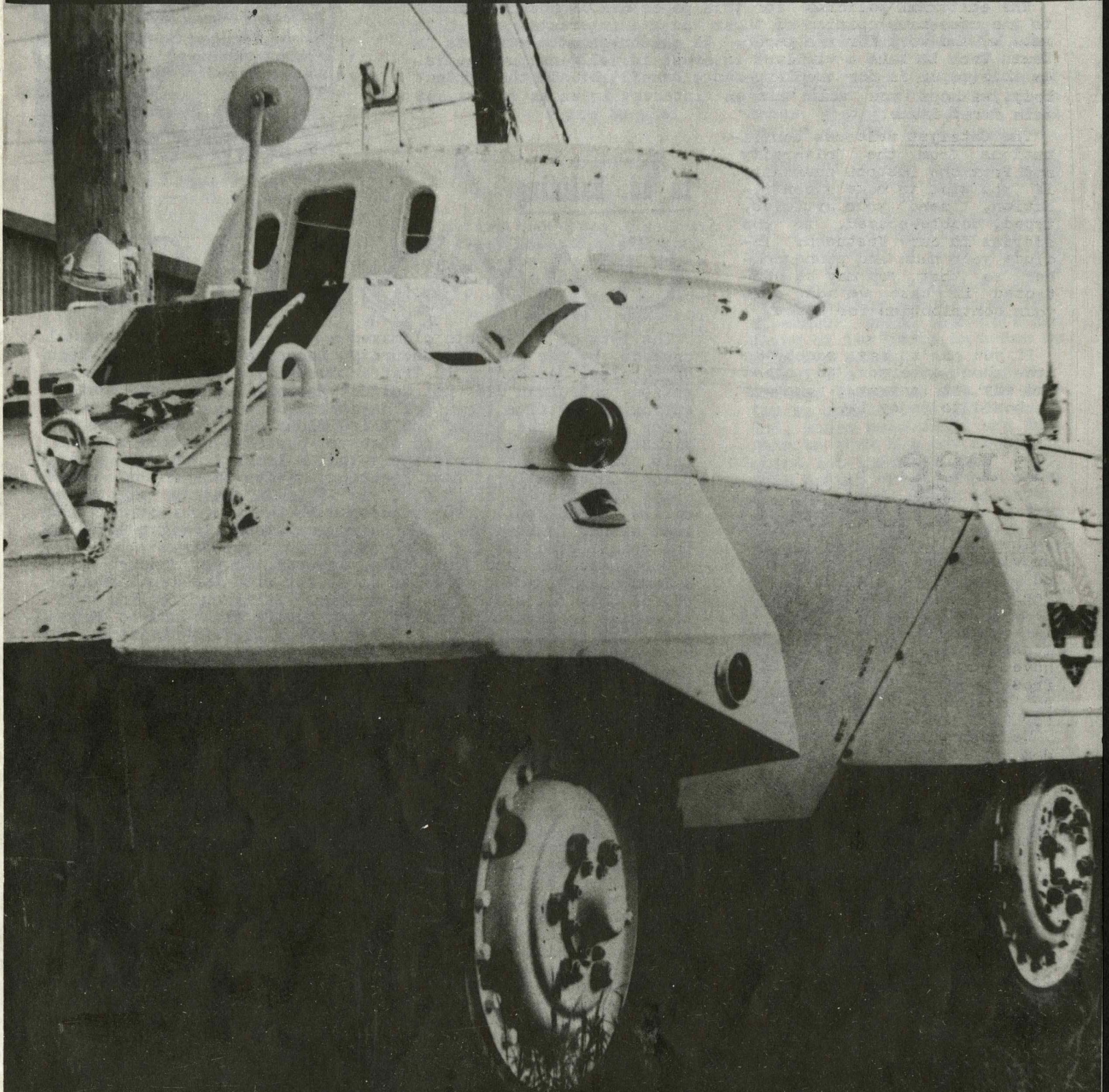


# THE Catalyst

vol I no 1

10¢

A SPECIAL ALTRUISTIC PROJECT FOR THE LONG-RANGE BENEFIT OF THE STUDENT BODY.



