their voting, to provide them with free transportation to and from the polls. This goes down in history as the first time the Lubbock establishment aided a "Mescal" in voting. Before chicanos believe the gringo establishment was just being helpful, they might ask where the bus was when their own Paulina Jacobo needed their votes.

In this power struggle there were winners and losers. Winners, of course, are the downtown property owners--losers are only the people. The people will lose in so many ways, the most obvious being higher taxes. But think of our bread-and-butter needs which will be ignored while we pay for this money-eating monster: traffic planning and control, alley services, freeways, prevention of flood damage to homes, etc.

The real villain in this calamity is the BCD. It has been with us for about fifty years. It receives a dedicated tax fund (5% out of our \$1.08 tax rate) over which our elected representatives have no control. This year alone the BCD will get \$293,000 to do with as they wish.

It is a bit confusing but the BCD and the Chamber of Commerce are one and the same. In Lubbock we give our Chamber of Commerce more tax dollars than do New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, or any city in the U.S. We give our Chamber of Commerce more tax money than do the combined cities of Houston, Dallas, Fort Worth, El Paso, San Antonio, Austin, Abilene, and Beaumont.

WHY? It beats the hell out of me, but to stimulate your thinking let me point out that these millions are spent under the watchful eye of the Amarillo-owned AJ. It has been the policy to have editor Charlie Guy or publisher Parker Prouty on the BCD to control this money, one of course replacing the other. When Charlie Guy finishes his present appointment the two of them will have served 32 years.



"Everybody is running, but no one is carrying a ball, so it must be a demonstration."

WHERE DO CORRECT IDEAS COME FROM?



THE WISCONSIN BOMBING

By Johnny Hughes

The recent bombing of the University of Wisconsin's U.S. Army Math Research Center is one of the most deplorable acts of this decade. At 3:40 a.m., an anonymous caller warned the police, "Okay Figs, now listen and listen good. There's a bomb in the Army Math Research Center...set to go off in five minutes. Clear the building." Two minutes later the blast killed post-doctoral researcher Robert Fassnacht and injured three others and caused over \$6 million in property damage. The damage in research loss is priceless.

Chancellor Edwin Young said, "The explosion ruined the life's work of five professors and wiped out the doctoral papers of two dozen graduate students." Countless students and researchers from several disciplines lost notebooks and data. The pharmacy department was also wiped out. It is leading the vital cancer research and research into Parkinson's disease and antibiotics. Authorities said cancer research had been retarded several months and possibly several years.

The day after the bombing, leaflets in downtown Madison said, "Their research has killed literally thousands of innocent people and has developed instruments for the delivery of nuclear and chemical-biological bombs."

The work of the Army Math Research Center was unrelated to weapons-systems and was in fact unclassified, low-key numerical analysis by computers.

A revolutionary group called The New Year's Gang took credit for the blast in the local underground paper. They made three non-negotiable demands: an end to ROTC, an end to curfew hours for freshmen women, and the release of three Milwaukee Black Panthers accused of shooting a policeman. The group warned, "If these demands are not met by Oct. 30, open warfare, kidnapping of important officials, and even assassination will not be ruled out."

Such bombings and vandalism have been tried and proven beyond any doubt as totally without any value politically, socially, or morally. This barbarous act has halted cancer research to protest curfew hours for freshmen women. How ludicrous! When these criminals are apprehended, and they will be, they will fit the perfect profile of today's campus terrorist. They will be white, come from upper income homes, and be spoiled brats whose logic processes just don't function. They will be the "radical rich" that are a constant embarrassment to the movement. They will be able to rationalize their actions for they envision themselves as fresh recruits to instant martyrdom. The rate of bombings has taken a quantum jump in the last two years. It is the

Cont. on Page 12

Needless to say, the Lubbock mentality extended itself. We were told, in short, that we were causing a hassle and that we'd have to cut by "sunup." Perhaps the statement made at the onset comes into focus now. The boozy, broady, blow-outs could exist, unmolested, and no doubt were being duplicated all over the city. But a peaceful gathering of together people, interested in one another could not.

Hair Today,

Gone Tomorrow?

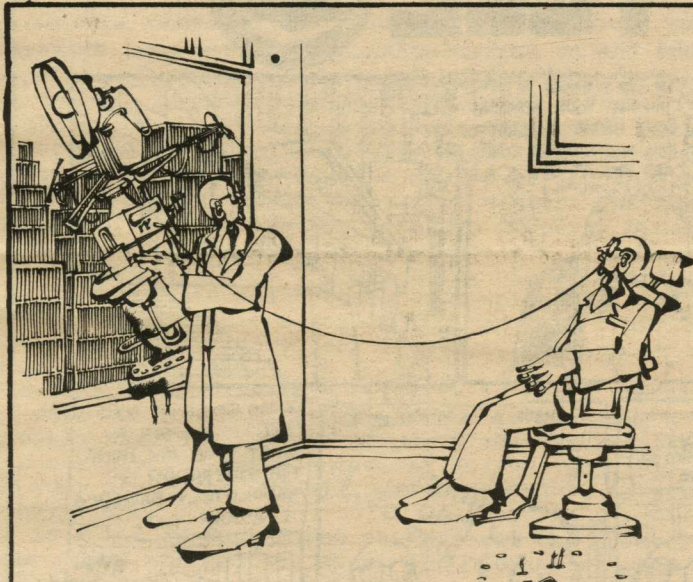
On Friday morning, August 28, thirty-four students at Monterey High School in Lubbock were suspended for failure to comply with the school's dress code, specifically the regulations applied to the length of male students' hair.

Friday afternoon, 150 or so Monterey students walked out of classes in protest of the dress code and the suspensions. Other students were prevented from leaving school when school officials locked the exits.

