

SPACE CITY!

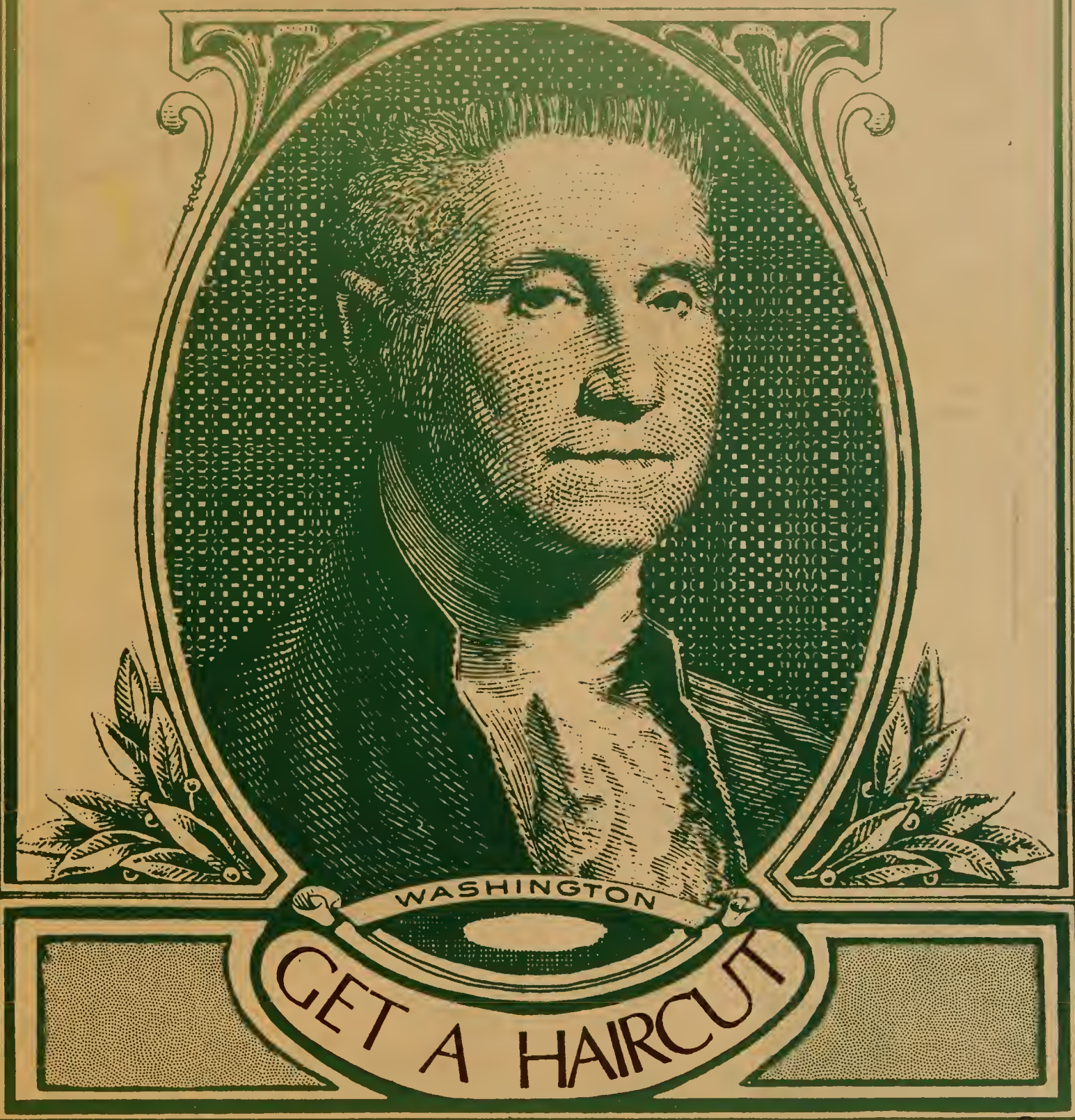
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Volume III, Number 8

July 27—August 3, 1971

Houston, Texas

KEEP AMERICA BEAUTIFUL



Beginning
This Week:

Sabreflame

A NEW NOVEL BY
ROBERT FINLAY

BULK RATE
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LETTERS

1217 Wichita, Houston, Texas 77004

Who Gives a Damn ?

Dear Space City,

You really will print anything. The lament on department store shopping by the self-proclaimed "parasite" is better suited to Woman's Day or Cosmopolitan than to right-on Space City! and is best suited to no print at all.

Is it a joke? The poor child should either open her eyes or confine herself completely to the "feminine" pursuits which she both extolls and bitches about.

Really - who gives a damn about such sophomoric bullshit?

Keep on truckin'; we love you anyway.

Nature Red, Woman

Thanks for Feature Issue

Dear Peaceniks (an honorable word of the New Stream) at Space City!

Upon reading the last feature issue (until the next), I feel love and joy and pride in my Bruthas (another honorable word) on the SC! staff, and my Sistus, too. Houston may yet be called in truth a fair city. Who needs to go to Dublin? Less you have friends you want to see.

Kerry Fitzgerald, unless he is two or three collective souls, is a genius just for having such a working-producing capacity. Hippie is an honorable word. Who says hippies can't work? I deeply appreciate his energy spent upon illustrating my contribution.

Harvey Keen's poem is one of the finest I have ever read. It speaks to Now. I'm just starting on Adrienne's poems on the next page, but they sure are great. I mean it. "Sophistication" depends on there being an effete minor-

ity. Since Spiro calls us all Effete Snobs, then we must be a majority minority. So maybe every one of us has a gem to offer in this life! Which is the whole point of what I and my friends in the International Stalinist Marxist Co-Communist Conspiracy have been saying for years. One thing about gems, every one has value (Germs, too!). Some are ornamental, some work with their friends in buzz saws. But not even Dick Nixon can deny that a gem's a gem. And remember: a diamond is forever!

I have had some frantic mystical non-drug experiences which have given me faith in God. God is what the mathematicians have not yet equated. We personify It into Him because it is a convention frame of reference. God may be a She, a He, a Homosexual, a Hermaphrodite, a Junky, that ol' Monkey on the Space City! typewriter in the sky - or all of these! Whatever we want, we got. A dose of pure Faith will speed up the filling or re-filling of your prescription.

The universe moves toward balance. If you're shorted in this life you'll be lengthened in the next. Don't worry about it, but live in Peace and Love and Charity. There is enough for all.

Glad to see Adrienne getting back to rhyme. Ginsberg is good, and so is everybody else, however. Just do yo' thing.

For my part, I have a small mind and I intend to use it. Unlike Gautama, I see nothing wrong with carnal desire. So gimme a chance, Buddha, we got a new age on our hands and it's time we had a chance to truck out some new truths! If any.

God is Good!

Jeff Williams
Houston

Brian Grant Hits Home

Dear Space City,

As I sat here this afternoon dreaming of better (more "livable on a day

to day basis'?) alternatives to today's society, I decided I had to jot off a few lines and talk to you. I got my latest copy (V. III, No. 3) and immediately turned to the Advice to Dopers. As it turned out Brian really hit me hard where I had been doing some heavy thinking. I have been in a whirlwind of thought ever since, and things are still spinning pretty fast.

Although I was a Rice Freak (and plan to be a grad student as soon as I get out of this hell-hole called the Hew Ass Harm-me), I don't think I ever knew Brian personally, but I felt when reading his good-bye that I was losing one of my closest friends, and if you can get there, a kindred spirit. In the two years that I have been reading Space City regularly, I have not only enjoyed his "practical" advice, but I felt that his social advice was pretty well worth following.

One reader accused him of alienating people by his "voice on the mountain" approach. Personally, I feel that every society needs its prophets and seers if it is to remain viable, and I would be willing to follow one half as good; besides, he is only asking us to openly consider his ideas, he is not demanding that we take them as absolutes. Perhaps the reader doesn't make a distinction between judging others (public morality) and developing a commitment for one's own life (private morality). She seems to judge him for expressing his commitment.

But enough! The real reason I wrote was that I felt the views he often stated were important enough to receive support from another perspective. It seems that the world is crashing down so fast on all sides (ecology, racism, forced consumption, individual repression, loss of meaning in life, the whole crock of shit), and that not only is our generation the only one apparently equipped to attempt to deal with the situation, but we seem to be the only ones even vaguely aware that a problem exists.

But Brian is right, we can't save the world without them (the "other" generation). There are simply too many to kill off, they're too powerful to let us ignore them, and we haven't got time to just let them die! If we want to save the world (and incidentally, ourselves) we have got to wake them up.

Brian closed by saying that "All you need is love", but he doesn't say

when or for whom. Tomorrow, next week, next year, or someday just won't do. We need love now, for every one. I realize it won't be easy, but knowing that there are caring people like Brian Grant and communities like the Space City! group does, at least give me hope.

Love and Peace,
(SP4) Larry McMahan
Rice '69
Ft. Monroe, Va.

Astroworld Rip - Off

Dear Space City,

I recently went to Astroworld with two friends of mine. It was really fucked. The people and the employes were very unfriendly. We were expecting to be rejected and stared at, but it was worse than that, especially being on psychedelics.

First thing that happened was, one of their Astroworld pigs hassled us about going to the wrong entry. He was really rude, but we forgot about it. Within 30 minutes or so we went to this certain ride, and almost got into a fight for no reason at all. We were in no condition to fight so we boogied, but gave them a piece of our minds.

What I want to get across is that Astroworld is the biggest Rip-Off! in the world besides Nixon. The admission and food prices, the rides, the people, and the employes are really ridiculous. All brothers and sisters should stay away from Astroworld. It's a bad place to be when you're on psychedelics.

However, my friends and I had a good time being together. We learned a lot about people. I hope you print this letter as a warning for people (brothers and sisters) who plan on going to Astroworld on psychedelics or just going. It isn't worth it.

Very truly yours,
David R. Martinez
Houston

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THE HOUSTON POLICE MURDERED CARL HAMPTON

One Year Later

July 26 marks the first anniversary of the death of Carl Hampton.

Carl was a revolutionary, and it is not in sentimental retrospect that we can say he was one of the very few men or women in Houston who could lay legitimate claim to that title.

Nor is it merely that Carl demonstrated his willingness to die for his beliefs that he was a revolutionary. He *lived* for those beliefs, actively seeking realization of his vision for a better society, a society of peace, love, justice and freedom from material want. He lived those beliefs 24 hours a day, until he was shot down by Houston police one Sunday night on Dowling St.

Carl was 21, and the chairman of the newly formed People's Party II, a Black revolutionary organization which still exists in Houston.

The details of that awful night scarcely need repeating. The rally in front of People's Party headquarters, following more than a week of provocative harassment by the Houston police. The white, non-uniformed men sighted on the rooftop of nearby St. John the Baptist church. People's Party members moving cautiously, curiously into the street. Then, gunfire. Bullets raining down from the church top into the street, bouncing off the sidewalks. When it was over, Carl lay dying in the street. Several more, including Barte Haile and Johnny Coward, were seriously wounded. Police casualties: zero.

And then, as if the gun battle had merely whetted their appetites, the police proceeded to trash the abandoned party headquarters and swept down Dowling St., beating and arresting dozens of innocent Black citizens who had the poor judgment to be on the street that night.

The impact of Carl's death on Houstonians was dramatic, inasmuch as impact of any sort is possible in this sluggish sprawl of a city. There were those, of course, who applauded the actions of the police in restoring law and order to the wild and wicked Dowling St. area. And there were those who said nothing, perhaps thought nothing, so accustomed they have become to violence and insanity. But there were good liberals whose eternally bleeding hearts were for once touched by terror at the brutal extinction of this young Black leader. There were the youthful suburban heads and the Montrose transplants who,

though shocked by the killing, saw the incident as further confirmation of their myopic condemnation of violence and guns, including revolutionary violence and guns for self-defense.

For some Houstonians, Carl's death pointed out, in sharp relief, that we the people are indeed at war with them, the rulers, whether we like the idea or not. And though Carl died in 1970 because he was a Black man in America, there is no assurance that some of our lives may be in danger in, say, 1973 -- because we are young or long-haired or dope-smoking or peace-loving or because we express dangerous ideas or because we even *think* of ourselves as radicals or revolutionaries.

And if we are at war, a massive though often invisible war against the destruction of the world's people, their minds and their environment, then we really have little choice but to prepare for that war and fight, ultimately for our collective and individual survivals, in what ever ways we can. If we believe only in passive resistance, then we must *act* on that belief. If we believe that good living and persuasion will make the revolution, then we must live good do *good* talking -- and this is not as easy as it might seem. If, like Carl, we believe that building and defending socialist institutions is the way, then we must *build* and defend.

Carl's death, if it teaches us nothing else, should point out the undeniable truth of our situation -- that we are a powerless and insecure people living in imperial America -- and that we must act today, tomorrow and for the rest of our lives to change that intolerable situation, never giving in to the tempting cynicism and stupefying despair that characterizes the American culture.

It would be unfair to canonize Carl, or even to present his life as *the* model for people concerned about change and revolution. Carl was not a saint, but a remarkable young man who made the decision to strike back at a system that was strangling him and people like him. He recognized that he carried an immense responsibility, not only to himself, but to the rest of enslaved humanity. That responsibility is ours, too.

-- Space City! Collective

Regents Vamp On Texan

by Karen Northcott

The Board of Regents of the University of Texas at Austin filed suit last week to gain control of the assets of the Texas Student Publications, Inc., publishers of the Daily Texan and other UT publications.

The suit is the latest maneuver in the continuing legal battle between the regents and the TSP board of directors for control of the corporation and its assets.

The regents are seeking control of the \$600,000 in assets controlled by the TSP. In the suit the regents and the state ask that the TSP be enjoined permanently from spending any of the \$600,000, and that the members be enjoined from taking any further action on behalf of the corporation except to turn over the assets to the regents.

The 50-year charter of the TSP expired July 5, but the student group petitioned and received from Secretary of State Martin C. Dies a seven month extension. The regents contend Dies' action was illegal and without advance approval of the regents.

Dies asked Atty. Gen. Grawford Martin for a legal ruling on the issue, but Martin said Monday, July 19, that he would not issue such a ruling since the case is in litigation.

The text of the suit, however, quoted the regents as saying Martin had ruled Dies' action in extending the charter was not valid and went beyond the limits of the original charter.

The regents, in a special meeting July 9, voted to abolish the TSP and replace it with another board to be controlled by the administration of the university and the Department of Journalism.

The TSP board instructed its attorney to contest that action and the suit now pending in district court is expected to settle the controversial legal questions.

The regents' suit seeks a permanent injunction to prohibit the student controlled board from disposing of any of its assets. It names the board and each of its individual members as defendants.

"The Board of Regents requests that the defendants be held strictly accountable, both jointly and severally, for any and all use and disposition of such assets from and after 12 p.m. July 5, 1971, without the authorization and consent of the Board of Regents and that the defendants be required to transfer and convey the assets of said corporation to the Board of Regents," the suit said.

The suit contends that "there is no lawful and valid basis for the existence of Texas Student Publications, Inc., as a corporate entity."

The question of ownership of the corporation is viewed differently by the students of the university. The Texan itself was founded by students in 1900, 14 years before the establishment of the Department of Journalism. When TSP was incorporated in 1921, students signed the articles of incorp-

oration, stating clearly that the purpose of the corporation was to "issue, publish and distribute for the Students' Association of the University of Texas."

"The regents view TSP as they do all other entities operating on the university campus. As political appointees of the governor and charged with the policy-making functions of the university, they claim that their role as 'stewards of the fiscal responsibilities' of the university is proof of their ultimate ownership. It makes little difference to them, as several have stated, if this view conflicts with the first amendment of the constitution which forbids governmental interference (or ownership) of the press," said Andy Yemma, last year's editor of the Texan.

The Texan has often found itself under attack by the board of regents, particularly former regents' chairman, Frank Erwin, Jr.

In 1965 the regents, angered by an anti-war editorial, called together a panel of newspaper editors from around the state to study the Texan and make recommendations to the board. The panel found the Texan to be lacking nothing and did not recommend any changes in the structure of the TSP corporation, nor did it advise that the Texan editor be appointed by the head of the journalism department, as the regents had wanted.

Most recently the Texan embarrassed the regents by its reportage of the building of the UT chancellors' one million dollar private residence financed by Texas taxpayers. The legisla-

ture subsequently held an investigation into the matter, causing much state-wide attention to be drawn upon this "lucrative playhouse."

A panel of state-wide editors and publishers was again called this year. The panel, chosen by Chancellor Charles LeMaistre, was expected to give its endorsement to LeMaistre's plan for a totally new corporation to publish the Texan. The editors and publishers made an informal report to the regents in which they said virtually nothing. They told the regents that they felt that the argument between TSP and the regents wasn't irreconcilable and that they should strive for an arrangement agreeable to both sides.

A questionnaire was sent to former Texan editors asking their opinion of the LeMaistre corporation which would leave the control of the Texan in the hands of the Journalism Department. Sam Kinch, 1962-63 editor, administered the questionnaire. He said an overwhelming majority of the editors who responded agreed with William Ray Miller, 1929-30 editor, who said, "I see no reason for changing what has worked reasonably well for the past half-century."

The former Texan editors were especially skeptical of proposals putting the Texan under greater supervision of the journalism faculty. Kinch cited "an almost universal mistrust in the professional background and capability of the journalism faculty." (The faculty itself has tried to discourage the regents from giving the department control of the Texan.)

UT Women Struck Out

by Karen Northcott

AUSTIN - The administration of the University of Texas at Austin refused to allow any members of the women's groups charging that the university discriminates against women to sit at the negotiating table last week.

The negotiations were arranged by the Health, Education and Welfare Department to discuss the charge that sex discrimination is practiced at all levels within the university community.

Members of the Women's Law Caucus, the Women's Law Center and Attorney Bobby J. Nelson were turned away from the negotiations Friday, July 16, on the grounds that it is "improper for the complainants to investigate the matter themselves."

A 10-member committee was appointed by Dr. Stephen Spurr, president of the university, to investigate the charges of sex discrimination; of that committee, only three are women.

In a letter to the committee members, Dr. Spurr said, "While the HEW does not consider this a formal com-

plaint, we should, nonetheless, determine whether the charges made are true."

