



REVOLUTION

Vol 1 ISSUE 7

Lubbock, Texas

MAY 1969

DRAFT

WASHINGTON: Canadian Justice Minister John N. Turner said in Austin, March 21, that his government has no authority to interfere with Americans who flee to Canada to avoid the draft. He was in Washington to meet with U.S. Justice Department officials, including Attorney General John N. Mitchell. Turner said Canada does not have jurisdiction over Americans who prepare literature for distribution in the U.S.

LONG-HAIRS CAN'T VOTE

CHEYENNE, WYO.: The Wyoming senate amended a proposed constitutional amendment Friday, giving 19-year-olds the right to vote, if in the case of men, they don't have long hair.

The amendment, which didn't say anything about the length of women's hair, provided that hair-cuts of youths 19 and 20 must conform to military standards.

"When you accept the responsibilities of a citizen, you should look like a citizen," said Sen. J.Q. Myers of Evanston.

Racism and the Liberal Syndrom at Texas Tech:

The Drama of Impotence

by Gene Aker

In good English 131 form, let me begin by announcing my subject: The White Liberal Student's reaction to the challenge of widening academic opportunity at TT college and in Lubbock. Recently, of course, the term, "White Liberal," has acquired a negative connotation; personally I find the WL no more despicable than anyone else; but semantic fads are not my concern here. That a thirty percent sector of the area population is consistently represented by less than one percent of the students in our regional college (TT)---this does concern me. My concern is shared, though in different ways, by other white brown, and black liberals. Since Time and other perceptive interpreters of the American Scene have informed us that blacks and browns have their own bags, I will restrict my observations to the WL student and comment on the hole in his bag.

Expression of racism is common on every campus, and TT students cannot claim to have added anything really original to the incidental bigotry and inhumanity that distinguishes most campuses. For example, last summer, while twenty-five Upward Bound girls were living in Chitwood, white girls frequently refused to ride elevators with black coeds; once, during a fire drill, white girls kicked and stepped on the heels of a black coed who was trying to outrun them down several flights of stairs. I saw the bruises. Of course, not many minority students are actually injured; most are just pleasantly ignored.

When such incidents are recited, the WL is justifiably enraged, but his reaction initiates the first act of his impotent drama. During this period he and his liberal friends meet to recite the litany of incidents. They organize groups. The groups write unmailed letters. Student opinion is sampeled. But meanwhile the black girl with bruised heels withdraws from TT college, and in Lubbock sixty percent of the Mexican kids continue to drop out of the tenth grade. Somehow

the WL cannot find time to schedule them between his discussions of racism and his exhibitions of wounded liberality; he becomes a connoisseur of vicarious suffering. Frequently, he begins to talk about "Aggies" and "Grover," and these hostilities float him farther from reality and into the pious notion of eliminating racism.

At this point the WL is betrayed by a flight into quasi-scientific abstractions, and his confusion is reinforced by the media's obsession with violence and their hypocritical promotion of the latest antihero: THE CAMPUS REVOLUTIONARY Half-trained in what he regards as the Scientific Method, the WL student seeks "THE cause" of racism but ends up with a scapegoat: usually some convenient but irrelevant symbol of authority. Having marked the Enemy, the WL accepts the media-produced-life-style of the campus-radical. The incantations soon begin: "the established institutions created racism; racism will not be eliminated until the institutions which perpetuate it are eliminated. When the racist institutions fall, a Golden Age will...." Trapped by that rationale, the WL student is unwilling to help drop-outs back into school until he redeems the whole society. Since these remarks are open to misinterpretation, let me clearly state that I unequivocally favor all projects designed to perfect society; but my hang-up is that I keep remembering the girl with bruised heels.

In his final delusion, the WL surveys the TT college scene and begins to believe that educational inequality is ending because he sees the dramatic showboat that often passes as progress: Underground liberals surface with moustaches. In the SUB small groups threaten the Texas Legislature with media-expectations. Daring slogans appear on construction fences. The Administration overreacts with ten points. Students counter-punch with a requisitioned demonstration. The liberal heart quickens: CONFRONTATION IS COMING!

Impotence cont p.2

REVOLUTION

by Judy Yarish

A thought recently occurred to me which would have been rather comical if it were not so pathetically true. The thought was that if by some magical wave of a wand, the entire population of Texas Tech could be gathered up and transferred back through time to the era of the American Revolution, quite a few of our proud Techans would unfortunately have chosen the wrong side to fight on. That's right, the WRONG side. Our courageous campus minute men would have turned red (red coat that is) within a matter of seconds; minutes would have never entered into the picture. Many would not have fought at all but simply been content to avoid the whole mess, in other words, turned yellow.

