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SPACE CITY!

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Houston, Texas : May 18-24, 1972



180 Degrees

by Victoria Smith

Council Tired of Talk

Being mayor of Houston, or even a city councilman, must be a rough job. You can see it on the faces of the men who sit at that council table Wednesday mornings during the public sessions (which is just about the only time the public can see the elected city officials IN PERSON). Two postures dominate: the irascible, tight-lipped look, often accompanied by an occasional glare at one speaker or another, and the sleepy, what-the-hell-am-I-doing-here look.

Too long has the public compounded council's worries by showing up Wednesday mornings, individually or en masse, and complaining about everything from roads to dog pounds to abortion to the war. Last Wednesday, May 10, was apparently the final straw: 37 speakers were signed up to be heard by council that morning. And some who spoke discussed such irrelevant topics as the escalation of the war in Vietnam. That session included an unusually large number of dog lovers too, it seems, who complained, *ad nauseum*, as have many others in the last several weeks, about the wretched conditions at the city pound.

So Mayor Louie Welch and Councilman Frank Mann made a motion to ask the city legal department to set up guidelines regulating the topics speakers can discuss at the public sessions. The rest of council agreed.

"This session has become a forum for every nut and crackpot," the mayor candidly declared.

I spoke to one of the "nuts and crackpots" who has been haunting city hall for more than a year, Debby Leonard of the Socialist Workers Party and the Houston Peace Action Coalition. Leonard and other SWP members have made frequent use of the public council sessions to air their views on a broad expanse of topics, including international affairs.

"Basically," said Leonard, "I think Welch is trying to squelch debate and dissent," particularly from the left. She pointed out that city councils in other cities have passed resolutions on issues beyond the strict purview of city government, and that the Houston City Council has itself passed at least one such resolution.

(How well we remember! It happened last spring, during one particularly exhausting session. I believe that was the one in which a couple of hundred members of the Fire Fighters Union packed, literally and figuratively, the council chambers. The schedule of speakers was varied and enormous. Some appeared before council to ask that a resolution endorsing the People's Peace Treaty — a proposal drafted by student leaders in the United States, North Vietnam and South Vietnam — be sent to President Nixon. It was no go on that one, said the mayor: The city of Houston cannot meddle in international affairs. In that same session, however, at the request of one high school student, council did pass a resolution to recommend that the President personally review the final verdict of Lt. William Calley, convicted of premeditated murder of Vietnamese civilians. No amount of questioning

by newsmen could ever make clear the basic distinction between those two requests.)

Leonard noted that there are "many other dissatisfied Houstonians" other than the SWP and Peace Coalition people, and the Wednesday morning sessions afford citizens one of their "few public forums."

"I think the mayor's language was extremely abusive and unnecessary," Leonard added. "People concerned about the war, or concerned about city problems are not 'nuts and crackpots.'" If anything, the nuts and crackpots are sitting up at the council table."

The guidelines that council apparently favors would limit speakers to matters listed on the council agenda or new city-related business. The city charger, said Welch, allows the council to regulate rules on speakers.

At present, speakers must sign up before the meetings to speak two to five minutes, with the shorter periods of time given first priority on the agenda. At various times over the last few years, some councilmen have loudly complained during the sessions that a given speaker's talk was not related to city business. But this is the first time council has moved to regulate topics of discussion.

Of course, all city council is required to do in these sessions is to listen, or to make a pretense of listening, at least. It is not required to make decisions on any speaker's topic, and frequently, requests and complaints have been shuttled off to some city bureaucracy (usually the "legal department" catch-all) and have been lost to the world, for all practical purposes.

Frequent city inaction, however, has not deterred the crowds which periodically flock to the open sessions.

But can the council?

Maybe, says James Calaway, executive director of the Greater Houston Chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union. "If they were to go strictly by what the city chapter says, they could probably get away with it," he said. But, he observed, council hasn't followed any particular regulation of topics since Louie Welch has been mayor. He said that requests and complaints are not treated "impartially," pointing to the Calley resolution, and past discrimination in handing out parade permits. Due to this irregular record, the council could have some problems in getting the recommendation to stick.

Calaway also pointed out that the council would have difficulties in determining exactly what constitutes city-related business, and what does not. He agreed that it is probably the anti-war speakers who have especially antagonized the mayor. "Welch is a hawk, and as a hawk, he doesn't want to hear from these people," he said.

Leonard and some of the other peace coalition people are considering some kind of protest if the new regulations are instituted.

As for the council, one has to admit that it must be kind of a drag to have to sit through speaker after speaker, who talk on all sorts of disagreeable topics. Or the same

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A Space City! Perspective



Photo by Cam Duncan.

It is probably a rare American who has not registered some reaction of concern over the shooting of Gov. George Wallace in Laurel, Md., Monday.

For many -- left, right or center -- the concern is specifically political: what does this mean for the 1972 presidential elections? Many, reacting in fear and bewilderment, are wondering, What can this mean for the future of the United States? and, Can it really be happening *again*? And there are thousands of devoted followers of the Alabama governor, whose concern is more personal: a charismatic and beloved leader has been cut down by a would-be assassin's bullet.

Like everyone else, we agree that the shooting was extremely unfortunate, for a variety of reasons. But surprising? Hardly.

Public official after public official in the United States has been quoted as reacting with shock, incredulity, outrage. The shooting itself has been labelled tragic, senseless, malicious, insane.

Democrat Hubert Humphrey: "All I can say is that it is a bad business. It's getting so you don't know what's going to happen in our country any more in politics." Democrat Edmund Muskie: "It is a tragedy for all of us that the peaceful operation of the democratic process has again been interrupted by an act of violence." Republican Strom Thurmond: "It is a sad day in this country when a candidate for public office cannot expound his view without threatened harm." Many others, both Republicans and Democrats, have expressed variations on the same theme.

If such remarks seem simple-minded and naive, as they do to us, we must remember that politicians are notorious for their inability to say anything publicly that is incisive or profound. But how can this latest attempt, one of a series of similar incidents over the last several years, really be so unbelievable? To us, it seemed almost inevitable. Had it not been Wallace, it could have been George McGovern. Such men, controversial figures that they are, running for the highest office in the nation, exciting the imaginations of millions of citizens, tend to *produce* the assassin, when they throw themselves into the volcanic state of affairs in this country today.

The pious public officials deplore the assassin's violence and ask Why? Why? -- when, in fact, the very fabric of American society throughout its history has been woven on a loom of violence.

Overt acts of violence we can observe and bemoan. But the level of *suppressed* violence, of frustration, the incidence of irrational behaviour stemming from a structurally irrational society, is peaking rapidly. It is from this sort of suppressed violence that the anonymous assassin emerges, sharply altering the course of world history with a mere finger reflex.

Strictly speaking, the act is senseless. But the term "senseless" is essentially meaningless when applied to a society that makes no sense, in the most basic human terms.

The Guardian, a liberal London newspaper, put it more succinctly than any American could: "The shooting emphasized again, if any emphasis were needed, that America is a society so deeply divided, so politically frustrated, so infected by violence, that the sight of any

controversial figure fulfilling his public office seems to set someone fingering his gun."

Someone fingering his gun. There are countless such "someones" throughout this country. American society is a tinder box, and for Arthur Bremer, Sirhan Sirhan, James Earl Ray, Lee Harvey Oswald, the explosive mixture was just right. Other than that, there's nothing so extraordinary about these men.

Any politician who puts himself/herself up before the public is an utter fool if he or she hasn't already come to terms with the serious risks involved.

Wallace had. In 1968, he said, "I suppose some day somebody might throw something at me other than a rotten egg. . . It's not something you let worry you, but I'm fully aware of the possibility. I'm reminded of it every time I step behind that lectern."

We think that recent assassinations in America, including this latest attempt, have not been consciously political in motivation, although the effects clearly have political ramifications. At least one public official, our own Houston Police Chief Herman Short -- a personal friend of Wallace -- seems to disagree: "We hear so much about freedom of speech from all these radical groups. Now we see what kind of freedom they're advocating." One would think that the chief of police were thinking aloud in a moment of crazed grief. "These radical groups." Could it be that Short knows something that no one else in the country seems to know? A terrifying quirk of illogic from a man who is running this city's army!

Short would have done better to offer a prayer or something, like everyone else, rather than so irresponsibly lodging his "instant analysis" of the situation.

American Party officials throughout Texas displayed considerably more thoughtfulness and genuine concern for their candidate. Said Paul Smith, chairman of the Harris County American Party, "The whole thing seems unreal. But we are going right on with our plans to have him on the American Party ballot in November if he doesn't get the Democratic nomination."

An admirable sentiment, regardless of what one may think of the American Party or Wallace's politics.

What will come of all this we dare not even speculate. It's possible that whatever setbacks Wallace suffers from his injuries be offset by a new surge of sympathetic enthusiasm from his already fervent supporters. Or, as one Washington reporter rather vaguely put it, "The Wallace shooting could easily spark new racial, class and regional tensions, with possible severe 1972 political ramifications." Exhortations from political leaders for the American people to "keep cool" will probably be useless, if the American people decide they don't want to "keep cool." And those of us who have every intention of remaining cucumber cool throughout the situation simply have to wait, watch and take it all as it comes.

As far as the disturbing question of violence in America is concerned -- and we have certainly had a nauseating mouthful of it in the last few weeks, with Nixon's Vietnam actions and all -- perhaps the answer's still blowin' in the wind.

Democratic Tea Party: Is There Room for Alice?



Photos by Robert Shepard

by Thorne Dreyer

"We must bring politics to the people and out of the back room caucuses." Liberal lawyer Bill Kilgarlin said that. He was nominating Frank Breda, a black man, as chairman of the 15th Senatorial District Convention of the Democratic Party, last Saturday, May 13.

Breda won. After a long bitter struggle between the liberal forces and acting chairman Bettie Tinnin, an entrenched machinedemocrat conservative. Breda's nomination, incidentally, was agreed upon in a caucus the previous night. But it certainly wasn't in a back room. It was open and chaotic - attended by more than 1,000 liberals, most of them supporters of George McGovern - at the old county courthouse.

And I never saw such a gathering in my life: there were heavy freaks and local movement types and old guard liberal operators and recent Young Democrat grads and courageous old folk who have been fighting the good fight for many a year, but for whom, up until now, it's been frustration and walk-outs and railroading and heavy-handed dominance by the state party machine. Finally - many of them are thinking - their day has come.

They aren't the only ones with visions of sugarplums. The followers of Gov. George Wallace are certainly making themselves heard. And, interestingly, many of the Wallace and McGovern folk have some

things in common. Like, lots of them are political novices, who a few years back wouldn't have thought the electoral process worth much of a bother. Sure, some of the Wallacites are American Party pros. And, in many instances, they are teaming up with the old guard conservatives to try to flush out the upstart liberals. But I can't help but think that lots of them are just folks - frustrated, unhappy with their jobs, unable to keep ahead of taxes and inflation, freaked by the chaos of an empire in collapse. And, in George Wallace, they think they've found a voice.

Back to the District 15 Convention. Bettie Tinnin was the old guard; she was used to being in total control. And she ran a tight locomotive. "If you continue to railroad this meeting in violation of parliamentary procedure. . . you are not a loyal Democrat!" The battle was over credentials - usually the biggest battle, 'cause who gets to vote decides who comes out on top. This battle lasted a good five hours.

Anyway, Ron Steiger, who was the chairman of Precinct 177, had the floor during a roll-call vote. He called for a clarification from the parliamentarian concerning the legality of the vote being taken. (The parliamentarian had previously ruled *against* the chair on this question. Tinnin had then called for a voice vote to overrule the parliamentarian which, by her ear, passed - though the way the vote was taken, few even knew what they were voting on.)



topic over and over again.

But elected officials, perhaps more so than other people, are supposed to be hard-working, diligent, patient and understanding. And last fall, when these men ran for election or reelection, we didn't promise them a rose garden.

Farmworkers Picket Farm Bureau

Last week 10 people drove several miles out to the local Farm Bureau on Hempstead Hwy. and trekked half a mile from their parked cars to picket the Bureau offices for four hours. They were representing the local United Farm Workers and were picketing the headquarters "because the Farm Bureau is a strike breaker, because it organizes company unions, is racist in its policies and breaks the law by illegally using tax-exempt money to attack the farm workers'

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union, led by Cesar Chavez." This explanation came from a news release issued by the UFW last week.

According to this release, the Farm Bureau employs farm workers who are predominantly white. The United Farm Workers charges that the Bureau recruits, imports and pays workers to break farm workers strikes, and organizes company unions to challenge the UFW locals.

The statement says that the Bureau finances and backs legislation in various states to outlaw the non-violent tactics used by farm workers attempting to organize unions to bargain with the large growers.

Barbara Cigainero, coordinator of the local UFW, said that the Bureau is the "real enemy" of the union's causes. She says that last week, after the picket, legislation was passed in the state of Arizona making it illegal for farm workers to strike during harvest times, and for any but full-time workers to unionize. The new law also forbids secondary boycotts of grower-related businesses and industries. She said that only about one per cent of Arizona farm workers can be considered "full-time," since so many of the workers - most of whom are black and chicano - are migrant workers. The Farm Bureau is behind this and similar

legislation proposed in other states, Cigainero said.

In protest of the new law, Cesar Chavez has begun a fast, until, as Cigainero put it, "the people of Arizona have some greater understanding of the problems of farm workers."

Chavez, a consistent proponent of non-violent protest, fasted once before, during the grape strike a few years back. He fasted for 20 days, accepting only water, at considerable cost to his health.

The Houston UFW is recommending that people sympathetic to the farm workers' problems refuse to go to Arizona; that they write letters of protest to Farm Bureau president William Kuhfus, American Farm Bureau Federation, 225 Touhy Ave, Park Ridge, Ill, 60068; that they send letters of encouragement to Cesar Chavez, in care of Gus Gutierrez, P.O. Box 155, Tolleson, Ariz., 85353.

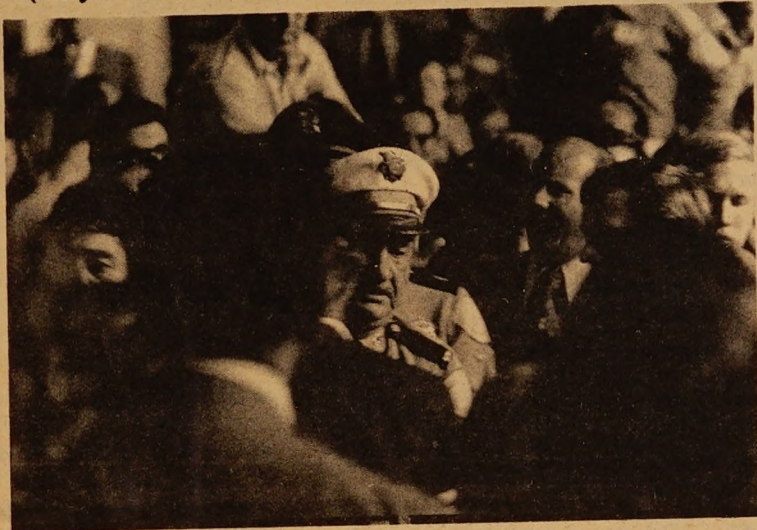
"Through all this, we can't forget the boycott against lettuce," Cigainero added. "Don't buy lettuce. There is no union lettuce in Houston, no matter what anyone tells you. Cut it from your hamburger and tacos in restaurants. If enough people refuse to buy or eat lettuce, the buyers will have to stop ordering it."

By the rules of parliamentary procedure, Steiger's request was entirely in order. But he was ignored by Chairman Tinnin, who repeatedly demanded that he merely announce his precinct's vote. Steiger stood his ground and suddenly a sergeant-at-arms grabbed the mike from him. A melee ensued in which Ron was punched and choked and generally roughed up. During the chaos that followed, this reporter/delegate saw blows exchanged between McGovern and Wallace supporters.

Steiger's primary assailant was a young man named Wayne Johnson. Johnson was a convention sergeant-at-arms and also a Wallace delegate from Precinct 273. (At the time of this writing, Ron was considering filing assault charges.) Several deputy sheriffs rushed to the scene and within minutes a half dozen police cars converged outside. There was no riot, though the proceedings were halted for a good hour and a half while the place buzzed, the people mulled and the floor leaders from different factions worked out a compromise so the show could go on.

My mother and other nice people keep saying: It's dangerous in the streets; work within the system. Well, I almost got busted at this particular system gig! As I metamorphosized quickly from politico to reporter, trying to wade through to the meat of the matter, Angry Wayne and more than one deputy sheriff were decidedly unkind to me in their insistence that I split, and quick. "Would you like to go to jail, young man?" asked one. (And I thought all I'd get asked at these affairs would be, "What's your presidential preference, son?")