The dress code movement spread to Coronado High School where students were subject to the same code as those at Monterey. Following the walk-out-lock-in, several afternoon and evening rallies have been held, most of them in Maxey Park. Money was raised at these rallies.

Out of the hair crisis has grown an organization called Student Mobilization which is composed mostly of students from Monterey and Coronado schools. Although the goal of Student Mobilization is to "unite the high school students in Lubbock," the organizers concede that students at Estacado and Dunbar have not shown much interest.

Suspended students have contacted the local Civil Liberties Union to ask for legal assistance in fighting the dress codes. The CLU was hesitant to commit their resources in a hair case; however, a virtually identical case concerning a student Jon Whitsell (see Whitsell letter, page 4), in the Pampa, Texas school system was heard in Federal Court Friday, September 4, 1970, with a decision expected soon. There is strong likelihood that the Lubbock Civil Liberties Union will review its "no-action" stand should the Court decide favorably in the Whitsell case.



"I'm afraid that even with the most sophisticated dental equipment at our disposal, certain difficult cases still yield only to more primitive methods."

Local Bust

Forty-seven people were arrested in Lubbock over the past three weeks on charges ranging from disturbing the peace to possession of dangerous drugs, such as marijuana. A "local pinko hippie-type" was arrested by an off-duty peace officer for screaming dirty nasty provocative words while being beaten. Most of the arrests were covered by the local news media in the regular fashion of calling the desk sergeant to get the story, and some arrests were not covered at all. There were some plants but stories will not be released until the trial dates and other information has been secured.

Not covered by the news media were nine arrests for vagrancy by loitering charges at the now not-the-place-to-be Seven till Eleven located on 19th Street. No record was made of the arrests at the peace officer station, according to three different desk sergeants. The "arrests" happened on August 15 at 11 p.m. A Catalyst reporter was arrested with the horde of loiterers.

Were all these arrests really justified or are they another example of typical southern police hypocritical actions toward the long-hairs? (Big Brother theme) A recently over-heard quote from Lovey Dove may be enlightening.

"Well, what if it was planted? Everyone knows they smoke it anyway."

Also in a local L.C.B. meeting Lovey Dove was overheard asking, "Well, men, if you had a 20-year old who was caught with some booze would you book him if it was his first offense?" All but one answered no and Love said, "If it wasn't for Austin, I'd fire you all." He wrote a letter to Austin to that effect and Austin wrote back: Do not book first offenders.

The ACLU Stand

The Lubbock Chapter of the ACLU passed the following resolution on the hair code of the Lubbock Public Schools on Thursday, September third.

- 1) Hair styles are a matter of concern only to family. Restrictions on hair styles by the Public School officials are an invasion of parental prerogatives. (A possible exception is democratically determined codes by the students.)
- 2) No action will be considered on behalf of public school students as a result of petitions by the students. Any request for assistance by parents will be taken under consideration by the Lubbock Chapter of the ACLU Board. Affirmative action is by no means assured.
- 3) Suggestions to concerned parents:
 - a) Parents should consider urging students to take steps which will allow them to return to school for the moment.
 - b) parents and students should petition the School Board for a revision of the hair code.
 - c) parents and students should urge the School Board to allow each student body to adopt its own code in a democratic fashion, i.e., students elect representatives to a committee to formulate codes for a particular school, and in turn students elect teachers to serve as ex-officio advisors. The School Board can then be asked to ratify each code. Codes from school to school need not be identical.
- 4) The Lubbock Chapter of the ACLU believes that authority should be respected, but it must be exercised in a constitutional and realistic manner. To appeal to the students to respect authority without reason or explanation, or for the sake of so-called "order" or "discipline" when its purpose is not to educate, but rather to impose a standardization of individual appearance and behavior is characteristic of totalitarian political systems and repugnant to the American tradition of individualism. Furthermore, demands to respect irrational authority undermine the respect for legitimate authority in the minds of the young.

MAYO

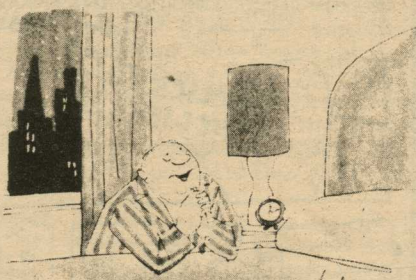
On Wednesday, Sept. 2, a local chapter of the Mexican American Youth Organization was started here in Lubbock. Approximately thirty people were present.

It was stressed that the majority of people had been fed distorted news about the activities of MAYO. Many newspapers portray MAYO as a militant, gun-toting band of crazed Mexicans. It was decided the people should be

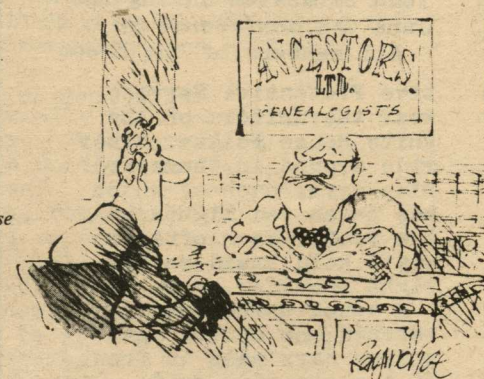
told the truth about MAYO and be urged to join. Furthermore, people needed to be told about the cultural suppression, as portraying Mexicans in movies as lazy, no-good, etc.

Approval was given to the La Raza Unida Conference scheduled here in Lubbock Oct. 10.

Local MAYO officers will be elected in a few weeks.



"Say, I hate to be a pest, but frankly, the response to my prayer campaign hasn't been too good."



"Not to put too fine a point on it, Mr. De Vere Hardesty—our researches indicate that you're just the latest in a long line of bastards."

tech rules

Language "calculated to provoke or encourage" a disruption of University activities may be the cause of disciplinary action by Texas Tech University's general rules and regulations.