Now back to the Revolution! Another thought - those first early American patriots must surely have belonged to (or even formed) the very first chapter of the SDS. They might have been the originators judging from their actions. Well, just look at the facts. Those uncouth individuals (some were bearded and wore their hair out long) had the nerve and audacity to protest against an establishment, and they were violent too. Most deplorable, don't you agree?!!

cont

Today, students on this apathetic campus will go out of their way to avoid any "boat rocking" or "wave making". What a perfect picture they would have made in 1776. The poor souls would have followed the rule of non-action and that of "follow-the-leader". During the Revolution they would have felt that motherland England was more than qualified to dictate to them what to hear, where to live, how to live, and the maximum length of time to remain living. England was the establishment and the establishment always knows best. Again, today, this is vividly illustrated at our own beloved Tech when comparing the student-administration affairs.

revolution - cont p.2

HONESTLY NOW

by David Cross

You are certainly familiar with the current cliches of the "tell it like it is" gender; young political activist shout that we must be sincere, the intellectuals encourage us to seek the truth and the junior analyst browbeat us to get to the root of the problem.

Very nearly everyday someone confronts us with a phrase like, "What do you think about such and such?", ostensibly seeking an honest answer. I say ostensibly because you are expected to tell what they want to hear. This is, in its finest form, the great American paradox: "Honesty

is the best policy unless someone has something (material or abstract) that you need or want. We have reduced honesty on a personal basis to "say the proper (expected) thing", we have what Everett Shostrom calls "the Dale Carnegie Syndrome". Lets face it, people do not say what they really think or feel but only what they perceive as the most appropriate response. I know, you heard all about this in Soc. 231, but did you THINK about it?

To get the proper perspective lets look at one of the more colorful (and the most

honestly - cont p.3

Jim Morrison BACK OFF

MIAMI-Jim Morrison masturbated to orgasm in front of 12,000 screaming fans in Miami Beach, Fla. on Saturday, March 1. Six warrants are outstanding for the arrest of Morrison in Florida charging him with "lewd and lascivious behavior", "indecent exposure", "profanity", and believe it or not-- "public drunkenness."

The Doors had been booked in Miami Beach for a flat fee of \$25,000 with the understanding that there would be adequate seating facilities and that ticket would be priced over \$4. The Doors arrived at Dinner Dey Auditorium only to find that all tickets were \$6 and there were no seating facilities at all. 12,000 people were standing up.

Morrison refused to appear without bare bread--the Doors usually work on a hefty percentage-of-the-gate basis--but no more bread was forthcoming. An uptight Morrison walked onstage and talked to the audience. He called for the revolution: "There are no laws! There are no rules!"

"Man, I'd like to see a little nakedness around here," he pleaded

since the revolution did not start. "Grab your friend and love him," he urged again. But no one stripped.

You're a bunch of slaves--what are you going to do about it?" he challenged. But there was still no riot.

The cops were really uptight but no one was willing to arrest Morrison for fear that he might be blamed for starting a bloodbath.

Morrison then unzipped his famous leather pants and let several thousand teenage chicks see what that bulge really looks like. He jacked off, reportedly had a climax, and split in a waiting limousine before the pigs could decide what to do. Jim Morrison was six states away by the time arrest warrants were issued.

Wanted: One unadulterated Democracy; conditions: equality, freedom, brotherhood, love, and above all, that the above prescribed be extended to everyone.



TEHUACAN, MEXICO (Reuters)-Fifty-two of the 62 inmates of the local penitentiary escaped from jail accompanied by the prison governor and a military sergeant detailed to guard them.

Seven of the fugitives were recaptured and told the police the governor of the prison was leaving with them.

Local police here said that the fugitives were heading for the village of Huastla, a well-known paradise for persons who like munching hallucinatory mushrooms.

Sing the worn out songs again
Do all the verses one more time
As if no one ever heard them before
(Maybe nobody listened)
Though even the performers are bored.

But maybe just one more ram
With our heads
And the brick wall will tumble down.

POT POT POT POT POT POT POT POT

Phil Cook

For those of you who are addicted to the weed with its roots in hell, some developments have come to light that may be of interest to you. If you have a good imagination, or can simply remember when you were up last on Cannabis sativa, you can get about a five or ten minute high from a cigarette that is sold legally in this country. The cigarettes are called Sher Bidi, and they are imported from India. Most smoke shops carry them; if the one near you doesn't, you can order directly from C.A. Georgopulo & Co., Inc. 48 Stone Street, New York, N. Y. They're a good deal better than bananas for a high, and, since they are legal, it is even more enjoyable to smoke them.

