

# the Catalyst

vol. 1 issue 13 25 ¢

4611 TECH STATION

SECOND SUMMER EDITION 1970

LUBBOCK, TEXAS,



MARIJUANA GROWING ON TECH CAMPUS IN THE BOLDEST ICASALS PROJECT YET  
(Photo courtesy Evergreen-Aquarius Productions)



# UPPER LEFT

Several announcements need to be made in this issue--probably our last before Tech's fall term begins. With the start of the fall term, the CATALYST will return to its semi-periodic rate of publication of roughly one issue every two weeks.

The staff is proud to announce that subscriptions will be accepted from now on. Those who request subscriptions to the CATALYST may receive their copy by mail twice each month, thereby sparing themselves the embarrassment of having to buy one on the street in broad daylight right in front of everybody.

The price of a subscription will be \$5.00 for nine months. Now in such a fly-by-night operation as the CATALYST, only our most generous supporters and heartiest sympathizers could be expected to pay in advance. The skeptics may notify us of their desire to be on our mailing list, and will be billed at the end of each semester. We will probably continue to support the paper on street sales alone, and all the money we make on subscriptions we will put into the stock market.

If those few blatant speculators who have already sent us \$5.00 or asked for a subscription during the past year will renotify us, we will try to be more efficient in the future.

ALL THE BRAVE souls who would like to help shoulder the burden of putting out this rag in the fall may look forward to the Channing Club-CATALYST reorganization meeting scheduled for Sept. 1st at 7:00 pm somewhere in the Tech Union. It should be a gala affair--put it on your calendar now.

WE ARE GOING to press on the eve of the CATALYST censorship trial.

We considered holding up on this issue so that we could write in it about the trial; however, we have been assured that the trial's outcome will be adequately documented in the local overground media. News of the trial might even make the UD if any of their ace reporters happen to hear about it on KSEL.

In preparing their case against us, Tech's lawyers took depositions two weeks ago from a couple of the staff. They asked us if we'd ever been arrested and whether we said "fuck" in front of our mothers, and so on. They also asked us leading questions which seemed to almost encourage us to bad-mouth

Dr. Caskey, but they avoided giving us openings to criticize Dr. Murray or Dr. Barnett.

We are still confident of victory, but if we do happen to lose, loyal readers may send money, jewels and old clothes to the CATALYST at our P.O. box.

## ads ?

Advertising in the CATALYST is becoming big business. We appreciate our advertisers. Those who buy ads show good faith in the paper and help us make ends meet now that we have to send the paper to Austin to get it printed.

Our selling points for getting businesses to advertise with us are simple. We are a long-lived periodical. Our papers sell over a long period of time. CATALYSTS are not glanced through and discarded by our readers, but are read relatively carefully and are often collected and saved.

The price of advertising in the CATALYST is \$2.00 per column inch through the first ten column inches and \$1.00 per column inch after that. There is a 10% discount for those who provide their own matte, and another 10% is discounted for continuing ads.

People interested in advertising in the CATALYST should contact Jim Boyer by mail through the CATALYST's post office box or by phone at 792-8534.

## THE CATALYST GETS

## PERSONAL

Beginning with our next issue the CATALYST will set aside a limited amount of space in each issue for personal classified type ads. As an introductory offer we will print every ad we receive before the next issue goes to press free for nothing. If you have something to: sell, rent, buy, borrow, give away or if you need a: roommate, friend, lover, mate or pet, write to us now. Send ads of around 20 words to: Putney Swope Box 4611 Tech Station 79409.

Another example of the lunacy of our times is the fact that our federal government spends \$3 million on cancer research and \$30 million on tobacco subsidies.

#2%20. #1%20. X?-%!  
\$1%20. X%20. #1%20. #2!  
#X\$1%20. #2%20. #2%20!  
goddamn sonuvabitch  
%#2%20?



ISN'T CENSORSHIP

WONDERFUL?

## OUR STAFF

August 3, 1970

Box 4611  
Tech Station  
Lubbock, Texas



Oh I hope I never see  
a poem as ugly as this tree  
A tree whose branches stretched  
up wide,  
are full of things like pesticide  
But before we make you scream  
and rave.

Here's one more list for the  
cops to save:

Boyer, Shaw, Fletcher, Mustarde,  
Williams, K.E., Pete, Crowder,  
Charlie (the tuna), Hank, David,  
Mike, Dr. X, Jim G., Tony,  
L.N.S., F.R.I.N.S.

## cover story

## Pot Shadows Ad Bldg.

As everyone knows by now, they found seven young, healthy, vibrant stalks of marijuana growing in the planter box in front of the Tech Student Union. (Our cover story) "They" found it and they destroyed it. This pot was there for over three weeks (2 feet high) and hundreds of students and faculty knew about it. For the short and glorious life of this sacred garden it was symbolic for many Tech students. It was the biggest open secret of the year. Students visited there daily like Moslems to Mecca. Each day there was wonder that the subversive plants had marvelously survived the night. Guided tours were conducted and if you didn't know about the magic botanical garden, then you weren't really "in" around dear old Tech. The University Daily completely missed the story until KSEL broke it.

The pot and the Ad. Building on our cover are symbolic in many ways. Parents across Texas sent their precious kiddies to Tech to keep them away from radical influences and pot. The fact that the vile and evil weed could grow right under the nose of Administration and fuzz and with the full knowledge of so many faculty and students illustrates two things. People generally have total disdain for the antiquated marijuana laws and the Administration and campus fuzz don't really know what is going on.

This proves that marijuana grows well in the Lubbock environment. Further study seems to be in order and since this is related to arid and semi-arid land studies, maybe an ICASALS grant could be obtained. It would be rather amusing to see which Tech faculty members rushed forward to get in on the research. The ambitious would rush forward but also some docile amotivational faculty heads might volunteer.

The grass was finally discovered on Wednesday, July 22nd and what a furor it caused! We had our cover picture ready and were getting anxious for something to happen. Someone supposedly tipped everready sensationalist KSEL-TV. Paul Bean and crew came out and took pictures of the plants and pulled one up before they told anyone else. Bean took a plant down to the infamous Capt. Love for identification and then and only then did Tech's alert Security Forces spring into action against the remaining horticultural offenders. On KSEL, Bean showed the plant and had a caricature of JOHNNY APPLE WEED, the mysterious fellow who planted the weeds. Bean warned prominent Lubbock residents to check their gardens. Two nights later Bean reported that "JOHNNY APPLE WEED strikes again" when another weed was found near Weeks Hall.

The day after the weeds had been cruelly jerked from the planter boxes, some sentimental soul erected small crosses at the graves of the murdered plants. One grave even had a Star of David. (Kosher grass?) This gave the box the aura of a military graveyard. It was fitting we honor our martyred dead, killed in a war of cultures. For each weed cut down, hundreds will rise to take its place.

This makes six times marijuana has been found growing in Lubbock this year. The Avalanche-Journal dutifully distorted the discovery of the weed and said it was seven inches high. (Why lie about this? Can a newspaper become a pathological liar?) Chief Daniels of Tech's Security Police reported that he had names and license numbers of these "in the area." What a dumbass statement.

cont. next page



Pot cont. from p. 2

The Ad Building parking lot is adjacent to the SUB. Are the Keystone Kops going to check out everyone who passed through campus for three weeks? In related developments, the City of Lubbock instructed all the meter readers on identification of the weed and ordered them to watch for it in backyards and alleys. Earlier the CATALYST printed a humorous piece on the care and feeding of the marijuana plant but we didn't think anyone would take it too seriously. We can only imagine pot growing all over Lubbock. To wit:

Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow?

Silver bells and Cockle shells and all these pretty green five-leaf cannabis all in a row.



Photo: Only small wooden crosses mark the place where the "Texas Tech 7" proudly stood their ground.

## Bond Election

# VOTE AUG. 8th

August 8 is the day Lubbockites go to the polls and vote on a "disaster relief package" -- a bond issue to finance the Canyon Lakes project, a convention center, and a new library for Lubbock.

The Canyon Lakes project will provide recreational facilities in the form of six new lakes. It will also contribute to the cleanup of Yellowhouse Canyon, which has been the most famous local eyesore for years.

A Civic Center for large conventions, smaller local gatherings, and possibly sports events will be a definite asset to Lubbock. Memorial Coliseum and Auditorium can not possibly handle all of the events that take place in Lubbock and at the same time serve the needs of Texas Tech.

The proposed library is probably the best idea included in the package. The small city library that is in use now is woefully inadequate for the city high schools and a new library would also benefit Tech students.

The only organized opposition to the project that has so far materialized is from the Black Coalition. As we understand it, the Blacks in fact favor the project, but are attempting to use the issue to pressure City Hall into giving them more representation. We feel this is an admirable objective, however, it is very poor strategy for the Black Coalition to attempt such a maneuver in this particular case where their opposition might cause enough confusion to actually defeat the measure.

We feel Lubbock should vote "YES" to the bond issue. We add only the reservation that citizens should watch the project closely to see that it's benefits to Lubbock are not undermined by the sort of graft and corruption that always sneaks into big projects like this.

Naturally, those in position to award contracts will be tempted to award them to friends and relatives -- hoping that most people will be fooled by the old "sealed bids" trick. We must also see that contracts are awarded to local businessmen, not out-of-towners as has so often happened in the past.

It is also important that Lubbock provide for the people who will be misplaced by the new facilities. Jobs for Lubbock citizens will be an added benefit from the package -- if we make sure that Lubbock workers are not neglected by contractors who bring in outside labor.

Remember the bond issue August 8, and support the "disaster relief package."

# Freshmen's Guide

## to Lubbock and Texas Tech

People say there is nothing to do in Big L. They are mostly right. Below is a CATALYST guide to some places to go and things to do.

**PANCHO'S**--125 N. University--known as El Cheapo. All the Mexican food you can eat, cafeteria style for \$1.35. Great variety. Great place. Take Tums.