The Code of Student Affairs and Rules and Regulations, 1970-71 sets boundaries and limits for the Tech student. A 28-page booklet given out at registration lets each student know where he may and may not step.

The Tech "disruptions" rule was approved by the administration May 4, 1968, adopted by the Board of Regents June 1, 1968, and re-adopted August 30, 1968 and June 5, 1970.

The complete rule prohibits "The use of force or violence which in fact causes obstruction of disruption of teaching, research, administration, dis-



New Force in Washington

Washington (LNS)--A brand new police force has made its appearance in Washington, D.C. The new force is called the Executive Protective Service, and is a direct outgrowth of the Secret Service.

The force's primary mission is to protect the multitude of foreign embassies and missions in Washington. The service was created in response to nervous demands for protection expressed by over 50 of the foreign missions.

Eventually the Executive Protective Service will number about 850 men, including the 250 men who are responsible for guarding the White House from enemies, domestic and foreign.

The force, whose present strength hasn't been revealed, was created because the Washington police said that they didn't have the time or the manpower to properly guard the diplomats or the missions from political attack.

Plans for the force were speeded up after the fire-bombing of four Latin American embassies during the June OAS conference in D.C.

All members of the Executive Protective Service wear the uniform of the White House Police. They ride around in "unmarked" blue cars, each of which has seven red lights on the roof. Each officer wears gold braid on his right shoulder.

A young person who watched one of the new police cars pass in front of a restaurant said, "Who do they think they're fooling? What are they? Supercops?"

ciplinary procedures, or other authorized activities, including its public service functions, or of other authorized activities on the University premises."

"As used in this subsection, the words 'force or violence' include such acts, for example, as are commonly called "stand-ins," "sit-ins," and "lie-ins," ONLY when such acts are in fact obstructive or disruptive of any of the authorized activities as set out above."

However, as spelled out in the Rules and Regulations section of the booklet, the use of force or violence becomes any language or behavior "calculated to provoke or encourage such obstruction or disruption." Nowhere in the 28 pages does the Code attempt to say who will decide what the language or behavior is calculated to produce.

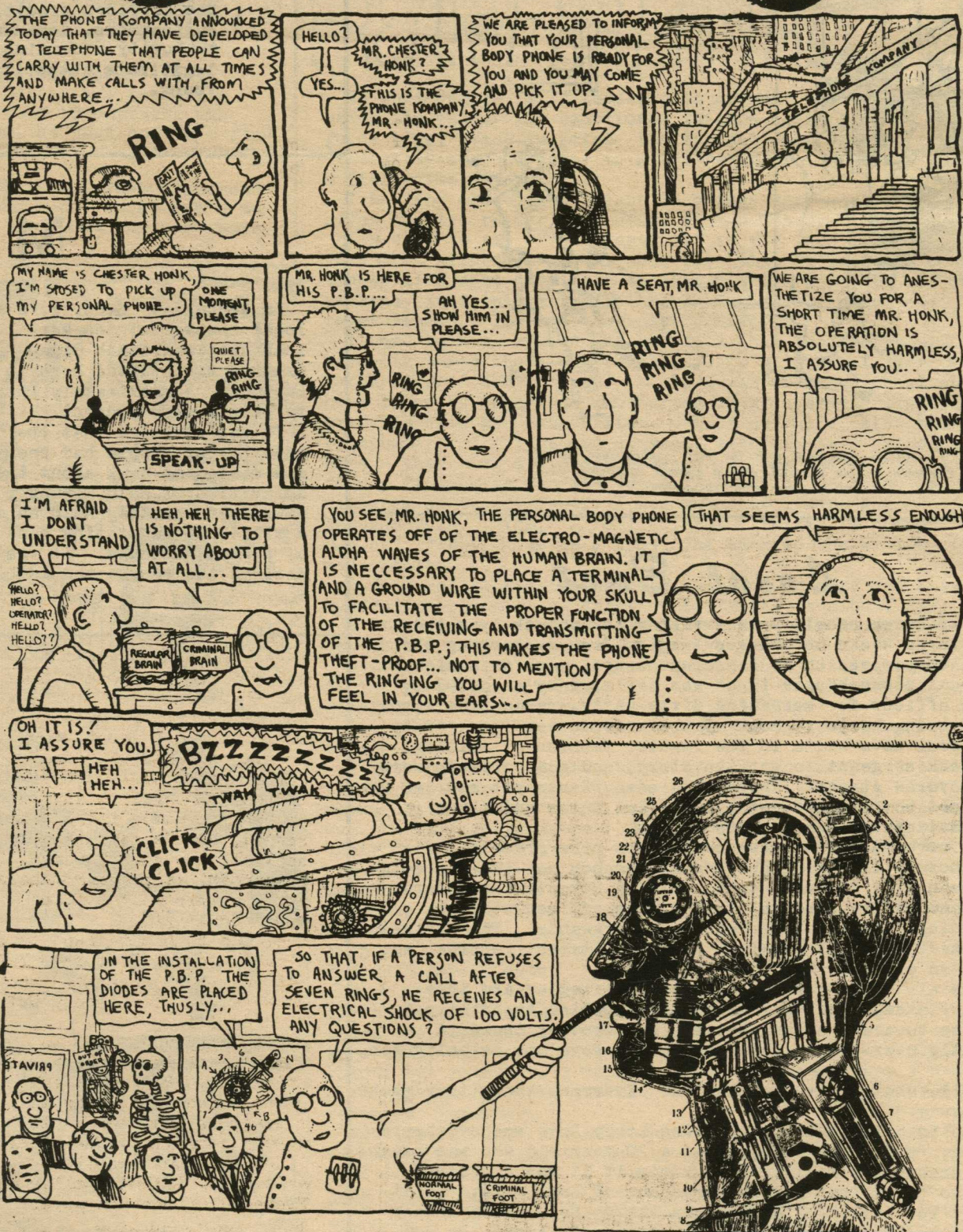
Vernon's Penal Code of the State of Texas, Article 295a is listed in the back of the "student's handbook." This legislative act defines disruptive activity in many ways, including seizing control of a building.

