

THE DAILY TEXAN

Student Newspaper at the University of Texas at Austin

Vol. 73, No. 123

Ten Cents

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Austin, Texas, T

February 29, 1974

Thirty-Six Pages

471-4591

Porter Admits Lying to FBI

WASHINGTON (AP) — Herbert L. Porter, the scheduling director of President Nixon's re-election campaign, pleaded guilty Monday to lying to the FBI in its Watergate investigation. He was released awaiting a presentence report.

Porter, 35, faces a maximum five years in prison and a fine of \$10,000. He now works in his father-in-law's construction business in Laguna Niguel, Calif.

Porter admitted to the Senate Watergate Committee that he told a false story about the authorization of the funds used for the Watergate burglary on three occasions: to the FBI, a grand jury and at the Watergate trial.



Herbert Porter speaks.

He said he did it at the suggestion of Jeb S. Magruder, deputy director of the re-election committee, who has pleaded guilty to conspiracy to obstruct justice and defraud the United States.

The false story was that break-in boss G. Gordon Liddy had received \$100,000 to hire college students in the campaign — when in fact the funds had gone for "dirty tricks."

Porter had told the various investigative bodies that he and Magruder had discussed such a plan, Assistant Prosecutor Richard Ben-Veniste told the court.

"There was no such conversation," he said.

Porter told U.S. Dist. Judge William B. Bryant that he had been made no promises in return for his guilty plea and that there had been no coercion.

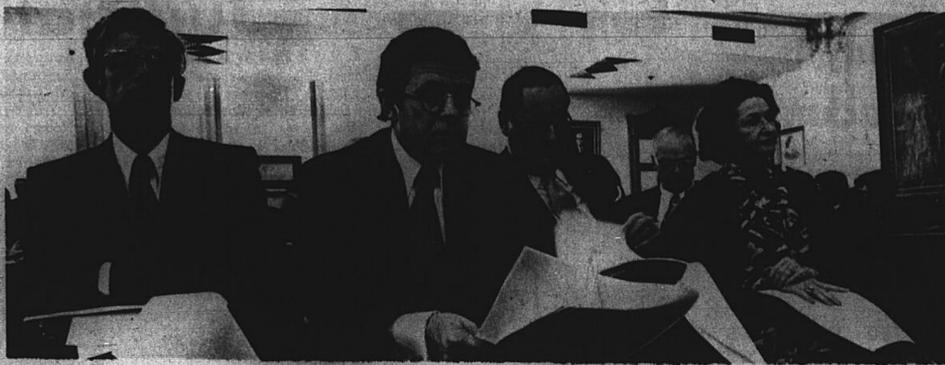
He then was sent to a probation officer, where he swore he would appear each time he is called by the court or prosecutors for any reason. He said he would return to California as soon as possible.

Porter joined a growing list of former White House and re-election committee aides who have pleaded guilty to various charges resulting from Watergate and other incidents.

The others are Magruder, John W. Dean III, Frederick C. LaRue, Egil Krogh and Donald Segretti. Krogh and Segretti have been sentenced to serve six months in prison. The others are scheduled to be sentenced when their testimony at future legal proceedings is no longer needed.



Frank Erwin testifies . . .



. . . as (l-r) Chancellor Charles LaMaistre, Regents A.G. McNeese, Joe T. Nelson, Dan C. Williams and Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson listen.

To Split Permanent Fund

By BILL GARLAND
Texas Staff Writer

Dividing the Available University Fund among all state-supported colleges would destroy "the financial base" of the University System Regent Frank C. Erwin testified Monday.

He told the Education Committee of the Constitutional Convention an "extensive catch-up construction program" lies up all but \$8 million of the University's share of the fund annually.

The University receives about \$30

million a year from the fund but "is exhausting every conceivable source of construction money and is issuing bonds, both Permanent University Fund bonds and otherwise, that will not be retired for 20 to 30 years," he claimed.

The Permanent University Fund consists of all land owned by the University in West Texas, and the Available University Fund consists of the net income from the land.

Two-thirds of the Available Fund goes to the University and one-third goes to Texas

A&M University at College Station. Erwin said the construction program was inaugurated "after the geometric rise in student enrollment that occurred during the late 1960s."

"The futility of trying to assist schools outside the UT and A&M Systems by dividing the Available Fund is demonstrated, first, by the fact that UT's share of the fund is inadequate to fund the construction of facilities for all the institutions presently in the UT System," he said.

"The substantial withdrawal of that support would make it absolutely impossible for UT Austin to maintain its present position of academic eminence," Erwin added.

The Constitutional Revision Commission (CRC) included the distribution ratio of the Available Fund in its proposed constitution. The ratio currently is statutory. Inclusion of the fund drew only a chorus of approval from representatives of other large state schools.

In turn for their support, Erwin, speaking for the University System, endorsed a proposal to raise the ad valorem property tax base of the Higher Education Tax Fund from 10 to 20 cents per \$100 valuation.

The Higher Education Fund gives financial assistance to state-supported higher level institutions except the University and A&M Systems.

Opponents of the increase say it will raise property taxes around the state.

Houston Rep. Joe Pentony, an outspoken critic of the fund, was somewhat stilled when Erwin announced a part of the Available Fund would be used for minority student recruitment.

Pentony had stabbed at the fund during earlier committee hearings because it supported an institution with so little minority representation.

"Why hasn't the Available Fund been spent for minority recruitment in the past?" Pentony asked.

"We simply exhausted all other sources so we'll have to go this route. We didn't wait for the Constitutional Convention," Erwin said.

He also was questioned about possible conflict of interest resulting from regental management of the fund.

"If any member of the board thought another member acted improperly, they would stop it long before it got out to anyone's attention," Erwin answered.

Hearings on the fund will continue in the committee through Wednesday.

Minority Representation Decision

Panel Adopts Single-Member Redistricting

By LINDA FANNIN
and
SYLVIA MORENO
Texas Staff Writers

The door to legislative representation was opened a bit wider for Austin's black and Mexican-American voters Monday, but the student vote was split three ways in a federal redistricting decision.

After hearing redistricting plans presented by the major plaintiffs in the case, a three-judge panel adopted plans to divide seven Texas counties into single-member districts.

The multi-member districts in Tarrant, Jefferson, McLennan, Lubbock, El Paso, Nueces and Travis Counties were ruled to have been unconstitutionally discriminated against racial minorities Jan. 21 by the same panel of federal judges — William Wayne Justice of Tyler, Irving Goldberg of Dallas and John Wood of San Antonio. Wood, who disagreed with the majority opinion, said he would file his dissenting statement by noon Friday.

Along with the decision announcement, presiding Judge Goldberg stated the postponement filing date of Feb. 18 for the seven counties would be moved back to the original date, Feb. 4.

The Feb. 4 filing date for legislative seats applied to all counties except those containing the seven districts in question by the judges' order. Because of unanimous agreement among the parties concerned, the judges voted for the date change.

Residency requirements for the seven counties in this year's election, barring a stay by the U.S. Supreme Court, will be dropped, Goldberg added. The two-year residency requirement now in effect for all other counties will be in effect for single-member districts by 1976.

The approved plan for Travis County,

which is backed by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP), calls for the division of the county into four districts, with a Mexican-American population of 33 percent in the southeastern district and a black population of 32.9 percent in the northeastern district.

Student population would comprise 29.66 percent of the southwestern district, 11.7 percent of the northeastern area, 9.6 percent in the southeastern district and 3.64 percent in the northeastern district.

In presenting the NAACP plan, also known as the Wright-Chapman plan, J. Phillip Crawford, an Austin attorney, said the districts are "compact, contiguous and meet the test of maximizing the minority voting strength."

State Republican Party representative Jim George disagreed with the Wright-Chapman proposal for Travis County, saying the plan "runs the risk of being constitutionally inadequate" because of insignificant minority input.

The Republican plan for single-member districts in the county would have combined blacks and Mexican-Americans into one legislative district with a 61 percent majority.

The Republican plan would enable the two minorities "to elect a minority member to the Legislature without having to cater to whites," George said.

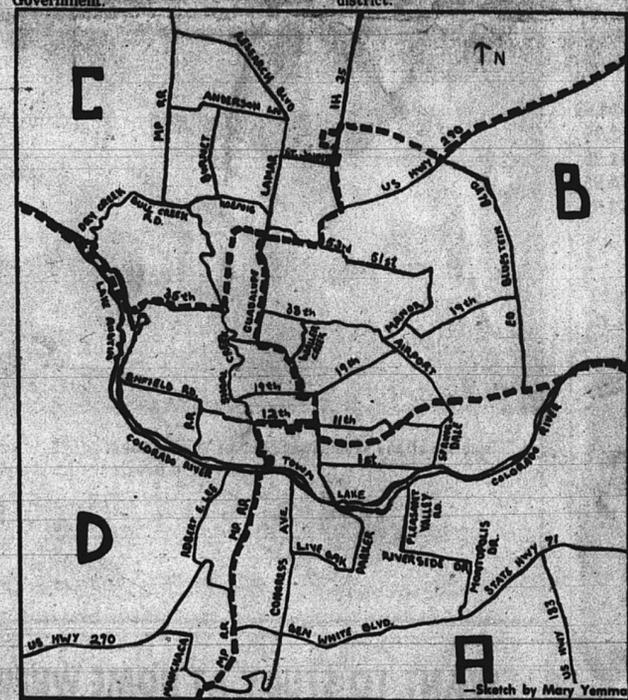
In opposition to the Republican plan, Crawford said, "We do not want to be guaranteed minority representation. This is an expressed and explicit plea to give us the sporting opportunity to win the representation."

Attorneys representing Secretary of State Mark White and Gov. Dolph Briscoe did not present an opposing plan for Travis County.

Other parties interested in the outcome

of the redistricting decision submitted plans to the federal judges, including a plan developed by the University Student Government.

The plan, submitted by Students' Attorney Frank Ivy, featured a student population of 35 percent in the southwestern district.



Boundaries established for single-member districts.

Ivy accused the Wright-Chapman plan of submerging students into a "district where focus on the problems of the black have already been so long delayed."

Pointing out the cultural differences between the student, Mexican-American and black communities, Ivy stated in the legal brief that the geographical divisions of the approved plan "would be better served if this division were avoided."

"The students' plan was originally one of the alternatives discussed during the Democratic hearings on redistricting," Student Government President Sandy Kress said. "It received all the votes of minority members of the Democratic Redistricting Committee."

The Student Government plan was not presented in court because only parties with standing in the suit were allowed time for presentations.

"We would have had to intervene in the suit and assume financial burden," Kress said. "And we still wouldn't have had enough standing for a major impact."

Liz Levatino, assistant to Atty. Gen. John Hill, confirmed the state will request a stay "probably by Thursday."

The stay, to be filed with U.S. Supreme Court Justice Lewis Powell, would prevent single-member district elections this year. Mrs. Levatino said she hoped for a decision on the stay "on the day we go up or the next."

"I believe the decision is regrettable but we can live with what they've done," Kress said. "We may have lost something, but we may also have gained something."

"It makes the possibility of a strong University district less possible," he said. "And I don't think it does anything at all to help elect a black legislator in the northeast district."

"However, we will have some degree of power in three districts," Kress added.

Spurr Seeks Aid for Minorities

By CHERRY JONES
Texas Staff Writer

University President Stephen Spurr has requested \$400,000 be appropriated over a four-year period from the Available Fund for scholarships and aid to economically disadvantaged and minority students, Robert Mettlen, executive assistant to the president, said Monday.

Mettlen made the announcement at the University Council's special meeting on minority affairs. Spurr was testifying before the Education Committee of the Constitutional Convention and was unable to attend the council meeting.

The council failed to take action on the recommendations of the ad hoc Committee on Minority Affairs concerning financial aid and student services for minority students, because copies of the revised proposals were not available to council members.

The committee met Thursday and revised its original proposals, but because of a mixup on who was to have the document copied, copies were not available at the meeting, a committee member said.

The revised proposals called for the establishment of an outreach program for prospective minority students through the Student Financial Aids Office and the expansion of supportive services for minority students.

Although it did not approve specific recommendations, the council unanimously passed a motion urging "the implementation of a financial aids, student services and counseling program that will substantially increase the enrollment of minority and

economically disadvantaged students."

The motion was an attempt to "at least capture the spirit of the council with regard to increasing minority representation and come out with some kind of a statement prior to the Friday's regents' meeting," Student Government President Sandy Kress said.

Action on the committee recommendations was postponed until the council's regular February meeting.

Most council members favored taking action on the recommendations before the University System Board of Regents' Friday meeting, but said they were unable to approve the recommendations without copies and sufficient time to study the proposals.

"I would like to see some intelligent, rational legislation, but we are being asked to take some serious steps on matters that have come before the council in premature form," Parker Fielder, professor of law, said.

James Sled, English professor, said that although "we have a history of repression in this state, I don't feel qualified to vote" on the committee recommendations.

Although the council did not endorse the full committee report, Ira Iscoe, professor of psychology and education and director of the Counseling-Psychological Services Center, said he felt the Board of Regents would respond to the recommendations approved at the last council meeting.

At its meeting last Monday, the council approved a proposed amendment to the regents rule on dis-

crimination which would allow the University to take affirmative action in recruiting minority students and endorsed a recommendation for an expanded minority recruitment program.

The council also unanimously endorsed Spurr's request for an allocation from the Available Fund to be used for scholarship aid to minority students.

However, Richard Ante, president of the Mexican-American Youth Organization (MAYO), said the committee had not consulted with interested minority organizations in formulating the proposals.

The committee proposals "fall to provide for future chicanos representation (at the University) according to the proportion of chicanos people in the state," Ante said. "This proposal is merely a token gesture which will only serve to perpetuate the status quo of token chicanos representation."

Ante recommended that the University establish an office for minority recruitment headed by a vice-president for minority affairs and recruit 8,000 chicanos students within the next four years.

In response to Ante's remarks, the council approved a motion calling for the revision of the committee report "in cooperation with all interested groups."

Santiago Coronado, a MAYO member, said his organization would work for a "more specific proposal that deals directly with monetary amounts."

In other business, the council approved the appointment of a parliamentarian for the council and General Faculty. Eugene Nelson, business law professor, was appointed to the position by Spurr.

Register To Vote In Austin This Week

Registration booths are at the West Mall, Littlefield Fountain, Journalism Building, Jester Center and 26th and Speedway Streets.

today

Fair . . .

Fair skies with mild afternoons and cold nights are forecast for Tuesday and Wednesday. Winds will be variable and mostly northerly from 5 to 10 m.p.h. The high Tuesday will be in the low 60s and the low will be in the mid-30s.

Poetry . . .

Today The Texan begins a new column entitled "Ars Poeticus." This column is designed to publish student poetry contributions. See page 3.

Boxing . . .

Former heavyweight champion Muhammad Ali scored a unanimous decision over former heavyweight champion Joe Frazier Monday night at Madison Square Garden. See page 7.

New Hours Of Libraries Challenged

Charges by the Graduate Student Council and the Student Senate questioning the value of the new reduced library hours was taken under advisement Monday by Merle Boylan, director of General Libraries.

Larry McCullough, chairman of the Graduate Student Council, said that many students doubt whether the new policy conserves enough energy to justify the inconvenience to graduate research.

"Students would like to see a detailed report on the energy saved," McCullough said, "and there is a great deal of concern with respect to the priorities of the University's Energy Conservation Committee."

However, Dr. Archie Straiton, chairman of the committee said, "We do not intend nor are we able to develop University policy, and we depend on the faculty and staff to make recommendations to the University power plant which we then approve."

"It's not a question of someone being able to research but whether someone will be inconvenienced in doing that research," he said.

Boylan said that the new library hours have not been in effect long enough to determine whether the 8.96 percent reduction of hours has saved energy.

Parents Protest Boundary Changes Questioned

By ED SARGENT

Texas Staff Writer
About 100 parents from the Highland Park area of Austin protested Monday night the Austin Independent School District (AISD) Board's proposed change of the Anderson-McCallum high school boundaries.

AISD Superintendent Jack L. Davidson said the problem arose because McCallum does not have enough students and Anderson is overcrowded.

Board of Trustees president Will Davis conceded "the board made a mistake last year" in drawing up the boundaries for the new Anderson High School which resulted in the imbalance.

Persons in the audience repeatedly questioned the board's proposed plan, which, they said, would put too many students in McCallum and leave Anderson under its capacity enrollment.

Davis said because the

McCallum district is "landlocked" and cannot be developed any further, its enrollment will decrease in future years. Anderson, however, is on the northwest side of the city, where developments are expected to increase school-age populations.

Lyndon Taylor, a member of the Anderson Parent-Teacher Association, suggested that a committee of parents from both schools

Mounties Find Pot Plantation

By Zodiac News Service
Most people know about marijuana plants—but how about "marijuana trees?"

Believe it or not, four Royal Canadian Police and five Ontario provincial officers, armed with chain saws, took six hours to cut down the largest pot plants ever found in Canada.

According to the Mounties, they discovered a secret marijuana plantation near the Ontario resort town of Orillia, and some of the plant stalks were five inches thick. After the small trees were felled, police cut them up and stacked 8,000 pounds of the illegal weed in the back of three five-ton trucks.

review the figures the school board used "and see if we come up with the same lines" the board did.

Two districtwide high school pupil allocation plans were presented by Hugh Echols, director of pupil services for the schools. Under both plans, all students in the proposed Lyndon B. Johnson High School district must attend that school next fall.

One plan would allow all currently-enrolled high school students to continue to attend their schools regardless of boundary changes. The other would force currently-enrolled ninth-graders to transfer if boundary changes place their homes in another district.

Davis pointed out all boundary changes will have to comply with racial balance guidelines and be approved by court.

Judicial System Discussed

By LOUIS F. DELGADO

Texas Staff Writer

The judicial system in relation to constitutional revision was the main topic of the Travis County legislative delegation's weekly breakfast Monday.

Discussion was held on the issue of organization of the state court system. State Rep. Ronald Earle outlined his

proposal to merge the Supreme Court and the Court of Criminal Appeals.

Travis County Dist. Atty. Robert Smith, speaking for the Travis County Defense Lawyers Association, expressed the group's opposition to the Earle proposal.

Smith said the legal profession, like the medical profession, is moving toward

specialization. He concluded that this development could best be served by the institution of separate and equal courts.

Joe Greenhill, chief justice of the Texas Supreme Court, said he could not support a system of separate, equal courts because no one would be authorized to organize the court system.

He emphasized someone must be in charge to provide order for the system.

Another issue discussed was merit selection of judges. On this question there are three proposals: to leave the current system in operation, to provide for election of judges on a nonpartisan basis as opposed to the current system of electing judges on a partisan basis or to create a judge selection panel which would study potential judges

and recommend three names to the governor, who would then pick one of the nominees.

The judges would serve for six years, at the end of which their performance would be evaluated and a decision would be made on whether to retain them.

St. John Garwood, an Austin attorney, spoke in favor of the merit selection system, saying it would result in a higher percentage of competent judges. He added that judges would be able to do a better job since they wouldn't have to spend any of their time in re-election efforts.

Earle noted the merit system is oligarchical but said he strongly supports it. Harriet Murphy, a Municipal Court relief judge, said the merit selection proposal would be offensive to her if minority interests were not reflected by the selection panel. She cited the current paucity of judges from minority groups in Texas and the under-representation of minorities in the state's best law schools.

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In The Supply Dept. of the Co-Op
All day Wednesday Jim Moorehead, the sales representative for Hewlett-Packard, will be in the supplies section of the Co-Op Supply Dept. to answer any questions you can think up about any of the Hewlett-Packard pocket calculators and to demonstrate their use.
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—Texas Staff Photo by Paul Colapso

No Intrusion, Please!
What does one do on a lazy sunny afternoon? This University student appears to be daydreaming or in deep thought as he sits overlooking the East Mall.

Women's Studies Offered

Following a national trend of developing women's studies courses, the University Department of History is offering for the first time a course in women's rights. "The Women's Rights Movement in the United States" is taught by Dr. Pat Kruppa, assistant professor of history.

The course, American History 366N, is a survey of the feminist movement from the 1700s to the present, Dr. Kruppa said. Response to the course from the 170 students, of which 14 are male, has been good so far, she said. The course will not be offered again until next spring, because of advance planning required courses.

Prior to Dr. Kruppa's course, only two women's studies courses had been offered at the University.

TSP Names Jenkins Pearl Editor

The Texas Student Publications (TSP) Board closed the competition for Pearl editor at its Monday afternoon meeting by naming Sally Jenkins, the magazine's current managing editor, to the post.

The Daily Texan and three positions on the TSP Board are being accepted until noon Friday in TSP Building 3.200.

Burke Armstrong, minorities coordinator for The Daily Texan, was interviewed for the Pearl editorship and then dis-

qualified because he had not worked on the magazine for the minimum four issues. The TSP Board also elected board member Lee Grace, a journalism student, as chairman of the TSP executive committee.

One candidate had filed for a seat on the TSP Board by Monday's meeting. As yet, no one has filed for Texan editor. Don Wiley, junior government major, formally entered the TSP Board race for student member at-large, Place 2, Monday.

Wiley stressed the need for continued election of The Daily Texan editor by the student body, implementation of the voluntary checkoff plan for Texan funding and limiting opinion and comment to the editorial page.

"The Texan needs to become more of a 'news' paper," Wiley added. Of the five open places on the TSP Board, two students (one at-large and one from the School of Communication) are appointed by a preferential poll conducted by the board.

The other three (one at-large and two from the School of Communication) are elected by the student body.

Ars Poeticus

ON BEING: THERE AT BEVO'S

Promoters jive-ass around Maxine, Maxine, your voice is beautiful, Roy bums a dollar for beer, I bums a dollar for Dancers shakin' circles around finger popping pimping (Flaming creatures hurl on through the night from eternity to Bevo's—) Electrons scatter jerks on magnetic tape as the guitar men jumps and reels fish flap on grit linoleum floor.

—Jeff Woodruff

SMACKUANZER

I sat in the bathroom and told the roaches my story They listened quietly leaning half naked out of the cracks in the wall I was through and waiting in agony for their judgment Finally they leaned down from the wall and immense applause filled the room

—R. Michael Berrier

(Information concerning contributions to the weekly Ars Poeticus column should be directed to Molly Stafford, Daily Texan secretary, at 471-4591.)

Ex-Aide To Talk

Former Atty. Gen. Elliot L. Richardson will speak on "Complexity vs. Community" at the LBJ Auditorium in the LBJ School of Public Affairs at 3:30 p.m. Thursday.

Richardson resigned as attorney general Oct. 20, when he refused to follow a presidential order to fire former special Watergate prosecutor Archibald Cox. Since his resignation Richardson has accepted an appointment as a "distinguished scholar" at the Smithsonian Institution's Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars in Washington.

Richardson's address, which is free and open to the public, is being co-sponsored by the LBJ Library and the LBJ School of Public Affairs and has been made possible by a grant from the Moody Foundation to the LBJ Foundation.

City To Begin Acquiring Additional Building Sites

By JAMES DUNLAP
Texan Staff Writer

The city plans to begin negotiations soon for the purchase of seven parcels of land adjacent to the possible site of a new city hall, Joe Morahan, Austin's public property manager, said Monday.

Approval of the additional purchase came at Thursday's City Council meeting after the council authorized payment of \$1.4 million to R.H. Johnson Enterprises, a local investment firm for one and one-quarter blocks bounded by West First, West Second, Lavaca and Guadalupe Streets. The price for the adjacent land has not been established yet.

Six of the additional tracts are west of the newly purchased site and one is north. The land covers 125,000 square feet. The one and one-quarter block tract covers 95,000 square feet, more than twice the size of the current Municipal Building site.

City tax records show that one tract is owned by the Austin National Bank and one by Calcasieu Lumber Co. with the remaining

five under the surname Schneider.

When contacted, F. Ralph Schneider said he did own part of the property but declined to say how the rest of it was divided up. He said several of the Schneiders listed on the records are dead and their property is being administered by other persons.

Morahan said the city is waiting for an appraisal of the value of the land before contacting the various owners.