" What a RIOT "

# EDITORIAL

The Catalyst is an agent for introducing change. We hope to fill the gaps left by the established press by presenting news that sometimes misses their sphere of influence. We shall also strive to illuminate their often vague coverage by asking the type of questions that may cause embarrassment among many irresponsible parties. Often this may amount to muckraking.

The editorial policies for this paper are decided according to the consensus opinion of those who are interested enough to show up and work for the paper. We encourage the students of Texas Tech to take a vigilant interest in all campus media. As this paper is for the long-range benefit of all the student body, we hope you will take an interest in us as we present this first issue.

The Catalyst welcomes contributions from the University and from the Lubbock community. If you wish to make a contribution, send your articles, typed, double-spaced, to the address in our Masthead. Include your name and phone number so that you may be contacted in case we must edit your contribution for space.

\*\*\*\*

If you can't say something nice about a person, go ahead and say it anyway...somebody is bound to enjoy it.

## Free Speech

The Catalyst wishes to acknowledge the newly established Free Speech Area as a wonderful step forward. On a campus the size of Tech's, it is commendable to say the least, that a few square yards have been set aside wherein free speech will be tolerated so long as it does not interfere with the flow of traffic.

We acknowledge also the wisdom and foresight which went into the selection of the location for the Free Speech Area. Out in the lot behind the Union, large crowds can gather without bothering, or indeed, ever coming to the attention of uninterested students.

There is, infact, some question as to how goings on out back can come to the attention of interested students since the Union SnackBar thoughtfully keeps its curtains drawn.

It was also thoughtful of someone to leave piles of old bricks and other garbage out in the designated area so that free speakers might have somewhere to sit.

in ad. building

# GAY BUST

The 19th of this month climaxed a week-long anti-homosexual crusade by the Traffic Security Department of Texas Tech University. According to Traffic Security sources, their disguised patrolman did not solicit potential partners. Rather approximately five times per day throughout the week, the officer entered the second and third floor rest rooms of the Administration Building and observed physical contact between male students. This would imply that a literal orgy was taking place continually at that location. While this method could quite conceivably net a few, it is truly amazing that these visits alone could have succeeded in twenty-four cases. We must assume instead that the patrolman stood straight-faced at the urinal with his fly open until he was approached.

Our questions and complaints, however, do not concern themselves only with the security force, but with the legal processes of both the state and university. It is our feeling that to engage in physical contact in a public place and to disregard the sensitivities of one's fellow student-citizens, who must also use the public facilities, could reasonably warrant prosecution. However, it is also our opinion that mere solicitation in a bathroom is no more intolerable than a heterosexual proposition in the snack bar of the Student Union.

Of major relevance to the university community in these instances are the following questions. Eight students were arrested on charges of vagrancy by lewdness (homosexuality), and six of them have been asked to leave school, the remaining two are now receiving psychiatric help. Our question is, then, how did the administration determine who among them was acceptable for psychiatric help? Were the six expelled students given their constitutional procedural guarantees in their dealings with the university officials as well as the Lubbock authorities? If their legal rights were upheld, in what Dean's office was the trial held? And why were these students expelled when their alleged offense constituted the same legal weight ---a misdemeanor---and is given equal emphasis in the Code of Student Affairs as other prohibited activities (e.g. Liquor law violations)?

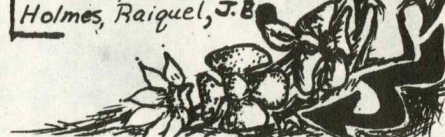
But one other question is of crucial immediacy. On the day the arrests were concluded, an eighteen year-old co-ed was assaulted, raped, and almost murdered within sight of a major campus intersection. Where was her "security" that morning? Who was standing in loco parentis as she painted the fence? Was our Traffic Security force on duty, or were they resting up from their rugged week of keeping sexual deviation off the Texas Tech campus?