Speech and intent are not included in the article, except for the actual verbal threat to any lawful assembly or to any person trying to enter or leave the campus.

LOVE FOR..



BELL TELL



Record Review

by Speedy Perez

Where was your head in 1967? If you'd already started going through your changes, some of you were probably already listening to the Airplanes, Cream and a few other heavies. But I'm willing to bet that the majority of readers were still listening to the Supremes, Four Tops, and other such trash as pollutes the Top 40 airwaves. Admit it, most of you weren't freaks in June 1967. I bring this out simply to put the Monterey Pop Festival in its proper perspective.

Looking back on that weekend (June 16, 17, and 18) it's easy to see why people still rap and reminisce about Monterey. For it was at Monterey that our sub-culture first came above ground to the surface and things haven't been the same since. Straights were exposed initially to our music and what we were and are into, shook their heads, forgot about it, then flipped out when Woodstock nation convened in '69. Woodstock was bigger but Monterey was the first and possibly the best rock festival. It was the best because of the planning, the promoters (Lou Adler and Papa John Phillips) but primarily because of its talent. Here at one festival were the Who, Electric Flag, Butterfield, Canned Heat, Mamas and Paps, Buffalo Springfield, Big Brother with Janis Joplin, and Otis Redding among others. Among others included the American debut of the Jimi Hendrix Experience.

Reprise Records has done us all a favor by releasing an album that we've needed for a long time. Here on one record we have the best sides ever released on Otis Redding and the best sampling of early Hendrix.

It's a shame how we all ignored Otis until he'd gotten killed in December of '67. Only after his death did the majority of people applaud him the way they always should have. Otis is probably the greatest soul singer of all time. I say this because Otis never really died. Every time you turn on your radio and listen to R.B. Greaves, Picket, Stevie Wonder, etc., you hear Otis singing. He dominates soul music that much. His side of the album is a testimonial to his greatness. It took Otis to get people really excited and feeling good at Monterey. It's easy to hear why. With superb backing from Booker T. and the MG's and the Mar-Keys, Otis ran through his five best known songs and absolutely destroyed the freaks. Starting at a break-neck pace with Sam Cooke's "Shake" and going on to his classics "Respect" and "I've Been Loving You Too Long" then hitting second gear with the Stones "Satisfaction" and finally putting it all together with "Try A Little Tenderness," Otis gave us the performance of his career. But then a great performance was all Otis ever gave.

In contrast to Otis, an established artist Jimi Hendrix was an unknown at Monterey. As rete Johnson points out in his liner notes, Hendrix was mostly a rumor prior to the festival. For months talk was heard from England of an unbelievable

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spade from Seattle that was so cocky and full of cool that he was in another world. Not only that, but Beck and Clapton had both said he could very well be the greatest guitar player around. In other words, Hendrix was the subject of a very good hype.

For once, the hype was an understatement. Following the Who is no easy thing, but Hendrix not only followed them he blew them right out of everyone's mind. What appears on the album is just a sample of what went on with Hendrix during his set. It's a good sample. It's way past time that the early Hendrix was given mass exposure. Why it hadn't been done before is a question no one can answer but now it's all up front.

Hendrix is and always has been a phenomena and the songs he performs here show you why.

Jimi hasn't always been as serious and quiet as he is now and lots of people either don't know or have forgotten that from the word go Hendrix was a freak. A stoned, have a good time, show off how good you are on guitar, stick your tongue out at girls in the first row freak.

Listen to his raps on this album. Stoned just real bad. But he was digging it. And so were we. The line about "I know I forgot a verst, don't worry about it" in "Like A Rolling Stone" is priceless. He didn't care if he forgot the words to a song, he just wanted to have a good time. He does.

Following an excellent version of "Like A Rolling Stone" Jimi then re-works B.B. King's "Rock Me Baby"

into a frantic, frenzied work out. It is on this song that we are given a clue as to where Hendrix was eventually headed. Here indeed we have an excellent lead in what was to become the Hendrix tradition. No particular progression, no set rhythm pattern, just the best guitarist in the world unleashing himself on a song. Here too, we catch Jimi following himself on guitar as he sings a verse, later something in which he would specialize.

On then to "Can You See Me" an early Hendrix song. After introducing "Bob Dylan's Grandmother" and "Queen Bee" (Redding and Mitchell) Jimi just zips on through this song in fine fashion. Nothing spectacular, just good.

Finally, Jimi decides "to sacrifice something that I really love" then proceeds to do one of the guttiest versions of "Wild Thing" ever recorded. It was at the end of this number that the legend of Jimi Hendrix literally exploded on stage. Yes folks, Jimi did burn and ball his guitar. Men screamed women fainted, and Hendrix as well as rock music moved into another dimension.

After The Gold Rush-Neil Young Rep 6383.

I love Neil Young. With his frail voice and beautiful lyrics, he writes some of the best music today. As pleased as I was with his first two works "After The Gold Rush" exceeds even my wildest dreams. Along with the Dave Mason and James Taylor albums, "Gold Rush" is one of the better efforts of this year.

Cont. on Page 12

It's All A Plot

On August 26, the infamous birthday of Amelia Earhart, Women's Lib backers across the land staged rallies, marches, and protests supporting the fight for female rights. Here in the Hub City, plans for a mammoth bra-less, topless march of the fairer sex leaked out. KSEL reporters promised a good time for all, and periodically released a hot flash of human interest concerning the march.