Morahan said he sees no problems in getting the land, especially because the city has the power of eminent domain which allows the city the right to acquire any land it needs as long as fair payment is provided.

He emphasized there are no firm plans for a new city hall.

"We are buying the property with the Water Board Building (the one and one-quarter block section) for additional city office space and the rest for possible future expansion," Morahan said.

Kress Outlines Spring Plans

Student Government President Sandy Kress Monday outlined plans to initiate priority programs this spring aimed at resolving student academic problems.

The eight-point "academic reform package" includes proposals which would involve students in department budget committee decisions and the resumption of publication of a teacher-course evaluation handbook.

Students on the budget committees would serve as advisers. This, Kress said, would provide a means to

"guarantee student say in academic decision making."

The handbook containing the results of teacher-course evaluations would give students an opportunity to read an appraisal of an instructor before registering in his course and would increase faculty responsiveness to students, Kress said.

Other proposals include "a pilot project experimental college." Designed for freshmen and sophomores, the college, comprised of 150 students and six faculty

members, would emphasize general education subject for two years.

Kress said such programs have already been successfully implemented at the University of California at Berkeley and at the University of Wisconsin.

Kress also proposed that a permanent foreign studies agency be established on campus and that tenure guidelines be shifted to "place substantially more emphasis on an instructor's teaching effectiveness" rather than on research.

Many of the proposed programs, Kress said, could be funded through current departmental appropriations. The experimental college could be financed by the College of General and Comparative Studies, he said.

Kress said he will present his ideas to the Student Senate Wednesday.

BIKES

can be registered with the University Police Monday-Friday, 9 a.m. - Noon at the bicycle rack on the north end of Belmont Hall.

Doctoral Program Ratified

By TERRIE WHITEHEAD

The Graduate Assembly approved creation of a doctoral program in Slavic languages and literatures and postponed action on changing its membership criteria Monday.

The proposal for the doctoral program passed in a voice vote and will be sent to University President Stephen Spurr and referred to the Board of Regents for ap-

proval.

The proposal states that no additional funds will be required to finance the new program because existing professors will instruct the classes.

Another proposal under discussion by the Graduate Assembly would admit assistant professors as full members of the graduate faculty and make

membership automatic when a person is employed at any professional level.

At present, assistant professors may become associate members of the graduate faculty, but not full members. However, an associate or full professor may be nominated for membership to the graduate faculty by the departmental graduate studies committee

and approved for membership by the Executive Committee of the Graduate Assembly.

In other business, Dr. Wayne Holtzman, professor of psychology and education, outlined issues related to graduate programs for discussion at future meetings: the external degree and content of studies on the graduate level,

the appointment of faculty outside regular departments, administration and recruitment of graduate students, prerequisites for graduate students when they cut across departments and take other courses, special library problems in the psychology and education departments and growing community junior colleges creating job opportunities in teaching.

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A permanent reason for change

The people in direct political control of the University System turned out in force for Monday's Education Committee hearing, advancing the best and worst possible arguments for constitutional status of the Permanent and Available Funds.

APPROPRIATELY ENOUGH, Regent Frank C. Erwin spoke on behalf of the UT System. Erwin, the man who controls Texas university education more than any one other person, delivered an adroit if facile presentation of the regents' case.

On the Permanent Fund Erwin and the regents present what appears on the surface a good argument. It is true that the Permanent and Available Funds enable the University of Texas and Texas A&M systems to attain a relative excellence. Erwin rightly asserted the special funds ensure the State of Texas will maintain at least one quality graduate research institution. It is equally true that the Permanent Fund distributed to all Texas universities would serve little benefit to any institution. The Permanent and Available Funds are essentially the lifeblood of the University. Few people, if any, deny this.

THE ARGUMENT for replacement of the Permanent Fund rests rather on the regents' arrogant misuse of those funds. On this point Erwin's case is noticeably weak. The primary objection, centered, of course, around the University's lack of commitment to the black and brown people of Texas. Here Erwin evaded the truth, and generally displayed a lapse of forthrightness.

Rep. Pentony of Houston opened this line of questioning, asking Erwin why the regents had not already utilized Available Fund income for a substantial minority recruitment effort. Erwin did not think this "an appropriate question." He said, "We (the regents) had simply exhausted other funds." As a matter of historical record the regents had exhausted those funds for a \$6.5 million swimming pool, a \$250,000 West Mall renovation, a \$1 million chancellor's mansion and numerous other boondoggles too numerous to mention. The regents, it has often been noted, retain a remarkable capacity for coming up with monies when it seems politic to do so.

THIS OCCURED Monday with the announcement of a

special \$400,000 four-year sum for minority recruitment. President Spurr and the regents have been insisting for years that no Available Fund monies exist to recruit minorities. This is the constitutional convention, though, and the regents needed a token gesture to solidify support for the Permanent Fund.

They did so; the Permanent Fund will most likely survive a second constitution and another generation of Texans. What does not have to survive are the regents themselves, the single reason for meaningful opposition to the Permanent Fund.

-M.E.

The time has come

When the University Council makes three unanimous votes on one issue at one meeting, you could say the time for that idea has come. The subject at Monday's meeting was minority enrollment at the University, and the sense of the council was that it should be substantially increased.

IT WAS A DAY of revelation at the council. Assistant to the president Bob Mettlen announced that President Stephen H. Spurr would recommend to the regents this Thursday that \$400,000 from the Available Fund be allocated for financial aid for minority students. And the faculty heard that additional money would be set aside for raises in their own pay.

Also presented at the meeting was the revised report of the Committee on Minority Affairs. When the minority representatives unveiled their creation, nothing was there. Through miscommunication with themselves, the secretary of the council and Student Government, the committee had not prepared its report in time for prior distribution to the council. In fact, only about five or six copies were brought to the 60-member council. The committee was told to try again.

A bit of background on the University Council: as far as anyone can tell, it is a committee of the General Faculty. But it acts as the supreme legislative body of the faculty



-Texan Staff Photo by Paul Calapa

Behold the West Mall: a permanent joy to the eye.

and administration. Faculty members are elected by arcane rites; administrators and six students sit ex-officio. This august body conducts its affairs with a deliberation that approaches senility when the ground is unfamiliar, as progressive ground often is.

CONSIDERING THE POOR preparation of the minority committee, the council's treatment was remarkably gentle. Yet it was far from perfect. It appeared that the council was not yet ready for minority students to occupy the University in proportion to their percentage of the state's population. And President Spurr's \$400,000 in minority aid is to be provided over a four-year period, which means \$100,000 a year. This would mean complete

financial aid for about 60 students per year, or half-support for 120 per year.

These numbers are insignificant considering the small proportion of minorities at this university and the historically gross injustices in education for the state's poor and minorities. Yesterday's revelations represent very slow progress at best: racial discrimination is not yet finished in Texas.

But for a university that built a separate law school for Herman Sweatt rather than have its first black student commingle with his betters, you might say that the time for that idea has come.

-K.M.

quest viewpoint

UT voting: Austin is your home

By DAN BOYD

This week the Student Council for Voter Registration (SCVR) will operate five voter registration tables, run by authorized voter registration deputies, to register University students to vote in Austin and to change voting addresses of students who have moved out of their voting precinct. Please avail yourself of this opportunity.

The locations are West Mall, Littlefield Fountain, 26th and Speedway Streets, Jester and the Journalism Building.

SCVR unequivocally recommends that University students register to vote in Austin. Since almost all Texas elections occur during the long-term school year, students who register "back home" in

some other county will have to vote absentee. Voting absentee is a complicated and time-consuming process, and the simple truth is that very few of these students ever vote at all. This propensity of students who have to vote absentee to fail to vote was well known by various persons, including former Atty. Gen. John Mitchell, who several years ago unsuccessfully attacked the right of students to vote where they go to college. After numerous court battles, it is now quite clear that students have a constitutional right to register to vote where they go to college.

Students who register where their parents reside, while being unlikely to vote, are even more unlikely to attend their precinct conventions, which occur in Texas about the time of spring finals, and which require your physical presence. Since these conventions ultimately choose the governing structure of both major political parties, including national convention delegates, students who do not register in Travis County will probably not be able to have a voice within either political party.

Here's why Beyond these practical considerations, voting in Austin is important to University students because, despite our lingering ties to Mom and Dad, Austin is our home. It is where we stay at least nine months out of the year. One need only mention the issues concerning the Drag vendors, the dismantling of the University neighborhoods, the building of nuclear power plants, the "senatorial courtesy" power that Sen. Lloyd Doggett holds over nominees to the Board of Regents who live in Austin, denials of parade permits to protesting students and countless others to realize that it is Austin — not Houston, Dallas or Muleshoe — that affects our lives. Indeed this is the basis for the determination by the federal courts that to deny students the right to vote where they go to college is a denial of fundamental rights. I might also add that our financial commit-

ment is also here. Apartment dwellers pay property taxes indirectly through their rent, and we all pay the 1 percent city sales tax on all of our taxable purchases.

Nader's praise The majority of University students do vote in Austin, but there are still a significant number who do not. In 1972 and 1973, UT Austin probably had the largest number of students registered to vote at their college residence of any campus in the nation. This is no doubt part of what provoked Ralph Nader to comment on national television last December that the University of Texas is one of several campuses that is more politically astute than the Ivy League campuses. This year, however, there remain about 8,000 freshmen and transfer students who have not yet registered in Austin.

Here's how The SCVR deputies can also change precinct numbers for students who no longer live in their voting precinct. To change your voting address at the tables, however, you must have your voter registration certificate. Otherwise you can change it at the courthouse. It is very important that these address changes be made. There may be future legal challenges to students who do not live in their voting precinct, and, notwithstanding that, it is inconvenient to travel a greater distance on election day. The tables have maps to determine your precinct number.

In a recent decision of the U.S. Court of Appeals, Fifth Circuit, Judge Homer Thornberry of Austin, when confronted with a Texas statute requiring students to intend to stay "indefinitely" in their college town in order to vote there, stated that the law was a patent and obvious attempt to deny college students the right to vote and the equal protection of the law; he sent the statute to the wastebasket. You have the right. Exercise it this week.

Dan Boyd is a member of the Student Council for Voter Registration.

quest viewpoint

Texas neglects minorities

By STEVE RUSSELL

"In these days," wrote the Supreme Court in Brown v. Board of Education, "it is doubtful that any child may reasonably be expected to succeed in life if he is denied the opportunity of an education. Such an opportunity ... must be made available to all on equal terms." That was in 1954. Twenty years later, equal education opportunity remains a promise unkept.

Not only ethnic minorities but poor people in general are trapped by a Texanized Catch-22. They need political clout to change the school financing system. They need education to get political clout. They can't get education until they change the school financing system.

So it goes. No "qualified minority applicants," says the law school, blaming the college for not sending them which blames the high school for putting them on a "vocational track" which blames the elementary school for not teaching them to read which blames the government for not providing enough money to do so. And in a San Antonio barrio dies another childhood, another dropout statistic.

Unequal taxation About 40 percent of public education costs are met in Texas by local property taxes. The amount raised locally therefore depends on how much voters choose to tax themselves and the value of taxable property in the school district. Contrary to popular belief, the poorest districts tend to have the highest tax rates and the richest districts tend to have the lowest tax rates.

In San Antonio, for example, property-poor Edgewood residents taxed themselves \$1.05 per \$100 to raise \$26 per pupil while across town property-rich

Alamo Heights raised \$333 per pupil with a tax rate of only 85 cents per \$100 (1967-68 figures).

State funds make about 50 percent of Texas' public education expenditures. In the year for which figures are quoted above, Alamo Heights got \$225 per pupil from the state while Edgewood got \$222 per pupil. This result is in line with Texas' generally regressive tax structure, and it caused the three judges in Rodriguez v. San Antonio Independent School District to point out that "the current system tends to subsidize the rich at the expense of the poor ..."

Nowhere found

Whether money provides quality education depends, of course, on how you spend

it. But Bauer Houses and useless fountains are not at stake here. Professional salaries per pupil in Alamo Heights amount to \$372; Edgewood can pay only \$209. Alamo Heights has one counselor for 645 students; Edgewood has one counselor for 3,098 students. There are other similar statistics, but if you still doubt the difference in quality just go to San Antonio and look.

The Rodriguez Case went to the Supreme Court, with a UT law professor on each side — Mark Yudof for Demetrio Rodriguez and Charles Alan Wright for the school district. In a 5-4 decision, the Texas school financing system was upheld, even though one of the five observed that it

"can fairly be described as chaotic and unjust."

Beating a retreat

Justice Thurgood Marshall, who had argued the Brown case for the black plaintiffs in 1954, wrote the principal dissent. The Rodriguez decision, he said, "can only be seen as a retreat from our historic commitment to equality of educational opportunity and as an unsupportable acquiescence in a system which deprives children in their earliest years of the chance to reach their full potential as citizens."

This, in oversimplified form, is what our representatives call The Rodriguez Problem, and most of them agree that something must be done.

firing line

Probing the oil shortage

To the editor:

I would not be surprised if the major oil companies turned out to be the main manipulating force behind the energy crisis, but "Who caused the oil crisis: industry, nature or Nixon?" did absolutely nothing to support this hypothesis in my mind.

...the United States has untapped oil reserves amounting to 80 times our 1971 consumption; gas reserves 100 times our 1971 consumption; coal reserves 800 times our 1971 consumption; and even greater supplies of oil shale." So what? Oil, like beer in a keg, only comes out so fast, and

those tremendous reserves often involve equally tremendous recovery problems—it's not as simple as just drilling a hole. Oil and gas reserves are often unrecoverable because of environmental conflicts; much coal and most oil shale cannot be recovered without devastating the countryside.

"For the last 17 years the oil industry has been steadily cutting back its exploratory drilling." American geologists have scoured the nation searching for good drilling sites, sometimes re-examining the same territory a dozen times or more. They are simply running out of places to

look. (An exploratory well is an extremely risky and expensive investment; you can't just drill everywhere.)

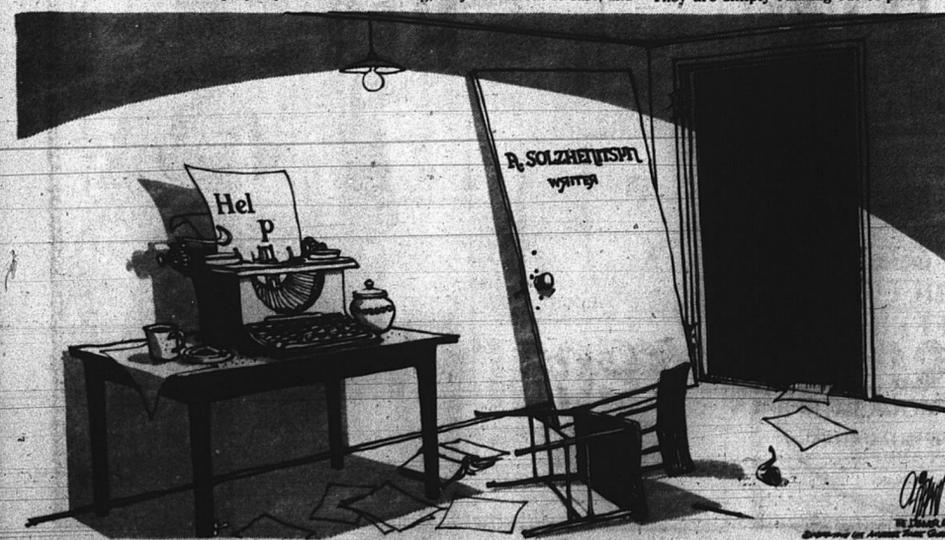
...oil companies knew the shortage was coming...for the past 20 years. In spite of this, as late as 1967 fields in Louisiana and Texas were operating at only 40 percent their capacity." Does the report suggest that we should have used up our reserves as fast as we possibly could? It neglects to mention any of the highly complex economic factors involving rate of recovery.

"While proclaiming a shortage of oil and gas in this country, the major oil companies 'are pushing the sale of those very same products in Europe and Asia.'" The majors happen to be in the business of selling European oil to Europeans and Asian oil to Asians. The report does not show how much, if any, of those reserves are available to Americans.

...if the restrictions (on imports of foreign oil in 1970) were dropped, the price of crude oil would fall more than 30 percent." This does not necessarily mean that the majors were gouging us; oil reserves vary tremendously in their cost of recovery. The report neglected to compare costs in the average American field with costs in foreign fields.

...the oil industry avoided paying 1.3 billion in 1971 alone" using the depletion allowance. Even with the allowance, the oil industry had the lowest profit margin of almost all major industries. Let's hope we can keep it down; no doubt the oil companies have been using some illegal methods to raise profits and reduce competition. Diligent investigation will root out the problem, but if the press keeps feeding us watered-down bull like "Who caused the oil crisis" we'll never get anywhere.

John Beall
M413 Jester



THE DAILY TEXAN

Student Newspaper of The University of Texas at Austin

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Opinions expressed in The Daily Texan are those of the editor or the writer of the article and are not necessarily those of the University administration or the Board of Regents.

The Daily Texan, a student newspaper at The University of Texas at Austin, is published by Texas Student Publications, Drawer D, University Station, Austin, Tex. 78712. The Daily Texan is published Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday except holiday and exam periods August through May. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Tex.

News contributions will be accepted by telephone (471-6891), at the editorial office (Texas Student Publications Building, basement floor) or at the news laboratory (Communication Building A415B). Inquiries concerning delivery and classified advertising should be made in TSP Building 3100 (471-5344) and display advertising in TSP Building 3110 (471-1866).

The national advertising representative of The Daily Texan is National Educational Advertising Service, Inc., 360 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

The Daily Texan subscribes to The Associated Press, The New York Times News Service, United Press International and Zodiac News Service. The Texan is a member of the Associated Collegiate Press, the Southwest Journalism Congress and the Texas Daily Newspaper Association.

Recycling stations for the newspaper are at 2415 S. Guadalupe, 8100 N. Burnet Road, Lake Austin, and at Red Bud Trail and 1800 S. Lakeshore Blvd.

Tenure resolutions up for faculty vote

By L.C. SHEPLEY
The UT System administration has recently made two moves toward stifling free inquiry and expression among the faculty. One move affects UT Austin directly: it is a tentative proposal which could allow wholesale firing of tenured professors on grounds that specific programs were no longer needed. The second move is also tentative but affects UT Austin only indirectly: it would abolish the tenure system at two other UT campuses.

A tenured professor cannot be fired except through an elaborate process. This system of almost-guaranteed employment protects faculty from the day-to-day insecurity which would result when administrative superiors have no concept of the free exchange of ideas characteristic of a university. Every person in academic life can point to cases where a brilliant researcher or teacher has been hounded by an anti-intellectual political hack, only to be protected by his tenure. Einstein, Oppenheimer, Pauling spring to mind — I'll refrain from examples closer to home. The AAUP continually mediates cases of flagrant disregard of professors' rights of academic freedom and tenure, and weakening of tenure would rapidly worsen the situation.

Two decisions
A professor is granted tenure only after a probationary period as assistant professor. At that time he is judged to be worthy of continuing employment. Tenure's principal fault lies in its protection of those who become mentally weakened. Faculty past their prime can indeed be a blight, for there is no reliable objective criterion to distinguish tired intellect from inarticulate genius. To overcome this fault, UT has a mandatory retirement age but grants modified service if the professor is able.

The abuse possible — certain is a more accurate term — in a system requiring periodic review by administrators of all professors is hideous. One of the specific moves by the regents involves development of a seven-year contract system in lieu of tenure for UT Permian Basin and the UT Cancer Center. They call this term contract system a form of "tenure," perhaps as a deliberate insult or perhaps from ignorance of academic customs. The AAUP issued a statement before Christmas condemning the move. We noted that it will adversely affect faculty morale and recruitment throughout the UT System and that no method of meaningful faculty consultation was used. Although Regent Erwin has

assured UT Austin the term contract system will not be used here — a statement seen by many as a contemptible attempt to buy silence — and although President Spurr has told faculty that UT Austin is committed to a tenure system in general accord with AAUP recommendations, the move is so revolting we must resist strongly its final implementation. The University Council has now joined in deploring the move.

The other administration move intimately affects UT Austin: Chancellor LeMaistre has proposed a rewording of the regents rules on tenure to allow the release of tenured faculty in case a specific program is abandoned. Certainly a true case of financial cutback by a nonuniversity supporting agency may be one excuse to reduce a program, but LeMaistre's proposal would open the way for arbitrary reductions. One can imagine, for example, that a small decrease in enrollment could be used as an excuse to fire an outspoken professor. A faculty committee has suggested a revision of LeMaistre's proposal. The revision has many good points, for example in making more fair the selection of a review committee during the process of firing. Many faculty, however, have protested that the revision still does not have adequate safeguards

against the arbitrary dropping of departments and programs. The General Faculty is meeting Tuesday afternoon in response to these protests, and it is important that every faculty member express his or her views there.

Faculty input
The chancellor did request

firing line

The Texan exhausts an issue

To the editor:
In the short span of two weeks Richard White has had the good fortune to have three of his letters published by The Texan — all, oddly enough, praising the Texan and/or its courageous editor.

Page 23 of the ~~transmission~~ of the Texas Student Publications, which supposedly governs The Texan, reads that letters from "habitual letter-writers may be rejected at the editor's discretion with the aim of encouraging constructive comment. The editor must also recognize the point at which a topic has been exhausted."

It is certainly nice to read of such "constructive" praise as Mr. White has for The Texan and its editor. Really, though, Mr. Eakin, isn't three letters in two weeks exhausting this

particular writer's topic, as agreeable as it is to you?
Bill Owens
Kerry Cammack
(Editor's note: Yes, three letters does exhaust the topic. Of late the editorial assistants have chosen letters for publication, and we simply neglected to check the names closely enough. Thanks for your concern; it won't happen again.)

Bozo bums

To the editor:
Your forthright editorials in The Texan make me a little prouder of being an ex-student of UT. I derive very little pride in my school or my native state from the crass exploitative behavior of such local notables as Erwin, Spurr, Butler, et al.

What made attending the

University a worthwhile experience and that has made living in Austin these past eight or nine years a pleasant change from my Dallas-bred past is the community of radicals, beatniks, environmentalists, mystics, cranks and honest grown-ups who have chosen to make a stand here. These people are the natural adversaries of "cost-plus" regents, servile administrators, dishonest or ignorant politicians, bulldozer builders and all the disgusting bozos out to make and manage fortunes at the expense of the land and the people of Austin.

There is every reason to expect that these bozos will take every change to run us off, shut us down, shut us up and run us down. They certainly do. It's enough to make a person angry, and I can hardly

blame the Texan editor for being a little teed-off most of the time. But we can't give up. Just remember Brian Wilson's words and "Be true to your school."
Dan Barton

Uncooperative

To the editor:
If people are determined to deprive the rest of the world of its resources and to finance the likes of GM and Exxon, they might as well go ahead and use cars and they might as well form a Gas Co-op to cut out some of the middleman's (or middleperson's?) profits.

However to rationalize the founding of the Gas Co-op on a concern over the environment, as was done in the Friday article, is a little too

much. The automobile just happens to require more square feet of land to be paved over than any other means of transport; it just happens to spew more pollutants into the air per passenger mile than any other means, and it has a few rivals in the amount of killing and maiming it does for each passenger mile traveled.

With their concern for the environment, the Gas Co-operators ought to go work for the Nixon administration. What with his concern for peace, candor, etc., they ought to get along just fine.