Box 4611  
F STATION  
LUBBOCK, TX



Managing ed. LYNN RICHARDS  
production ed. SYD SHAW

FLUNKIES: Fletcher,  
Bearden, Fulcher, Searey,  
Finch, Stanton, Fisk, Hays,  
Duncan, Skidmore, Naylor,  
Sinclair, Chesshire, Buechel,  
Foreman, Newcomb,  
Holmes, Raiquel, J.B.



# Anti - War

Editor's note; The following is the text of a letter from the American Friends Service Committee in San Antonio:

The Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam, formed in Cleveland, Ohio, July 4 and 5, 1969, is organizing what promises to be the largest, most intensive anti-war campaign ever undertaken in the United States: The Fall Offensive - 1969. A big feature of the Fall Offensive

will be a massive anti-war demonstration in Washington on November 14 and 15.

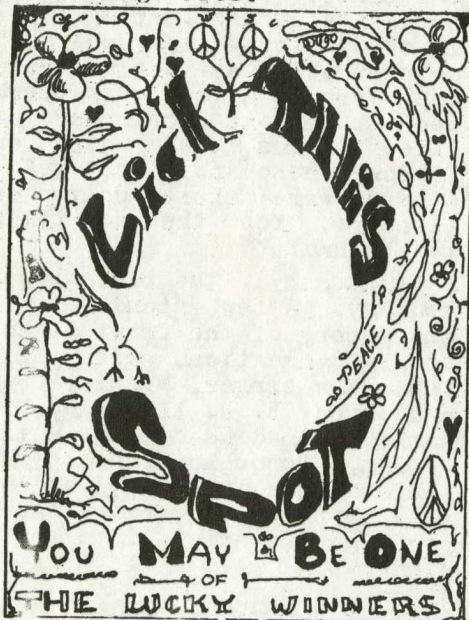
A very broad coalition is now in process of being formed. It includes representatives of black militants, student radicals, metropolitan, regional, and state-wide peace councils, religious groups, women's organizations, G.I. and veteran groups, political organizations, and campus bodies.

A major feature of the November Action will be a death march through Washington starting at mid-night on Nov. 13 and continuing through Nov. 15.

This action to end the war comes at an important time. If Nixon really wants out of Vietnam, he should welcome the pressure to get out.

Chartered busses will leave from San Antonio, Nov. 12, stopping in Dallas, Austin, Oklahoma City, Tulsa, and Fayetteville.

Cost: \$65-70  
Housing- Free!



## ICATSKILLIAN!

A kingdom once fruitful in harvest, philosophical in thought, and satisfied in conscience lay 95 miles to the south of the caprock as the crow flies. Clinging firmly to the ancient tradition, once in the calendar year the king of the city-state of Technicus, Groveron, would depart on a journey to consult the Oracle of Nadie through which the god Establishmentarius spoke. The peoples of Technicus had been endowed with the good fortune and privilege of looking into the future because they were the favorite kingdom of the god of wisdom and unity, Establishmentarius. Red and black banners were waived and bells in the towers rung for thirty minutes to celebrate Groveron's departure to consult the Oracle.

Upon reaching the Oracle of Nadie, Groveron consulted the field day for the heat

# People's Park

The use of a shotgun for purposes of war has been declared illegal by international law, as has the use of noxious gas. Yet, on May 15, 1969, both of these weapons were used indiscriminately against people whose most serious crime was throwing debris and squirting police with water from an uncapped fire hydrant. The final toll: a death, three punctured lungs, two men blinded as a result of being shot in the face, a shattered leg, a rupture complicated by massive internal infection, plus more than 100 injuries to demonstrators, reporters and bystanders, as opposed to 18 policemen treated for superficial cuts.