Men lined the walks along University, but only college girls and CATALYST hawkers speared. I was there, impatiently fingering my paper. Finally, in a desperate attempt to stave off encroaching mental retardation, I turned to my neighbor, a plainly dressed man, and started a conversation.

"Where did they go?" I asked.

He drew on his cigarette and answered, "It doesn't matter. They've won anyway. Women have power over men. Look around-- all these men, they're losing time and money, just for the sake of seeing some women. That's how far things have gone, that men have to stand on a specific street just to see some good boobs. They can control the world, by boycotting with their boobs. Singly, a woman has control over just a few men. But collectively, they can control the world. Like all the politicians' wives and mistresses getting together and boycotting sex until certain concessions were made. At first it wouldn't matter, but sooner or later all those men would have to give in or go queer. Either way, it would be devastating. It's a good thing we're doing something about it!"

"We are?"

"Of course we are. In fact, we're having a meeting tonight. You can, if you wish, attend."

"Who are 'we'?"

He eyed me cautiously. "Well, I suppose I can tell you. I've already told you too much. But you might want to help. We call ourselves Men Enduring Nuisances. It's a secret organization dedicated to fighting, unsung, unpaid, to keep the world sane and masculinity alive."

"Masculinity is dying?"

"Of course it is. Obviously you aren't very aware of the changes around you. Don't you see it? The women are wearing pants more manly than the men. They're driving us out of our jobs. Women construction workers, women cops, even talk of women draftees! These women are wanting to dominate and it has to stop! It's ungodly!"

"Why is it so ungodly? I don't want to be drafted. Let them work. Let them fight. Who knows, it might be a new way to end war!"

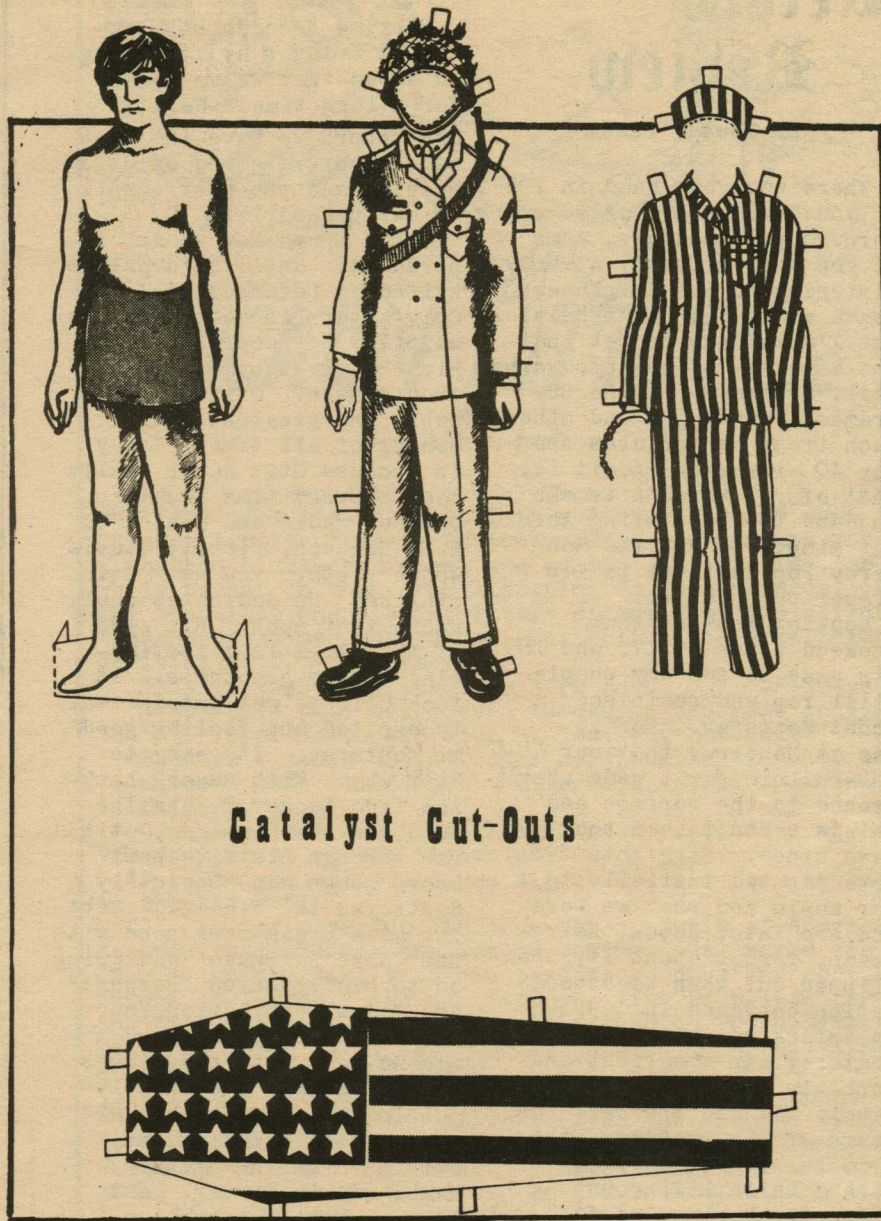
My friend reddened a bit. "Now you are dreaming. If the women take our jobs and fight our wars and run our countries, where will we men be? At home of course, tending babies and mopping floors. The women will dominate us, and the world will be run by an insane monthly cycle. Do you want to be chained to a vacuum cleaner?"

"Of course not!" He had awakened my instinct to dominate, to live in a sane world, to fight and die. "What do we do?"

