

the Catalyst

vol. II issue 1 25¢

4611 TECH STATION

Aug. 26 - Sept. 8

LUBBOCK, TEXAS.



THE CATALYST IS LEGAL

(Read all about our trial in this fabulous issue!)

UPPER LEFT

Volume II of the CATALYST is here! With a year of semi-periodic publication behind us, we have thus far survived ideological harassment, printing hassles, a banning, a tornado, dissent in our own ranks, a law suit in federal court, and several staff parties.

We have taken it upon ourselves to counter-orientate any new students with our first issue of the long term. It is indeed one of unprecedented altruism, with a local media primer, landmarks in inferior decorating, advice to the stricken student, and even some good articles.

Assuming that there are some new people in the Tech community this fall, the CATALYST is a loosely organized, semi-underground journal of dissent, kept alive by a band of maladjusted but nonetheless interested students. The philosophy of the paper rests solely upon the word of our lead writer, well-beloved Emmet "The Pirate" Grogan. We steal copy, but more than that, we take a vow to "sail against all flags, asking no quarter and giving none." We like to think of ourselves as a supplement to the other local media, filling in whatever voids they choose to forget. Anyone can work--- we always need typists, lay-out people, masochists, artists, writers, and scapegoats.

Those interested in verbally exposing piety, beauracracy, injustice, racism, and some very nasty people, are invited to the first CATALYST-Channing Club joint committee on petty bitching meeting in the SUB at 7:00 on Sept 1.

As elections draw near, the real question is what the liberals will do. There is a move by the Rebuilding Committee to gain a two party state by voting for the Republicans this time because Bentsen and Smith are so conservative. The county conventions were peaceful and liberals were accorded a dignity rarely remembered in the annals of the usually combatant Democrats.

Preston Smith is looking for ways to soothe the liberals who are still smarting from the pain of Yarborough's defeat. He attended a testimonial dinner for Yarborough recently in Fort Worth. Smith has come out in favor of permanent voter registration. This is a very important thing that Senator Mike McKool has been fighting for. The present voter laws are designed to disenfranchise minorities through cumbersome annual registration. Smith has taken a giant step in the right direction by supporting McKool's plan.

Another important consideration for the upcoming legislature will be the marijuana laws. Ben Barnes and Smith's opponent Paul Eggers have both come out in favor of a more liberal law. They favor making first offense possession a misdemeanor. Smith has remained silent on this important issue. How about it Preston, do you really want liberal support or do the Republicans get the statehouse?

RETRACTION

One of our staffers was on a visit to the Lubbock Police Department and he ran into Carey Stafford. Stafford said, "Hey, that wasn't me that broke Aquero's arm. It was my brother, Billy." In our last issue we incorrectly reported that Carey Stafford broke the arm of Billy Aquero, President of the Tech Chicano group, Los Tertulianos. We apologize to Carey.

Come to Tech Terrace Park on 24th and Flint on Sept. Fifth at Noon, for a picnic. Everyone is invited to the FIRST ANNUAL CATALYST FREAK SHOW, ARTS FAIR, MUSIC FESTIVAL, AND PICNIC. Bring food for a picnic and things to share!

When you are sad and weary, remember the CATALYST loves you.

Letters to the Editor

One of our fans from Barksdale, Texas sent us this little jewel. Keep them cards and letters comin' friends!

To: People Who are Killing Our Country!

I hope working for that stupid paper some day you'll see your not only hurting yourself, but our country.

I would like to know. Have you ever stopped to think long enough, that their might be a different way of stopping things you don't like? I know you haven't or your stupid, one of the other. I really hope some day you'll change. And I hope the change is for the better.

What I can't understand is how you can work for an underground newspaper as old as you are. Also knowing of the past. And the things that you print are the same way it was before. Maybe, you need to see a doctor. If you can say things against you all. And I'm not hurting anybody who is not involved.

I also hope some day soon you will read some out of the bible. Then you will see you've done wrong and you can find out what you can do to be a much better person.

What kick do you get taking dope? Losing your money and brain, I guess. Better luck next time choosing friends and deciding what's right or wrong.

Some other time if I think of some other way to cut you down, don't worry, I will.

Guess Who?????

(Marginal notes)
What happened to the good old days?
You Tell Me!!!
You took them away,
FEEL ANY BETTER??

OUR STAFF

THE CATALYST

BOX 4611 TECH STATION

AUG. 26 1970

SHAW, CROWDER, BOB,
CHARLIE, JIM G., ANDY,
BOYER, MIKE, KLEIN,
EMMET GROGAN, HANK
LNU - FRANKS

LUBBOCK, TEXAS



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS THE CATALYST??

What sort of man reads the CATALYST? We think our readers represent thousands of millionaire consumers who spend their money only at stores that advertise in the CATALYST. Our readers are so loyal that they even mail money anonymously to those wonderful folks that advertise with us.

Well, it isn't quite that much yet, but commercialism has bitten us right in the thigh. We like for people to buy ads. Go visit our adver-

tisers and tell them the CATALYST sent you. It will surprise the hell out of them!

As is our prerogative, we have established some general advertising policies. We definitely will not accept ads from Charlie Guy or from any Charlie Guy front organizations such as the Board of City Development. We also refuse to advertise for Martin Bormann or the Ku Klux Klan although we might consider it if they paid a little extra.

THE ACLU NEEDS YOU

The American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) who did such an admirable job of representing the Catalyst and also the Lubbock and Tahoka Chicanos, who wanted to wear armbands to school, are now in financial straights here in Lubbock. Their efforts have earned them the respect of those who had sought to repress. The Lubbock Civil Liberties Union has also been rewarded for their efforts by an empty coffer.

The existence of the CLU in Lubbock for the next year is threatened by a lack of funds. Because of this the Catalyst wishes to make the following offer. We will match all donations made to the ACLU that we receive. All interested parties may send their donations to our address, Box 4611, Tech Station. Please make all checks payable to the Lubbock Civil Liberties Union. If donation is in cash please write ACLU on the envelope.

the Catalyst Trial



by Prof. Ted Taylor & Capt. Dale Pontius.

Texas Tech University, nestled in the middle of a friendly, churchy, "Lucky Me I live in Lubbock" atmosphere, for the most part has been spared from protest from the student body. The student population of 19,000 still comes primarily from West Texas, and an abundance of cowboy boots and hats is still seen on campus. However, in recent years the various colleges in the University related to the social sciences and humanities have been growing, and Tech now boasts of graduate programs in all the humanities, and of new schools of law and medicine. With this diversification, Tech's student body is slowly being transformed, and it seems as if there is no longer a "safe"

campus in Texas, to which one can send a youngster and feel reasonably certain he won't be exposed to the true educational process, including the Movement and its assorted vices.

Students at Tech are becoming more aware of issues which vitally affect their lives but over which they have no control or influence. In this past year, with the installation of synthetic turf on the football field, completion of plans for a new athletes' dormitory, hiring of a new football coach, and the performance of the Coaches' All-American football game (Tech still harbors faint dreams of achieving football parity with the University of Texas at Austin), there also existed on the campus a bitter controversy over the proposed change in the name of the University, the activities of the October and November Moratoriums, voter registration efforts, and the publication of an underground student newspaper, The Catalyst. Even the usually placid University Daily showed a marked change in emphasis and a spark of independent journalism.

The Catalyst, however, aiming its persistent barbs at the Tech administration and the Lubbock establishment, has been the real thorn in the side of the "law and order" animal. On January 13, 1970, Volume 1 Issue 6 of The Catalyst was summarily banned from sale or distribution on the Tech campus. Prior to this issue, the paper's staff, through its campus sponsor, the Channing

Club, permission to sell the paper in the Tech Student Union Building and in the campus bookstore. Vice President for Student Affairs Owen Caskey, in announcing the ban on the grounds that the paper was in "poor taste" and contained "objectionable words," threatened with severe disciplinary action any student apprehended in the act of selling or giving away the paper.

Supporters of the Paper believed that the reason for the ban was not the general content of the paper nor the use of objectionable (i.e., four-letter) words, but rather was the persistent satire and criticism of Tech officialdom. In particular, the issue contained an article ("Meet Morality Fats") about the new football coach, Jim Carlen. Carlen had been widely quoted in the Lubbock

press as being a strict disciplinarian of the athletes who would not tolerate drinking, smoking, class cutting, or long hair or sideburns, and who insisted on a trim physique and church attendance on Sunday for everyone, players and coaches. The Catalyst called attention to one aspect of the college athlete's life (at least for some athlete somewhere!) which the coach had overlooked: screwing. The article was found to be objectionable by Tech administrators solely for the use of that word! (To illustrate the type of censorship employed, another objectionable article contained the sentence "Fighting for peace is like fucking for chastity." Tech officials maintained that the writer could have conveyed his message in a nicer way without using "fucking.")

In an effort to restore the sale of the paper to the campus, Catalyst staffers met with Tech administrators, including President Grover E. Murray and others. When no relief was forthcoming, the writers of the paper asked the American Civil Liberties Union, through the local chapter, for assistance.

On behalf of the campus sponsor of the paper, a complaint was filed in U.S. District Court, seeking to enjoin the Tech Board of Regents and its administrative officials from enforcing their ban. ACLU cooperating attorney Thomas J. Griffith stated in his complaint that "in truth, the publication was banned on account of criticism of university officials, faculty, and policy, and political comments contrary to the prevailing views of the Board of Regents and certain officers of the University." Griffith also charged that the Code of Student Affairs was "vague and too general for constitutional enforcement," claiming in particular that the section on student publications contained within itself "the chilling grip of unconstitutional censorship."

Tech was represented in the case by its resident counsel, William R. Shaver, by the office of the Attorney General of Texas, and by the firm of Greshaw, Dupre and Milam, one of Lubbock's most prestigious law firms. In Tech's reply brief, it was emphasized that subsequent issues of the paper would have been banned but for the filing of the suit.

Cont. next column

The Catalyst's request for a permanent injunction and summary judgement was denied by Judge Halbert O. Woodward on May 14, 1970, on the grounds that "questions of material fact remain to be decided." Judge Woodward scheduled a hearing on the case for August 4, 1970.

At the hearing, attorney Griffith called witnesses to show (a) that The Catalyst was a legitimate newspaper and journal of opinion, containing material of literary, social, and religious value; (b) that it was not obscene under any current judicial standard of obscenity; (c) that on the Tech campus, in the University Library, the University Bookstore, and the Student Union Building, were volumes of literature and periodicals of a more controversial nature which were available to students and faculty without restriction (including the works of Che Guevara, Leroi Jones, Eldridge Cleaver and other Black Panthers, the soundtracks of "Hair" and "Easy Rider," Playboy magazine, and the Texas Observer); (d) that the banned

issue of the paper not only did not advocate violence and disrespect for the political system, but condemned violent tactics and urged students to seek social change through established channels; and (e) that Tech in banning the paper had denied the students even the most elementary procedural rights.