He asked the committee to make a thorough survey of the status of women on the UT campus, to identify possible discriminating practices against women and to suggest the remedial steps needed.

"If sexual discrimination is found this committee should formulate and recommend to me an affirmative action to correct such inequities," Dr. Spurr requested of the committee.

The HEW in its first letter to the university on June 25 requested the joint cooperation of the UT administration and the women's groups in carrying on the investigation, analyzing data and proposing a solution.

None of the four women who filed the complaint nor other women who had previously been meeting with the university were invited to participate on the committee.

"In our opinion, the deliberate exclusion of representatives of the women's groups of membership on the committee flagrantly ignores the intent of the HEW," said Bobby J. Nel-

son, attorney for the groups.

"The administration, however, doesn't appear to share that intent as evidenced in the July 16 meeting which declared it improper for the women bringing the complaint to participate in investigating the validity of the charges," she said.

The women contend that it is just as improper for the defendants, namely the university administration, to investigate its own policies and practices in regard to sex discrimination.

They also argue that the university's refusal to admit representatives of the complainants on the committee is invalid since not all the women who were present at the first two meetings have actually signed the complaint.

"We had envisioned an investigation committee composed of a fair representation of the administration, faculty, staff and the women's groups," a protest letter to Dr. Spurr states.

"If a more representative committee is not formed, we feel that we must recommend to concerned wo-

men employees that they file individual formal complaints with the HEW rather than submitting their substantial employment interests to the jurisdiction of such a committee," the letter continues.

If the women employees elect to do so, then the HEW will be required to conduct its own investigation

The women point out that such an investigation by the HEW will result in a polarization of the campus and a duplication of effort which they feel will neither help the university nor increase the ease of implementation of federal contract obligation.

The women in their letter to Dr. Spurr said "only general charges were filed with the HEW at the outset. We would very much like to work together in this matter and we feel that the difficulties which have arisen are due to the lack of communication with you personally. Surely if better communication were established we might arrive at an understanding of mutual goals and implementation."

The women expect no response from Dr. Spurr and ask that all women file formal complaints with the HEW.



Joe Johnson and Friends



Creative Play



The Shack



The "Factory"



Health Clinic

by E.F. Shawver, Jr.

Four black youths were arrested on Saturday, July 17, around 8:30 p.m. by the Houston Police at the Swiney Park Recreation Center at 2812 Cline. The four -- Roy Ricks, 19; Roland Johnson, 17; Horton Pyrtle, 19; and Patrick Clemons, 20 -- were among about 20 young people who were using the lighted area in front of the recreation building to repair bicycles, according to Joe Edward Johnson, 20, director of the Leavesly Education Center at 2906 Cline.

Johnson, a black VISTA worker who has been active in youth work in the Swiney addition for a number of years, told City Council at last Wednesday's morning gripe session that the police arrived in an unmarked car, approached the group with drawn guns and ordered them not to run. According to Johnson, the general response was to the effect of "Why run? We haven't done anything."

Nevertheless, the cops separated the adults from the juveniles and hauled the four who were 17 or over down to jail. Roy Ricks and Roland Johnson were charged with gambling and Horton Pyrtle and Patrick Clemons with "remaining at the scene," according to court records. (The bond receipt Clemons showed me had "gaming" as the charge.) The four were released on \$25 bond apiece pending a July 29 arraignment.

The Swiney Park Center serves some 2,000 black kids (not all at once) living in the area formerly known as the Bottoms close to the intersection of Interstate 10 and the Eastex Freeway.

The area's recreational program was begun in 1963 as a self-help project by the people living there. Four years ago the city took over (after the kids had cleared the lot) and the recreational building was erected. The blueprints at that time showed a swimming pool and an outdoor gym but these were never built. This section of Cline has a tendency to flood and the kids swim there after a heavy rain. Across the street from the recreation building is the clubhouse, called, appropriately, "The Shack."

Joe Johnson teaches a photography class for the University of Thought, using the Shack's kitchen for an improvised darkroom. A typing class is taught there although the group has only two typewriters. It is also the headquarters for several youth programs including two basketball teams, a baseball team, a Boy Scout troop and a Red Cross youth club.

Between four and five months ago, a number of the members picketed the Swann Ice Co., 418 Jensen, to protest the low pay being received by that company's 6-9 year old employees. The picketers were not protesting the hiring of such young children (who could use the income) but rather the fact that they were being paid a daily wage of 50 cents and a pint of ice cream.

The action started on the complaint of Edward Collins, 9, who came to an evening meeting at the Shack with a report of Swann's exploitative pay scale. When Swann refused to consider giving the kids a raise, the peaceful picketing was decided upon for the following morning. The police broke up the demonstration and there were several complaints of harassment and brutality at that time.

The Swann picket was the beginning of intensified police activity in the area. A month or so later the boy scouts were camping out by the recreation building but were interrupted by the police who took 43 of them to jail. At this time the juveniles (under 17) were taken in for being out too late at night.

About three weeks ago, Joe Johnson was walking some kids home from a baseball banquet when he was accosted by police officers who called him such things as "black turd" and "black sonofabitch" and who pressed his face against the hot hood of their car while the motor was still running. "When they found my VISTA I.D. I suddenly became a man," Johnson said later.

At Swiney Park

After the recent "gaming" arrests, over 100 kids stayed at the recreation building until all four of the arrested youths had been bailed out, which didn't happen until between 3 and 4 a.m. It is possible that such evidence of solidarity contributes to police nervousness.

The recreation building has no sign to identify it for what it is but it does have a small sign saying "Whirlwind" in front, close to the apex of the roof. It was built (or, as one Shack member said, "bolted down") by Whirlwind Steel Buildings who (for no apparent reason) saw fit to advertise the fact. Whirlwind builds a lot of factories and Shack members generally agree that this building is visually no exception.

Adjacent to the recreational building is an open area containing a macadam surfaced basketball court which is very tough on basketballs. All competition with other teams must be done elsewhere for lack of space in the so-called "park." Behind the building is a slide and three swings. This concludes the inventory of outdoor recreational facilities.

Nearby is the Schwartz Center, a city-operated health clinic housed in a tidy but tiny one-story frame building. The largest of the four rooms is the uncarpeted waiting room which measures about nine feet square. There patients wait their turns on metal folding chairs.

The nurse on duty, Mrs. J. Bailey, says that the Baby Clinic, Maternity Clinic and the Family Planning Service take care of about 200 patients per month and that during the winter the clinic does about 150 immunizations per month. Immunization activity has picked up recently (I was there on Friday and at that time 280 immunizations had been given since the preceding Monday), but she is still dissatisfied at the relatively small number of patients who use the clinic. She says that most of the residents still use the clinic on Lyons Ave. out of habit -- when they could save money on bus fares and relieve the overworked staff on Lyons by coming to the Schwartz clinic. Joe assured her that he and his people are working on this.

According to Johnson, the same patrolmen -- D.L. Morgan and D.C. Dudley -- who made the Saturday night arrests, were involved in the earlier incidents. It is generally believed that law and order in the Swiney Addition is in the heavy hands of a special task force who have instructions (not to mention inclination) to come down hard on suspected "black militants." "When the police see a number of blacks together, they get scared," Johnson said.

Joe Johnson is primarily disturbed by the effect of all this on the kids, especially the very young ones. In his complaint before city council he said, "You've got some kids -- babies -- talking about throwing rocks and shooting at Houston police officers." As he sees it, police harassment is destroying everything which he has worked for years to achieve in the Swiney area.

Outwardly at least, Johnson's allegations are being given serious consideration by the Mayor and city council. Council has referred the matter directly to the Human Relations division for investigation and not to the police as is usual in such cases. The mayor told Johnson that he does not consider him militant and promised a thorough investigation.

photos by E.F. Shawver Jr.

HISD to Appeal

by Ron Young

The Board of Education of the Houston Independent School District voted July 12 to take its dispute with Space City! vendor Paul Kitchen a step further.

Kitchen, a Waltrip High School junior, was suspended October 20, 1970, by principal Gordon M. Cotton for selling Space City! near school property. On October 26, Cotton again confronted Kitchen for selling Space City! and threatened to have him arrested.

Later Kitchen and his father consulted an attorney. As a result, Cotton and the school board were charged with violating the ruling made by Federal Judge Woodrow Seals in the case of Pflashlyte, an underground paper at Sharpstown High School. The Pflashlyte ruling was intended to insure the constitutional rights of students.

Kitchen's three month court case ended March 4 of this year in Seals' court. Seals' decision in the case was revealed in an opinion dated June 23, 1971. He ruled in favor of Kitchen and against Cotton and HISD. (For complete details see Space City! Vol. 2 No. 5.)

School board members decided at the July 12 meeting to appeal Seals' ruling to the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals. Board member Eleanor Tinsley introduced the motion. She stated that she believed the board had followed Seals' prior order in good faith. She

said that the school board was responsible for the students and to handle this responsibility there must be regulations. In her opinion, the present regulations are fair.

Dr. Leonard Robbins agreed that the board should appeal because, "We need to have a little better evidence of where we stand in this matter of due process," (referring to the students right of appeal). "To protect our principals. To keep them from having to be frustrated and defeated and carried into court when they should be running their school building."

Board attorney Bill Wilde stated that he thought the court acted in error in holding invalid the boards regulations. "We feel that the court has misconstrued the federal law as it exists today with respect to disruption on a school campus. We feel that it is a legitimate requirement of the board to prohibit the distribution of material which advocates illegal action or disobedience to the published rules of the board of education." (Italics ours)

He said that many recent federal court decisions held that these matters be left to the school boards. "Most of these issues do not rise to federal questions of constitutional rights. These are matters of education and should be left to the school boards and not the federal courts. For these reasons we would recommend to the board, very strongly, that the case be appealed."

In conclusion a board member commented, "I think Bill (Wilde) did a real good job of explaining that. We can't hardly do anything according to what this ruling says. If we don't get cleared up what little bit we have left, authority in our principals is going to be gone also."

No date has been set for the appeal as of this writing.

Meanwhile, high school vendors of underground papers within HISD may exercise their constitutional rights in the distribution of printed matter. Newspapers may be sold on or off campus before or after school provided it is done in a peaceful, orderly manner.

Martin Klinger Gets 3-yr Probation



Convicted draft resistor Marty Kiinger was given a three-year probated sentence by federal judge John V. Singleton, Jr. Thursday morning, July 22. Marty agreed to find and hold a hospital job for the three years as part of the sentence.

Klinger's supporters broke into tears of joy as the judge announced his surprisingly lenient sentence. Marty's father embraced his neighbor, Mrs. Billy Marie Watson, and said "God is good."

A jury had found Marty guilty of "failure to report for and submit to induction" at the Induction Center on 701 San Jacinto after a three-day trial two weeks ago. Marty, a pacifist and vegetarian, went to the center last Oct. 21 with a letter explaining his opposition to the Selective Service System and his refusal to accept any classification in that system. He had given up his 2-S deferment in 1969, his junior year at Princeton University.

Judge Singleton explained that the sentencing was based on a precedent he had set himself in the draft resistance case of Dick Gee, of Beaumont, Tex. On May 7, 1970, Singleton sentenced Gee, whose moral beliefs about the war are similar to Marty's, to four years in the federal penitentiary at El Reno. At the sentencing, Singleton gave Gee a stern lecture about respect for the law, a rap which was later re-

printed in the U.S. News and World Report, and which in turn was read by ex-Texan (and ex-LBJ press secretary) Bill Moyers in New York.

When Moyers came to Houston last summer gathering material for his book *Listening to America* (which has an account of Dick Gee's story), he contacted civil liberties lawyer David Berg, who prepared an appeal of Gee's conviction. In the intervening months, a U.S. Supreme Court ruling on the case of Welsh vs. the United States had expanded the definition of conscientious objection to include political, moral or philosophical beliefs as grounds for deferment equally valid as religious objections to war.

On July 27, 1970, Berg argued to Singleton that the decision should be applied retroactively to Gee's case, and on Oct. 25, Singleton reversed his decision, freeing Gee, who had done over six months in El Reno, on the promise that he would do civilian service for the remainder of his original sentence.

Gee is free now, pending the government's appeal of this retroactive decision. The case is presently before the 5th Circuit Court of Appeals. If Singleton's reversal holds up, said Berg, "it could ultimately free 12,000 of the 18,000 CO's in the United States, as well as soldiers now in Vietnam who were drafted before the Welsh decision was handed down."



THE SOLEDAD BROTHERS DESPERATELY NEED CASH!

With the trial finally about to start, the Soledad Brothers Legal Defense team is on the verge of total bankruptcy. The outcome of the trial hangs in the balance. The Soledad Brothers have been under indictment since February 1970 (more than 18 months). The massive pre-trial assaults by the prosecution (changes of venue, gag rules, harassment, endless pre-trial hearings) have almost completely exhausted every penny raised by the defense.

The trial is now scheduled to start on August 9, 1971.

Defense attorneys expect it to last 5 months. Conservative estimates put the cost of the defense (expert witnesses, special investigators, travel expenses for witness interviews from all over the state, the bare necessities for supporting three attorneys and their staff during the trial, etc.) at \$125,000. The state will be spending many times this amount in its ruthless attempt to railroad the Soledad Brothers to the gas chamber. Your money is urgently needed to prevent a legal lynching. Please send your contribution immediately to:

THE SOLEDAD BROTHERS LEGAL DEFENSE FUND
510 North Third Street
San Jose, California 95112

I enclose _____ for the cause of justice in the Soledad Case.
_____ Please send Soledad Button (75c minimum contribution)
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U.S. Sues Channel Firm

by E.F. Shawver, Jr.

The federal government has brought a civil suit against the Deer Park chemical firm of Rohm and Haas, to enjoin the company from further discharge of toxic material into the Houston Ship Channel.

The suit, which was filed July 19 in U.S. District Judge John V. Singleton's court by Asst. U.S. Atty. Jack Shepherd, alleges that Rohm and Haas is discharging effluents which "constitute an immediate health hazard . . . and cause irreparable injury to the ecology [of the] ship channel and the larger body of water into which it flows." These effluents are said to contain chromium, manganese, iron, nickel, copper, zinc, molybdenum, silver, cadmium, tin, lead, cyanide and other toxic substances.

The law under which the suit was filed is the Rivers and Harbors Act of

1889 (33 U.S.C., section 407) which requires a permit from the Army Corps of Engineers before any person can dump refuse into navigable waters. "Refuse" has been defined to include pollutants of all types. (The same law was invoked in March, 1970, when the United States sued the Florida Power and Light Company in Federal Court, Southern District of Florida, in an attempt to block the thermal pollution of Biscayne Bay which the government alleged was being caused by the company's plants in the area.) The suit alleges that Rohm and Haas does not hold the permit which the law requires.

Because the case has yet to be tried, Shepherd declined to comment on it except to say that it is very similar to the case of Armco Steel Corp, which was recently tried in U.S. District Judge Allen B. Hannay's court and on which a ruling is expected in August. Shepherd has been quoted as saying,

"as in any of these cases we are looking for a treatment of the pollutants."

The present suit is based on EPA samplings at plant outfalls which were made in March. The company admits that it, like every other chemical plant, has its problems with pollutants, specifically here with BOD ("biological oxygen demand" or the amount of oxygen necessary in the water for bacteria to consume organic constituents), ammonia and nickel, the only metal in the list given in the suit with which they say they have any substantial problem.

According to a plant spokesman the EPA outfall analyses are clouded by the fact that water coming into the plant is already contaminated to a certain extent. In particular, they attribute the content of heavy metals reported by the EPA to such prior contamination since these metals do not play a role in normal plant operations.

Although the EPA and the Justice

photos by E.F. Shawver Jr.

Department may not be satisfied with the results, treatment facilities are in operation at the plant. The company attempts to cope with BOD in its aeration lagoons in which air is injected into the water before it passes to the trickle filter which distributes it over a rockpile. Microorganisms living in the porous rocks then work on converting organic material into carbon dioxide, nitrogen and other non-pollutants. The plant also operates settling ponds, oil skimmers and other treatment facilities.

No date has been set for a hearing but company representatives are continuing to meet with people from the Justice Department and the EPA. Plant manager Joe Barolak said Friday, "We are working harmoniously with the regulatory agencies and the Justice Department. We are not resisting the suit except by presenting the facts. We hope to clear the matter up before it gets to court."



Waste Treatment Facility



Rockpile and Trickle Filter

Grape Boycott



Picketing Piggly Wiggly

The United Farm Workers Organizing Committee (AFL-CIO) is calling on consumers throughout Texas to support informational picket lines which began this past weekend at Piggly-Wiggly Food Stores in Houston, Dallas, Ft. Worth and San Antonio.

Bill Chandler, UFWOC's Texas Boycott director, said "Piggly-Wiggly supermarkets have scab grapes from the struck J.G. Boswell ranch and from other struck Arizona growers. They have refused all attempts by farm workers to meet with them in Texas and have ignored requests that they buy only union label grapes now in abundant supply. They know what they are doing."

Multi-millionaire grape grower J.G. Boswell has refused to recognize the farm workers demands for justice, dignity, decent pay, pesticide control and their own union, and has forced them to strike in Arizona. However Piggly-Wiggly has continued to buy scab, non-

union "Cactus Lane" and "Pancho" grapes from Boswell.

This policy reeks of strikebreaking. This is the way chain stores give aid to growers in strikebreaking -- promoting scab grapes sales to fight the striking workers. "We have no other avenue but non-violent picketing," Chandler said.

UFWOC is asking that all consumers honor the farm workers picket lines at Piggly-Wiggly. They intend to maintain their weekend picketing until Piggly-Wiggly drops all non-union grapes.

If you want to help as a picket or offer the assistance of your organization, you can call Chandler at 524-9404.

If you intend to support the farm workers, why don't you call the manager of the Piggly-Wiggly store nearest you and tell him what you think of his anti-union, strike-breaking, scab grape policy.