Jerry? Abbie? Are you sure it isn't safer in the streets?
(Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman have endorsed George McGovern,



as reported previously in these pages. So, incidentally, has the Rainbow Peoples Party of Ann Arbor. The RPP, formerly the White Panther Party, is a revolutionary group with such heavies as John Sinclair and Genie Plamendun. They came out for George in a front-page editorial in the Ann Arbor Sun on the eve of the Michigan primary.)

Anyway, back to the convention.

Gertrude Barnstone was nominated for chairman, but declined in favor of Frank Breda. But she did get in some appropriate digs in the process, asserting that the only railroads *Mr. Breda* is involved with go on tracks through the country, and not through convention halls. Ms. Tinnin was appropriately unruffled, choo-chooing along until she was finally deposed about five in the afternoon.

It was somehow fitting and proper that a black man be elected chairman. Breda is a Democratic committeeman-elect from his precinct and was active in the campaigns of Fred Hofheinz and Sissy Farenthold. The vote was close - 469-433 - but *one* tally is all it takes. Gertrude Barnstone was elected secretary by acclamation.

After the election of chairman -- the symbolic climax of the day -- came the selection of delegates, first by precinct and then at-large. Part of the compromise reached earlier in the afternoon called for proportional breakdown of at-large delegates. The proportions, according to presidential preference, fell like this: McGovern, 32.6 per cent; Wallace, 28.8 per cent; uncommitted, 20.2 per cent; and Humphrey, 18.4 per cent. Thus the 22 at-large delegates were broken down seven for McGovern, six for Wallace, five uncommitted and four for the Hump.

The other 72 delegates were elected by the individual precinct caucuses; totals were not announced by presidential preference, but it's a good guess that they approximated the percentages listed above.

After the selection of delegates the convention reconvened to vote on resolutions. Most of the conservatives had split by this time, so leftist resolutions easily passed the body.

The 15th Senatorial District of the Democratic Party in Harris County officially calls for, among other, the following:

- * Legalization of marijuana, including sale and production.
- * Free, safe and legal abortions on demand.
- * Immediate withdrawal from Vietnam.
- * Unconditional amnesty for draft resisters, deserters, even people arrested in non-violent anti-war demonstrations.
- * Granting of full rights to homosexuals.
- * Elimination of all laws restricting any sexual acts among any number of consenting adults.

I've talked about the District 15 Convention because I was there and because, by all reports I've heard, it was the most interesting.

The District 11 Convention in southwest Harris County, went to Humphrey. Wallace delegates felt they got the shaft and held a rump convention. District 6, on the near north side, gave Wallace nearly 70 per cent of its 90 delegates. One woman from that district reported to us that many McGovern delegates were barred from the convention.

District 7, in south central Harris County, gave the bulk of its delegates to McGovern. That convention voted to accept a minority report from its credentials committee and disqualified the delegation from Precinct 231 which included John Sullivan, district executive committee chairman and temporary chairman of the convention.

Wallace edged out McGovern in suburban District 13, 43-30. District 17, a tiny district in southeast Harris County, gave its few delegates to George McGovern.

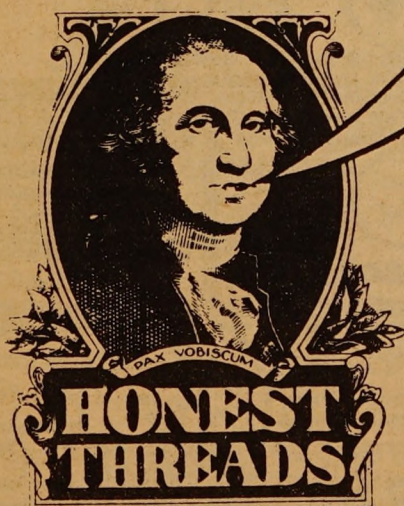
In all, there are 3,890 delegates to the state convention, and 509 will come from Harris County. It appears that the Harris County delegates will be fairly evenly split, with Wallace getting a slight edge, McGovern a close second, Humphrey third and the uncommitted slate fourth. There was one delegate elected known to be committed to Ed Muskie.

The state convention is in San Antonio, June 13, and it should be a real donnybrook. The state-wide situation, according to the Houston Post, appears to give the largest number of delegates to the uncommitted slate, with Wallace second, McGovern third and Humphrey trailing the field.

There should be much wooing of the wait-and-see folk -- and who knows where those chips will fall. Many will probably remain uncommitted, and serve up a slate of delegates to Miami that Texas party bosses can then deliver at will. Or, maybe they'll Get Involved en route. It's a hard one to call (especially if you're a novice like this reporter), but the fur's gonna fly, for sure.

I'm going to San Antonio as a delegate; so's Space City's Rick Fine (he's an alternate); and Marty Chapman (he'll be our objective, detached reporter on the scene). We'll let you know what happens.

But remember, denizens of the Democratic process: if the going gets much rougher than the District 15 Convention, I'll have to reconsider this electoral trip. Might have to head back to the streets where it's safe (or, at least, I know the turf).



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Sing Along With Melvin Laird



While the Rotarians were singing along with Melvin Laird, approximately 40 demonstrators picketed the Rice Hotel where the Secretary of Defense was speaking.

by Martin Chapman

Houston Rotarians, business people, military leaders and politicians were treated to a Star Spangled Banner singalong in the Rice Hotel Grand Ballroom complemented by Old Glory waving in the breeze and an address by Secretary of Defense Melvin R. Laird.

Laird was the main speaker last Friday, May 12, at the Armed Forces Day luncheon sponsored jointly by the military affairs committee of the Houston Chamber of Commerce and the Houston Rotary Club.

The ceremonies began with the usual benediction and the singing of the national anthem. Houston Rotarians embellish the traditional singalong with a piano accompaniment and a septuagenarian cheerleader who enthusiastically rallies into the

microphone, "I want you to really sing it; c'mon, *Everybody!*"

And while press persons, politicians, military reserve officers and business people really sang it, they were inspired in their patriotic fervor by the sight of the Stars and Stripes spotlighted in a near corner and blown gustily by a large fan.

The fan had stopped blowing when a few minutes later Sen. John Tower was introduced. In his remarks prior to introducing Laird, Tower said, "I am particularly inspired to see here a group of Americans that are not ashamed to support the administration of this great country of ours in its efforts to bring to a successful and honorable conclusion a war of aggression in Southeast Asia. I think it's always a

pleasure to see that there are vast numbers of Americans who support the efforts of the armed services to keep America secure and free. I think you reflect the majority sentiment of this country.

"I don't believe that some of my colleagues who weep and cry and talk of confrontation and World War III represent the majority thinking of the people of this country. I trust and I do believe that all of you support your President in his resolve to mine Haiphong and interdict the supplies..."

After considerable applause, Tower introduced Laird as "the man who is responsible for the implementation of military policy in these United States. He is a Secretary of Defense that has some confidence in the

professional judgment of our militarymen and does not treat them with contempt as one of his predecessors did." Tower was probably alluding to former Defense Secretary Robert McNamara.

Laird began his speech with a brief tribute to members of the armed forces. Then he launched into a description and defense of the President's Vietnamization program.

"It was a policy to turn over to the people of South Vietnam a responsibility which was their responsibility; a responsibility for defense and security of their country. And within a period of three years since the President in May 1969 announced this new program, the ground combat responsibility has been shifted and today in South Vietnam

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the South Vietnamese army has taken over the total ground combat responsibility in that particular country."

Although Laird did not maintain that the ARVN forces were winning, he did concede that they had met the North Vietnamese forces, as he continued, "The current enemy attack on South Vietnam to which Hanoi has virtually committed all of its regular military forces and the formidable weapons which it has received from the Soviet Union is being met on the ground by the South Vietnamese forces."

Laird said that, while the 1968 Tet offensive was repulsed by American forces and that the United States suffered casualties of 300 men a week, now the U.S. is suffering casualties of 10 men a week," a reduction of over 95 per cent."

He then went on to mention that the President had reduced American forces in Korea, the Philippines and Japan and that the Department of Defense and the military does not devise treaties such as the NATO treaty but merely implement policies made by elected civilian leaders of the country.

Citing the example of Greece, which has a military dictatorship, he said, "I approve the sales and recommend those sales (of military weapons to Greece) on behalf of the U.S., because, as we apply the NATO treaty, with its commitments to Greece, it is to our interests that they have the military staying power because we have committed ourselves to that country and the NATO agreement that an attack upon Greece will be considered an attack upon the United States.

"That was not a commitment that was made by the military leadership of this country of ours; this was made by the civilian, political, elected leadership of the United States, confirmed by the United States Senate, and I would point out that there is not a single senator who has introduced a resolution to set

aside this NATO commitment. It makes me awfully sick to see people condemning the military for certain political decisions."

Laird then spoke of internal changes in the Department of Defense, including his own long tenure as secretary. He also mentioned that enlisted pay in the military has increased by 325 percent since he came to the helm of the DOD.

Laird stated that the President thoroughly considered all of his options before the mining of Haiphong and three smaller ports.

He said that it took the American pilots a matter of some four minutes to execute the mining operation after the President had made his decision. He also indicated that further mining operations were currently being carried out in other port areas.

Laird accused the North Vietnamese of ignoring the 1954 Geneva Accords concerning the DMZ and of having, "made the decision to junk the 1968 understanding as far as the DMZ was concerned and began an attack across military region 1 using the eastern edge of the DMZ . . ." He also alleged that the North Vietnamese success was due to the fact they chose to attack a green South Vietnamese division only four months old.

He did not mention an end to the bombing or the mining, nor did he indicate that one was in sight unless the President's peace terms are accepted. Those terms provide for "an international cease fire with no conditions attached, and for the return of POW's immediately."

Laird concluded his speech on the theme of commitment: ". . . if any of these treaties in Europe, in the Middle East, in Asia, all over the world are to be worth anything, if the word of the U.S. in its commitments to its allies . . . are going to mean anything, we can't bug out on an escape shuttle from supporting our allies and friends."

ing the issue of the continuing air war on a ballot for a vote by the stockholders of four corporations with major defense contracts: Honeywell, ITT, General Electric and Standard Oil of New Jersey.

Better known by its trade names ESSO, HUMBLE, ENCO and ENJAY, Jersey Standard is the major source of fuels and petroleum products firing the machines of the air war in Southeast Asia. In 1971, Jersey's military sales amounted to over \$186 million — most of this from the sale of jet fuels. With the recent escalation of the bombing, Jersey's sales can be expected to soar. (A single B-52 sortie can consume some 5,000 gallons of fuel.)

This year, Standard's annual stockholders meeting is being held at the Music Hall in Houston on Thursday, May 18, beginning at 10 a.m. At noon Wednesday, the day before the meeting, CALC began a vigil in front of the Humble building (800 Bell), followed by a religious folk service about 8 p.m. The vigil continued through Thursday morning at 8 a.m. when supporters gathered at the Humble building and marched to the Music Hall.

CALC, Houston Committee to End the War and People's Coalition for Peace and Justice feel that everyone who is outraged by Nixon's recent escalations of the war should join them in demanding that Standard end its complicity in the air war. Some people will enter the meeting with stock proxies provided by friends to introduce resolutions relating to Standard's support of the war. Others are urged to join the picket line outside, to show Standard that the business of a criminal corporation can't be conducted in Houston without militant opposition.

Jersey Standard does not restrict its military work to fueling the air war. In 1971, a subsidiary, Esso Research, held contracts with the Air Force and the Navy, all related to air war feasibility. Esso also conducted sensitivity studies on the deadly gravel mines, air-dropped anti-personnel weapons which have been used extensively along with airpower and electronic devices to ghettoize the people of Indochina.

Standard has also profited from the sale of thousands of kerosene stoves. The bombing has all but eliminated traditional Vietnamese charcoal cooking and heating supplies. Standard has cornered the market with its \$1.25 stove and the sale of kerosene fuel. The company could do this easily since it controls the petroleum distribution network in South Vietnam. Esso has more than 60 regular gas stations in the country, in addition to its military supply functions.

Washington Post columnist Jack Anderson, exposé of backroom ITT dealings, has noted: "The State Department has often taken its politics right out of the executive suites of the oil companies. When big oil can't get what it wants in foreign countries, the State Department tries to get it for them. In many countries the American embassies function virtually as branch offices for the American oil combine."

It is not surprising, in light of Anderson's assessment, that Jersey Standard is interested in the immense potential of new, low-sulphur-content oil reserves in the South China Sea. It has been reported that the CIA-backed coup that eliminated Sukarno in Indonesia, and the massive U.S. military intervention in Indochina, were early indications of the U.S. government's intention to protect those resources for U.S. oil companies to exploit. David Rockefeller, heir to controlling stock in the three Standard and Mobil oil companies, predicted in 1970 a capital investment of \$35 billion by U.S. oil companies in Asia before 1980.

Standard Oil has its own foreign policy. Every president since World War II has had Rockefeller men as his major foreign policy advisors. Eisenhower's Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, was Chairman of the Rockefeller Foundation; Kennedy's Secretary of State, Dean Rusk, was President of the Rockefeller Foundation. Nixon's National Security Assistant, Henry Kissinger, was Director of Rockefeller Brothers Special Studies Report, which urged a 50 per cent increase in military spending and preparation for tactical nuclear war.

In 1967, Charles Jones of Jersey's Humble Oil estimated that U.S. consumption needs through 1980 would be more than double known U.S. reserves. However, in recent years Jersey has seen its operations in Peru, Ceylon and Libya nationalized, while Saudi Arabia, Iran, Kuwait, Venezuela and others have increased both tax rates and prices. But the main factor in Standard's interest in the South China Sea is that strikes there have produced "sweet" oil, which creates less refining and pollution problems and is thus more profitable.

Mounting pressure from U.S. oil interests and strong U.S. government military and economic influence prompted the puppet regimes of Lon Nol in Cambodia and Thieu-Ky in Vietnam to enter into negotiations on 30-year oil concessions to U.S. and Western European firms in 1971. Although no announcement of concessions granted has been made yet, already planned is a 40,000 barrel/day refinery for the east coast port of Nha Trang. Esso Standard, the distributing subsidiary, would have a 25 per cent interest. Jersey has built new refineries in Singapore, Okinawa and Thailand; it holds large shares in expanding refineries in Japan and the Philippines. Fifty two per cent of Jersey's net income now comes from non-U.S. sources and its Southeast Asian efforts portend even greater foreign dependence.

Jersey Standard's war business has been profitable. Its annual income exceeds the GNP of most nations, and is based primarily upon exploitation of the natural resources of many nations. But, most important, Jersey's motivation and methods in pursuing its economic interests in the exploration for oil in Southeast Asia raise fundamental questions about its involvement as a military supplier in the war.

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Standard Oil: Raking in The Profits

by Cam Duncan

According to Fortune and the Wall Street Journal, large corporations and the banks behind them can expect a four per cent increase in profits from war-related contracts over 1971. But Clergy and Laymen Concerned (CALC) is trying to head off that increase at its source: military contracting.

CALC's campaign is taking a "democratic and legal" form — plac-

Nixon Gets Rage Reviews



Houston march downtown, Saturday, May 13

Ah, it's May again already, and Spring is in the air. Not surprisingly, so are tear gas, bricks, peace chants and stuffed likenesses of our President. The latest edition of The Annual Escalation Extravaganza by well-known bizarre scriptwriter, producer and director Dick Nixon has received rage reviews from critics across the nation. Responses were many and varied, but all were in agreement on one point: Nixon's '72 production is bombing worse than ever before.

Following is a rundown of reactions to the mining of Haiphong Harbor and the stepped-up bombing of Hanoi, Haiphong and North Vietnamese railways:

Sen. George McGovern: "Reckless, unnecessary and unworkable. It is a flirtation with World War III."

Sen. Edward M. Kennedy: "A futile military gesture that demonstrates the desperation of the President's Indochina policy. I think his decision is ominous, and I think it is folly."

Sen. Thomas Eagleton: "The essence of President Nixon's speech is to point out the utter failure of his Vietnamization policy."

Jerry Gordon of the National Peace Action Coalition: "Nixon's latest escalation will produce unprecedented outrage and massive nationwide demonstrations in the streets."

NO SHIT!

MIAMI UNIVERSITY (OHIO): 2,000 students blocked Oxford, Ohio's main street for several hours during a steady downpour.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN: 300 students demonstrating around a barricade were broken up with tear gas. Later, windows in eight stores were broken.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY: 350 students burned Nixon in effigy at the Governor's Mansion while "Taps" played.