**INN TOWN INN**--Late night meeting and bullshit place. Open 24 hrs. Go there after parties, drunks allowed. Be careful when you order, the waitress is hard of hearing. This is also a hangout for Lubbock's burgeoning gay community.

**MACKENZIE PARK**--Don't go there to park on a date. People get robbed there, etc. Take your parents there on Sunday afternoon to see Prairie Dog town. The place stinks too bad for picnics.

**LUBBOCK THEATRE CENTRE**--Good place to take a date. Special student rates. Better than usual amateur theater. **HAYLOFT DINNER THEATRE**--All right if you want to impress a country girl, neither the cuisine nor the theater is worth the price.

**SOUTHWESTERN AVIATION**--Rent a plane and pilot to take a date for a tour over the campus. This is especially good during football games to fly over the stadium. Guaranteed to snow all freshmen and most sophomores.

**FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH**--Liberal religion Sunday's at 11:00. Lots of Professors go there. Good place to meet a more intellectual crowd. Channing Club will start up if there is enough interest.

**WHITE RIVER RESERVOIR LAKE**--40 miles east for swimming and fishing. Hurry, it isn't polluted yet.

**TECH AG FARM**--There are some nice-looking sheep if you are really a country boy.

**GLOCKENSPIEL**--The five course German meal is fab. \$1.95.

**LOVE GRASS FREE FARM**--Walking distance from campus, free public grass patch. Ask for directions. Take only enough for personal use. If you don't know how to harvest, ask a "farmer".

**RALPH'S PIZZA**--Dorm deliveries. Smorgasbord on weekdays is great. Take friends and beer.

**THE JOYNT**--New head shop, gift items, fun things.

**LITTLE ITALY**--Good food, good service, even the small pizzas are big. Only about 75 feet off campus.

**TEXAS TECH FOOTBALL GAMES**--They start around 8 o'clock, but you have to go at 5 o'clock to get seats because Frats save entire rows for their friends. Drinking is only allowed for Greeks and upper class Lubbockites, don't be caught in the stadium with booze.

**FREAK 7 TIL 11**--Too hot now. Be careful. Buy your groceries there to help the owners, make money.

**JAMISON'S BAR-B-Q**--Real pit bar-b-q. Hot. Hot. WOW!

**SATURDAY NIGHT PARTIES**--Since there is little else to do, Lubbock does offer a wide array of parties. Rule of thumb: Bring your own booze, mix, and woman. The latter is not as important as the former. It is taboo to take dope to a big party.

**AUSTIN**--The heaven to which good Lubbock people go when they die. Hundreds of ex-Tech students live there. Many visit there on weekends and vacations. Dope is not legal in Austin but rigid enforcement there is impossible.

**GAY GUYS**--The Inn Town Inn, the University Theater, and the University Daily. Stay away from the third floor of the Ad. Building. Leave a message in the SUB restrooms. Felt tip pen advised.

**FACULTY CLUB**--Segregated, no students allowed. Faculty hide there to keep from mingling with students.

**HI-D-TO**--Ride round and round looking for townies.

**DOWNTOWN LUBBOCK**--There is no downtown Lubbock.

**RELIGIOUS STUDENT CENTERS**--Ping pong, TV, and soft-sell religion. Good place to meet conscience stricken virgins.

**STUDENT SENATE MEETINGS**--If you go to one, you will see that nothing is ever done there. It might make you sick enough to try to help us change things a bit.

**PAPPY'S CATFISH**--If you've never had catfish before and you feel like something different, stop by you'll be glad you did.

**BRITTANY**--Pretty good food, but hurry prices go up regularly.

**TECH STUDENT UNION**--Domino players and tobacco chewers, (Aggies) sit across from snack bar. Fraternities and their heavily made up maidens sit to the front in categories, by groups. Hippies and fellow travellers sit under the stairs, usually in the garbage on the floor. Blacks sit in black corner by the TV set near the cafeteria. Chicanos sit outside the Student Senate office. The cafeteria is for various closeknit groups, but stick to your own kind or you might learn something.

**ACUFF STEAK HOUSE**--12 miles east of Lubbock. Huge Texas size garlic laden steaks and all the trimmings, for big eaters. YUM. Go there.

**CINNE ARTS ON 34th**--Skin flicks, boring semi-pornography. Caravans leave from the boy's dorms each night. All X-rated movies are not advertised in the A-J so, as a political act, go to see them.

**TECH FOUNTAIN**--People throw dye and detergent here each weekend. Painting Will Rogers' statue takes more daring. **25th STREET BAPTIST CHURCH**--Right wing paranoids. Go for a laugh. All the little Baptist and Holy Freefire Zone, churches are alike.

**VIET NAM**--Male students who neglect their studies are sent there to be shot at by angry Orientals. Put a war picture over your desk and study like mad.



# CAMBODIAN FAILURE

Paris (LNS) -- America's two-month invasion of Cambodia was a disastrous failure.

President Nixon has called the U.S.-Saigon invasion a success. He said it "saved American lives and shortened the war." He insisted it put pressure on the peace-talk delegations of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam (DRV) and the Provisional Revolutionary Government (PRG) of South Vietnam to accept the U.S. negotiating terms.

Each of these claims is an incredible distortion of reality.

"Success?" If destroying a few million bowls of rice and wiping out hundreds of villages is a military triumph, the operation was indeed a success. If the military and political situation in Cambodia as the last U.S. troops pulled back to Vietnam is the criterion, however, the invasion was a costly and foolhardy adventure. Troops of the National United Front of Cambodia (NUF) are circling Phnom Penh. They roam at will over much of the countryside. Supply lines have been reconstituted. Most important, if the Cambodian masses didn't realize it before the invasion they now realize their salvation lies with the NUF and not with the fraudulent Lon Nol regime, which is presiding over the destruction of its own country and people.

"Saved American lives and shortened the war?" This is the biggest fabrication of all. By engineering the coup against Cambodian head of state Norodom Sihanouk, followed by the invasion, the U.S. welded the liberation forces of Vietnam, Cambodia, and the DRV into one military bloc with China as its back yard. If the U.S. could not win a decade-long war against the liberation forces of South Vietnam, how does it expect to win against the NUF in Cambodia and the Laotian Patriotic Front in Laos at the same time? How could this possibly save lives and shorten the war for the U.S.?

"Increased pressure at the peace talks?" The talks hardly exist any longer due to the invasion since both the DRV and PRG regarded the Cambodian adventure as the manifestation par excellence of Washington's contempt for negotiations.

The sum effect of the invasion is that Nixon dramatically expanded the war, presumably on some extraordinarily bad advice from the Pentagon. Domestic pressure forced Nixon to observe a two-month deadline for the removal of U.S. troops. But the invasion has apparently earned the U.S. government the right to subsidize Saigon's continuing invasion and to continue strategic and tactical bombing of Cambodia by U.S. planes.

## PROPANE

If you're interested in doing something about air and water pollution now, and drive a gasoline fueled, internal combustion engine vehicle, convert to propane. Conversion is a simple, financially beneficial operation which reduces your vehicle's harmful emissions by 50%.

You can go to a local propane dealer who does conversions and have your car running on propane in one day.

The cost is approximately \$300 from which you can shave substantial amounts in a variety of ways. Labor costs about \$40, but the job is simple enough so that anyone with rudimentary mechanical knowledge can do it.

### How it Works

Basically: A special carburetor replaces the air filter; a heat exchanger is mounted under the hood and connected to the water hose that runs to the heater; a fuel line must be run to the tank which is usually mounted in the trunk.

### Fuel Cost Is Lower

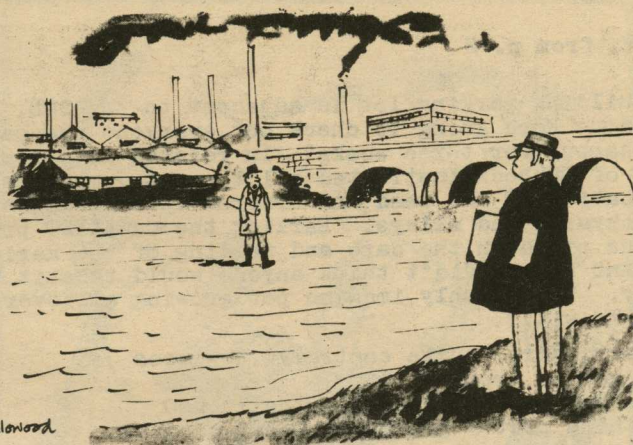
Still another benefit of propane cost is fuel cost. Only one grade of propane is distributed: a high octane grade comparable to high test gasoline. The cost, in the Bay Area, is about 24¢ per gallon. Though the per gallon mileage of propane is about 3% less than gasoline, the consumer still saves a considerable amount, which, even excluding longer engine life, makes propane conversion profitable over the long run.

Cal Gas of Sacramento claims other propane benefits: cuts maintenance costs; cleaner oil; longer spark plug life-- no carbon to foul plugs; instant cold

weather starting-- no flooding or choking of carburetor; fuel pump problems eliminated because there is no fuel pump.

Another consideration the potential propane converter makes is the availability of the fuel. Most cities of 50,000 or more have propane supply outlets. National and state listings of dealers are usually available from gas companies on request.

The propane motorist need not fear being stranded without fuel, for the standard conversion operation leaves the vehicle with a gasoline potential which may be realized by flipping a dashboard switch. Just keep a small amount of gasoline in your car.



"If anything I'd say it's even more densely polluted than last year."

## YOUTH CONFERENCE

There has been a more or less ongoing program initiated in 1909 by President Theodore Roosevelt called the "White House conference on Youth." Its purpose was to report every ten years to the office of the president on the results of studies conducted by youth into the various social ills of our society. This conference was conceptualized to be a huge network of committees, all reporting their ideas and analysis up through a hierarchy to eventually be presented to the President. He would then presumably weigh the results of these studies and act upon them. Anyway that was the idea.