The whole incident began a month before, when it was decided by the students of Berkeley to create a public park from a piece of land owned by

# SDS 'Yipps' For Reform

The local chapter of the Students for a Democratic Society (S.D.S.) at Southern Methodist University is undergoing the possibility of disbandment. Members of the left-wing organization feel that the national movement of S.D.S. has accomplished its goal of instigating reform. However, in doing so, they feel that the S.D.S. has alienated a large portion of the campus and community populus. To remedy this the activist students at S.M.U. are planning to incorporate the philosophies of the Youth International Political Party better known as Yippies. They feel that the Y. I.P.P. will give them a chance to work for reform on a more personal basis.

high priest, Nixonius, who in turn conjured with the god of gods, Establishmentarius. "Sire, most humble and omniscient golden ruler of the universe, once again Groveron of Technicus had journeyed unto my oracle to consult your infallible wisdom." Establishmentarius thundered, "Speak forth mortal." To which the king replied, "Oh Establishmentarius, Creator of all that is good

continued on page six

the university which was no more than a lot full of abandoned cars, broken glass, and mudholes. Volunteers raised money, planted shrubs and sod and collected playground equipment. Gradually, the park began to take shape, until, suddenly and mysteriously, the university decided that another soccer field was "desperately" needed, despite the number of unused soccer fields already in existence. Overnight, the park was occupied with almost 3000 national guardsmen trampling the scrubs and driving heavy equipment over the newly planted sod, as an eight-foot steel-mesh fence was erected around the former playground. This was done in full knowledge that a bloody and violent confrontation would follow, as admitted by Chancellor Roger Heyns, who ordered the fence built. see page six

# Dope On Marijuana

M.E. Kowal, Dept. Entomology  
University of Georgia

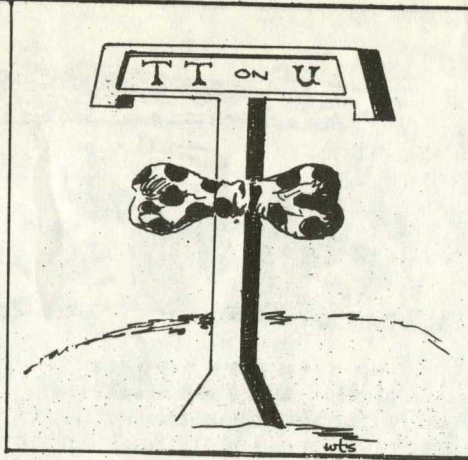
Once again, the lives of people close to us are being crippled because of the laws against the sale and possession of marijuana. There must be a very strong reason for the existence of such laws to warrant the damage done to these people's careers, social life and mental health.

As a scientist, I recognize that the scientific evidence does not justify the existence of such laws. The most recent scientific research on the subject, which includes a review of past research, gives marijuana a fairly clear bill of health, (Science 162:1234-42, 1968; also reports on the front page of the New York Times of 14 Dec. 1968). I suggest the original paper; I ask that any one planning a rebuttal to this letter read the original paper before taking pen in hand.

As a member of American society, I recognize that the ideal of our society do not justify the existence of such laws. If these laws are not based on irrational ones. One does not have to be very socially perceptive to recognize that the anti-marijuana laws are motivated primarily by intimately linked with intolerance of different life styles and different ideas, and is hardly consistent with the American ideal of freedom. The maintenance of such laws can only result in a closed society covered by a veneer of hypocrisy.

A free society does not have such laws. A humanistic society does not have such laws.

Although the anti-marijuana laws are irrational and unjust, I recognize that the University must obey them, and to this extent it is innocent. It is guilty, and responsible for the damage done to these people's lives, only to the extent that its intolerance helps to maintain these laws.