\$123456

Das Hip Kapital

by Craig Karpel

On the night of the Woodstock premiere, Fred Weintraub, Warner Brothers Vice-President in Charge of Creative Services, was a bit uneasy about the degree of enthusiasm with which the audience would greet the film. He wasn't taking the bomb threats seriously, mind you, but he asked Lieutenant O'Neil -- just kidding around, you know -- whether there was a way to keep anybody from walking out after only a few minutes. Not that there's much of a likelihood, of course, but you can never be too --

"Make better movies," said the Lieutenant.

Warners received many threatening phone calls and letters before Woodstock's release because of the high cost of tickets -- \$4 and \$5. Kids who appeared in the movie would'nt be able to see it, said the protesters. Why should a kid who had fronted \$18 for three days of peace and music not now be willing to spend \$5 more, asked Warners.

But that was the point; most of the kids who went to Woodstock didn't pay. Since they didn't pay, it was a "free festival" and if it was a "free festival," what business did Warners have charging \$5? Protest against the ticket price for the festival could take a direct form: thousands of kids coming in over, under, around and through the fence.

But movie theatres are better fortified against the annoying tendency of people trying to get in free, so the freebies were reduced to picketing. Perhaps there would have been fewer pickets if the movie hadn't been rated R (got to have a parent with you if you're under 17). If you're old enough to ball in the grass, the kids reasoned, you're old enough to see yourself do it in Techniscope.

Weintraub sits in his red, white and blue Sox, all 42 years of him, charcoal grey head of hair, and music executive beard, at an onyx-topped walnut desk with grass cloth on the walls, shag carpet, velvet couch, and fake impressionist paintings in gilt frames.

"Just do me one favor," says Weintraub, who bought the Woodstock movie for Warners. "Don't write anything about how I've been running the Bitter End in the Village for nine years, giving Judy Collins and Peter Paul and Mary and Joni Mitchell their start. Don't say anything about how I was giving new acts a break and supporting them when these kids were watching the Mickey Mouse club on the tube. I got a reputation to maintain, after all. Just say that I'm a capitalist pig schmuck rip-off artist dirty old man and leave it at that. No, tell them I like ripping off the people's culture, that's how I get off."

"Within the so-called Establishment," says Weintraub, "there are people who are as concerned as the young people are. Right now the young people are ineffective -- once they learn to use the Establishment, changes will come faster than anybody anticipates.

What they need is somebody who can sit down with the bankers. If the bankers think they can profit, they'll play our game."

Was the \$5 bit on Woodstock the banker's idea?

"Man, they had to do something to make up for some of the bomb movies, right?"

How is Son of Woodstock Returns coming along?

"I haven't bought any festivals this year," says Weintraub. "1970 has been a bad year for festivals. Even when festivals do come off, the kids have an alarming tendency to walk in without paying. What I have bought is a bus caravan, traveling across the country giving free concerts in different cities."

A lot of kids think they're making a revolution.

"Yeah, but they take it too seriously. The revolution's gonna be an attrition kind of thing, if enough kids turn out like my daughter. She's married to a draft resister in Canada. The way you can tell a real revolution's going on is, nobody who's involved in it takes it too seriously."

* * * * *

Michael Butler, 43, an Oakbrook, Ill. paper heir has palmed off on out-of-towners in 26 towns the world over \$20 million worth of tickets to a shuck called Hair, the American Tribal Love Rock Musical. At a "teen fair" last year in Cleveland, a barker in a paisley shirt shouted into a mike, "Come on in & see a love rock musical, just like Hair! A musical just like Hair! Just like Hair!"

Just like Hair! A musical that was as close to Hair as Hair is to real freak life would be a musical like The Student Prince.

* * * * *

WMCA -- New York radio personality Barry Gray is five minutes into his talk show when he hears another radio station broadcasting in his studio. He looks over in the corner, and it is Peter Max's girl friend in a Peter Max dress, sitting with her broken arm in a Peter Max cast wearing one of those self-contained FM stereo headphone radios turned all the way up. Amazingly, it is not a Peter Max radio at all, merely a Panasonic.

Soon Peter Max is explaining to Barry Gray about yoga. "Yoga has such beneficial powers that I'm pleased to tell you that the White House has shown a great deal of interest in it."

After the show, Peter Max points to the headphone radio gleefully. "It's fantastic, really, but so ... utilitarian looking, nothing but grey and black. I've got a manufacturer, we're going to put them out with white cans, and red pads, and a yellow headband with blue edges with little white-stars-on-the-front . . ."

Next thing you know, you'll be licensing Peter Max yoga.

"I am! I am! We've got a comic strip coming out in three hundred newspapers in which I illustrate sayings of Swami Satchidananda. It's called Meditation.

Peter Max, 33, has turned his "art" into a business that grosses \$1 million on the royalties, ("Twice," Max likes to point out, "what Disney gets") from the manufacture of:

Peter Max shirts by Van Heusen; Peter Max sheets, pillow cases and towels by JP Stevens; Peter Max ties by Deidler and Feuerman; Peter Max (plastic -- he's a vegetarian) shoes by Laconia; Peter Max magazine by Hearst; Peter Max body stockings by Burlington; Peter Max housewares by Ekco; Peter Max umbrellas by Klein; Peter Max gift wrapping by Reliance; Peter Max sweat shirts by Standard Knitting; Peter Max spiral and loose-leaf notebooks by Westab; Peter Max vegetarian patchwork belts by Canturbury; Peter Max sleepwear by Hansley; Peter Max radios by Lloyds; Peter Max flatware by Oxford Halls; Peter Max jumpsuits by Jumpsuits, Inc.; Peter Max wallpapers by Clopay; Peter Max animated feature film by Teletronics; Peter Max candy by Lotte; Peter Max infant coveralls by Pilgrim; Peter Max map by Rand McNally.

* * *

Recently, an associate of Bill Graham's wrote the Department of Defense offering the services of his organization in arranging rock concerts for the troops. Graham, he explained, "created the rock scene in San Francisco and New York."

This might seem like an arrogant claim, but it isn't. Of course, the rock scene in San Francisco and New York wasn't created by musicians and song writers. It was created by a concert promoter, Bill Graham indeed created the rock scene in San Francisco and New York, and Los Angeles, and Chicago, and Seattle, and Houston, and Kansas City and Billings, Mont., and Bemidji, Minn. and places he has never heard of.

Graham's act of creation began in Autumn, 1965. He was managing the business affairs of the San Francisco Mime Troupe, the radical theatre group. In October, a rock group called the Family Dog had rented a ballroom and staged what would go down as the first San Francisco "community" dance.

In November, Graham put on a Mime Troupe Benefit along the same lines, and was overwhelmed by its success. Then suddenly, Graham got a brilliant idea. Why not run a benefit for . . . me?

He found an empty ballroom in the Fillmore ghetto and proceeded to do just that, one benefit after another.

As the San Francisco scene became progressively less beautiful, Graham made progressively more money, manufacturing Fillmore oh-wow posters, setting up a management company, leasing a theatre on New York's Second Avenue as Fillmore East.

Graham is accused of having snuffed the vibes that made the whole San Francisco music scene well up in the first place -- the sense of community among bands and audiences. He is accused of having demonstrated to the record companies in New York and Los Angeles that money was to be made off San Francisco.

He made so much money -- well into the five-figures-weekly net, at least \$16,000 a week off the Fillmores alone, but he neither dropped prices or gave any tickets away. Now that he made as much as he wanted -- enough to last five lifetimes -- he retired.

* * * * *

Mike Lang, 26, co-produced the Woodstock Music and Art Fair, the masterpeice of hip capitalism, and is a partner in the record company, Just Sunshine. Jerry Brandt, 28, founder of the Electric Circus, the East Village dance hall, is helping Lang get together the Train. The Train will chug America's favorite rock bands across the na-

cont. on 20

Shivas Cont.

cont. from 19

cept an appearance and a mechanical rendition of the songs. I just hope that isn't what's happened. It used to be so damn nice to see Shiva's really believing in what they were doing.

Some of the other musicians at Of Our Own along with Shiva's were Jim and Kirk and Storm.

Jim and Kirk, who come from Fort Worth, are two acoustic guitar players who happily murder an entire collection of the new Beach Boy material. It also just so happens Jim and Kirk are going to record their folk opera on the Beach Boys label, Brother records. Isn't the world full of coincidences?

However, putting aside the business aspect of their act, Jim and Kirk are fun to watch. Of course, if you aren't expecting them it can be a rude shock. They have a good comic flare, but it you're strictly a superstar music fan it's best not to bring your cynicism for hometown acts to their concert. They operate best when everyone is there to have a good time, not worship.

Storm, who counts among its members, Jimmy Vaughn and Doyle Brabham from the Chessmen and Danny Galendo from the Elevators, is excellent. At least in the sense that while they are still trying to find themselves as a group, they produce some fine blues licks. They lack power in the slower numbers but when they increase the tempo they are hard to beat.

- - John Carroll

VEE: CURE WORSE THAN CAUSE ?



by Karen Northcott

Air Force planes are in the process of spraying 6.5 million acres of land along the Gulf Coast from Brownsville to Lake Charles, La., with the insecticide malathion, in an effort to halt Venezuelan Equine Encephalomyelitis (VEE).

The Harris County Mosquito Control District is spraying -- by plane and truck -- over 500,000 acres at a cost of 13.4 cents per acre.

Working seven days a week and making two spraying applications, it will take up to four weeks to complete the aerial spraying against mosquitoes.

What is the insecticide malathion?

Is it harmful to humans or wildlife?

Is it effective in killing the mosquitoes?

What is its half-life?

No two people in the city had the same answers.

Will the real malathion please stand up?

A man from Kay Miller's office in the Harris County Agriculture Division said that malathion is the safest of all the insecticides available. When I asked him what that meant, he said that I didn't need to worry because Harris County wasn't being sprayed.

He said, however, that it is highly bio-degradable and its total life span is only six or seven days.

The Mosquito Control District, however, said that they are spraying 500,000 acres in Harris County.

I then called the Biology Department at Rice University and asked if there was anyone there who could answer some questions for me on the insecticide malathion. I was referred to a Dr. Warren Pulich.

Pulich said that malathion is "very good for killing. There have been documented instances of its killing birds, earthworms and crustaceans. It is very chemically reactive, if you spread it around outdoors, it will react immediately. It will kill things very rapidly," he said.

Pulich also said that 90% of the insecticide will decompose into a non-toxic form rapidly.

The insecticide isn't soluble in water to any great extent Pulich said. "However it will be absorbed by organisms that absorb fat such as humans and animals," he added.

The three ounces that the county is spraying per acre is a pretty significant dose, according to Pulich. "Within the range of doses, it's hard to say whether any less, however, will do any good."

I called the Biology Department again to ask further questions and this time I was referred to Dr. Fisher. Fisher said that spraying with malathion was an "exercise in futility." He said that the repetitious spraying will hasten pest resistance to pesticides.

Fisher and Pulich agreed that malathion isn't soluble with water.

Fisher said that after eight hours the residue is gone.

He did warn, however, that malathion is more toxic for fish than other organisms and that people should keep their fish ponds covered.

Fisher said, "I spent time in the marshes yesterday with the planes flying over my head and I didn't notice any effect on the killing of mosquitoes."

None of the three men mentioned any danger to man. Yet, malathion is an organo-phosphate or chemical poison. It is among the nerve gases invented by the Germans during World War II. It is called a "sudden death compound."

The Army Training Manual 8-285 dealing with the treatment of chemical agent casualties advised, "Nerve agents are among the most deadly chemical agents. Widespread use has occasioned many accidental poisonings, some fatal."

The Clinical Handbook on Economic Poisons says that malathion, although not high in systemic toxicity, is a skin sensitizing element and a potential cause of dermatitis in exposed individuals.

The United Farm Workers Organizing Committee has been working for years to prevent the use of certain organo-phosphates, including malathion and parathion from being used in the grape fields.

While regulations exist in this country for registration, dosage limitation and residue tolerances, violations or misapplications of these insecticides have tragic results reaching far into the lives of an affected people.

The UFWOC contends that the organo-phosphates, if absorbed, inhaled or swallowed in significant doses, may cause headache, giddiness, blurred vision,

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FOOD

The Whole You

by Sandra Wrye

When you begin to realize that physical man is nothing more than transformed vegetables, it immediately becomes important that those vegetables be of the highest quality. So before you even enter the kitchen you must either plow the earth and tend it to reap the rewards or you must, as most of us in the city, go to the market. And which market you frequent is of utmost importance -- for there lies you!

Not long ago I read an interesting viewpoint: that there is a mutual selection that takes place between parents and their children-to-be. It sounds far out, but it's no more than the miracle of children. Imagine that you are at the vegetable market and you see a beautiful bunch of carrots. One of those carrots just might be your next child! You eat the carrot, it becomes one of your body cells, then finally one of your reproductive cells, and then unites with one of your man's or woman's reproductive cells -- and your next child is conceived! So take care!

This is pure speculation, but only points up how important it is to *think* about the dream that is everyday living, and how you can fulfill it first of all by fulfilling your balance through food.

Since most vegetables today are fertilized and sprayed with chemicals, be sure to scrub or wash well your vegetables and grains before you do anything with them. Try your best not to waste any part of a plant. If you habitually peel everything, you are throwing away or into your compost the most vital part of the plant. It is in the peel that you find most of the valuable vitamins and minerals collected there from the plant's continual exposure to the sun and or earth. With some vegetables like squashes, all you need to do is cook them a little longer. (Squash is most efficiently cooked by sauteeing or baking in large pieces.)

Your food is more colorful if you leave the peeling on, too; but I advise you of one thing: do not try to avoid peeling the paper off onions. From experience I can tell you that onion skin just doesn't soften easily. Our little family had a grain and vegetables restaurant in Austin for almost a year. Once we had a surplus of onions, so we decided to use them in a French onion soup. We had read in a reputable cookbook that the French use the outer skins in their soup to add a rich color. So, without thinking, we cut up about 30 onions without peeling the papery skins off.

Well, as you would expect, the soup had lots of color, but all of our customers for the first and second nights in which we featured the soup, found themselves spitting out thin strips of onion paper, or trying furtively to chew them. Finally after three days of cooking, the poor skins gave up! But we have learned a great lesson -- that all things have a purpose. The outer skins of onions are there for a reason: to keep the inner layers fresh and juicy, for you to eat!

In general, one should try to maintain a balance in his diet as close to the earth as possible. Look at the horizon: the root vegetables dig into the soil and grow there, more compact than their brother leafy counterparts, who encounter the sun and rain directly and are more expanded, flowering above the ground for us to see.

Keep a few things in mind when you shop: 1) the season of the year determines what foods are "in season" and more than likely are locally grown, 2) buy the smallest, most compact,

longest lasting vegetables you can find -- the flavor in small vegetables is often better, and almost always better in fruits, 3) don't worry if you can't afford only organic vegetables since they are usually expensive and grown far away -- the nutrients are still contained in sprayed vegetables; you only need to wash them well to remove a lot of the chemicals.

And what about nutrients? They are all in your food -- vitamin pills are for people who eat mostly industrialized, bleached, refined and dyed foods, not for the person interested in eating fresh vegetables and fruit and grains.

Brown rice is the most balanced food there is -- the one food that can be eaten alone. It contains large quantities of natural sugar, Vitamin B, C & D. Oats are the richest in fat and mineral salts, but also very rich in protein. Whole wheat has lots of protein, Vitamin B1 & A. Corn has much natural sugar and fat in it; corn and barley are light grains specially suited to hot weather.

Vitamin A is in all vegetables, particularly those with green leaves; parsley has the most, then carrots, dandelions, lettuce, pumpkin, watercress, spinach, radish leaves, cabbage, cauliflower and chick peas (garbanzo beans).

Vitamin B is the most complex of all. B1 is in the outer layer of brown rice, in yeast, wheat germ, whole wheat bread, rye, lentils, chick peas, chestnuts, nuts, egg yolks, raisins, cabbage, radish, dandelion and parsley. Buckwheat contains a great quantity of Vitamin B2. All grains contain vitamin B6.

Vitamin C is destroyed by heat, except in the case of brown rice, which, along with other grains, contains a pro-Vitamin C that is resistant to 150 degrees Centigrade heat and from which our bodies can synthesize Vitamin C (provided, that we are not bombarding ourselves with artificially produced drugstore Vitamin C, which only destroys our body's natural ability to derive this vitamin from our daily foods). Vitamin C is found in large quantities in parsley, green cabbage, lettuce, onion, the green of the scallion, watercress, carrot tops, dandelions, radish leaf, strawberries and apple skins.

Vitamin D increases the amount of calcium in the blood and carries it to the bones -- so the two are complementary, one helps the other. Vitamin D is found in the sun, all grains, mostly in oats, all vegetables, oils (unrefined), sardines and chicken.

Vitamin E is found in brown rice, all whole grains, vegetables, lettuce, watercress, olives and especially buckwheat.

The minerals!

Calcium is found in watercress, dandelion, cabbage, carrot tops, parsley, seaweeds, lentils, chestnuts and all grains.

Phosphorus is in all grains, miso (naturally fermented soybean puree), naturally fermented soy sauce, parsley and lentils.

Magnesium is in sea salt, all grains and cabbage.

Iron is found in parsley, watercress, dandelion, carrots, scallions, lentils, soybeans, nuts and all grains.

Iodine is in seaweeds (very very good for your hair and the central nervous system), agar-agar (sea gelatine), watercress, all garden vegetables and fish.

All vegetables and grains, sesame seeds, miso and soy sauce contain protein.



Natural sugar is found in all fresh fruits, all grains (most in brown rice), raisins, carrots, apples, lentils and nuts.

* * *

FOR LOVERS ONLY!

Sweets, containing refined sugar, kill sexual desire!

For an increase in sexual desire, try ginseng; it works quickly. Burdock (gobo root) works when eaten regularly over a long period and is considered the best. Fish, especially anchovies, eggs and buckwheat are excellent for endurance.

For a decrease in sexual desire: eat dairy products, mushrooms, bamboo shoots, eggplant, potato, raw radish, raw grain, uncooked seaweed.

Frigidity and impotence are caused by tropical fruits such as avocado, papaya, pineapple, bananas, tomatoes, as well as sugar, saccharine and cold drinks.

* * *

An old, old Texas recipe that is fast and delicious comes from the family of P.F. Graves Jr.