This conference on youth has been recently pulled out of the closet and dusted off by President Nixon-- largely as a result of the moratoriums and other manifestations of student dissatisfaction with Washington in general and with his administration in particular.

Thursday night, July 23, several of Tech's more vocal students discovered and attended the Lubbock County White House Committee on Youth meeting. It was curious to note the looks of consternation and annoyance spread across the faces of the powers that be--notably Lyn Turner, head of the Lubbock Juvenile Probation office, as this group, ranging from long-hairs to some very straight-looking people, entered and took their seats. The reaction from the high-school people, who compose the majority of the committee membership, was one of amusement and curiosity, no doubt at the appearance of the long-hairs.

As the committee meeting got underway and the various sub-committee heads made their progress reports, it became apparent that these youthful committee members were mostly hand-picked. There was one token Black, Maurice Richards; and one or two token Chicanos. There were some people from the Tech community; they composed the "adult" segment of the committees primarily. There seemed to have been, if not a directed effort, at least the effect of having excluded the Tech student body, who contribute a great deal to the Lubbock economy, from these committees, denying them the chance to express themselves.

This is not to say that the high school people are not capable. The impression was that they were very capable, but since the committees were supposed to be composed of different ages in the 14 to 24 year old range, we could not help but wonder at the apparent exclusion of the Tech student body. Also high school students, as a rule, do not have the same feelings about such subjects as the draft and foreign policy as would a high school drop out, college student, or migrant laborer, for instance.

As questions from our group concerning the subjects covered in the reports were directed toward the various committee heads, a general feeling of hostility developed.

This feeling was finally climaxed by a statement from angry Lyn Turner. His statement was constructed to sound like an invitation to join the committees if we thought we were so damn smart, but it came out sounding more like a challenge than an invitation.

Shortly after this, the general committee meeting broke up and we began to locate committee heads, most of whom were genuinely pleased to have us. The end result of the whole evening was that Tech is now represented on all but one of the ten sub-committees. There is still time for those of you who would like to participate and make your voices heard. The final reports are not due till August 13 or 14.

Following is a list of the sub-committees. If you would like to participate in one of these areas, please contact the person listed.

- |                                  |                               |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| (1) Foreign Relations            | --Bob Burnett, 742-4163       |
| (2) Environment                  | --Dr. Dennis Poplin, 744-6181 |
| (3) Race Relations               | --Abel Acosta, 747-2641       |
| (4) Drugs                        | --Dr. Rick Jones, 792-1136    |
| (5) Education                    | --Dr. E. C. Leslie, 747-2641  |
| (6) National Service & the Draft | --Dr. Len Ainsworth, 742-2275 |
|                                  | --Betty Wheeler, 799-1095     |
| (7) Poverty                      | --Freda McVay, 763-4343       |
| (8) Legal Rights and Justice     | --Rev. Niel Guy, 763-1995     |
| (9) Economy & Employment         |                               |
| (10) Values, Ethics, & Culture   | --Gordon Downum, 747-2641     |



# DRUG ABUSE

## by Doctor "X"

**Editor's note:** The following article was solicited by the CATALYST from a prominent local doctor who shall remain nameless. This article is intended to be the first in a series wherein the doctor will explore various aspects of the problem of drug abuse. We at the CATALYST feel that the information and opinions presented by this professional physician should be weighed heavily even when they conflict with our own opinions.

A crisis of morals and values confronts this nation, and shows itself in many forms. The idealism of the young, their critical spirit, and their impatience with anything less than full justice and equal opportunity for everyone are not only admirable, but a source of optimism and hope for the future. Some of their methods of expressing their impatience, however, do not always lead to a realization of their aims--they may, in fact, be self-defeating. One of the most alarming by-products of today's social upheaval is the widespread use of drugs for non-medicinal purposes.

The subject of drug abuse really involves the problem of all persons who may use drugs in an improper manner. The drug abusers include physicians who prescribe dangerous drugs without full knowledge of their effects, or use a strong drug to correct a condition which would right itself in a few days, or allow a patient to take a drug indefinitely with no followup. It includes housewives who become dependent on diet pills and tranquilizers. It includes business and professional men who cannot get through the day without two martinis at lunch, or rely on amphetamines to get them through a difficult project.

We are a pill-oriented society. Belief in the efficacy of curative drugs is part in partial of modern medical care. Not only physical ailments, but psychological problems also, are now being solved by pharmacology. Tranquilizers, anti-depressants, sedatives, stimulants are all available to reverse undesired symptoms.

With this type of background, it is easy to see how today's young people grow up with the general conviction that drugs can solve anything, given the right prescription and the right dosage. This is where the drug problem starts, in the sociable acceptance of drugs. It is not essentially a rejection, but rather an affirmation of early teaching and propaganda.

Marijuana, which often produces peacefulness, contentment, and euphoria is the drug which many young people feel is the perfect antidote to mental pain. Narcotics, barbiturates, and alcohol, all of which are central nervous system depressants, cause an individual to forget his troubles for the moment. Paradoxically, so do the stimulants. However, they may cause nervousness and paranoid reactions, but they also make the individual stimulated and self-confident and give him a surge of energy, in which he may respond actively without worrying about himself or the consequences of his actions. The stronger hallucinogens, too, may be used as an escape from mental pain, or at least as a diversion from everyday trouble.

But the desire to escape from unhappiness is not a sufficient explanation for the epidemic of drug use that has erupted in the past few years. Another important aspect is that drug use, after it became established in certain key areas of life important to young people, became a symbol of the things they were trying to accomplish and the manner in which they were trying to accomplish them, such as peer group identification, adolescent rebellion, and the need to experiment. Because drugs have acquired this symbolic status, they also acquired a social currency and sometimes function as a "coming-of-age" right.

Along with rebellion and identification goes the desire to experiment. Young people are curious about unknown experiences, and they know that drugs have the capacity to produce many different feelings.

Experimentation also involves the element of risk. This is two-fold: the risk involved in possessing and using illegal substances, and the dangers inherent in the drugs themselves. The risk-producing attributes of drugs are especially prized, in that facing and conquering the challenge requires physical exertion.

Another important factor in the drug abuse problem is simply that drugs are so readily available. Once the idea of drug-taking became fashionable, a huge potential market was established, and suppliers were quick to grasp the opportunity. This easy accessibility has meant that there is a deceptively easy answer to all the adolescent's problems right at hand. For a few dollars he can escape from his problems, defy society and authority, identify with his peer group, imagine he is discovering his true self, and enjoy the thrill of a dangerous and unknown experience, all at once. The mystique of "drugs can do anything" is present from the medically oriented culture; the desire to escape personal trouble and to revolt are often omnipresent; and the dangers are seen only as an additional challenge. Certainly every drug user should attempt to understand his drug needs in terms of his own psychology.

One of the most popular ideas at the present time is that LSD and marijuana are mind-expanding drugs. It is based on the idea that there are vast reaches of the mind which have not yet been explored, and which are not usually consciously functioning. This experimentation involves risk--which for young people is a plus point. These drugs are supposed to aid in creativity and give access to facets of the mind that usually remain hidden. They are also supposed to reveal new dimensions of truth. The drugs advocates are searching for new heights: heightened aesthetic response, subjectivity, introspect-



ion, self-knowledge and understanding of others, non-verbal experience, pleasure, and creativity. Drugs, they feel, are able to furnish these in a way that is quick, reliable, and reasonably safe.

One specific theory of how this is accomplished is that very early in life the mind sets up screens by which it organizes its perception. It sorts out and classifies the myriad of sensory stimuli by which it is being constantly bombarded, and rejects or represses many of them so that they are never consciously perceived at all. It creates the boundaries of time and space, and the ideas of "self" and "not-self." We live in the world of dichotomies and of cause and effect. We classify and sort, assign dates and labels, create clocks, and calendars.

We believe the world is separate from us, and that our senses reveal with reasonable accuracy what is happening outside of us.

The conclusion of this article, to appear next issue, will deal with what we have learned by abusing drugs--and our responsibility.

## PIECE CORPS AGAIN

It is no secret that the military will go to great lengths to ensure lack of overt wave-making among its members. The best method of controlling large groups is to emphasize the welfare of the group as a whole by de-emphasizing the individual. Conformity is therefore encouraged. On the other hand, certain characteristics common to many individuals sometimes can encourage introspection and lead to disruption of the group. Therefore, these "undesireable" characteristics must be recognized and channelled into areas of expression which minimize the possibility of disruptive behavior.

Reese Air Force Base offers a good example of the Air Force method of handling a big problem of this type, i.e. sex. This particular problem is many-fold. Because of the nature of the Air Force employee's work, a stable relationship of any kind with a female is not desirable. Family life is under a strain because of the long hours of work stateside, and becomes

even more difficult during overseas assignments. The best Air Force employees are those who do not have their loyalties divided strongly between their work and their personal relationships. It is therefore to the Air Force's advantage to discourage strong emotional or sexual involvements in their employees. Two main methods are used to minimize this problem.

First is the stage bar. If the men are encouraged to spend time with their peers instead of with their families, their ties with the Air Force are strengthened and family ties are weakened. The wives' club exists partly as an attempt to mollify the wives and encourage their acceptance of the frequent absences of the husband.

Secondly, the Air Force accepts and covertly encourages various types of stag parties and activities, despite official policy to

the contrary. Several forces are at work here and have to be integrated. The Air Force recognizes the human desire for sexual variety, guilt-producing conflicts between sexual inhibitions and desires, and the social tolerance for voyeurism (strip shows) and heterosexual masterbation (prostitution). The need of the Air Force for de-individualization and dehumanization of its members is recognized, as is the need for minimization of outside emotional involvement in its members.

The Air Force then exploits the human needs by channeling them in a direction which will satisfy the individual somewhat and at the same time produce the type of individual behavior and loyalties which are in the best interests of the Air Force.