Philip Russell
Box 8004, University Station

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Crossword Puzzler

ACROSS

- Prohibit
- Frighten
- Music as written
- Frozen water
- Assumed name
- Food fish
- Suited
- Coupled
- Mountain nymph
- Employ
- Withered
- Decay
- Repair
- Title of respect
- Uppermost part
- Female deer
- King of Bashan
- Everybody's uncle
- Existed
- Preparation
- Range of knowledge
- Cheer
- Pursue
- Goddess of discord
- Dance step
- Declare
- Organ of hearing
- Retail establishment
- Drink of the gods
- Hailing
- Exit
- English county
- Sailor (colloq.)
- Footlike part
- Great poet
- Resort

DOWN

- High card
- Commit to writing
- Identical
- Lucid
- Three-toed sloth
- Knock
- Brother of Jacob
- Diatribe
- Pedal digit
- Sum up
- Regions
- Doctrine
- Speck
- Fumes
- Ardent
- Haul
- Loop
- Put off
- Delata
- Moccasin
- Chart
- Portion
- Female relatives
- Short steep
- Possesses
- Greek letter
- Weaken
- Period of time
- Look fixedly
- Imprudent
- Above
- Before
- Greek letter
- Weakness
- Period of time
- Negative prefix

Answers to Yesterday's Puzzler



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It's Like You Never Left
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UT, Aggies Need SWC Win

By RICHARD JUSTICE
Texan Staff Writer

Last February when Texas and Texas A&M played before a packed crowd of 7,000 in Gregory Gym, the two teams had only pride to play for.

Both Texas and A&M's mediocre 1973 teams were in the process of playing out their seasons. Neither had much chance of catching Southwest Conference champion Texas Tech.

This season, on paper at least, things are different as the Aggies come back to the Gregory Gym for a 7:35 p.m. Tuesday game against Texas. Because it's still relatively early in the SWC schedule, both 3-1 Texas and 2-2 Texas A&M still have chances of winning the conference.

BUT TEXAS A&M, with two losses already, badly needs a victory if it is to have a shot at conference leader Tech. A&M, however, may not be championship material this year. Not even SWC championship material. Last Saturday against Rice, A&M trailed the entire game only to take the lead with 2:24 remaining and hold on for an 80-79 victory.

Texas, on the other hand, played the Red Raiders the same way other SWC teams have played them. The Longhorns fell behind early only to make up the difference and lose it at the end, 85-81.

As usual, Texas will be at a height disadvantage against the Aggies, but it won't be obvious as with other Texas op-

ponents this season. IN FACT A&M Head Coach Shelby Metcalf did not see the Aggies' advantage. "Well, we may have an advantage," Metcalf said. "I really hadn't thought about it. I think it's more of a case of how tall you play rather than how tall you stand."

It may also be a case of how deep your bench talent is. Texas' reserve strength is strong. The Horns' starting five remains intact, but Texas Asst. Coach Dale Dotson admitted, "We may just draw straws right before the game to see who starts."

And Texas' 3-1 SWC record can be attributed to the right straw being drawn at the right time. In three of the four Texas SWC games Head Coach Leon Black has been able to find the right substitute.

Against SMU, freshman forward Philip Davis came off the bench and scored 16 points. In the Rice game, James Price came in and hit 13 second half points.

In the Texas Tech game no one came off the bench effectively. But Texas almost won

anyway. Even though the Texas game plan has been a case of finding the right man at the right time, the Horns' two seniors, forward Larry Robinson and guard Harry Larrabee, have been consistent throughout the season.

Students must have their University ID cards validated for the spring semester to be allowed into Tuesday night's Texas-Texas A&M basketball game, Texas Ticket Manager Richard Boldt said Monday.

ROBINSON, averaging 26.3 points per SWC game, can't contribute any more as far as Black is concerned. "Larry's giving us everything that he possibly can," Black said. "It's the same with the whole team, though. They put out all the time they are on the court."

And Larrabee's 15.8 points per SWC game has kept Texas in several ball games and kept the Longhorns in many others.

A&M also relies on bench strength but is led by senior

forward Randy Knowles, who is averaging 15.5 points per game.

"Randy's the only one of our players that has played well in every game," Metcalf said. "He's been a great competitor."

A&M has another "competitor" in 5-10 guard Mike Floyd, who is averaging 12.7 points. Floyd, along with 6-8 junior forward Cedric Joseph, 12.6 points, gives the Aggies a balanced scoring Black is planning to use the same strategy he did against Tech to control the tempo of the game.

"We feel like we have to control the tempo, and we have to play excellent defense," Black said. "We feel that we're playing our best game when the tempo is a little faster."

Metcalf feels A&M will have to control Robinson's tempo better than Texas Tech did if the Aggies are to win. "We can't give Robinson 38 and expect to win," he said. "Tech's the only team that can allow that kind of luxury and still win."



ed dalheim

In recent years the popularity of professional sports has grown to immense proportions. In 1960 there existed 10 pro football teams, 16 baseball teams, 6 hockey teams and 9 basketball teams for a total of 41 major sports teams.

Fourteen years later, two football leagues have merged and expansion has led to 26 teams. Baseball has expanded to 24 teams, hockey has two leagues and 28 teams and basketball has two leagues and 27 teams. That now gives the avid sports fan 105 teams to follow.

This last week the new World Football League officially began operations as it held its first player draft. The new league brings 12 new teams to pro football.

Two questions quickly come to mind concerning this expansion. First, are there enough good players to stock 38 teams and still call it major league football? Second, will the new league start another price war resulting in extravagant salaries that will eventually come out of the fan's pockets?

Wanted: Players

The WFL will have to find approximately 564 players. In addition, several highly rated collegians will also be lost to the much improved Canadian League.

When the American Basketball Association and World Hockey Association were formed they had a reservoir of minor league players to tap. Pro football has few minor league teams or semipro teams from which it can draft players.

Most of the players will come directly from college ball with a sprinkling of worn-out veterans and players lured away from the NFL.

With this kind of talent it will take the new league at least 8 to 10 years to reach the present level of pro football.

To make the league a success, the WFL will have to sign big-name collegians and a good supply of NFL veterans. This will cost money.

The WFL owners have gone on record as saying there will be no price war. They think that it is time for expansion, and they are willing to put the time and money into developing the league.

The league owners were carefully screened to insure their credibility and financial abilities. Each team has already paid \$300,000 to the league for operating costs and franchise fees. Now they must hire a coaching staff, players, stadium, front office and, of course, have operating

expenses. Some of the league owners and officials have impressive credentials in sports operations. The league president, Gary Davidson, also launched the ABA and the WHA.

Robert Schmertz, owner of the New York franchise, is also owner of the National Basketball Association's Boston Celtics and the WHA's New England Whalers. Nick Mileti, owner of the Cleveland franchise, also owns the NBA's Cleveland Crusaders.

If these men do have the money, it seems likely that they will use it to procure the best players to build up the league. Every other expansion league has done it and they will, too.

Bob Woolf, Boston attorney who handles many of the big-name pro athletes, is predicting a 100 percent increase in salaries.

It is unlikely that many players will receive 100 percent increases, but one player that probably will is the Miami Dolphins' Larry Csonka, who made \$55,000 last year. It is unlikely that Csonka will be wooed away from the Dolphins, but running back Jim Kiick is rumored ready to go if the price is right.

The new teams are located in Toronto, Memphis, Birmingham, Boston, New York, Southern California, Philadelphia, Hawaii, Chicago, Jacksonville-Orlando, Washington-Baltimore and Detroit. Eight of the teams will be competing head-to-head with NFL teams.

Pro Draft

The teams have already completed six rounds of the player draft. Forty more rounds of selecting collegiate players are scheduled for a later date along with a draft of professionals, including those already under contract.

If the WFL runs into financial problems or is unable to sign top players in its first year, it runs the risk of becoming another Continental Football League.

The Continental League began operations in the late 1960s with the idea of becoming a major league, but financial problems and the inability to sign name players and acquire publicity turned it into a minor league.

The best the WFL can hope for would be to follow the lines of the old American Football League. To do that, the owners will lose a lot of money, and it will take awhile for the WFL to reach parity with the NFL.

Starting Lineups

Texas			Texas A&M				
Pos.	Hgt.	Class	Pos.	Hgt.	Class		
Tommy Weirter	C	6-7	Jr.	Jerry Mercer	C	6-9	Jr.
Larry Robinson	F	6-7	Sr.	Randy Knowles	F	6-6	Sr.
Ed Johnson	F	6-5	Fr.	Cedric Joseph	F	6-8	Jr.
Dan Krueger	G	5-11	Soph.	Mike Floyd	G	5-10	Jr.
Harry Larrabee	G	5-10	Sr.	Mike Johnson	G	6-4	Fr.

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Cowboys Open Draft

DALLAS (UPI) — Barring a late, major trade involving quarterback Craig Morton, the Dallas Cowboys appear set to lead off Tuesday's National Football League draft with the selection of Tennessee State defensive

lineman Ed Jones. For the first time in their 14-year history, the Cowboys own the first draft pick in the league thanks to a trade last year with the Houston Oilers.

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JV To Face McClellan JC
Texas' Junior Varsity basketball team hosts McClellan County Junior College for a 5:15 p.m. Tuesday tip-off at Gregory Gym. In the starting lineup for Texas will be Joe Bailey and Tommy Wheeler at guard, Tommy Delatour and Pat McClellan at forward and Gary Boydston at center.

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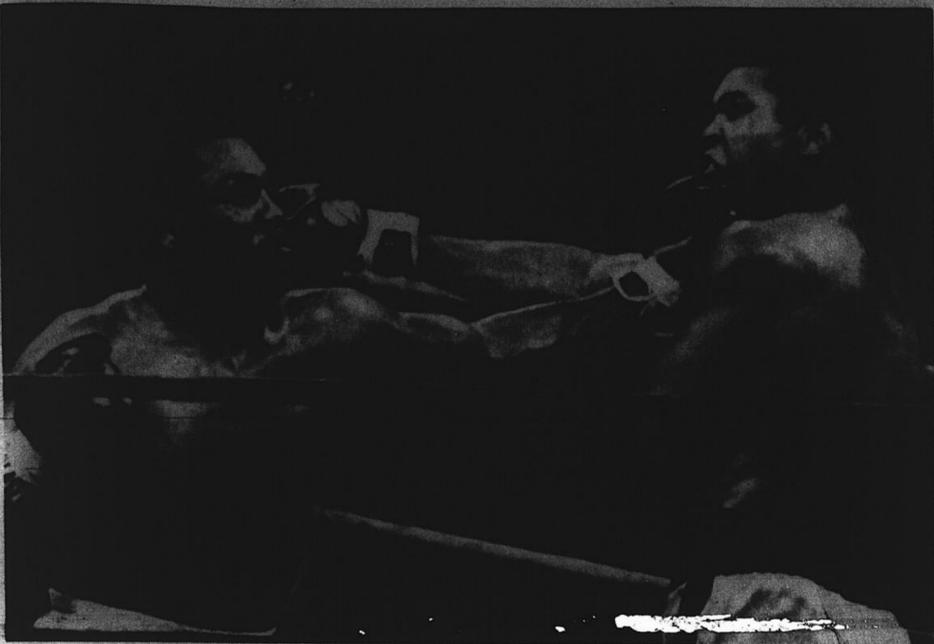
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Muhammad Ali trades punches with Joe Frazier in the fifth round.

Ali Wins by Decision

By HERB HOLLAND
Texan Staff Writer

Former heavyweight champion Muhammad Ali scored a unanimous decision over former heavyweight champion Joe Frazier Monday night at Madison Square Garden in one of the most brutal fights the boxing world has ever seen.

Ali, using the right jab, kept Frazier off balance through most of the early going, dancing around the ring just as he predicted the week before the fight.

The 2,500 or so fans viewing the fight via closed circuit television in Austin's City Coliseum backed Ali almost unanimously throughout the fight and were treated to something which hasn't been seen for a number of years — the Muhammad Ali of years past.

ALI CAME OUT in the first round and set a feverishly quick pace, jabbing to Frazier's head and dancing in and out of the corners. It was plain to see that Ali wasn't going to clown around in this fight as he did in the first match with Frazier on March 8, 1971.

In the second round, Ali and Frazier exchanged blows at point-blank range, with neither man yielding.

"This pace is much too heavy," said Nelson Fretwell, who watched the fight from the Coliseum. "They're going to beat each other to death before this fight's over."

AND ALI was in control throughout the first half of the fight, dancing and continuously landing punches to Frazier's head. Had it not been for the first six rounds, Frazier certainly would have won the decision — it was close enough as it was.

For a while in the eighth, it almost looked as if Frazier would put Ali down for the count, as he scored heavily to Ali's head

and midsection. Ali could barely manage to keep Frazier's arms tied up when the bell sounded.

But Ali came back in the 10th, jabbing away at a swelling below Frazier's right eye. Despite this, Frazier still looked to be the winner.

And in round 11, when everybody in the crowd sensed a Frazier victory in the making, Ali came on strong, scoring heavily with the right hand, causing blood to flow from Frazier's mouth and the crowd to jump to its feet.

"You're too slow, Joe," screamed a fan. In the final round, nobody was sitting down as Ali opened the round with a quick flurry of punches to Frazier's head. Ali started dancing again, even though he was clearly fatigued.

FRAZIER SCORED to the body, but Ali's comeback in the final rounds was just too much, as referee Tony Perez scored the fight 6-5-1. Ali, judge Jack Gordon had it 8-4 and judge Tony Castellano made it unanimous, scoring the fight 7-4-1 for Ali.

When the decision was announced, the crowd was stunned — Ali may have outpointed Frazier, but a unanimous decision seemed almost too much. After all, Frazier did take the fighting to Ali, in typical Frazier fashion.

But someone had to win, and the victory set Ali up for a multi-million dollar title fight with world champion George Foreman. The loss just might have ended a great career for Frazier.

Maybe Ali's back. Maybe he's back in better shape than any other contender.

But one thing's for certain. With the final bell of the Ali-Frazier rematch, boxing witnessed its saddest day in years — with Frazier and Ali both nearing the end of their careers, who's going to be left to challenge Foreman in the future?

UT Wrestlers Fight Obstacles

(Editor's Note: This is the fifth in a series on University sports teams and clubs not operated by the Texas athletic department.)

By MARK PEEL
Texan Staff Writer

At several major universities and colleges, especially in the Midwest and on the West Coast, wrestling is a sport that outdraws all others except basketball and football in attendance.

Texas is a strange exception in that none of the other Southwest Conference schools have a wrestling team that engages in intercollegiate competition. Only North Texas State University and Richland Junior College in Dallas have teams in their athletic programs.

The University Wrestling Club operates as a part of the University Sports Association for men and competes in several meets each year in spite of the athletic department.

The club's coach and faculty sponsor is David Schramm, an assistant professor of astronomy and physics.

The club currently has 25 members, both undergraduate and graduate students. Most of the members wrestled on a team in high school, but a few

became interested in the sport after entering the University.

The wrestling "season" begins in November and lasts until the middle of March. During the fall semester, the club competed in two dual meets and a tournament. In the spring, it will enter a meet every weekend until March 16.

The club receives \$700 annually from the University Sports Association. Schramm said this goes to buy equipment for the team and expenses. The intramural department provides the club with wrestling uniforms for meets, but that's where assistance from the University just about ends.

"We have had a lot of trouble trying to find wrestling shoes for the team right now," said Schramm.

"At the University, you have to fill out a request form and go through all the correct channels," said Schramm. "The the University has to get three bids before it will buy anything, even though there may be only two companies which sell what you need."

Schramm tried knocking on the athletic department's door but didn't find any sympathetic ears. "They told me that before one school could have a team that competes on the intercollegiate level, all of the schools in the conference would have to approve it. One of their theories is that a wrestling program would dilute the other sports here," Schramm said.

"That really doesn't hold much water when you consider that Oklahoma has one

of the best wrestling teams in the nation and you know its football team isn't lacking," said Schramm.

Dave Dearborn, a club member and graduate student, said that keeping the members within the weight categories was a problem with the group, being a club rather than an organized team.

"If this was a regular college team, the coach could make us eat right and lose weight," he said. "As it is now, it's up to the other guys to watch their weight and if it gets too high, they just have to work it off."

The club plans to host a tournament March 9 in Gregory Gym, in addition to its regular schedule.

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'Hotcakes' Not Too Taylor-ed

By CARL WIEMERS
Texas Staff Writer
Oops, here comes another rhyming Simon, Carly, that is!

Ms. Simon, wife of James Taylor and mother of newborn Sara Maria, just released a new LP entitled "Hotcakes" that features such outstanding back-up musicians as Dr. John, Russ Kunkel, Klaus Voorman, Robbie Robertson of The Band, and of course, "Sweet Baby" James.

Although most of the material is up to Ms. Simon's standard, the production lags way behind, which is especially surprising because "Hotcakes" was produced by veteran Richard Perry. Ms. Simon's main

problem in "Hotcakes" is redundancy, not only in lyrics, but also in musical theme. Seven of the 11 cuts are written about her man.

Four of the songs on the album are done well, however. On side one, "Mind on My Man" and "Older Sister" are excellent. Taylor's style is evidenced heavily in "Mind on My Man," which is a laid back sort of whistling song. On the other hand, "Older Sister" is a fantastic imitation of a 1930s tune complete with the doo-wah back-up of Bennie Digs and The Revelations.

On side two, Ms. Simon and Taylor combine to sing and write, "Forever My Love" is the first song written by the famous duo,



Carly Simon
and it is nothing less than expected. The song is beautiful, but surprisingly it doesn't sound like either

Ms. Simon's or Taylor's style, but more like something Roberta Flack or Barbra Streisand would record.

However, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor's first outright attempt at mixing voices is a disaster. They combine to sing "Mockingbird" but someone apparently decided that it should be taken at a moderate tempo, and the song dies a quick death as it half-roads on forever.

Ms. Simon's supreme effort is "Grownup." In "Grownup" she sings, "They looked so lovely, they looked so self-assured, And I just like them would know it all when I matured, And wouldn't be afraid of the darkness or the bears, Or

the cracks in the ceiling upstairs. Now I've just gotten older, I've just gotten taller, And the little ones they call me a grownup." The music is beautiful, the words are beautiful, and her voice is beautiful (like the sound once thought to be monopolized by Judy Collins).

Despite the presence of four refreshing cuts, one cannot say that he is less than disappointed that so many tunes, like "Mockingbird," were left to die in a too slowly paced tune. Carly Simon and Richard Perry are too professional to let something like this happen, and one of the two should have been sharp enough to prevent it.

The Chuck Mangione Quartet appear in upcoming CEC event.

CEC Concert To Present Noted Jazz Ensembles

The Cultural Entertainment Committee will present a concert at 7:30 p.m. Feb. 6. Appearing at Municipal Auditorium will be the Longhorn Jazz Band, Herbie Hancock and his quintet, and Chuck Mangione and his quartet. The price will be 50 cents for optional fee holders and \$3.50, \$4.50 and \$5.50 for the general public. Tickets can be obtained from the Hogg Auditorium-Box Office through Feb. 6. Mangione is a trumpeter, composer, arranger and scorer. He also writes, conducts and produces concerts with symphony orchestras and various other musical

aggregations. He has scored several films and television specials and has received several Grammy nominations besides rating high in the Playboy Jazz and Pop Poll. Currently Mangione is mainly playing electric piano and flugelhorn with his own quartet. Hancock has played an integral part in the growth and expansion of improvisational and jazz music. He was composer and leader on several outstanding Blue Note releases in the '60s, was a pianist and composer with Miles Davis and currently is the leader of his own quintet.

horoscope

(Editor's Note: Danton and Dawn Spivy, who prepared this chart, are local astrologers specializing in charts, personal interviews, analyses and astrology classes.)
ARIES: You may surprise someone in your circle by exhibiting aims of a very unselfish nature.
TAURUS: Internally you feel motivated to involve yourself in some altruistic action, thereby adopting personal spiritual needs.
GEMINI: Chancy enterprises attract your attention and cause you to employ your mental talents creatively.
CANCER: An unexpected source of income may come your way through communication with people.
LEO: You tend to idealize today in your attitudes toward society. Allow a friend to give advice.
VIRGO: You are inclined to improve your working methods and tend to get the most for the least.
LIBRA: Some psychic or spiritual experience may move you to involve yourself in some group altruistic action.
SCORPIO: Today will probably bring you a financial gain of some kind.
SAGITTARIUS: Illuminating experiences may be reached through the power of an analytical and clear mind.
CAPRICORN: You probably feel the need to share and give. Romance and mystery intrigue you now.
AQUARIUS: Before opening your mouth, be sure of the facts.
PISCES: You find yourself led upon strange paths and seek to discover the actualities of your life.

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TOMORROW A Joseph E. Levine and Bruce Productions Presentation

George Segal Glenda Jackson A Melvin Frank Film **A Touch Of Class** BARGAIN MAT. \$1.00 1:30 p.m.

'Marat/Sade'

Drama Explores Insanity

"The Persecution and Assassination of Jean-Paul Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade; by Peter Weiss; directed by J. Robert Swain; starring Lou Szari, Warren Dwyer and the inmates of the Charenton asylum; at Zachary Scott Theatre Center.

By DEBRA TRIPLETT
Texan Staff Writer

Upon entering the dimly lit theater, the incoming audience is greeted by a group of paranoid, schizophrenic and erotomaniac patients. Faces grimace into grotesque expressions. Bodies perform nightmarish deeds. But most of all, a sense of paranoia begins to creep upon the viewer from the first act until the play's end. This is what it is like to experience "Marat/Sade."

"MARAT/SADE" probably is the most difficult play to review in the realm of theatrical history. It possesses a combination of theatrical forms — Brechtian theater, absurdism, naturalism and realism. This blend of elements produces a unique theatrical affect and serves to frustrate and intrigue the audience.

A number of symbols exist within the play. Coulmier, the asylum director, represents the outside bureaucratic existence apart from the cage — the people the inmates directly offend. The Marquis de Sade and Jean-Paul Marat contrast philosophical viewpoints. Is man an instrument of pleasure or a social-minded creation with a desire for peace and serenity? This question thrusts the audience into their own introspective analysis.

performance

Over-all performances of the cast are fine interpretations of Weiss' insane asylum tenants. The individual performances of the Herald (Richard Halpin), the audience's bridge between the insane world and the "sane" world, and Marat (Lou Szari) mark the highpoints in the play.

Duperret (Steve Mead) convinces the audience of his compulsive desire for the erotic elements. Portraying an erotomaniac and Charlotte Corday's lover, Duperret takes advantage of his every opportunity to fulfill his role.



—Yemen Staff Photo by David Woo

The cast of "Marat/Sade" performs in a maniacal scene.

Charlotte Corday (Janet Goodlett) is believable, not just in appearance, but in her speech as well. The melancholia and sleeping sickness with which she is afflicted comes across in her mannerisms and monotone speech. The only faulty thing is the choice of the Mar-

quis de Sade (Warren Dwyer). Sade gives a slower pace than necessary to a particularly colorful character in history and in "Marat/Sade."

Sade's voice does not suggest the pleasure seeking sadist committed to an institution, neither does he contrast the neurotic Marat directly. Sade's interpretation becomes the actors' choice and Dwyer chooses to make Sade a slow and dull character rather than one that is foreboding and mystifying.

Good words must be said about the four singers: Cucuruc (Michael Malinas), Polpoch (Mark Blakeney), Kokol (Robert Molder) and Rossingol (Maxin Sands). These singers emphasize elements taking place through song, dance and movement, and their job consists of projecting the play's essence to the audience. They implement and incite most of the action taking place in the cage.

Mayhem breaks loose throughout the play with all the sane and insane participating, either physically or mentally. In the final outbreak of violence, the viewer's eyes cross over the frightening riot and rest upon the faces of the muns, placidly smiling in the middle of madness.

While leaving the theater, it's hard to decide whether to go home and forget "Marat/Sade," conquer the world with socialism or return to the cage and take a place among the inmates.

"Marat/Sade" plays through Feb. 23 on Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights. Tickets are \$3 general admission and \$2 for students with identification cards. Curtain is at 8 p.m. Call 476-0841 for reservations.

television

Women's Lib takes a giant step back on television Tuesday night, as Karen Valentine stars in the Tuesday Movie of the Week entitled "The Girl Who Came Gift Wrapped."

the big city in pursuit of the man of her dreams — in this case, a rich magazine executive named Richard Long.

The movie asks the pertinent question: "What does a man who has everything he

thinks he wants get for his 40th birthday?" Odds favor a gift wrapped little plaything. The movie will air at 7:30 p.m. on channel 24.