He smiled. "It's really simple. We'll give in, all the men at once. Abdicate the world governments to them. Stop all the bra factories. The women won't be ready for such surprise tactics, and their new governments will fall. So will their breasts. Then we, the men of the world, will take our rightful places once again."

"Marvelous! A wonderful plan! How may I help to save the world?"

"Just come to the meeting tonight at eight. But don't let the lib and KSEL know!!"



Catalyst Cut-Outs

Things You Should Know About Our 1st Amendment

The First Amendment guarantees every person the right to speak freely, assemble peaceably, and petition the government (any government) for redress of grievances. However, state and municipal governments are free to restrict almost any public speech or public conduct that threatens to incite violence or impede other "legitimate" interests of the momma society.

Most laws concerning protest and dissent are loosely written and enforced. But there are some guidelines to live by, if your aim is to live in the world rather than watch it pass from behind steel bars. Keep these in mind:

STREET-CORNER SPEECHES for political or religious purposes are legal, and do not require a permit, even if a crowd is likely to gather. Strong, even abusive, language is legal, unless it might incite violence. (This is an example of the loosely written law. If the man feels you are inciting violence, he can do what he wants with you.) Give speeches, raise questions, provide answers, but **DO NOT INCITE VIOLENCE!**

LEAFLET DISTRIBUTION is not littering as long as it is done on public streets for political purposes. But, people who take your leaflet and then drop it can be fined and/or arrested...for littering.

SIDWALK MARCHES AND PICKETING are constitutionally protected although Lubbock requires a permit for this. Apply through Lubbock City Hall... Marchers' legal protection applies also to private parking lots (shopping centers) that are regularly used by the public. Peaceful marchers can march as far as they like, stretch out the line as long as they wish, chant, and even subject pedestrians to minor inconveniences.

STREET PARADES require permits everywhere. So does the use of sound or P.A. systems.

IF YOU ARE ARRESTED:

You must be informed of your "rights" to silence and legal council.

Sitting down or "resisting arrest" while being arrested is a separate offense--you will be charged with two crimes.

Innocent bystanders are not innocent if they do anything that might be construed as interference with your arrest, such as...standing in the way.

Observers to your arrest should be quiet and remember the officer's badge number, etc., rather than trying to keep you from getting arrested.

Demonstrators may be legally searched at any time, before, during, or after being arrested, if the man suspects you of carrying concealed weapons. **NEVER CARRY GUNS, KNIVES, ETC!!**

If the police tell you to move, ask them where you should move to, then go there and resume your activities there.

the UPPER ROOM



Joe Hefley, RSK Butch Moore

By Appointment 763-6663

Thoughts taken from Time Magazine, Aug. 3, 1970.

Everything You Always Wanted To Know About CUIDAD ACUNA*

by David Rubbing, M.D.; Ph.D.; D.V.M.;
B.B.D.; V.D.; et.al.

Most college-aged students are remotely familiar with the Mexican border town about 350 miles directly south of Lubbock--across the Rio Grande from Del Rio, known as Ciudad Acuna. You doubtlessly hear it portrayed as just another mecca to which students migrate from time to time to relieve their more lascivious desires.

Although the above frequently is true, Acuna offers some attractions other than the merely physical.

What kind of town is Ciudad Acuna?

Acuna is one of the smaller of the border towns and probably the nicest. Because the town has no large scale industry, and receives most of its income from tourists, Ciudad Acuna is a well-kept and well-patrolled town; the city government employs large numbers of citizens; the streets are swept daily, and an abundance of "policia" keep the order, direct the traffic and parking.

But aren't the natives out to get your money?

Yes. But then so are the downtown Lubbock businessmen--the fittest survive. However, in Acuna, even if you don't spend any money, there is still much of interest to look at--the merchant's wares for example. (And, although money helps, some of the girls are very friendly for nothing.)

What about the girls?

Well, we'll get down to that later.

What else is there?

Excellent restaurants, serving American as well as Mexican food. (I would recommend the Mexican food.) And the prices are reasonable.

Is the food safe to eat?

Yes--in the better restaurants. In Acuna, these restaurants are along Hidalgo Street, which is the main drag just across the border. The quality of food sold by street vendors is debatable; spoiled meat is sometimes flavor-masked by hot seasonings and spices, as in the old days in England. Tacos billed as Beef Tacos quite often contain only re-cooked beans and chili peppers.

How about the water? Is it safe to drink?

Again, as in the larger restaurants, it probably is--but to be safe I recommend that you order a bottled drink, like beer or coke, etc. Carta Blanca is excellent beer--and inexpensive.

What about other things, like leather goods, guitars, and pottery--are these items expensive?

No, not compared to American prices. Some things are about the same price, however, if you are willing to pay the original asking price. One should offer only half of the price asked by the store owner for his merchandise, and work up to a satisfactory price from there. (The same goes for the girls, incidentally.)

What about the girls?

Just a minute! Just a minute! (Jesus!)

How about dope, then?

Marijuana and mescaline are peddled on the streets, but beware of these vendors. A salesman can make money on the sale of dope, then get rewarded for reporting to the border authorities that you are carrying it across the line. As double incentive, the vendor-narc regains his "wares" after the search and seizure.

***BUT WERE AFRAID TO
ASK!**

Well, then, what about the night clubs, and drinks, and floor shows--if we've got to work up to that too?

The nightclubs in Acuna don't compare with Las Vegas, but they are quite adequate. The cover charge for most shows is whatever you are willing to pay the doorman as you walk inside. The price may range from a quarter up. The drinks in the clubs cost about a dollar each, except beer, which is fifty cents.

Some of the clubs are located on Hidalgo Street, as you cross the bridge, but most of the clubs are in "Boy's Town." "Boy's Town" is situated eight blocks south on Hidalgo, past the Mexican customs, then ten blocks east on Juarez Street.

Boy's Town! Isn't that where the girls are?