HOT WATER CORNBREAD

Measure the quantity of cornmeal, preferably stone ground white. (1 cup of meal makes enough for 3-4, depending on how much you like it!) Add 1/4 - 1/2 teaspoon seasalt per cup of cornmeal and mix well. Put a pot of water on to boil and heat an iron skillet. When the pan is hot, add 4-6 Tablespoons of good oil or enough for about 1/4 inch depth of oil.

Let the oil heat up. When the water boils, quickly pour enough into the meal to make a heavy mush. Mix well so that all the cornmeal is wet, not any dry lumps. Now beat it 20 strokes. If you like, add an egg and mix it well. Then, slide spoonfuls of the mixture into the hot oil. Let each piece retain its integrity, don't try to shape them. If they don't retain their shape, you've used too much water. Fry on one side until well browned, then turn and brown the other side. Drain on paper toweling and serve hot.

* * *

Delicious served with the cornbread is HOPPIN JOHN!

Shell 2 - 3 pounds of fresh black-eyed peas or use them dried. Cook in a large pot with enough water to cover

until a brown gravy has developed. Add sauteed onions and garlic, salt, a piece of bay leaf and perhaps also sauteed celery. Also delicious just cooked with salt. Tamari soy sauce gives a meaty flavor. Develop your own seasoning favorites, but pour the rich peas and sauce over brown rice and serve the cornbread too. Very "down home," but very good!

For dessert, try a naturally sweet SQUASH PIE

(Choose a rather large (not giant!) butternut squash.)

- 1 butternut squash or small pumpkin
- apple juice
- 1 egg separated (optional)
- 2 Tablespoons tahini
- 1/2 teaspoon seasalt
- 1 teaspoon cinamon
- 1/2 teaspoon allspice
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- corn oil

- optional:
- 1/2 teaspoon ground cloves
- 1/4 teaspoon mace

Cut squash or pumpkin into small pieces. Saute in oil. Cover with the apple juice and add salt. Cover and cook until very soft. Either mash squash or put into blender and add egg yolk, tahini, vanilla and seasonings, blending until well mixed. Beat egg white until fluffy and rather stiff. Fold into squash mixture.

- Try this tasty pie crust:
- 2 cups whole wheat pastry flour
- 2 cups unbleached white flour
- 3/4 cup unrefined corn oil
- 1/2 teaspoon seasalt
- grated orange peel & dash of cinnamon.

Mix flours, salt, cinnamon and orange peel in large bowl. Mix in the oil with two knives. Add just enough ice-cold water to make a dough and then stop. The secret of flaky pie crust is to use enough oil, ice water and not to work the dough too much. The more oil you use, the flakier the crust will be. It also helps to have the oil ice-cold.

Roll out the dough and line pie plate. Bake the shell in a 400 degree oven until golden brown around the edges. Pour the filling into shell and bake in 350 degree oven until the filling is thick, about 30 minutes. Don't burn the crust!

Natural High

by Robert Bradford

The other day while standing in the checkout line at the supermarket, I overheard a young mother explaining to a friend why she had eight packages of koolaid and only one quart of milk in her cart. "We have to economize someplace. Milk is expensive and the kids like the taste of koolaid almost as well. Besides, they need fruit in their diet, too, and koolaid's fruit-flavored, so it's probably just as good for them nutritionally."

There are times when anybody interested in nutrition can only wonder with Huck Finn: "Hain't we got all the fools in town on our side? And hain't that a big enough majority in any town?"

Certainly a big enough majority of people today -- though most of them not fools, we hope -- would side with "nutrition"; unfortunately, only a small minority would really know why. Unfortunately, and needlessly. It seems to me there are two common traps which can and should be avoided by those who would utilize nutrition to attain optimum health.

One is that nutrition is too often considered, to borrow Winston Churchill's words from a different context, "a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma," and thus something beyond the ability of the common man to fathom. The other trap, equally fallacious, is set by those who insist their own narrow path is the only true way, down to the last specific teaspoon of wheat germ.

But a health-oriented lifestyle can be maintained most beneficially without obscurantism on the one hand or dogmatism on the other.

Excellent personal habits are an acknowledged prerequisite. The requisite itself -- essential, indispensable -- is

optimum nutrition. And so to food.

First, fresh raw foods are best, and I mean not only carrots, celery and the like, which are taken for granted to be eaten raw by the nutritionally minded. In addition, try Brussels sprouts, young sweet corn, peas and thinly sliced turnips. Broccoli florets are pleasantly flavorful raw, though the stems have to be peeled to be edible. To coleslaw, add grated beetroot and chopped cauliflower, both raw.

My own horizons were enlarged when I had lunch at a nutrition conference with a vegetarian M.D. I remarked on the raw asparagus on his plate.

"You should always eat it raw," he advised; "it's delicious and much better for you. Spinach should be eaten raw, too. Cooking destroys the folic acid."

One of the B complex vitamins, folic acid is essential for growth and healing, as well as the building of antibodies to prevent infections, he said. The name comes from foliage, green vegetable leaves which are a primary source. (Other good sources: liver and yeast.)

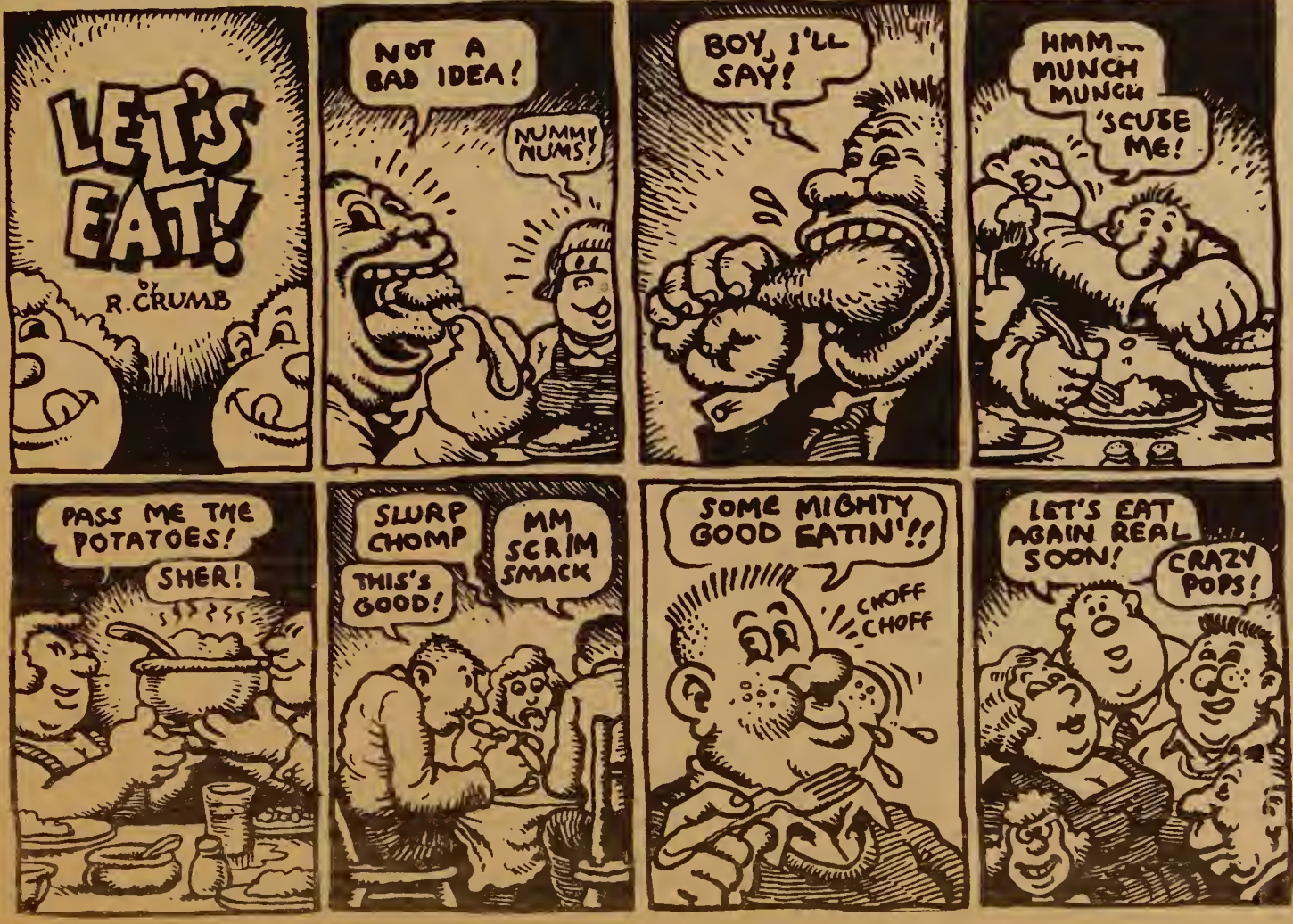
An abundant supply of folic acid is especially important during pregnancy, doctors advise; it helps form a defense against hemorrhaging, miscarriage and other complications.

However, conclusions reached from a priori evidence are as likely to be misleading in determining nutritional needs as in other fields of investigation. Even though, yes: (a) there is an increased need for folic acid by those who take oral contraceptives, and, yes: (b) a lack of folic acid is the most common of all vitamin deficiencies -- proponents of the new morality will be pleased to hear that, no: (a) did not result in (b). Nutritionists had noted the same widespread insufficiencies of folic acid some time before use of the pill became pandemic.

We need an adequate supply of folic acid. A woman who is either pregnant or on the pill can often benefit by a more plentiful intake.

Inquiries to this column are invited. Address all correspondence to NATURAL HIGH, P.O. Box 219, MOSS LANDING, CALIFORNIA 95039.

-- Alternative Features Service



SABRE

by RO

SF

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Jets flew over the rain clouds dropping bombs. As they detonated, everything living, plants, animals and men, disintegrated. All that remained were smoking graves.

Amidst screaming and the smell of sulfur I regained consciousness. There had been an explosion nearby for many of the men in my unit were wounded. Jagged steel had turned them into bleeding carcasses, meat in an outdoor butcher shop.

As I was a medical orderly, I applied tourniquets, gave shots of morphine, and spoke kind words. It was then that I saw the helicopters.

Their engines made ill-omened sounds as silhouetted men spilled from their sides. A few of us could still fire, and some of the Enemy fell, but there were far too many to stop.

They machine-gunned our positions and hurled grenades. Soon nearly everyone was out of action. One or two may have slipped away, but it was unlikely.

As the Enemy soldiers advanced, they shot the wounded. They were very efficient, one bullet, one ounce of lead for every life. It was a slaughter.

One of them leveled his rifle at me. I awaited death looking down a small black tunnel. "Don't shoot him," someone said, pushing away the barrel. "Headquarters wants some to squeeze."

I was kicked hard, bound and dragged next to two others from my unit. One of my compatriots winked and whispered, "Don't give up."

A pair of well-shined boots stood close. One cocked and stomped my friend's head. The blow tore away part of his ear, and blood trickled down his neck, but he winked again.

My face was pushed into the mud, and my wrists were throbbing from being tied so tightly. I was smothering but dared not move.

I thought of the captured pilots at the hospital where I had trained. Even though some of them had bombed civilian targets, they had been treated humanely. They were hardy and intelligent men, but from what I could understand of their language, they seemed empty. Not one of them could tell me why he was killing my people.

We three prisoners were forced into a helicopter. My friend, whose ear was crusted with blood, staggered. He arched his back and groaned as the guard bayoneted him between the shoulder blades.

The helicopter quivered and rose. Rivers and trees stretched out below, peaceful and tranquil.

Two men in flight suits eyed us and talked jokingly. One with a naked girl painted on his helmet pointed a finger, which danced back and forth as he spoke. "Eany, meany, miney, moe. You're it, Moe!" He pulled up the prisoner beside me, spit in his face, then pushed him out the door. The helicopter lurched upward from the loss of weight.

My pants were filled, and I was crying. I wanted to be brave, but my tears were as much for my friends as for myself. The men cursed and laughed at me, and I sank into a shadow and tried to disappear. When we landed, a rifle butt pushed against my neck, nearly snapping my head off.

Disembarking, it was difficult to maintain balance. Knowing the price of failure, however, I managed to stay on my feet. A guard took me to a barricade and shoved me to the ground.

To take my thoughts from my pain, I tried to orient myself. Set between sandbags were airplanes of all types and sizes. In the distance were some barren mountains, and I could smell the sea. I had been brought to one of Their major bases for interrogation.

ESCAPE

Though I resolved to stand up under any torture, I knew it would be useless. For a drink of water I would have told Them anything. The thought of betrayal did not bother me greatly, as I knew only that I had been a medical student taken for the Army, and that I had done my best under the circumstances.

As the sun went down, my tongue was swelling. Too dry to sweat, I was a fish swept ashore and left by the tide to die. I asked the guard for a drink.

"You can have all you want," he said and then made water all over the back of my head.

The urine stung my eyes and lips, and when it dried it drew flies. Their stinging annoyed me until I was numbed into a weighted slumber. Scorpions, eels and centipedes trafficked my dreams.

The roar of a departing jet awakened me, and I chanced a look around. I was alone in a pool of light. The guard was propped against a pole, his arms folded, his rifle leaning against his leg.

Suddenly from the flight line came the chatter of automatic weapons. Tracers arched red through the night, and ricochetes caromed everywhere. I could see the commandos setting bombs on the planes. So could the guard, and he was shooting.

A mortar round hit where he was standing, and he vanished. The pole fell, its lights hissing and popping. Planes exploded. In the confusion, no one was watching me.

I ran toward the commandos, calling to them. They did not recognize me, and I drew fire from both sides. I dived into a bunker occupied by a dead soldier. His bayonet cut the ropes on my hands, which tingled at the renewed pulse.

As the attackers retreated into the darkness, the base defenders became braver. Clusters of them were shooting in every direction. One of their jeeps was racing down the runway, its searchbeam scouring every exposed surface. I leaped through the door of a transport plane just as the light splashed over it.

Finding water and rations, I ate and drank. From a pile of uniforms I donned some trousers.

NIGHT FLIGHT

As I was about to break from the plane, I heard men's voices. They were the crew and not a search party. I crept silently to the tail and hid among some barrels.

"Which of you pack rats left me these?" asked a Sergeant, holding up my filthy pants.

The laughter angered him. For revenge, he



pushed the pants into a Corporal's face. Fists were clenched, and hot words were exchanged until the plane taxied for takeoff.

At cruising altitude I flexed my fingers and examined my palms. The web of lines was more complex than I had remembered. I tried to rest, but my nerves kept making me twitch. My greatest fear was that I would scream in a nightmare and give myself away.

Hours later we landed to take on fuel. Aloft again, the air was turbulent. Caught in a jet stream, the plane stretched and yawed at every river.

When it seemed that the wind would tear the wings from their sockets, an emergency light flashed on a wall box. Sparks sizzled through a cloud of orange smoke. The Corporal opened the box with a screwdriver and leaned toward the flaring circuits. Unnoticed by anyone but me, the Sergeant gave him a gentle shove.

The Corporal tottered, then pushed a hand into the sparkling quasar. He burned until the plane pitched. His corpse lay blackened on the duckwalk, giving off the odor of scorched hair.

The plane was roller-coastering, and the smell was sickening. Even as the crew worked, some were ill. I tightened my stomach and covered my mouth to keep from retching.

The Sergeant covered the body with a raincoat,

ESFLAME

A SHORT NOVEL
ROBERT FINLAY

SPACE CITY! SERIAL



then warned the men about safety precautions, lacking the lecture with comments about what a fine fellow the Corporal had been. Duped, they nodded silently. I began to doubt if I had seen what I had seen.

We descended rapidly, and as the wheels hit the ground, I tasted blood through my sinuses. When we had stopped, a white truck arrived. As two stretcher bearers loaded the corpse, a man with a clipboard took the crew into the terminal. I watched them drinking coffee and talking.

The ceiling was dropping onto the airport. Fog was closing in, drawing halos around all the colored lights. It was chilly, and my hands were shaking. I decided to risk hopping into the back of the truck.

VETERAN'S WARD

Through the canvas flaps, I saw a hilly city. Its buildings were either new or tumbledown and unpainted. Wild weeds covered vacant lots.

The truck zigzagged up a steep grade. As it went higher and higher, the city lights disappeared into a swirling cloud. At the top of the mesa there was a check point. After we went through, the gate was closed and locked.

Beside a cliff was a building as imposing as a castle. Ivy grew up its sides and dangled from its

eerie gargoyles. A guard paced back and forth on the roof, a tommygun draped over his shoulder.

The truck stopped at a loading area. To keep the stretcher-bearers from seeing me, I crept into the building. My footfalls whispered against the walls of a long corridor, at the end of which were wheelchairs being pushed by nurses.

Auditorium

said the sign on the door I opened. All the seats were empty, but stage center of the theatre in the round was a performance.

A man missing one leg and half of another lay nude on an operating table. Heavy leather straps held him firmly, and he was awake.

A nurse made some injections in his neck, then the doctor set to work. A photographer took movies as the patient's vocal chords were removed. After this, devices to measure physiological responses were connected to him.

Curious, I leaned forward in my seat. The surgeon opened and closed his hands, took a scalpel then made a deep Y across the patient's chest and along his abdomen. The nurses peeled back the skin, and the vivisection began in earnest.

When I stood to go, the photographer saw me and shouted. Alarm bells were ringing as I reached an outside balcony. Someone grabbed at me from behind. The two of us spun sideways toward a railing. I clutched at it, and the assailant went over my shoulders. He fell a short distance into a swimming pool. It was full of quicklime and devoured him with a bubbling hiss.

I ran through a terraced garden of cacti and succulents. Bullets defoliated the plants around me as I plunged over the cliff.

A coarse tangle of fingers kept me from the long fall. An ice plant had clutched me, and I dangled upside down by an ankle. I shook loose and climbed to a hidden ledge.

Men arrived above and raked the area with machine gun fire. A superior chastized them and insisted that one climb down to be certain that I had gone over. The one chosen tried to argue but was cut short.

As he came down, I could hear him huffing and puffing, swearing to himself. As his boots hovered above my head, the weight of his fat belly, uniform and weapon became too much for the ice plant. It pulled loose, leaving tufts of dirt around shredded roots.