Also at 7:30 p.m., channel 36 presents the "Snoop Sisters."

to prove that G (Miss Natwick) is falsely accused of attempted murder.

6:30 a.m. 7 Hee Haw
9 36 News
24 1 Dream of Jeannie
7 p.m. 3 Bill Moyers' Journal
24 Happy Days
36 Adam-12
1 Hawaii Five-O

8 p.m. 9 Evening At Pops
8:30 p.m. 7 Shaft
9 Music from Michigan State
24 Marcus Welby
36 Police Story

9:30 p.m. 9 Black Images
10 p.m. 7, 24, 36 News
9 Consultation
10:30 p.m. 7 Movie: "The Devil's 8"
9 Advocates
24 A Provoker at Heart
36 The Tonight Show

Recycling Stations

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Best Picture - Venice Film Festival



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(Time)

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New Lead in Murder Probe

The bodies of the Enright man and his wife, Sherylee, had been shot four times and his wife, Sherylee, had been slashed across the neck with a machete-like instrument.

He revealed that sheriff's deputies are questioning a man in connection with the deaths.

He revealed that sheriff's deputies are questioning a man in connection with the deaths.

UT Car Poolers Polled

The University ad hoc Committee on Energy Conservation has sent faculty and staff members a detailed computer questionnaire dealing with car pools and bus lines as transportation alternatives. The questionnaire, formulated by Sandra Rosenbloom, assistant professor of community and regional planning, specifically will enable the University to provide all interested car poolers with the names of others in their neighborhood who also are interested in car pooling.

General Faculty Tenure Review Due

Proposed changes in faculty tenure regulations will be the sole topic of a special meeting of the General Faculty at 4 p.m. Tuesday in the LBJ Auditorium.

Forty-two letters of protest were received by the secretary of the University Council after the council Nov. 19 adopted committee recommendations on administration plans to change regents rules for firing faculty members.

Ten letters of protest are required to warrant consideration of the legislation by the General Faculty, Harold C. Bold, secretary of the University Council, said Monday.

700 Sign Voter List

The Student Council for Voter Registration drive has signed up about 700 students since the drive began Monday, said Robert Howard, a registration drive volunteer.

About 200 students have made precinct changes, Howard said.

UNCLASSIFIED

Recorded blast! Dial 477-3749.
 Mowing? Help: \$10 a truckload. 258-1891
 AKC Dalmation pups. \$60. 474-1136.
 Cameras 30%-50% off (new) 478-5187.
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REWARD. LOST Blue Merle Collie. Grey with black spots. 8 1/2 months old. "Matthew" lost 30th-Red River. 477-3125, 477-0146, Jan.
 LOST BLACK/GRAY CAT six months. Pink collar with barrel. Vicinity Lake Austin Bldg. 472-0734.
 LOST SMALL BROWN and black male. Beagle and Dachshund mix. Reward. 442-7481.
 \$100 REWARD Male IRISH SETTER lost January 8 wearing choke chain and leather collar from area around Oltorf and Parker. Information or Return. No questions asked. 442-5271.
 COULD THE PERSON who found a black briefcase at Enfield and Pecos please call Toprec 454-2902. Please - if contains important papers. REWARD.
 LOST MALE, medium sized, part shepherd, mixed breed. floppy ears. answers to Zach. most distinctive feature-an obsession with retrieving. Missing two weeks. 472-7984.

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man wants legal counsel. He was interviewed once previously but had not requested a lawyer.

The suspect was an acquaintance of the Enright, the sheriff added.

Ballistics tests conducted by the Department of Public Safety have identified the make and caliber of the murder weapon, but Frank would not reveal the information.

Frank said that other per-

tion modes on campus last year, decided a completely new study on car pooling and bus lines, was needed rather than an incorporation of the previous "sample study," as the administration first requested.

Data from the survey is expected by March 1, she said.

The committee, said then that the wording of the new conditions was "too general and too broad."

The University Council adopted the committee recommendations on LeMaistre's proposal and copies were sent to the faculty on Nov. 30.

University Council by-laws state that "In the event the protested legislation is not considered at a General Faculty meeting due to a lack of a quorum, then the legislation shall be returned to the University Council for action."

Dr. Forest Hill, chairman of

the committee, said that the

Officials Rule Out Rationing

State officials, their sights set on long-term solutions to the growing energy crunch, continued Monday to rule out the possibility of gasoline rationing in Texas.

"In formal terms, you might say that our office is looking at it, but not really," Energy Advisory Council member Larry Vasalke said in the wake of moves by Oregon and Hawaii to statewide rationing programs.

Instead, the advisory council is concentrating its efforts on gathering information throughout the state from individuals and institutions, including the University, about the social, economic and political effects of any future fuel allocation programs.

Created by State Senate resolution in the first throes of the severe October energy squeeze, the advisory council, a branch of the governor's office, coordinated all state energy crisis efforts. It will present its information and recommendations to the House Energy Crisis Committee when the committee begins serious deliberations this summer.

After committee debate and public hearings, the crisis committee will formulate policy suggestions and recommendations and could have legislative proposals for the governor and the Legislature as early as November.

Anyone interested in volunteering for the hospital may contact Paula Wornack, 452-0381, ext. 265, for more information.

Hawaiian Oceanographer

The Geological Sciences Department will host Dr. Keith Chave of the Department of Oceanography at the University of Hawaii at Manoa in Geology Building 100 at 1 p.m. Tuesday.

Chave will discuss "The Kaneohe Bay Reef Ecosystem Under Stress."

ANORE FLIGHT will sign up women for rush in Union Building 317 from 9 a.m. to noon and 1 to 4 p.m. Tuesday. Rushes should bring \$1 rush fee and a recent picture.

ANTHROPOLOGY SEMINARS WITH HOST DR. Annette Weiner speaking on "Symbols and Meaning Exchange in the Trobriand Islands" in Burdine Hall 602 at 4:30 p.m. Tuesday.

BAPTIST STUDENT UNION will meet in Baptist Student Center at 2204 San Antonio St. at 7:30 p.m. Tuesday to discuss "Feeling God in Each of Us."

MAYO AFFIRMATIVE ACTION COMMITTEE ON MINORITY RECRUITMENT will discuss proposals for faculty council committee in the Mayo office in the Catholic Student Center at 7 p.m. Tuesday.

RACES will hold instructive meetings on "Concentration and Creative Time Use" in Jester A322 at noon Tuesday and "Effective Listening and Note Taking" in the same room at 4 p.m. Tuesday.

UNION ACADEMIC AFFAIRS COMMITTEE will meet in Union Building 304-305 at 8 p.m. Tuesday.

UNIVERSITY ARCHERY ASSOCIATION will shoot and organize events in the basement of Women's Gym at 7 p.m. Tuesday. New members are welcome.

UT ADVERTISING CLUB will sponsor a film of award-winning commercials, "The Best in the West," free in the Communications Building (Academic) Auditorium at 7 p.m. Tuesday.

UNIVERSITY COMMON CAUSE will discuss "Busting the Highway Trust Fund" in Union Building 104 at 11:30 a.m. Tuesday.

UT LACROSSE CLUB will practice for the first league game at the freshman field at 4 p.m. Tuesday.

UT NURSING STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION will host John C. Bennett on "New Approaches to Cardiopulmonary Resuscitation" in the multi-purpose room in the new School of Nursing at 7 p.m. Tuesday.

WOMEN UNITED will set priorities for the spring and plan semester activities in Jester A217A at 7:30 p.m. Tuesday. All interested women are encouraged to attend.

briefs: Volunteer Session Set

The Austin State Hospital will conduct an orientation session for new volunteers in its Volunteer Services Center on the hospital grounds at 4110 Guadalupe St. at 8:30 p.m. Tuesday.

Anyone interested in volunteering for the hospital may contact Paula Wornack, 452-0381, ext. 265, for more information.

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UNIVERS

Hawaii Rationing Begins

HONOLULU (AP) — Hawaii motorists faced shorter gasoline lines Monday morning, the first day of a mandatory rationing plan aimed at reducing long lines at island service stations.

Spot checks by newsmen and Honolulu police showed only a few cars in line at most service stations shortly after opening.

A spokesman for Acting Gov. George Ariyoshi said, "We should know by the end of the week whether this plan will work."

Ariyoshi has asked for a onetime extra gasoline allocation of 6.3 million gallons, so that every motorists can get a full tank at the outset of the rationing period. He also asked that the state's monthly allocation be increased.

Under the "GasPlan," only vehicles with license plates ending in even numbers and gas tanks one-quarter full or less were serviced Monday. Vehicles with odd-numbered license plates can fill up Tuesday.



An even numbered plate allowed this tank to fill.

NLRB Judge States Farah Violated Law

WASHINGTON (UPI) — A National Labor Relations Board judge Monday found Farah Manufacturing Co. of El Paso, Tex., guilty of violating federal law and a court injunction and said the firm acted as if there was "no Ten Commandments" in its employe relations.

NLRB Administrative Law Judge Walter H. Maloney Jr., using unusually harsh language, said Farah illegally discharged six workers for union activity at the company's Frio City Road plant on May 3, 1972.

HE SAID Farah supervisors also had illegally sought to discourage union organizing by such actions as threatening to close the plant or fire employes.

Farah officials said Maloney acted outside his competence and used sweeping, generalized language to condemn the firm.

Farah maintains the employes in question were not fired but walked off their jobs. A spokesman said Farah attorneys have 20 days in which to file exceptions with Maloney's ruling.

Maloney's ruling is subject to appeal to the full NLRB. "THIS respondent (Farah) has been repeatedly directed to men its lawless ways and yet it continues as if nothing had happened, pursuing its policy of flouting the Labor Relations Act and trampling on the rights of its employes as if there were no act, no board and no Ten Commandments," Maloney said.

"Farah has simply thrown down the gauntlet to this agency and has dared the board to stop it from making the act a dead letter as far as Farah employes are concerned," he said.

Maloney ordered Farah to reinstate the six discharged workers with full back pay, reinstate all the strikers who wanted to return to work, open up the company bulletin boards to the union and give the union complete lists of nonsupervisory company employes.

And in a rarely used remedy, Maloney ordered Farah to pay

the legal and other costs of the NLRB and the union in pursuing the case before the board.

Maloney said he ordered this remedy, first used by the board about three years ago, because "It has become apparent that one element in Farah's high-level strategy of massive and lawless resistance is seemingly endless litigation that is frivolous."

THE FIRING of the six employes May 3, 1972, sparked a companywide strike at its nine plants in Texas and New Mexico, a walkout that continues today. The union has since launched a nationwide boycott of Farah products that has drawn the support of other unions and groups, including a number of Roman Catholic bishops.

Farah sales, apparently because of the boycott, have fallen, and the company has been losing money in the last two years. It has closed some of its plants, but others operate with nonunion workers and nonstriking union members.

Clothing Workers President Murray H. Finley said Maloney's ruling "cuts like a sharp knife through the mass of untruths, distortions and exaggerations which have been the Farah trademark throughout this dispute."

"RARELY IF ever in the history of federal labor law has any employer been so outspokenly chastised by a judicial officer of the government of the United States," Finley said.

The union president said that owner Willie Farah, "who has spread much propaganda about his sense of patriotism and love for the United States, should now take to heart the frank words of NLRB Judge Maloney. Farah has an opportunity to show his patriotism by bringing himself into compliance with the law."

Farah, the son of immigrants, insists on using only American-made products and materials in his plants. But he also has been quoted as saying he will never allow a union into his company.

'Mini-U.N.' Proposed Student Says Special Group Needed

By DAVID BARRON

Charging that foreign students are "isolated" from Student Government and University affairs, a Korean student has proposed the creation of a special commission to represent the approximately 1,700 foreign students attending the University.

"Foreign students feel like outsiders even after a number of years at the University," Kyungsun Suh, a member of the Korean Students' Association, said Monday.

"People talk about minority recruitment, but foreign students are somehow excluded from consideration. We want to exchange our ideas and philosophies with American students, as well as other foreign students," he said.

Although several foreign students' organizations exist at the University, Suh said that these small groups are cut off from the University power structure and other student organizations. His "mini-United Nations" would contain representatives from each of the 87 countries

represented at the University, designed to promote social and political involvement between all foreign students, as well as with Americans.

"In my opinion, the purpose of a college education is to get acquainted with different cultures and people, and presently, the University is lacking in that respect. Foreign students feel that this is our school, too, and we would like to get involved in campus activities," Suh said.

He added that though foreign students are faced with the twin barriers of an unfamiliar language and "cultural shock" in the United States, neither the University administration nor Student Government has made an effort to promote interaction between American and foreign students, resulting in an "isolation" of the latter from campus activities.

Also citing a lack of cooperation between the foreign students' groups that do exist, Suh said, "It is this isolation which has prevented our voices from being heard. It is this isolation which has caused the American students unintentionally to ignore our different, but no less valuable, ideas. It is this isolation that has kept us from understanding one another."

The first meeting of the group tentatively is set for Feb. 23. Further information can be obtained by calling Hugo Chapa at 453-7436 or by writing Suh at 1205A Brackenridge Apartments.

Political Roundup

Treasury Post Uncontested

Rep. Sid Bowers, R-Houston, said Monday he will not run for state treasurer, leaving incumbent Treasurer Jesse James, a Democrat, unopposed with one week left until the Feb. 4 primary filing deadline.

Bowers attacked James' "inefficient money policies," but said, "I am not prepared to devote the time and energy necessary to make a statewide race. Quite frankly, it has much to do with the fact that I enjoy working and living in Houston."

House Speaker Price Daniel Jr. has been mentioned as a possible challenger to James, who has served 16 terms. Bowers said in previous statements he would not run for treasurer if Daniel did but did not mention Daniel in his announcement Monday.

Bowers said he hopes executive positions in state government will be made appointive in the new state constitution to avoid "the Sharpstown scandals and the inefficient money policies associated with Jesse James."

Larry Bales

Austin State Rep. Larry Bales, Democratic candidate for the U.S. House from the 10th Congressional District, called Monday for a rollback in gasoline prices.

"The people are tired of stretching their budget so that the oil companies can enjoy their largest profits ever," Bales said.

Bales recommended a cut in the foreign oil depletion allowance and a cut in tax credits oil companies receive for taxes paid abroad.

Jake Pickle

In announcing his candidacy for reelection to a sixth term, U.S. Rep. J.J.

"Jake" Pickle said Monday he is undecided on the impeachment of President Nixon.

"To prejudice the impeachment evidence would be to disregard the due process to which any and every citizen of this country is entitled," he said.

However, if clear and strong evidence reveals the President is guilty of a criminal act, Pickle said, he would vote to try the question before the Senate.

Referring to the energy crisis, Pickle said, "Political leaders and self-appointed experts can debate why, but it is obvious there is a shortage and the people want and they deserve solutions."

Pickle favors eliminating the present controlled wage and price system as soon as possible. "I hope we can return to the free market system early this year."

Pickle would not comment on his opponents in the Democratic primary, State Rep. Larry Bales and Austin school teacher E.H. Meadows.

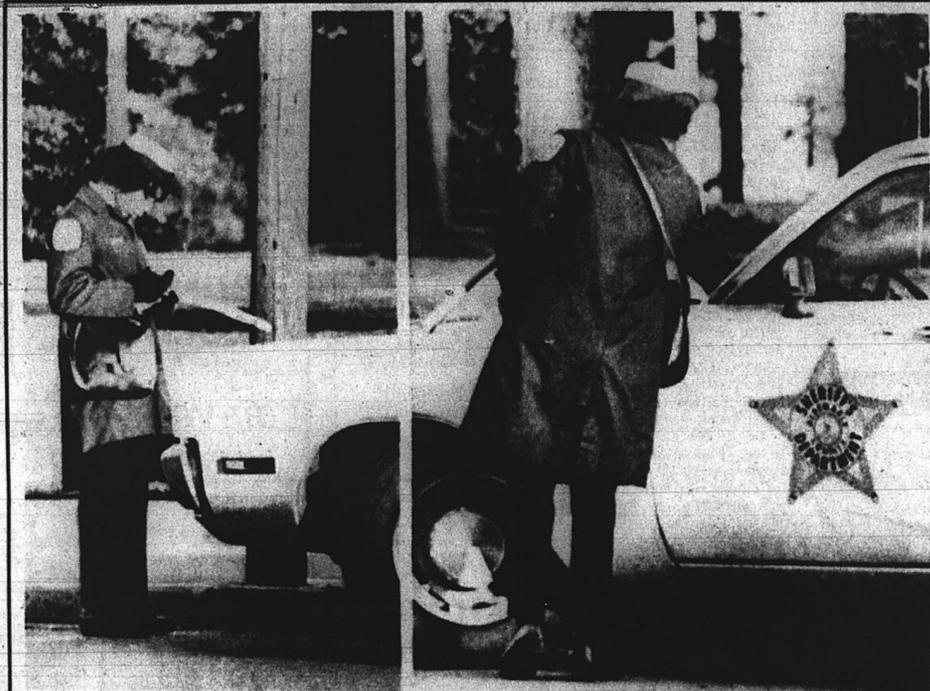
W.S. Sandifer

Incumbent Justice of the Peace W.S. "Bill" Sandifer expressed no intentions of changing campaign strategy in filing Monday for his fourth term in Precinct 1.

"I hadn't planned on any big campaign but just to make myself available to the public. My books are open to the world," Sandifer said.

Through the redistricting law, effective Jan. 1, Precinct 1 covers an area of 60,000 people. "Before, I had only 6,000 people; this will be an adjustment. Now I have jurisdiction over East Austin," said Sandifer.

Richard Scott will be the incumbent's opponent.



Nondiscriminating Justice

Boyl You're in a heap of trouble now! An Albemarle County, Va., sheriff's deputy learned recently that

Charlottesville's meter maids give tickets first and ask questions later—blind justice at its best!

Committee To Consider Handicapped Aid Provision

By CLIFTON L. BALDWIN

and BARBARA MINNICK

Austin Sen. Lloyd Doggett's proposal to help handicapped Texans overcome some of society's artificial barriers will be discussed in the General Provisions Committee of the Constitutional Convention Tuesday.

If adopted, the proposal would provide that "No person shall be denied any right, benefit or opportunity on account of a physical or mental handicap — this guarantee shall include housing, access to public services and facilities, education, employment and any governmental action."

The handicapped number about one and a half million in Texas, but few of them

successfully find employment, Doggett said.

David B. Sloane, chairman of the Texas Committee of Organizations for the Handicapped, said the provision would recognize the handicapped as a minority group and would provide a basis for court action on the state level.

"Discrimination can be overt, but it also can be caused when a person does not fully understand the special problems of the handicapped," said Jack Emmott, president of the Mobility Impaired Grappling Hurdles Together (MIGHT).

"MIGHT has been moderately successful in overcoming physical barriers, but we need this provision to

overcome the social barrier," Emmott said.

The three railroad commissioners should remain elected officials, rather than governor's appointees, Jim C. Langdon, chairman of the Railroad Commission, told the Committee on the Executive of the Constitutional Convention Monday.

"The respect of the commission before members of Congress" will be retained if the commissioners face election in their staggered six-year terms, Langdon said.

The Railroad Commission is a regulatory body whose responsibilities include establishing rates on railroads, buses, gas utilities, oil and gas pipelines and the production of gas and oil.

Legislature May Cancel Florida DST

TALLAHASSEE, Fla. (AP) — Shaken by the deaths of eight school children in pre-dawn accidents since Daylight Saving Time (DST) began, Florida legislators meet in special session Tuesday to consider setting most state clocks back an hour.

The antiDST legislation has the support of Gov. Reubin Askew and the Cabinet, which is composed of all statewide elected officials.

THE CABINET unanimously recommended on Monday that peninsula Florida, where 94 percent of the population lives, be returned to Eastern Standard Time. Nine Panhandle counties that are in the central time zone — and so are already one hour behind the rest of the state — would not be affected.

"The inescapable conclusion to be reached is that the darkness had a great deal to do with the pre-dawn deaths," said Askew, who called the one-day session solely to deal with the DST issue.

Reflecting the sentiments of anxious parents, Comptroller Fred O. Dickinson said "It's wrong to have one and a half million pupils moving around on roads in the darkness."

THE ANTIDST effort also got a boost from the State Public Service Commission which said a survey of power companies showed that the time change was not saving energy.

"In my judgment there's been no saving of energy since DST was instituted," said Commissioner Billy Mayo. "What changes have occurred have been so slight they could be due to various factors."

But Republicans and House leaders were voicing some opposition to legislation to reimpose standard time. The opposition appeared based on complaints from constituents who have used the extra hour of daylight for recreation.

"I HAD 38 calls this morning from constituents who want us to leave DST alone because they are afraid they would lose extra hours of sunshine," said Rep. Richard Deeb, R-St. Petersburg.

The Republicans said they wanted to require school boards to move the opening of classes back an hour rather than throw Florida into a different time from the rest of the eastern seaboard.

House Speaker Terrell Sessums, D-Tampa, and other House leaders said they favored returning the state to standard time for a set period of time, like until April when the sun comes up later.

A highway patrol representative told the cabinet that eight school-age youngsters had been killed between 6:30 and 8 a.m. since DST began Jan. 6, compared with two during a comparable three weeks last year.

Witnesses Threatened In Dallas Robberies

DALLAS (UPI) — Death threats to witnesses Monday increased the problems of police trying to stop a wave of killings in small robberies.

There have been nine shootings in the Dallas area since Jan. 4 in small robberies, mostly of "mom and pop" and drive-in grocery stores.

Five of those shot were killed. Thirteen persons have been killed in small robberies since last Nov. 17.

Beefed up detective and police patrols failed to meet Police Chief Donald Byrd's Monday morning deadline to "bring those bastards in."

Police apparently were as far from a solution of the killings as they were last Friday when the last person was shot. He was Forrest V. Fuller, 36. Though shot in the head he still is alive.

Witnesses to the Fuller robbery and shooting gave police a description of two black men and a yellow car.

Police disclosed Monday that the lives of the witnesses were threatened over the weekend in anonymous telephone calls.

"The people who do know something have not come forward," one investigator said. "And now our few witnesses are reluctant to talk because they are scared to death."

Police assigned to the case are working 12-hour shifts. They complained Monday that they wasted 300 man hours investigating the case of a woman who said she was kidnaped by two blacks from a grocery store in which she worked.

The woman finally admitted that her story was a hoax. She said she and her husband needed the \$200 in the store's cash register.

She said she simply walked off with it and when police were at her home questioning her husband about her "disappearance," she was hiding behind a bed.

news capsules

Israelis Lift Suez City Siege, Celebrate

SUEZ (AP)—Israeli soldiers sang and waved gaily from armored personnel carriers Monday as they evacuated about a third of the Egyptian territory they captured in the last Middle East war.

The Israeli army radio said Egyptian soldiers fired rockets and machine guns into the air to mark their jubilation as they moved in and took control about six hours after the Israelis left.

The pullout lifted the 97-day siege of Suez City, with its 15,000 civilians, and freed supply lines to the 20,000 troops of the Egyptian Third Army encircled since the closing hours of October's fighting.

Energy Official Suggests Domestic Oil Prices

WASHINGTON (AP)—John Sawhill, deputy director of the Federal Energy Office, told Congress Monday the price of domestic oil should be held within the range of \$6 to \$8 a barrel.

He did not indicate how this could be done but said some price increases probably are necessary to create incentives to explore for domestic petroleum.

Some method must be found "of capping the price," he said. Without such a limit, he said, the price of domestic oil will continue to creep toward that set by the Arab oil nations.

Current domestic oil prices range from \$5.25 for a barrel of oil under price controls to more than \$10 under uncontrolled prices.

Stock Market Takes Downward Drift

NEW YORK (AP)—The stock market drifted downward Monday, with most investors apparently watching from the sidelines.

Volume on the New York Stock Exchange amounted to 13.41 million shares.

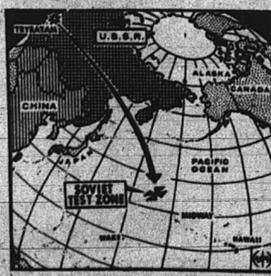
Of the 1,791 issues traded on the NYSE, 635 advanced, and 702 declined.