AMHERST COLLEGE: The president of Amherst college, Dr. John Williams Ward, and his wife were among those arrested for attempting to block traffic entering Westover Air Force Base in Chicopee, Mass. It marked the 14th protest at the base in the past three weeks.

UNITED NATIONS: The U.N. was closed following a demonstration by 500 people and two incidents in which groups of protestors chained themselves inside the Security Council chamber. The demonstrators requested that the U.N. place the United States under trusteeship. William Kunstler told the rally, "Now is the time to get to the streets. We are in the grip of a dictator. We should disrupt every public function."

RUTGERS UNIVERSITY: A hundred students staged a sit-down in front of a New York-bound Penn Central commuter train, causing rush-hour delays on the line.

BOWLING GREEN, OHIO: A pipe bomb was exploded for the second time in less than 24 hours. The first bomb went off in the Bowling Green municipal building. The second exploded under a National Guard truck.

U.S. SENATE: Sen. Mike Gravel read into the record excerpts from a secret 1969 report on Vietnam prepared by Henry Kissinger, quoting the Defense Department and the CIA as saying that even with a blockade and all-out air war, it would be extremely difficult to stop the flow of supplies from Russia and China. Gravel said the President, while knowing that the policies are fruitless, is nevertheless making bellicose gestures out of a sense of need to prove "male machismo."

AUSTIN: The two-story state campaign headquarters of Sen. John Tower was gutted by fire. Kyle Thompson, a spokesman for Tower, said the brick building had been firebombed by radicals. All of Tower's records and campaign material went up in smoke. In Washington, Tower said, "My campaign has lost virtually a year's work and must now begin again literally from scratch."

HOUSTON: Nearly 1,700 government employees were evacuated from the Federal Building after an anonymous male caller said a bomb was planted inside the 12-story building. No bomb was found.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN: Over 7,000 persons rallied on the state capitol lawn, marking Madison's biggest turnout since 1970.

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and
BLOUNTZ ALL STAR BAND
Music Starts at 8 P.M.
Liberty Hall
1610 Chenoweth

As the rally broke up, police fired tear gas and pepper gas and demonstrators began hit-and-run forays, breaking windows in 50 buildings, starting small fires and attempting to barricade some streets. Officials estimated damage at \$38,000 over three days.

UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO: A state of emergency was declared on campus after police fired shotguns at demonstrators, wounding at least 10. Earlier, 500 students had blocked Interstate 25 near downtown Albuquerque.

MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY: An estimated 5,000 students ignored a peace plea from the university president and reoccupied East Lansing's busiest street.

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY: Riot-equipped police fired 60 to 80 tear gas grenades to disperse hundreds of demonstrators who barricaded Cambridge's main artery.

UCLA: All-American basketball center Bill Walton was among 52 persons arrested for barricading the university's administration building.

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA: Eugene McCarthy told a rally of 4,000 to maintain barricades on a Mississippi River Bridge leading to the campus. "Why not block it for several days if that will help?" he asked. "Washington Ave. was blocked for several months to build a new bridge. Why not block it to stop a war?"

UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO: A thousand persons marched from campus to the Denver-Boulder Turnpike where they blocked traffic into Boulder for an hour.

YORBA LINDA, CALIF.: A dozen demonstrators picket the birthplace of President Nixon, carrying a banner that read: "Birth of a President - Death of a Nation." cont. on 22

Thieu's Prime Minister Heads Family Drug Empire

by D. Gareth Porter

WASHINGTON, D.C. (DNSI) — Vietnamese involvement in the drug traffic goes far beyond the well-publicized charges made last year by the Nixon Administration, reaching all the way to South Vietnamese Prime Minister General Tran Thien Khiem.

With U.S. help, the Saigon regime was able to conceal a major drug scandal implicating one of Khiem's brothers, Tran Thien Khoi. Nominated in 1968 to the position of director of the Office of Fraud Repression in the customs directorate, Khoi held official responsibility for stopping the smuggling of contraband goods through Saigon's TanSonNhut airport.

But American officials soon discovered that Khoi was one of the major reasons why smuggling narcotics through TanSonNhut had been so easy. The Provost Marshall's office of the U.S. Military Assistance Command, in an unpublished report on the problem of drug smuggling in the spring of 1971, pointed to Khoi as a principal in the opium traffic who had been charged with "serious irregularities" in 1969 but managed to have them dropped by "payoffs and political influence."

The report said that U.S. customs advisers had received Saigon government authorization to establish a narcotics squad within the Fraud Repression Office, but that they could not do so because the official in question was "in a position to sabotage our efforts."

The story never reached the American public.

Khoi, a former destitute tax official who now supports two or three wives, was said by U.S. officials to have become very wealthy in his three years in the Fraud Repression Office. "He had two kids in Switzerland," one U.S. customs adviser told this reporter last August. "He just didn't have the motivation to turn down the bribes from drug smugglers."

Last July Khoi was finally removed from his position under strong American pressure. But Khoi was neither punished nor kicked out of the customs service; instead, he was made chief of the customs station in Cholon, another lucrative post.

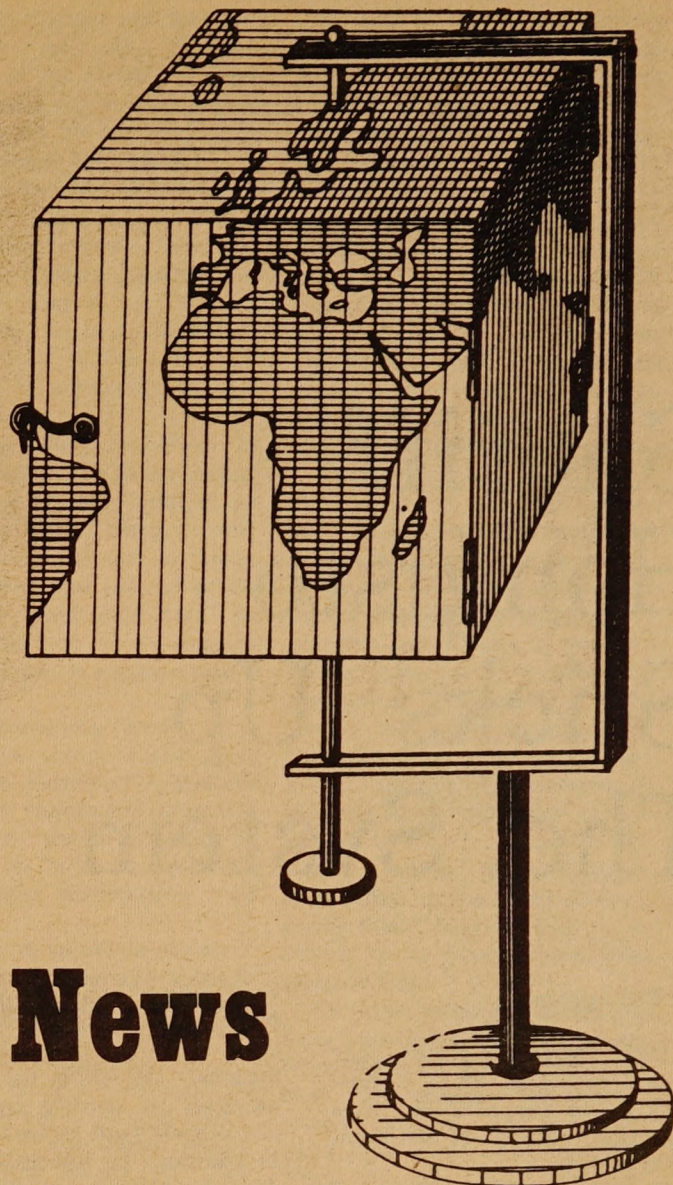
Prime Minister Khiem has quietly established a family empire in the years since 1968, when he first emerged as South Vietnam's second most powerful man. His relatives now control many of the most sensitive government positions dealing with smuggling.

Two brothers of Khiem still hold key posts guarding access to Saigon by land and by sea. Col. Tran Thien Thanh, who in 1964 had been in charge of the ill-fated Saigon municipal bus company when it was disintegrating under the weight of massive corruption, was named in 1968 to the position of Deputy Commander of the Capital Military District and assistant to the military government of Saigon Gia Dinh. (Gia Dinh is a province outside of Saigon).

In this post he has the authority over all transportation in and out of the capital. It is Thanh who signs all authorizations for travel on the roads during curfew hours and in other special circumstances.

Lt. Col. Tran Thien Phuong, the third brother of Khiem placed in a key post in 1968, was named Director of the Port of Saigon. Possibilities for enrichment in such a position are enormous, according to political observers in Saigon, through collusion with smugglers. Former Premier Nguyen Cao Ky had named his brother-in-law to the post.

General Tran Thanh Phong, a relative of Khiem's wife, was Minister of Rural Development from 1968 to early 1971, when he became head of the National Police. He was replaced in September, 1971, and Saigon newspapers reported that he had been accused of involvement in drug trafficking and had been removed under American pressure.



News

Col. Do Kien Nhieu, Khiem's brother-in-law, was named Mayor of Saigon-Cholon in 1968 and still remains in city hall. The Minister of Defense had protested his nomination on the grounds he had a past record of flagrant corruption. Mayor Nhieu was among 27 government officials on a list of those known to be involved in significant corruption, compiled by the Ky government in 1966 at the request of the U.S. mission.

With his grip on the administrative apparatus in Saigon-Cholon, Col. Nhieu exercises extensive power over the enormous commerce, both legitimate and illegal, that is centered in the capital.

Do Kien Nhieu's brother, Do Kien Nuoi, has been chief of the Fraud Repression section of the National Police since 1968.

The unpublished Provost Marshall's report, after surveying the known facts about the drug traffic, concluded that "it is quite apparent . . . that the degree of sophistication which the trafficking in drugs (especially heroin) has achieved could not exist without at least the tacit approval, if not active support, of senior officials of South Vietnam."

Those "senior officials" are members of Prime Minister Khiem's family.

Mr. Porter recently returned from an 18 month assignment in South Vietnam. He has been published widely in U.S. newspapers and magazines and has written essays for several books. Porter was the first journalist to document the efforts of the Vietnamese army command to

build an economic empire in South Vietnam, using the soldier's pension fund. Recently, several top ranking officers were indicted for corruption because of such practices,

Show of Arms

Each year on Armed Forces Day, May 20, the military brass brings out its latest and most sophisticated weapons to show off its military might. These are the weapons which they use to mine the port of Haiphong, to maim and kill the people of Vietnam and to protect the policy of intimidation and exploitation of people all over the world.

But to use these weapons they must rely on GI's following their orders and operating these weapons. More and more, this is just not happening. GI's are uniting and fighting against the military, not the Vietnamese, or the students on the campuses or the blacks and browns in the ghettos and barrios.

GI's at Fort Hood have a heritage of fighting against the brass. In 1968, when the military tried to use them as riot cops in Chicago, there was a rebellion. Things have not been passive since then. The GI's, many of them Vietnam veterans, continue to fight back.

Saturday, May 20, Armed Forces Day, GI's in Killeen are marching against the war and racism. The GI's would appreciate supporters to come and march with them. All those interested should call 747-8750 or 747-5365 in Houston.

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Sheriff Hongisto Sticks Up The System

by Ted Friedman

Dick Hongisto is not your typical cop. This can be a drawback if you happen to be — as is Hongisto — Sheriff of San Francisco County.

Shaking up conservative and moderate San Franciscans last November by riding to victory on a split in the law-and-order vote (a coalition of radicals, gays and third world supporters gave him a 21,000 margin), Hongisto has — as he told a prison benefit concert audience March 25 — “turned the Sheriff’s department around.”

Fighting heavy opposition from the press and from muni-

cipal judges whom he angered by proposing night and weekend court sessions to break court logjams, Hongisto has polled prisoners to identify unpopular jail keepers (and replace them). In addition, he has instituted a drug counseling program, employment and psychiatric counseling and a venereal disease treatment program for the women’s facilities.

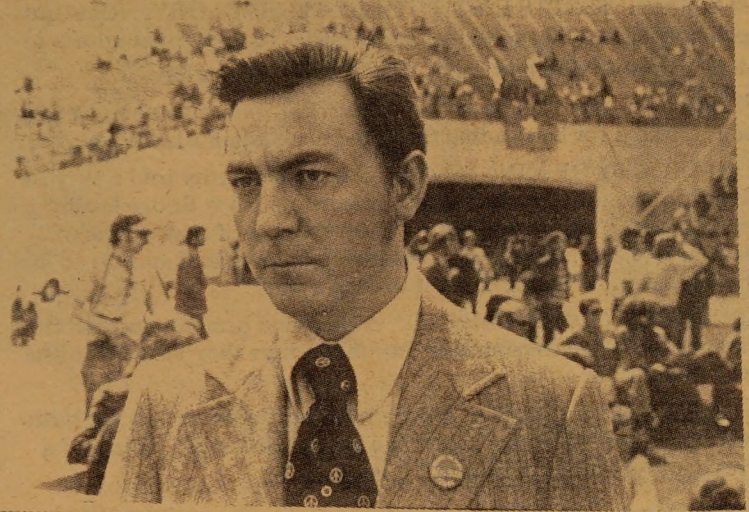
He also has cut back the use of tranquilizers (formerly widely administered to “troublesome” prisoners); eliminated a special tier of cells called the squirrel cage where mentally deranged prisoners were locked; eliminated censorship of prisoner mail; and

ordered his deputies to ignore the length of prisoners’ hair when selecting trusties.

Claiming he is comfortable enough in his three-room flat (even though he has to fight his books — some 1,000 volumes — for space), and driving a lime-green 1965 Chrysler which is the County’s official sheriff’s car, Hongisto is in the process of

would free those incarcerated for drug addiction, marijuana offenses, male prostitution and alcoholism. This would release his deputies from policing duties, and make them available for rehabilitation work.

On the national level, he warns that police departments, “in their zealous drive to control, start taking shortcuts and sub-



Richard Hongisto at the April 22nd anti-war rally held in San Francisco. Photo by Roger Lubin/AFS.

establishing a foundation to give away some \$750 of his monthly salary. That amount is the difference between what he is making now and what he made as a patrolman for the San Francisco Police Department. The money will eventually go to prison reform and legal groups.

Hongisto’s public statements on law enforcement and prison management are no less sensational. During a recent PBS TV debate on prostitution, Hongisto spoke in favor of legalization. If the decision were his alone, he said, he would clear his women’s jails of the 90 per cent of inmates who are doing time for prostitution and drug addiction. In the men’s jail, he

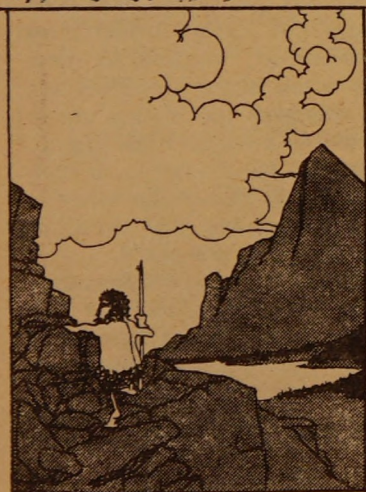
vert the dictums of the court,” putting the administration of justice “in the hands of the police.”

Such pronouncements inevitably raise the question of whether the radical’s choice for sheriff has heeded the call to “tear down the walls.” To this, he replies flatly, “only symbolically.”

This is a crucial point, for Hongisto controls neither his own budget nor the courts. Moreover, the office of Sheriff of San Francisco is simply not a powerful law enforcement post. Responsible in the main for maintaining the county’s jails and courts, his department is greatly overshadowed by his for-

THE MAN

by LAUGHN BODE ©72



mer employer, the S.F.P.D.

Nevertheless, his influence is rapidly spreading beyond the San Francisco Bay region, as people become aware both of the impressive prison reforms he has initiated and of his popularity with the prisoners and with the young and disaffected. "It's a revolutionary thing," said one prisoner recently, "where the Sheriff is not afraid to come down and eat with the men."

Hongisto would like to make even more radical changes, but is hampered by an inadequate budget. He has been especially imaginative, however, in skirting the problems this poses. To provide dental care for his prisoners, he enlisted the entire University of the Pacific School of Dentistry (previously there was only one dentist for more than 300 inmates).

He has also improved medical care by replacing two part-time doctors with six full-time physicians, and he has appointed a gay chaplain to counsel inmates. (As a beat patrolman, Hongisto was deeply involved in trying to alleviate the problems gay people face in dealing with the law.)