## more dope

The Nixon administration has many weighty problems to deal with in the coming years. Not the least of these are poverty, race relations, the ever present Vietnam war, and the threat of explosion in the middle East. Nixon has endeared himself to the hearts of millions of American WASPS, not by taking a firm stand on these pressing issues, but by going right to the core of the world's problems and declaring all out war on the price of marijuana. Marijuana as you

know, is a big favorite among little WASPS indulge in such vile past times, so they are all in favor of putting other people's little WASPS in prison for five years--or ten years--life. Nixon knows this. He knows that the big WASPS are getting restless. He wants to show them what a good president he is. He came up with a brilliant suggestion. He has decided to order the Mexican government to burn the marijuana fields. The objective is to make the price of grass so high that the average college student can't afford it. Of course anyone can still afford acid and blow his mind out permanently for five dollars. Anyone can still afford speed or smack. The Nixon administration is aware of this, and has stated that they hope the absence of grass will not lead the students to use stronger drugs. After all the years of screaming that marijuana led to stronger drugs, isn't it ironic that now they are afraid the absence of it will have the same effect. Of course, all of us who have grown to love our President know that he may be loveable, but he is just a tiny bit inconsistent.

# DALLAS POP

During the last weekend in August, Lewisville, Texas, a small town north of Dallas, was the scene of the Texas International Pop Festival. It was billed as three days of music and entertainment; the people who were there saw it as far more than just a simple concert.

By Friday night, the crowd was already gathering, even though the concert would not start until the next evening. The camping area was crowded with people sleeping under the

trees. Through the hazy dark, vague forms wandered about, as if in search of something.

Saturday morning, and everyone was ready for music. Some people headed for the lake and a cooling swim. Others waited

for the afternoon to arrive. All along the highway to the festival grounds, hitchhikers were walking, waiting for a ride. Nine of us piled on top of a car that seated two. With the police watching us, we all made it safely to the scene.

Waiting in the heat for the bands to start, I began to wonder what I was doing in that sweat-box. I sat there, drinking that 50¢ coke, and watched the other freaks that had migrated to this place in Texas. Some had come to hear the bands; others came out of curiosity (they wanted to see if these "long-haired weirdos" were as weird as the A-J said they were); a few were there because it was their way of life, it was their thing to follow these pop festivals; others were there only for pleasure, for the good times to be had.

Eventually, the bands began to play. A few stand out in the memory of the first night: Rotary Connection, with their fantastic singer, Minnie; Sam and Dave; B. B. King; Herbie Mann; Canned Heat; and Janis Joplin. Throughout that night the audience listened, and as they listened, a strange feeling began to enter into their minds.

continued on page six

# records

## SANTANA

"I do not write here to tell anyone what is good or bad. These terms mean nothing and belong to the world outside—the same world that murders what it creates and seeks out its youth for the television gas chamber. What I can tell you is only what I felt when I listened to the music." Strobe

One of the new groups sharing the scene at recent pop festivals was SANTANA, named for the group's vocalist and lead guitarist, Carlos Santana. Other members of the rapidly progressing group include Mike Carrabello (conga and percussion), Dave Brown (bass), Jose Chepito Areas (timbales, conga and percussion), Mike Shrieve (drums), and Gregg Rolie (piano, organ and vocals).

SANTANA's percussion players combine efforts for a fantastic effect — perhaps the best since Ron Bushy and the Iron Butterfly. When listening to SANTANA, I had a sense of participation in the process of making the music. I tap my feet to it, "drum" on the table, etc. because of the beat carried throughout the album by the group. The record is primarily instrumental lending itself easily to fit any mood.

Side one of the album includes "waiting", "Savor", and "Jingo" as instrumentals with a definite rhythm, combined with guitars, bass and organ to give them that sound which distinguishes them from all other groups. "Evil Ways" and "Shades of Time" combine the voices of Gregg Rolie and Carlos Santana along with the rhythm of the rest of the group for an equally fine effect.

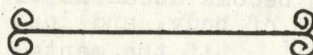
Side two tends to have more variation in the style of the group. On "Percussion" and "You Just Don't Care" guitarist Santana demonstrates his abilities as a heavy guitarist on this side moreso than on side one. Beginning as a slow blues, "Treat" picks up tempo, then reverts back to the original tempo near the end of the instrumental cut. Ending the album is "Soul Sacrifice", a predominately percussion instrumental characteristic of the style so unique of SANTANA.