Witnesses testified to the harmful effects of censorship, and to the value of The Catalyst as satirical comment on topics of concern to students. Dr. John Miller, Lubbock psychiatrist, testified that the publication of student newspapers, underground or otherwise, serves as a "safety valve" to release hostilities against persons in positions of authority. Tech psychologist Dr. Richard Jones supported this testimony, and both testified that the suppression of the "relatively harmless" methods of protest could lead to more violent means of expression and conduct. Reverend Donald Coleman, Presbyterian campus minister, and Reverend Daniel G. Higgins, minister of the Unitarian-Universalist church, testified to the considerable moral insight in the articles in The Catalyst.

Defense attorney Tom S. Milam stressed the issue of decency and community standards of morality. Hard pressed on the obscenity issue, Milam attempted to develop the argument that The Catalyst was responsible for a lowering of moral standards, for contributing to a disrespect for authority, and for contributing to the eventual breakdown of the essential functions of the university. The defense argument essentially was that by reading four letter words in The Catalyst, but not by reading them in other materials, students would be encouraged to use the words in classes and in criticism of those in authority.

Tech President Murray and Executive Vice President Glenn Barnett testified that the language used in The Catalyst was unacceptable to the large majority of Tech students and faculty, and was contributing to a loss of respect and to disorder. Dr. Barnett saw a clear pattern of events in which the first step leading to inevitable violence on campus is the presence on a campus of an underground newspaper. Dr. Murray saw on the Tech campus all of the symptoms of a breakdown of the educational process: increased use of drugs, confrontation politics, and the publication of an underground newspaper. However, neither witness was able to give a single example of actual disruption on the campus which could be attributed to the publication of

CON'T on P.14

IT'S A COMPLIMENT TO BE COPIED

The HOLE IN THE WALL GANG



Left to Right — Pam Cass, Mitzi Johnson, Sharla Alexander, Vicki Thompson, Joyce Fendley and Pam Stephens.
Store Manager, Pam Stephens, and the gang invites everyone to come see America's number one most wanted look in threads.

"It's better to be looked over — Than overlooked."

OPEN 9:00 A.M. TO 8:00 P.M.

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VIETNAM



THE EPITOME of INSANITY



BY MIKE MARTIN

Editors Note: Mike Martin returned from Viet Nam last October. He was in the I Corps area with the Americal Division. Mike received the Purple Heart, Bronze Star, and the Silver Star. We asked Mike to write a personal account for the CATALYST. He says the incident he describes is typical.

Ever since I can remember there were deer heads and antlers hanging in the homes of my family reflecting the masculinity of the menfolk. I have heard and reheard the hunting tales of the bagging of the big bucks. I never felt much of a desire to do that sort of thing, but one day, for some reason, I suppose I was looking for recognition, I donned a red cap, picked up a gun and went hunting.

After some time I sighted a buck. He was a giant, and free, and proud, a beautiful creature. I looked down my sights at him...but I just didn't want to go through with it...I couldn't. I finally fired the shot into the air and the buck bounded gracefully out of sight. It was a beautiful moment. I often thought about the irony of this incident after I started killing human beings.

Yeah, I killed people. For a whole year that was my thing. I got really good at it. It was all legal, of course. They pinned medals on me for it. This was a war, you see. It's all right to kill people in war. And, after all, they aren't really people, they're "Gooks." Right? And they have a different conception of life than we pure-bred Anglo-Saxons. They want to die.

My mind became completely twisted. It was like the Dr. Jekyll-Mr. Hyde trip. The Army has a very effective brain washing system. You're not even aware of what's happened to you until it's all over.

It starts in basic training where they teach you how to kill and maim your fellow human beings. But that's secondary. Primarily they make you want to kill.

You spend hours on end thrusting a heavy M-14 rifle, with a bayonet on the end, at imaginary "Gooks," and screaming "Kill!" with each thrust. Over and over and over again...

"Kill....Kill....Kill...."

"Louder, you pussys! You sound like girl scouts! You better put some spirit into this or you're gonna be doing it all night long!"

"Kill....Kill....Kill...."

"Louder!"

And your arms feel like they'll come off at the shoulders.

"Kill....Kill....Kill...."

And your throat is on fire...

"Kill...Kill...Kill!"

"Louder, Pussys!"

And you begin to mean it...

"Kill!!!"

"That's more like it."

Then comes the "Nam" trip...the ultimate bumper... the confusion... the infuriating pain...the frustration...the insanity. You look at your brothers blown half in two and you're finally out of your mind...completely...Mr. Hyde, Unlimited...Kill...Kill...Kill!!!

My Lai really blew everyone's mind. People were under the impression that we were in Viet Nam passing out candy and gum to the cute, little, starving kids. People have rationalized My Lai to be an isolated incident. Believe me, it happens every day. I know, it happened to me.

We were on a blocking force. Our objective was to stop any Vietnamese that tried to leave a village that was being searched. We had been hiding in the bushes for some time when an old woman appeared about a hundred yards to our front carrying a couple of baskets of rice. Someone stood up and called for her to stop and come to us. The frightened old woman started walking in the other direction. Someone fired a "warning shot"...and the old woman's head exploded.

Two guys went to her to confirm that she was dead and to see if she had any money. The guy who killed her was complimented on a terrific shot. When I read about the incident in the brigade newspaper the old woman was described as an "evading Viet Cong."

....Kill!...Kill!...Kill!..."

Three of us were sitting in the shade rapping. One guy told the story of how he had shot a "gook" in the head with a .45 and stuck a cigarette in the hole. The other guy told of the time he set a "hootch" on fire with a baby inside. And how he'd literally cut the mother in half with a machine gun when she tried to rescue her child. He even went into detail about how the baby screamed and what it's body finally looked like. They laughed their nervous, sick laughs and I went looking for a different shady spot. Later I heard other guys confirm the two hero's stories.

"...Kill!...Kill!...Kill!..." Master of SS of 022, I betov

We had walked about ten miles in the blistering heat by noon. We stopped in a "friendly" village to take a break and eat. I had been walking point, that is first man in the file, and was really exhausted. My friend, Boyd, and I dove into the river fully clothed to cool off. We laughed and took pictures of each other. Then we went into a hootch where an old woman was cooking and ate our C-rations and talked. It was the usual raps about the damned heat and how great it would be to get back to the world and live like human beings again. Boyd was married and his wife was pregnant and he talked about her a lot.

After the break we put our rucksacks back on and continued on our way. We crossed the river and walked into the middle of a mine field.

All the people in the village, our South Vietnamese allies, knew we were headed into the mine fields but not one of them bothered to tell us.

It was my job to spot mines and booby traps but I didn't see that one. I stepped over it. The guy behind me stepped over it. Boyd was third back. He hit it.

There was an explosion. Shrapnel flew over my head. I had heard that awful sound before. I knew what it was. Chills ran up my spine. I took off my rucksack and started running back. Someone was screaming for a medic.

I couldn't believe what I saw. Boyd was lying in a ditch. He didn't have any legs.....

It took them off at the hips...it looked like spaghetti where they were ripped off...it had to be a dream, a nightmare...if it were real someone would do something about it.

I looked at him for what seemed like an eternity. Then I heard someone screaming to the rear elements.

"Burn that fucking Ville! Kill every fucking gook in it!"

It was me doing the screaming. And I was crying. My God! No! Not Boyd! Not Boyd! So unreal.

The village was blazing. Shots were being fired. The people were running. The company commander told them to bring back one prisoner alive.

We "interrogated" the prisoner. We beat him until the company commander stopped us.

"Don't kill the son of a bitch. I want to use him for a mine detector."

A medivac chopper landed, to pick up what was left of Boyd and another guy.

The Colonel, who had been flying around in a helicopter called on the radio and told us to continue in the same direction. Our company commander told him to "get fucked" and we went back the other way with the Vietnamese prisoner walking about twenty yards in front of us.

When we reached an open field we sat up a defensive perimeter for the night. I asked the company commander if we were through with the "gook." He said yes. So I took the old man into the bushes and shot him in the head.

I didn't feel anything. It was like squashing a bug. I calmly put the .45 back in the holster and walked away. Witnesses to the murder said it was the coolest thing they had ever seen. Yeah, Clint Eastwood couldn't have pulled it off better.

At last, I was part of it. I was "hard core". From then on killing was easy for me. I even grew to like it. I wouldn't let anyone else walk point because I could kill more if I always got there first. I didn't care about risks just so I could...

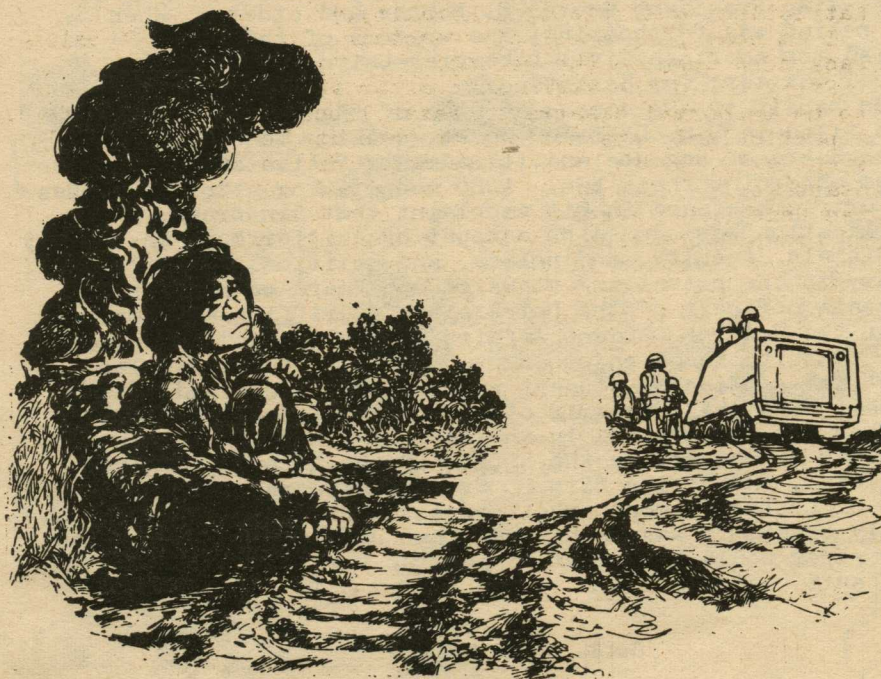
...KILL!...KILL!...KILL!!

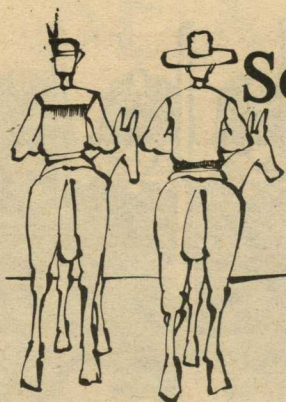
So now I'm back in "the world", a hero. People pat me on my back and tell me what a good boy I am for "serving my country." But what if my country is wrong? What if all those patriotic Germans didn't support Hitler.

"But we've got to stop them awful communists!"

But what if the people in Vietnam want Communism? What if they hate our guts and want us to go home so they can just live in peace? But we say "By God you'll live in a democracy and be free or we'll blow your brains out."

What if your 15 year old son or brother dies in Vietnam five years from now? Or what if he comes home without legs or what if he comes home in one piece and lies in bed each night thinking, "My God! What have I done?"