The NYSE index fell .27 to 51.39, while the American Stock Exchange market value index rose .03 to 96.91.

U.S.S.R. Tests New Intercontinental Missile

WASHINGTON (UPI) — The Soviet Union tested a new intercontinental missile with multiple warheads for the first time Friday and Saturday, a Pentagon spokesman said Monday.

The missile, the SSX19, is one of the four new ICBMs with an advanced "MIRV" capability for sending warheads to independent targets. The new Soviet missiles have caused the Pentagon a certain amount of concern over the last several months.



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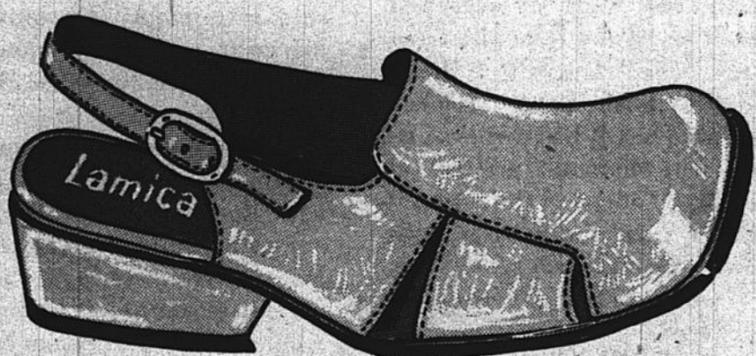
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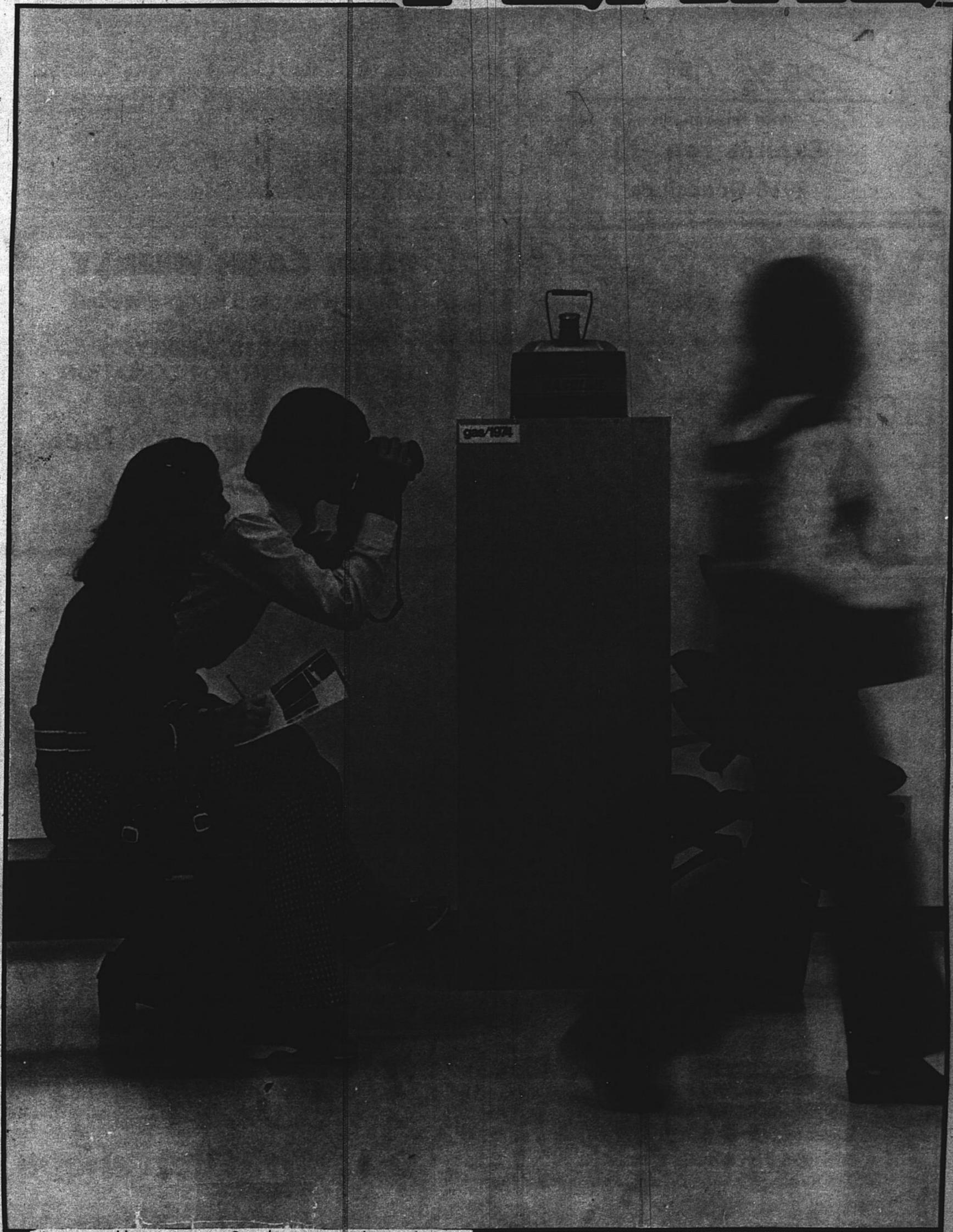
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Mrs. Iris Greenvegetable Squab City, S.D.

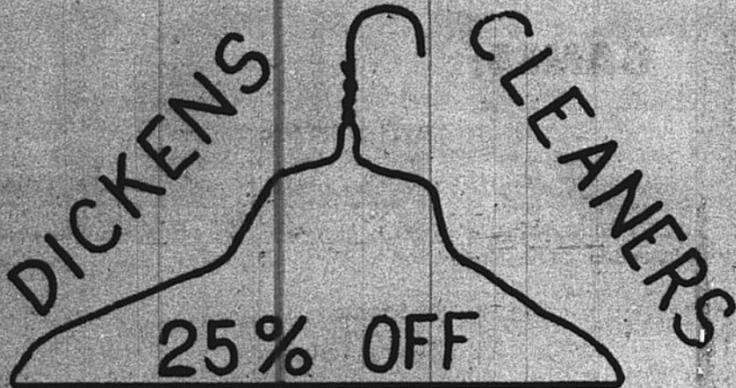
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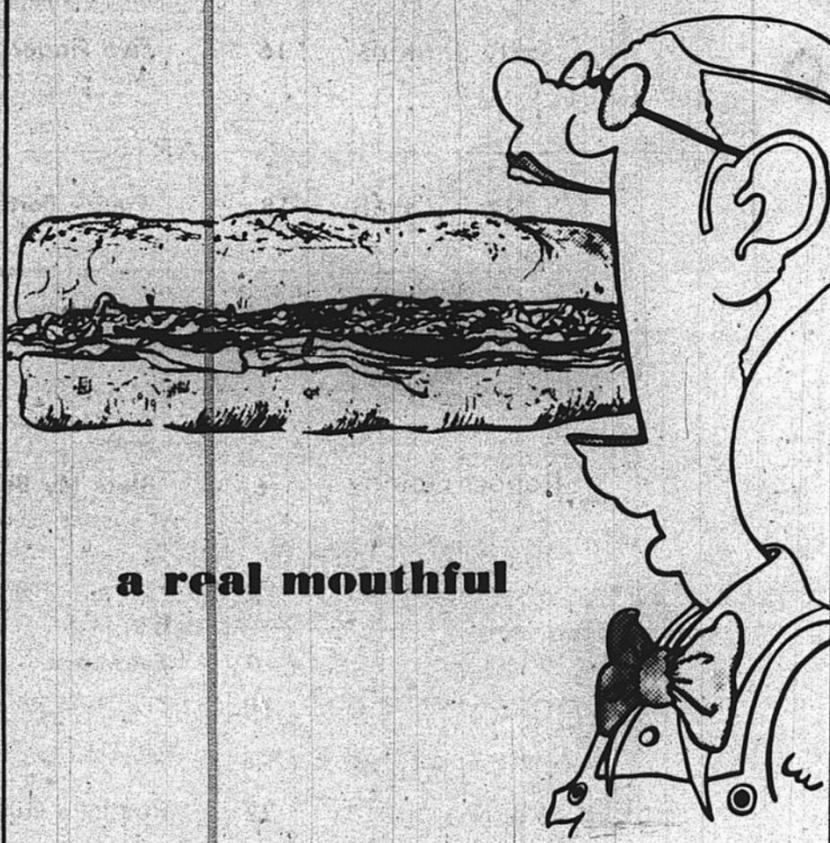
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governor between Ferguson and plutocrat Thomas Ball, champion of God and abstention. As the bidding opened, Ferguson was accused of socialist tendencies—didn't he, after all, support the tenant farmer? Big Jim called the bluff and exploited Ball's membership in the exclusive Houston Club, where drinks and pool were plentiful "even on Sundays, when you fellows can't get a smell"—as Ferguson told voters. Now that he was wound up, Ferguson trumped his way into office by letting drop that Ball had contracted a "loathsome disease." This was truly high-styled Armadillian power politics.

The book's conclusion cites the Prohibitionists' use of the Ku Klux Klan as enforcers of the new dry Kultur as one of the reasons why the ban on alcohol didn't work. Does this mean the men in starched hoods saved the Republic from Near-beer? I ain't telling. Gould's book is no Mickey Spillane, but it has thrills of its own. The characters are real (as in *Naked City*) and the action is spiffier than the average textbook's, giving a real inside story on our state's Democratic heritage.

—JOE NICK PATOSKI

Key to Scriptures

BORN TO SING Charles Hartshorne (*Indiana University*)

MODY BOATRIGHT, FOLKLORIST Ernest B. Speck, ed. (*University of Texas*)

Even philosophers have eyes and ears for transient pleasures. Hartshorne has been a sampler of bird songs for over fifty years—longer than he has been a professional mystic. His love for them is like any man's love for his hobby—sincere and relaxed. He has heard bird songs in all quarters of the world save Siberia and China: he has staggered through the rain forests of Fiji, catching "but a glimpse" of the Fijian warbler. Why shouldn't he write a grand tribute to them? But the rhapsodical bird-song guidebook is a literary wheeze exhausted a century ago in the ladies' magazines. Hartshorne perhaps knows it, and offers instead a rather severe scientific monograph supporting a modest hypothesis. Birds, he proposes, have an esthetic sense—when they sing they literally sing for joy. Hartshorne believes the behaviorists will be the first to leap on him for this idea. To

PEARL January 1974



Boatright



Hartshorne

them he points out that birds sing best when they are guarding territory—when their neighbors are out of sight and unresponding. The behaviorists' stimulus-response theory then becomes tenuously related to the facts. Birds that sing into empty air must be driven from within. Maybe it is the joy of singing that drives them.

It is an eminently reasonable argument. And it is set forth with the utmost regard for the scientific courtesies. Hartshorne, indeed, is so careful to define his terms that whole sub-chapters seem to disappear in the undertaking. No doubt the treatise has some modest scientific value. Hartshorne meant it to have that—and nothing more. It proposes the modest idea that birds are esthetes, and that, *per corollary*, all animals are esthetes. Man, bird, and dog, it may be said, play, sing, and howl for joy. This leads to certain inescapable truths. The Universe is full of a benign mystical chaos—"even greater than quantum physics allows"—and its musical creatures are proof of its benignity. Hartshorne discovers that the "Bodhisattva ideal of universal compassion" fits his fifty-years' accumulation of data almost precisely. Science, he finds, is crippled by esthetic blindness—"the scorn of some of our youths is not unrelated to this deficiency." Man is basically good, but has "unique capacities for evil as well as good." The search for Beauty is a perpetual flight from the twin evils of Monotony and Discord. Freedom is a dangerous thing. Mankind is full of *hubris*.

Mody Boatright, Folklorist is vastly more ingenuous, maybe because the late Boatright saw himself for what he was—a stablehorse for the *Southwest Review*. He had a firm grasp on his customer's collar. He wrote

vigorously and engagingly. All but three out of this collection of his magazine articles are entertaining and instructive. Boatright assembled anecdotes with somewhat less abandon than Boyce House, and showed a tendency to generalize. "On the Nature of Myth" is an essay on the flux of popular delusion. "The Myth of Frontier Individualism" and "The American Myth Rides the Range" are both attempts to show that the frontiersman looked something like a prototypical New Dealer. But if Boatright though big, he was at least more patient with the facts than Hartshorne. He watched the myths come and go. He catalogued and abstracted them. He never hurried them up, and he never moralized.

—GREG SMITH

Thro' the Woods

IMPRESSIONS OF THE BIG THICKET paintings by Michael Frary, text by William A. Owens (*University of Texas Press*).

Michael Frary began his love affair with the Big Thicket in 1966. His intimate feelings for it are here rendered in seventy-two watercolor paintings. With multitudes of greenish hues,

this "virile painter" strokes dramatic views of virgin forests and mysterious hideaways of the Thicket.

Frary is not an Audubon artist, but he depicts, in his own style, the natural habitats of regional birds. Nature is the motivation behind his paintings. Frary has a special talent for capturing the moods of the surrounding lands, the hour of day, the cast of the sun or moon. As if doing the set for a Hitchcock mystery, he paints scenes in awesome black and white, or simply in startling contrast—bright orange and yellow fields and striking kaleidoscopic arrays of wildflowers.

There are no paintings of people of the Big Thicket in this collection. "(Frary) believes that people began ruining the Thicket when they first entered and have almost succeeded in destroying it." Nor are there scenes of destruction in Frary's paintings.

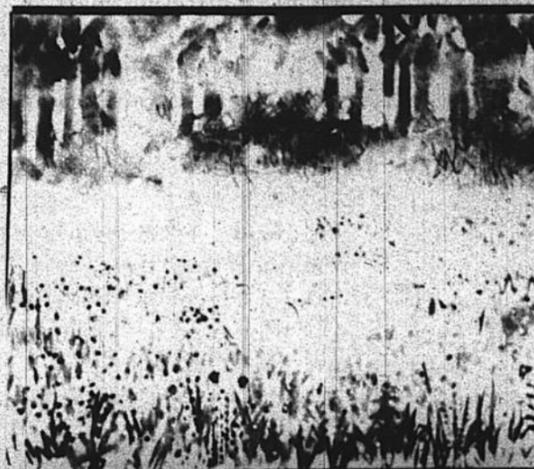
Accompanying an introductory essay by William Owens are small sketches of birds, bugs, animals and flowers presumably done by Frary. On one particular double-page layout, as the reader clasps the book a June bug, caterpillar and wasp on the page margin surround his thumb.

As colorful as Frary's paintings, Owens' essay provides the historical background. Indeed, one wishes there were more to it—Owens seems to have presented only the cream of a vast assortment of anecdotes and songs. But there is material here for a dozen or more short stories. Why not a thicker Thicket novel?

—SHELDON LIPPMAN

Books reviewed courtesy of the second-floor tradebooks department of the University Co-Op, 2216 Guadalupe

Several of these books are included in the 10 percent markdown of Dobie Center's Experiment Bookstore, Thursday through Saturday.



Impressions of the Big Thicket

Paintings by MICHAEL FRARY
Text by WILLIAM A. OWENS

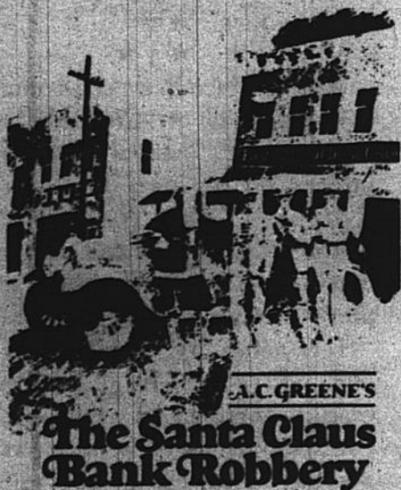
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Reader's Guide

Edited By GREG SMITH

Last month PEARL asked several professors why they teach; this month we survey some of the recent publications of the "publish-or-perish" end of the dichotomy.



THE SANTA CLAUS BANK ROBBERY A.C. Greene (Knopf)

This book is chock full of goodies for Texans. Set in the West Texas oil fields of Eastland, Ranger, and Cisco in the late 20s and early 30s, it makes mention of Governor "Ma" Ferguson, Frank Hamer (of Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow fame), Texas Rangers—and for the most redneck of our fair state's citizens it gives a gruesome description of a lynching.

Himself a Texan, A.C. Greene has a long list of historical and literary accomplishments. Formerly the book editor for the Dallas Times Herald, he accepted a Dobie-Paisano writing fellowship from the University in 1968 and later served as editor for Southwestern Historical Quarterly.

Greene has done an excellent job researching and writing *The Santa Claus Bank Robbery*. He has painted an accurate picture of Texas and Texans. The landscapes he describes are scenes we are all familiar with. The cities he mentions are our hometowns. Our Texas twang is almost audible in the character's dialogues. And the individuals and mobs in the story have the same indignant logic that will keep today's Texas driving their Cadillacs until the last drop of gasoline is gone.

But in spite of this Texan insight the book is oh so slow, and often just plain dull. There are, of course, several saving bright spots, like the big bank robbery, which seems more like a Marx

Brothers movie than a criminal affair.

The gang's leader is disguised as Santa Claus to distract the bank employees and customers while his partners burst in, pistols in hand. From there the plan never goes right. In the course of the robbery the town is alerted and every person that owns a gun (and in a small Texas town, that includes everyone) runs to the bank to kill 'em a bank robber. Bullets zing around for pages while Santa and his helpers make it to their getaway car, jump in and take off, realizing all too late that the gas gauge is registering on empty. After only a few blocks these madcap bandits are forced to steal another car. All four pile into the new car, which will not start, pile back into their nearly empty Buick and careen away just as the town rifle toters arrive on the scene.

However, one final mistake completes this farce. True to form, Santa and his merry bandits leave the stolen \$162,000 in the other car. I kid you not.

At a time when as many as four banks a day were being successfully held up in Texas, the Santa Claus bank robbery was one of the most notorious and publicized capers. In the final tally, one bandit was killed during the robbery, one "burned" at the state penitentiary, one lynched by a mob in Eastland, and one (after several attempted escapes) served out his prison term and began a new life in a different part of the state.

The Cisco First National Bank is still standing, almost a shrine to that insane gunfight, complete with exhibits of pistols and scrapbooks of newspaper articles. It serves as a constant reminder that they sure don't make Texas bank robberies the way they used to. I'm not quite sure about mobs.

—CARRIE SCHWEITZER

More Baddies

PROGRESSIVES AND PROHIBITIONISTS: Lewis Gould; (University of Texas)

Texas politics has never really worn the badge of cleanliness

or rationality. But if you think the present lineup of scoundrels in charge are masters of affrontery, then hop into the Wayback Machine to the Era of Progressive Reform at the turn of the century. The politicians back then should have been locked up in the looney bin, but they weren't, and Lewis Gould has reconstructed those salad days of Texas government.

These Texas leaders from the years 1890 to 1920 appear collectively to be as colorful a bunch of cashews, brazils, and pistachios as you're ever going to see in one bag. Ultimately, of course, the Democrats gained the upper hand and began to devour each other, but before that happened they faced the job of clearing out the opposition. The Hon. Governor James Hogg led in this business by effectively straddling the fence between his party's mossback pro-railroad faction and the Texas Populists, and then wiping out the Populists through "ruthlessly employed fraud, corruption, and violence to

destroy (their) electoral roots." The Democrats seized upon and made great and wonderful use of the Terrell Election Laws, which strengthened the Democrats' grip on the state by way of poll taxes, keeping Negroes, Mexicans, and poor whites out of the voting booths.

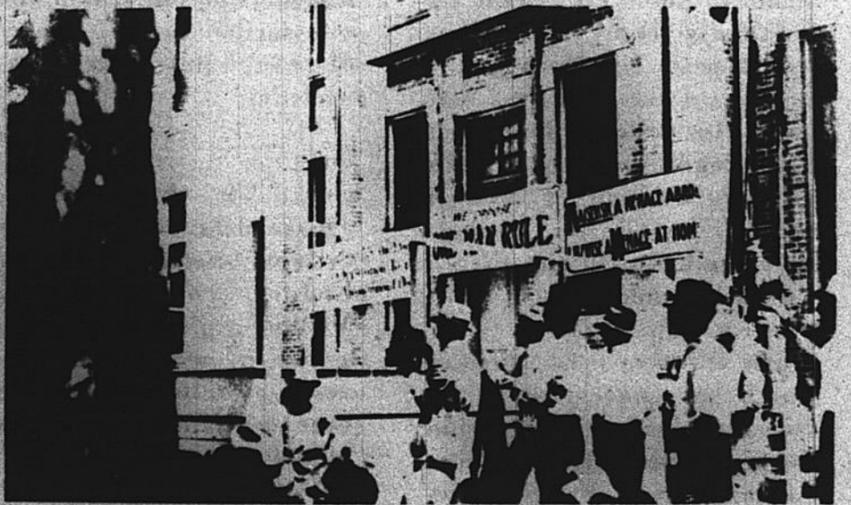
A typically great conservative, Sen. Joseph Bailey, was forced from his home state, Mississippi, by unfriendly media "after he helped lead a

band of Democrats on a pre-election terror raid on local Republicans and blacks." Bailey and his pre-Nixon hedonism were, of course, welcome in Texas, where Bailey controlled the wet conservative wing of the Democratic party.

The conservatives themselves cared not a twit for such new concepts as recall, trust-busts, or labor laws; but the reformists, among them Cone Johnson, Thomas Love, and just about every Baptist and Methodist between here and El Paso, took Woodrow Wilson's ideals to heart and tacked on a few measures of their own, notably Prohibition.

Although the "Rebuke the Drinks" idea spurred and uplifted the Texas Democrats, a whole mess of lesser variables forced out yet other high demagogues—for instance, those of Jim Ferguson, who praised the tenant farmer while lashing out viciously at the University of Texas. The rural white farmer, seeing his influence on the wane, launched an unsuccessful Last Stand against the urban onslaught of higher taxes, creeping socialism, and general all-round moral decay. And the demagogues, whenever the charges began to fly and the oration got hot, cooled off by indulging in a little "nigger-baiting," which also brought the voters around.

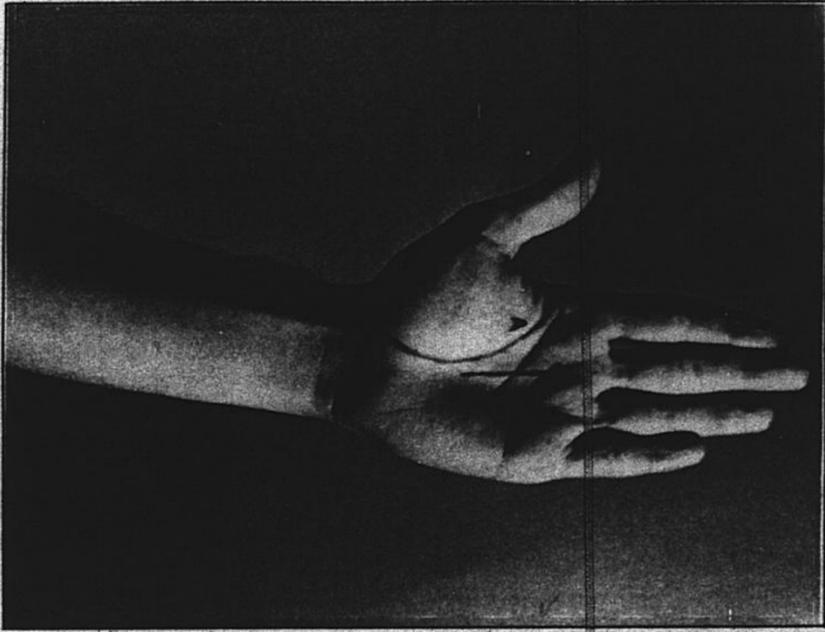
One name-slurring campaign seeming to call for such diversions was the 1914 race for



(copyright UT Press reprinted with permission)

Anti-Ferguson Rally, May 28, 1917

PEARL January 1974



GAMES:

Architecture

Is "Ugh!" or "Ahh..." your reaction to the new Radio-Television-Film Building (the red barn at 25th and Guadalupe). Here's your chance to vent your hostilities toward, or praise the rusty structure—and be rewarded for it. Page 15.