Yes! And Boy's Town is what put the "Ah" in Acuna. Prostitution is legal in Mexico, and all prostitutes--legal ones that is--are registered with the Government and are taxed. The prostitutes are confined to work in a particular part of the city by an ordinance. (To the best of my knowledge, they have no organized unions yet.) The girls who work in a specific club have their individual rooms--owned by the club owner--behind the club. When a customer buys a girl a drink (she always orders the most expensive drink in the house, which costs from a dollar and a quarter to two dollars), she receives a token, which is redeemable in the club for cash or for drinks. These tokens usually are worth twenty-five cents each.

What about the girls? I mean, how much...?

If you'll just wait a damned minute, I'll get to that! Most girls charge from six to eight dollars, depending on how much they think they can get. If you are an elderly bank executive, for example, they probably will charge you eight dollars. If you are a horny college kid, they will probably charge you eight, also. One dollar--which goes to the club owner--is for the room. The girl keeps the remainder.

Is that all there is to it?

Well, not quite. May I make a few other suggestions? Take your time, don't rush. If you find a girl who tickles your fancy, or something else, take your time. Talk with her. Try out the few words of Spanish you learned in high school. Take advantage of the bands--dance--relax--enjoy yourself; and, above all else, use a prophylactic.

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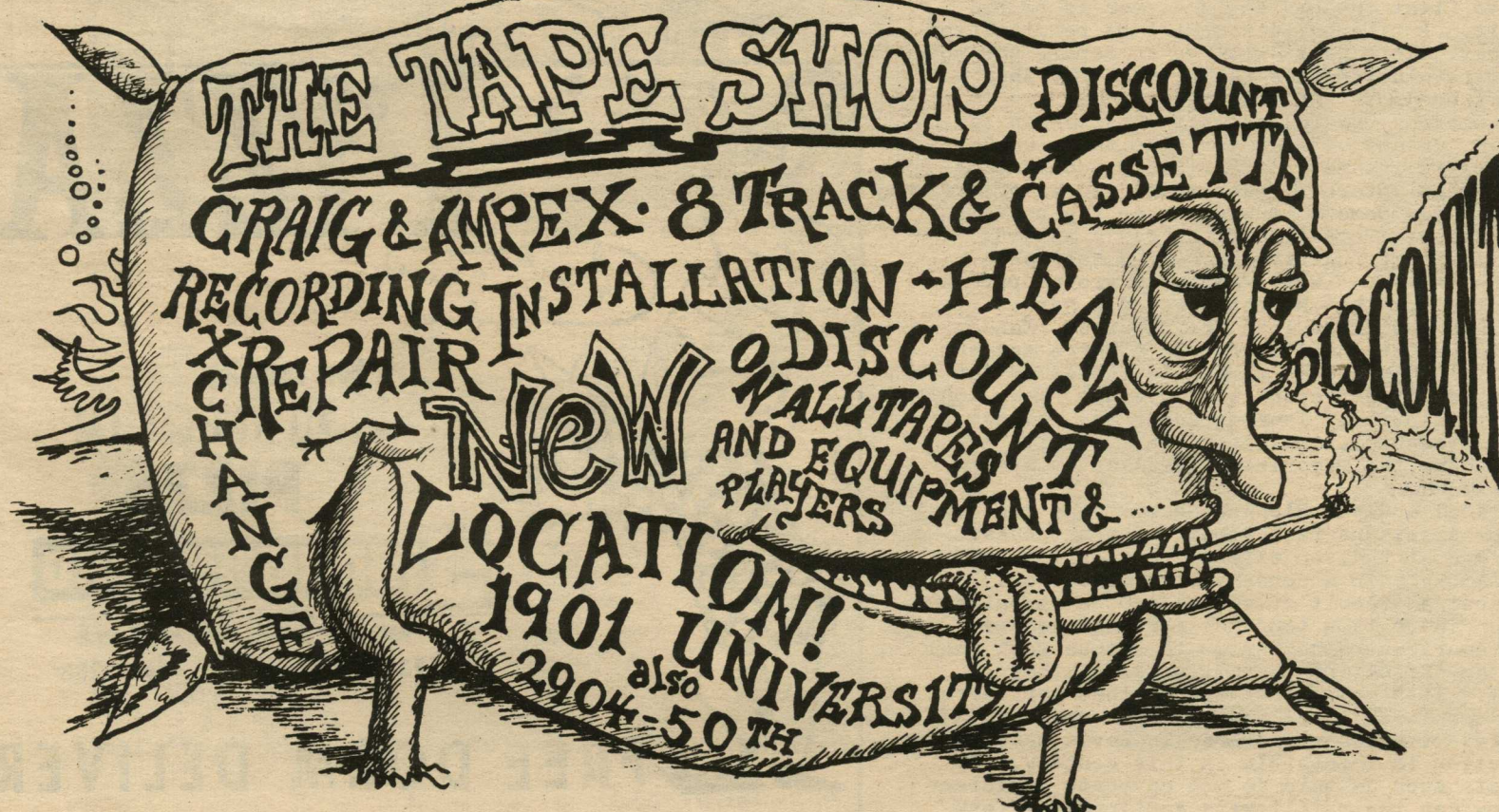
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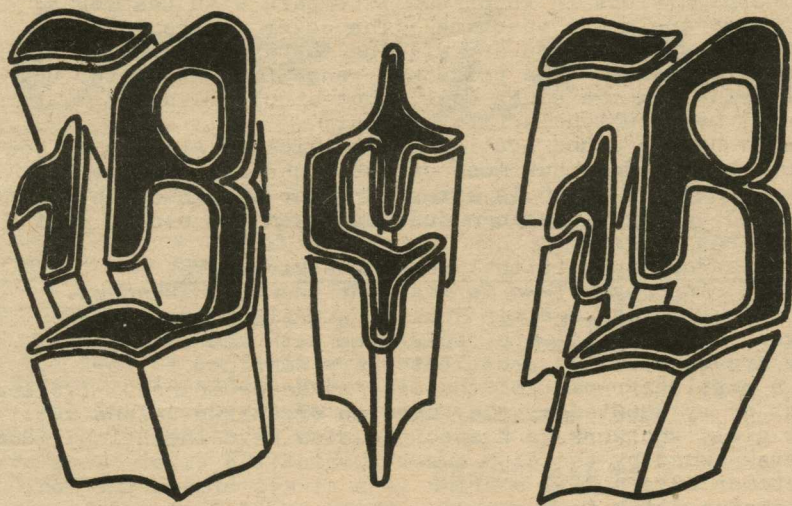
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or
Just a good old friend.