South toward home

BY

MOLLY IVINS

Editors Note: Miss Ivins is the new co-editor of the Texas Observer. She has worked on The Minneapolis Tribune for the past three years and has won several journalism awards. The Texas Observer is on sale at the SUB newsstand. To subscribe, send a \$7.30 check to 504 West 24th, Austin, Texas 78705.

Going back to Texas? Ivins, you're out of your god-damn mind.

And they told me again all the things that make Minnesota a better place to live. The schools are better, the health care is better, the mental institutions more humane, the prisons more enlightened, and the courts more just. And also, Minnesota has bars.

And Minnesota's newspapers are superior and its politicians are progressive and its climate no lousier and its laws more sane. And its racism is thin-blooded and polite.

I can't help it. I love the state of Texas. It's a harmless perversion.

I love the gritty, down on the ground quality of Texans, their love of a good yarn and the piss and vinegar of their speech, not yet watered down to Standard Television American. I enjoy that abiding interest in kin, even unto the inlaws of second cousins. And I like the pleasant open vulgarity of Texans. Honest vulgarity is so much nicer than affected gentility. And Texas ain't genteel.

But there are rednecks down there, protested the Minnesotans, and the people are so crassly materialistic.

So. As Sinclair Lewis pointed out, there are yahoos in Sauk Centre and Babbitts in Duluth and what the hell difference does it make that they don't speak with a Texas twang.

Saying all these comforting things to myself, I started my hejira home with all my worldly goods, two cats and rubber plant in a teenage Mercury that doesn't go backwards. Sort of like the littlest piggy, I worried, worried, worried all the way home.

"Roots!" Berryman the poet had said scornfully. "What are you, a plant?" Had I over-romanticized Texas? Again?

Two years before I had come home for a visit in an orgy of sentimentality. I'd been gone long enough to forget about Texans and football -- not a game, but a matter of blood and death. I'd arrived in Austin the weekend of the Texas-Arkansas game to find 50,000 drunks running around town shrieking "soooooooooooooo, pig, pig, pig, pig."

My brother had taken me forthwith to the pre-game party at the fraternity house. We drank. We went to the game. We drank. We went to the post-game party. We drank. And Andy finally located his "big brother" in the fraternity, one Reggie from Big Spring. It seemed that Ol' Reg had never made it from the pre-game party to the game. He stayed at the house and drank right into the post game party. By the time Andy got Reggie under one arm and me under the other to make the big introduction -- his big sister to his "big brother" -- Ol' Reg was thoroughly juiced. He swayed a little peered at me through an alcoholic haze, noticed I was a female, reached over and grabbed my right breast and squeezed saying, "Hieh!"

Right on, Southern gentlemen. I was going back to that? I whipped across the border doing 80 and feeling queasy. I have been gone long enough to be astonished at familiar. The incredibly vast sky. The enveloping heat. Grown men who chew gum. Whitewall tires. Howdy. Grits. And folks who speak to you in public places just to be sociable. In the great cities of the north, any stranger who addressed you in a public place wants your money, your body, or your time.

I am home, and I've still got dung on my boots and Chidsey in my heart. (Alan Lake Chidsey, former headmaster of St. John's School in Houston, was much given to sermonizing during Wednesday morning chapel on School Sprit, Patriotism, and Episcopal Morality.)

I am home with an unholy rejoicing in my soul at being back here down on the ground.

Everyone in the state left of Grover Cleveland appears to be in normal disarray. Texas liberals, I once wrote in a particularly pretentious article at journalism school, eventually become either alcoholic or paranoid. They start seeing Birchers under every bed the same way Birchers see Reds under every bed. They are also prone to fits of group depression. Alas, Yarborough, Alas, Siber. Who am I to make light of it?

But I must confess that I rather relish the political situation here, if only because there is no shortage of proper villains in Texas. The battles are so lifeless elsewhere, ever fought on tedious shades of gray. Down here the baddies were black hats and one can loathe them with a cheerful conscience. Who can hate Hubert Humphrey? One might, in an access of passion, work up to despising him, but one can't hate him.

Hatred is hardly a thing to take pride in, but I believe there is a difference between the anger of bitterness and despair and the anger of righteousness. The latter, when not wholly lacking in humor, is a just and cleansing thing. The battles here are battles worth fighting.

I find, as usual, fratricidal combat rampant among Texas liberals. It seems to have taken on a new dimension with the extension of the political spectrum leftward. Now even Texans are playing I am more radical than thou.

And, as always, too many good people have left while too many others have left off trying.

It is true that there is much in the culture of Texas that is dehumanizing and oppressive. Perhaps the most sickening aspect of it to one long absent is the prevalence of physical violence. Overt violence is so common here and so at variance with the casual civility also peculiar to Texans. This is not a very civilized place.

But I believe that in the kindness of Texans, evidenced in their everyday courtesy toward one another, is a mine of civilization which can be worked to make this, at last, a place where people can grow up gentle. It is an effort worth making.

O WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO MY FLAG

* One of the contestants for Miss Grain Sorgum had a stars and stripes costume and gave a patriotic speech.

* One of the liquor stores on the strip flies an American flag on the same pole as his neon sign.

* A Tech Traffic Security officer put the flag under his shirt to keep it from demonstrators during the Kent State demonstration.

* Tech administrators wives and Coach's wives gave a party during the All American football frenzy and had flag name tags which they wrote on.

* People put decal flags under STP stickers on their pickups

* Right wing YAF types wear hardhats with flag decals along with business suits to express a political view.

* In the Avalanche Journal (a so called newspaper) newsroom, there is a soiled and blackened flag that supposedly flew over the "battle" of Tonkin Bay. Naval testimony before Senate committees has established there was no "battle" of Tonkin Bay.

* In a Lubbock discount store they sell poor quality plastic flags that disintegrate easily. On display they touched the floor and already had holes in them.

* Lubbock Police wear flags on their shoulders in clear violation of Texas Law.

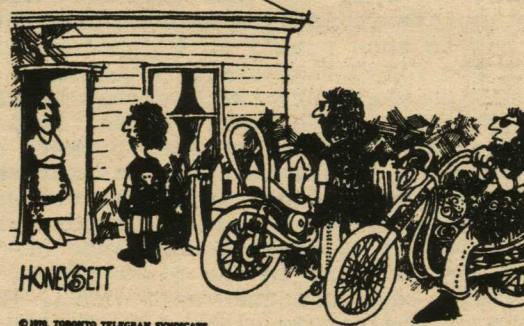
* Dr. Grover E. Murray can only lower the flag when President Nixon gives him the O.K.

* A 48 star flag was recently observed flying over the Lubbock Post Office.

* The Department of Public Safety flies only a Texas flag.

* The First National Bank flies a Confederate flag, an open affront to Blacks.

* One of those sickening clothing stores on University used the flag in a sales display to lay items on.



"Can John come out to play?"

Albino Elks

The elk, a large, hooved member of the deer family is found primarily in Northern regions of Europe and Asia. This magnificent animal can stand 6½ feet high at the shoulder with an antler spread of over five feet.

It is distressing that this noble animal was chosen as the name of a brotherhood, now comprised of over 1,300,000 members, whose founding principles are purported to be "charity, justice, and brotherly love."

The hypocrisy of The Benovolent and Protective Order of Elks has recently been exposed at the national convention held in San Francisco where the delegates voted 1,550 to 22 to retain

the lodge's white's-only membership requirement. The current Elk's constitution requires that prospective members be white, over 20, believers in God, U.S. citizens, and persons who have never been associated with subversive organizations.

Otho DeVilbiss, Chicago delegate, stated that "race is not a controversial issue with us." He continued to "defy anyone to define the white race."

The Elks have a fine record of service to their fellow men, but it is unfortunate that such an organization should embody as their standards the antithesis of "charity, justice, and brotherly love."



RADICAL RESPONSIBILITY

BY DAN BIDWELL

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following article was written in criticism of past CATALYST articles that disagreed with radical rhetoric and the use of violence as a political measure. It reflects only the view of the author.

What follows is partly an exposition of radical viewpoint toward violence, and presents the concept that violence is a necessary aspect of dissent. But this is not to be confused with the notion that violence is a necessary tactic. The latter is what is commonly called "radical violence," and some mention is made to how the radical evolves into this stance. But this exposition is not promoting violence, nor does it condemn it; it is not an opinion, not a judgement, but an attempt to show how the radical's conception of violence differs from his liberal critic's. It also shows how certain assumptions which the radical conception makes, if true, vitiate the critic's attitudes.

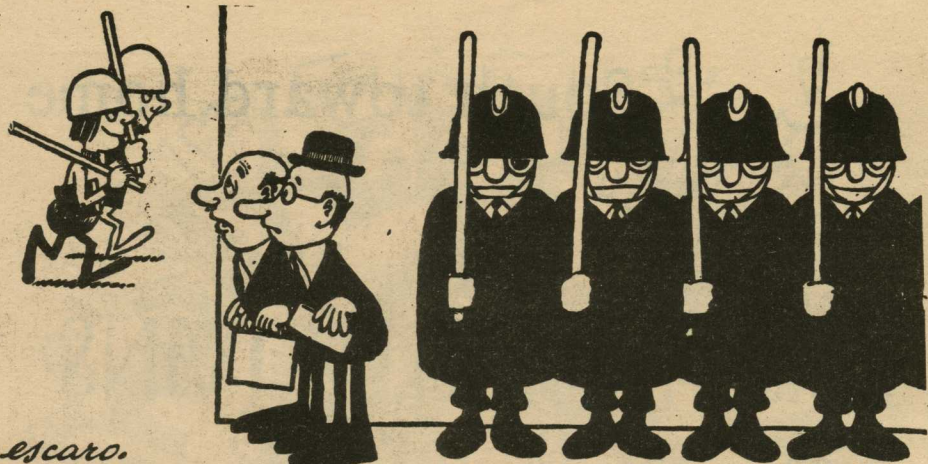
Radical violence from liberal critics' viewpoint look like this: by acts of violence, the radical incurs intensive repression; this causes public hostility, and the intentions of violence are annulled. Radical response indicates that whether or not dissent destroys property, it is going to meet violent repression. The government maintains itself through repression, and this is essential. If it is essential, it will manifest in reaction to dissent. But this is not justification for violence, this is the explanation of how violence arises, not on the part of the radical, but in the reaction to him. Succinctly stated, mental violence elicits over-reaction, and this assumption is implicit in the notion that the government is intrinsically violent. Chicago, 1968 and Kent State, 1970 validates the claim. In a sense, the radical agrees that he is responsible for repression and violence; but not in the critic's sense. The critic ignores the dialectic, and thereby ends in error. He would like to say that the rise of repression is due to radical activities, and end the argument there. This ignores the relation, the origins of radicalism: radical response results from an initial repression, but because this repression is necessary, the radical intensifies it by defying it. Thus, in this sense the radical causes repression, but it is distinguished as consequential. This vitiates the critics who misplace the relation intending to attribute sole responsibility for repression to radical violence.