# CULCHAH

## The Music Box

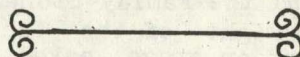
Tinseled pins  
prick the steel comb  
in the lacquered wooden head  
that stutters and screams  
with its mouthful  
of mechanical hair.

wayne buechel



By Lynn Heath

When spring had come, I searched in every direction for you. I looked among the new, green leaves for the fresh, delicate youth of your face and listened for your gentle singing in the early morning breezes. And sometimes I thought perhaps I saw you, in a fleeting glimpse of reflected sunlight, running softly over a distant field. And sometimes I knew I heard your voice, caught within the boughs of the trees and laughing lightly from limb to limb. And sometimes in the night I could feel your presence, light and clinging as a cobweb, drifting through the window and falling like dust into my dreams. And sometimes when I was alone in the late afternoon and evening, I would feel the shadow of your touch press upon my spirit and be filled with an uncertain longing. And yet, I could never find you, nor even grasp for a moment any part of you. For in that spring you were nothing but a hope in my heart, a promise never fulfilled.



candle animals  
throb in heartbeats  
press cat paws  
padding into the  
rhythm-minded

the whine and cry  
of moon music  
sparks with  
electric campfires  
deep within  
cave brain  
and cavern soul

wayne buechel

## super-flick?

## MERCY HUMPPE!

**Editor's note:** Since none of the other staff would waste money seeing this farce, this review slipped in uncontested.

Anthony Newley's magnum opus "Can Heironymous Merkin Forget Mercy Humppe and Find True Happiness?" is a rollicking film of excellent quality. It is not, however, a film for the simple-minded. In the spirit of "Johanna," "Merkin" is a free-wheeling, spontaneous tragic-comedy, using both deft handling of its media in order to make its point.

Newley's treatment of the critics leaves no out. He asks for no quarter and gives none. And, where some would use this film to show the new depths to which the industry has sunk, this critic would rather refer to the added depth of understanding demonstrated by this new film. This film is an exercise in artistic excellence. It is one of the finest products of the contemporary Establishment cinema.

True, it has more skin per square mm. of celluloid than anything else shown this side of that flick west of town that made the money that made the Governor. But this allows Newley to prove his point both satirically and aesthetically. (Besides, Playboy's pictorial review was a little overdrawn)

"Heironymous Merkin" has something for everybody. Even Merkin's own mother sits thru it. It is almost a musical! Two songs, "I'm All I Need" and "Lullaby," written by Newley and Herbert Kratzmer, have enough merit to stand on their own. So, if you can imagine girls like Mercy Humppe and Polyester Poontang, George Jessel as Death, and Milton Berle as Satan (Goodtime Eddie Filth), then you should see this show. And if you can not imagine them, you need to see Anthony Newley in "Heironymous Merkin."

# CONT'D

## people's park from page three

The following morning found the streets filled with people bitter over the loss of the little park they had worked so hard to create. These were not just radicals or street people but a cross section of the city and campus itself.

As the crowd began to move toward the park, a police car appeared and began to dispel the people with tear gas, hinting at the infamous areal gassing which was to follow, and which gassed demonstrators, shoppers, and a group of elementary school children alike.

As the march abruptly ended, rumors began to circulate that the 15-man Sheriff's squad had begun shooting people. It soon became apparent that people were indeed being shot and mutilated with birdshot, and despite the original denial, by the Sheriff, later affirmed, with 00 buckshot. Numerous

photographs made by reporters and eyewitness accounts point to the indiscriminate firing of 12-gage magnum shotguns into crowds and individuals without provocation. The most seriously injured was James B. Rector, who was shot in the stomach while watching the interaction on the street from a rooftop. Taken bleeding and unconscious to the street below by friends, where police refused to summon aid, he was forced to wait 45 minutes for an ambulance to take him to a hospital, where he later died.