He went over backward, heels over head, a long moan through a well of fog. After much cursing above, I was left alone, clutching a wall of granite.

I decided to make my way down. The night cut my vision, so I slithered along as blind as a slug. Gravity and chance guided me, and every muscle in my arms and legs grew tight.

At the entrance to a cave the ledge widened. As I went inside, I was covered with spider web. It was damp and sticky. Rubbing at it made me lose my footing, and I tripped into a pile of bones. My hand rested against a human skull.

Twisting backward, I felt something hairy on

my neck. I brushed at it, suppressing a shriek. It was a tarantula.

It took all of the darkness and most of the dawn to reach flat earth. Exhausted, I sprawled out beneath a tree and slept.

CABARET

Red ants had caravaned over me and had decided to attack. I danced in the dusk, slapping and smashing. Their stinging dulled me, and I staggered through an arbor to the street.

Huge automobiles were backed up along it. Occasionally a driver sounded a horn or leaned out the window to shout. The carbon monoxide in the air made my eyes water.

Strolling in the flash of neon signs were shabby youths, beggars, drunks, women in tight clothing, and police. One of them slowed his gait to look me over, so I let myself be swept along with a crowd going into a nightclub.

The place had red wallpaper and ornate chandeliers. Cabaret tables surrounded a runway stage. A spotlight shined against a curtain as bump and grind music started playing. An ankle appeared, then a leg, then a tall woman shimmied and swayed forward and backward, slowly unpeeling her clothing.

Watching her, I felt a hand on my thigh. As I moved away, a man with a mustache and cigarette holder gave me a wink.

The stripper was down on G-string and brassiere, and the audience catcalled for more. Leaning forward, she jerked off the upper covering, exposing a flat chest with black pasties covering the nipples. She was a man.

As I was about to exit, a fellow with a surly curl to his mouth grabbed my arm. "There's a cover charge, Ace," he said.

I stammered that I had been there but a moment and had purchased nothing. He became insulting, and heads turned, I was set to dash for the door, when the man with the cigarette holder gave him some money.

He led me to a limousine, which was as large as a tank, and told me to drive. As we went along, he asked if I recognized him, showing his profile as he did so. Though his face seemed vaguely familiar, I knew I had never met him. He was stunned by this, but remained overly friendly in a chatty sort of way.

As we reached open country, he moved next to me. After opening my fly, he buried his head in my lap. His teeth were biting me, and the sucking hurt. The shock made me remember that I had seen him at the cinema.

He had been the star of an autoracing melodrama. In the last scene, his championship had been threatened. Rather than let anyone pass, or even pull even, he drove into them, preferring suicide to anything less than absolute victory.

On a curve I spun the wheel and jammed on the brakes. He flew against the far door, and I ran for the bush, slowing only when I was breathless.

(To be continued.)



Bengla Desh

LIBERATION News Service

The two halves of Pakistan -- East and West -- are separated by 1,000 miles of India. The people of the East are Bengali; those of the West are largely Punjabi. They differ linguistically, culturally and ethnically. Yet they have been bound together ever since 1947 when the British government packaged them for independence on the grounds that they share the religion of Islam.

It has been an unhappy marriage for the people of East Pakistan (also known as East Bengal). They are poorer than the Westerners. East Pakistan is one-sixth the size of West Pakistan but has a larger population -- 75 million people compared to West Pakistan's 55 million. Almost all the industrial development of Pakistan has taken place in the West, while East Pakistan remains largely agricultural, producing 60 per cent of the world's jute. Resentment against Western rule recently provoked the East Pakistanis to pick up arms in rebellion.

The following is an interview with four East Pakistani students who were studying at McGill University in Canada when the recent fighting broke out. Three dropped out and were waiting for an opportunity to go home to join resistance forces.

• • • •

Could you describe the present situation in East Pakistan?

Close to one million East Pakistanis have been killed by the West Pakistani army. Six million have fled to West Bengal (an eastern province of India) where they are living in refugee camps. The West Pakistani army controls our major cities -- Dacca, Chittagong, Khulna, Jessore -- but armed resistance in the rural areas is strong. In fact, the army rarely ventures into the countryside and then only on "bit and run" missions.

A provisional "rebel" government has been set up in Calcutta, India, by the moderate Awami League. They are seeking diplomatic recognition, supplies and guns to start a "war of liberation." But real leadership of the East Pakistani separatist movement has passed from the Awami League to more radical forces who are already engaged in armed struggle. The radicals will settle for nothing less than an independent Bangla Desh (Bengali Nation).

We are counting on guerrilla warfare to defeat the West Pakistani army. Bengali home territory is the Ganges-Brahmaputra delta -- a vast network of rivers and streams. Such terrain is completely alien to the West Pakistani soldiers, accustomed to the dry plains and mountains of the West.

What forces are preparing to liberate the east from the armed occupation?

The moderate Awami League is organizing the East Pakistani police and the East Pakistani Rifles (the only Bengali regiment in the Pakistani army.) The Maoist East Pakistani Communist Party (Marxist-Leninist) went underground before the army occupation and is now very busy organizing and training the peasantry.

There are also several liberation armies getting organized, with Marxist and socialist leaders. We think that leadership of an organized guerrilla movement will most likely come from a coalition of well-organized forces developed at the local rather than the national level. But the diverse groups, all committed to independence in some form, are not yet coordinated as a united front.

What events led to the occupation of East Pakistan by the West Pakistani Army and the resulting civil war?

The immediate cause was a constitutional crisis. Pakistan has been under military rule since a coup led by General Yahya Khan toppled the government of Ayub Khan in 1968. Last December, a new National Assembly was elected to meet in March to write a constitution returning Pakistan to civilian rule. But General Yahya Khan postponed the assembly when the West Pakistani People's Party, an established party in West Pakistan, threatened to boycott the assembly. The party had lost in the December elections and Awami League candidates from the East took a majority of the seats in the National Assembly.

Negotiations began between Gen. Yahya Khan, the Awami League and the

West Pakistani People's Party. The Awami League demanded some measure of regional autonomy for East Pakistan, but the talks foundered since Bhutto and Yahya Khan opposed East Pakistani desire for control over its own foreign aid and trade.

Strikes and demonstrations of students, peasants and workers broke out in East Pakistan, protesting the postponement of the Assembly. Officials from West Pakistan suddenly lost all authority in the face of rebellion.

On the 25th of March, 70,000 West Pakistani troops moved into East Pakistan to reassert the control of the "central" government. Awami League leaders, East Bengali professionals and students faced wholesale liquidation. And hundreds of thousands of unarmed people were killed with tanks, mortar, bombs and napalm. Nevertheless, on March 27, clandestine Bengali transmitters proclaimed the existence of an independent nation of Bangla Desh.

Is the war then purely a civil war between East and West Pakistan?

No. The events of 1970-1971 are a continuation of the class struggle that stems from the British colonial period. The period prior to independence was marked by bitter struggle between the Moslem peasantry on the one hand and the British colonial rulers and predominantly Hindu landlords on the other. This class division along religious lines played right into the British "divide and rule" policy which favored the Hindu minority over the Muslim majority.

cont. next page

Refugee Aid

Two Indian nationals, now living in Houston, have begun a campaign to relieve East Pakistani refugees and to stop U.S. military aid to the government in W. Pakistan.

The campaign began a little over a month ago, with funds being collected in a cardboard box with "Refugee Relief Fund" written on the side. Now the fund-raising is better organized, and the people have started a petition and letter-writing campaign to persuade the Congress to end arms shipments and aid to W. Pakistan. Their resolution has been approved by the Houston City Council (!) already.

Houstonians (and anybody else, for that matter) can do the following things to help:

- 1) Write letters to Congressmen and Senators from Texas, and/or sign the petition (printed below) and send it to them.
- 2) Make a donation to the Relief Fund for Refugees in India, P.O. Box 1852, Houston, Tex. 77001, to be forwarded to the U.N. fund or the Indian embassy's fund. (The local organization is registered with the Better Business Bureau, so their books will be checked.)
- 3) If you would like to volunteer your help for this humanitarian cause, please call 771-7827, or 528-5411 Ext. 685, and ask for Kinra.

We, the undersigned, are deeply concerned with the plight of the innocent victims of the civil war in Pakistan. The West Pakistani army is conducting a reign of terror in East Pakistan, and already six million refugees have fled to India. On behalf of the suffering East Pakistanis, we urgently request you to use your influence to restrain the United States Government from sending any further military aid to Pakistan, and help to restore a state of normalcy in East Pakistan.

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____

Wealthy Moslems took advantage of the religious divisions when it came time for the British to leave. The Moslem League, run by Moslem landlords and the Moslem upper class, represented the independence movement in negotiations with the British, and the two far-flung halves of Pakistan were joined together in an Islamic state. Pakistan became independent in 1947. The lot of the peasantry was as bad as ever, but new patterns of power emerged among the Pakistani elite.

In East Pakistan, the feudal class virtually disappeared as Hindu landlords fled to India. Power passed to the petty bourgeoisie -- bureaucrats, professionals, large shopkeepers and merchants. From this class emerged the Awami League which has dominated the political life of East Pakistan ever since.

In the West, Moslem feudal lords remained, and with them a trained military and civil service inherited from British rule. Moslem merchants flocked from India to Karachi, bringing their money along, setting up the base for future industrial development. The alliance that today controls West Pakistan -- the military, civil service, merchant, and feudal class -- began at that time. It is this alliance, the ruling class of West Pakistan, that has attempted to rule all of Pakistan.

Since the independence of 1947, East Pakistan has been for all practical purposes a colony of West Pakistan in which workers, peasants and the middle class, too, are severely exploited.

Just how is East Pakistan a colony of West Pakistan?

First, East Pakistan's jute earns about half of Pakistan's total income from exports. But West Pakistanis own the processing mills and the export firms so all the money brought in by the jute crop winds up financing imports for West Pakistan.

The tariffs and import controls of the central government force East Pakistan to buy manufactured goods from West Pakistan at prices that are much higher than the world market. Pakistan's investible finances and foreign aid income are invested almost solely in the West. Military funds and development projects (50% of the national budget) are spent almost exclusively in West Pakistan.

And as in all colonial situations, the subjugation is cultural, too. One year after independence, Urdu, the language of the West Pakistani Punjabis, was declared the official language of Pakistan. The East Pakistanis won official status for their own language in 1962, only through the tenacious struggle of the student-based "language movement."

The Awami League won considerable support from the peasantry in the elections. Why do the peasants support candidates who represent an elite?

Many peasants who voted for the Awami League in December understand its limitations. They voted for it because it represents the Bengali people in its call for autonomy. But they are critical of its moderation, its willingness to compromise and its refusal to push for complete independence.

Many peasants stuck to the advice of Maulana Bahsam's National Awami Party and boycotted the elections. The National Awami Party split off from the Awami League in 1957. It's a communist party with pro-Moscow and Pro-Peking factions. Many of its younger members have joined the Maoist East Pakistani Communist Party (M-L) and are now organizing people in the countryside and seeking arms in West Bengal.

What has been the role of students?

Students are militant and well-organized. Probably 80 per cent of the student body at the University of Dacca are leftists. Many students have gone to the countryside to help organize the insurgent forces.

What is India's position? It seems that she supports East Pakistan. If so, what are her interests in East Pakistani independence?

India would be happiest, perhaps, with an independent East Pakistan under the leadership of the bourgeois, anti-communist Awami League. Then there would be no squeeze from a Pakistan that borders on two sides of India and the Awami League might even be a friendly neighbor.

On the other hand, India would not tolerate an independent socialist Bengali state on her border. It would threaten her control over West Bengal, which is now very tenuous. She fears above all that Maoism is spreading in the East Bengali movement and that the liberation movement is spreading to West Bengal.

The Indian government now has six battalions in West Bengal -- to check the activities of the Indian Maoists, whom they fear are infiltrating Pakistani refugee camps and working with East Bengali leftists there. The Indian's primary interest is preventing the creation of a people's army among the refugees. Still, India will not intervene in Pakistan without the go-ahead from the United States.

Does it seem likely that the United States will give such a go-ahead?

An independent East Pakistan headed by Mujibar Rahman and the Awami League would be acceptable to the U.S. government. But if the establishment of a socialist Bengali state seemed likely, the U.S. might well butt in.

Pakistan has received \$1 billion for counter-insurgency activities from the United States. Military aid, cut off during the Indian-Pakistani War of 1965, picked up again in 1970. American aid is an absolute necessity for the Pakistani army, which cannot manufacture its own arms and spends at least \$3 million a month in suppressing the separatist movement in East Pakistan.

But the U.S. -- anxious to avoid warfare in Asia -- has attached one condition to continued aid: that the West Pakistanis reach a political accommodation with East Pakistan, meaning quite likely some sort of settlement with the Awami League.

Strangely enough, prior to the war, Mujibar Rahman, leader of the Awami League, was negotiating with the United States concerning the construction of a naval base at, or near, Chittagong (in East Pakistan) on the Bay of Bengal. The offer of \$80 million appealed to Mujibar who seemed willing to allow the construction. At the moment the U.S. is negotiating with the central government.

Has the East Pakistan resistance received support from other liberation fronts?

The Palestinians and Quebecois have voiced their solidarity with the Bengali people.

What are the effects of the war in West Pakistan? Is there any support for the Bengalis?

The war has cost Pakistan \$200 million in delayed and destroyed exports and the central government has reported a 35 per cent drop in Pakistan's gold reserves. Pakistan will have to cut its imports sharply, starving the West's factories of raw materials and forcing up already high unemployment.

Food is short and tenant farmers in some provincial areas of West Pakistan are refusing to pay their rents. Worker and student unrest is evident in West Pakistani industrial centers with strikers being fired upon by government troops.



Dick & Mao

Ounce of Prevention

"When an individual by a constant pattern of behavior is shown to be a clear and present danger to society, then it is society's duty to itself to isolate that individual so he may do no more harm." - Attny. Gen. John Mitchell.

BECAUSE President Nixon continues to prosecute a war in which Vietnamese, Laotian, Cambodian and American people die cruelly and needlessly, BECAUSE President Nixon tacitly condones the almost endless atrocities which have been documented in the press, BECAUSE bobbing on a level never before unleashed on any people continues on the Vietnamese people, BECAUSE herbicides and other toxins are making Vietnam an ecological wasteland and producing mutated children in unprecedented numbers, BECAUSE the Vietnamese people live in terror and are subjected to the extremes of tyranny, BECAUSE President Nixon is waging a war of genocide -- We of the Movement to Arrest Oppressors (MAO) and the Chicago Committee for Preventive Detention (CPD) announce today the beginning of an international petition campaign to Chairman Mao Tse Tung calling for the arrest and preventive detention of Richard M. Nixon when he arrives in Peking.

It is apparent that Mr. Nixon has an established pattern of behavior which clearly demonstrates his anti-social nature and should be detained in Peking until:

- 1) A full suspension of all military, economic and political support of the Vietnam war by the United States Government is attained;
- 2) All Vietnamese prisoners of war are released; and
- 3) A war crime tribunal is established to try Nixon and all others responsible for the war.

To implement this petition drive, MAO and CPD have established contacts around the country with others interested in ending this war by the quickest and most effective means. Contact has also been established in Europe, as we recognize the problems of peace is international in nature.

When the first 100,000 signatures are gathered, a delegation will be sent to the Chinese embassy in Canada, where the petitions will be forwarded to the Peking government.

The Movement to Arrest Oppressors
The Committee for Preventive Detention

Pound of Cure

To Chairman Mao Tse-Tung and the People of China:

To prevent the continued wanton destruction of lives and land by the United States government, we, the undersigned, respectfully wish to express our desire that the People's Republic of China arrest the war criminal Richard M. Nixon, President of the United States of America, when he sets foot on your land and place him under preventive detention, until such time as:

- 1) A full suspension of all military, economic and political support of the Indo-China war by the United States Government is attained;
- 2) All Vietnamese prisoners of war are freed;
- 3) A war crimes tribunal is established to try Nixon and all others responsible for the war.

Please return this petition, when completed to:

The Movement to Arrest Oppressors
950 W. Wrightwood
Chicago, Illinois 60614, USA



Davis - Magee Cases Severed

SAN RAFAEL, Calif. -- Almost a year after Jonathon Jackson walked into the Marin County Courthouse with a small arsenal under his coat and told Judge Haley, "Gentlemen, I'm taking over," the trials of Angela Davis and Ruchell Magee are starting to roll.

Angela is accused of supplying the gun that killed Haley as Jackson and three prisoners he had freed from the courtroom attempted to flee the police. She was not in the courthouse at the time, but under California law, she is an accessory, and charged with murder. Ruchell is charged with firing the shot that killed Haley. Jackson, younger brother of Soledad prisoner George Jackson, was killed by the police.

On July 18, the court severed the cases of Ruchell and Angela. They will now be tried separately. Ruchell, who has already served eight years of a life sentence for a \$10 robbery he swears he didn't do, has personally filed 19 motions and writs with the court since his indictment, but the judges have all denied his right to offer them. He has been trying to get the case moved to Federal Court, arguing that all

state judges are bound to be prejudiced since a fellow state judge was killed in the jailbreak attempt.

Angela and her lawyers spent last week filing pre-trial motions. Angela demanded the right to defend herself, while her defense attorney Howard Moore filed for a mistrial on the grounds that Angela could not receive a fair trial anywhere in the United States because the national publicity on the case has made her appear guilty in the eyes of the country.

Without the world-wide attention Angela brought to his case, Ruchell may be put away without the public's knowledge. His trial is important, because as one observer said, "he alone is putting the legal system on trial." Send contributions for his defense to James Hooke, 1509 Derby St., Berkeley, Calif.

Former CIA Man's Arsenal Raided

PHILADELPHIA (LNS) -- Philadelphia cops made an unusual raid at the end of June. They confiscated "tons" of weapons and explosives belonging to George Fasnacht, a former employe of the Central Intelligence Agency.

At Fasnacht's home they found crates stacked "from floor to ceiling" in the basement. There were cases of rifles, ammunition, knives, semi-automatic weapons, assorted automatic weapons, mortars and mortar shells, 15 millimeter cannon shells, grenades and "tons" of plastic explosives.