Fairy Tales

All literati interested in writing out-of-the-ordinary genres (fairy tales?) turn to page 18 for information.

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The Booby Trap Topless Dancing Exposed

An account by a graduate student whose search for a part-time job led to a two-day stint as a topless dancer, coupled with an interview with a "career" dancer.

The Spirit, the Flesh, and the One True Path

Hare Krishna doctrine reveals why those chanting guys on the Drag make such pests of themselves.

We the People: Innocent Bystanders in the Energy Fiasco (Cover story)

PEARL staffers journeyed all over the U.S. during the holidays—from New York City to Los Angeles—in search of pithy personal "crisis" anecdotes.

Five Finger Future

What forces cross your palm, or your cards? Madame Hipple and PEARL tell all.

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Poetry Portfolio

DEPARTMENTS

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Plates Lunch Blues (Lpicurious)

There are still places in Austin to get a lot for a little, out-to-eat places for those still beginning-of-the-semester broke.

Bless My Bicycle: An Ode to Foresight (Environment)

Facts and figures on the strange American excess of everything—except foresight.

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Feedback

The Reel World

Off the Record

Reader's Guide

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF Barbara Longeway
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ART DIRECTOR Sheldon Lippman
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PEARL is the monthly supplement to The Daily Texan and is published September through April by Texas Student Publications, P.O. Box D, University Station, Austin, Texas, 78712. All opinions expressed herein are those of the individual authors and do not necessarily imply endorsement by the editors, The Daily Texan, the publisher, the University administration, or the Board of Regents.

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Feedback

Letters to the editor should be triple-spaced and include the name, address, and phone number of contributor. Mail letters to PEARL Magazine, P.O. Box D, University Station, Austin, TX 78712; or bring letters to the PEARL office, Texas Student Publications Building 4.104.

No Stuffing

I was very pleased to see the results of your recent Hamburger Sweepstakes. It is really refreshing and encouraging to see such an unbiased comment on quality and value.

I would like to mention one criterion which was not listed: the absence or presence of soy additives. Many restaurants constantly strive to serve a good, all meat hamburger patty. There are a few others, however, who advertise using 100 percent meat and in reality serve a patty with certain additives and/or binders.

My only point is that this practice gives an unfair price advantage to those restaurants who do serve all meat; an all meat product must cost more. I encourage our customers to ask us the size of our meat patty and its content. Most good restaurateurs will join me, but for those few ...?

Randall P. Jones President
Hamburgers by Gourmet

MORM Backlash

As an active member of the Middle-of-the-Road Moms (MORM), I want to protest your supercilious, stereotyped story purporting to advise students on buying records for their mothers. Hopefully, no one took the recommendations seriously or there will be cavities and diabetes rampant at Christmas—what a sweet, glop-py assortment.

Here are recommendations from a real MORM:

Simon and Garfunkel are strictly middle-of-the-road, so how about *Angel Clare* or

Rhyming Simon—might save your Kodachromes if she happens to love you like a rock. Since you specialized in oldies, try Carly Simon's *Anticipation*. What could be more timely than "Share the End;" and moms are guaranteed to melt to "Julie Through the Glass." I can't believe mothers like the Carpenters—too vapid and repetitious. If your mom likes a touch of country bring home a Kris and Rita and you won't have to be embarrassed if someone hears it. Better yet, anything by Ray Charles. As for me, I'll take Michael Murphey.

M. Martin
Corpus Christi

Editorial Adios

A great university needs a magazine. For the magazine, traditionally "the thinking man's medium," is becoming more so in an age of increasing specialization. With less stringent deadlines and looser format than all other media except books, magazines give writers and editors the asset of time—time to give context and pattern and thought to the jumble and mumble of events, time even to dig up an event—to "feature" something or someone of significance.

When I was a kid, a big phrase (among the older generation) was "well, feature that!" The beauty of a magazine is that it offers time and space to do just that—to "feature" (present in depth) thinkers—poets, artists, photographers, and entertaining writers of various genres—who have something of value to say.

I am proud to have been a part of PEARL Magazine.

Barbara Longeway
Editor

Sept. 1973-Jan. 1974.

'LET THEM EAT STEAK'
"All the Steak You Can Eat"

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Every Night is...

NEW YEAR'S EVE

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Buddy Holly and Punk Rockers

This month we explore the multifaceted oddities within the cultural anomaly known as Texas Rock & Roll and why not? Besides being the Lone Star State, Shiner, Pearl, and Big Red should be reason enough, 'cause the Land of the Bluebonnets is where we are and who talks about Idaho rock and the Potato sound anyway? So get ready Teddy, butter up those buns and don't forget to shake it before you bake it.

Fifteen years ago this Feb. 3, a small plane crashed near Clear Lake, Iowa, claiming the lives of Big Bopper, Richie Valens, and the Stephen F. Austin of rockola, Buddy Holly. The result was the first and most devastating tragedy for the Blue Suede Shoe set. Still, death provides immortality—just ask Jim Croce. Holly is preserved in legend while his living peers such as Conway Twitty or Dickey Lee have aged and traded in their once hysterical pimpled energies for weepy, albeit secure, Nashville ballads. And don't forget Elvis is thirty-nine this month.

★ ★ ★

Buddy Holly—A *Collection of Rock and Roll* (Decca) is an exercise in uncompromised cretinism; packed tight with the primal lovebeat anthems of "Peggy Sue" "That'll Be the Day," and the sinister "Not Fade Away," brim full of the same crushing bass thumps that engulfed Johnny Cash's "I Walk the Line." Beyond the familiar standards are numbers along the style of "Peggy Sue Got Married," heavy in sociopolitical implications, considering the way Buddy dryhumped every syllable of her name in the original. That 'We-heh-uh-ell-a-bay-buh' style opening "Rave On" sums up the Buddy Holly West Texas teen appeal. The Voice is the epitome of the R&R-SEX formula, the cohesive force that held together James Dean greasers and sweet sixteen darlins alike. The frantic urgency earned Buddy the patron sainthood he deserves.

★ ★ ★

The once universal Sound of Youth has since so scattered, specialized, and sophisticated in the past fifteen years that there no longer exists the pure element known as Rock & Roll. Even in its various mutations,



slight snatches of frenzied rhythm rise out of the murk, most notably amongst Holly's Texan descendants. The younger set is still dazzled by high voltage, but ludes'n'lust is worse than stale beer as *Tres Hombres* (London), Z.Z. Top's latest testifies. The power trio Boogie-till-Your-Lobotomy-Wears-Off turf has been covered long ago by Cream and Grand Funk. Not to forget the Stooges, if it's Raw Power yer after. Blues beyond dog whistle range never has moved dis ass and so what if the Top keeps one awake during Darvon dreams? Their feeble attempt of raising the roots with the umpteenth homage to La Grange's Chicken Ranch don't necessarily imply socially redeeming value. Rated X for x-cruciating.

★ ★ ★

Descendants of the proud heritage abound inside our borders, though Shawn Phillips ain't one of 'em. Devoid of any ethnic conscience, Phillips is an urban Texan currently threatening Cat Stevens and John Denver as king of Gurlz music. He's the pap lonely ladies cry to, whilst popping zits in the mirror

waiting for Prince Valiant to ride up. *Bright White* (A&M) is no exception to the rule, and again has 'em fiddlin in their knickers over Shawn's cutesy-poo lyrics, wide-ranged choir-boy warbles, and cosmic hippie good looks. The actual music doesn't measure up to the careful thematic structure of *Second Contribution* but who cares as long as we know the world's ready for another flower child in the Donovan vein. Keep on levitatin', Shawn.

★ ★ ★

He penned the lines "You can't live in Texas if you don't got a lotta soul" and, other than Holly, has done more to relate the Texas condition to the outer world of rock. After his last album's countrified blandness, Sir Doug Sahm has regained his royal miniker, cast off Bob Dylan, and come up with one great side of tropical cocktail jazz and blues on *Texas Tornado* (Atlantic). Doug's crooning on "Someday," sneering blues guitar breaks, and Fathead Newman's inspired solos, particularly the flute and tenor riffs on "Blue Horizon", put the San Antonio institution back in the notes, a Big Band meets the Honkey Blues juxtapose. Typically unbalanced,

the second side includes passable C&W outtakes from the ...and Band LP overshadowed by two Tex-Mex rockers—the title tune and the pleistocene confection "Nitty Gritty," frosted by Augie Meyer's magic Vox.

★ ★ ★

Augie, himself a vet of some twenty years on the old Antonio scene, comes out full burner on his own *You Ain't Rollin' Your Roll Rite* (Paramount). Raw and ragged, Augie and band not only explore straight ahead rock via "Heartaches by the Number" and "Five-Cent Bag," adding cranky horns to "Lover Boy," the old Denny Ezba suave playboy send up, in the same unreserved Hollyesque romanticism, but there's even two polkas! Recently Augie predicted, "Polka's gonna be the next big thing in two or three years." F'rinstance, catch "Down in Mexico," an uptempo mover that parodies the rash of country rock songs caught up in the joys of South of the Border fun. Rather than the dope mystique so attractive to New Riders or Steve Miller types, Augie envisions Mexico as a land of plenty of cabrito and menudo (!) while Oscar Telles in the forefront pumps his salsa squeeze box. *Rollin' Your Roll* easily wins the Patoski Peerless Poll's Texas LP of '73 and the prize of a free week at the Blue Note Lounge in the Alamo City (cover and drinks extra).

★ ★ ★

There are many musicians not mentioned who could qualify as likely successors to the Buddy Holly legacy. A part of Buddy's backup group (the Crickets), Waylon Jennings, gave up his plane seat to Big Bopper on the Clear Lake flight. Today in his black leathers, Waylon fuses the old R&R spirit into his macho cowboy sound. Then there's the Valley chicano, Freddy Fender, remaining in a teenage time warp cum echo chamber, best recognized for his "Wasted Days, Wasted Nights" classic. Finally, from the same Hub of the Plains and Home of the Hi-Dec-Ho Drive-in as big Buddy is the reclusive writer of "Paralyzed," the infamous Legendary Stardust Cowboy. Hey man, where are you now that we need you?

The Reel World

BY CICELY WYNNE

The Next Picture Shows

CINEMA 40

L'Amour (1973) Andy Warhol and Paul Morrissey strike again. This one concerns two young men, who are lovers, who get involved with two young women. Jay Cocks wrote in *Time*: "All have been encouraged to play someone approximately themselves, which does not mean there is any recognizable humanity to be seen." (Feb. 8, 9)

Viva La Muerta (1971) Exiled Spanish playwright Fernando Arrabal has directed a film about a young boy growing up during the Spanish Civil War. *Saturday Review's* Arthur Knight praised the film as "Far more erotic, far more sophisticated than *El Topo*, *Viva la Muerte* has the same feverish intensity and singleness of vision. It is virtually guaranteed to shock, but this first film clearly establishes Arrabal as one of the world's boldest new talents.

Camille (1936) An evening with Garbo makes any film worth it, though *Camille* is somewhat better. Pauline Kael says it well: "In spite of MGM, Garbo's artistry triumphs, and the tear-jerker *Camille* is transformed into the 'classic' the studio claimed it to be." George Cukor directs; also starring Robert Taylor and Lionel Barrymore. (Feb. 22)

The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes (1970) Billy Wilder's best film of recent years nevertheless disappointed many critics. Co-scripted by I.A.L. Diamond, this one finds the detective seduced by a Russian ballerina who wants a genius and off on adventure incognito. With Robert Stephens and Colin Blakely (Feb. 23)

CINEMATexas

Chaplin: The Mutual Shorts, I (1916-1917) In *One A.M.*, one of his most famous shorts, Chaplin plays the drunk who must fight off a tiger rug and an uncompromising stairway which threaten to keep him from his uproarious encounter with a wall bed. In *The Pawnshop*, Chaplin continues his battle with objects, this time a clock. *Easy Street* features Chaplin in what Gerald Mast calls "perhaps the most social of the early short films." Chaplin plays a cop. With his leading lady, Edna Purviance. (Jan. 30)

The Battle of Algiers (1967) Shot in documentary style, Gillo Pontecorvo's recreation of terror in the Algerian revolution surges with the feeling of lives caught up in the swell of history and yet, also the kind of humanity that refuses to divide up sides with black and white lines. (Jan. 29)

Chaplin: The Mutual Shorts, II (1916-1917) As a poor waiter, Charlie gets involved in a roller skate chase in *The Rink*. *The Adventurer* features his famous, sad walk down the road at the end. Also: *The Cure* (1917)

Potemkin (1925) Another of THE films of all time. Sergei Eisenstein's masterpiece of montage announced the arrival of a new kind of filmmaking. The director hoped to combine film and science, to create a film whose meaning derived from meticulously timed shots edited to clash, either through contrasting visual patterns or meanings, to create a third meaning not found in any one shot. This extreme form of imposing meaning and rhythm through editing often results in powerful as well as disturbing visuals (the famous Odessa step scenes). But as some notable critics observed, Eisenstein may sacrifice life to montage. "As Robert Warshaw said, while calling the film a masterpiece, "It really is the triumph of art over humanity." If you have the remotest interest in film, you must at least see *Potemkin*. (Feb. 5)

The Kid (1921) and *The Idle Class* (1921). *The Kid* became one of Chaplin's most successful films. David Robinson describes it as "An odd mixture of rich comedy and Victorian pathos...it aroused tremendous enthusiasm in audiences all over the world." Thought to be less successful, *The Idle Class* features Chaplin in the dual role of tramp and alcoholic millionaire. (Feb. 6, repeated Feb. 11)

Miss Julie (1951) Sweden's distinguished director Alf Sjöberg created his most notable film, based on the famous play. The film supposedly shows the love of nature that characterized the golden age of Swedish films in the silent era. Ingmar Bergman worked on the script of a Sjöberg film and was later to star Sjöberg in *Wild Strawberries*. (Feb. 7)

Triumph of the Will (1934) Sometimes you just have to "forget" that Leni Riefenstahl was Hitler's filmmaker and look only at how she made films. Certainly, the film, which depicts a huge Nazi rally, is frightening because of the details rendered by Riefenstahl, but the film is a primer for those interested in the powers of composition and rhythm. (Feb. 12)

A Dog's Life (1917), *Shoulder Arms* (1918), *The Pilgrim* (1923) David Robinson called *Shoulder Arms*, Chaplin's "comic fantasy" about World War I, "The most durable of all the many films made about that war." In *The Pilgrim*, also one of his better short features, Chaplin plays the tramp as an escaped convict who is mistaken for the pastor of a small rural community. It included a rather celebrated scene in which Chaplin mimes a sermon based on the text of David and Goliath. (Feb. 13, repeated Feb. 18)

Max and the Statue (1912) features the early French comic from whom Chaplin borrowed the idea of a hat and cane. Chaplin thought of Max Linder as "the professor" and Roy Armes writes that the great French comedy director Rene Clair "admitted learning from him what film

comedy could be." A rare chance to the work of a great comic. Also on the program, the more familiar *Two Tars* (1928), one of the funniest Laurel and Hardy movies;

A Fatal Glass of Beer (1933) with W.C. Fields, and Buster Keaton in one of his best shorts, *The Frozen North* (1922). (Feb. 14)

STUDENT GOVERNMENT

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid (1969) Everyone's favorite funny western, except for those among us who find George Roy Hill's movie not so funny. Another "cute bankrobber movie," this one features beautiful Newman and Redford "acting" cool, which may go far to explain why neither one has done much real acting lately. And I can't help wonder if the innocent South American soldiers in the finale viewed their deaths with the light irony that Hill displayed. (Feb. 1, 2)

Easy Rider (1969) The movie may grow a little more paranoid as the years go by, but it's worth seeing again if only for Dennis Hopper's expressive finger formations and the thought that he might be pointing them at all those expensive Hollywood bombs. (Feb. 8, 9)

Siddartha (1973) Conrad Rooks may have figured that, if the world was made in seven days, he could remake it in two hours. All the deepest thoughts on everything from love to money are hurriedly scribbled across the screen. The experience might be compared to thumbing through a philosophy primer, backwards. Shot on location in India, the film at least looks beautiful and tells a little about India. (Feb. 15, 16)

2001 (1968) Mumbo jumbo in outer space. Stanley Kubrick amuses himself with a lot of tinker toys (and a beautiful ride by Douglas Trumbull) and comes up with his usual cold universe where people matter much less than machines. It must give the director much satisfaction to know that somewhere someone is still trying to figure out the meaning of the slab and the ending. (Feb. 22, 23)

TEXAS UNION

The Best Man (1964) Henry Fonda shows us what it takes to turn down the presidency in a well-acted and unpretentious, though hardly profound, movie about American politics. (Jan. 31)

Sleuth (1972) Bring your own aircraft carrier to float through the plot holes. It's hard to believe that such crafty people could be fooled for so long. But Laurence Olivier is excellent and Michael Caine is even better. Directed by Joseph Mankiewicz. (Feb. 1-3)

Showboat (1951) Another MGM musical, this one with songs by Oscar Hammerstein II and Jerome Kern. George Sidney directs a huge cast, including Ava Gardner, Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, and Marge and Gower Champion. (Feb. 6)

Falstaff (*Chimes at Midnight*) (1966) Critics seemed to appreciate Orson Welles' version of Shakespeare; Joseph McBride even called it a masterpiece. But keep in mind that Welles didn't have a fortune to work with. The sound is not perfectly synched or always intelligible. With Welles and Sir John Gielgud. (Feb. 7)

Cries and Whispers (1972) Ingmar Bergman's dreamlike film about two sisters who come to care for their dy-

ing sister is an illuminating study of our darker side; and yet, it represents an important turning point for Bergman, who finally finds something which makes the hell worth it. Also notice the way Bergman treats homosexuality: this is perhaps film's most compassionate and honest portrayal. With the always amazing Liv Ullman, Harriet Andersson, and Ingrid Thulin. (Feb. 8-10)

Annie Get Your Gun (1950) MGM and George Sidney ride again, this time through the songs of Irving Berlin. With Betty Hutton, Howard Keel and Louis Calhern. (Feb. 13)

The Heart is a Lonely Hunter (1968) A somewhat stretched piece of seriousness, the film still leaves you devastated because of the fine performances by then newcomer Sondra Locke, Chuck McCann, and one of this country's most versatile actors, Alan Arkin. One film you won't so easily forget. Directed by Robert Ellis Miller. (Feb. 14)

Travels with My Aunt (1972) And now for the grand finale. At least someone—quite appropriately George Cukor—remembers how to make enjoyable movies that shun seriousness for high adventure and style. Certainly the movie is a bit ridiculous at the beginning, but I haven't really enjoyed a movie so much in years and years. With Maggie Smith, Robert Stephens, and Cindy Williams, the young cheerleader from *American Graffiti*. (Feb. 15, 17)

UNIVERSITY FILM PROGRAM COMMITTEE

The Adversary (1973) India's master filmmaker Satyajit Ray offers a new film, *New Yorker's* Penelope Gilliatt could not praise the film enough. "It has the same sort of sunlit affection as Ray's famous *Apu* trilogy, shining on more difficult and sophisticated circumstances...This is Ray's funniest, most piercing film." (Jan. 30)

Fires on the Plain (1959) Kon Ichikawa's film may be showing here for the first time and if so, one might take notice. Pauline Kael writes of this vision of hell: "It has the disturbing power of great art: it doesn't leave you quite the same." (Jan. 31)

End of Summer (1961) Japan's great filmmaker Yasujiro Ozu may rarely move his camera or never change angles, and yet his films, which concentrate on faces and internal drama, are among the most shattering. It is indeed a rare chance to see one of his films, especially this one, with its unusual humor. (Feb. 6)

Beautiful Duckling may be the first contemporary Chinese film—apart from Bruce Lee—to reach campus. Directed by Lee Hsing, the film tells the story of farmers during harvest time and a group of ducks. (Feb. 7)

The Third Man (1949) Sir Carol Reed (*Odd Man Out*, *Oliver*) collaborated with Graham Greene in this, their most successful effort. The mystery itself is good, but the acting is superb, with Joseph Cotten, Trevor Howard, and Orson Welles who adds a few shades to the definition of corruption with his portrayal of Harry Lime. (Feb. 13)

Ride the High Country (1962) For all those who have lately gotten a gutful of Sam Peckinpah, the director shows us that he could once be honest and graceful without insulting our intelligence or morality in *Straw Dogs* and *The Getaway*. (Feb. 14) ○

PEARL January 1974

THERE IT WAS again ... a low voice. I turned around quickly. No one.

Oh, there were plenty of people around. I had been walking across the mall in front of the Tower when I first heard the voice a few seconds earlier. A few, in fact, were giving me sideways glances as I jerked around in several directions.

But no one was close enough to have spoken like that. I glanced at the Tower clock again. One forty-five. I had to hurry if I were going to make it to that meeting.

"How can you do this to me?" ...the voice, distinctly.

I froze. It was so close. Goblins? Leprechauns? Was I going to need an exorcist? Instant flashes of what my friends had said about that weird movie passed through my mind. (Hell, I was chicken to read the book.)

I walked faster.

"Just ignore me...as usual."

Then it came to me. The voice was all too familiar.

I relaxed and murmured, "Sorry,"

"Sure." It was my stomach.

"I mean it," I said, simultaneously thinking, "Here we go again."

"I heard that!" Stomach replied sharply.

Gad, I couldn't keep anything private. It had friends upstairs.

"Look, you know I had to finish that assignment before my noon class. I had to skip lunch," I said impatiently.

"And do you realize how many times a week I hear that excuse! Month after month, year after year! How much longer do I have to put up with this...?" Stomach's voice broke off into whimpers...then sobs.

Jeuzuchrist. Another scene. I wondered if other stomachs around could hear this. They were probably giving me hard stares through squinting navels.

"Look, I...I'll be late to the meeting. We'll go get a quick bite...and later..."

Weakly, "Another promise...and another...and another. How much longer? ...Why didn't I listen to mother?"

Uh-oh. The old threat again. It was, of course, impossible for Stomach to go home to mother, but in attempting to do so, it could give me a good case of three-day diarrhea.

Desperately, I ran into the nearest building, found a vending machine, and gulped down a candy bar. The voice stopped, but from experience I knew it was only a short reprieve.

Luckily, the meeting lasted only a half hour. To avoid another domestic squabble, I needed a quick meal. A friend recommended *Hank's Grill*, 2532 Guadalupe, as the closest place to the Communications Building.

I walked in and slumped into a booth.

"Menu?" asked a smiling, petite waitress with long brown hair.

"Please, I'm starving. What's fast?"

"Well, our lunch special. Today it's short ribs and rice, green beans, small salad, two rolls with butter, and a drink."

"How much?"

"\$1.50."

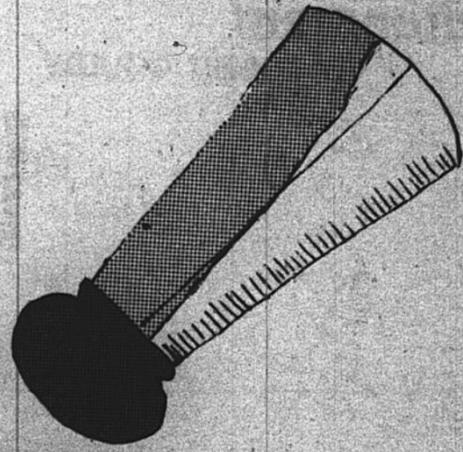
"Okay. Make it ice tea."

As I sat waiting, I noticed how unchanged the place was since my last visit years ago—huge western panoramic color photographs on the north wall, fake sail fish over the

Epicurious

BY MIKE POWERS

PLATE LUNCH BLUES



kitchen service window, model clipper ship at the end of the room, bar stools at the counter.