If you are one of the friends who would like to see marijuana legalized, there is a new book, which is the most useful source of information to be found on

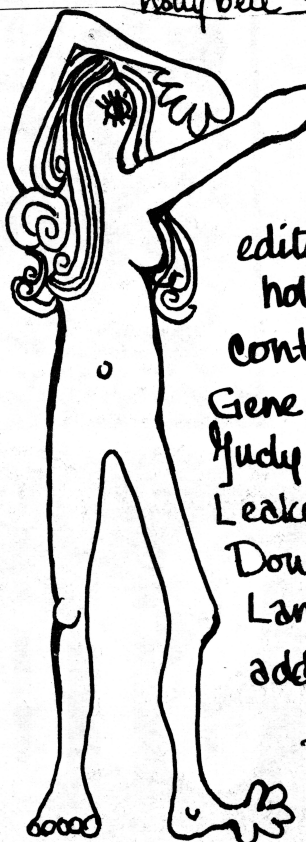
the subject. The book is called The Marijuana Papers, and sells in paperback for \$1.50. It is a complete composite of the most important medical and sociological research done on the question of marijuana. It should be a valuable aid to you when you're trying to convince ignorant friends, or trying to keep your landlady from throwing you out because of that "funny smell".

Although the cops say that grass will never be legal, it seems that

the major tobacco companies are not so sure. All four of the major U.S. tobacco companies have applied for brand-name patents for packaged marijuana products. Can you imagine ads like "One puff and it's springtime!" or, "It's not how high you make it, it's how you make it high". In any case until grass is legal you'll just have to grow your own, or buy it on the inflated gold market--generally a sad state of affairs, especially when you're tired of the "who's the narc in disguise this week" game.

FREAK

would like to thank all the folks who helped with the paper this year-- plan to come out next fall if we have enough support after all the transfers & dropouts -- if you have some comments and/or remarks, the same address is good thru the summer & next yr. holly bell



honestly --

cont from p.1

aptly titled) institutions of proper response, the dorm B.S. session. Enter Studly Hungwell, B.M.O.C., who gives us a brief run-down of his date, the usual data on how many beers he consumed (divide by four) and a detailed account of his latest seductions (divide by 36.2236). Studly obviously has said the proper thing and he has accomplished something with this bloated load of bilge. He has seemingly convinced his peers that he is, 1. a man who can really soak up the booze and 2. a man who is really hell on wheels with women, moreover, he has started a virtual flood of words from everyone present, each trying to top the other in number of beers drunk and women made. It should be pointed out that with each succeeding story, the number of beers/women rises arithmetically while the truth finding divisors (4, 36.2236) rise geometrically. If all the garbage that Studly and his friends just spewed out were really true, they would be 1. alcoholics and 2. rabbits.

Consider for a moment what the situation would have been like had Studly been honest with himself and his friends. The conversation would have lasted about eight seconds and might have sounded like this: "We went to a movie, had a few beers afterward and made out a little before I took her in." Dull fare indeed, but if you think it is easy to do, just try it.

Being honest can certainly be beneficial, you live more efficiently, you know who you are and what you stand for and you need less help (ego boosting) from others, but being honest can also

be risky. The biggest risk is that of being attacked intellectually by your more austere friends and relatives. It is probably no secret to you that everyone in this country is urged to control themselves emotionally, urged not to publicly display anger, fear, frustration or grief. This goes double for men. Perhaps you remember the words "Big boys don't cry", well, they are only a small part of the arsenal of admonishments used by mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, peers and associates to make us bottle up practically everything we feel. Is it any wonder that as a people we are plagued by peptic ulcers, migraine headaches, heartburn, acid indigestion and that queasy feeling? It is not so strange then, that literally millions of people drop-out, freak-out and turn-on with everything from physical flight to Alka-Seltzer to Compose to booze, to pot, to LSD; does the Quiet World really come in a bottle or a glass or a summer in San Francisco? None of these stop-gap measures can really make a life, the only real answer lies

in owning up to one's self and in discarding the notion that telling someone to go to hell is to be avoided at all costs; in discovering that running through the fields with your shoes off is not necessarily reserved for fools or nuts and in finding that the things you feel are the most immediate and the most real. This requires what Abraham Maslow calls a "childlike naivete", being open to experience, easily spontaneous and expressive. This means a return to childlike impulsiveness, being able to express yourself openly and honestly without feeling restrained by what society may think of you.

There are certain limits placed on your behavior, obviously you cannot very well tell your boss to stick it in his ear and you cannot take a swing at everyone you do not like (unless you have a liking for hospitals), but you can be more above board than you have been in the past.