While exploring every avenue of governmental funding, Hongisto is willing to hustle the money for his reforms himself. He persuaded Bill Graham, late of Fillmore East and West, to stage a benefit concert at San Francisco's Winterland. Graham Nash, Neil Young, Dave Crosby and Elvin Bishop appeared and nearly \$15,000 was raised for the neediest of the county jails.

"The concert was really beautiful," one woman said, "everyone was really spaced out (including, reportedly, a number of the Sheriff's deputies); Sheriff Hongisto would get up there (on stage) and everyone was hugging him and it was really nice. I went up to him to tell him how popular he was and he hugged me and it was really far out."

Said Bill Graham, "not every cop is a pig and I think it's about time that people found that out." Nash: "We actually talked to the dude and he's a pretty reasonable dude, complete turnabout from that kind of office, from that kind of attitude."

Not one to be out-hipped, Hongisto commented afterwards, "far out . . . I dig music and I dig people." Those who got close enough, as many did, noticed that Hongisto sported (for the occasion?) a sheriff's badge with a peace symbol in the center.

Addressing the 5,000 who had jammed Winterland, Hongisto touched on a favorite theme. "They ain't got no money of their own," he said of the prisoners, "don't even have enough money for paper to write their brothers and sisters, and because they're poor, they don't have any political power, so it takes a few other people to talk out on behalf of the people in jail."

Hongisto's aversion to the injustices of capitalism go back to when he was a junior high student working on weekends with his father, a metal worker. The boss, recalls Hongisto, was

"driving a Cadillac and had a big cigar" — and all, Hongisto thought, at his father's expense. "It seemed a shame that anyone should spend his life working to make someone else richer."

"I didn't want anyone else to profit off of me, so I decided to be a public servant, a school teacher," Hongisto recalls. (In 1968, he earned an M.A. in Criminology from the University of California at Berkeley, and presently is advancing towards the Doctorate.)

To earn money for college, he worked nights in a filling station doing what he calls "cold, miserable, dirty work." Then, it came to him one night that to "make more money and get out of the cold and wind and rain" he should join the police department, "where I could be a public servant."

Since becoming Sheriff, Hongisto's idea about wealth have not grown conservative. Instead, his public statements return again to the theme of what he refers to as "a more equitable, more even distribution of wealth."

"Maybe it would be better," he suggests, "if the rich weren't so rich and the poor were much better off," citing as models the Scandinavian countries.

Perhaps it is his aversion to wealthy power elites that frightens more conventional public officials (the Mayor of San Francisco has yet to find the time to meet with Hongisto), and the establishment press. The press' vicious treatment of Hon-

gisto is so blatant that, according to the Sheriff, it is used in college journalism courses as an example of biased reporting.

Understandably, Hongisto has received much better treatment in the Bay Area alternative papers, to whom he has granted numerous interviews since his election (a precedent which many may have overlooked in all the excitement over his progressivism). There is at present no law agency in the country, to our knowledge, which recognizes members of the alternative press.

This is not to say Hongisto has yet earned the uncritical acceptance of the radical community groups who helped to elect him. At press time, a coalition of radical San Francisco groups — People's Law School, a women's health collective, a prison support group, and a group of Black women lawyers — are preparing for publication a three-page "expose", charging that Hongisto is ignoring their proposals (submitted to him in February) for working within the prisons. A spokesman for the coalition complains that "Hongisto told us, in effect, 'we're more trouble than we're worth.'"

But even while hardliners are busy attacking him, Hongisto, who blissfully ignores them, is busy transforming a bad county prison system into one that could be the envy of the country. When it's all over, even the critics are bound to notice. Maybe some fellow law enforcement officials around the country are watching too.



*** Sat Guru Maharaj·ji ***
14 yr. old Spiritual Master

**"true meditation
i will give you"**

" Seek not the law in your scriptures,
for the law is life, whereas the scripture
is dead. The law is the living Word of living
God to living prophets for living men. God
wrote not the laws in the pages of books,
but in your heart and in your spirit."

-- The Essene Gospel of Peace
of Jesus Christ

Mahatma Rajeshwar Ji, true Disciple of Sat Guru
Maharaj·ji, will deliver discourse on the Master's
knowledge THURSDAY MAY 25
University of Houston
Student Center
HOUSTON ROOM
7:30 p.m.

DIVINE LIGHT MISSION

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1972 05 18 : 01

by Karen Northcott

We, the people of the convicted class, locked in a cycle of poverty, failure, discrimination and servitude; DO HEREBY DECLARE, before the WORLD, our situation to be unjust and inhuman. Basic human rights are systematically withheld from our class. We have been historically stereotyped as less than human, while in reality we possess the same needs, frailties, ambitions and dignity indigenous to all humans. Our class has been unconstitutionally denied equal treatment under the law. We are the first to be accused and the last to be recognized.

We hereby assert before the tribunal of Mankind that our class ought not to be subject to one whit more restraint, nor one ounce more deprivation than is essential to implementing the constructive purposes of the criminal law. Prisons should no longer be dim, gray garrisons designed to isolate human waste. Rather, they must mirror the outside world if we are to harbor any hope that its residents will ever rejoin it. In that spirit, we demand the restoration of our constitutional and human rights . . .

— United Prisoners Union Bill of Rights

Frances T. Freeman Jalet Cruz, a Houston attorney who represents the convicted class in its struggle to win constitutional and human rights through the courts, is now facing a legal battle of her own.

Three inmates of the Texas Department of Corrections (TDC) — Robert Slayman, Donald Lock and Freddie Dreyer — have filed a complaint against her under the Civil Rights Act, alleging that she conspired with some of her clients to threaten the security of the prison system by teaching revolutionary ideas, to endanger prison morale and foment revolution, thus denying them some of their privileges.

Mrs. Cruz is one of only two Texas attorneys who have filed suit against the TDC concerning solitary confinement, the denial of religious freedom for inmates and censorship of mail.

The trial, now in its sixth week in U.S. District Judge Carl O. Bue's court, involves issues which will set precedents for cases to come. The exposure of the Texas Department of Corrections and its policies towards the inmates has been added to the court record and, as a result, all subsequent prison litigation in Texas will be shortened because of the availability of this information on prison rules and regulations.

The authority of the prison system to discredit an attorney for disagreeing with her/his professional conduct is being tried.

The near tyrannical power of the federal trial judge is being exposed and recorded. In this trial, Bue has set aside all ordinary rules of evidence concerning hearsay, leading questions and self impeachment by a witness. They just don't apply.

Bue also handpicked the lawyers for the three inmates. Tom Phillips, head trial lawyer for Baker-Botts, was Crawford Martin's campaign manager; Martin is a defendant in the counter suit brought by Mrs. Cruz asking for \$150,000 damages.

Bue also appointed Donald Eckhardt, a trial lawyer for the firm of Royston, Rayzor and Cook, as lawyer for the plaintiffs. Eckhardt is a partner in Bue's old law firm. Max Jennings, the other appointed lawyer, has his law office on the same floor of the same building where Bue officed in private practice. Thus Bue is well acquainted personally with the lawyers, lawyers whose position lends respectability to the plaintiffs.

The judge has also guaranteed that the expenses of the trial for the inmates will be paid for by the federal government by allowing them to proceed *in forma pauperis*. He refused to allow Mrs. Cruz to proceed *in forma pauperis*, although at the time the suit was filed she was living in poverty as a VISTA volunteer, as required by federal law. As a result, the expense of the lengthy trial is borne by the participating defense lawyers — Bill Kilgarlin, Stuart Nelkin, Henry Rosenbloom, Bill Kimble, David Berg and Fred Grossberg — and the American Civil Liberties Union, which will be bankrupted unless large sums of money are raised.

The three inmates — Slayman, Lock and Dreyer — are asking the court to bar Mrs. Cruz from the TDC and to halt her work with prisoners.

One of the plaintiffs, 27-year-old Robert Slayman, was paroled during the course of the trial and vanished soon after. It is unlikely that the TDC will make the same mistake with Dreyer and Lock and parole them while the trial is still in progress.

The testimony of the inmates alleges that Mrs. Cruz, through her intermediary in the prison, Fred Arispe Cruz, solicited clients and then urged them to take part in a conspiracy to turn the prison system around. (Much has been made both in the trial itself and reportage of the proceedings that Mrs. Jalet, 61, married Fred Cruz, 32, after securing his release from prison on a writ of habeas corpus.)

Lawyers for the plaintiffs have paraded witness after inmate witness, some of them former clients of Mrs. Cruz, who testified that she was causing riot and revolution within the prison system. All of the witnesses spoke in generalities and could pinpoint nothing.

In Slayman's deposition, summarized by attorney Tom Phillips, he alleges that one of Mrs. Cruz's clients told him an Attica was needed at TDC and that an incident like the throat-cutting of three San Quentin guards was also needed.

Another inmate, Julius Perry, 40, testified that he fired Mrs. Cruz after she told him prison riots are sometimes necessary "to open the 12 : Space City!

Up Against

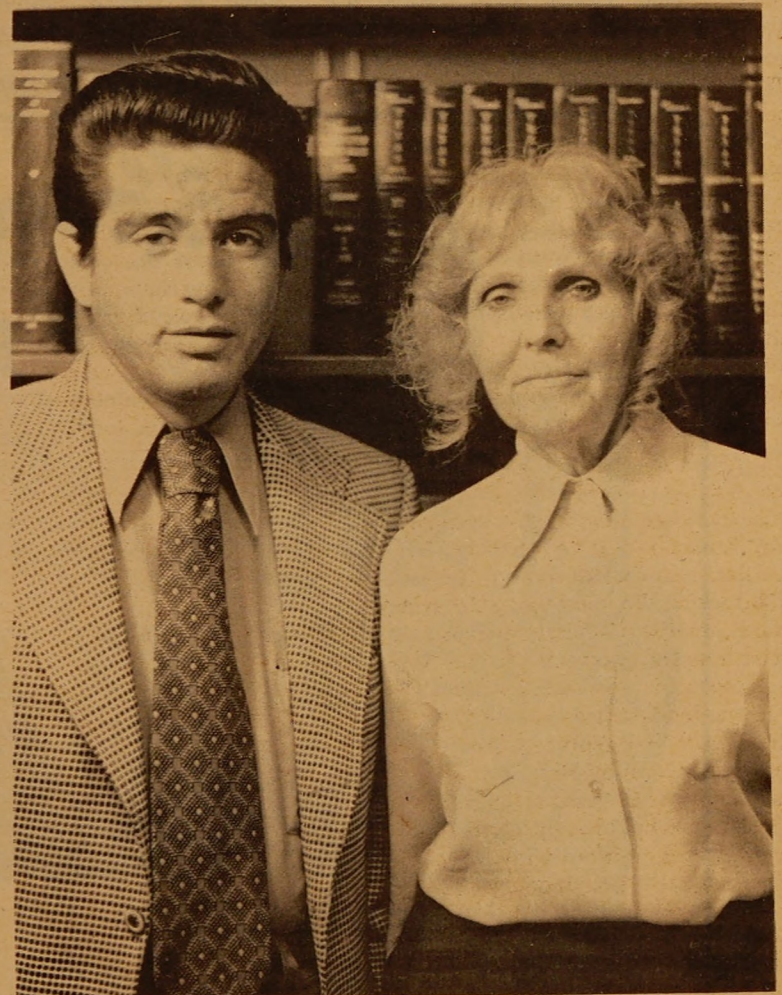
eyes of the public."

Perry testified he told Mrs. Cruz — at the Wynne Unit in Huntsville in 1971 — that he hoped prison riots such as last year's rebellion at Attica would never occur in the Texas system.

He said Mrs. Cruz replied, "Sometimes we must suffer to open the eyes of the public."

Jim Foster, 29, said he was told in 1968 in the Eastham Unit that Fred Cruz inspired inmates to make trouble and was backed up by a "woman lawyer up north."

The final witness for the plaintiffs was Warden C.L. McAdams, who has been with the TDC since 1948 at various units. McAdams testified about the improvements in prison conditions, dating from the arrival of O.B. Ellis in 1948 and continuing under the present



direction of Dr. George Beto. McAdams also testified about his first and subsequent meetings with Fred Cruz.

McAdams said that the prison was changed from an inmate-run system — rife with dope, sex perversion and knives — to a modern institution where inmates may enter a two-year college program, learn trades and rehabilitate themselves.

To illustrate the changes in the prison system McAdams showed pictures of the early prison depicting the poor living conditions, the poor working conditions and the inadequate laundry and shower facilities. To emphasize the great changes which have since taken place, McAdams then showed pictures of the prison facilities taken in 1968 which show the modern area of the cell block, the prison chapel, the hospital, the schoolroom the laundry and the sewing room.

“The Walls”

(All these improvements are really nothing more than better buildings built by money appropriated by the state legislature.)

His first encounter with Fred Cruz came as the warden was called to quell a “riot” in the unit inmates call “The Shamrock,” he said. McAdams described Cruz as “not caring anything about anybody but himself and he strictly did not like work — work was a nasty word in his mouth.”

McAdams testified that Mrs. Cruz made an inordinate number of visits to the prison to see her clients. After each visit, he testified, the inmates were restless, edgy and tense. She would even demand to see a prisoner who was being held in solitary confinement, he said. “After one or two visits from Mrs. Cruz,” he said, “there was more work stoppage, more fights, more tension, more men in solitary.”

The warden acknowledged that Mrs. Cruz’s clients, members of the “8-hoe squad,” are in a segregated wing, isolated from the other inmates and denied privileges such as use of the recreation room, the TV room, the usual writ room (where inmate legal work is written) in order to protect them.

The defense lawyers cross-examined Warden McAdams at length concerning his attitudes towards prison discipline, homosexuality, Mrs. Cruz and the “Ellis Report.”

McAdams testified that you couldn’t have a prison run by the inmates, that the warden must have complete control and that control is guaranteed by strict discipline. He repeatedly compared the inmates to children who must be punished. He acknowledged, however, that it would not be unusual for him to sit on the three-man disciplinary committee which tries the inmate for an infraction of one of the many obscure prison rules and regulations. Thus he serves, the defense lawyers pointed out, as both the judge and the appellate body. He denied that his conception of prison reform includes the denial of a man’s self-respect and dignity and the instilling in the men an attitude of fatalism and defeatism.

The warden also denied that there is a policy of mistreatment of any inmates found engaged in homosexual acts.

McAdams also testified that he felt no personal enmity towards Mrs. Jalet, even though she was the first lawyer to file suit against the TDC attacking the building tender system, the denial of religious freedom, the use of solitary confinement and the arbitrary withdrawal of an inmates’ good time. “Prior to Mrs. Cruz, all the lawyers have been cooperative and nice,” he said.

The warden testified that there was no truth whatsoever in the “Ellis Report” — a report of prison brutality on the Ellis Unit. The report was written by Mrs. Cruz while she was working for the Dallas Legal Aid Services, based on information supplied by inmates.

The defense has brought forth witness after witness to cite instances of prison brutality involving Warden McAdams, building tenders and other prison officials; the pettiness of the TDC rules and regulations; the arbitrary way in which inmates are summarily punished; and the harassment and intimidation to which Mrs. Cruz’s clients are subjected.

Witnesses for the defense have cited many instances of prison brutality. Homosexuals, they say, are made to stand naked in the hallway in front of the chow hall, holding each other’s penises in their hands. Homosexuals have had Whitfield salve, a salve with an acidic base, poured over their genitals. Men are strung out naked, handcuffed to the bars of the cells, feet off the ground, arms spread-eagled in crucifixion style. Building tenders and trustees carry iron pipes, black jacks and knives and do the Warden’s dirty work. There were also stories of men run down in the field by horses and of night-time beatings.

Clyde Sewel, 38, testified about an escape attempt and its aftermath. “Three men commandeered a squad truck and tried to escape. The warden supposedly shot them. When we went to eat, three men were lying in front of the dining room, blood was running down the hallway. One man was unconscious. We had to walk through blood to get to the dining room.”

Lorenzo Davis, a black Muslim, testified he had heard that Dr. George Beto, director of the TDC, has ordered that all Muslims be killed. Davis also testified that building tenders carry knives, pipes and black jacks which are kept in the desk drawer of one of the prison officers. Davis said that he had spent 21 days in solitary confinement during which time he was only offered pork, which his religion forbids him to eat. Therefore, he subsisted on water alone, suffering a severe weight loss.

Davis spoke of his apprehension about testifying in Mrs. Cruz’s behalf. “I expect my death after my testimony,” he said quietly. He was not the only inmate to voice this fear. Ernest Ivy testified that he doesn’t know what will happen to him for testifying against the TDC. “I know there will be repercussions. I may be beaten; I may be killed.”