Fasnacht, a former Philly cop (1962-67), joined the CIA in 1967. He was assigned to South Vietnam for a time -- before quitting in 1969. His wife reported that he was in Europe. She last saw him recently in Singapore

Mekong Smouldering?

WASHINGTON -- (LNS) Washington is getting frantic about the possibility of urban violence before the end of the year in the heavily populated Mekong Delta southwest of Saigon.

A report from a meeting in May by officials of the Civil Operations and Rural Development Support Agency (CORDS), excerpts of which were given to the New York Times by Sen. Edward Kennedy, was pretty frank. CORDS directs all the pacification programs -- from "care" of refugees to elimination of the NLF. It feared "hostile hoards" spearheaded by "disabled war veterans and/or other war victims" (like refugees) turning to violence against the South Vietnamese government.

The Kennedy subcommittee on refugees has estimated that six million people have become refugees since 1965. Three million have not been resettled and nearly a million are living in the Saigon slums and in the Mekong Delta towns. Forty-three thousand villagers were forcibly removed from their homes in the central part of South Vietnam in the early part of the year in preparation for the U.S. -- supported South Vietnamese invasion of Laos.

NLF forces have been largely inactive recently, and may be waiting to see the outcome of the legislative elections Aug. 29 and the Presidential election Oct. 31. Presidential hopeful Doung Van Minh ("Big Minh") has hinted that there may be a coup or popular uprising against the government if the elections are not fair and open. It is generally conceded they won't be.

In his latest effort to protect freedom and democracy in South Vietnam, President Thieu invaded Cambodia again last week. Some 10,000 ARVN troops, backed up by B-52's and U.S.

helicopter gunships, penetrated 20 miles inside Cambodia, in order, according to their field commander, to prevent an NLF build-up for an election-time offensive.

Resurrection City Lives

BOGUE CHITTO, Ala. (LNS) -- Many of the thousands of people who joined the Poor People's Campaign march on Washington, D.C. in the spring of 1968 stayed on and set up a community they called Resurrection City. But most of the people soon found themselves homeless when they were evicted by federal authorities. A few of them took up an offer of 10 acres of land outside Selma, Ala. and settled there in November. They called this new home Resurrection City.

For the past three years, Resurrection's multi-racial farm collective has been producing food for the black community in New Orleans; food is distributed by the Black Panther Party chapter there.

The collective is now expanding its programs and needs help. They've almost completed building a clinic that needs a medical staff. A liberation school is in the works for the children who come from New Orleans for visits and to live and work. The farmers want to increase their foodstuff production and need to make repairs on old equipment as well as buy new machinery.

Children's toys, revolutionary children's books, radical books, tapes, records and other literature, as well as volunteers and money are badly needed. If interested please contact the farmers at Resurrection City-People's Farm, Rt. 1, Box 125-A, Browns, Ala. 36724.

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TIRED OF DEALERSHIPS!

Joints By the Pack

SAN FRANCISCO - Sometime in July, the first shipment of standardized pre-rolled marijuana cigarettes should be available on the West Coast market, according to an underground group of Bay Area importers and dealers known as the Felix the Cat Consortium.

Eighteen-joint GrassMasters brand packages are to be initially priced at \$7.50 (\$7.00 in Santa Fe) with lower rates forthcoming upon the commencement of operations at the Consortium's two new automated subterranean factories.

Eventually, Consortium spokesmen stated, it is hoped that a fleet of trucks will be employed for rapid product distribution.

With reported reserves of \$125,000 for legal purposes, the Felix instigators plan to take bust cases to the Supreme Court.

Sharon Batted Clean - up!

HAVERHILL, Mass - After two games in center field, Sharon Poole, 12, has been forced to give up her Little League career.

The coaches and managers of the local Rotary Club-sponsored league decided that she must quit and that the two games in which she played must be stricken from the records. (Sharon batted clean-up, drove in one run and was an agile outfielder.) Publicly, they clung to the technicality that Sharon had not openly tried out for the team and thus was ineligible

play, but privately they conceded that they did not want their sons competing with a girl.

They also dismissed her coach, Joe Sciuto, as president of the league. Sciuto had allowed Sharon to don uniform no. 9 and fill a vacancy in the otherwise all-boy lineup.

Palestinians Liberate Arab Information Center

A group of "supporters of the Palestinian Revolution" occupied the Arab League's Information Center on July 20, and sent Space City! a communique (on Arab League stationery) explaining the takeover.

They specifically blasted the Arab regimes (Syria, Iraq, Egypt) which "claim to be progressive," but whose "failure to render any meaningful support" for the Palestinian Revolution "has proved them to be tacit partners in the genocide conducted by the Jordanian regime." They raised the following demands:

- 1) Immediate intervention against Jordan's King Hussein;
- 2) Effective military support for the Palestinian movement against the (Jordanian) regime and against the racist Zionist state;
- 3) Unequivocal denial of the regime's legitimacy over the Palestinians, and its expulsion from the Arab League;
- 4) Immediate cessation of the negotiations with Imperialism that are being conducted at the expense of the rights of Palestinians.

The communique ended with a warning that "the Arab masses will no longer tolerate this treason."

Abortion Conference Here Thursday

The Seneca Falls Conference in July of 1848 marked the beginning of women organizing themselves politically. July 16-18, 1971, 122 years later, The Women's National Abortion Conference met to organize a campaign to repeal all abortion laws. A national action was necessary because of the pressing need for abortion reform in all states and the expense and difficulty of organizing on a state-by-state basis.

Over 1,000 women came, from more than 500 organizations. Represented were blacks, chicanos, students, housewives, older women and gay women. Many resolutions were presented in the three days of the conference; three very broad demands were finally agreed on: the repeal of all abortion

laws, the repeal of all contraceptive laws and no forced sterilization.

Around 100 workshops were held -- planning sessions, discussions and learning sessions. Some of the workshop topics were mass action, legislative litigation, medical clinics, media, building the national campaign and organizing constituency groups. There will be a national planning meeting in New York to continue some of the work and to decide on a national headquarters.

Out of the conference also came plans for national demonstrations in Washington, D.C. and San Francisco on Nov. 20. Local abortion and women's liberation groups are already making plans for the mass action. There will be a planning session here Thursday July 29 to discuss a regional conference here this fall. The possibility of a midwestern demonstration in Chicago on Nov. 10 will also be discussed.

For more information, call Jo at 528-2748.

y'all come, y'hear...

MayDay Camp-Out

What is being billed as a "Southern Tribal Gathering and People's Workshop" of MayDay people will be held this weekend, July 30-Aug. 1, on a farm about 28 miles from Fayetteville, Ark.

People from other parts of Texas, Arkansas and Atlanta will gather at the Big Rock Candy Mountain farm to discuss the southern region's ideas about the national May Day conference scheduled for Aug. 10-17 in Atlanta, the PRG's new peace proposal (which would provide for simultaneous troop withdrawals and prisoner exchanges once the United States sets a date for total withdrawal) and the relation of Third World peoples' and women's struggles to the fall anti-war actions.

There will also be some just tripping around, with maybe a band, camping out and other entertainment. The farm has a well but no electricity. People should bring their own camping gear and food.

How to get there: go to Huntsville, Ark. (near Fayetteville -- find it on the map), turn south on Highway 23 for seven miles until you get to a roadside park on the right side of the road. Turn right on a dirt road there and bear to the left, following "BRCM" signs until you reach the farm.

There will probably be a caravan leaving Houston sometime Friday. If you want to join it or need a ride, call Space City! (526-6257) and leave a message for the May Day Tribe.

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REVIEWS

An Eastern Western

Robert Altman recently said that *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*, his latest picture, would make all his previous efforts look like home movies. That's a pretty heavy statement since his previous efforts include *M.A.S.H.*, last year's Grande Prix winner at Cannes, and *Brewster McCloud*, the stoned fantasy he made in Houston last summer.

After seeing *McCabe* I can understand why he feels that way, even though I still consider *M.A.S.H.* and *Brewster* way out of the home movie league. An extraordinarily beautiful film, *McCabe* is definitely his best to date.

He very effectively balances his mosaic portrait of Presbyterian Church, a small town being born in the northwest wilderness, with a masterful character study of McCabe, an enterprising young gambler and the town's founding father (played superbly by Warren Beatty). The film's structural characteristics and most especially the strong mood of serenity with which it is suffused give it a peculiarly east-

ern quality. But it does not sacrifice any of its bite.

We like McCabe because he is able to live completely by his wits in an environment where most men break their backs to survive. He is a sharp wheeler-dealer, turning his gambling assets into a bar, gambling hall and whorehouse. Mrs. Miller (Julie Christie) becomes his partner in the latter establishment when she comes into town, looks him up and announces, "I'm a whore and I know everything there is to know about whorehouses." Their partnership gives them the only feeling of family that people with such lonely life modes as gambling and prostitution can have.

McCabe's holdings attract the attention of a large mining corporation, which subsequently sets about buying him out. But McCabe, raunchily independent, drives a hard bargain. He makes the mistake of being too difficult with the mining executives on their second attempt and so becomes marked for murder. His life is not worth an extra couple of grand to such a big corporation.

Mrs. Miller eventually convinces him that he is in danger, so he sets about to re-open negotiations. No deal. The executives have returned to their home offices. McCabe goes to a liberal lawyer to seek help within the existing legal system. The man promises to make him into a social crusader, so much in the spotlight of public sympathy that the mining company won't

dare touch him. But he never, in fact, gets any protection from those real bullets. Besides, one wonders if he wouldn't be a better *cause celebre* dead.

Then the killers show up, three dangerous looking dudes that nobody in town would think of messing with for any reason. When McCabe learns of their arrival, he goes to their leader in an attempt to bargain. But these men are there to kill him, not to talk to him. So that's that. The next morning they come after him.

McCabe hides out in the church bell tower, and so is able to see them coming before they see him. When he climbs back down the ladder to get his shotgun, the parson (Corey Fisher) has confiscated it and is using it most rudely to tell him to get out. So much for help from the church. McCabe manages to kill all three men, but not without receiving mortal wounds. He dies unnoticed, since a fire had just occupied the attention of the entire town. But life continues on, unaffected by his death.

The camera work in this picture is the best I've seen since *Butch Cassidy*, overcoming that tendency of Altman pictures to be marred somewhat by blotchy photography. Art director Leon Erickson, who built the wings for *Brewster*, did his usual fantastic job in creating that look that's becoming recognizable in Altman's projects.

Erickson and his small crew of long-hairs actually carved a town out of the Canadian wilderness near Vancouver, paying scrupulous attention to period authenticity, and living in the structures they were building.

Altman's pictures characteristically have lots of background bits that lend humor to the texture, but this time those bits all serve to give density to the social matrix he continuously unveils. His portrait of the lawlessness of

the frontier makes all other attempts look pallid. One particular scene, a gunfight on the suspension bridge, was much more chilling than anything in *M.A.S.H.*

This is a strangely poetic film, working beautifully on many levels. It isn't exactly what you'd expect after a black comedy and a fairytale, and it may not be a runaway hit, but it's clearly the best film I've seen this year.

- - Gary Chason

Those Berrigan Boys

Prison Journals of a Priest Revolutionary by Philip Berrigan, Ballantine Books, \$1.25 (paperback)

No Bars to Manhood by Daniel Berrigan, Bantam Books, 95 cents (paperback)

Two men President Nixon fails to mention when he talks about freeing prisoners of war are the Berrigan brothers. Daniel Berrigan is doing time in the federal penitentiary in Lewisburg, Pa., and Philip is in prison in Danbury, Conn. for the destruction of draft files in Baltimore in October, 1967 and Catonsville, Md. in May, 1968. (Daniel took part in the Catonsville 'raid,' while Philip participated in both.)

Indeed, FBI director J. Edgar Hoover is now trying to prove that the two Jesuit priests and their friends (loosely associated in the East Coast Conspiracy to Save Lives) were led by his men in a plot to kidnap Presidential advisor Henry Kissinger and

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blow up the capitol's sewer system. (Daniel was underground avoiding arrest while this plot allegedly unfolded; Philip supposedly masterminded it from his prison cell.)

The contribution these two men have made to sanity in this country is hard to overestimate. The actions and trials of the Baltimore Four and Catonsville Nine inspired other groups of antiwar Catholics in Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Rochester and other cities to attack Selective Service files and then use the courts to put the government on trial for its war crimes. These groups have helped render the draft system physically inoperative and politically discredited.

The Berrigans answer their critics (which include most of the Catholic Church's hierarchy) by saying that it is, or should be, the duty of the Church to fight against tyranny and for the oppressed at all times. Or, as Philip writes, "Revolution may be unchristian in certain instances, but a man cannot be a Christian without being a revolutionary." They cite Jesus' trashing of the money changers in the temple and Pastor Bonhoeffer's resistance within Nazi Germany as Christian precedents for their actions.

Either or both of these books can be read over and over again. Daniel is the more literary of the two. He has published more than a dozen books, and the first, a collection of poetry, was nominated for a National Book Award. He has an essay style similar (in good and bad ways) to that of Albert Camus. The subject of his writing is often "the wasting disease of normalcy" that afflicts American Society.

"The law turns its screws on the limbs of a decent man," he writes in rebuttal to those who urge only 'legal' dissent. "A few men resolve on heroism, most settle for complicity, simply because they are not heroic. The legal

system suppresses human decency as a societal resource, because good men are not able to be heroic men."

(Like Camus' moralizing essays, Daniel's writings are best taken in small doses. This book is a series of articles, speeches and interviews, and so ideas tend to be repeated several times.)

I liked Philip Berrigan's *Prison Journals* more. Mostly a diary of prison experiences and reflections interspersed with interviews and his statements at his two sentencing in federal court, his book covers a wide range of subjects from imperialism, violence and non-violence and theology to clerical celibacy and hearing a confession in a Baltimore jail. To all of these subjects he brings an open mind and a commitment to live his religious and political beliefs.

If you read these books, or if you just read this review, remember that the Berrigans are just two of thousands of resisters, CO's, GIs and protesters who have been jailed or forced into exile or underground for their opposition to our government's crimes. Remember, as Philip Berrigan does in the dedication of his journal, "Those who die in war and those who die opposing it."

-- titto francona

Of Our Own: The Soft Machine And Shiva's

Of Our Own finally has air conditioning and what it did for the Soft Machine concert July 22 was amazing.

Soft Machine is not exactly what the name implies. They can drive you

up the wall with their music if you refuse to become involved, and to concentrate you need no distractions. Thus the new air conditioning removes the major problem that has plagued Of Our Own audiences, possible heat prostration.

Soft Machine plays a driving, rambling music but their inharmonious juxtaposition of notes causes a problem. Their work is too complicated and long to try and comprehend it as a single entity. A musical note is made up of a fundamental tone and its overtones. When you hear a single tone your mind registers the tone at a surface level of consciousness and the overtones subliminally. However, when another tone is introduced in conjunction with the original fundamental tone, but does not mesh with the original tone, it creates a dissonance. Add to this occurrence varying tempos and you have a fair approximation of how the Soft Machine sounded.

However, where the Soft Machine was nearly incomprehensible they were paradoxically something you could join, adding your own mind shooting along, completely at ease in an exhilarating sense of anarchy. Sometimes the Machine would lapse into conventional metered music, but only for seconds. It was simply a temporary pause meant only to let your mind rest before setting out again to try and assimilate more contradictory information.

The set's song, which lasted 30 minutes, required continual attention. To look away was to feel that you had missed something. It was like laying down a novel, picking it up a few days later and then spending an hour reading around trying to find your place. You are vaguely disquieted until you're assured you've passed the point of your last departure.

This is how it was with Soft Machine. You almost had to be sure you were on new ground with the past

safely comprehended or forgotten before you could try them again and feel at ease.

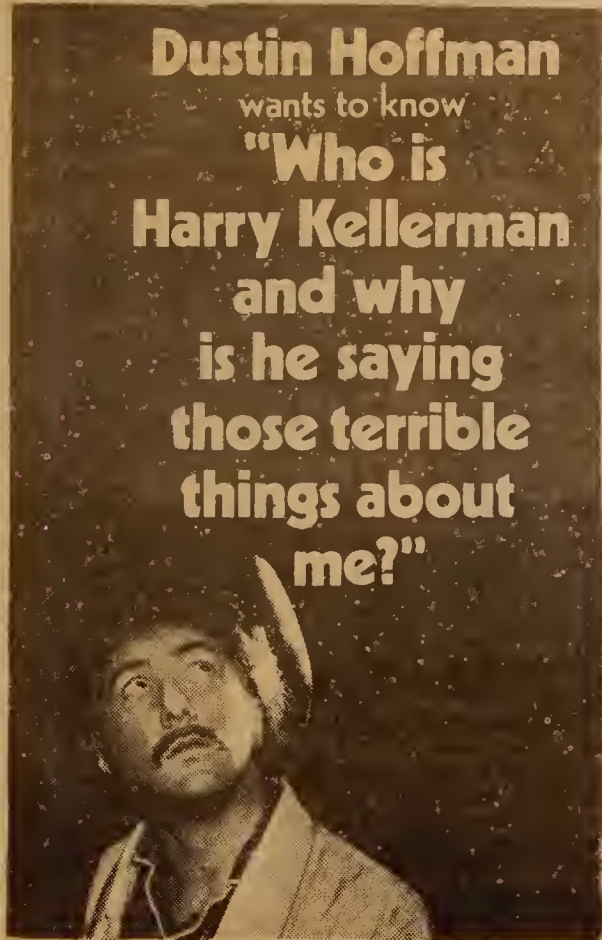
Of Our Own brought Shiva's Head Band into town last weekend, but forgot to mention it to anyone. So Spencer Perskin, the mad violinist folk hero from Austin was pissed.

"It's terrible," he said. Then he and his wife Susan took their blood shot eyes and shuffled into the club. Oh well, I thought, even if we don't have a crowd to the rafters we still have the music. And we did. Sort of. It was all there technically but the feeling was gone. Part of it could be ascribed to Spencer's state of mind. But more and more you find Shiva's standing on stage talking and playing for themselves. Occasionally they turn outwards but they invariably look like they're at a funeral. Maybe they are, because how often can they play "Country Boy" or "Take me To the Mountains."