The meal arrived quickly. It tasted great. A few minutes later, Jan Klutta, the waitress, joined me over her cup of coffee. She filled me in on Hank's offerings.

The lunch special is always the same price but the meat and vegetables change daily. The burly black cook, Leroy Miller, has really made Henry Driggs' place known for its chicken fried steak dinner, \$1.20. During afternoon happy hour, pitchers of beer cost \$1.05.

Jan, a University student, added that the same patrons come almost every day to eat and/or drink. One reason may be the casual, friendly atmosphere. Waitresses chat freely with the customers and have been known to feed the juke box and dance with them. Another reason may be Driggs' reputation for helping down and out young people from time to time.

When I paid the bill at the cash register, I noticed a scrawl on the back of the check, "Thanks, Jan." It reminded me of something she had said, "Working here is like being part of a family...kind of homey."

I strolled south on the Drag. My hunger problem had been solved for today, but what would tomorrow bring? Precautions must be taken.

Later I used an Austin street map and yellow pages to lay out an emergency chart of eateries around town. The next day I began a survey to find those places which serve fast but inexpensive meals better known as blue plate dinners, lunch specials, plate lunches, etc.

My first choice to the east was *The Pike*, 2804 Interregional (the west side), at 26th Street just north of the Villa Capri.

I settled onto an orange-and-white counter stool and Mary the waitress handed me a glass of ice water. "Our lunch special still costs \$1.40. The food changes everyday except Friday...always fish."

Today's fare was hamburger steak, mashed potatoes, black-eyed peas, salad, coffee, or tea. Homemade biscuits are available with breakfast, served 24 hours a day, or just ask.

Personal experience has taught me that the quality of the meals vacillates like a mild sine curve. Generally good, occasionally in peaks and valleys. Clientele—students, laborers,

police, businessmen...you name it.

The next contact was to *The Stallion Drive-Inn*, 5534 N. Lamar. A few friends and I hit it about once a month. We always joke about "our favorite greasy spoon." The "greasy spoon" label is purely visual. It is one of our favorite places for both the food and atmosphere. Lighted beer signs hang from rustic, wood-paneled walls.

Country and western fills the jukebox; cowboys rub elbows with longhairs; it's fun. Mind your manners, though, because manager Willis Earls is an ex-boxer and looks pretty fit still; but he's friendly and had to laugh when he bragged, "We figure our prices are so low, everything's on special."

If anything on the varied menu would be termed "special," it is the \$1.00 chicken fried steak dinner (\$1.70 for extra meat patty) including lettuce and tomato salad, french fries, hot rolls, and gravy. It's good, and popular, as one will find when having to wait for a table a few minutes almost any evening.

Back near the southern edge of campus, a friend and I stopped at *The Clinton*, 105 W. 20th, for lunch. Inside the remodeled, yellow two-story frame house is an active cafeteria operation, although the day we visited service was quite fast. Besides typical sandwich fare, owner Rick Kilgore offers \$1.49 lunch special.

Rosey, serving behind the steam counter, pointed out a selection, of perch, creole gumbo (I ate it; great!), or chicken fried steak (everyday), three vegetables, salad, corn bread or rolls, butter, and tea. A ticket for \$19.88 includes 14 meals over three months.

Decor ranges from an old rusty Coca-Cola sign to an antique green piano. For a spot so close to campus, the customers are extremely varied—businessmen, hard hats, students. Ladder-back chairs seat guests at small round white-top tables while KRMH provides music amid a collection of potted plants and old framed posters—overall a clean, fresh appearance.

Just west of downtown at 604 Guadalupe, the *Alamo Restaurant* principally serves local business traffic and residents of the hotel above.

Although in the process of remodeling, the Alamo still preserves the best

in "old hotel" comfort and charm while attaining modern informality. Basically decorated in shades of red, the dining room is filled with tables holding blinking candles which light pink tablecloths and wine-red chairs.

Their only special I have tested is the always good \$1.90 plate lunch—standard selection of meat, vegetables, salad, bread, and dessert.

Mr. V. Davis, co-manager with his wife Bertha since 1948, elaborated on the Alamo's other specials—complete turkey dinner (\$2.75) Sundays, catfish dinner (\$2.25) Fridays.

Every other Sunday, the Davis' produce a complete Lebanese dinner, or I should say feast, for \$3.95. Mrs. Davis combines her Lebanese ancestry with supplies from a Houston importer to lay out soup, salad, stuffed vegetables (including rice in grape leaves), sauteed meats, bread, drink, and dessert.

Davis said the meal has been successful, and the only reason it isn't available more often is "preparation is just too time-consuming."

Directly across the street from the Alamo is *The Quiet Man*, only a few months old. Randy Barnes and Bill Miertschin, a couple of local rugby players, have pervaded part of an old beige brick house with an Irish pub atmosphere—standup bar, dart board, washstand in the entry room, shuttered windows, and old guns on the walls.

It's quiet and subdued with low music from the swing band era, and for \$2.35, daily except Sunday, one can approach a gourmet plate lunch. A recent menu included choice of chicken curry, meatloaf, beef tips Jeananan, or stuffed bell peppers; choice of three vegetables, green salad, and hot rolls.

"Every night," added tall, blond Barnes, "we have a set of seafood specials starting at \$1.45. We call them specials since they are separate from the regular menu and change nightly."

As I stepped into the street to catch a bus home, I remembered I hadn't heard a word from my stomach for several days. Maybe I was finally living up to my responsibilities in our relationship. Or perhaps this extra dietary insurance I had taken was helping us to enter a more secure period of gastrointestinal bliss. ○

bless my bicycle

An ode to foresight

We can't just park our cars and walk away. Stepping in unison from our cars—that's fantasy, and Dada is dead. It's impractical. Besides, what would Austin do with an unemployed Mayor?

America's strength has never been foresight. Strength, brute strength is our forte, our bread and butter, our fork and spoon.

No. Foresight does not characterize we people. And this clumsy mouthful, this energy crisis, must be swallowed with a little hindsight. Remember Grandma's cure-all? Half a bottle and half a day of the green apple quick step sent the fiercest of stomach aches right down the river. Cures are not necessarily pleasant.

The future has always been uncertain, but we've left ourselves very little chance for change. The quick cure, the technological fix has been our salvation and has become a thing in itself and has blinded us. The technological fix has replaced the alternative.

As part of Operation Candor, Nixon has endorsed, encouraged, promised, demanded an end to this energy crisis by 1980. Just think, the crisis of all crises: The shortage of energy in an energized world.

This energy crisis, some people say, is a conspiracy—a conspiracy to drive the price of fuel higher. A conspiracy to cover the Watergate conspiracy. A conceived conspiracy to hide conceived conspiracies. Regardless, there is the tangible energy crisis. It is the conflict of intangible crises which must be handled second nature. The fuel problems demand full creativity.

Our present petro-fuel shortage was born in 1954 when the Supreme Court declared that the price of natural gas must be controlled at the well head. In other words, the oil producers had to absorb the cost of providing cheap fuel to the

Northeast. All through the sixties the Federal Power Commission assured natural gas to consumers at the lowest possible prices. The price was so low that very few producers cared to play the high risk game of petroleum exploration.

In this era of conspiracy and suspicion of conspiracy, the oil industry has been attacked from many sides for creating the fuel shortage. The sad economic reality, regardless of the sinister megacorporation reality, is that the financial risks involved in drilling and the low net return on invested capital imposed a depression on the oil industry.

The costs of exploratory drilling run from \$100,000 for a shallow well to as much as \$3 million for deep-lying reserves. Off-shore drilling has an initial price tag of almost \$1 million for construction of a drilling platform. And these prices are simply the costs of searching for the fuel. The search for underground fuel is not much more than a scientific extension of water witching.

One engineer puts it, "In 1956 there were 47,000 wells drilled. In 1972 there were only 23,000. The returns weren't high enough to encourage the producers. Of course, the oil industry is open to anybody—so anybody could have gotten in if it looked profitable. It didn't."

Dr. William Dingle of the Petroleum Engineering School cited petroleum industry profits as 6 to 8 percent returns on capital investments last year. He compared this to the 14 to 20 percent capital returns in other industries such as manufacturing, clothing, and foodstuffs.

Solar power as an alternative is possible, but it certainly has no priority from a political standpoint. And controlled, clean nuclear fusion is not even in sight—the basic reaction has not even been proved. The

President, though, has asked for a solution to our energy shortage, primarily via nuclear power, by 1980. He has asked us to bring the Atomic Age into full bloom.

Science & Government Report, Nov. 15, stated, "President Nixon's pledge to make the U.S. self-sufficient in energy by 1980 is provoking scoffs from some experts in the energy research community.

"In his televised energy address on Nov. 7, 1973, the President reiterated his previously announced plans to spend \$10 billion over five years on energy research and development. He likened his proposal to the Manhattan Project, which developed the atomic bomb in World War II, and the Apollo Project, which placed a man on the moon in 1969.

"The idea that we can become self-sufficient by 1980 on the basis of research and development program that won't be started until 1974 is ludicrous," said one. "It takes six years to build a plant *when you know how to do it.*

"One cynic, who noted Nixon's parallel between his energy push and the Apollo moon project, carried the analogy a step farther. Kennedy pledged to reach the moon by the end of his decade at least in part to wipe out memories of the Bay of Pigs debacle. And now, Nixon, beset with his own catastrophes, has made a similar pledge to end his decade in triumph."

The petroleum engineers paint a brighter picture, not with fission or fusion, but with fossil fuels. One says, "We can solve the energy problem by 1980 if the government will let us do it. The quickest way to solve immediate problems is to drill more wells. According to studies by the American Association of Petroleum Geologists and the U.S. Geological Survey, we have the

oil reserves to beat the crisis. In fact, on the continental United States, we have as much petroleum beneath the ground as we've pumped and used thus far.

"Looking farther down the road, there is no question we will run out of fossil fuel," he says, "so we must do enough research to replace them. Rising gas prices will attract the industry—give it a boost."

Unfortunately, the energy crisis has done more than waken us to our fuel and transportation problems. The crisis has provided the administration with a good excuse to attack environmentalists. In early November, Nixon banished almost all existing environmental controls on industrial pollution. To avoid severe power shortages, the President decided existing air quality standards must be waived. Energy production, he decided, must be maximized through the use of previously unacceptable fuel such as high sulphur-content coal.

Environmentalists point out that they are hardly to blame for the current situation but have pushed many times for controls which would have diverted many of our present problems. If the government, for example, had passed recommended legislation to reduce the weight of the average American car from 3,500 pounds to 2,500 pounds, the gasoline saving alone would total 2.5 million barrels per day or the equivalent of the total maximum daily production expected from the first Alaskan pipeline.

Automobiles in the United States use 6.5 million barrels of gasoline each day. That's something like 37 percent of all the petroleum consumed. In terms of growth, automobiles account for close to 20 percent of the projected growth in fuel use.

The Search for Beowulf

I have often read of monsters in their prime,
Of simple men pursued by nameless fiends—
Gory legends taken tongue-in-cheek.
For modern men can giggle when they know
That scientists are walking point,
Armed with deadly sprays,
Exterminating myth.
And, shunning allegory, ask for tailored facts:
The market—did it gain when Grendel died?
And was there profit on the mass hysterics?

Yet, lately by the city's river,
Deep in the long slum night,
I saw how blackness hangs like a veil
Over the mournful streets.
Creatures lurked in every alley,
Unseen and patient.
Shops and houses leaned together,
Old and frightened,
Needing comfort,
And, finding no friends,
Fell in upon themselves.

Something evil is afoot, I thought—
Something evil has had its way.
A ghastly face a block behind fell back in shadows.
A figure ducked behind a wall.
The walks lay cracked beneath my feet—
Had Grendel lately stomped this way?
Bring the sprays, I whistled boldly—
Teach him scientific death.

No one came.
My hands went wet.
A black man sat in a door,
Spit collecting in his lap.
Half-naked boys at midnight
Uttered mindless filth.
The stench of dead things in the dark.
And streetlights—miles apart—held at pole's length
Like rotten oranges, swarming with flies.

Under such a light she stood,
No Cleopatra—youth had withered her already.
Held up only by the orange light.
Resting her body on the worn pole.
The eyes did me in.
Suddenly, I was again a simple man, trailed by footsteps,
Unearthly,
Chased down the years by fierce mythologies.
Children wailed in the night.
Mothers whined like children.
Fathers crouched in meadhalls,
Drinking away the shadows.
While Grendel drooled in the alley.

Her eyes, that wandered by me to the river,
Once, I knew, had watched the Danish shore.
How long she must have waited for the promised Geat.
"Not me," I said, keeping my eyes on the shattered walk.
She shrugged and turned away,
But not before a blink of sorrow at the monstrous thought
Of no more giants abroad.

Dreams of Moby Dick

Last night I woke to visions of the whale,
and on the black wall of my mind,
the strangled Ahab floundered in the ropy sea,
and I lay gasping at the flushing in my heart,
while Moby Dick went sounding down my soul.

My nightmare mind projects it on the hidden wall,
and Moby Dick is monstrous on the wall
and guzzles down my innocence like wine.

Ah, Melville, rest ye easy?
Far from this sad world where men are daily
dragged to Davy's Locker?
(Where overhead the seabirds scavenge for the
fluttered bits of dreams the ocean vomits.)

I am not a listener to tales,
and yet I've thrown my own harpoons
and, more than once, have found
they flew their mark—
and more than once have found they speared a friend.

And Moby Dick is monstrous in his mystery—
un-impressed by Ahab's sacred madness
(Ahab called him evil and went casting,
lone and vain,
upon the fearful waters of his heart)
un-impressed and wakened,
once he turned and nodded once
and sent the blameless *Pequod* down the drain.

The fury all is in me, turning on itself—
and I become like Ahab, molding pointless lances,
and I become like Stubb, the mate, still chuckling
in despair—
serene, like Queeg-queg, trying on his fate—
And I am Starbuck, rational and frozen—
I am Starbuck, overwhelmed and turning
down to certain death,
lost in Ahab's whirlpool eye.

But I am most like Ishmael, most like him who,
in the awful clamor, floated on a coffin,
round and round the circling edge of doom,
staring horrified across the vacant sea.
She would settle that night, and others,
For a lesser man, an Unferth,
Full of mead and boast and haunted dreams.
And, laying her arm upon a dirty sheet in Herot,
Would turn her eyes again to the moonlit river.

The Irony of It All

"For capillaries know not why they toil,
nor hemoglobin question where the heart is."

Unicellular, remote and blind,
a lonely squish at work on God-knows-what,
I drip, drip, drip within a stomach lining,
within my universe a dribbling dot.

Never seeing who collects the drippings,
deaf to hear him when he should arrive,
enduring night on night of noisy darkness,
never knowing what I keep alive—

But, sensing rumors of a grander purpose,
I long to ride a vein into the eye,
where mystic squishes rave of Truth and Beauty
(there but for rude biology dwell I).

'Til then I labor at my hazy project,
dreaming of that vein I'll never mount,
gurgling that my work is more than acid,
insisting that my drippings really count.

DAVID HALL

...is a teaching assistant in the English department. He has published in The Green Fuse, the literary magazine at North Texas State University, where he received his BA and MA degrees. He is the author of 2½ novels, one based on his experience as an artillery forward observer in Vietnam.

Our Man Sisyphus

My daughter charges at me, spoon in mouth—
one slip and she's a human lollipop,
and I am stricken helpless by the grief
(for fathers' deaths, like cowards', never stop).

How sad it is when earthquakes eat us up
and hurricanes flush out the best of towns,
when, hardly pausing for a farewell bubble,
our wisest friend looks childish as he drowns.

My uncle—chomping down a chicken whole—
I always thought was all a hero seems,
until he gulped the wishbone in his greed
(I still can see him, choking on his dreams).

So does the lily of the field have answers?
Weaving dumbly under staring skies?
Pollinating blind its silly cousins
(til' frost brings down the ice age and it dies)?

But Newton showed the gravity of life,
and chemicals can fill the sky with rains,
and dread diseases peter at the sound
of penicillin romping through the veins.

And even I have lain in fevered darkness,
aware of principles that have no terms,
lying drenched and scared in holy visions
that I would swear make paupers out of worms.

We are men whose sons are caught for murder,
widows waiting for the box to drop—
so just perhaps our hoping is the answer;
perhaps the question is the place to stop.



FAIRIES

Heard (or written) any good fairy tales lately? Whatever you think a fairy tale ought to be, now is your chance to let the world know, in PEARL Magazine's fairy tale contest. The winning tale will be published in the March issue of PEARL. The last day to submit is Friday, Feb. 15, so you get your tale to the PEARL literary office, new TSP Building, room 4.106.

Ghosts

Ghosts had never bothered me
'til Preston Hanna ran the icy bridge that day
and found it occupied.

I've come, I said, because I heard...
I've come, I said, and stood there jerking
while his wife's red eyes stared out of Bedlam,
wondering how I stood there stupid
while her husband sprawled
as naked as a chicken
on the butcher's board
downtown.

I, too, wondered, as the night went rotten—
did the window slice his face like pie?
(Because the night was always comfort,
always rest and recompense,
until my boyhood friend went ripping
through the windshield
on the job
and sailed to heaven in a laundry truck.)

When Hanna came to see me,
just two months before the end,
we joked and loudly matched up children
(more silently comparing wives),
and I flew off to days of yore,
while Hanna boasted prematurely of a future.

(Ah damnit Hanna—
leave my days in ignorance—
your bloody face does not become me.)
Yet ghosts were never my concern
when Hanna was alive and only far away,
in army boots or bumming through his life—
coming always flanked by granite boys
and honeyed girls,
coming always from the hallowed past.
While Hanna was alive and gone,
his image was a constant comfort,
sporting on its face no ugly gashes,
dripping blood that should as well be mine.

Those days...those days...
ah let me think...
of soft sweet hands in summer twilight
Sunday games on tireless lungs
and Hanna running zigzag
through an endless autumn...

...but then the truck
(o damn the truck!)
all crushed and smoking on the ice,
the seat a lake of blood
(and the mind too weak and spellbound
to tow the wreck away).

Tonight is not so icy, not so dark,
as when I found his punch-drunk widow
and his babbling infant son,
the lady sick and wailing for her mama's boy.

But ghosts are hardly products of the weather,
no chance condensations of a morning mist,
but rather gruesome zombies of a tortured mind—
quiet beings born of doubt,
shot through monstrously with guilt—
only roused, in fact, to man the rack.
For Hanna, friend to me in all his living hours,
devils me in death unwittingly.
He knows no more than I, perhaps,
but seems a prophet always at my side,
reminding not of girls and games
but blood and bridges
and the shrieking bride.



We junk seven million automobiles each year, more than the number of cars that exist in all of the U.S.S.R. We junk them because they are designed to be junked, styled to be obsolete, built to fall apart, advertised to be out of fashion. Imagine what would happen if people started keeping their cars longer, say seven or ten years instead of buying a new car every three years. Suddenly Detroit wouldn't be able to sell its normal nine million cars a year and our economy would feel serious repercussions. But due to inherent social constraint, the chance of convincing people to buy fewer cars is unlikely. The biggest product of our economy is sheer waste.

The balance sheet could more accurately describe a war than an industrial success. Automobiles kill almost sixty thousand of us per year and injure four million more, pollute the air more than any other industrial source, eat a good share of our natural resources, destroy cities, choke off development of more efficient transit systems, accelerate our unsolved problems of poverty and race, shift patterns of home ownership and retail trade, alter sexual customs, loosen family ties more than the televisions, and dominate the economy to the point of subverting the hallowed capitalist system.

The entries on the credit side of the ledger are an occasionally flourishing economy, and a considerable amount of convenient, comfortable, and sometimes reliable mobility. That last, sometimes reliable mobility, is part of a tragic self-delusion: The private automobile offers the mystically perceived idea of total freedom.

The automobile industry does not function for the good

of the people. It functions because it is profitable for millions of cars to be built and sold, because it is profitable to sell billions of gallons of gasoline for them, and because it is profitable to repair and maintain them.

Look at the government's role in providing facilities for the automobile, particularly streets and highways, as opposed to its role in providing public transit facilities. If people were to be given a real choice, then equal provision of facilities by the government would be indicated. This has hardly been the case. The U.S. government has set up a multi-billion-dollar highway trust fund, financed from "highway-user" taxes, such as gasoline taxes. Using these monies, the federal government provides 90 percent of the costs of building freeways, requiring that local and state governments put up 10 percent.

Meanwhile the federal government had been providing less than \$175 million a year for public transit, until passage of mass transit legislation which now provides about \$1 billion a year and a recent congressional vote to funnel some of the "highway-user" taxes into mass transit.

Let's look simply at three modes of transportation—one public, one semi-private, and one private. Each of these three alternatives could take a considerable chunk out of our energy consumption: Buses, car pooling, and bicycles.

Both buses and automobiles pollute. They both use fossil fuel. But autos use 55.3 percent of available fuel compared to the 0.2 percent used by buses. The case for buses hardly needs to be made.

The problem, or rather the question, is how do you encourage buses to improve their efficiency and how do you get people to ride them? One way is

to decrease fares. On Dec. 15, 1973, the Austin Transit System offered "Nickle Ride Day." Ridership went up almost 100 percent from 12,800 to 24,962 boarding passengers. But what kind of a system is Austin Transit?

Mayor Roy Butler was recently asked at a symposium why he didn't use Austin's public transportation system. "Well," he drawled, "Austin has no public transportation system." He later commented, "The fellow that asked that question—he must not sell cars." Butler is right, though. Austin does have a bus system which only hauls a few people around to a few places in town. It is certainly not a public transit system and it is no alternative unless you are carless. Austin Public Transit is inefficient and incomplete as a total and integrated community system.

What improvements are needed in bus transit and which should have priority? Pricing, routing, and speed are the central problems for buses and they are also the central areas where improvements might mean effective public transit.

Few bus companies have developed reasonable pricing systems. The main problem is that bus riding occurs during peak hours when people are going to and from work. Too many buses and too many drivers sit idle during non-peak hours. By charging extremely low rates during non-peak hours, buses could serve a valuable public function and maintain a sufficient revenue to keep up with costs.

Bus speed ties into both routing and operational costs. If buses don't move fast enough, they lose fares and cannot cover enough ground. One method being tested is designating special bus lanes on wide streets. Not only does this speed buses, it also slows auto

traffic by reducing auto lanes thus discouraging auto use.

Another method to speed buses seems at first glance science-fiction fantasy, but is now being tested in Los Angeles. Buses are equipped with transmitter which first counts the number of riders at any given time and then signals ahead to traffic lights if the number indicates privileged right-of-way at an intersection.

Buses may be a partial answer to the energy problem. But the fact remains that wholesale changes in our transportation modes just won't slip right into our tightly patterned society.

Since we won't step in unison from our cars, why not make them more efficient? With 100 percent subscription to car pooling we could cut gasoline consumption 4.9 million barrels each day. Refineries now existing within the continental United States could then keep up with present gasoline demands (providing consumption levels remained the same, which, of course, they won't). But car pooling is a step forward.

Now, carpooling, as any other social change, would require extensive education followed by the phenomenon of the neo-neighborhood. At present, people who drive to work alone have a quarter or a half an hour to be alone. For some, this is the only time they are by themselves. **PRIVACY.** And within current societal constraints, privacy is closer to the pendulum than community. Whether or not we can handle knowing one another is another question.

So we must see the boulders in the path we choose—see them, not to force them away, but to step around them. Or maybe we should ride around them—on our **BICYCLES.** However we walk or roll along, let's look ahead. ○

The Booby Trap

A TRUE STORY

BY VIVA DANSEUSE

I kept turning around, not really wanting to apply for the job. I had deliberately dressed like a kid—cut-off jeans and a play top; I didn't have on make-up. I had even stopped at the Dairy Queen to buy a root-beer frosty. I wasn't afraid of looking fat or ugly.

For several days I'd been looking for a part time job. I confidently left my resume with prospective employers: Radcliffe graduate, work/travel experience in the U.S. and abroad, a double major in sociology and English. There just was no opening for me. All I wanted was a responsible, well-paying part-time position like 40,000 others at the University of Texas!