K.M.

Bombings.... Cont. from Page 5

Howard's way to fight the system. Whatever is bombed will be rebuilt. Public buildings will be rebuilt from taxpayers' money. This money will go to repair the work of the tantrum revolutionaries rather than for the social programs so desperately needed.

When a Sirhan or an Oswald does his work we can say, "But he was mad, insane..." Can you also say a whole group of bombers is insane? At the S.D.S. convention where everything splintered, underground cadres or affinity groups were set up. Some of these became the bombers we read about daily. Bernadine Dorne was a leading spokesman and is now a fugitive. She has said she admired Charlie Manson. West coast underground papers have taken up the cry that Manson is a cult hero.

Our country and the press love the bizarre. Manson and the bombers get the headlines. To a large segment of middle America they become surrogate spokesmen for the movement. They don't represent the movement. They don't represent the revolution. They represent the madness of our times, the pressures, and their own inability to reason. They shame the memories of real activists like King and Gandhi.

Expert political analyst Richard Scammon has done vast research on how Americans feel about today's issues. He said the bombings at Madison effect most Americans by "moving them strongly in a conservative direction." Whatever the desired result of violence, the opposite result occurs. There is a tendency for college age leftists to glamorize the bombers, to excuse what they do by citing the offsetting corruption of Southeast Asia or racism. It simply doesn't work that way. From the right and the left, intelligent people agree on one point. Herbert Marcuse and Angela Davis have said violent revolution is impossible in this country. "If leading Marxists such as this do not advocate a violent revolution, how can their followers continue any form of violence, especially such senseless violence?"

The AAUP vs Doc Blanchard

On August 30th, State Senator H.J. "Doc" Blanchard was interviewed by the A-J about campus dissent and demonstrations. Blanchard said, "A teacher that leads to or participates in a demonstration should be fired." Blanchard said that if one or two professors were fired, "the institution would get censured by the AAUP...that might be a mark of distinction."

In noting their displeasure with Blanchard's remarks, the Executive Committee of the Texas Tech Chapter of the American Association of University Professors (AAUP) wrote the following letter:

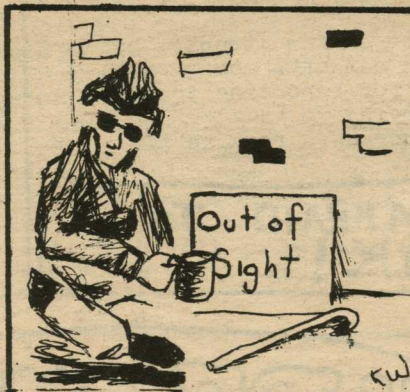
"It is doubtful that many public officials, university governing boards and university administrators agree with Sen. Blanchard that AAUP censure might be a 'mark of distinction.' In the last four years, 13 institutions have successfully undergone the ordeal of revising their policies as well as making financial restitution, in order to have censure removed. They certainly took no pride in their status. The half dozen institutions which, owing to AAUP efforts, have made some improvement in their institutional regulations, but remain censured, also apparently do not relish this 'distinction.' It is noteworthy that most universities readily accept AAUP assistance in settling by private

negotiation grievances arising between themselves and their faculty members.

The AAUP is not alone in maintaining that college faculty members have the rights of other citizens, including that of participating peacefully in demonstrations. The Texas Coordinating Board Statement on Academic Freedom declares that 'Each faculty member is also a citizen of his nation, state, and community; and when he speaks, writes, or acts as such, must be free from institutional censorship or discipline.'

The letter was signed by Committee President Peder G. Christiansen, Maurice B. Kirk, Benjamin H. Newcomb, Richard Crider, Mary B. Dabney, and Jacquelin Collins.

When contacted by the CATALYST, Senator Blanchard implied the A-J quoted him out of context and said, "I was talking about violent demonstrations where property is destroyed and that interfere with the rights of others."



RECORD REVIEWS...

Cont. from Page 9

Neil is at least enigmatic. Listening to him sing is an experience everyone should enjoy. One never knows if his voice is going to give out on him. Yet it never does. Too, his guitar playing is strange. He seems to try to play in rushes, here soft, there frantic, but always as if he's in a hurry, always wondering if anyone's watching. To sum up, Neil Young impresses me as being paranoid.

Nevertheless, Neil Young is beautiful. So are his songs. The title song done with just piano backing and a French horn solo is exquisite. With the lyrics about "Mother Nature on the Run in 1970's" and "lying in a burned out basement with the full moon in my eyes" the song evokes memories of a place we've all been at least once in our lives.

As with his other two albums, "After The Gold Rush" is an intensely personal record. "Only Love Can Break Your heart" and "Southern Man" both tell you exactly how Neil Young feels about things that matter to him. Also included is a re-vamping of the Don Gibson classic "Oh Lonesome Me."

All in all it's fruitless to try to convey to you how good this album really is. Suffice it to say that it's Neil Young's third and best.

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