The inmates testified to having seen other inmates beaten by the building tenders. They said the tenders are the flunkies of the prison officials. Many could not give the names of inmates they had seen beaten by the trustees because it is against prison rules to talk with inmates on another wing and thus they had no way of knowing the names of many of those they saw beaten. Witnesses repeatedly testified that they saw the plaintiffs, Lock and Dreyer, get a prison official to open up an inmate’s cell and then beat him.

One former inmate, Sylvester Perez, described the pettiness of the prison rules and regulations as “playing with your mind and your life.” Once, while in solitary, he said, he chewed a hole in his arm, hoping to hit an artery and have to go to the hospital at Huntsville.

He hoped to reach Dr. Beto there, he said, and tell him he couldn’t do his time at Eastham, where the guards and building tenders were so brutal. “All the bitterness and hatred builds up where you get to the point where you don’t give a damn,” Perez said. “They push you to the edge.”

The inmates testified to the prejudicial manner in which their disciplinary hearings were often held. It is not extraordinary for an inmate’s punishment to be handed down arbitrarily. An inmate often signs a piece of paper after he is released from solitary confinement



Dining room at Huntsville. Photo by Danny Lyon/LNS.

saying he is guilty; not before, but after.

All of the defense witnesses testified that they had been threatened merely for being a client of Mrs. Cruz’s. James Estes Baker testified that he had been told that “as long as Mrs. Jalet was my attorney I could expect to get into trouble.” He said Freddie Dreyer told him, “as long as Mrs. Jalet was my lawyer I could expect to be beat up.” Baker also testified that he had seen a directive of Dr. Beto’s which ordered all of Mrs. Jalet’s clients to be moved to Wynne Unit and be segregated. They *are* all on the Wynne Unit and *are* segregated.

Baker was not the only witness to testify to such harassment and intimidation. Ernest Ivy, Lorenzo Davis, Donald Kirby — they all testified that they had seen that they would never get any good time unless they dropped Mrs. Cruz as their lawyer.

The trial, now in its sixth week, is expected to last for two or three weeks longer. More testimony attacking the Texas Department of Corrections as creating an inhuman, sadistic and brutal prison life is expected. As is more testimony depicting Mrs. Cruz’s clients as liars, authority-haters, malcontents and troublemakers. As is more testimony characterizing Frances as an opportunistic lawyer taking directions from up north, one who conspires with her clients to foment revolution within the Texas Prison system.

Iron Bars Do, In Fact, A Prison Make . . .

The two inmates who escaped from Raiford State Prison last November are reported still at large. They rammed their way to freedom in a makeshift tank they had fashioned in the prison furniture shop, officials had reported.

The pair — Rex Gyger, 26, and Wallace McDonald, 43 —

made the tank out of a fork lift truck using 10-gauge sheet metal for armor plate. They had broken into the prison furniture factory to fashion the vehicle, then waited until dusk fell for their escape. They rode over 200 yards through a barrage of bullets to freedom.



Billy Preston

by Tary Owens

Billy Preston is finally coming home. After years on the road and backing some of the greats of the music industry, Billy has finally come out on his own and brings his show, along with Shiva's Headband, to the Metropolitan Theater for two performances beginning at midnight on Saturday, May 27, and Sunday, May 28.

If anyone has paid his dues and is ready for super-stardom, (whatever that may mean) it is Billy Preston. He started out here in Houston backing Mahalia Jackson. Later he worked with Little Richard, Sam Cooke and Ray Charles.

A couple of years ago, The Beatles heard of Billy and brought him to England to work with them and he can be heard on organ and piano their last two albums. When the Beatles broke up he continued to work with them individually, playing with George Harrison on his album and recording and performing with John Lennon's Plastic Ono Band.

He also recorded with and composed for such people as Carole King, Aretha Franklin, Steven Stills, Merry Clayton

and Barbara Streisand.

Billy was finally introduced as a solo artist at the Concert for Bangla Desh. As well as backing all of the performers in the show, he did several of his own numbers and brought the house down. I felt his performance was the highlight of the show both in the movie and on the record.

The Metropolitan Theater at 1016 Main St. is the site of a unique new approach to music in Houston and could become a great rock hall. People complain there is nothing to do in Houston after midnight; the Metropolitan's Rock shows, beginning at midnight and lasting till dawn should correct that.

The first concert is being presented by KLOL and M.A.G. productions. Tickets are available at Houston Ticket Service, Grass Hut, Ticket Town, Sunshine Company and all Pot Luck stores, as well as at the Metropolitan Theater box office.

If you can, check it out—and check out a rock and roll great, along with Shiva's Headband, Austin's old-time psychedelic stompers.

they want to go home for whatever reason. And the self-sympathetically explain to the distraught Lowell that nobody cares but him anyway.

Lowell is, of course, a sympathetic character despite his natural repulsiveness, despite the fact that his little forest looks like a miniature golf course, and of course, we understand why he has to kill these three zombies rather than surrender it. Even though this leads to a future of endless solitude cruising in space. Which brings up the movie's Cosmic Question: just what is humanity and who gets to have it?

The three astronauts, though they paste up photos of their families and their favorite baseball players, completely acquiesce in their own dehumanization. They are more than replaced in Lowell's life by the three drones, midget robots who when wearing the appropriate programs can play poker, operate on his leg, and learn almost anything he tells them. What's more, they grieve for each other's pain, and they feel some kinship with Lowell. Their ambiguity is compounded by our knowledge that there must be dwarfs inside those srore suites— and indeed they are given credits at the end. After all this, the irony is not lost on us that the only place the forest can survive is the artificial environment of a space ship in the void.

Bruce isn't so good at surviving. He reacts as a real man would at the boredom and loneliness of his endless journey. He neglects the garden, starts eating the synthetic food, leaves his dirty dishes (defying our reverence for astronautical anality) and runs his own space buggy into a carton of compost. He also cries, talks to himself, sweats, rolls his eyes and gnashes his teeth as only Bruce Dern knows how. He finds it impossible to reconcile himself to the inhuman environment which of course is a metaphor for the world he left behind.

It really doesn't matter that the situation is far-fetched, or the dialogue is often maudlin — at least not so much as it would if it were a pretentious or dishonest movie underneath. I'm not saying that it's profound or that movies with humanistic themes should be forgiven their flaws. It certainly does not raise any new questions or answers either. But it's not so silly and ridiculous as it easily could have been, and merely because the hero is allowed a little honest ambivalence in his confrontation with an impersonal and invisible society.

—Patricia Gruben

Credence Clearwater Revival, Tony Joe White and Freddy King.
At the Sam Houston Coliseum,
Monday, May 15. Produced by
Concerts West.

The billing of this concert should have been reversed. Freddy King, a true giant of the blues, should not have to play second, let alone third billing to anyone.

Freddy had to play first, at 8 pm, and I arrived too late to catch his set — which left me very upset. But along came Tony Joe White to ease my pain.

Tony Joe is a blues-influenced Georgia Rocker whose best known works are "Poke Salad Annie," "Rainy Night in Georgia," and

short takes

Silent Running. Produced by Michael Gruskoff. Directed by Douglas Trumbull. Screenplay by Deric Washburn, Mike Cimino, Steve Bochoco. Music by Peter Schickele. Starring Bruce Dern. A Universal Release.

Don't go to this movie expecting Bruce Dern to cavort around weightless, all gussied up like Flash Gordon. That's asking too much. Astronauts in movies are too life-like to be credible; even Keir Dullea should have had his head shaved and his beard plucked for 2001. But Dern is just hopeless. The astronaut is always the one fallible, bestial, anachronistic, messy element in his plastic environment, and Bruce Dern is the messiest man in Hollywood since Gabby Hayes left us a few years back.

But that's just the point in a

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movie which is more particularly about a man's too-human character in an inhuman environment than about the drama or the technology of space travel. Bruce's character (unfortunately named Freeman Lowell) is a wild man who wants to get away from it all in the forest; but the only forest left is cruising the solar system under a plastic dome, awaiting an ambiguous future when the earth is prepared to receive it again.

The only reason he is an astronaut is that the earth is completely defoliated, and he is needed to tend the garden out here in space. So he patters around in a hooded robe like St. Francis of Assisi, but he metamorphosizes into the familiar snarling Bruce Dern villain when his fellow crew members make fun of his lofty passion. He's a little too violent and a little too fanatical to be the Hollywood ideal of the noble misunderstood visionary.

The other three astronauts are high-spirited rednecks, guzzlers of synthetic food, who bait him by driving their space buggies over his pansy beds and inspire him to grandiloquent rage by mocking his passion for cantaloupe. When the directive comes to destroy the garden rather than return it they are happy because

81 : 2001 AS-81 VAM

his current hit, "Even Trolls Like Rock and Roll." He plays in a bluesy style much akin to John Lee Hooker, but his music and lyrics are his own. Performing with only a bass and drums as backup, he shook the house and brought the audience to near hysteria.

He is an excellent guitarist with a fine guttural baritone voice that lends itself perfectly to the talking blues style of his songs. Tony Joe is one of the finer writers and rockers around, and I hope he attains some of the recognition he is due.

Creedence was Creedence; they played all their hits, some of which are fine songs, especially "Stuck in Lodi Again" and "Bad Moon Risin'." But I wonder how long John Fogerty can keep on chuggin' on the same theme with the same rhythm -- even the same key. It seems to be wearing a bit thin.

-Tary Owens

Tales from the Crypt. Produced by Milton Subotsky and Max J. Rosenberg. Directed by Freddie Francis. Screenplay by Milton Subotsky, from the original comics by William M. Gaines. Makeup by Ray Ashton. With Joan Collins, Ralph Richardson, Peter Cushing, Ian Hendry, Patrick Magee, Nigel Patrick.

The great Raymond Chandler once wrote of Dashiell Hammett that he "gave murder back to the kind of people who commit it for reasons, not just to provide a corpse; and with the means at hand, not with handwrought dueling pistols, curare and tropical fish." What Chandler—author of *The Big Sleep*, *The Little Sister*, et. al.—was attacking was, of course, the English tradition of tea-time murder mysteries.

Chandler and Hammett created a new style of murder, an urban American style. With cynical and oddly-incorruptible heroes like Phillip Marlowe and Sam Spade.

Horror, in our century, has had the same roots. It is something of an aristocratic genre (*Baron Frankenstein* and *Count Dracula*, after all), and although the movie cycles turning on these characters were American-made, they were often set in Britain. And eventually, when the cycles were worn out in America, the British took them back. Hammer Studios, in particular, has been grind-

ing out yet another *Return of...*, year after year.

It took a good trashy American sensibility to set the situation right, but now the British have gone and subverted that too.

Back in the fifties—remember them?—a new style of horror developed, how appropriately, in comic-book form. "Tales from the Crypt" and "The Vault of Horror" and the rest—not approved by the Comics Code!!! (ethics were very big in the fifties)—were the creation of one Bill Gaines.

Mr. Gaines may well be an accountant in Peoria, but his comics were gutsy, creepy, filthy and To The Point. They were also awful (an idiot could guess the denouement within the first six frames), but that was no great liability for an age surfeited with Lois Lane and Jimmy Olsen. Gaines made a fortune.

The film version may well net him even more money, but at such cost. The movie is a bore, with no more than the average amount of gore—and that rather ill-handled.

For reasons that I shall never fathom, the mass audience seems to enjoy this sort of cheat (and the movie industry, naturally, keeps them coming). *Dr. Phibes, Whoever Slew Auntie Roo?*, all these "respectable" numbers are big hits—while the revival of a gem like *Freaks* goes largely unnoticed.

I'm not trying to maintain the virtues of muck and gore, but I do find it odd that people seem to want it—then, when someone "gives them what they want," they don't.

People love to be shaken, but evidently only at some distance. ("Distance" is usually courtesy of Vincent Price chewing his way through fruity dialogue and generally camping it up. . .if there's a male, heterosexual counterpart to "fag hag," he's it.)

Tales doesn't have Vincent, but his British counterpart, Peter Cushing. Plus a bunch of upper-middle types like Nigel Patrick and Joan Collins. And then Ralph Richardson, who couldn't possibly need the money so what's-his-excuse. Lastly: Ian Hendry, one of the great wasted talents of British movies. Hendry has seemed locked into the sci-fi/horror racket ever since *Children of the Damned*, and it's a box that no one appears likely to let him out of.

Boring movies should know better than to be anthologies as well. As each story winds down, who can help trying to figure how many are left to go. *Tales from the Crypt*, as I recall, had about one hundred and eighty four.

--Alex Stern

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis. Directed by Vittorio de Sica. Screenplay by de Sica, adapted from the novel by Giorgio Bassani. Photographed by Ennio Guarnieri. With Lino Capolicchio, Dominique Sanda, Helmut Berger.

Vittorio de Sica is 70 this year. The last time a producer, as he puts it, "left me alone," he made *Umberto D.* That was 1952. Perhaps there is justice in the world after all: a producer left him alone again, and he has given us this.

The literal *Garden* belongs to a family of aristocratic Jews whose world pauses, then stops, under the anti-Semitic laws of Mussolini's Italy. Despite a slight soft-focus sentimentality, this film record of their passing is impeccable.

Inevitably *Garden* suggests comparison with Bertolucci's *The Conformist*. The comparison is important, both for what the films share—notably their period and Dominique Sanda—and where they differ.

The Conformist may be the most perfectly baroque film ever made. *Garden* is not so perfectly, but still definably, romantic. *The Conformist* is a work of pattern; *Garden*, of texture. And—to a certain extent—*The Conformist* is cool where *Garden* is warm.

I'm using all these terms and adjectives because they're appropriate to the film at hand: *Garden* (like *The Conformist*) is a work of great feeling—one literally feels them. And the textbook terms are apt because of the intelligent—one could almost say "scholarly"—manner in which the feeling is handled.

This is filmmaking at its best, hard-headed and careful—not playing for the audience, but letting the audience come to it.

Garden occasionally goes a little sentimental, particularly at the opening. The summer, the garden: they're a little "pretty," of the picture-postcard school of photography.

And Sanda looks out of place in just these scenes. She is—again,

always—breathtaking. But a little leaden at the first, for she can't quite suggest the girlish romping that the pretty backgrounds demand. If I can keep a straight face, I might suggest that her center of gravity is a little low for such times.

Fortunately, de Sica shakes off this sentimental temptation early. The body of the film is measured and cool. When the inevitable tragic ending comes due, the audience is somehow ready to "pay."

Nothing is crummier in the movie experience than a tragic ending that has no resonance. One where the "tragedy" is a function merely of soft-focus and singing violins. I always leave the theatre feeling sort of dirty and cheap. And not because I didn't react, but because I did—and nothing is more hateful than knowing you've been had.

Most people seem to use this as a measuring stick for movies: "it's art because it moved me." This is dangerously false. With only a modicum of technique, any movie can "move" you; no one knows more about Pavlov's dogs than movie-makers. A movie can produce excitement, fear, sorrow, even laughter when we're so strung out that anything will look funny. A movie can do all this, and we're rarely even aware of the manipulation. Unless, after leaving, we try to remember what it was that "moved us" so deeply. And can't.

After *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis*, you will remember. Clearest for me was the old grandmother, who recalls at once both de Sica's earlier career as the virtual founder of neo-realism (and his use of non-professional actors) and also my own great-grandmother—and everyone else's too. Perhaps all old people spend the last years of their lives swathed in some sort of protection—family, money, even their own fading minds. The protection is not lifted until the moment of death—which is just the moment at which this old woman, presumably on her way to the camps, finds herself.

There is a special satisfaction with all art where we are genuinely "moved"—not manipulated by the work, but effected by, and within, ourselves. The satisfaction lies in the reassurance that—despite everything—we feel, we're alive.

--Alex Stern

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BEST PICTURE · BEST DIRECTOR —N.Y. Film Critics Awards



May 18-24, 1972: 15

Canned Heat Lingers On

by John M. Lomax

Sunday, May 7, saw Canned Heat make their fourth local appearance along with Alice Cooper's second and the local debut of Bang. I'll get right down to it — if you are into an Alice Cooper review, check out the Monday May 8 Chronicle or any of the numerous articles on Alice in Rolling Stone, Cream, Fusion, Rock or Crowded.

He's everything they say he is. An entertainer a step beyond James Brown, the Who, Dr. John and even Arthur Brown. And more grotesque than a strung-out scraggly Tiny Tim.

You pay your \$6 or so for a rock concert and in addition to three bands you get outraged, vindicated and catharsised. Remember walking out of the theater after *Ben-Hur* feeling five pounds lighter?