To wit: In the past year, there have been at least two stag parties sponsored and attended by Reese officers. Both parties offered strippers as entertainment. One party included audience participation with the stripper in the acts of intercourse and cunnilingus. Both parties received official condemnation by high-ranking officials, but were nonetheless allowed to occur.

Such activities are dehumanizing and tend to increase group ties, which the Air Force needs in order to be effective. Sexual involvement with unknown females allows the male to be uninvolved emotionally and still satisfy his physical sexual desires. Peer group acceptance of this method of sexual satisfaction reduces guilt feelings in the participating individual. If the male has an emotional tie, such as a wife, such activities will tend to weaken that tie in most cases. All things considered, the Air Force reaps many benefits by allowing stag parties. Contrary to popular belief, the military is not always motivated by God, mother, and apple pie.



# Reconsidering Paranoid Themes

by Dan Bidwell

In spite of all unserious laughter, the ironic possibility is strong for serious laughter, that is, after the shock subsides. Twelve Weathermen have been indicted on federal conspiracy charges; Charles Manson reveals the bizarre plot delivered, derivatively speaking, in angelical apocalyptic visions from the Bible; the FBI casually announces the innocence of Kent State students, and the correlative absurd guilt of the National Guard. And it is funny, because while the FBI silently slips away, and the National Guard goes home to rest, the nation remembers the bomb plot and the absurd "race war" plot. But essentially, this is not what is funny; still something is funny, and what is funny is that people are demanding humor from the peripheral coterie of small college leftists. Supposedly, satirizing our own targets, and ourselves, satirizing the fact that the nation will excuse the National Guard, but condemn Rudd, Dorne, and others to death, will revive the waning faith of part-time revolutionaries, or at the least alter perspective and thus propel the movement into a new reality. But the nation is raging; its rage is not, however, for Kent State blood, but for Sharon Tate's blood. Middle America's good citizens are disgusted, irate, and will demand vengeance for Manson, for the "idea" of bombing banks and insurance companies. And the small college periphery, like Tech's, is scared of losing its ass for naught but simple slander; the small minded radical of Texas Tech, like his brothers everywhere, is scared to hell by Rudd and Manson, and the prospect of actual, i.e., physical repression, resulting from a reaction to leftist promoted violence. So the periphery wants salvation in satire.

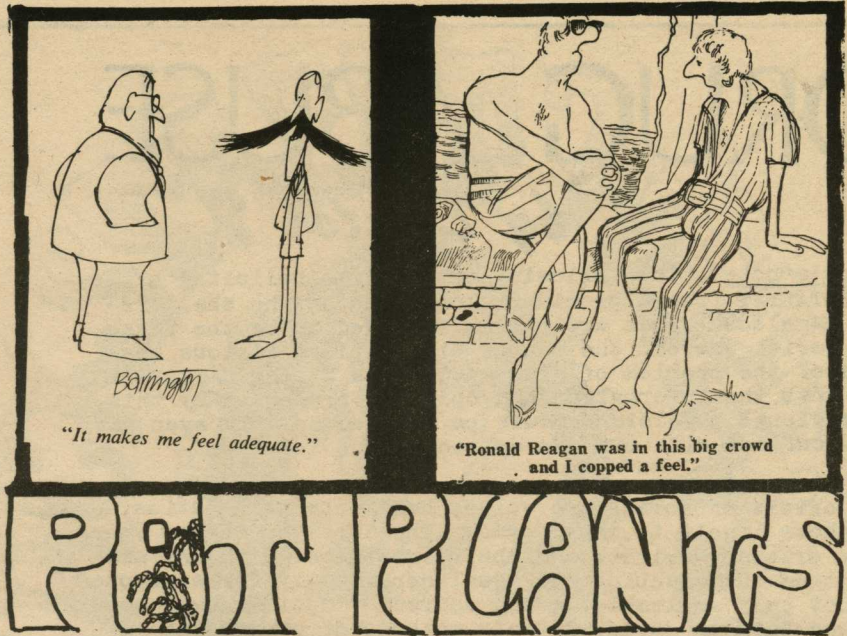
Let's get serious: we are removed from the depths of conviction shown by Hoffman, Rubin, Seale, etc...our faith has never approached theirs --- and it is exactly this that has promoted us to name their actions absurd and irrational. We have gone the easy road and called these men foolish and premature, accused them of providing the average citizen with a prejudice against long hair. But perhaps they will spit over their shoulders at us, and at those who have said that our college is peculiar, our problems are peculiar; at those who urged abandoning the movement for a wide national base of support in favor of "peculiar" problems. Maybe these men will say that, when all is done, J. Edgar, Tricky Nixy, and the Madison Ave. boys have had you by the balls all along. You are secure and remote from the frontlines of thinking necessary to produce a revolution in this country: not only is it obviously possible for small minded college administrators to thwart your every effort, but it is easy for smaller minded cops with big guns to scare hell out of you at a distance.

I am not saying that Rudd is an example of front line thinking, and I am by no means defending the insanity of Manson-freaks. All of America, if it has any sanity left, must demand vengeance from Manson. I am using, however, the actions of Rudd and others, as exemplary of the consequences we have forced upon them by abandoning them. And by this I mean that it is, after all, possible to laugh seriously at ourselves. And this "taking stock and laughing" can be shared by Murray and his lawyers, by Capt. Love and his god-fearing dope busters. Yeah, we can all laugh together over beer and grass, we can all throw up our arms and rejoice that the tension is over, that the movement is defunct; yeah, we lost; gang, too bad. (haha)

Yeah, we put our faith, our convictions, our vanity, in our ability to solve our own "peculiar" problems, and after three years we have failed to move this goddam campus an inch, except to bring Icasals to court so it can laugh in our faces in full view of West Texas "legality" and the governor's vested interests. Yeah, let's laugh and kick up our heels.

In the first place, without ties to national or strong regional groups, this campus was open to infection by too many points of view. It is a truism that point of view depends on our time and place, and that Lubbock is not susceptible to strong radical point of view. But Lubbock is potentially hot --- we have here, in full glory, a microcosm of the Police State --- and the blacks and chicanos can testify to it. But comfortable middle America students protesting the war, Kent State, and the insane repressions imposed by Grover's money making, do not and can not see it. They see that the local cops show up to straighten things out, but do not see evident harassment. And what some of them don't see about this is that there will be no harassment, no physical harassment on this campus. After all, the tiny Police State needs your money, college students, and Grover needs it and can not operate without it, and this means essentially, this college is afraid of violence, because it will mean that every pokey farmer and Midland insurance man will send his precious daughter somewhere else if Tech has a "riot"---and by god, Tech and Icasals and this town need the money from that one daughter (multiplied). So Tech will keep its hands clean.

Meanwhile, there ain't no sweat anyway. Tech's radicals are only dope smokers in the first place, and all they desire is to attract to the attentions of the frats that the underdog newspaper is "where things are at"--- not a men's store selling playboy advertised clothing. But let's laugh again---the frats have seen a long time ago that playboy-advertised clothes guarantee that warm spot in the bed beneath them, and "that's all folks", and its real---and that, after all, that is where it is at. So let's laugh.



The recent "discovery" of the pot plants in front of the SUB by sharp-eyed local newsmen brings to mind the possibility of a little conspiracy right here in Lubbock.

The Tech KK's are becoming increasingly nervous and embarrassed by their own ineptness and no doubt the Lubbock Gestapo too, to some extent.

We could just blow their minds by the judicious planting of pot in as many little nooks and crannies as possible. This would guarantee that some of it would be overlooked and subsequently enjoyed. One way to insure that much of the weed would be overlooked would be to start flooding newscenters and the police with false reports of marijuana plant locations.

The spectre of a pack of wild-eyed sensationalists, and guardians of fascism chasing around Lubbock on a mad marijuana witch hunt is really hilarious. Can you imagine prominent local citizens being awakened in the wee hours of the morning by an alarmed pig to be informed that there were reports of pot growing in their yard? Man, it would last about three days, by then every cop in Lubbock would be wearing a bright, cherry-red face.

In the words of one of our letter writers, "He who laffs laffs, laffs laffs."

## From the Spice Shelf

Marijuana seems to be "busting" out all over in the Lubbock region. As a public service we thought we would include a recipe. This is in keeping with many esteemed American customs. Remember in Boy Scouts when they taught you how to identify wild plants and live off the land?? Remember in World War II -- all those victory gardens? Here is a little treat to mail to your loved ones:

### ALICE B. TOKLAS' FAMOUS FUDGE RECIPE

- 1 tsp. black peppercorn
- 1 whole nutmeg
- 4 sticks cinnamon
- 1 tsp. coreander
- handful each dates, figs, almonds, and peanuts
- bunch of grass
- 1 cup of sugar dissolved in pat of butter-----roll all of this together into a roll-- one piece should suffice.

## Son of graf-feces

Now that Jimmy Ling has been forced out of LTV's management, maybe he will come to Tech's Regent's meetings.... ..So you are invited to a Sorority banquet? Bet you can't eat just one....Charcoal Cody is stummbroke....That Goin' Band is adding a row of freaks playing kazoos.Contemporary. ....Know how to catch a rabbit? Hide behind a tree and make a noise like a carrot....Out at L.C.C. students who don't believe in slavery are known as liberals....Our favorite color? Acapulco Gold....Nixon has pledged he is against using Nuclear Weapons in campus disorders....That smart guy in the language department is known as a cunning linguist....God is love, Love is blind, Ray Charles is blind, Ray Charles is God....The next Presidential erection isn't until 1972....Charlie Guy: Man or Myth?....Is it kosher to hate Germans?....WANTED: The Catalyst needs a new Creative Sadism Editor. Apply at Office....The Catalyst motto: Iconoclasts can't afford to feel guilty. Write On!....The truth is silly putty....Lucky Luciano was a fascist supremacist....Captain Wayne Love of the Lubbock Police Department really believes that old slogan,"GOD IS LOVE"....The City Council had so much fun out of the tornado, it passed a resolution inviting it to return at any time....The funniest thing in the world is life. To be alive is funny; to be dead is serious....Does anyone remember W.D. "Dub" Rogers? Who was he?....I wish one of those Horticulture classes that wonders around campus indentifying plants had come by the SUB last month....Buford Terrell just tried to enroll in Tech's Med School....For all those nice people that send us all those letters: Fuck You Very Much....Charlie Manson is a good family man....Would you want your sister to marry a Gemini?....All those WINSTON ads remind us of the CATALYST: "What do you want, good grammar or good taste?" With us you get neither....