However, Shiva's still has frequent flashes of quality. "Thing in D" is an immense pleasure to hear. For that matter, so is everything else they do. But there has to be a point where you stop reworking finished pieces and go on to other things.

The addition of drummer Jerry Burnett to replace Leo Rudd has helped, but Spencer and the boys no longer look like they're having a good time on stage. Maybe they're all stoned, and that's fine for their heads. But if the audience comes to dance and sees the band standing there lethargic and expressionless, well you can get music from a record player. Maybe this is Spencer's way of getting us to pay attention to the music. No theatrics. Or maybe having people tell him for so long that he and his band were the best things around has led to an inbred cult of Shiva's worshipers who demand nothing from their band except.

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Das Hip Kapital

tion, behind a funky old locomotive and who knows what else, giving free concerts along the way -- free because the people refuse to pay. Money will be made when The Train rolls: the movie will be shot, the record cut, the TV sale made, the profit reaped. But to get The Train rolling there has to be some heavy financing up front.

That is where Eugene comes in. Eugene is head of the "Find Out Who the Hell These People Are and What They Want and Send Me a Memo On It" Dept. of a swinging investment-banking firm. Lang and Brandt have invited him to check out The Train.

The Train is a very simple matter, Lang explains. The Jefferson Airplane and Creedence Clearwater Revival and The Band and whoever else wants to come on it will be signed. Before the net is realized, there will be an estimated investment of \$2,300,000 and that's why Eugene is there.

"In 10 years our firm has developed a net worth of over \$40 million. We manage over one billion dollars," Eugene said.

"The firm's partners all have liberal politics. My boss's greatest regret is that he more or less personally raised most of the money for Nixon's campaign.

"We move into wherever other people aren't. We're looking for a more than competitive return on our money, naturally."

* * * * *

In the Marin driveway, a silver Porsche. Through the glass doors of the living room, a floodlit pool among the eucalyptus trees. Two women and a man, swimming naked. The man climbs out, shakes himself, puts on a kimono and walks dripping into the living room. A kid walks in with an armload of wood, and begins to make

a fire in an enormous freestanding copper hearth. Panama Red sits down cross-legged on an oriental rug near the fire. He is in his mid-twenties, clean-shaven, auburn hair to mid-back. The kid comes back with an open bottle of Chateau Margaux '61. He walks over and puts on a record on a \$5,000 stereo. It is Dave Mason's "Only You Know and I Know."

"There are five Panama Reds in the Bay Area," explains Panama Red.

Which one are you?

A long draught of Margaux. Why sip it? There's plenty more. "The Panama Red."

Only you know and I know.

"Dig it, if the Man picks up a runner for a dealer who has scored off my runner and they threaten to put him away for good unless he tells the name of his connection, say he cracks and says, 'His name is supposed to be Panama Red.' And they say 'Which Panama Red? -- there are five of those bastards.' So he says, 'I don't know fellas, the Panama Red, I guess.' So the Man is right back where he started from.

Dealers as heavy as Panama Red are never anywhere near the place at which physical transfer of drugs (soft ones like Marijuana, hashish or acid; dealers never mess with addictive drugs, purveyors of which they call "pushers") and cash occurs. They act more in the

capacity of brokers, arranging deals between suppliers and customers who do not know each other and never learn each others' names.

They deal directly with acid laboratories and Cannabis smugglers and sell to distributors beneath whom there may be one to three echelons of dealers, only the bottommost of whom sell to heads who themselves do not deal professionally. Panama Red earns the equivalent of \$50,000 a year, tax-free and employs a fulltime assistant at \$200 a week cash, plus expenses and all the dope he can consume.

"I figure I'm doing better financially at 25 than I would if I'd stayed in Oceanography," Panama Red says without the hint of a smile. "That's what I was studying at the University of Minnesota. You should have seen me then, I was a fraternity man, I was a jock, I was a Republican, I had a crew-cut, man. I was your All-American boy.

"I got turned on to grass for the first time in my junior year -- took the starch out of my chinos, I'll tell you. It really opened my eyes to a lot of things. I got a job in a bar in Minneapolis to tide me over, and it turned out to be owned by the Mafia. I started doing little jobs for him and that's how I got introduced to the idea of doing illegal things for a living.

"Working for him made it easy for me to develop connections, so I began to deal a little on the side. My boss asked me to go out on collection jobs -- people who were overdue on loans. He wanted me for that because of my build. But when I had a look at some of the violence that was involved, I decided I can't stomach this, this isn't for me. So I quit. All I had was the dealing so I began to build that up. Drug distribution was still pretty primitive in Minneapolis five years ago, so before long I had things pretty well in hand. Until I got busted. That was three years ago.

I jumped \$25,000 bail -- I guess \$25,000 was less money for me than it was to them -- and came out here and was able to establish myself here with a little help from my friends, like they say.

"This is a tough business. You're constantly in danger of being ripped off. There's a lot of creeps around who prey on dealers, who if they don't inform on you they rip you off. I've had \$40,000 worth of cash and drugs stolen at one shot. The legal expenses are tremendous -- I spend something like \$7000 or \$8000 a year on lawyers.

"You get to be pretty careful about who you're willing to socialize with -- I've gotten to the point where I just don't go meet anybody anymore. A friend of mine has to have a guard with a shotgun patrolling his grounds 24 hours a day, he's so paranoid.

"My lawyers tell me I'm living on borrowed time because of the unlawful-flight-to-escape-prosecution. But within a year I figure I should be fixed for life and I plan to retire. I'm going to buy a farm in Holland and give the business to my apprentice. We'll split the thing down the middle."

As we leave to go to dinner, Panama Red pauses at the door to set a switch.

"Got to do the burglar alarm."

But there are no houses near enough for anyone to hear.

"No, it's connected directly to the police station."

The police station?

"Oh, it's safe. They already know what I'm into, they just don't know who I am, that's all. They can't get any evidence on my dealing. Certainly not by coming into my house while foiling a burglary. It'd never stand up in court.

"You know, if you're going to commit felonies," says Panama Red patiently, "you've got to have a healthy respect for the law."

-- Great Swamp Fire/LNS

DENIM



TOO BAD

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"Over the past six years, the U.S. government has spent \$120 billion on the war in Vietnam. Approximately half this amount, some \$60 billion, has gone to U.S. corporate contractors who have supplied the materials and services needed to wage the war." —

Fifteen major corporations which are headquartered in or have holdings in Texas are among 62 firms identified in April as the top contractors for war-related materials and services for the war in Indochina.

Each of the 62 firms did an estimated \$100 million or more in business with the Department of Defense from January, 1965, to December, 1970, according to the council. They are among 523 corporations named as suppliers to or supporters of the U.S. war effort in Southeast Asia.

Eighteen additional firms in Texas did less than \$100 million in business in the same period according to the report.

The Council on Economic Priorities is a non-profit organization established "to disseminate unbiased and detailed information on the practices of U.S. corporations in four major areas: minority employment, effect on the environment, defense production and foreign investment.

"The council presents this information in the belief that these practices have a profound impact on the quality of American life. The American public should evaluate this impact and work to assure corporate social responsibility," said the council.

The council conducted an eight-month study of primary contracts in an effort to see where the estimated \$60 billion went. Of that \$60 billion, said the report, "The Business of War: 523 Corporate Contractors for the War in Indochina," \$33.5 billion was traced directly to 523 corporate recipients.

Third ranking contractor in the nation at \$1.2 billion was Textron, the parent company of Bell Helicopter in Fort Worth.

Ling Temco Vought, also out of Fort Worth, was in fifth place at \$974.5 million. Day and Zimmerman, operator of the Lone Star Army Ammunition Plant in Texarkana, was in 16th place at \$477.6 million. Standard Oil of New Jersey, parent company of Humble Oil and Refining Co., was in 22nd place at \$383.3 million.

Other top 62 war profiteering contractors include Mobil Oil Co., 24th, at \$360.1 million; Thiokol, operator of the Longhorn Army Ammunition Plant in Marshall, 25th, \$375.7 million; American Manufacturing of Texas, a Fort Worth maker of anti-personnel rockets, 33rd, \$235.3 million.

Also R. G. Letourneau, Longview, maker of artillery shells, 45th place \$161.4 million; A. O. Smith, Waco, maker of bombs, 46th, \$150.9 million; Aluminum Co. of America, Port Lavaca, 51st, \$130 million.

Also Texas Instruments, 52nd, \$127.7 million; Southern Airways of Texas, a Mineral Wells company that trains helicopter pilots at Fort Wolters, 54th, \$119.9 million; Coastal States Petrochemical, Corpus Christie, 58th, \$115.7 million; and Gulf Oil, 60th, \$113 million.

Some of the products of the 523 firms "may not be used solely for war," the report granted. One specific fighter plane, it said, has been used elsewhere.

"All contracts for aviation fuel were also included," said the 50-page document. "However, it was impossible to determine which portion

of spending for these items was for the war and which was not, as the numbers of aircraft deployed to various areas and the amounts of fuel consumption are classified.

"As a rule of thumb, all contracts were included for an entire weapon system or other item when the bulk of the item was intended for use in Southeast Asia. When the hulk may have easily been used elsewhere (for example, military rations, petroleum products other than jet fuel, etc.), the contract information was omitted," said the council.

The report also said, "the profits accruing to corporate contractors could not even be estimated as corporations never break down their financial figures to indicate profits on a particular weapon system or Department of Defense service. They, in fact, never segregate out of their total income or profits the percentage coming from military business."

— Karen Northcott



NEXT WEEK :

An exciting new blues group has arisen in Houston. Read about Rocky Hill & Powerplant in next week's Space City!

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Cont. from 9

nausea, cramps, vomiting, uncontrollable muscle twitches, convulsions, coma and loss of reflexes.

The Subcommittee on Migratory Labor of the Committee on Labor and Public Welfare reported in 1969 that the use of organo-phosphates resulted in a disturbing pattern. Insecticides and pesticides are being used redundantly and their use is actually aggravating pest problems, according to Robert van den Bosch, Department of Entomology and Parasitology, University of California at Berkeley.

Bosch gave three basic reasons for the aggravating pest problems.

- (1) "Materials are characteristically short lived and must often be used repeatedly,
- (2) "Their severe impact on the insect is natural enemies and the resultant elimination of these forms from treated areas frequently permits rapid resurgence of the target pests and outbreaks of previous innocuous species.
- (3) "Wide-spread and repetitious use of these materials quicken the genetic selection for pest resistance to pesticides."

A well known Texas conservationist has cautioned against "going overboard" on massive aerial spraying to combat VEE.

Dr. Clarence Cottam, director of the Welder Wildlife Foundation at Sinton, said the present spraying program drawn up by the U.S. Department of Agriculture for Texas and Louisiana coastal areas appears to be reasonable and necessary.

"But too often there is a tendency to go overboard on these things," Cottam said in a telephone interview with the Houston Post's environmental writer. "This coastal spraying is close to our marine resources in the estuaries, and it should be handled with care."

Cottam said that the record of the USDA in pesticide programs disturbs him.

"Their whole record in the past has been a policy that if a little bit is good, a whole lot is better."

Aircraft personnel have been instructed not to spray over heavily populated areas. Malathion can damage car paint finishes if the droplets from the sprayers make direct contact, according to a deputy officer for the federal spraying program.

Bee keepers are warned to keep their bees in their hives for two hours after the spraying. Most bee keepers in the Rio Grande Valley are predicting that none of their bees will live, according to David M. Fishlow, editor of Ya Mero, a Spanish language weekly.

It's costing over \$67,000 to spray parts of Harris County for mosquitoes. It's costing the USDA over \$800,000 to spray the coastal areas of Texas and Louisiana.

And they are spraying with a pesticide which no one in the city seems to know much about.

unclassifieds

Space City! Unclassifieds are free. Fill out this form and mail to Space City!, 1217 Wichita, Houston 77004. Preference given to service and non-profit ads. We don't accept "sex ads." We believe that far from characterizing a position of sexual liberation, they are frequently exploitative of sexuality, especially that of women. (Not all of them are exploitative of course, but we don't know any simple guideline for determining which are and which aren't; we don't have the time or energy to debate every ad.)

Isn't it about time for this bumper sticker campaign? "VACUUM J. EDGAR" Order today for your car, room, etc. 2/\$1. GC, Box 614, Ooylestown, Pa.

LOOKING FOR APARTMENT -- Nursing student looking for place near Oomlinlan College on Holcombe. Call Jackie at 342-3368.

NEW GROUP needs organ player who can also sing some lead. We already have some gigs. Call Nelson 649-3109.

WANTED -- Chevy or Ford van. Cheap. OX 2-5097.

'63 VW -- Runs good. Needs muffler. \$150. Phone 473-5903.

'61 VW BUS -- Good condition. \$500 or best offer. 645-2706.

GIBSON B-25 12-string acoustic w/case. \$125. '71 VEGA: FM radio, blg engine, very cheap -- Brian 666-6154.

UH STUDENT (Taurus) needs living quarters in semi-quiet house/neighborhood. Will consider airy porch or garage. Can pay up to \$50 a month -- Brian 666-6154.

RIDE NEEOE -- to California around Aug. 1. Jennifer 468-1215.

650 cc. TRIUMPH -- 8000 miles. \$900. Perfect condition. Call 622-5095, 621-1366.

FOR SALE -- '69 Ford LTD station wagon 37,000 miles exc. cond. Call 481-4949.

FOR SALE -- Baldwin upright piano. Excellent condition. Cost \$1100 new. If interested call SCI (526-6257) and leave name and number for Pete in the People's Mall Box.

EVAN H. -- I need to see you before something radical happens. Lesley.

CLASSICAL SITAR -- Bought in New Delhi. Call 465-0456, 6 pm - 9 pm; ask for Oavid.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY OAVID! We miss you -- if you & Malley are in trouble please let us help! Love, Oad, Mom & kids -- Call 862-7771 or 862-8988.

IS THERE ANY WAY we could have a rock performance (say on a weekend night) at Miller Theatre? The "set-up" seems perfect for it. Michele.

NEED A PLACE TO STAY FOR AUGUST -- two private bdrms., in fairly large house near Rice and Medical Center. House is air-conditioned, has kitchen, living room, den, washer and dryer, and three other bedrooms (and 3 other residents). Female preferably. Call 667-4973 after 5 pm or 522-8083 before 5 pm. Ask for Judy or Gale.

KUSTOM PA FOR SALE -- Great condition, savings of over \$500. Has 8 10" speakers. 748-9883.

FENOER STRATOCASTER -- White good condition make offer call Clint NA 2-4183 or Steve 668-2640.

WE NEED PEOPLE who want to work & to be their own bosses & want to be paid from the neck up instead of from the neck down. \$2500 to \$10,000 per month. 467-

3183. Carman or Mollie. No experience.

NEED RIOE TO MIAMI around Aug 1 -- Share expenses. 665-3732. Dr. Gary Rassner. At 528-0761. Leaving Aug 1.

WANT TO SWAP Fender Mustang guitar in excellent condition with case for Fender or Gibson bass. Tom Feefery. After 5 pm 864-1823.

SNOW SKIS -- Hartjavelln. Bindings & poles. Call Kelly at 622-4969.

TV -- Custom Sylvania TV with clock. Kelly at 622-4969.

GOING TO L.A. via Colorado. Would like someone to travel with me. Call Bill at 528-0761. Leaving Aug 1.

BASS GUITAR \$35 -- Organ player looking for prosperous band call Jack 643-7449.

SECRET MINUTEMEN DOCUMENTS: Security, Intelligence, Silencers, Organization, & Leadership, etc. Photocopies available. Write for details to National Info. Center, PO Box 21, Springfield, Mass. 01101.

THE AQUARIAN MEDITATION SOCIETY of Houston claims to be able to show you how to develop your mind, control emotions, overcome problems attain a more positive attitude, and much MORE (!) All are welcome at their weekly meeting, Sundays, 11 am, at 1510 Beachcomber in Clear Lake City. Phone 877-3213 for more details.

WEEKEND RIOES WANTED by British student in Houston until end of August. Will share gas and driving to New Orleans, Northern Mexico, and any other interesting places. Call Brian 528-4989.

NEED BREAO ? Glamour photographer needs part-time models -- Will train beginners \$2 - \$5/hr. to start. Call Oonna or Harry, 528-6971.

LOST: on Yoakum between Hawthorne and Harold wicker purse with pens and two black sketch books. Desperately needs sketch books. Reward. Call Elizabeth at KLOL Radio or 526-8126.

NEED RIOE TO SAN FRANCISCO last week of Sept. Will pay gas all the way. Need to return in 1 week. Write to Carol Jeffers, 914 W. Alabama.

ARTISTS AND CRAFTSPEOPLE: If you have paintings, crafts, sculpture, etc. you'd like to exhibit & sell, you can do it for free at the Flea Market (120 Milam) on Sunday afternoons. Call beforehand to reserve some space: Judy Rich, 622-2809, or Pandora's 227-2701.

ROOM FOR RENT -- \$50 a month, bills paid--Montrose/Westheimer area--man or woman-- Call 667-1942.

UPRIGHT PIANO, \$120 -- 16 1/2" viola & accessories, \$380 -- Michael Spear, 498-6210 after 6 pm.

2-CYCLE MOTOR OIL by the case, cheaper than anywhere else. Sort of an oil co-op. Mark, 921-3235.

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Every style of Mexican threads for brothers and sisters. Trunks, shirts, Hawaiian thongs, pipes, papers, clips, comix, candles, incense, posters and various other psychedelic paraphernalia for your head.

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MUSIC



The Allman Brothers Band at Fillmore East The Allman Brothers (Capricorn 2-802)

The Allman Brothers Band have just released a live, double lp that is representative of the dynamic electric blues that characterize the group. Recorded at the Fillmore East, it features Duane Allman on lead and slide guitars, brother Greg Allman on organ and vocals, Dickie Betts on second guitar, as well as two pounding drummers. Mixed in with original compositions are such blues classics as "Stormy Monday" and "Statesboro Blues". For a band that has never had a big hit, the Allman Brothers are widely known and liked. This album should increase their stature considerably.