After all, how often do you see a hanging? They used to be attended by all the folks in jolly old England and our own western towns. The band is loud and screeching and gimmicky, but frankly, there just wasn't that much musical expertise. In fact, among Detroit groups I liked early Amboy Dukes, any Mitch Ryder and some SRC better, though I do rate

Alice over MC-5, the Stooges and Grand Funk.

* * * * *

United Artists had arranged an interview for Bidy and me with Bob Hite, founding member and vocalist for the Heat. (Bob, drummer Adolfo de la Parra and lead Henry Vestine remain from the original quint with five years experience. Antonio de la Barreda now fingers electric bass and Joel Scott Hill has taken over for Al Wilson.)

Bob is politely known as "The Bear" — a sobriquet having something to do with his 250 pounds, full black beard and deep-throated growl. He showed up at Pacifica at 3 p.m. the day of his performance and promptly won over the station by sitting down at the mike, taking calls, rapping, plugging the Marathon and in general just laying himself on the line for the next four hours.

He stayed until seven, discussing his band, talking about marijuana reform, rapping with a lady who wanted to sing in a rock band but didn't know what her 19 year old daughter would think ("Do it"), and discussing trends in music. A preacher called in and asked Bob what Jesus meant to him: "He is our savior." But what does that mean to you? "It means that he died on the cross so that we would be forgiven for our sins."

It seems Bob was brought up in a Lutheran household. He is religious but went on to say he stopped going to church when the people there rejected him because of his appearance. He says he worships now "in my home and in my head." And are there not interesting parallels between evangelists and rock singers?

Let it also be said that he conned the travelling United Artists rep, Mark

Gangl, into donating 110 copies of the Heat's new album, *Historical Figures and Ancient Heads*, to Pacifica.

Samples of the exciting four hour dialogue between Bob and Houston, Texas:

"Canned Heat, John Mayall, Paul Butterfield and Alexis Korner all were the first white electric blues bands.

"Texas has undoubtedly the weirdest groupies.

"You'd have to be a leper on the Art Baker show to go on after Alice Cooper. I mean, you could just tear off an arm and pitch it out to the crowd.

"I felt that way too when I turned my mother on.

"But let me catch someone selling dope to my kids . . . (He has four.)

"Things have loosened up a lot now. In Europe. In Germany we stayed at the Hilton. They let us stay there because of reservations, but asked that we remain in our rooms. Of course, we went *directly* to the main restaurant.

"We have a movie just released in the West coast called *Stomping Ground* with the Airplane, T-Rex, Dr. John, the Byrds and Pink Floyd. It was filmed at a festival in Holland.

"Stan Kenton was to big bands what Grand Funk is to rock now.

"People don't come to hear us play. They want to hear the songs they know. We've got 60 minutes on stage tonight and I know right off that we'll have to 'boogie' for 20 minutes, plus they'll want to hear 'On the Road Again,' and 'Let's Work Together' — and right off that's half

Cont. on 20



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Send small picture and stamped, self addressed envelope for citizenship or tickets to: P.O.Box 45713, Houston 77045. There will be a concert June 24 for Freak City citizens only. There will be no citizenships sold at the gate.

From this crowd volunteers will be selected for hire to help the bands and the founders of Freak City. With your help this can be a place of peace and harmony for everyone. Please help us in our efforts. We need your support, because, after all, this is your city too.

Cinema

Buck and the Preacher. With Sidney Poitier and Harry Belafonte — a hack's idea of "inspired" casting. They're alike as two Oreos in a box. Loew's State (222-2040) and the Airline drive-in. PG

Cabaret. A great, great movie. Intelligent and careful on the outside, the "good-taste" doesn't conceal the raw, nerve-racking core — Liza Minnelli in the performance of her life. Also features Joel Grey as the malignant M.C. in a tacky Berlin cabaret, just prior to the rise of Hitler. Do not miss. Windsor, 622-2650. Reserved seats. PG

A Clockwork Orange. "It was now early in the morning, Elsie and her papa were in his room, which was in the second story and opened upon a veranda, shaded by tall trees, and overlooking a large grassy yard at the side of the building." Galleria Cinema, 626-4011. X

Concert for Bangladesh. The film of the benefit, complete with shoddy photography, crummy print and lousy sound-mixing — plus whatever of the performers can get through. River Oaks, 524-2175. R

The Culpepper Cattle Co. Just "The Cowboys" with a twist. A dumb and meaningless twist at that. Shamrock Four, 666-1546. PG, and much "guidance" is advised.

Flash Gordon. Continuing chapters of the original serial (with Buster Crabbe) are cofeatured by the week at the Park III Film Festival, 522-5632.

Fiddler on the Roof. "Beyond were green fields, woods, and hills." Tower, 523-7301. Reserved seats. G for Gewish.

The French Connection. A hateful, fast-ass thriller that just won a bunch of Oscars. (It's also made a ton of money, and the two are not unrelated.) A well done movie, no doubt about it, but some jobs just shouldn't be done at all. Shamrock Four (666-1546) and around. R

Fritz the Cat. Robert Crumb's character in a film directed by Ralph Bakshi. The first X-rated animated feature, and Walt Disney will turn over in his grave it he's really dead. Opens May 17 at the Park II and III (522-5632). Bellaire (664-0182), Memorial (465-5258), and Eastpark (633-9000). X

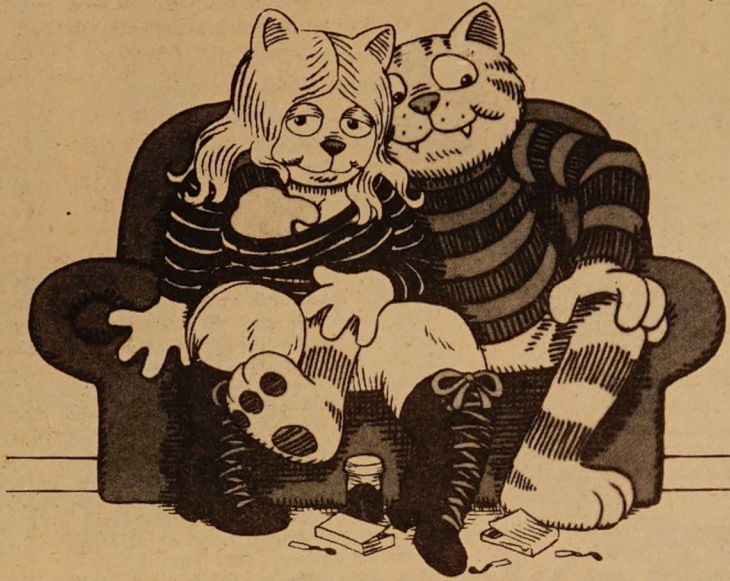
The Garden of the Finzi-Continis Vittorio de Sica's finest film in many years. Opens May 19 at the Village, 528-2384. R. SEE SHORT-TAKE REVIEW".

The Godfather. Everything you've heard and more; intelligent and unpatronising, it still has the raw energy that only American films seem able to capture. Brando is magnificent; Al Pacino even better. Francis Ford Coppola directs. At all four Cinemas: Galleria, 626-4011; Meyerland, 666-0735; Northline, 692-4487; Gulfgate, 644-3806. Better try for a week-night. High prices. R

Gold of Naples. ("L'Oro di Napoli" 1955.) De Sica seems to be having a come back in Houston this spring—Pauline Kael screened and lectured on "Umberto D" last month, and two de Sica films open this week. This features Sophia Loren, Silvana Mangano, Toto, and de Sica himself. Shown with Chapter XII of the original "Flash Gordon" serial, and more unlikely bedfellows are not to be found. Thru May 23 at the Park III Film Festival, 522-5632. Student discounts.

Harold and Maude. A great idea carries the movie for the first half-hour; then no one cares to develop the material any further. In the stretch: Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort. Multi-cinemas and around. PG

SPACE-IN



A scene from the animated film, *Fritz the Cat*, directed by Ralph Bakshi and based on characters created by R. Crumb. See Cinema Space-In this page.

The Hospital. Fun trash. George C. Scott is a ham with the talent to support his indulgence. Can't say the same for screenwriter Paddy Chayefsky, whose ear for dialogue remains in full cauliflower. Town and Country Six, 467-2476. PG

Is There Sex After Death? And who cares? From the same funsters who started the society to clothe all animals. Featured put-onners: Holly Woodlawn, Buck Henry, Robert Downey, et. al. Shamrock Four, 666-1546. X

The Last Picture Show. The finest American film of 1971. See it. Period. Peter Bogdanovich directs an exceptionally able cast. Delman, 529-1257. R

Mary, Queen of Scots. "Papa," said Elsie, gazing longingly upon them, as she stood by the open window, "can't we take a walk?" Gaylynn Terrace, 771-1261. Reserved seats. PG

Minnie and Moskowitz. John Cassavetes' latest film, a romance of sorts between Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassell. Well-played, but a little HONEST. Rescheduled, now opening May 26 at the Village, 528-2384.

Nicholas and Alexandra. Not a fun couple; visit Minnie and Moskowitz instead. Gaylynn, 771-1261. Reserved seats.

Oh! Calcutta! A filmed version of the nude revusical still playing in New York. Two shows daily, June 6-8. Park II and III, Bellaire, and Memorial. High prices.

Puppet on a Chain. How many of these silly things did Alistair McLean put out—and when will audiences quit supporting them. Alabama, 522-1546. PG

Tales from the Crypt. A drag. Scattered to the four winds. PG (and really not for the kiddies). SEE SHORT-TAKE REVIEW.

Too Bad She's Bad. Alessandro Blasetti, founder of the review "Il mondo del cinema" and filmmaker since the year one. His film, from the neo-realist wave in Italy. With yet another "Flash Gordon" at the Park III Film Festival, 522-5632; student discounts.

What's Up Doc? Laughter in a theatre is a rare thing these days — and the jokes here are funny, if not very original. But you walk away with a sour taste in your mouth. Peter Bogdanovich directs Barbra Streisand (fair) and Ryan O'Neal (awful) and a fine crowd of bit-players. Town and Country Six 467-2476. High prices. G

Theater

Animal Farm. A staged reading of the George Orwell novel. May 25-27 and June 2-3. Theatre Suburbia, 682-3525.

Calamity on the Campus, or, The Pot at the End of the Rainbow.

Auditions!!! Theatre Suburbia is on the prowl, so to speak, for a "well-muscled Adonis-type" actor for the cast of the this upcoming production. Opens June 16. Qualified—and muscular—actors are urged to contact director Jim Siedow at 682-5033.

Child's Play. The Alley Theatre's final production for the season will have its formal opening on May 25. Special low-priced previews at 8:30pm, May 19; 8:30pm, May 20; 7:30pm, May 21 and 23. Phone 228-8421 for more information.

Cinderella. A good children's production, with a fine cast of Fondren Street regulars. 2pm, Saturdays and Sundays. Fondren Street Theatre, 783-9930.

The Cocktail Party. T.S. Eliot's dense little number in a production mounted by the Kerygma Players. Featuring Miles Simmons, Mary Joyce Furlow, Stan Matthews, Anita Kemp. 8pm, May 18-20. Bering Memorial United Methodist Church, 3405 Mulberry.

Jack and the Beanstalk. 2pm, Saturdays thru May 20. Houston Music Theatre, 771-6374.

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest A highly acclaimed production, held over. Terrific acting; well worth seeing. 8pm, Tues-Sat. Liberty Hall, 225-6250. Tickets \$3, Tues-Thur; \$4, Fri-Sat.

Reunion and The Maestri. The first, a two-act directed by Roger Glade; the second, a one-act directed by Gary Callaway. Both by Jim Bernhard, and worth a look. 9pm, Fridays and Saturdays. Playwright's Showcase, 524-3168.

Sir Jack! Resident of Oklahoma! and friend of Dolly!, we have no doubt. World premiere engagement, August 24 thru September 2, at Theater Under the Stars summer season in Miller Theatre. (!)

Skulduggery in the Sky, or "The Gone Patrol." 9pm, Thurs-Sat. Treehouse Cabaret Theatre, 5900 Bissonnet. For reservations phone 774-8351 after 5pm. All seats \$2.

South Pacific. Miscegenation, dandruff and other pressing problems of the day. July 20-29. Miller Theatre.

The Women. The best of Clare Boothe's forties cat-fights. 8:30pm, Fridays and Saturdays thru May 20. Southwest Theater Guild, 528-8813 or 667-8480.

Wripped and Wrinkled Auditions C.C. Courtney's new musical, to premiere mid-summer. Singing actors and actresses, musicians, you-name-it are needed. For more information, phone or go by Liberty Hall, 1610 Chenevert, 225-6250.

Dance

High School for the Performing Arts. Holman at Austin.

Evening of Dance. Dance students and faculty members. Participants include William Chaison, Mary Martha Lappe, Jan Stockman Simonds, Eugene Collins and Donna Longino. 8pm, May 18-19. School auditorium.

Music

Steve Adams. With a twenty piece band featuring electronic instruments. 8pm, June 2. Houston Room, UH. Ticket information: 748-6600.

American Music Concert. E. Setanni conducting. In a performance of works by Ives, Copland and Barber. 4pm, May 21. Jones Lecture Hall, Museum of Fine Arts. Free.

La Bastille Old Market Square. 227-3783.

The World's Greatest Jazz Band. Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart, Billie Butterfield, Ed Hubble, Bob Wilber, Gus Johnson Jr., Vick Dickinson, Ralph Sutton and Bud Freeman. Marge says it's a camp.

The Byrds. With Edgar Winter and White Trash. 8:30pm, May 20. Astrohall. Ticket information: 228-0006.

Hee-Haw. Roy Clark, Archie Campbell, Gunilla Hutton and the Hee-Haw gang. But not Buck and the Buckaroos, Or Lulu. Key to Peace for all Mankind. Presented by Dick Ott, who may of course be the Key himself. 8pm, May 25; 7 and 10pm, May 26-27; 2pm, May 28. Ticket information: 771-3851.

Kerrville Folk Festival. 8pm, June 1-3. Kerrville Municipal Auditorium. \$2.50 per person per day. Tickets at all Sears.

Pasadena Chamber Music Society Mary Elizabeth Lee. With Toby Blumenthal. In a performance of works for two pianos by Mozart, Ravel and Brahms. 8:15pm, May 25. Slo-cumb Auditorium, San Jacinto Junior College campus. Tickets \$1 at the door.

More Music on 18

May 18-24, 1972: 17

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Music cont. from 17

Houston Grand Opera
615 Louisiana, 222-1111.
The Spring Opera Festival should be an energetic step in the right direction, as HGO moves into a new era under recently appointed general director, David Gockley. Three operas, all in English and all free to the public, will be presented in repertory at Miller Theatre. Tickets for reserved seats in the covered section of the theatre are available at the box office in Hermann Park or Jones Hall (no phone orders accepted). The schedule:

The Elixir of Love. Donizetti's comic opera about young lovers and a patent medicine salesman. Conducted by Charles Rosekrans. Stage direction by James de Blasis (he has set it somewhere in West Texas). With Ronna Jurov as Adina and HGO Affiliate Artist William McDonald as Nemorino. 8:30pm, May 24, 27-28 and June 1.

Susannah. Carlisle Floyd's version of the story of Susannah and the Elders. Pulsing pizzicati of Hosannahs. Conducted by Charles Rosekrans. With Karen Armstrong. Stage direction by Patrick Bakman. Sets and costumes by John Scheffer. 8:30pm, May 25-26, 29 and 31.

Postcard from Morocco. Dominick Argento's Pulitzer Prize-nominated opera about some travelers. To be performed by members of the Minneapolis Center Opera, the original company. Conducted by Phillip Brunelle. 8:30pm, June 2-3.

Houston Symphony Orchestra
615 Louisiana, 224-4240.
Amigos de las Americas. Benefit. The Orchestra and Margerite Piazza. Under the direction of A. Clyde Roller. Performing works of Lalo and Berlioz. 8pm, May 20, Jones Hall.

A Houston Happening. A benefit for the Orchestra itself. Buffet and music outdoors on Cullen Green at the Hotel Sonesta. 8pm, May 23.

Phyllis Diller. With the Orchestra. I don't care who is conducting. From the same people who brought you Sony and Cher, Foley's "Sounds of the 70's"—and a plague on them all. 8:30pm, May 26. Jones Hall. Tickets at all Foley's.

Billy Preston, Shiva's HeadBand, Oz Knooz. May 27, 28 at midnight. Should be a great show. Metropolitan Theater, 1016 Main St., Tickets at Houston Ticket Service, Ticket Town, Grass Hut, Sunshine Co, all Potluck stores and Metropolitan Theater box office. Presented by KLOL and M.A. G. productions.

The Old Quarter.
Congress and Austin, 226-7902.