## Notes From VIETNAM

Once I was informed by a pink-cheeked ROTC cadet that there is no race problem in the Army, or if there is, it is the work of "malcontents and immature trouble-makers.... always found in any random population sampling...." and blah blah blah. He then went on to speak of defending the flag (He said, "Our sacred honor," no shit), about which I can say nothing save that I am not sure that any of my friends died for a multicolored rag. But I said nothing at the time; I had only to see how earnestly he was speaking, how unquestioningly brain-washed he was, to know that he would only be shocked that a Vietnam veteran could question his government-- "Leave the politics to the politicians."

As for the statistical facts, "twenty-two per cent of the Army is black," fine. As rotten as the Army is, it is in many cases the only chance for a self-respecting black man, uneducated, in a racist country, to live like a human being, with some shreds of his dignity remaining to him. Why, then, isn't the percentage higher? Because, while the Army offers material security of a type, it is a racist organization nevertheless. From the time a black man comes into the Army until the time he gets out, or dies, he is constantly reminded that he is inferior. Many black men take it, becoming stronger and more mature with the pressure, but many bend, break, and become what is known as a "good nigger..." Then there are black men, and black sellouts. Uncle Tom is the difference between hypocrisy and truth, between talking of heavy deeds and actually going out and doing them.

From the constant and unwarranted pressure and hostility on all sides, more hostility is bred. Black men become angry and aloof---a defense mechanism; after nearly every contact with Whitey results in some pointless hurt, contact is feared. Hostility keeps the sensitive from being hurt; but the gap between the races widens, and who has the guts to bridge it?

Despite mutual fear and hostility, the communication gap between black and white men is often bridged. It is not crossed because of the Army, but in spite of it; the pressure is on from the illiterate and semi-illiterate "real men" who make up a large portion of the noncommissioned officer cadre who run the show for the enlisted men to hate one another ("...you really can't trust a fucking nigger anytime...", advice to newly arrived white men by a Master Sergeant in the 101st Airborne Division). But despite the system, men get lonely in combat; beyond loneliness, one feels a need to care for someone and to be cared for. Men talk, drink, share meals and smoke dope and become close friends, to keep the fear away. And in doing so, men learn.

March 15, 1970.

I had been in Vietnam less than two months, and had been on a firebase for thirty-three days. I was beginning to become used to the vagaries of war and adjusted to the mortars and artillery and sick fear that comes of being on an island in an ocean of jungle and unfriendly people. Still a "cherry," still prone to stupid mistakes; certain only of the misery of it.

Not far from the perimeter of our firebase was what is called a "water point"; huge rubber containers of portable water airlifted there for us to drink. I had the job of driving an outlandish little motorized platform with terra-tires, which the Army calls a "mule", to fill five-gallon cans with water for the men in my outfit.

cont. p. 11

# RON'S

1211 UNIVERSITY AVE  
SWEIRD  
Summer hours:  
10:00am - 3:00pm  
6:00pm - 8:30pm  
Closed Sundays

### QUOTE OF THE WEEK!

John Mitchell is the greatest man living...he has so much charm and wit. People just love him.  
---Martha Mitchell, ABC News.  
July 28th, 1970.

(Ed. note: This was pinned to the Tech ROTC bulletin board).

Take a man and then leave him alone  
Put him 12,000 miles from home  
Empty his heart of all but blood  
Make him live in heat and mud

This is the life I have to live  
And why my soul to the devil I give  
You "Peace Boys" rant from your easy chairs  
But you don't know what its like over here:

You have a ball without near trying  
While over here our boys are dying  
You burn your draft cards and march at dawn  
And leave your sign on the white house lawn

You all want to ban the bomb  
"There's no war," you say, "in Viet Nam"  
You use your drugs and have your fun  
And then refuse to lift your gun

There's nothing else for you to do  
And I'm supposed to die for you  
I'll hate you to the day I die  
You made me hear my buddy cry.

I saw his arm a bloody shred:  
I heard them say "this one is dead"  
It's quite a price he had to pay  
Not to live another day

He had the guts to fight and die  
He paid the price but what'd he buy?  
He bought your life by losing his  
But who gives a damn what a soldier gives.

### The Great American Tea Ceremony





Dear Ed:

## The Other Side

**Editor's Note:** Here is one of those long rambling egomaniacal articles that anonymous people keep sending us. We cut this one into half its length. If folks would let us know who is doing the submitting, we could work with the author for an article that he liked better. We will publish unsigned articles but prefer to know and talk with the paranoid authors.

Sometimes one has to pinch oneself to be reminded that he is still at Tech. Abruptly this spring, one of these aberrations surged up from the stygian darkness where it evidently resides during most months and years.

This latest incident of alien operations in such a backward terrain was the "infamous" demonstrations following the immoral and unconstitutional American invasion of Cambodia and the subsequent brutal, cold-blooded slaughter of the Kent State Four. Witnessing this unusual phenomenon at Tech, even I was inclined to pinch myself. For mind you, this mode of political activity is virtually stillborn in this region. The "return to normalcy" has never left this Hooverville.

This is basically an Anti-Intellectual area comprised of mountains of rocks crawling with Jesus-freaks, hypocrites who stagger from the clubs to the polls to vote dry, farmers who rail vociferously against "creeping socialism" while driving their shiny new Cadillacs to pick up their latest farm "subsidy," crypto-Fascist politicians, and their racist kin. Anyone without a crew-cut, boots, a plug of tobacco, and the other obscene accouterments is immediately suspect. Only Freddie and Suzies, with their economic Greek status symbols, are allowed any leeway. So one can easily understand the old Lubbock cliché: "The Tech campus seethes with rest."

For the grade school mentality of the majority of Tech students, the crowd drawn by the protests was remarkable. Maybe something can be said for the claim that the educational standards of Tech are improving, but I doubt this as I write it. Yet the quality of leadership, radical only to those familiar with Rednecks, Toms, and Tieos, has definitely been degraded by a factor many times greater than that for the growth of the crowd for such a protest. To be rather frank, the quality of Tech's "radical" students is enough to make even a Hubert Humphrey vomit. But then what can one expect from a motley crowd of "converted" Young Republicans? Despite the talk designed to frighten those politically ignorant worms, and in some cases, the highly optimistic jive of naive pseudo-high priests on the left, people do not become radicalized overnight. Radicalization is the result of a lengthy period of increasing alienation, thwarted aspirations, growing cynicism, and angry revulsion toward tinsel gods that abound.

The demonstrations consisted of three evenings of increasingly impotent and meaningless actions, anile from the start. The height of stupidity was the meeting in the SUB following the feeble and asinine "take-over" of the Ad Building. Here the protesters were to discuss strategy, which they badly needed, and await the grand descent of a Mercury from Olympus. (Only a fool or his maiden, senile aunt would have expected an emissary from the campus puppet establishment, but ...) This gathered crew of cranial imbeciles must rank intellectually somewhere below the brontosaurus. They had learned some of

the more elementary (perhaps only pre-natal, to give them some credit for innate intelligence) rhetoric and symbols of the New Left, to be sure, but not the meaning and reasoning behind them. The loudest "rights" were awarded to better dorm food, more off-campus housing, inane telegrams, and more support for student government. (Where have we heard that one before?) Even included was an insipid argument between two Student Association "officials" over the flag and who could legally raise and lower it. And this was the "height" of Tech's protest over Kent State and Cambodia!

The comic antics of the "radical" students were overshadowed only by the buffoonery of the East Wing puppets. Visitors to the campus would swear that a coalition of Weathermen, Mad Dogs, Young Lords, Young



Patriots, Brown Berets, Black Panthers, and Red Guards led by Mao and Fidel in the flesh, aided by the resurrected Vladimir Ilich, Leon, and Che, were rampaging through the sandbox and kicking out all the sand as they progressed. To the uninitiated, this notorious band obviously was aiming at sights greater than burning the wooden ROTC barracks, actually a good idea. Yet the demonstrations more closely resembled a fraternity signature stunt, as fully illustrated above.

The contingency plans of the East Wing were somewhat similar to the fruits of a novice film editor's unwitting splicing of a good Ian Fleming suspense thriller, a Peter Sellers farce, and a Charlie Chaplin slapstick comedy. To begin with, the military outposts on the campus were closed to all but essential traffic (mainly pick-up trucks, but what what else for an arid farm?). On the inner campus, the farm was covered by cops: in cars, on foot, and rallying around the flagpoles. On the day of the abortive "take-over" itself, downtown cops were called onto the campus, replete with both paddy wagons from the sty. Throughout the guarded "test of our university," chief fuzz Alley personally guarded the campus and supervised operations. The vast conglomeration of West Wingers, pigs, maintenance men: each armed with their own walkie-talkies, provided the Bond flavor.

The Sellers-Chaplinesque portion of the general overreaction was amply provided by the overwhelming number of those constant "sore thumbs" on campus. One look at those plants, and I could not help but think that, if female plainclothes agents were used, they would probably arrive wearing penny loafers and bobby socks. At any rate, the duck-tails did stand out to a large extent. (A friend related an incident in which a plant was tying his shoes, causing the gap between his sweatshirt and jeans to expose the holster of his gun. If the Orwellian number of agents present hadn't been so overwhelming, this cameo performance would have been riotously funny.)