In this sense, then, the radical is indeed responsible as an agent or catalyst. But he assumes this beforehand, he presupposes if you will, that any act of dissent or defiance will evince this reaction. If the dialectic is posited, no one is truly exempt from responsibility; no exemptions are possible. Implicit repression is made explicit, exposed before all eyes, and one is either in complicity by actual support, or one aids its eventuation by protest which brings it into the open arena of action. Thus, if the radical sees beforehand that his action will intensify repression, it appears at first foolish for him to pursue. The key recognition is that he intends the dialectic's fruition, that is, that this intensified repression will stimulate radicalism among the uninitiated. His problem is not to show purity to a duped public which accuses him in the first place, but to maintain himself in a peculiar position which creates violence by protesting it in order to extend the sphere of radical response.

It is true that certain factions promote policies of open conflict. In a sense, this stance emerges to counter the over reacting government, to the government which excuses Kent State murders as a police error while the public ignores this and accuses the presence of dissent as the cause of the incident in the first place. But without understanding what has been said above. Thus, the meaning-value of dissent is usurped by the incident of an excused violence; and the public believes that government apologies are superfluous. The factions referred to will reciprocate this violence, either in vengeance, in impatience, in simple anger at the public.

Other factions engage "symbolic bombings" or related representative acts which the public misunderstands, believing this means to destroy symbols of the established culture, whereas it means to represent the absurdity of violence, intending to elicit a non-hypocritical response from citizens. But this is itself absurd, since no one understands; it results in the same attribution of the cause of repression.

Summarily, the radical will be charged with inconsistency, with protesting violence by more violence. His response is that it is a question of the political power to decide what rights should be granted. This appears rhetorical, and here one must judge for himself. What the radical says is that the present government grants certain in sane and immoral rights; principally, the right to profit from killing, from war, from repression and exploitation. Thus, translated into opposing action, the radical will hinder Dow, GE, or Brown and Root from recruiting on campuses, and will hinder students from attending these interviews if they take place. That is, the radical assumes the power to decide that making money off of a war is not a valid or justifiable right to be granted anyone; that if you work for a company that does this, you also are in compliance with this profiteering, are promoting it. If he is charged with suppressing individuals' freedom, he will assent to the charge and call your game of hypocrisy and deceit. He will point out that power and rights are granted those with the medium, money; that they have made this money by exploiting a war, by continuing a war, by suppression of freedoms and rights of others. That they have no justifiable basis for assuming this much power. As above, one must judge for himself.



escaro.

"Clubs and helmets now; I don't know where these youths pick up such habits."

police

Where their HEAD'S AT

The Lubbock Police force has finally taken that great leap forward they've been talking about. It consists of outfitting Lubbock's finest with the very latest thing in police headgear: a brand new, shiny gold metalflake, polyvinyl skid lid (that's a helmet for those of you not in the know). Our boys in gray are now the envy of every police force in the state. They would also be the laughingstock of the town if they weren't so big. You can get your head busted for snickering at a cop in this town, you know.

The force seems to feel that this new device will provide protection from those everyday annoyances that have become so common in Lubbock recently. Little things that the average citizen doesn't hear about like race riots,

campus demonstrations and rampaging hail stones. However, people who have examined these hard-hats carefully state that while they may be cute, they are decidedly non-functional.

The lining is not the non-resilient type that should be used to provide adequate protection against anything more damaging than a speeding tomato, and the outer shell is so flexible that a two-by-four is still all that will be needed to get a trooper's attention. 180 of these helmets were purchased at a cost of about \$4,000. Perhaps in the future this kind of "spare cash" could be spent on increased salaries and training so that our peace officers can become as good as they now look.

CATALYST NOTES

EVERYONE IS INVITED to the first annual CATALYST freak show, arts fair, music festival, picnic, and good-time hour. Bring food for a picnic and do your own thing. The address is The Tech Terrace Park at 24th and Flint and the time is Sept. 5th at noon. Ya'll come, he'ah!

The CATALYST-Channing Club joint meeting will be held in the SUB on Sept. 1st at 7:00 p.m. The Channing Club, sponsored by the Unitarian Church, sponsors the CATALYST. The agenda for the meeting will include election of Channing Club officers and discussion of the next CATALYST issue.

"Padre, they are going to electrocute me Friday!"
"Well, more power to you my son."

And when Southwestern Public Service says, "more power to you!", they really mean it. If one, two, or even three of our plants go out, you can rest assured that your electrocution will still be on time because our plants are fixed so we can provide adequate electric power for you or your home.

Drug Clinic

Wow! Lubbock is going to have its very own drug clinic. A sort of an indoor Bad Trip Tent with a john, phones, a desk, and gas masks and everything.

We aren't sure yet when it will open, hopefully by late August or early September. The drug clinic (write us suggesting names and remember that we have to use these over the air waves) will be staffed by local freaks. It will serve a self-defined community of those who use drugs. It will be located initially between the South Plains Guidance Center, who will provide us with space, phones, medical aid when needed, etc., and West Texas Hospital.

Our primary goal is aid to those who are having a bad trip. However, we want to do as much as much for our community as possible. We will get into such things as Draft counselling, birth control, abortion information, and ecology news. Call the people below to help us in getting this started and keeping this project going.

Charles Duncan-
747-2428
Jim Gooch-
744-0809
Andy Winnegar
747-1216

1984 ?



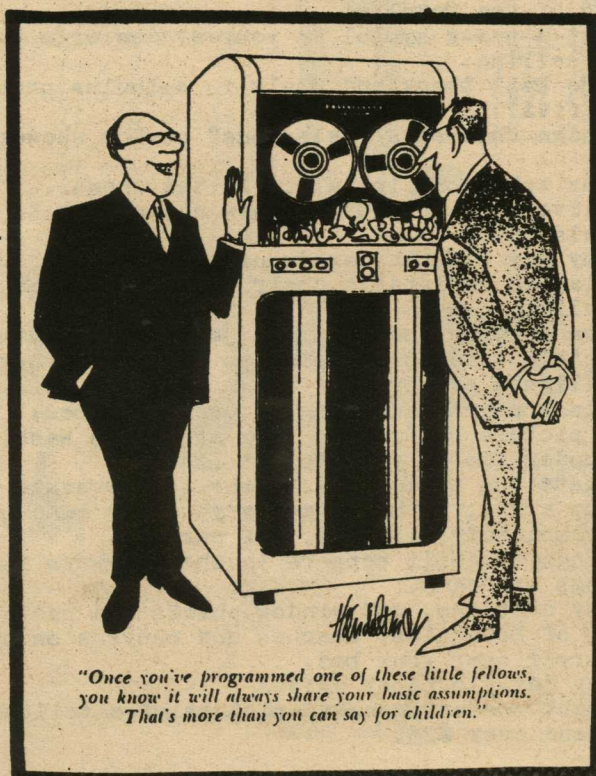
"Say what you like about Jehovah's Witnesses—they're like lightning on burst water mains!"

Thou Shalt Not ...

Ed. Note: The following is from the bulletin of the Greenlawn Church of Christ in Lubbock. We would like to commend these upstanding individuals for having the courage to take a stand on one of the most controversial issues of the decade.

REASONS WHY CHRISTIANS SHOULD NOT DANCE

1. The Bible word "lasciviousness" is defined as "filthy words, indecent bodily movements, unchaste handling of males and females." (Thayer's Lexicon, p. 79). We may assume a naive air about the desires inflamed by the contacts of the dance, but these "natural, only human" responses are intended by God to be gratified in marriage and with a lifetime mate; not on the dance floor with someone not his own.
2. Dancing as associated with and a part of the "revelings" condemned in Gal. 5:21.
3. The dance is the only place where the vilest of men can embrace the purest of women with the approval of society.
4. Dancing church members are looked upon as hypocrites.
5. Three-fourths of THE FALLEN GIRLS of AMERICA began their road to ruin on the dance floor, according to the testimony of experts.
6. Dancing destroys effectiveness in winning others to Christ.
7. Dancing reduces the awareness of God's presence and has never brought one person closer to God.
8. Dancing has left a trail of broken homes, broken hearts and suicides.
9. Dancing arouses emotions and desires that can only be fulfilled in marriage.
10. Dancing has created a condition in many public schools that is worse than with slave traffic.
11. Dancing is the favorite pastime of the underworld.
12. Dancing is not tolerated in ministers of the gospel, and what is wrong for them is wrong for every Christian.
13. The fondling and embrace in dancing is not permitted in decent society without music. What is wrong without music is wrong with music.
14. J. Edgar Hoover, head of the F.B.I., declares. "Most juvenile crime has its inception in the dance hall, either public or private."
15. Dancing teachers are not the spiritual leaders of the community.
16. Dancing has proved to be a sure way to destroy christian influence and usefulness of the church.



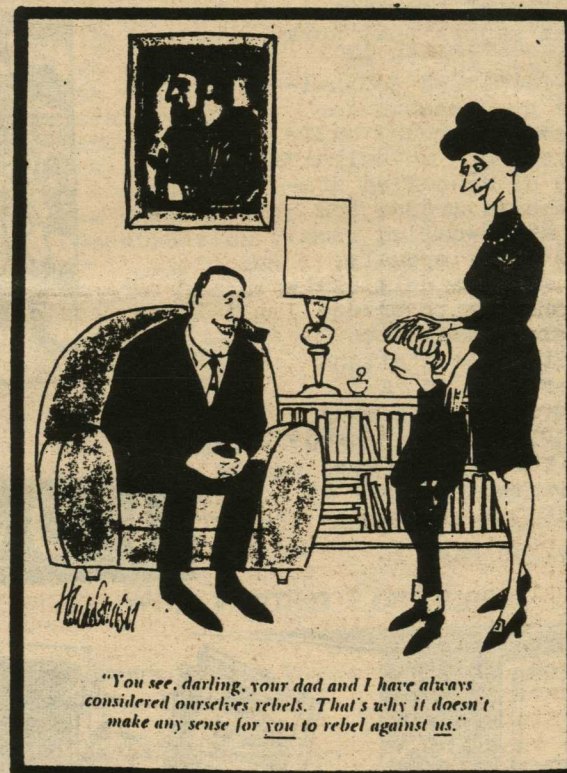
NEW YORK (LNS) Government agencies such as the FBI, the Secret Service, the IRS, the Justice Department, and the Dept. of Health, Education, and Welfare are developing a network of computers whose electronic memories will store more information about the American people than any government in history has had about its subjects. Reporter Ben A. Franklin of the New York Times did some investigating and described some of the government's major surveillance centers:

The Secret Service maintains one of the newest and most sophisticated computers that American technology has come up with, devoted entirely to collecting dossiers on "activists", demonstrators, "malcontents", and persistent "imaginary-redress-seekers" who might harm or "embarrass" government officials. The computer stores information gathered from "abusive or threatening" letters to government official FBI reports, military intelligence, the CIA, local police departments, the IRS, Federal building guards, and "individual informants." The computer can provide the Secret

Service with a list of all "persons of protective interest" in a particular geographical area, or a list of people sharing certain

characteristics -- "all the short, fat, longhaired, young white, campus activists in Knoxville, Tenn., for example" Franklin explains. The computer in Washington is connected by teletype to distant Secret Service bureaus throughout the country.