RICK NYHAN. Fri-Sat; Frank Davis, Sun; Tary Owens, Mon; The Rockin Blue Diamonds, Wed. 50 cents cover, \$1 on weekends, beer and wine.

Della Reese. The well known chanteuse. Two shows, 10 pm to midnight, thru May 20. O.D.s, 6260 Westpark Dr. 783-3160.

The Rolling Stones. Just a shot away. Tickets go on sale at 8 am, May 21, at Hofheinz Pavilion.

Stephen Stills. With Manassas. 8 pm, May 19, Hofheinz Pavillion. Ticket information, 223-4822.

Jethro Tull. A Concerts West presentation. June 19 at the Coliseum.

Sandees
South Park and OST. 748-9500;

DEVILS WALL. Fri-Sat, May 19-20. Good beer, 50 cent cover.

The Whole Thing
5411 Griggs Rd.

THE GHETTO SOUNDS. Wed-Thurs, Place under new management. Cover \$1.50.

Paintings and Plastics

Contemporary Arts Museum
3417 Montrose, 526-3129.

"10," the opening exhibition. What more can anyone say except that if you have only seen it once, try again...it grows on you.

Museum of Fine Arts
1001 Bissonnet, 529-3129.

SALUTE TO THE CAM: Contemporary art from the Museum's permanent collection. Cullinan Hall.
JASPER JOHNS: Lithographs by the man who did a lot to define the Sixties. Jones Gallery.
RODIN: Sculptures and graphics from the overwrought. M. Rodin. Cullinan Hall.

Rice University
6100 Main, 528-4141.

THE WORK OF VENTURI AND RAUCH: A traveling exhibition on two plastic billboards of the work and thought of Venturi and Rauch, a design firm in Philadelphia. This might, of course, be taken as the reason Philadelphia looks the way it does — except Houston is worse. In any case, it's a new way of seeing that makes you wonder why everyone is so bothered at the animals over in the CAM. Thru July at the Institute for the Arts, University at Sotckton (ext. 246).

Galleries

ADEPT GALLERY. Luther G. Walker in a one-man show of paintings, poetry and prose. 6-9pm, weekdays; 1-5pm, Sundays. 1317 Binz.

ARTISTS OUTLET COMMUNITY CENTER. Local black artists on the black life style. Most media. 9-5pm, Mon-Sat. 2603 Blodgett.

BLACK ARTS FESTIVAL. "In the Beginning...Blackness." First showing of local black artists in the renovated Deluxe Theatre. 3303 Lyons.

CONTRACT GRAPHICS. Paintings by Bob Ycikas. 5116 Morningside, 524-1593.

CRAWFORD GALLERY. Landscapes and still lifes by Rodde and Savin. Sculpture by Choate. 10am-5pm, Tues-Sat., 1100 Bissonnet.

DUBOSE GALLERY. Acrylics by Lamar Briggs. 2950 Kirby, 526-2353.

FERNDALE POTTERY. Handmade stoneware and bronze. 9am-5pm, Mon-Sat. 2902 Ferndale, 528-2796.

FOLEY'S NINTH FLOOR GALLERY. "Americans in Paris" include 150 pieces from the Print Collection of National Library in Paris. Foley's downtown, 1100 Main.

FRAME FORUM. Prints, odds and ends Also inexpensive framing services by local artists. 1405 Waugh Dr.

GOOD EARTH GALLERY. A great new gallery featuring Houston artists. The price is right. Hours are 11 am-3 pm and 7-10pm, daily. 508 Louisiana.

HOOKS-EPSTEIN GALLERY Contemporary graphics by various artists. 1200 Bissonnet, 529-2343.

KIKO GALLERIES. Paintings, drawings, sculpture, etchings and lithographs by Le Corbusier. 410 Lovett, 522-3722.

LATENT IMAGE. Old and new photographs of Houston. A feast for the eye. 1122 Bissonnet, 529-2343.

MATRIX. Featuring five photographers offering a "hodge-podge" of styles. Fairview at Taft.

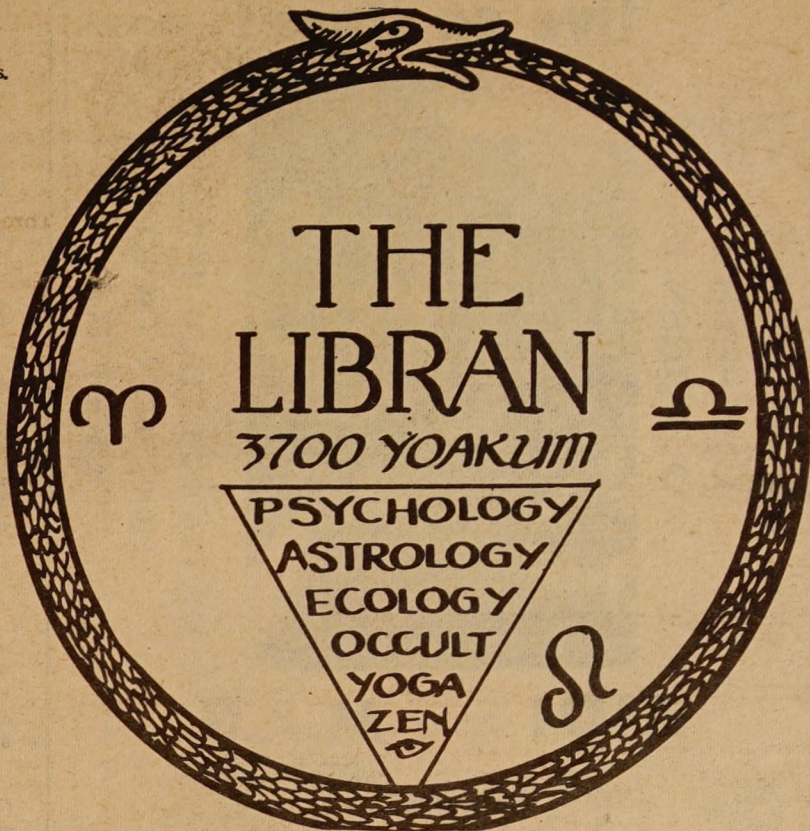
LONG AND COMPANY. Paintings by Marc Moldawer. 1212 San Felipe, 621-7362.

PARKE-BERNET Movie Props from Warner Bros. and Columbia studios. Galleria upper level, 623-0010.

ROBINSON GALLERIES. "Olympic Art 1972." Famed international artists and their concept of the Olympic games. 3220 Louisiana, 528-7674.



Olympische Spiele München 1972



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TO LARRY TARWATER, I wrote this just for you. Time, time is short/But Life goes on/We get old, but yet stay young/Life is hard and bold/But what is time? Just a word/No/It's what this world is based on. Love you, your secret admirer.

THE PREDATORS, a new young people's international organization to keep you out of busts and keep young people's heads together. Work with us. Send self-addressed envelope to Thomas R. White, PO Box 777, Monroe, Washington, 98272.

GIBSON SG WITH CASE, good condition. \$130, Allen box with two 12 inch Utahs \$50, Silvertone 100-watt amp \$30. Call 622-0963.

I AM A SWISS CITIZEN in prison being released next year. Wish to write to any female, age 30 to 40, who would like to come to Europe. I speak English, French and German. Robert Wilson, PO Box 1000, No. 33793, Leavenworth, Kansas.

GOING TRUCKIN'? Here's the perfect vehicle, a converted school bus, rebuilt engine and brakes. Must see the inside to believe it. \$3,000. Call 644-5984.

LEAVING JUNE 5, must sell the things I can't take with me. Conga drum, 2 small heaters, albums, clothes, posters. Come to 8109 Bowen Street or call 733-3879. Ask for Mark.

APT. FOR RENT. 2 bedrooms, bath. No noise restrictions. Good air-conditioning for a long, hot summer. All utilities are paid for. \$140 per month. 748-9050 or 747-3585. Ask for Allen or Jeff.

KUNDALINI YOGA. Potent Yoga for the aquarian age. Classes held at 6 pm Monday - Saturday at 1123 Jackson Blvd. Free.

FOR SALE: Levis, 2 pair. Like new. Tag size (33-33) Asking original price. Call Jack 523-4405.

DRIVING TO MICHIGAN week of May 22. Would like someone to share driving expenses. Have not decided on a route as yet. Call Bill 523-9185.

CECIL: Scorpio from Calif (artist, ex-news-paper woman) Remember Mike from service station on Westheimer. He's in prison and wants to hear from you. Write Mike Stambaugh no. 36004, Box 1500, El Reno. Okla. 73036.

ROOMMATE NEEDED to share big house in Montrose area - split rent and utilities. Two bedrooms. Good vibes. Straight male or female only. Call Bernie at 523-5739.

BOOKS WANTED: advanced mathematics, mathematically based sciences, good philosophy, literature. All considered. Must be readable and cheap. John B. Walsh, 522-0581.

Prisoner, 34, white, enterprising wants a straight, intellectual, compassionate woman to correspond with. Robert Vik No. 130-882, P.O. Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

PRISONER COULD DIG corresponding with chicks ages 18 to 24. Would dig a picture if possible, and of course will answer all. Charles Henderson, 353581, P.O. Box 777, Monroe, Wash. 98272

HAVE YOU SUFFERED harrowing experiences at the hands of the Quadrangle Modge? If so, we would like to hear about it in writing. The Observatory, Waxload University Box 4773, Austin, Tx. 78765.

FOR SALE: King size waterbed for sale, cost \$55, sell \$15. 523-0218 after 5.

FOR SALE: Fender, Twin Reverb Amp, Dual Showman Bottom (Piggy Back) Call Jody 521-0017. \$450.00

SAL, MILTON, or CHERYL - Please write! Paula Aanderrub, Rt 3 Box 477, Amarillo, Tx. 79107. It is urgent!!!

DALE SAUSLEY: Please call Chucks sister Glennys Blackwell as soon as possible. Night no. 622-6198 or day at 529-3496.

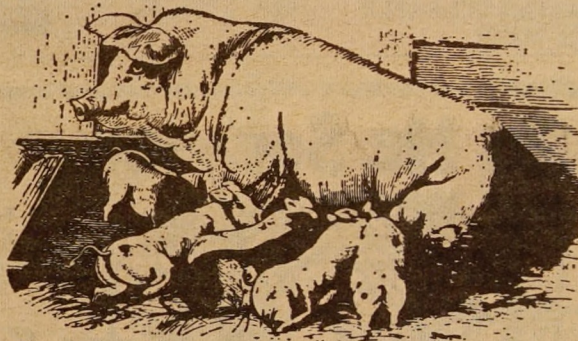
FOR SALE: Minolta 7S camera- 35MM like new except for slightly chewed up case. Contact Toni at Tortilla Flat.

LOOKING FOR a straight roommate rent with me in Austin starting in July or August. Please contact Jimmy at 723-2623.

JOB NEEDED. Male, age 22, limited experience in electronics, parapsychology and motion picture optical effects. Also needed; backer for invention. Call Robert Vaughan, 864-1994

The Byrds Edgar Winter & White Trash

With Buzzy Linhart

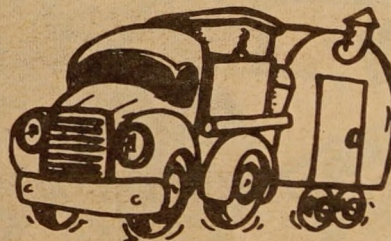


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CANNED HEAT cont. from 16

our set. And we should play some things off the new album.

"It doesn't matter to them (the crowd) that Al is dead. They want to hear 'Going Up the Country.' Of course, we play it differently, neither Henry or Joel plays slide guitar and now I sing it.

"Anyway it was just 'Bulldoze Blues' from Henry Thomas.

No clothes trip for Mr. Hite. He wore jeans and a t-shirt to KPFT. His pants slid down somewhat as he walked, exposing the beginning of his crack. He slipped on a size 46 Pacifica t-shirt for the show, but otherwise his costume went unchanged.

Bang opened up at Hofhienz with out one. A trio from Florida with an album out on Capitol, the group would have been all right five years ago, as Bidy said. They need work, but they're young and just beginning.

I'd like to pause here and give the first annual "Knee-Jerk Obedience and Refusal-to-Bend Award" to Jay, the young dude in charge of traffic backstage for Concerts West. He wouldn't let Space City's dynamic duo backstage to interview Canned Heat, even though the group vouched for us, as did their manager, three different record people and every groupie in sight. "If I let you go back, I'd have to let the press go backstage in each city." He did allow us to interview the group after their set; unfortunately, this was also during Alice Coopers' act.

He refused admission to Darla Klaus of Pacifica who had been invited down by the group's manager. Jay called her a freeloader, a remark which particularly incensed Darla who has been laboring 70-hour weeks at Pacifica to keep free radio alive. (The award carries with it a belief in Santa Claus, honorary membership in the Flat Earth Society and an "If God wanted men to fly we would have been born with wings" button.)

Canned Heat came on with a delicious intro tune-up, working off Bob's harp while the guitars gradually synchronized, then went into a Chicago blues from Otis Rush. At this point it may interest you to know that Henry and Bob are certified blues-freaks. As was Al. Let's see now — Henry discovered Skip James, Bob found Model T-Slim and Al assisted them in digging up Houston's own Albert Collins out of the Ponderosa Club.

"I just went up to him and said: hey man, you wanna play here the rest of your life? You're better than B.B. King."

In addition, Bob edits a blues magazine and has a collection of 80,000 blues records. Many of them are old 78's and almost all are rare. And Henry is President of the Stanley Brothers Fan Club. Are there any further questions about credentials?

The set was straight, exuberant and expertly executed. People unfamiliar with the group's albums have no idea of the band's improvisational ability; consequently, they clapped at all the wrong times during the "boogie" section. They did come to hear the four Canned Heat songs they knew, just to whet their appetites for Alice. The Heat knew, this, yet got the capacity mob's ear quickly and kept the annoying Hofhienz perimeter shuffle to a minimum.

Some tunes from the new album exhibited Joel Hill to good advantage, particularly on "Hill's Stomp," a smooth flow from the first lick featuring precise lead trade-offs between Henry and Joel. All the while, Anton-

io's bass ranged above and below the stomp line.

Joel fractured a string during "Let's Work Together," pushing Henry into the limelight for an unplanned solo. Henry is a frail Swede, blonde and wispy but with a wicked grin, shades and deep purple velvet trousers. His slashing guitar style is unique even among a group so bizarre as rock guitarists.

"And now we reach a portion of our show dedicated to the greasy people in the audience with the '55 Chevies and like that. And after that we're gonna boogie."

That they did. Only the crowd just sat there. No one danced in the aisles; no one danced in their seat. Indeed, no one even stood up. This bunch came to see Alice Cooper get hung and they were saving up their energy. But there was some mean toe-tapping going down.

Bidy and I whisked the Bear to a local dive to catch Rocky Hill and his group, arriving about 11:30 p.m. The most fluent person I know in town with old blues records is Keith Ferguson, Rocky's bass. Keith had hung out at Mrs. Robertson's shop on West Alabama, often getting boxes of goldies gratis. I figured Bob might get into Keith's collection for mutually advantageous trading and also get to listen to Rocky's blues.

It took the Bear about 90 seconds to size the place and band up and he was asking me if I thought they'd "let him blow." Well, Rocky allowed he'd as soon lean back and pick, so the next 45 minutes saw a fantastic blues jam encompassing the 30 years between "Rolling and Tumbling" and "Kansas City." Rocky was really on top of things, picking cleaner than I'd ever heard him. Keith was, of course, right at home, and even Turtle kept his mouth from hanging open.

How the joint did jump! This guy behind kept staring at Bob, looked at me and said: "I can't believe it. That guy in the t-shirt looks exactly like Bob Hite." It was the sort of thing that makes it all worthwhile; seeing two great artists meet and groove at first sight. Rocky's band and Bob homes in on each other like geese on a lonely lake and even stopped the eternal game of eight ball. Bear said: "It's a rare pleasure to work with people who know what they're doing."

From there, we journeyed to Keith's for a trading session from which Bob emerged with 10 or so items he lacked in exchange for equal value from his backlog of 25,000 duplicates. And he knew them all! He and Keith were really having a time of it:

"Well, I started collecting when I was 21."

"Mostly I began in the sixth and seventh grades."

"I guess I really started when I was eight."

Listening to the bartering session was like overhearing a conversation between two scientists or doctors — you know, they're speaking English but you just can't follow the flow cause you ain't spent 15 years or so learning your history.