As is usual with the nefarious machinations of the East Wing, a shade of duplicity was thrown into the situation for good measure. This, of course, was furnished by Chancellor Murray, a retiring and slightly boring man, a Major Hoople with a pronounced Bismarckian complex of becoming Tech's Iron Chancellor but only securing an inordinate number of underlings, and an amateur photographer with a penchant for showing slides of Antarctica. This Mortimer Snurd of the puppet set told a group of demonstrators that the flag, which they had requested to be lowered for the Kent State Four, could be lowered only by the order of the U. S. President. This mendacity was maintained steadfastly, by both the East Wing marionettes and their culpable apologizers, despite evidence that contradicted the lie. (It is interesting to note that the volume of statutes that contained the flag regulations mysteriously disappeared from the government depository in the library.) Were the Presidents of Uof H and UT-Austin (only to mention two in Texas) or Mayor John Lindsay singled out by the authors of the U.S. Constitution or almightily endowed from on high? Was a National Day of Mourning decreed by the President following the death of Tech Professor Keith Marmion? This ruse was finally explained to Student Association Pres-





## The American G.I. ...

Flops into a chair and there he is, lanky and lean and brown or black, from heredity and sun and unbelievable filth. Ground-in filth, filth of gun oil and dust and sweat and thick thick swamps...flopped out like a rag, stretched out feet in front, one arm dangling, one holding a beer in his lap.

Stench composite of jungle and guns and burning things and months-old sweat and beer--and death--an acrid smell but not a bad one, just a very alive one. Alive the way all things in the tropics are alive. But that last odor...

Death is not an odor, really, but lies in the way the man-made stench blends with the smell of life, choking the aliveness out of it.

Tired. Tired tired beaten down. Waiting. Eyes that either are banal and dull and trite (refusing to see the monster around him--in him...) Or look at you bored, then slide away to look at...a mouse hole a light switch a cigarette a spot on the floor an anything, a nothing. And for just one tiny breathless instant the true depths show before the glance slides



away and the armored look of exquisite boredom shutters it off and you see...

Eyes. Windows to the soul, eyes. Eyes that have seen too much, a soul that knows too much. And feeling: far, far better if feelings could be killed for the duration but they don't die that easily, only men do. They can be hidden, these feelings, but that only makes for a greater laceration when the walls finally fall and the armor finally breaks and there they are. A naked and raw pulsing of emotion.

So the uniform hangs as casually and exhaustedly on G.I. as G.I. melts into the chair, waiting. He has waited before; and tomorrow he will wait again, and tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow. Ask then, "What have they done to the earth?" and look into his eyes. The answer is there now.

(Ed. note: This article is by a recently returned Viet Nam veteran.)

## RECORDS

Blood, Sweat, and Tears -- 3. The first B.S.&T effort in over a year, and the third album by the group, is satisfying musically but a disappointment to music listeners who desire originality. Most of the cuts are other people's compositions arranged to fit the unique B.S.&T style. Only three of the cuts are written by members of B.S.&T. However, the group's arrangements of such songs as "Sympathy for the Devil" (Jagger-Richard), "He's a Runner" (Laura Nyro), "Fire and Rain" (James Taylor), "Lonesome Suzie" (Richard Manuel of the Band), "Somethin's Coming On" (Joe Cocker), and "40,000 Headmen" (Stevie Winwood), are excellent. Perhaps the almost complete absence of original material will not detract from the album's popularity, but certainly we deserve more original material from a group of B.S.&T's stature.

Grand Funk Railroad -- Closer to Home. Grand Funk seems to be getting more together with each new album. Their latest effort and third album, Closer to Home, represents a maturity and versatility which was only hinted at by their previous albums. Mark Farner's vocals, lead guitar, and keyboards; Mel Schaceter's pounding bass, and Don Brewer's drums combine to form a sound which is the epitome of hard, acid rock today. Best cuts (all composed by Farner) include "Sin's a Good Man's Brother," "Nothing is the Same," and "I'm Your Captain." Two cuts which feature Farner on piano and organ, "Mean Mistreater," and "Get it Together," are a pleasant surprise for Grand Funk enthusiasts.



**B&B**  
**MUSIC**  
1615 UNIVERSITY

## TIGER CAGES!

Washington, D.C. (LNS) The United States has for years claimed that North Vietnamese and National Liberation Front prisoners were treated well, in accordance with the Geneva Accords, and have cited inspections by the International Red Cross to back up their contention. The U.S. made this into a major propaganda claim, noting the Red Cross was not allowed to visit POW camps in the North.

But because Thomas Harkin refused to keep quiet about the tiger cages he saw in the South Vietnamese prison on Con Son Island, he has not only made liars out of the military, the Agency for International Development (AID), and administration officials both here and there, but he has cast severe suspicions on the validity and credibility of "fact-finding" tours.

Harkin, along with Don Luce of the World Council of Churches and two members of the House of Representatives, William R. Anderson (D.-Tenn) and Augustus Hawkins (D.-Calif.), visited the Con Son prison. Harkin knew through contacts with South Vietnamese students of the existence of the tiger cages on the island.

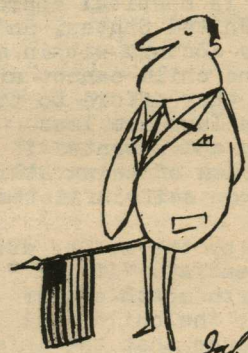
Through both luck and cunning he managed to get the group inside one of the well-hidden cages. He described the cage as "an airless pit four to five feet wide, about nine feet long, and about ten feet deep. They are never allowed out, the food is minimal, and they are given little water. Many are forced to drink their own urine. Most of the men could not stand up, their legs having

been paralyzed by beatings and by being shackled to a bar about one or two feet off the floor. There are buckets of lime dust kept above the cages and the guards throw this down on the prisoners when they beg for food or water."

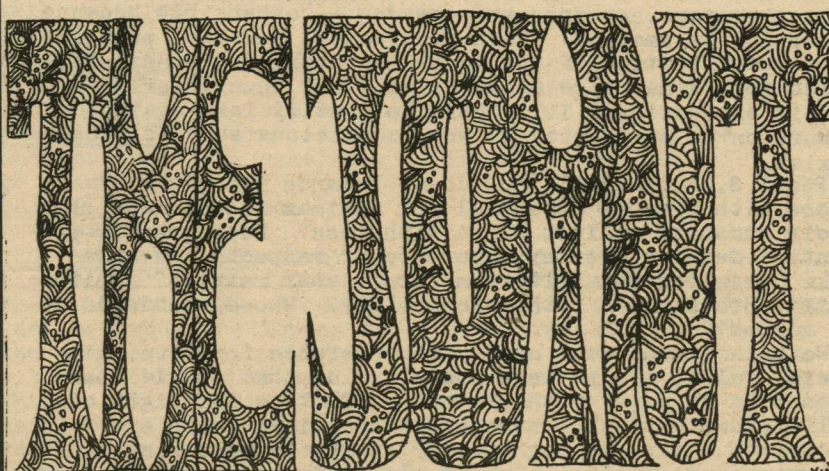
There are tiger cages for both male and female prisoners, and, according to Harkin, all are political prisoners whose crime was that they "spoke for peace."

Before Harkin had seen the cages, Frank Walton, U.S. Director of Public Safety and supervisor of the prisons over there, told Harkin that South Vietnamese prisons were rather like a Boy Scout camp. After Harkin did see the cages, Walton stated: "Well, they're no worse than a Georgia chain gang."

Harkin resigned from the Committee, chaired by G.V. (Sonny) Montgomery (D.-Miss.), after arriving back in the U.S. at the completion of the 11-day tour, because he could not convince the majority of the committee of the necessity of making public these findings. He could not even convince them to visit the prison or to talk to South Vietnamese people. The two representatives who witnessed Con Son with Harkin have filed a minority report.



3410  
34th



Headgear  
Posters  
Handmade Candles



# ABORTION

by Kathy Williams

The Texas "Tech" U.D. recently published a student opinion survey dealing with the question of whether or not abortions should be legalized. Most of the people concerned said something like, "I don't think it should be legal but I don't really know why". The only positive thing about the answers the students gave was their admission, "I don't think".

When an unwed mother, poor mother, sick mother, rape victim or a mother who simply does not want a child for whatever reason she may have is faced with the choice of having the child or the abortion, she is faced with an extremely hard decision to make. Still she should have the freedom to make that decision!

Abortion is a simple operation that can be performed with the relative ease of a tonsillectomy. Yet it is one of the few medical procedures put under criminal code. In the United States, 39 states permit abortions to save the life of the mother. California, Colorado and North Carolina permit abortion to preserve the life and health (including the mental health) of the mother. These states also permit abortions if there is a substantial risk that the baby will be born with a serious physical or mental defect. Hawaii and New York have recently adopted the most liberal laws concerning abortion in the United States. They allow for abortion under almost any circumstance. Unfortunately, Texas still sets itself up as the moral conscience of its residents.

Should a child be born if it is unwanted? Should it be born if it is doomed to die painfully by starvation? Would a child be happy without parents, or would life be kind to the family or the child when the child is grossly deformed mentally as well as physically? The difference between fetal tissue and other human tissue is that fetal tissue has the potential of existence apart from the parent organism. At best this existence is not enough to keep the child alive without the parent. It still needs full devotion, love, and an undetermined amount of money to thrive. Should the parent be unable to give one of these things the child would merely be able to exist, not live.

While we are talking about life, and the preservation of life some interesting statistics should be presented. In 1965 there were 235 deaths known to result from abortions. 42% of all deaths related to pregnancies come from illegal abortions. This does not count the suicides resulting from an unwanted pregnancy. In these cases one has the death of two (if the fetus is considered human) instead of the death of one. There is also the interesting fact that those who die are the non-white and the non-affluent. 93% of therapeutic abortions are performed on white patients who can afford a private room. This type of abortion is hospital approved. It has never been prosecuted in the United States, and it is safe in that it is performed by doctors within a hospital. Those who cannot afford the child cannot afford a therapeutic abortion, nor can they afford to travel to another state in which abortion laws are less stringent. The child grows up hungry and unwanted if it is born, or the mother runs a great risk of being killed by a quack, or possibly by herself from self-inflicted abortion.