The Army's Counterintelligence Analysis Division in Alexandria, Va., maintains a huge file of microfilmed intelligence reports, clippings and other materials on civilian activities. The reports are used, among other things, to determine the deployment of troops already on alert near 25 major cities to put down potential uprisings of the black communities, students, demonstrators, postal workers, or anyone else in rebellion. The Army's file includes dossiers on people like Mrs. Martin Luther King Jr. and Arlo Guthrie and on organizations as tame as the American Civil Liberties Union and the Clergy and Laymen Concerned about Vietnam.



STUDENT AT THIS COLLEGE.

(to the tune of Oakie from Muskogee)

CHORUS:

Well, I'm proud to be a student at this College.
A school where anyone can know it all.
We still fly old glory up at full staff;
Who gives a damn if those in Asia fall.

- 1) We don't make parties out of lovin'
We read the A.J. guzzlin' down our booze.
We don't throw rocks or broken bottles,
Like them Commies down in Austin, Texas do.
- 2) We don't shoot H or pop down yellows.
The only grass we grow is on the lawn.
We don't like marchin' round the campus,
But panty-raids and food-fights still go on.
- 3) We don't use no amps outside the Union.
And no gee-tars or cymbals we allow.
No one likes the noises made by students
'Ceptin' football games and wrestlin' cows.
- 4) We don't like Dick Cavett on the T.V.
Or William Fulbright in his Senate chair.
Roy Furr and Spiro are our heroes,
Cuz they're so smart and always play so fair.
- 5) We got some perty girls and hired new coaches.
The Astro Turf's as fresh as mornin' dew.
Ya'll find your thing and be allowed to do it
Ifin you play ball while here at Murray U.

KSEL IS AT IT AGAIN!
(But we love 'em)

MEDIA

At the time of the Kent State protests, the Lubbock news media covered the events on Tech's campus. Their reportage reflected the personality and style of their individual news outlets.

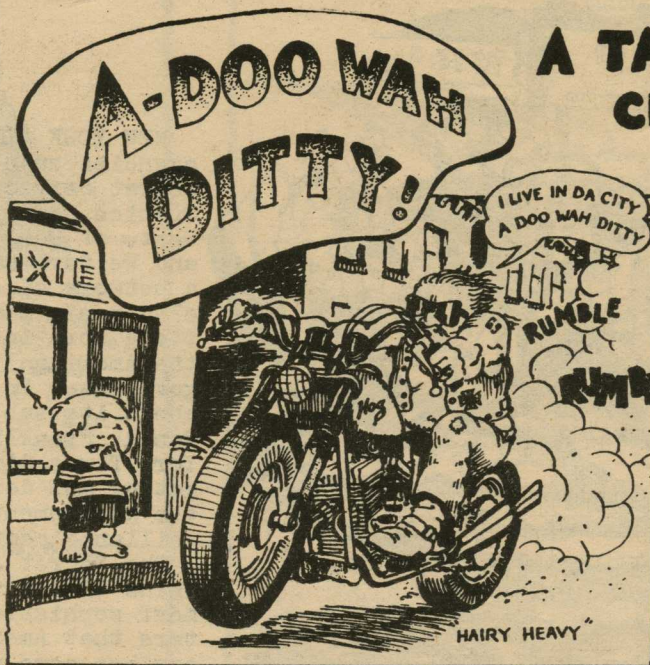
As the crowd gathered around the flagpole to demand that the flag be lowered to half-mast a helicopter hovered low over the scene. At first the crowd feared a gas attack, but Paul Beane of KSEL came down a rope ladder with a camera and video crew, a sketch artist, three assistants, and some strange looking women. While he was setting up to do a live video, he found still more marijuana growing but that is his talent. KSEL had spared no expense. They had the President of Kent State and the Commander of the National Guard on long distance. Mayor Granberry was waiting in the helicopter to make a statement. The crowd was still a little sparse, mostly just KSEL employees.

Next on the scene were several starved looking journalism majors that work for the A-J. (Give me that old-fashioned journalism. Its good enough for me.) They go around calling everything "so-called": "A group of so-called students gathered around the flagpole at so-called Tech where Old Glory proudly, bravely, and humanely fluttered in a 20 mile breeze from the Southeast with low humidity and a slight chance for rain." A-J writers have seen so many "RAINS LASH PLAINS" headlines that they are naturally weather freaks. As

Cont. on Page 12

A TALE OF CITY PEOPLE

BY T.J. FONEBONE



HOW TO...

Decorate an ALLEY PAD (or dorm room)



Sisters Unite!

The Austin Woman's Liberation movement is planning a two-day conference for the weekend of September 26-27 in Austin. Such a gathering is a first in Texas, and there is a definite need for women across the state to join together for discussion, education, and ultimately common actions.

Suggested topics include Birth Control & Abortion, Child Care & Early Education, The Mass Media's Image of Women, Minority Women, Sexist Education in America, etc.

For more information on attending or planning the conference, write to LAURA MAGGI---CONFERENCE COMMITTEE---708 W. 22nd St., Apt #3---AUSTIN, TEXAS 78705.

Contributions for literature and convention preparations are requested.

(The only thing that can injure the Women's Lib Movement at this point is a lack of communication and unity among its members. Lubbock's movement has little organization and reaches almost no one...perhaps this is the stimulus of its following needs.)

- *Go to Gibson's and buy Peter Max sheets, towels, and pillow cases.
- *Get a President Nixon dart board.
- *Don't buy a Peter Fonda poster.
- *Use an American Flag as a bedspread.
- *Make your own bookshelves with lumber and bricks from the Art Bldg. construction.
- *Fill your new bookshelves with books: I Ching, Ulysses, Quotes from Chairman Mao, Catch-22, Pogo on Sunday and issue #6 of the Catalyst.
- *Don't put a peace symbol in your window or a parachute on your ceiling.
- *Paint one wall black and chalk in calculus problems and graffiti.
- *Hang a sign that says "telephone" on the shower stall door.
- *Have your telephone installed in the shower.
- *Keep a live tree in your kitchen and use it to hang cup towels on.
- *Don't buy any plastic marijuana plants.
- *Buy a plastic inflatable chair to sit in while making phone calls.
- *Paint obscenities and humorous jokes on everything in invisible iridescent paint to titillate your guests when the lights are out.
- *Buy a blank canvas and hang it over your bed.
- *Paste a picture of Groucho Marx or George Washington to the underside of your toilet lid.
- *Don't paste the toilet lid to the toilet seat.
- *Don't buy a rug, with the money you save line one closet completely with fur, for parties.
- *Put strings of chili peppers in the doorways instead of strings of beads.
- *Don't buy curtains, get window shades and paste large pictures of Mountains, beaches and canyons on them.
- *Put a mirror over your bed.
- *Don't buy day-glo paper daisies
- *Get a least one autographed picture of a trilobite.
- *Don't spend over \$25.

Peace & Politics: 1970

The wave of reaction against President Nixon's policies in Cambodia and the shootings at Kent State which swept American campuses recently has brought to the surface a most promising trend. Despite a spate of rioting and vandalism in the week following these events, an impressively large group of young people have now recommitted themselves to the democratic process. A multitude of new student and faculty groups have sprung up to carry on work in behalf of anti-war legislation and anti-war candidates--so many, in fact, that some of the computers originally intended to classify legislative information and electoral statistics may have to be turned to sorting out the groups themselves.

This student response has been a *de facto* repudiation of some of the more extreme anti-war forces. Efforts by the New Mobilization Committee and related groups to channel student indignation into organizing demonstrations have met general indifference. The main focus now is on the Congressional and Senatorial elections of 1970.

Many liberal political leaders, editorialists, and university administrations are rejoicing at this turn in the student movement. They believe that the President and his allies have dangerously over-reached themselves, and that an enthusiastic corps of student volunteers may be enough to check the conservative trend which threatened to overwhelm liberals in this year's elections. They also believe that the new student leadership can offer lasting alternatives to disruptive protests which with every recurrence plunge universities deeper and deeper into crisis.

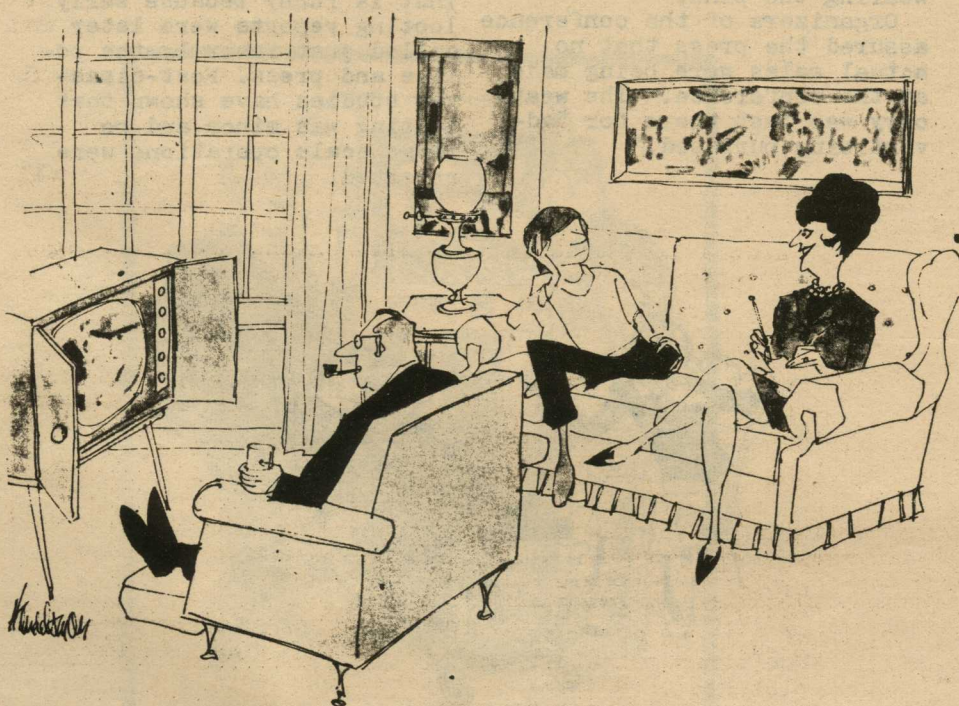
There are, however, other liberal, labor and civil rights strategists who, though gratified that many young people are rejecting violence and accepting the democratic process, also have some worries about aspects of student involvement in the elections. They raise the following problems:

The war issue may lose some importance as U.S. troops are withdrawn from Cambodia. By election time the issues of law and order, race, and the economy may have regained pre-eminence in the minds of most voters. Will those who have entered the political arena over the war issue be able to effectively adapt to such a change in circumstances if it comes?

So far the new peace groups have concentrated on raising funds and collecting names of potential student volunteers. To the extent that they have become involved in electoral action, it has been in support of their chosen candidates in primary fights. Often these fights are between two candidates who both are essentially liberal, but who have somewhat different constituencies, who have different views on the war, or who in some other way reflect the divisions within the liberal camp itself.

The question troubling some liberal political leaders is whether students will devote all their energies to these internal struggles, or whether they will contribute as well to the campaigns of men like Albert Gore, Frank Moss, Harrison Williams and Adlai Stevenson III--candidates who, though not identified with the "New Politics" movement, have clear records in the entire range of liberal issues.