I am aware that all of this is more easily said than done, but it can be done...and girls the next time that guy you dislike so much calls and asks for a date you could say; "I would rather not go out with you" instead of "Well, my Great Granny Grunt from Wicket, Texas just might come down for the weekend and gee, well I guess I haven't seen her in, oh, about a million years..." etc., etc., ad nauseum.

THE BOX

editor -
holly bell Toland (art)

Contributors -

Gene Aker, David Cross,
Judy Yarish, Stephen
Leake, Frank Talbert,
Doug Rowlett, Mel
Landers, Sharon Thompson
address: B.B. Brucson

Box 4611
Tech Station
Lubbock, Texas
79406

UNDER THE MICROSCOPE

ALADDIN

erasable bond typewriter paper
erases quickly smoothly just use an ordinary
pencil eraser
for home school office use in convenient tablet form
size eight and one half by eleven
southwest tablet dallas . . . 49¢

HOLY BIBLE

with helps
revised standard edition guaranteed to
cure your ills and sins
give you everlasting peace . . . \$5.98

CHARCOAL

distilled vodka
with helps
to leave you breathless but
brave for tomorrow
one hundred proof in
handy disposable hip flask so
wife will never know and neither will you . . . \$4.90

SMALL

curl of dry brown
hair tied with a yellow ribbon
curled from perpetual air conditioning
long ago cut from its head and her name is
Sarah . . . \$125.00

MOMENTS

happiness in a '63
ford back seat and then the hollowness
of making love to someone with brown hair
when blondes are more fun
besides hating the sight of her
but worshipping what she reminds you of . . . 25¢

ANITA'S

longing question answered
"seek and ye shall find"
What is the question?
"ask and it shall be given"
What is the answer?
"knock and it shall . . ."
I know—
They don't want any today.

— Doug Rowlett

SPRINGFEVER

Editors note: The following information was obtained from Ralph Edwards, Chairman of Arts Committee.

Springfever is a fund raising project of the newly established University Entertainers at Tech. The primary aim of the group is to use the proceeds from Springfever for a scholarship fund which will be opened to any T.S.U. student regardless of classification.

This program allows students a chance to display their talent; there is no pay, competition or censorship for the various acts.

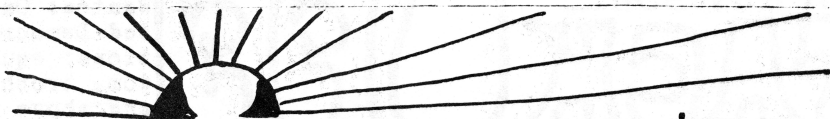
University Entertainers was developed out of Dr. Ray's psychology class this semester. It was set up after the class had been entertained by a few performers on campus; the students then decided to develop this university wide.

Next year, there will be a program in the fall (the name has not yet been chosen) and a spring one (Springfever). Plans are to have the future shows in the collesium with at least a two day run depending upon student response.

Dr. Joseph Ray, Mrs. Suzanne Aker and Mr. Ronald Theall sponsor University Entertainers; the students run the show.

1st PROGRAM: 8 p.m. SUB May 12 (MON) \$1.00

Texas State



i once played with a piece of when
now and when are now
then when the sun has gone to medicare
my hands have no fingers and
my eyes no balls and
ears drums no isn't a good
playmate so the horizon
smashed against each
of the leaves on the now decayed
tree while some
times sleeping in remembered
mirrors got broken and slashed
guts spilled gooey on the tar
black as the sun
got devoured by morning
glories and the wind erroded my button
Belly kneaded not like bread or water
merly a pensile to walk when
the time came
for it to manure on the flowers which
was caught and crammed
up the man in
the moon ...

— holly bell-toland

i think
i think
eye know

it's time to GROW



Go away in the night,
get kicked in the nuts,
and blame everything on
Mother Liberty, the fake,
the frump. She caused it
all by saying
Freedom, Freedom; then gave
her brain to the mighty
and closed her bosom
to the weak.

— Mel Landers

R.S.V.P.

Words have floundered before,
Like shored fish gasping,
Breaking against the unbodied
Air, pleading.

Children who have walked
Apart too much, who have
Seen the gift go to others,
Know the fish, know the puckered,
Violent mouth, the departing
Wetness of his face, the round
Eyes that are dry and
Cannot shut.

But now an Important dance
Is made. I have seen it,
And know the shapes of its
Hands, the leg slants, the
Lovely syllables of its time.

If you suffer speech's absence
And wish to join this dance
Devised for fish and certain
Children quite broken on the
Dry, pulsing shore, then
Leave the groups that have
Crowded you without touching,
Place your hand against your
Own dear body, watch the others,
And follow them into this new
Element of circled blue,
Singing.

—BOB SHAW