A photograph published in the San Francisco Chronical clearly shows a deputy shooting a fleeing youth in the back. The photographer reported that no command to halt had been given. Several photographs show similar incidents of police shooting persons offering no threat to either property or the officers themselves.

Finally, after the violence ended, and Berkely had returned to a semblance of normality the Board of Regents voted to convert the people's park land which they had needed badly enough to justify death and the mutilation of a hundred people into a student housing project.

**COVER:** Lubbock Police Dept. riot tank.

## catskillian from page three

and holy, a thousand pardons for disturbing your sacred vigilance, but my subjects of Technicus, long favored by you do most humbly request the prophecy of the forthcoming year." Big "E" spoke, "Groveron, my favored son, a terrible conflagration will fall upon your city-state. A holocaust in the form of an invisible, intangible force of destruction will engulf Technicus. An Apathasphinx will appear in your midst with a riddle you have not the wisdom to answer. Your

people, puzzled by the riddle will become decadent of mind, frail of body, and lost in spirit if the mental monster is not defeated. And alas oh fateful mortal; I can not give the answer without destroying myself."

And so it came to pass that Groveron returned to spread his fateful message throughout Technicus. The Apathasphinx posed the riddle: "What feeds on its environment in the morning, feeds on himself at noon, and is fed upon by its enemies at night?" None of the exuberant youths nor senile elders could solve the riddle; thus, each day they became more insipid. Groveron, very

## dallas pop from page four

As the days passed, this feeling grew until one could almost see it, floating as a blue haze above the crowd. Soon, all the barriers and hangups that the crowd had, come to Lewisville with were abandoned as no longer useful. Strangers were no longer to be distrusted, feared, avoided. The forces of Love grew.

The next two days came, and with them, Groups like Spirit, Led Zeppelin, Tony Jow White, Santana, Johnny Winter, and Sly and the Family Stone. The last night of the festival, a group on stage asked everyone in the audience to stand up, light a match, and look at his neighbors. When 40,000 people do this, it creates an impression that the entire world is with you, and that everyone is your friend and brother.

This was not an idle dream; the practical application of peace and love worked. For a few brief days, a diverse mob of people were a whole, united by bonds of humanity and love. Lewisville, for a time, was one large family, with each

frightened at the prospect of watching his city-state fall announced that whoever could help him solve the riddle would become the spokesman for his regal personality winning recognition as just reward. But the populous became more apathetic and mindless as each day passed. Finally, a bearded savior from the wilds beyond Mount Catskill wandered into Groveron's domain. Hearing of the dread riddle, he went immediately to visit Groveron in his halls of pine paneling. Although Groveron was offended by the Catskillian's looks, he listened anxiously to his answer. The

Catskillian confided that the answer to the Apathasphinx's riddle was: "A man. His mind grows with his parents in infancy, thinks for himself in the awareness of young adulthood, and is killed in Vietnam on reaching maturity." When Groveron heard this answer, he was struck by even greater fear for he knew that if the Catskillian answered the Apathasphinx and saved Technicus, he would destroy Establishmentarius.

Recognizing the danger of having this intellegent person around, he had the Catskillian seized; and isolated in a dark corner under the stairs of the Studius Unionium forever.

member caring for the others, each interested in the others, not because it was the thing to do, but because we really believed in it.

And it worked. Someday soon, perhaps, this feeling of unselfishness, this idea of true brotherhood, this sharing of life will spread throughout the world. When that day comes a man can truly say, "We are all Brothers."

Somehow, what happened at Lewisville was hidden by the controversy over the dope-taking and nude swimming. But Lewisville was more than just a simple concert. Lewisville had a feel to it, an aura that everyone there, from the farthest gone speed-freak to the cop patrolling the grounds felt and eventually believed.

Lewisville demonstrated that people can live together in peace; there was no violence there, other than that caused by drunk locals. We did it, we lived in peace. We shared our food, our water, our blankets; everything that any of us had was shared with our friends, and everyone there was our friend.