The memories of the bitter internal struggles of the past still haunt many liberals, especially those who have a large stake in domestic issues. And it is not only the labor and civil rights leaders who are worried. Many of the more sober opponents of U.S. policy in Indo-China see the possibility that student energies may be spent in unimportant or even harmful ways, without being of any real help to the bloc of liberal and dove Senators who face serious contests for re-election.



"Daddy and I have no need of drugs. That's because Daddy and I lead full, rich lives."

COMMENCEMENT



Hardhats

The hardhats have now replaced the Southern Sheriff as the symbolic enemy in the eyes of some students. But some very good arguments can be made against equating the two. AFL-CIO President George Meany, in a statement opposing violence by construction workers as well as by students, added ironically that the workers deserve at least as much understanding as the students. It is a well taken point. The academic psychologists and sociologists, who have produced such a proliferation of literature explaining and at least partially justifying the student revolt have generally shown a cold indifference to the frustrations, anxieties, and resentments -- and very real hardships -- that afflict many workers. Construction work is seasonal, hard, dirty, not really very well paid, often difficult to find, and frequently dangerous. Those who do it, though they may have their own sense of accomplishment, are not especially esteemed by fashionable public opinion. Quotes from the workers which appeared in the New York Times

destruction he's going to have to pay for with his tax money while inflation is eating into his pay check.

"...They see the schools close down. Their kids missing classes. That's not right."

"Most construction guys don't go looking for trouble, but they feel they're getting stepped on. We built this country and I don't think we have a say now."

When some student militants began to dabble in violence there were occasional warnings that "violence begets violence." Very often this was dismissed as another of the incantations of senile liberalism. Perhaps after what has happened in the streets of New York some second thoughts are due. They may give pause to those who want to dismiss the construction workers as mere reactionaries.

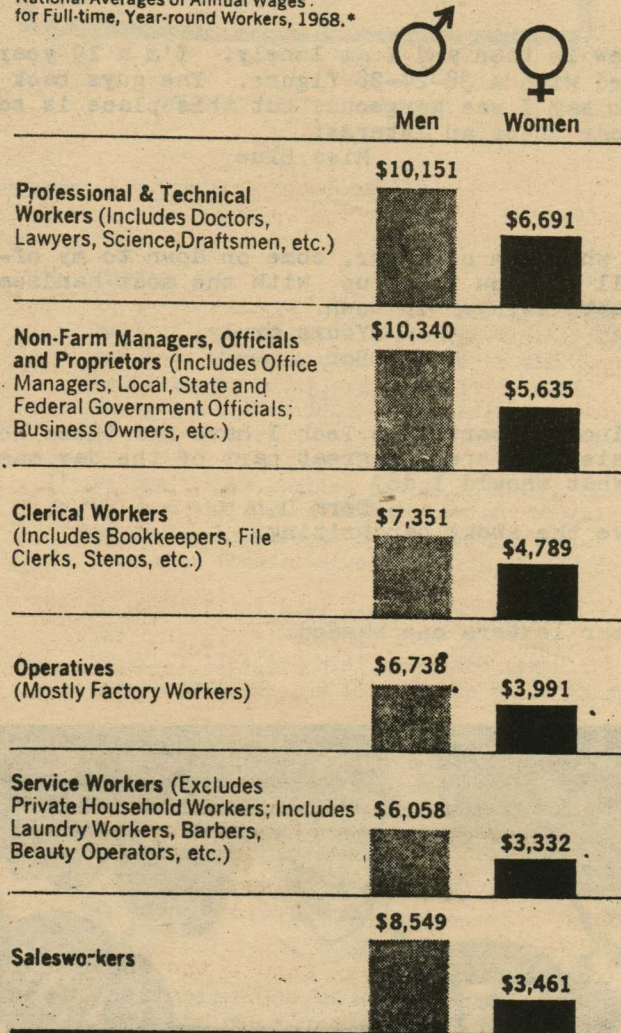
"These guys have worked hard to send their kids to college. Kids have a right to protest but not to burn down buildings. Our men see them throwing away a great opportunity that they wish they could have had."

"Every older guy is worried about the violence and the

Why Women Complain

Double Standard: Men's Wages Much Higher Than Women's

National Averages of Annual Wages for Full-time, Year-round Workers, 1968.*



(Source: Women's Bureau)

* Latest figures available



Are you stricken? Are your teeth rotting? Is your hair falling out? Does your girl keep giving you soap and cologne? Has your favorite guy run off with a meter maid? Bob has the solutions to all these problems and many others. Send your dirty laundry to box 4611 Tech Station. Bob reminds you that all addresses, pictures, drawings and urine specimens become property of the Catalyst and cannot be returned except in person.

Dear Bob:

Do people really write to you, or do you make up these letters yourself.

Perplexed

Dear Perplexed:

Do you really think that I could invent all these wierd problems myself? I think that if you want to convince your mother to buy you a bra you have to act as mature as your 38" bust indicates you are.

Dear Bob:

One of my friends told me that you write all of your letters yourself.

Puzzled

Dear Puzzled:

If you are sure that your husband is being unfaithful with your best friend you should drop a few hints the next time you visit her. Be careful not to be too direct or you will simply force the furtive pair underground. We have enough furtive lovers cluttering up our office already.

Dear Bob:

I would like to be a hippie, but I am a 6', 255 lb. lineman on the Tech football team, and hippie duds won't fit me. Besides, I don't think the coach would like it. What can I do?

Jock

Dear Jock:

Clothes do not a hippie make, nor morality a coach. I suggest that you talk this problem over with Jim, perhaps if both of you go on a strict diet you can succeed in looking like one of those free spirits you envy.

Dear Bob:

Why can't we turn right on red anymore?

Confused

Dear Confused:

You want all them Yankees to think we're a bunch of rednecks, boy?

Dear Bob:

I am new in town and I am lonely. I'm a 19 year old Tech coed with a 38-24-38 figure. The guys back home used to say I was gorgeous, but this place is so big and nobody takes an interest.

Miss Blue

Dear Blue:

That's what I'm here for, come on down to my office and I'll fix you right up with the most handsome debonair, suave swinger in town.

Yours truly,
Bob

Dear Bob:

Ever since I started to Tech I have had these horrible fantasies and spend a great part of the day masturbating. What would I do?

Dorm Dan

P.S. Forgive the shaky handwriting.

Dear Dan:

Type your letters one handed.



COPS

VICTORIA, B.C. (LNS) -- Campus cops from 163 universities across North America met at the University of Victoria for five days recently at the annual June Convention of the International Association of College and University security Directors.

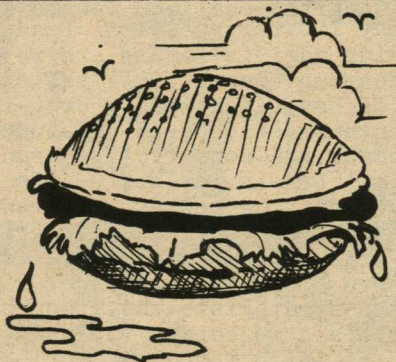
Mixed in with displays of spotlights, parking meters, locks and alarms, there were shotguns, Mace dispensers, a tear gas and smoke generator, riot sticks, helmets, and handguns.

President of the campus cops organization, Sven Nielson from Brigham Young University in Utah, obligingly posed for the press as he handled a Pepper Fog tear gas and smoke generator.

Either on display or listed in catalogs on the site were: shock batons or less euphemistically cattle prods. These batons deliver "a mild electric shock" which has "a powerful psychological effect on the recipient. Billy Clubs with attractive turned beading that fit snugly into the hand. "Riot batons" with "28 ounces of lead" in each end. "Sap gloves" with powdered lead in the knuckles and palm.

Also on display were the "Pig Pins", silver oxidized or gold-plated little pigs that are "worn by police officers proudly," pinned to the tie. Almost half the security officers at the conference were wearing the pins.

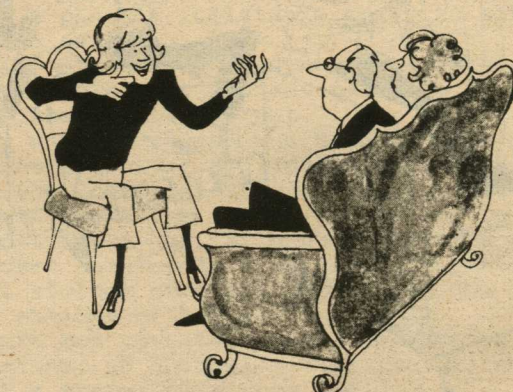
Organizers of the conference assured the press that no actual sales were being made at the conference. The weaponry was just there for "advertising purposed."



Coach Carlen

Right after the Lubbock tornado, Coach Carlen went into the streets and helped direct traffic, took injured to the hospital, etc. We think it was rather nice of Jim to do what thousands of other Lubbock residents were doing, but doubt it was worth the hero treatment of the press. In the week following the tornado, hundreds of people worked for nothing at the Coliseum and in the Guadalupe area. They weren't heroes, they didn't even have press agents, but they did one hell of a fine job. We checked with a few of the volunteers and they don't remember seeing Carlen around. This item is not meant as criticism of Jim Carlen but of the buffoons who write for the A-J.

Part of the story that was sent out over the AP wire and reached several papers, quotes Carlen on seeing loot ers, "Gosh, they had pick-up trucks backed up to some of the furniture stores." That is funny because early looting reports were later called just rumor by the police and press. Post-disaster studies have shown that looting was minor and no large scale operations were reported.



"Bang! And another faculty sniper bit the dust."



SEX at TECH

There is general curiosity and little factual knowledge about the level of sexual participation on Tech's campus. Old fogies in town suspect the campus to be a churning flesh pile of naked sophomores going at it in Roman orgy fashion. Either this is untrue or we of the Catalyst are being left out. (Invite us! Invite us!)

Sexual researchers tell us that sexual behavior has not greatly changed in the last fifty years regardless of the sexual revolution. One statistic says that the average college male scores about once a week. With this weak statistic we did an informal, hastily contrived, and unscientific survey of sexual attitudes and practices on the Tech campus. Our findings are vague but we hope to learn more later. (Such a fascinating subject! Data collection is a ball.)

Our primitive survey explored the attitudes of three distinct and identifiable campus groups: Greeks, "Hippies", and Aggies. These are the "conformist sets" and easy to survey. Although they may resent being labeled conformist, (especially the freaks), look at the evidence. Each group dresses alike; bands into social groups; has a slang argot peculiar to the group; has social taboos; and accepted political, cultural, and social views within the group. There is marked selective perception of what to read and believe. Group members reinforce each other through conversation. Identical value systems and norms are prevalent within each group. Conformity is enforced through the same taboo structure familiar to any student of group behavior. In general, dressing the part or joining the group implies firm agreement with the group. Most conversations are cliché ridden vehicles of reinforcing group opinion. A typical example would consist of a group member bad mouthing one of the other groups and in turn receiving reinforcement. Any of the groups are interchangeable in such an example.