Then it was on to K-101 for Bob, and what better opportunity to hear the new records? SO from 2:30-5:30 when we raced the roosters home, Bob was at the controls spinnin' vintage blues for whomever was awake. One dude who called in came on like this:

"Uh, hey man, like I dig what you're laying down. Couldja play 'Spoonful' by the Cream?"

The next morning, Canned Heat did the Larry Kane show.



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Rage Reviews cont. from 9

U.S. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES: About 40 chanting demonstrators were removed from the House galleries. The next day, all visitors were barred from the galleries on the recommendation of police. Several members of the House announced plans to initiate impeachment proceedings against Pres. Nixon.

SALT LAKE CITY: Two hundred demonstrators burned Nixon in effigy from the federal building flagpole, after police used dogs to clear the surrounding streets.

YALE UNIVERSITY: 600 demonstrators marched through the campus and downtown New Haven chanting, "Silence is Consent!" and "Nixon is Crazy!"

IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY: 125 students held a vigil in front of the ROTC building and blocked firemen from putting out a bonfire.

NEW YORK STATE UNIVERSITY (PLATTSBURG): 500 students marched to the federal building and held an all-night vigil.

SOUTHERN METHODIST UNIVERSITY: 25 students occupied the administration building and demanded the school end all war-related research.

OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY: 350 demonstrators threw potatoes and rocks at the limousine of Vice President Spiro Agnew, who had delivered a speech at a fund-raising dinner at the Ohio Fairgrounds. The rear window of the car was cracked.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT BERKELEY: 3,000 protestors broke up a city council meeting following the narrow defeat of a peace resolution which included aid to a North Vietnamese hospital. The previous night, police firing putty bullets engaged in a running battle with demonstrators breaking windows, setting trash fires and vandalizing parking meters. About 500 protestors overturned and set afire an empty police car ripped down an 8-foot fence around Peoples Park.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT SANTA BARBARA: 1,500 students marched from Isla Vista to U.S. 101 and blocked traffic for over an hour. The next day, 3,000 students blockaded the runway of a nearby airport and forced the diversion of one plane. That evening, demonstrators three times rushed the ROTC building and were forced back by police using tear gas. They also tried unsuccessfully to burn down the Bank of America branch that was destroyed during the 1970 protests and later rebuilt.

UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA: 1,000 students blocked streets for 10 hours before being dispersed by riot-equipped police using dogs. The next day, police dispersed some 3,000 demonstrators, as newsmen witnessed several beatings of demonstrators. Police ripped off films of one beating from a TV camera crew.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS: Police declared a curfew after students broke windows in the armory, broke into ROTC classrooms and looted nine downtown stores.

And finally. . .

HANOI: Eight captured American pilots criticized Nixon's continuation of the war in an informal meeting with newsmen at a military camp. They accused Nixon of lying when he says he is concerned about the fate of American POWs and human lives. The bombings of Hanoi and Haiphong were proof of this, they declared.

Asked about American claims that bombing raids are directed only at military targets, one pilot said he never deliberately aimed for civilian objectives, but that it was very difficult to tell the difference. The eight pilots burst out laughing when a correspondent from the Soviet paper Pravda asked them which candidate they would support if they could vote in the forthcoming presidential elections. One said he felt all of them would give their vote to the candidate who promised to end the war and bring peace to the United States.

-Doug Zabel and Rick Fine



Kenny Loggins, with Jim Messina. Two shows, 8 pm and 10 pm, Monday, May 22. \$3.00 at the door. Liberty Hall, 1610 Chenevert, 225-6250.

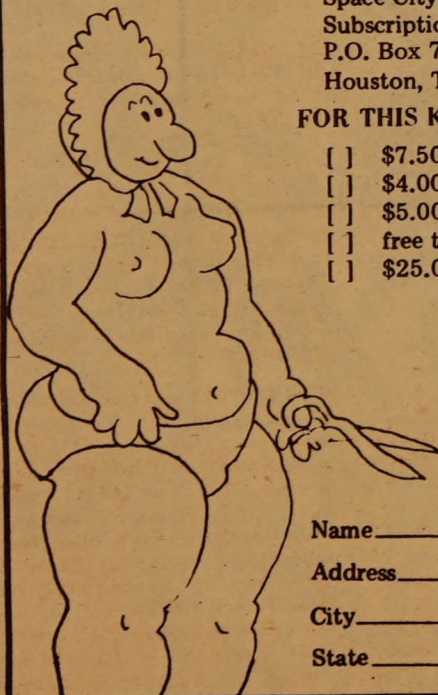
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Platter Chatter



You're gonna have to shake a leg to keep up with what's headed our way. Things like Steve Stills, Friday, May 19, The Byrds and Edgar Winter at Astro-hall on the 29th, the Stones ticket sale Sunday the 21st and the Amboy Dukes on the 23rd at the Brazoria County Fairgrounds.

Then tuck your tongue in in time to go to Keerville the weekend of June 1-3 for a folk festival featuring Allen Damron, Kenneth Threadgill, Carolyn Hester, John A. Lomax, Jr. and Texas Fever on Thursday; Damron, Hester, Mance Lipscomb, Dick Berrett and Michael Murphey on Friday; followed by Damron, Lipscomb, Segle Fry, Robert Shaw, Bill and Bonnie Hearne and Steve Fromholtz at the Saturday windup. The Texas State Arts and Crafts Fair will run in conjunction with the festival. Tickets for the music are \$2.50 per night and are available at Sears.

The local prodigal son, Townes Van Zandt, will be appearing at Castle Creek in Austin from June 5-10.

Southwest Concerts has come up with a June 11 concert hard to top: The Allman Brothers, Doctor John, and the Mahavishnu Orchestra. G'wan and tell me that's not a heavy bill.

Dropped by La Bastille the other night to hear Bo Diddley and not only got in on the house but was also treated to drinks by Ernie Criezis, himself a columnist of note with the Bayou City Banner. He tells me to expect visits from R.B. Greaves, Wayne Cochran and the CC Riders, Yuseff Lateef and Muddy Waters in the very near future.

A persistent rumor is making the rounds centering on the premise that the Metropolitan Theatre may become a rock emporium.

And to top off a good week, I got my camera back and received two tickets in the mail to the Concerts West show with Creedence, Tony Joe White and Freddie King.

* * * * *

Comin' Thru *** Quicksilver Messenger Service *** Capitol *** 35m 45s

Fallen angels always receive heavy criticism and Quicksilver is no exception. Time was four years younger when they took off like a runaway comet with a new sound, an aura of mystery and a stunning album. But it's 1972 now and of the four mysterious Virgos only Greg Duncan and Gary Elmore remain, joined by DINO VALENTI, a bass and organ, trumpets trombones and saxes. Trumpets? In Quicksilver? No wonder Cipollina split.

Instead of blazing paths, the band is merely a shill to Valenti's heavy vocal trip. No doubt Quicksilver is a base for a career which will include a solo album. And Dino leads them down many trails previously travelled by others. A hodge-podge is the result, with Chuck Berry, Ray Charles, James Brown and Otis Redding overtones.

Sadly, Quicksilver, a band once capable of producing sheared ingots of pure metal, now emits lumpy hunks of plastic. When machinery fouls up, the first remedy is a solid kick to the buttock. All this talent is capable of so much more. 74

Tiptoe Past the Dragon *** Marlin Greene *** Elektra (Distrib by Atco) 32m 24s

Marlin's not your run-of-the-mill unknown, no sir! Seems he wrote songs for Jim Reeves at 15, produced Percy Sledge in "When a Man Loves a Woman" and has been around studios till, lo! — his chance for a solo.

Most of it was done at Muscle Shoals with people like Roger Hawkins and David Hood (now with Traffic), Eddie Hinton, Wayne Perkins and other notable session men. Marlin is an undistinguished vocalist who writes well: "Gemini Gypsy," "Ponce de Leon," and "Grand Illusion" are all excellent songs. And the title cut is a poem that stands alone in its beauty and keeps setting my flasher mechanism on scenes of Southeast Asia:

*Seems I see a promise shining
But my vision must be tried
For that ancient winged serpent
Lies in wait to taste my hide*

*And I know I dare not wake him
I would quick be overpowered
For no sword has ever hurt him
Friends of mine he has devo' red*

*Nor will clever words persuade him
He's the master of that game
So I'll tiptoe past the dragon
I suggest you do the same*

Marlin's a mite too cautious here. He also needs to work more on his vocals. His songs are pretty though, quietly intense and jammed with good advice. 82

The Road Goes Ever On *** Mountain Live *** Windfall Records (Distrib by Bell) *** 34m 28s

Combine the worst of Cream and the best of Grand Funk to get Mountain, a power trio featuring Leslie West and Felix Pappalardi. They plod along for 35½ minutes of muddy sound, elementary chord changes and pounding drums. One-half of the album is the title cut from the last album — only this time it's "Live." Talk about being thin on material.

I understand "Waiting to Take You Away" will be the next single from the group. OK, it's no more repulsive than anything else here. What's the point to all this morassing around? If you thought *Jamming with Edward* was repetitious, brother you ain't heard nothing yet. This Mountain is just a molehill. 60

Me and Chet *** Jerry Reed and Chet Atkins *** RCA *** 25m 42s

A lot of guitar freaks will miss this one parked over in the (sneer) country bins. In fact, a lot of today's guitarists are unaware that Chet Atkins has close to 40 previous albums. Chet is a living legend and a direct link between country, blues and classical styles. His flash, however, is all his own, produced by the lightest touch imaginable.

Jerry Reed is no slouch either; indeed, his hit with "When You're Hot You're Hot" finally earned him some measure of fame, although he has been around and "ready" quite some time. The novelty nature of the record partially obscures the fact that he is an extremely talented writer and picker.

It's all guitar here, no vocals; just 11 impeccable morsels served up with subdued backing. Alas, RCA only doled out 25 3/4 minutes to us; that's not enough, so I hauled out some of my old Atkins to avoid the feeling of coitus interruptus.

Moods range from fervid to blue; these two can get you to dancing or reminiscing. Cream does rise to the top; spending money to buy a Chet Atkins record is no gamble. 95

Forgotten Songs and Unsung Heroes *** John Kay *** ABC Dunhill *** 39m 46s

Robert Johnson, Hank Snow, Richard Farina and Patrick Sky are the unsung heroes who provided John with half his material on this record which looks both forwards and backwards. John's macho raunch trip with Steppenwolf is over now; they'd gone thru many personnel changes and I guess it was gettin' old. He splices between classy versions of the oldies four new Kay originals.

He treats the standards with respect; indeed, the single from the record is his version of "I'm Moving On" with that off the wall, slinky, tumbling riff and weird slide guitar from Kent Henry. I mean, it's really hot stuff.

Now if only John will get off his creepy moustache and shades trip. He'll have to add some range to his pipes, and his songs are musically nice though lyrically banal. He can handle a rock song though, has a fine sense of rhythm and has laid down some outstanding songs. You just can't beat "Born to Be Wild," "Magic Carpet Ride," and "Sookie, Sookie" for makin' time on the road. And if their version of "The Pusher" wasn't a definitive drug song, then my cocaine is really salt. 87

Grave New World *** The Strawbs *** A&M *** 38m 45s

This is a fantastic album structured around the simple birth-death cycle. The lavish center design goes well on the wall, the illustrated booklet containing the words is lovely and informative and the music is intriguing. Of course, mankind may be taken as "the wanderer" introduced in "Benedictus." The story of one man's life blown up to fate-of-all-man proportions as an inevitable end dooms us to a page near the dinosaur and directly after the numerous forms of life we have exterminated.

*There's blood in the dust
Where the city's heart beats
The children play games
That they take from the streets
How can you teach when you've so much to learn?
May you turn
In your grave
New world*

*There is hate in your eyes
I have seen it before
Planning destruction
Behind the locked door
Were you the coward who fired the last shot?
May you rot
In your grave
New world*

*There is death in the air
With the lights growing dim
As those who survive
Sing a desperate hymn
Pray that God grants you one final request
May you rest
In your grave
New world.*

Musically, this — the Strawbs' fifth album — bears surface resemblance to the Moody Blues, mainly due to the presence of a mellotron. The Strawbs, however, are more folk-oriented than the Moodies and often opt for stately paces and less cluttered instrumentation. The entire opus flows gracefully, inevitably as a river on its' course to the sea.

Dave Wakeman left the group to join Yes, and there is some comparison between these two bands' imaginative use of studio techniques. David Cousins, Tony Hooper, John Ford, Richard Hudson and Blue Weaver move into the first wave of British bands with this epic journey. 96

— John M. Lomax

SPACE CITY!

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SPACE CITY! is owned and operated by the Lyman Padde Educational Project, Inc., a non-profit corporation. It is published every Thursday. Mailing address is P.O. Box 70086, Houston, Texas 77007. Member Underground Press Syndicate (UPS), subscriber to Liberation News Service (LNS), Alternative Features Service (AFS), Dispatch News Service (DNSI), and the Pacific News Service. Subscription rates are \$7.50 a year (\$5 for GIs), \$4 for six months, free to prisoners. Advertising rates on request. Single copy price 25 cents. 35 cents out of town.

May 18-24, 1972 : 23

Naylor's Boy

by Robert Finlay

"I like that music," her father said, glowing.

Herbert looked at the television. Big Ben's bells were sounding above Parliament, and Herbert, though a rationalist, had no trouble extrapolating the reality of Big Ben's bells to the abstract bells of the First Baptist Church or the Second Simpleton's Church of Christ, or whichever god-godawful place where he would marry the man's daughter.

It was one of those times when, had he been a Sartrean, the gray waste of existential nausea would have washed over him like an oil slick over a sea gull.

Marriage! And a verse from the cotton fields of his youth echoed back, wisdom handed down by slaves, by those whose purpose in life is neither enjoyment nor work nor love but merely endurance.

He remembered the yard behind his great-grandmother's plantation house, a yard full of chicken coops and dogs and shaded over by a fig tree, and he remembered the old Black man, whose face was as creased and furrowed as the finest leather, and whose eyes had seen a hundred years, and who had been born a slave, and who treated the little boy, not like a little boy, but like a person.

And while the white people drank and argued in the big house, Naylor took the boy out to the yard, and let him help feed the chickens. There was prosperity then because one of the wars had ended and that meant prosperity, and the Black man, who rose and set with the sun and worked, felt the prosperity by being given exactly enough money to purchase a half-pint of Yellowstone whiskey each and every Saturday night and not a cent more, and he warned the tow haired boy:

"Be careful when you're getting all you want; fatten' hogs ain't in luck."

And Herbert did not want to be married. The last summer of his previous marriage, he had heard Big Ben, and waited for his wife to walk through every store in Chelsea and Piccadilly and ridden in the black taxis and felt the damp English wind and spoken with the worn-out, stay-at-home, dreary people who populated the place.

And he had seen what marriage had done to others. He had seen the corporation executives committing alcoholic suicide while their Miss America, bridge-playing, tie-dyed wives made every decision and wore not only the pants in the family but the masculine trappings underneath those pants, and Herbert had had enough.

But there were good marriages. The Henrys. Catholic, very educated and very sensitive and very masculine and very feminine, and miscarriage and birth, and neither was a moralist but were faithful out of love for each other, and when death came for one, the other would go at the same moment.

And Roosevelt and his wife, Baby, and the Sunday Herbert had gone and posted bond for Roosevelt, he had had tears in his eyes and had said that it had been the first night he had ever spent away from his "Baby," and when Herbert had asked how long they had been married, Roosevelt had scratched his head and said, "Most all my life, I reckon."

But Herbert did not want to be married again. He wanted his cake without having to choke on it, and the girl's parents were

helping lay the trap for him, Sunday dinners and hefty handshakes.

So what was he to do? He was barely out of the last one's snare, yet stumbling toward another. But he was more careful this time, for the last time, a slip in contraception had gotten him, though on the honeymoon an exciting thing had occurred, and the first girl's parents had been irate, because they had money, and Herbert had only. . . what. . . two hundred years of *noblesse oblige*, a gift for poetry, an appreciation for ballet and classical music, and parents and grandparents who had been too well-born to work (no, not to work, but to condescend to take money for their work), and Herbert was the end of the line.

His heritage was a Seventeenth Century outlook, and his present

was H-bombs and accountants: a society without honor, or even an inkling of what honor was and is.

So his first wife was of the *haute-bourgeoisie*, and his pending second was of the *petit-bourgeoisie*, and there was little difference, except perhaps for clothing labels, and he wanted nothing to do with either, other than as physical inspirations for his verse.

But near the Palace of Versailles was a delightful village full of never-do-well but high-minded French and other expatriates from this dismal century, and he would go there and work in a book store in the poetry department and wait for a hundred years to furrow themselves into his face.

Houston, 1972



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