In the case of diseases contracted by the mother during pregnancy, abortion becomes more essential. If the mother has German measles in the fourth month of her pregnancy, there is a 70% chance that the child will be born with minor defects and a 20% chance that the infant will be born with major defects. It is cruel to prohibit abortion when the chances for birth defect are so great. According to Dr. Robert E. Cook of the Department of Pediatrics at John Hopkins University, "The legislator who stands up and says there can be no abortion has got to put out some money for the care of these children if they are born. They are not doing that."

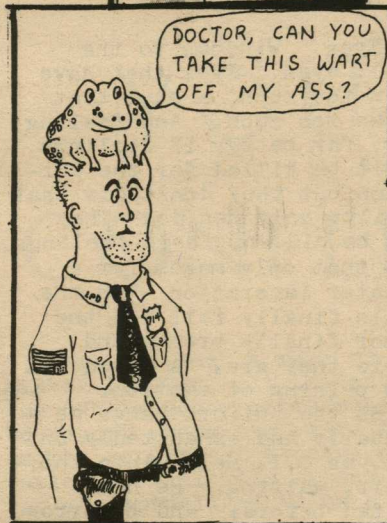
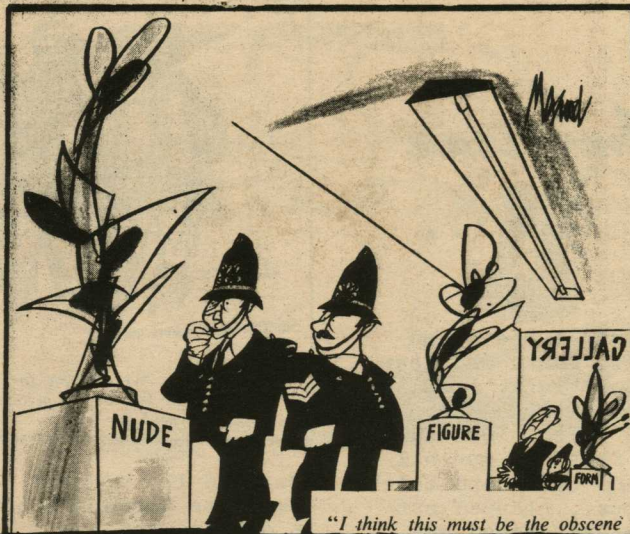
Texas laws do not permit abortion because of measles, poverty, rape, or any other reason -- ostensibly because abortion is immoral. This same state, however, provides for sterilization of the mentally retarded. Other states also forbid marriage among defectives, thus insuring their extinction. It is hard to justify laws against abortion on moral grounds when conditions such as these exist.

Pearl S. Buck said, "How do we balance the right of those with greater potential for maximum fulfillment of their humanity against those with less? Does greater potential deserve greater reverence or respect? Is more like ourselves the criterion for greater respect? Whiteness? Braininess? Athletic ability? Whose standards do we accept?"

We talk a good deal about the reverence for life as a social value. There is a social value that should bear a part in an unwed mother's case. That is the right of self-determination. There are two options which are closed to a girl by our society if she is poor--legal abortion and suicide. One is closed to her if she is rich -- suicide. Suicide committed out of shame of an unwanted child is not uncommon, but is nonetheless looked down upon by our society, as is suicide for any reason. If a girl is wealthy she can almost undoubtedly get a therapeutic abortion and live without giving birth to a bastard. If she is not affluent, she cannot.

Another value we hold in great esteem is equal application of the law. When the law works differently for different people, it is in itself immoral and should be repealed. Abortion laws in most states are clearly of this variety.

Questions about the legalization of abortion should, then, elicit at least one response. One must at least think.



## Lubbock CAB

The Lubbock Community Action Agency doesn't do much and when it gets around to doing anything for the poor, it still doesn't do much. The poor in Lubbock are weakly represented by the Community Action Board. After several years of operation, CAB director T.J. Patterson has called on tract (neighborhood) representatives to get together with persons in their areas to find out what they need. The Community Action Board met on July 28<sup>th</sup>, the first time since April that a quorum was present for a meeting. Lubbock's poor need interested and energetic advocates especially since Lubbock receives very low funds for an area this size with so many poor people. Only twenty-one of the thirty-three CAB members were present at the July 28<sup>th</sup> meeting.

Could a civil rights suit be filed against board members for discriminating against the poor?

CAB governing board members not present at Tuesday's meeting include Nephtali DeLeon, representing Northwest Lubbock, J.C. McClesky of Slatton, Juan Gomez, representing Northeast Lubbock, Tony Gonzales of New Deal, James McMenamy, representing precinct 4, Bill Pittman of the United Fund Board and Rev. Arthur Preisinger of the Non-Protestant Ministers Association.

Also not present were Deaton Rigby of the City Council, Lorenzo Sedeno, representing East Lubbock, James C. Sharp of the Central Labor Council, Joe Trujillo, representing Southeast Lubbock, and Rev. John Walker of the Men's Civic and Social Club.

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## VIET NAM cont'd from p. 7

Tropic steam hazed the jungle; smoke covered the water point. Seven black men and a Chicano sat there, already getting stoned. Smoking weed is as common in Vietnam as it is important; although many are busted for it. But these men had seen me around a lot, and they knew I was "cool." I drove up and stopped, and the sergeant in charge, a staff sergeant, offered me a pipeful of grass. As I filled cans, I smoked, and smoked, and smoked.

After a while I got up, loaded the water onto the Mule, and drove back to get more empty cans.

When later I returned, several fat jays (marijuana cigarettes) were burning and riddles were being asked. I was offered more grass and was riddled thus: Six regular Federal Reserve notes of varying denominations equal sixty three dollars, with no one-dollar bills. What are the notes?

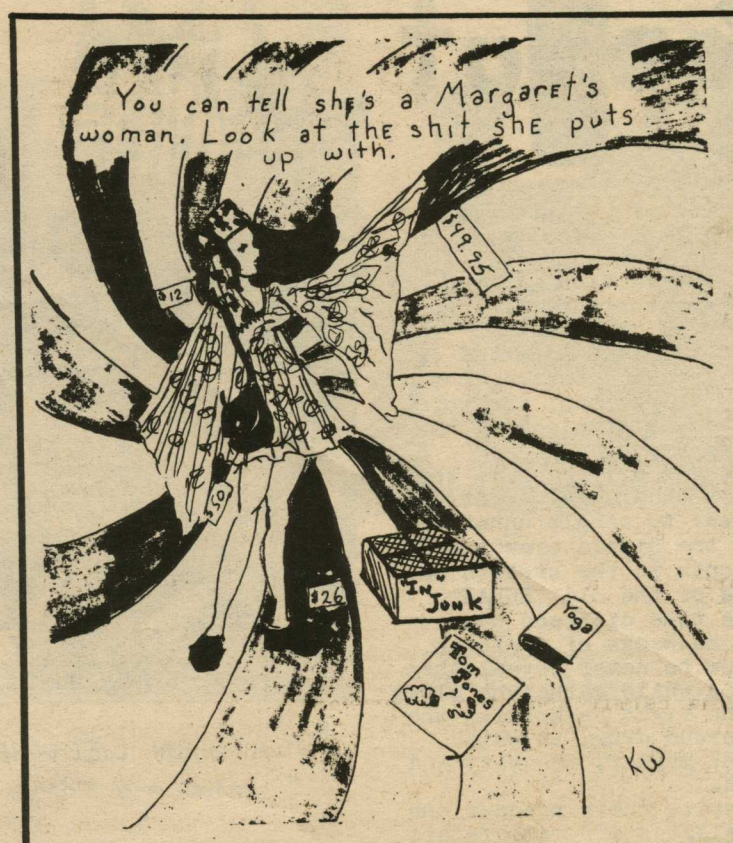
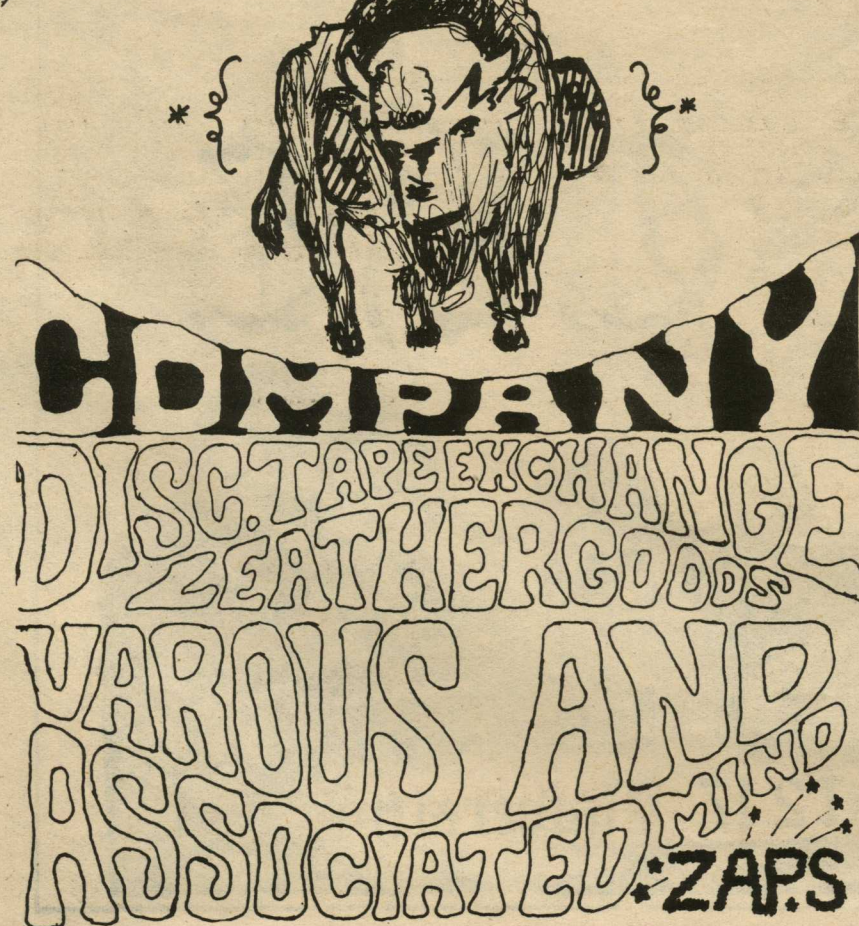
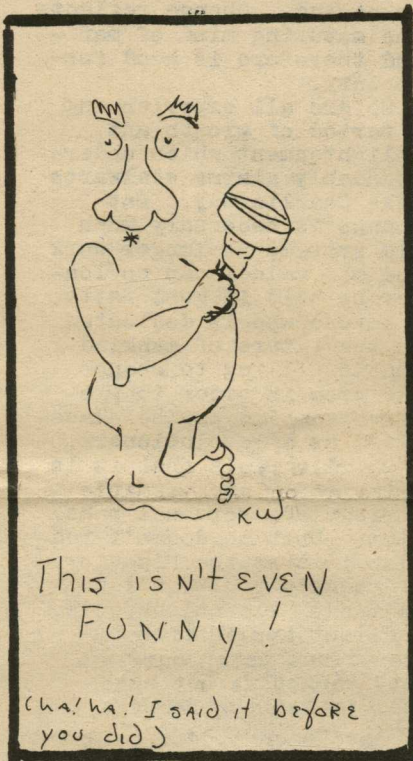
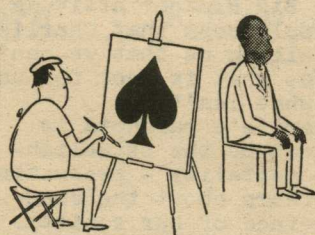
We smoked more while I thought about it. Time stretched lazily. I finally arrived at an answer: three twenties and three ones. I was told it was wrong, however -- no one-dollar bills. Oh, well.