Freaks are often thought of as non-conformist but in fact they conform to the present rules of non-conformity. The Greek system is highly structured but the other two groups have a parallel if less formal socialization process.

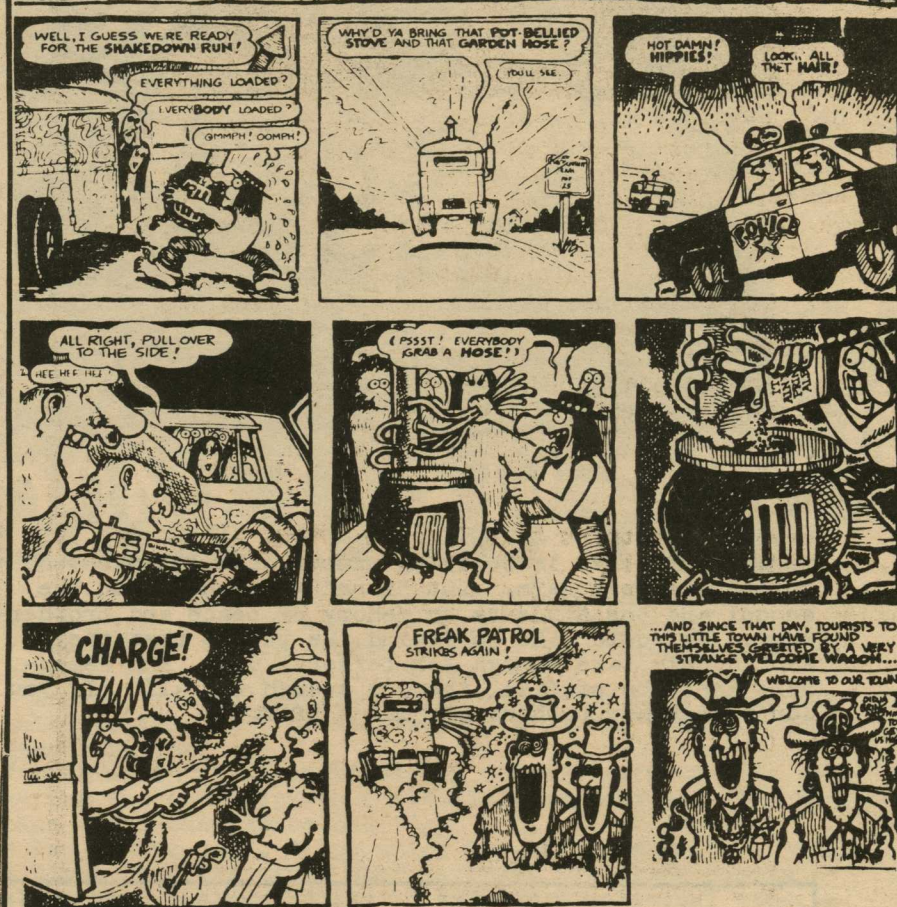
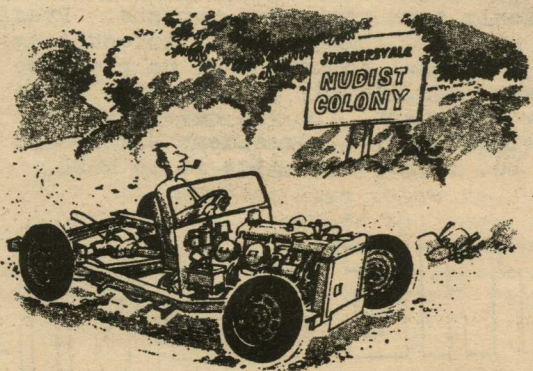
We surveyed members of each group about their sexual practices and opinions about their group and others. All groups report that sexual contact is sporadic, depending on whether or not a permanent liason is in effect. This is roughly like having a steady girl. This varies widely from someone dated for over two weeks to someone dated infrequently over a year. All respondents will answer freely about group practice or what their friends do but not respond to direct personal questions. The only deviation from this are fraternity males who exhibit a certain braggadocio and possibly inflate the figures on their "score" rate. Female respondents were guarded since our researchers were male. What answers they gave would tend to prove that all males in each group inflated the figures.

From the survey we could not detect a marked difference in actual practice but the freaks demonstrated a more casual attitude about the subject. They were more willing to discuss it in rational terms. Fraternity boys treated the subject as more of a laughing matter and cowboys surprisingly demonstrated the most "healthy" overall attitude. By this we mean their responses appeared more accurate and less phony.

When given the rough statistic that college males score, on the average, once a week; all groups showed surprise and then agreement. This among other factors led us to believe there was a huge "lie factor" in our data. This is the reason we present no absolute data but rather the generalizations extracted from the raw data. We also realize that to the pure researcher our methodology invalidates our findings. One of the major discrepancies was that we didn't find a single male that would admit he never or rarely scored. This goes against all other sex research studies.

The most interesting finding was in how each of our three groups views the others. The fraternity boys guessed the freaks have the highest level of sexual participation with the Aggies the least. The freaks guessed the fraternity boys had the highest level of sexual participation with the Aggies the least. The Aggies guessed the freaks had the highest level of sexual participation with the frats and themselves about the same.

One other interesting sidelight was that we purposely never mentioned homosexual activity or any other sex practices commonly thought deviate. Few of the respondents, even though all interviews were non-structured and open-ended, mentioned this. When they did, it was only to joke or laugh. We heard more bad dirty jokes than one would wish to hear in a lifetime. We realize that we are as in the dark as when we started and would welcome your comments on the subject. Send your letters, signed or otherwise to the Catalyst. We would especially like comments on our findings or what you think would be a more accurate appraisal.



WHOSE FLAG?

There is a "flag cult" growing in America today. These people wrap themselves in a red, white, and blue cloak of patriotism and lash out at those who are disrespectful of what the "cultist" consider to be the American way of life. As a rule these "cultists" do not represent, or even believe in, the publicized version of what "America stands for". Studies, conducted by questionnaire, indicate that these "cultists" when presented with unlabeled excerpts from the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights considered them to be subversive documents.

Could it be that the American Revolution and the Spirit of '76 are dead? Hopefully it isn't. This "Spirit" is probably still burning in the minds of many Americans today. The documents that were mid-wives to the birthing of our nation are some of the most soul-stirring works ever written. They voice the beliefs that many of us hold dear. "Power to the People", individual freedom and many other commonly heard cries are found in these documents.

The Flag is a symbol that should represent the sentiment of these documents. However it has become symbolic of a very repressive, very ugly America. It has been bastardized by the "cultists". Their reaction to change and their willingness to repress dissent are characteristic products of the "cultist" mentality. By wrapping themselves in the Flag these people have soiled its image.

We, who still believe in the ideas expressed in these documents, should reclaim the Flag as our symbol. We should not allow these "cultists" to use our Flag for their purposes. After all they already have a very striking flag of their own. It has a blood red background and features a "swastika" in the center.

Film

If you are interested in good old movies and you don't like football, you might take a look at the offerings on Film Fair. Channel 28 has somehow managed to dig up some real classics of the American cinema and is showing them on week-end afternoons. Stars include such notables as Humphrey Bogart, James Cagney and Claudette Colbert.



"Oh, an exchange student from Ghana—that's different at first I thought you was a nigger."



Love Grass Free Farm "Member"

Pictured above is a living member of the Texas Tech Love Grass Free Farm. The "farm" was donated to the school and the students in memory of peace and brotherhood. We would like to remind the public that they should only take enough for personal use. And remember, don't be piggish, there's enough for all. If you don't know how to harvest, ask a "farmer".

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LADIES APPAREL,
LEATHER, BODY SHIRTS
BELL PANTS, BOOTS,
HATS, ACCESSORIES

Media

Cont. from page 8

more students joined the crowd, the A-J began to look for those in favor of the convention center bond issue. A-J reporters were also instructed to say that this would never have happened if W.D. "Dub" Rogers had remained at the helm.

About this time Bill Mcalister and Lew Dee ride up on their tandem tricycle. (What-more KSEL?) Bill is the one sucking his thumb. They giggle a lot and the students think they are high on grass, not realizing that mental retardation is very serious.

Sammy Smith arrives from Channel 13 and brings his golf clubs. He practices chipping in Memorial Circle and asks if there are any athletes in the crowd that care to comment. He knows right off this is a sports story.

By now the protestis getting in high gear and Dr. Murray has said he will only lower the flag if President Nixon tells him to. Murray puts on his T.V. makeup and comes out to make a statement. He says, I believe bow ties will be an important element in men's fashions this year.

The Idalou Beacon has joined the crowd and keeps going from student to student asking: "Are you now or have you ever been a member of the Communist Party?"

By this time KSEL has color footage of most of the student body and has sent a reporter to the Toddle House to find out where the Kampus Kops are. They have reached the manufacturer of the flag pole on long distance and Mayor Granberry is throwing up in the helicopter.

Finally two Channel 11 reporters arrive on a tractor. They start interviewing aggies, because to them, everything is a farm story. They start looking for a New Mexico angle. "Is anyone from Roswell, Lovington, or Hobbs?" they yell. Finally they find an aggie with a cousin from Roswell. What luck!

Neptali of La Voz shows up wanting to know why more Chicanos have not been asked to join this protest. The West Texas Times folks are asking if any black people plan to get engaged, arrested, or have a party.

And suddenly some real news happens. President Nixon has heard of the dilemma and calls Tech long distance. The crowd is silent to hear what he plans to make perfectly clear. Dr. Murray picks up the phone and says, "Yes, Mr. President, did you have a comment to make on the flag situation?" President Nixon says "I do have a comment but I prefer to give it to KSEL. Are they there?"

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Record

Review

Note: The following record reviews were done by the original Speedy Perez.

We are grateful to Speedy for the column, and are proud to announce that it will become a permanent attraction in the paper...

"and a yellow moon
prettysoon the carnival
on the edge of town
King harvest has surely
come"

Indeed it is harvest time for all music freaks. The fall is usually the best time of the year for records and this one seems to be no exception. It seems that all the record companies feel it is better to get our bread into their poc-

kets right when school starts before we blow it on luxuries such as food, clothing, etc.

So, be prepared. The next two months will see some of the most potent releases in many moons.

On their way are the long awaited second album from Santana as well as newbies from; Neil Young, Steve Stills, Chicago, Jimi Hendrix, the real honest live Stones album and many others. I'll try to review as many as possible and give you

my opinions and thoughts on any record I feel deserves them- pro or con.

STAGE FRIGHT-BAND-\$5.98
J.R. Robertson and the boys have once again seen fit to present us with another page of Americana as only they can. It is really amazing how the Band gets better every time

they make a new release. As much as I liked "Big Pink" and "The Band" each had cuts I did not care to listen to for some reason or another.

Not so on "Stage Fright". From the opening chords of "Strawberry Wine" to the final licks on "The Rumor" this is one of the most listenable albums in the past year.

There is no point in going into detail on each cut, but there are two that I feel deserve special attention.

The aforementioned "Strawberry Wine" is one. I love this cut. Complete with accordion it is one of those songs that only the Band can pull off.

Imagine a song that tells some chick shes just too much but "if I had my

choice I still wouldn't change my mind, you just ain't as sweet as my Strawberry Wine"---funky and beautiful.