Z.Z. Top's First Album (London PS 584) is starting to catch on big in various parts of the country; it looks like some people from Houston are finally going to get the recognition they deserve. Up in Oklahoma and Colorado the album is really doing well, and the group recently traveled northward to play some gigs in Denver, Boulder, Aspen and Tulsa, I believe.

Lead guitarist Bill Gibbons, bassist Dusty Hill and drummer Frank Beard team up with producer-manager Bill Ham in a very tight, professional group that happens to play some of the best music around. They are indeed the honest, sensitive, experienced musicians it takes to play electric blues. Get behind this group.

Liberty Hall re-opens on Thursday, July 29, with the rock opera *Tommy*. The show, which is from San Antonio, will run for three weeks, with a performance every night at 8 pm, Thurs - Sun. Advance tickets are on sale at Budget Tapes on Westheimer and the Liberty Hall box office for \$3.00. The show is open to the public, with no age limit (no alcohol will be served).

There has been a hassle all along at Liberty Hall with the age limit, which is 21. The club can't exist without the revenue from the bar, and that's the kind of thing they're trying to do, which is cool, except that it put a lot of freaks under 21 in a bad position. Without some sort of I.D., they couldn't get in to see Alex Taylor, or Willie Dixon, or Freddie King or Z.Z. Top or whoever was playing. The management had no choice, as the place was closely surveilled. After *Tommy*, concerts will start again, but with a difference. There will be two shows, with no booze at the first one and an open age limit. The second show will be restricted to those over 21, who can drink as much as they want, as long as they don't get out of hand. The first show scheduled for this plan will be on August 20-21, and will be the Velvet Underground (of Andy Warhol and Heroin and Exploding Plastic Inevitable fame.)



Rod Stewart and the Faces return to the Coliseum this Wednesday to headline a show that will also feature Deep Purple and Southern Comfort. Concerts West is doing the thing, and tickets are \$4 advance at Houston Ticket and Brook Mays, and will go for \$4.50 at the door. CW will follow with Creedence Clearwater on August 5, and Led Zeppelin on the 25th. Tentatively slated for October are Three Dog Night and Chicago.

Dennis Collins and 12th Street Productions bring Emerson, Lake & Palmer with Humble Pie to the Music Hall on Friday night, July 31. Tickets are \$4 & \$5 and the show starts at 7:30. As far as I know, there will only be one show. Two very popular groups from England, at any rate.

12th Street also put on a Day in the Country at the Hay Barn recently, featuring Saturnalia & Navasota. I heard the crowd was between 200-300, and most people had a good time, with the exception of those arrested for minor possession of alcohol or marijuana or whatever. Estimates on the number arrested range between 3-15. They'll try again on July 29 in Galveston County Park with Big Sweet and Calico for \$2. More groups will be added to the show, tentatively slated to run eight hours.



Ike & Tina Turner bring the Ikettes and Kings of Rhythm to the Coliseum on Saturday, July 31 for one show. Special guests will be Spirit, in what is being billed as their farewell performance. Sources close to the group say that the group is not breaking up, but only undergoing personnel changes, and they plan to release a new album in the near future.

Ike & Tina have been working the soul circuit for a while, and have recently become popular with young, white, "hip" audiences. Tina's scene in the Rolling Stones movie *Gimme Shelter* gave an indication of what the act is all about.

The show starts at 8:30 pm, and tickets are a mere \$3.50-4.50-5.50.



Townes Van Zandt



Don Sanders

A big folk music concert is going to come off in Austin this Saturday night, featuring the best in the South. Townes Van Zandt, Don Sanders, & Pete Gorisch will all perform, and if the recent "decline" of folk music has been on your mind, make it up to Austin for this show. All three performers have called Houston home at various points in their careers, playing at Sand Mountain and other bohemian hangouts.

Townes has released four albums, and is known all over the country. His haunting voice and personal style of guitar playing have made him a favorite of many.

Don Sanders has been known and loved in Houston for many years, playing in such weird places as the cement basement under Houston Blacklight & Poster Co., Of Our Own, the UH Coffee House and others. Don plans to record an album soon, and put it out himself. He recently returned from California, where he was involved in radio & music. More on Don at a later date.

Pete Gorisch is another folksinger who has been around for a while. Pete will play bass on the Sanders album, and is a fine entertainer in his own rite.

It's only a couple of hours drive to Austin, and it's a pretty nice place. Get together with some friends and drive up this weekend to see the big show. You'll be glad you did.

VITAL INFO: Townes Van Zandt, Don Sanders, & Pete Gorisch in Austin at the Methodist Student Center on the Drag across from the UT campus, for one night only Saturday, July 31. The show starts at 8:45 pm and the cost is a low \$1.50

-- Jim Shannon

FILMS

ALLEY FILM SERIES

At the Alley Theatre, 615 Texas Ave., an excellent series. This week features screen adaptations of stage plays. Tickets are \$1.75 (\$1.50 to regular season subscribers).

- July 27-28 - 8:30 pm - HAMLET, Laurence Olivier
- July 29 - 8:30 pm - THE ITALIAN STRAW HAT, a classic satirical comedy
- July 30 - 7:30 & 9:30 pm - THE ITALIAN STRAW HAT
- July 31 - 7:30 & 9:30 pm - DEDIPUS REX. You know what this one's about.
- Aug 1 - 7:30 pm - DEDIPUS REX
- Aug 3-4 - Kickoff of BAD-GUY WEEK with Peter Lorre as a psycho in M (that's the title, "M").

JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER
(5601 S. Braeswood)
All screenings are at 8 pm in the Kaplan Theatre. Tickets \$1.75 (\$1.25 to Center members).

- July 27 - SHANE
- Aug 1 - ALICE'S RESTAURANT
- Aug 3 - MAGNIFICENT SEVEN
- Aug 4 - CARDUSEL

UNIVERSITY OF THOUGHT
Proceeds from this series will go to meet necessary expenses for the U of Thought fall semester. Screenings of each program begin at 7 pm in the San Jacinto-Sonora rooms of the University Center at the University of Houston. They ask a quite reasonable 50¢ donation. (If you have the bread, you might want to give more.)
July 31 - "Hey, What about Us?"
"The Teacher Gap"
"What's Happening to Television?"

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE - Nichols, Feffer, Nicolson, Bergen, Garfunkle and Margret team up in maybe the most important film in some time. Tower.

MCCABE AND MRS MILLER - Excellent new Robert Altman western with Warren Beatty, Julie Christie. Cinemas.

KLUTE - Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland in suspense flick about high-class call girl. Metropolitan and several neighborhoods.

LIGHT AT THE EDGE OF THE WORLD - adaptation of Jules Verne tale, Windsor.

WILLARD - Lots of rats. River Daks.

SUMMER OF '42 - Some memories. Village

ON ANY SUNDAY - Bruce Brown ("The Endless Summer") made this one about motorcycle races. Alabama.

THEATER

WINDMILL DINNER THEATRE

(390 Town & Country Blvd)
THE SECOND COMING - "An Original Musical Satire which brings hilarious relief to all of the problems which currently plague American society." Pre-Off-Broadway production. Produced/directed by Terrence Kester, written by Larry Legion & Ric Kirkpatrick. First of Monday night Experimental series, produced by American Renaissance Theatre. Aug 2, 8 pm, no buffet.

THEATRE UNDER THE STARS

GYPSY - FREE musical, produced by Frank Young, staged by Carolyn Franklin, with Marjorie Carroll as Mama Rose. Nightly thru July 31 at Hermann Park's Miller Theater. 8:30 pm.

HOUSTON MUSIC THEATRE

(Southwest Freeway at Fondren)
TDM SAWYER - Studio 7 production held over. July 31. Tickets \$1, \$2. 2 pm. 771-3851.

KERYGMA PLAYERS

(Bering Meth Church - 1440 Harold)
THE CUP OF TREMBLING - drama based on life of Dietrich Bonhoeffer, German minister executed by Nazis. July 29-31.

THEATRE OF LOVE

(Fondren at Daffodil)
A DAY IN THE LIFE OF JUST ABOUT EVERYONE - Smitty's story, complete with computer and multimedia brouhaha and 26 songs. Produced/directed by Phil Oesterman. Tues - Sun 8:30 (Students with id half price.) 783-9930.

PLAYWRIGHTS SHOWCASE

WAITING FOR GODDIT - Beckett's absurdist classic to be given unusual production by Roger Glade. Aug 6-Sept 25 (Fri & Sat) 9 pm. 524-3168.

SPACE-IN

ART

MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

Thru Aug 29 - BIRDS AND BLDSSOMS, Masterson Jr. Gallery
Thru Sept 1 - CHRISTO, a pop artist who plans to hang a huge orange nylon curtain across a valley in Colorado. To raise bread, he is exhibiting drawings, models and the like.
Thru Aug 29 - Giacometti Graphics, S. Garden Gallery.

INSTITUTE FOR THE ARTS

Thru Aug - FOR CHILDREN at Rice campus gallery off Univ and Stockton.

GALLERIA

Thru July 31 - 50 paintings by Soviet children, aged 4 to 15, and art by Houston kids. Gallery area.

THE ADEPT (1617 Binz)

"Maneuverability" - art indigenous to black people.

FLEA MARKET ART FEST. (Milam & Franklin)

Sun - noon to 6 pm. Local artists.

MUSIC

GALVESTON COUNTY PARK - 4 hour rock & roll concert July 29 featuring Big Sweet, Calico, and more. \$2 at the gate, 4 pm - Midnight.

HOFHEINZ PAVILION - Jesus Christ Superstar, the original cast with Pete Green and Shawn Phillips in there somewhere. September 11 and 12. The Sat. show will be at night, with a Sun afternoon matinee.

CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION (10118 Westheimer) Free rock concerts every Sunday. Call Switchboard, 526-3666 for details.

MUSIC HALL

July 30 - Emerson, Lake & Palmer plus Humble Pie. 12th St Productions, tickets \$4 & \$5 at Disc Records and Sunshine Co.

COLISEUM

July 28 - Rod Stewart & Faces, Deep Purple, Southern Comfort. A concert West Presentation. All tickets will be \$4 advance and \$4.50 at the door. Houston Ticket and Brook Mays are the outlets.
July 31 - Ike & Tina Turner with Spirit, R.J. Russo presentation with tickets for \$3.50-4.50-5.50 at Houston Ticket, Brook Mays and others.
Aug 5 - Creedence Clearwater Revival, listen 'til your pants fall down. Brought to you by good ole Terry Bassett and the Concerts West gang.

CELLAR - (Milam at Preston) featuring Powerplant on Sun, Tues, and Thurs. This group is worth seeing.

LIBERTY HALL (1610 Chenevert)

The club re-opens on July 29 with the rock opera Tommy in for a three week stand. The show runs from Thurs-Sun July 29-Aug 15. Admission is \$3.00 Phone 226-6250 for details.

LA BASTILLE (Market Square)

Lionel Hampton and his 12-piece orchestra opens an 8-day run on Friday, July 23. (227-2036)

Austin, Texas-Folk Concert with Don Sanders, Townes Van Zandt, & Pete Gorisich all the details on page 23.

TV

Tues, July 27 -

6:30 pm - SPEAKING FREELY Prof. Sidney Hook discusses academic freedom and student dissidents. Ch 8
8:30 pm - ARTISTS IN AMERICA with Jules Feffer, satirist, cartoonist and (of late) screenwriter. Ch 8

Thurs, July 29 -

6:30 am (am!) - VIRGINIA GRAHAM SHOW Guests are the Surgeon General and the underground press' own Dr. Hippocrates. Wierd, huh? Ch 2
6:30 pm - ARTISTS IN AMERICA, repeat of Tuesday's show with Feffer. Ch 8
8:30 pm - LAST MINUTE TO CHOOSE, a KPRC-TV special on hard drug addiction, reportedly "not for the squeamish." I hesitate to recommend this, because there have been too many terrible anti-drug specials put out by The Man. But check it out, anyway. Ch 2

Fri, July 30 -

10:30 pm - THE GRAPES OF WRATH classic movie about Okies in California during the Great Depression. Henry Fonda, John Carradine. Ch 11

Sat, July 31 -

SCIENCE-FICTION DAY!!
8:00 am - APOLLO XV: LUNAR WALK No. 1
3:30 pm - CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON Ch 11
12:25 am - THE UNDYING MONSTER Ch 11
5:30 am - APOLLO XV: LUNAR WALK No. 2

Sun, Aug 1 -

7:30 pm - SONNY & CHER: PREMIERE Ch 11
10:45 pm - THE OUTRAGE, Western based on the Japanese "Rashomon" legend, Paul Newman, Laurence Harvey. Ch. 13
2:24 am - APOLLO XV: LUNAR WALK No. 3

Mon, Aug 2 -

8:00 pm - THE PRODUCERS, funneee. Highlight is the musical production of "Springtime for Hitler." Ch 2
8:00 pm - GEDRIG GIRL, Lynn Redgrave, Alan Bates, James Mason, in a very fine movie. Ch 13

Tues, Aug 3 -

8:00 pm - FIRST TUESDAY, NBC's "television magazine," usually interesting. Ch 2

Wed, Aug 4 -

9:00 pm - RDD SERLING'S NIGHT GALLERY. Ch 2

PHONE

- ACLU 524-5925
- CRISIS HOTLINE 228-1505
- DRAFT COUNSELING 526-0030
- FAMILY CONNECTION 523-6825
- FDD STAMP OFFICE 227-6371
- HOUSTON COMMITTEE TO END THE WAR 227-4700
- INLET DRUG CRISIS 526-7925
- KAUM SWITCHBOARD 741-0050
- STUDIOD LINE 748-4801
- KAUM NEWS 748-1479
- KIOI 222-8103
- LETTUCE BODYCOT 522-8142
- LIBERTY HALL 225-6250
- NDW 623-4380
- OF DUR DWN 526-6996
- OPERATION BREADBASKET 224-9057
- PACIFICA (KPFT) 224-4000
- PAPEL CHICANO 926-2735
- PEACE CENTER 227-4700
- PLANNED PARENTHOOD 523-7419
- PROBLEM PREGNANCY 523-5354
- SPACE CITY! 526-6257
- SWITCHBOARD 526-3666
- SWP CAMPAIGN 741-2577
- UNIVERSITY OF THOUGHT 526-5547
- VD CLINIC 222-4201
- VOICE OF HOPE 228-0714

RADIO

PACIFICA KPFT-FM 90.1

- Mon thru Fri - WORKERS OF THE WORLD ARISE, you have nothing to lose but your minds. Sir Gavan of Duffy gently seduces you from your place of rest (heh, heh ...) 6-9 am.
- Mon thru Fri - LIFE ON EARTH. Mitch Green anchors the news team while co-host Gary Thilher grooves in Colorado. 6:30 pm.
- Mon thru Fri - LIFE RAFT. Nitely people's radio, featuring carman Jeff Shero & the usual crew of mindbenders. (Say hi to Hayseed.) 10 pm-6 am.
- Tues - THESIS etc. Report on MENSA's annual gathering here last month. Features Madelyn Murray D'Hair. 7:15 pm.
- Wed - AMERICAN WOMEN with Nancy Simpson. 2:30 nm.
- Sun - BLUEGRASS with John May. 6 pm.

Mon thru Fri - (starting Aug 2) Great American Midwestern Tour with Left Handed Louie from Alaska, courtesy of Snowfrog Enterprises. A Freak Show. 1:30-4 pm.

KAUM-FM 96.5

- Wed - FLOWER CHILDREN. Special news report on how police harassment of street vendors caused this enterprise to give up on Houston. Carol Kneeland. 9 pm.
- Sun - CHICANOS & CHICANAS. Witcraft and the Chicano community. Elma Berrera. 8 pm.
- Sun - BLACK INSIGHT - How black people in Houston feel about white hippies. Tom Wright, Ron Brown. 8:30 pm.

KLX-FM 101

Daily - consistently good sounds; light on news.
Sun - Bill Narum does his thing from noon till 6 pm.

INS & OUTS

MAYDAY - Many of the people involved in the Mayday actions are still together and building for new actions in the fall. But people have a lot of planning to do at all levels to make future action disciplined and effective. It is important that people who may wish to participate in the actions begin NOW to think about, discuss and get involved in the building of those actions. The following conferences are now scheduled:

- Southern Regional Tribal Gathering - July 31-Aug 1 in Fayetteville, Ark. The gathering will be held on a campground north of Fayetteville. There is no housing or electricity on the site, so people should come prepared to camp out with their own food & gear. For directions on getting to the site, call Space City! and leave message for Bryan.
- Women and Gay Conference: Aug-10-13 in Atlanta, Ga. (Eastlake Methodist Church)
- October Action National Planning Conference: Aug 13-17, in Atlanta at the same church.

GAY LIBERATION DANCE. At the Houston Room in the University Center at U of H. July 31, 8 pm, admission a low \$1. Everyone (gays and straights) is invited. Should be a good time.

FREE WINE-TASTING, 6-8 pm on Saturday nites, at CLYDE'S ENTERPRISE, a very nice wine, cheese, and lunch place at 1534 Westheimer. Other times wine is only 25¢ a glass. They're nice folks. Check 'em out.

A BICYCLE TRIP TO AUSTIN is being planned by a group at the University of Thought for the near future. More details as they come in.

GAY LIBERATION
Gay Liberation meets every Tues at 8 pm in the University Center at the University of Houston.
Women's Caucus of GL meets every Wed at 8 pm in the Palo Duro room of the UC at U of H.

GL conducts a consciousness-raising session every Thurs at 8 pm in the UC at U of H.

ABORTION INFO - Susan Rodgers is a sister who got ripped off by the "referral agencies" and wants to help other women avoid that experience. She is willing to help everyone for free, with an abortion (not more than \$320 total), adoption agencies, homes, and other alternatives. Call 433-7278.

THE ART OF DDPERS: Dr. W. Quarles is planning a book comprised of the (previously unpublished) writings and drawings "which were created while high on a drug or shortly thereafter." He is especially interested in "sexual fantasies and psychedelic drawings." Submit manuscripts (anonymously, if you wish) to Dr. W. Quarles, Dept. of Pharmacology, U. of California, San Francisco, Cal. Please specify the drug(s) which influenced your magnum opus.

GAY LIB
Dance!
July 31, 8 p.m.
Houston Room Univ. of Houston
Everyone
Invited