Some debate went on. I was tentatively offered another hit, then they all watched silently as I took an endless rushing hit and passed the jay. question came then: did I think it was a fifty, a five, and four two-dollar bills? Suddenly I became part of the group; no longer was I a White Dude -- I was just one of them.

I was Oedipus answering the riddle of the Sphinx, only this time the Sphinx did not commit suicide in frustration and rage. I had discovered that there was no Sphinx -- there was just a group of human beings getting stoned on a hill, and skin was really only skin.

That is it. My story has no moral nor does it end -- it goes on and on wherever there are people. All I know is that something good happened there and that those men weren't inferior -- they were just brown and black.

I have a feeling that if the roles of minority groups and Caucasians were reversed, many "solid citizens" would be "malcontents and immature troublemakers", too, though for the most part the "silent majority" would remain silent... As for leaving "politics to the politicians", it looks from here as though that's been done too damn long already.



## THE 2,4-D THREAT

WASHINGTON, C.C. (LNS)-----

The Bureau of Dangerous Drugs" is urging farmers from the Midwest to spray wild marijuana crops with pesticide 2,4-D which has caused birth defects in mice, hamsters and chickens. This is just part of a heavily-funded international campaign by the U.S. government to keep the world safe from Marijuana.

So far the experiments with 2,4-D have only involved animals who have eaten food treated with it but a researcher for the Food and Drug Administration feels that 2,4-D may be even more dangerous when smoked. Furthermore, it is difficult to detect whether the grass you're about to smoke has been treated with 2,4-D since the smoker usually buys it in its crushed form and it is generally mixed with stronger stuff from Mexico.

Recently the U.S. government gave Mexico \$1million in aircraft and financial aid to help in the control of drug traffic across the border. Part of it was for developing remote sensing devices for detection of growing fields of opium

or marijuana, and another part was given for development of materials to eradicate the plants.

Richard Kleindienst, U.S. Deputy Attorney General under Mitchell said that the gift of five small helicopters and three scouting planes to research out and destroy the marijuana was "one of the most historic occasions of cooperation between nations in many years."

The Mexican government has assigned 10,000 soldiers to the search and destroy operation and increased the surveillance of the borders, while the U.S. law enforcers have added 500 new men to increase the effectiveness of the searches on both the Mexican and Canadian borders.

The Bureau for Dangerous Drugs has expanded its operations by adding agents in Frankfurt, London, Barcelona, Madrid, and Milan. The U.S. has loaned Turkey \$1.4 million for equipment for 750 policemen assigned to the suppression of drug traffic.

## OTHER SIDE -- cont'd from p. 8

ident Anderson as the means by which the Major hoped to pass the blame to others. (It has happened before. Do you remember the request by Blacks for mourning tribute to the Late Dr. Martin Luther King? The same argument was then espoused, but the plan of Tech's resident Major was foiled when the U.S. President decreed an actual National Day of Mourning.)

Two lessons can be learned from this latest campus farce. The first is that, despite the proud boasting of bulky Chief Daniels (one of the best hamburger cooks ever to grace the Golden Horseshoe Drive-In) that the campus security farm could control a riot of 10,000 people, the Kampus Kops are hopelessly incompetent. They can't even supervise a minor play of about 300 actors with a poorly written and stupidly directed script.

The second lesson is the ridiculous lengths that the East Wing puppets, demented by their Paranoia, will attempt in making a mountain out of a molehill. It calls to mind a similar panacea recounted by Swift:

"Another professor shewed me a large paper of instructions for discovering plots and conspiracies against the Government. He advised great statesmen to examine into the diet of all suspected persons; their times of eating; upon which side they lay in bed; with which hand they wiped their posteriors; to take a strict view of their excrements, and from the colour, the odour, the taste, the consistence, the crudeness, or maturity of digestion, form a judgment of their thoughts and designs."



# CopOut

Due to the recent exposé of marijuana plants growing on the Texas Tech (sic) University campus the F.B.I. has taken action. If you have any contact with the forbidden "KILLER WEED" you could be seen, squealed on, turned in and busted. But we, your friends, are going to set you straight on how to stay safe!

The authorities have sent secret undercover agents (narcs) to mingle unnoticed with the hippie crowds and students in the streets and slums of the old "HUBAROO". These fine citizens have undergone weeks of training on how to never reveal themselves while gathering clues to who might be holding the dangerous drug, in which lurks; murder, insanity and death.

Despite their precautions our alert staff members are sometimes able to discover and photograph one of these inconspicuous do-gooders.

Pictured above is one of the many we have managed to



MERIDIAN LEeward  
"... that's my name"

detect. The true patriot later identified as Meridian Leeward slipped up when he dropped his secret F.B.I. club badge on the ground.

## SORRY CHARLIE!

# Tunafish Salad

Well, guess what! As if you hadn't noticed, our esteemed counterpart at the A-J, Charlie Guy, is at it again. This time words of wisdom from the ivory tower advocate the sacrifice of personal liberties in the form of strict regulation of activities at rock festivals.

"Some people, young and old alike, require protection from their own intemperance..." With this Big Brother attitude it would seem that Charlie is telling us that we can't decide what is good for us and what isn't.

Charlie's paranoia is typical of the establishment mentality - projecting his fears about the changing face of our society. But change is here and more is coming. Change reflects the maturing mind of man - and therefore is good for society.

We are all experiencing a period of growth and enlightenment which understandably alarms stalwarts like Charlie Guy. But change is necessary when old systems no longer work and old values can no longer be held in good faith.

Anyone who is dedicated to the future of mankind and is willing to change and grow in order to preserve mankind can be classified as a revolutionary.

Charlie feels that it is both proper and possible to regulate personal behavior. What he doesn't realize is that the behavior of today's youth, which he finds "licentious," is a direct application of the values which our parents taught us but which they failed to observe.

We have been taught to respect an individual regardless of race, creed, or socio-economic status. Our open attitudes towards sex, drugs, interpersonal relationships, and distrust of materialistic philosophies are the result of our elder's coun-

sel. Our disbelief in establishment institutions and cries for change stem from the realization that those values and institutions have served their purpose and are no longer useful or valid.

Charlie's desire to regulate our gatherings and rock festivals is a result of his lack of understanding of our more open attitude towards society and the rights of the individual. Sex, nudity, and drugs at festivals are matters of personal choice which he has no right to regulate. If he finds the actions of the young offensive, he has a right to complain; but he has no license to regulate our behavior.

The sight of thousands of young people united in a common belief of the freedom of an individual to conduct his own affairs - as long as he causes no harm to others, is a thing of beauty. Woodstock, Atlanta, etc., etc., were events which were unbelievable to those who weren't present and a source of wonderment to those who were. The gathering together of multitudes of young people to enjoy their music and their way of life without the crime and suffering inherent in other group encounters is not impressive to persons of Charlie Guy's caliber - who see only dirty sex, filthy hippies, and overall degradation. We can only pity him for not being able to recognize the beautiful aspects of such events.

Look again, Charlie - go take your shirt off and sit in the sun. Let the vibes of peace and love fill your soul. Ask yourself what is happening and why it frightens you. Experience it yourself, if you are able. But don't look for it in the news releases of the Associated Press.

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Everyone is invited to the Tech Terrace Park on Flint and 24th on the first Saturday in September at 12:00 Noon. Bring food for a picnic and things to share. Bring arts, crafts, and leathergoods to show and trade. Bring guitars and musical instruments. Bring frisbees, footballs, silly putty, and water guns. Bring dogs, children, and straight people on your block. Bring street theatre skits, and tumbling acts and canvas to paint, and cameras and bail bond money and love all around. Now don't be shy because you are not young, free, or a student. Everyone is invited!

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