Of all the cuts on the new album "Just another whistle stop" probably gives the biggest clue as to what the Band really is and always will be. It represents American music better than anything I've heard since some of Brian Wilson's work during the early 60's. The way the song is structured and just trucks right along is really something to behold. Listen to the way the drums and bass kick in and just carry you thru through the chorus-it makes you feel so good you'll smile. Also, try getting into Robertson's lead, it's so tasteful it's unreal. Of all the songs I've heard through the years, precious you just have to treasure it.

You're probably tired of hearing how American the Band's music is, but that quality is probably the most outstanding one they possess. When you listen to the Band, you hear America singing loudly and clearly. No diverse influences here, no sir, this is an American group.

So the Band plays on, better than ever, ready to go producing some of the best music available today. DON'T LET IT PASS YOU BY!!

HIDEAWAY-FREDDIE KING
Despite the score of blues re-issues flooding the market, (many are rip-offs) there are some classic albums that we missed and should be thankful for. This is one of them.

Recorded in 1961, and until now pretty hard to get, HIDEAWAY is probably one of the most influential blues albums ever released.

Here on one record are the priceless originals of King classics like "Hideaway" & "The Stumble" that were later done justice by Peter Green and Eric Clapton on Mayall's first two American LP's. Also included are some early vocals such as "I'm Tore Down", "See See Baby", "Have You Ever Loved a Woman" and others.

Hearing Freddie sing is delightful, but his vocals in no way compare with his licks. It is safe to say that along with B.B., Freddie is the most influential blues guitarist in our generation. This album shows

you why. In no way does Freddie infringe on B.B.'s licks, a claim no other guitar player can make. His leads, his phrasing, everything he does is impeccable.

Just a note on the production. To their credit King Records did not make the mistake of trying to remaster or remix their album as many other labels have (Kent especially on some of B.B.'s earliest and best). No horns or added bits of crap to detract from the original five sessions.

Even if you have to write directly to King Records in Cincinnati, if you are a serious blues aficionado, get a copy of this album. It is essential to fully appreciate urban blues.

Benefit - Jethro Tull

Jethro Tull is the perfect rock group; a genius working with talented but shadowing sidemen. The genius Ian Underwood, is a freaky old dude who plays the flute while standing on one foot, all typical of the theatrics favored by British groups.

Their music is based on English ballads with jass, blues and oriental overtones. The lyrics have an insight into life that is superhuman. Underwood has one of the bestheads in Rockdom as his lyrics reveal. Each song on the album is something to savor.

Burritos Deluxe

Enough of these Foreign groups, the Burrito Bros. can satisfy one's love for culture with All-American music. Could you dig a beer drinking song about a country girl gone bad. Listen to The Image of Me, it's a real tear-jerker. For polka-music fans ther's Man in the Fog. For Jesus freaks there are (count 'em) two hymns. Farther Along and God's Own Singer. The only concession to foreign hippy-style music on the entire album is Wild Horses, a Rolling Stones song. It's done up right, luitly, with steel guitar and freaky piano. This is the music that will bring us all together, hippies and aggies will dance in the streets, yodeling and smoking joints. Yee-hah!

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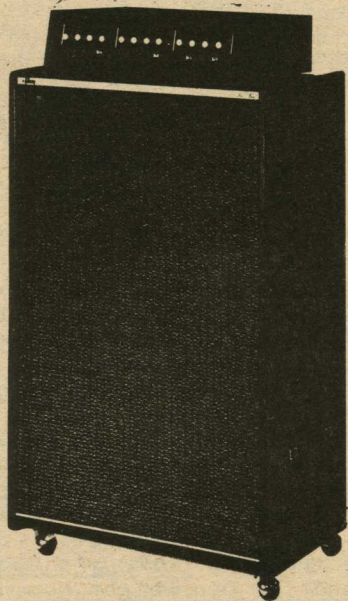
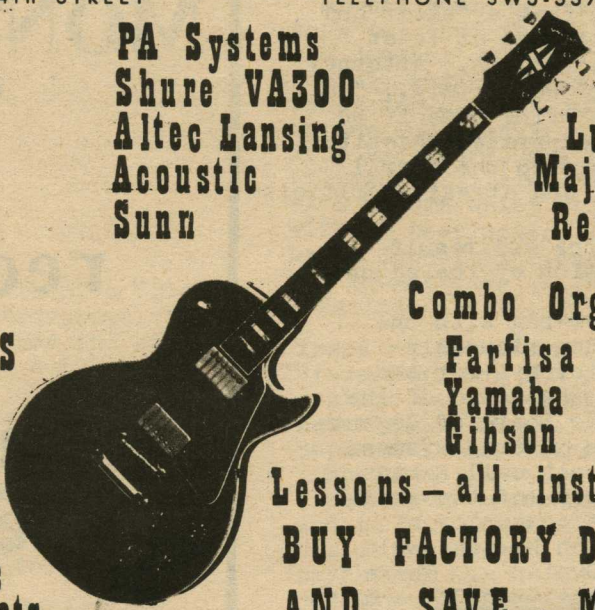
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THE WAY IS PEACE
THE ROAD IS LOVE

Trial

Cont. from Page 3

The Catalyst. Dr. Murray was forced to agree with attorney Griffith that a basic cause of campus unrest is the student's extreme dissatisfaction with national policies and priorities.

Tech's attorneys persisted in arguing that a "clear and present danger" of disruption was imminent or at least inevitable if the paper were allowed to publish. Attorney Milam argued that if the use of "vulgar" words (e.g., "shit", "fuck," and "screw," which he could not bring himself to utter in the courtroom--he did utter the phrase "chastity belt," but only after an extended apology to the Court) were allowed to continue, if disrespect and abrasive criticism of authority were allowed to continue.

the end result would necessarily be a complete destruction of the educational process.

Throughout the two day hearing, a paper bag with the label of Dunlap's department store was conspicuously resting on the table in front of the attorneys for the plaintiffs. Reatha Martin, chairman of the Board of the Dunlap's company and also chairman of the Board of Regents of Tech, was present, being listed as an adverse witness for the plaintiffs. While Griffith did not call Martin as a witness, he did introduce as evidence (of the reading matter found to be acceptable to the community of Lubbock) the books in the paper bag, which Martin could have but did not prohibit from sale at Dunlap's. These books included Portnoy's Complaint, Proposition 31, and Sex and the Overweight Woman, and other works containing numerous four letter words.

Attorney Daniel R. Benson assisted Griffith, and gave the concluding argument to the Court. He indicated that Tech had violated the constitutional rights of the plaintiffs by imposing a prior restraint on freedom of expression, by a denial of equal protection of the laws, and by a denial of procedural due process of law.

In a final summary Griffith pointed out that the U.S. Constitution does not permit "nitpicking censorship" and that The Catalyst, "while it does not have the same quality as Cervantes, deserves the same protections."

Judge Woodward agreed, and granted the relief being sought. He found no instance of disruption of the educational process, and he found discrimination in Tech's actions against The Catalyst as compared with other publications on the Tech campus. Judge Woodward held that actual punishment had been inflicted against the publishers of the paper without adequate due process. He concluded his comments by thanking both sides: Tech for allowing the sale of subsequent issues pending the disposition of the suit, and the plaintiffs for seeking relief through the court system.

What does it all mean? Immediately, it means that the First Amendment has marched, albeit over considerable opposition, triumphantly onto the Tech campus, and that Tech students can believe that "the system" will respond at least occasionally to critical problems. Yet, it is disheartening to find college administrators still clinging to simplistic black-and-white views of the causes of disorder on the campuses. To view such deeply held and growing dissatisfaction with the state of the world as a simple conspiracy to halt the education-

Cont. next Column



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al process is a tragic commentary on the abilities of the present administrators to deal meaningfully with campus problems.

Moreover, to John Fletcher, Catalyst editor, the cost in the exercise of his First Amendment rights was considerable: he was arrested twice within 24 hours (the second arrest coming a few hours after the first charge was dropped) for possession of dangerous drugs, spent a night in the Lubbock County jail in lieu of \$7,500 bond, missed a final exam, and lost additional time in preparation for other exams. The "dangerous drugs" he possessed were in fact nonprescription medicines dispensed to him by the Texas Tech Infirmary.

We are distressed that the philosophy of the late Mr. Justice Felix Frankfurter is all too relevant in the atmosphere of West Texas: to rely too much on judges to protect our freedoms saps the strength of democracy by distracting attention from the political arena where unwise policies should be corrected.

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN AND INTO THE FIRE



the Trial

The CATALYST Trial had its interesting sidelights. For two days a great portion of Lubbock's liberal community was downtown. When they all had lunch together, were the authorities worried that this was an invasion or the start of the revolution?

There was never too much doubt of the outcome; the constitution is rather explicit. From up in heaven, Tom Paine smiled on what he had created and we imagine that Thomas Jefferson was also happy with the decision. Most of Lubbock did not agree or understand the basic freedoms at stake. Tech's lawyers tried to paint a sordid picture of the CATALYST villains. The reaction of one little old blue haired lady was typical of the community. While John Fletcher, Editor, was on the stand, someone asked her what she thought. She said, "Well, I certainly hope he doesn't get off."

We had sued them. We were in favor of law and order. We were asking to uphold our finest traditions but we were on trial.

personal

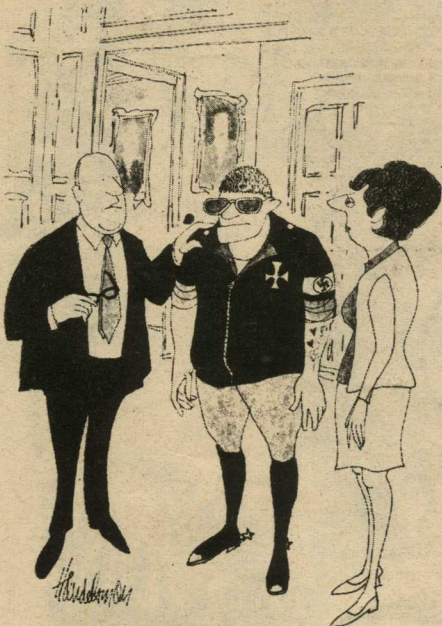
Someone ripped off my 10-Speed Schwinn bike from in from of the Chem. Dept. on June 25th. Gold Body. Contact Kin Hailey, 799-6160.

Want to buy: Quilts, sleeping bags, back packs, bass violin, violin, cello, mini-bike, go cart. Trade an amplifier for motorcycle. Contact Tommy 795-2444.

Need: One used English Racer, cheap and one house-broken kitten. Come by 2314 12th, ask for Darryl.

Hofner Bass for sale. Excellent condition. Has good Hofner sound. Aluminum hard shell case. Contact Terry Hanks, SW5-4628.

For Sale: 55 Chevy Nomad. 301 block, 11 1/2 :1 pistons, 375 F.I. cam and solids, large Holley, F.I. heads, new bucket seats, T.10 four speed with Hurst shifter. Must sell soon. All for \$700.00, Contact Jim Boyer 792-8534 (night).



"Mommy and I think you should go to war, Rodney. Peace has brutalised you."

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