In exasperation, I called about an ad for "Dancers and Waitresses Wanted at Three of Austin's Top Night Spots."

"I'm calling about the ad in the paper. Do you still need people? Uh... what type of work is it exactly?"

"Sure, we need more girls. Why don't you come in to talk? My name's Tom. We're right up the Drag from UT."

I gulped, remembering sparkling GO GO GIRLS signs and neon proclamations of GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS, but Tom continued, "Yeh, our girls dance topless. You wouldn't have to, but, of course I do pay them more. They make a lot of tips, too. Why don't you come over this afternoon and take a look."

Wow! This guy was actually encouraging me to try his job! I told him I'd think about it, and hung up.

"Of course you won't go down there," I told myself, "It's female exploitation!"

I turned on the record player and started dancing, scrutinizing myself in the mirror.

"You're flat and you're straight. They'd just laugh at you. Good grief! You're even a virgin!"

I enjoy most music, though I'm not a trained dancer. I'm a Christian, and I believe prayer answers, but I am stubborn, and I wanted a job by that day. I had only two more calls to make, and I think I threatened God to go topless if they didn't come through.....

Tom's bars are only a few blocks from the student part of the Drag. A carload of construction workers honked and whistled as I walked along. At one of the bars a bright blue-and-red Corvette sped away. I was embarrassed to go inside.

It was dark, but I could see the bar. I asked the bartender for Tom, but he said he's just left (in the Corvette). The bartender introduced me to Donna Heart, the "exotic dancer," instead.

Under the amber stage lights I could



Art by Bob Milz

see that she was about my age, and had a shag hair cut.

"If you want a job," she said, "you'll have to audition for me."

I explained that I didn't exactly have a routine, and then admitted I had never danced topless before. Donna laughed and told me she remembered her first time. Then she said I could think about it and she would give me her phone number. We walked around to the tiny dressing room. It had a single yellow light and red paisley wallpaper. Donna showed me how the girls could choose their own records and set the stage lights for themselves.

The club's stocky blonde manager, Richard came in. Neither he nor Donna intimidated me. Everything seemed businesslike. "Shaft" and "Superfly" were playing on the record player. I decided to audition, the first dance with my top on, and then I stepped into the dressing room and took it off.

Richard and Donna talked and motioned toward me as I danced. I couldn't hear them, so I tried to imagine the room full of men. I loved it! Then the bartender and a couple of girls stopped talking at the bar and watched me; they were shadows in the darkness. I could see a mural on one wall, longhorn cattle out on the range. Suddenly I wanted to work there, meet all the people and be in control of that entire scene.

After my dance Richard said he wanted me to start work that night. They said my breasts looked "beautiful." Richard commented that a woman's breasts should be "just appetizers." I was amazed when Donna said one of the girls had plastic surgery to make her breasts smaller.

I left, feeling giddy and excited, ignoring all my confusion as to what this behavior might mean psychologically. I only knew I wasn't nervous on that little stage—I enjoyed it.

That evening I returned in a short Greek dress. Some of the girls were more scantily dressed than I. One had on baby doll pajamas and a cowboy hat. Her name was Patty. She was just nineteen and had only started the day before, although she had danced in New Orleans at Mardi Gras. She showed me how to set up my drink tray and cut the adhesive pasties. All the girls were surprised that I was a student at the University.

We waited on tables (fully clothed) and took turns dancing. Between our acts electronically synchronized orange-and-yellow lights traveled in geometric patterns across the stage wall. We set our dance lights, careful not to turn them so low that no one would be able to see us. It was Friday night and the place filled with standing room only, dark and smoky, except for the white glow of the bar at one end and the amber stage at the other. There were groups of Chicanos in work clothes, some sport-shirted Anglo students, a table of Blacks, and a few business people, all male. Later some Anglos brought dates. Two white students gave me \$5 to dance toward their side of the stage. I thought they just meant to smile in their direction! But they paid Patty \$20 when she did more for them than just smile.

One girl brought her parents to watch. They sat near the stage, looking absurdly like a middle class couple at a children's dance recital. Their daughter, a big pretty brunette, was spoiled. She ran to Richard between dances saying she would not go topless unless he "got rid of those damn Mexicans." The men had not been doing anything, but Richard sat up by the stage to "protect" her. Later some of us danced (not topless) with the "Mexicans." On the stage they were polite and formal. Their buddies cheered for them while they danced with us.

Donna Heart, the "exotic dancer," performed once an hour. I didn't recognize her. She had on a long wig and a feather-and-ruffles black evening dress. She mouthed two songs with the "Funny Girl" record, perhaps trying to imitate some of Gypsy Rose Lee's sophistication. However, she also attached florescent plastic hands to her breasts and hips and "danced" by flinching each side independent of the other. It was bizarre. I couldn't believe it was the same girl who had auditioned me.

When it was my turn to dance, Donna was still in the dressing room. Some guy was crowded in there seemingly comforting her. She was crying, and when she mentioned a D&C I decided it was none of my business. I was reminded of all the

BY SALLY JENKINS

tenderness. See these lines coming off the side. You need to watch for oversensitivity," she says.

She stops talking briefly to take a sip of coffee from her face card mug. "Well, girl, according to your life line, you should be dead. Did death hover over you as an infant?" (Right again, Madame. Tell me more.)

"You will always have to have an expression for yourself. You aren't one to be satisfied with housework and babies." (Right on, Madame Hipple.)

"I see the three loves again," she continues. "And you see organized religion as I do. The Bible is the best book in the world, but you don't hear it from the pulpit. Cut the cards three times, hon, like you did before."

The cards are cut, sitting in three even stacks on the large table. Madame Hipple takes the stacks, as before, and spreads them out. "I'm sorry, hon, there's that husband card again. But we have compatible careers. Girl, you love being a woman if you can be on your own. And in this stack I see you leaving the country, living overseas for awhile.

"There is a name on a paper valuable to your mother, a will that could touch six people, that has to do with some property. This is very muddled," Madame Hipple continues. She captivates with eye and hand contact, pauses dramatically at times and uses her voice to get across her message by alternating between a whisper and a near yell. Her laughter comes easily; she enjoys people.

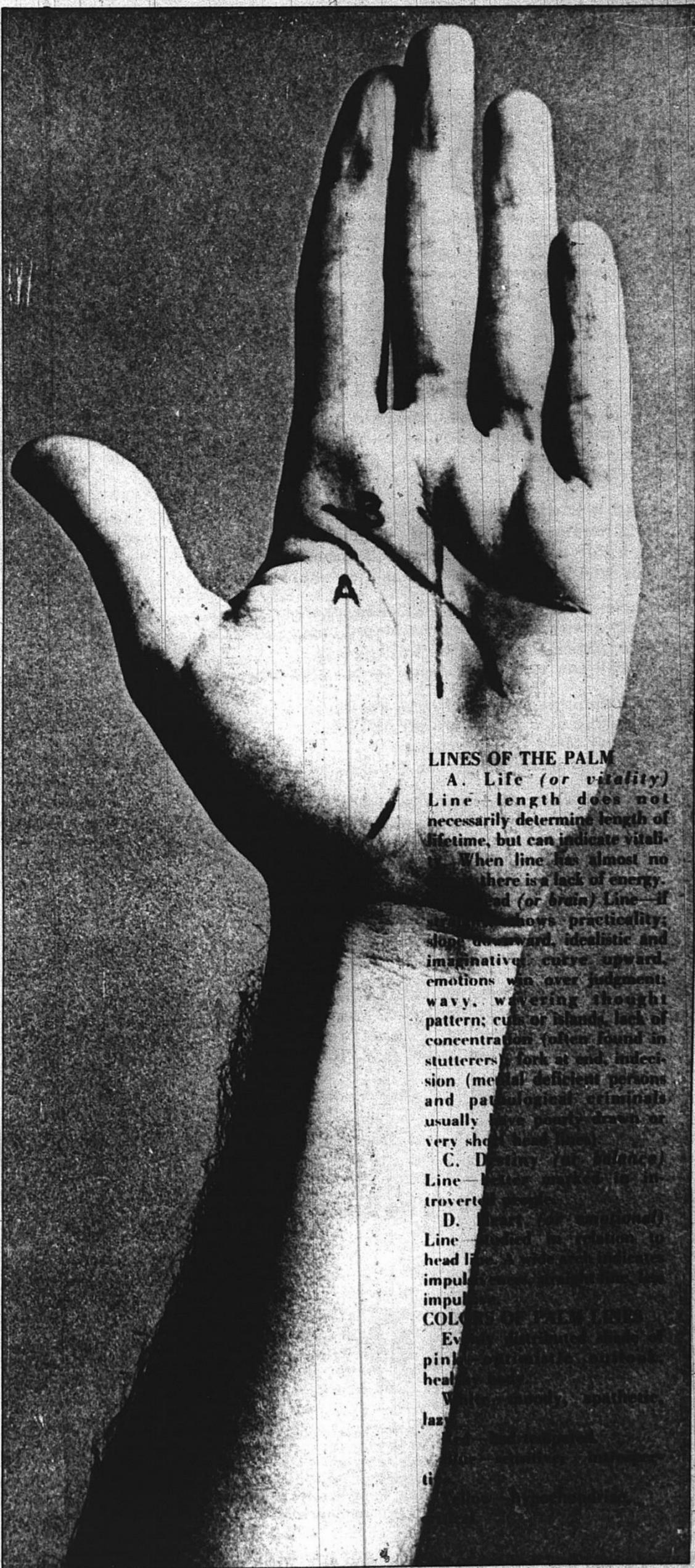
She takes the deck and shuffles them, then deals some cards face up in what seems a random pattern. "There's that wedding ring again. Do you run off a lot of men because you're too damn capable, hon? I thought so. Inside that body is a sixty-foot Amazon. Be firm, girl, but not driving," she advises.

Madame Hipple deals out a few more cards. "Did you testify in a narcotics trial? Well, hon, you might yet. You will take a trip before the year is out." (That's an easy guess, Madame Hipple, a lot of people take trips over the holidays.)

Several more cards are dealt. "There is a husband within the next two years and blending careers. Not a wedding, hon, don't look so unhappy!"

All the cards have been dealt, my right palm is criss-crossed with ink lines. I head out in my brown car for a trip before the year is out, taking my "career" with me to work on over the holidays. And just last week I turned into an Amazon when I told a blind date he couldn't handle women who understood more than their first names.

Maybe there really is something to this. Now where did I stash that Ouija board? ○



LINES OF THE PALM

A. Life (or vitality)

Line length does not necessarily determine length of lifetime, but can indicate vitality.

When line has almost no length there is a lack of energy.

B. Heart (or brain) Line—if

shows practicality; slope downward, idealistic and imaginative; curve upward,

emotions win over judgment; wavy, wavering thought

pattern; cuts or blunts, lack of concentration (often found in

stutterers); fork at end, indecision (mental deficient persons

and pathological criminals usually have heart down or

very short heart line).

C. Destiny (or balance)

Line—

troverts

D. ...

Line—

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photo by Stanley Farrar

FIVE FINGER FUTURE

Were you always the first in line for the fortune teller booth at the elementary school Halloween carnivals? Did you gasp in wonder as she looked into her "crystal ball" and slowly moved her crimson painted fingertips to clear its message? When the turbaned prophet promised a blonde, green-eyed boy would sweep you off your feet, did you spend the next three lunch periods investigating the irises of your blonde classmates?

Did you ask for a Ouija board on your eleventh birthday? Do you still bring it out when you need some answers? Is the first question you ask a blind date, "What is your zodiac sign?" and write her off if she says anything but Taurus, Scorpio, or Cancer? Did you dig through four dresser drawers and an overflowing closet to find your moldy deck of cards when November's *Cosmopolitan* offered to help you "tell what your new man is like ... by reading cards?"

Go ahead and admit you're hooked. Give in to your interest in the occult, astrology, or fortune telling. Treat yourself to a reading by Austin's best-known psychic, Augusta Hipple. The price of "a couple of trips to the beauty shop," as she puts it, or one trip to a men's hair stylist, will admit a person into the world of Madame Hipple for one hour.

A nondescript gray house on 29th Street, catty-cornered to Everett Hardware, is brightened by yellow doors and turquoise curtains. The lemon-colored door opens to reveal a tall, pale, middle-aged woman dressed in a floor length black pleated skirt, high-necked white blouse, a large gold brooch at the throat, and a shawl. Her grayish brown hair is piled high on her head, making her thin face seem even thinner. Bright red lipstick contrasts with her pallid complexion.

Just inside the turquoise curtains is a small room set aside for "ESP Counseling by appointment, \$12.50." The room is close. Two rows of plants, real and plastic, sit in the window seat. On the large round table are a Bible, a deck of cards, a small, modern fluorescent desk lamp, and a mug decorated with face card designs and filled with steaming coffee.

She talks rapidly, constantly, spicing her palm and card readings with quips, anti-religious, and women's lib comments. "When Adam was in the Garden of Eden, God said, 'Adam, Adam, where art thou?' God didn't even know where Adam was!" says Madame Hipple. "This Bible is the most dangerous book in the world to read, the most fascinating to study."

A 35-year veteran of psychic counseling in Austin, Mrs. Augusta Hipple (her real name is Mozelle, but for business reasons she goes by a derivative of August, her late husband's name) says there are two reasons

why a person enters the field—for an ego builder, or for survival. "Mine was survival," she says. Mrs. Hipple supported her children and a paraplegic husband by giving readings. A painting of her son's left hand hangs behind her chair, a ghostly addition to the room.

With animated gestures and a voice that is at once friendly and commanding, she shuffles the cards over and over before beginning the reading. "Hon, a lot of things I will say will be true. A lot will fall on their nose, because I'm not God," she says, laughing. "Humor relaxes you and helps you not take this so seriously when you are taking it seriously. And the humor is free.

"But, I feel the work has value. I like to make it interesting and not just for the superstitious. And that is why I hate religion," she says abruptly. "It mesmerizes people. Call it by its right name—witchcraft!"

Madame Hipple holds out the cards. "Pick one, hon." An eight, an imprisoning number, she says, it has no beginning and no end. "You keep yourself under control, but you'd like to change your lifestyle. You have a conflict between head and heart. But lay the eight on its side and it is the symbol for infinity. What's infinity? No one knows, but it sounds peaceful, doesn't it?"

(So far, so good. But doesn't everyone have some conflict between logic and emotions? Carry on, please.)

"Shuffle eight times, hon, and cut into three even stacks. Only the face cards predict," explains Madame Hipple as she spreads the stacks, face up, on the large round table.

"Be very careful in lending something that could be a way of travel," she says. "You have a brownish car, don't you?" *(Very good, unless she peeked out the window earlier.)* "Don't let anyone, especially a young man, borrow it."

"I don't guess you would ever go to school again," she continues. *(Aha, a mistake. But one more semester and she is absolutely right. Maybe it's not a mistake.)*

"Hon, I see a husband card," Madame Hipple says, "and three wedding bands." *(Okay, that's a definite mistake.)* "Don't give me that look, honey girl. Madame Hipple didn't say a wedding, she said a marriage. Men created laws and weddings and religion.

"Hmmm, this is unusual for a woman. You will carry a title. Perhaps a scholarly title. Now shuffle three times," she says.

Madame Hipple shifts the focus to palm reading, holding my right hand (the dominant hand) in her large, pale left hand. As she talks she sketches in the lines with a black Bic pen. "See this heart, right below your ring finger, in a man that means

other "exotic" women in the U.S. whose lives are pathetic tragedies.

Even so, when I danced, I loved it. Perhaps it was the feeling of control over a room full of men, those shadow lovers. Every eye was on me; it was my cabaret. When I danced, I acted too: Gypsy and Moll Flanders, Miss Kitty and a 1973-coed all combined.

It was so crowded that it was difficult to walk between tables and people. At midnight Richard turned on the lights and announced closing. The customers stumbled out. I'd expected them to be more boisterous, but these weren't fraternity jocks. Some even kissed my hand when they said good-night.

We worked together to clean up spilled beer and cigarette ashes. My body and hair were all smoky. One girl had done a tassel act; she made them spin by jumping up and down, ending with a backbend finale. She claimed to attach the tassels with airplane glue. Ouch!

The next morning I tried to study but my mind kept wandering to the night before and my doubts about working again. I was scheduled to work that night, and I planned to have one of my roommates pick me up, to avoid hassles with Richard. I had already picked out a record to dance to, but I knew the job was not fitting into my self-concept very well. I had made about \$35, but the idea of getting "tips" disgusted me. I could not imagine telling my children some day that I had financed my social work studies by topless dancing. Another problem was that I wanted to see the film, *Five Easy Pieces* showing on campus that night. I decided to work until time for the late movie, have friends pick me up at work, and resign as I was leave. Once I had made that decision I felt better with myself and could study again.

That night at work they told me I could go to another bar, because the bartender was leaving and they needed extra girls, for the crowd they expected to come to "tell him goodbye." An old workman named Charley came to take me in his old pickup with fishing gear on the dashboard. We stopped by his house first to get going-away presents for the bartender: crystal ashtrays and a poker table. They were gifts from the bar's regulars. They decided on the poker table after the bartender's wife told them he always stopped to admire it in the store display.

The plan was for me to distract the bartender while Charlie brought the gifts through a side door. I was flattered to be included! The bar had a fun atmosphere. A juke box sat smiling in the dark, singing country-western and rock. Our stage was in the middle of the room. There were chairs on three sides of it for customers to sit and drink as they looked up at us dancing. I had to be careful not to kick over anyone's beer! There was no back wall to turn to when I felt insecure; with the men looking up at me, I felt more self-conscious about my legs and crotch than my bare breasts!

Tables and booths were also around the stage. A wall mirror stretched above them, so I could watch myself while I danced.

Was that half-naked girl really me? I felt more awkward than at the other place, but the word had spread that I

was "the new girl ... from Radcliffe" and everyone gave me a lot of encouragement.

The bartender, a jolly mustached man, loved his surprise. Everyone was sentimental. One of the regulars brought his wife and sixteen-month-old son. The baby kept crawling on the stage; his parents got up and danced. So did the bartender, a middle-aged Black man, and an Anglo student, each taking turns dancing with the girls while the audience cheered. Everyone laughed at one man who watched each dance with a dazed, childlike expression. They said he was "crazy."

At the bar Charley recited some lines from *Hamlet* for me. The baby's father advised me on University courses, and a couple of men gave me pointers on my dancing, saying

that I had a "great body," but should "loosen up" and that I was "obviously a Virgo." One crew-cut type said I was "exquisite" and an old man said he "really enjoyed it," that "at least I knew how to dance." Charley said I was "breaking his heart."

I had to remind myself I was quitting when my friends came to take me to the film. I hated to hurt anyone's feelings. These men were protective and kind toward me without being obnoxious. I think some office secretaries and even librarians may be more sexually exploited than I was!

Yet, when my friends came in, I stammered my resignation to Tom, noting that he "really shouldn't want me to work for him" because he would "never know when I might run off to a film" or some other "student thing." Tom told me to call him Mon-

day when we could "talk about it better." Charley heard me quitting and caught my arm on the way out. I started to say something, but the new bartender, who'd also heard me, told me I was "holding up traffic." I felt rotten.

Monday I told Tom I quit because I was worried that "I liked dancing too much." We arranged for me to pick up my wages for the two nights. Richard, the manager, was there when I came for my pay. He started, "Hey! I!" and then "Well... I guess you're in a hurry to get out of here, aren't you?" I was embarrassed and could only say a quick "thank you" and "goodbye" before I scurried back to the Ivory Tower. ○ ○

The names in the story have been changed at the request of the writer, a University graduate student.

TOPLESS DANCING EXPOSED

By Don Parrish

Six years on the stage before glaring eyes watching every move. Miles on the road. Different bars and different bosses. Being a booking agent for a club. Running her own club. Raising a young daughter. This is T.J.—a six-year veteran in topless dancing.

"I didn't like home so I left when I was fifteen," T.J. says as she looks at a construction worker who walks in the door of the Longhorn Tavern on Guadalupe where she waits tables and dances.

After she left her home and parents, T.J. moved around a lot and got into a few jams. She ended up in Tulsa, Oklahoma, in 1967 when she was eighteen.

"I was staying at the YWCA and fooling around at a bar nearby—I knew the girl who ran it. She had a small dancing stage, about the size of a small table, and I used to get up and dance some. One day a man came in and saw me, liked what I did, and hired me for his place." She brushes her long brown hair away from her face.

But at that time (1967-68), topless dancing was nonexistent in Tulsa, and risqué even in the larger cities of the Northeast or West. So T.J. started dancing in a bikini.

"Then my boss said he'd buy my pasties for me and give me a raise if I'd go topless. It was this Black chick, Jasma Lee, and I who got topless going in Tulsa," she stops and takes a sip of her soft drink. "It wasn't anything different for me—I used to go to bars with my parents before I left home. Anyway, the money was good, \$500 a week, so I did it.

"Where have I worked? Oklahoma. Florida. Texas—Houston and Austin mostly." She turns as a man hands her a \$100 bill.

"Here go, Honey!" smiles a rugged-looking construction man, paying for his drinks.

"That's why I work here!" she laughs as she goes for change.

She returns to our table and continues, "I love to dance. When I first started and even now I get nervous and a little embarrassed. Everyone who dances does. But all you have to do is get up on the stage and dance—I stop shaking when I start shaking it. Right now I'm only getting around two dollars an hour, and that's for waiting tables and dancing. The pay's gone down since topless dancing has caught on," she waves as her boss motions for her to dance.

"Let's hook it, T.J.!" the owner yells from the bar. Men start clapping and whistling. Occasionally a yell comes from the crowd, sometimes unclear but at other times all too clear.

A man, in his early thirties and dressed in a blue executive's suit, stands beside the stage, obviously mesmerized by T.J.'s teasing dancing. She turns toward him. Dances to him and challenges him to smile. He doesn't and the song ends.

Returning to our table T.J. says cynically, "He's a body freak. Probably before the night's over he'll proposition me. I'll just tell him I'm married. If he doesn't believe me, I'll introduce him to one of my

girl friends. We usually have something planned to get us out of these messes. We'll just pass him along.

"But there are some girls, topless dancers, here to make connections," she explains, "some girls are in it for the money, some for marriage, some just like dancing. The atmosphere attracts other girls, who are hustlers—good salesmen—junkies, or prostitutes. But me, I don't drink or sell myself, so I just come here to dance and wait tables."

T.J. plans to leave topless dancing soon because she "wants to make something out of her life." That something will be an executive secretary. She goes to secretarial school during the day and still finds time for her dancing job at the Longhorn.

"I'm getting ready to quit soon because I've got a 3-year-old daughter to raise and I'm thinking of a future I can build around her. Be at home at night. Rap with her. Things like that. Right now, with work and school, I'm only able to spend two hours a night with her. But it'll get better soon," she says confidently as she looks off into the distance, apparently thinking.

"Don't get me wrong. I'd let my daughter do this if she wanted to. It's fun and I enjoy it. There's nothing you can't get in bars. You can learn a lot. That's why I listen. But it's getting where I can't control my body like I could when I was younger. I'll quit, but never completely. I know I'll keep on dancing till I'm at least eighty.

"I'm good because I'm a mixer. I get people to enjoy being here. And I enjoy it. Sometimes guys try to antagonize me, but I let it ride. If it gets bad, though, I've got a running jump from the stage." She smiles to herself as she recalls the time she actually did jump a "patron" in another bar. "I can take care of myself pretty well."

Another dancer comes through the door and walks by, laying a newly purchased stick of adhesive, called SuperStik, on the table in front of T.J.

She explains, "It's for my tassels. It's glue and it doesn't hurt when you pull them off."

She gets out of her chair, walks to the back behind the bar. She returns and begins dancing, her tassels swirling. One clockwise, the other counter-clockwise. Then both spinning in the same direction, then reversing. Now one spinning, one watching. And all of this is illuminated by a black light.

Everyone in the bar has stopped what they were doing to watch T.J. The construction workers are turned around in their chairs, the others facing have put down their drinks. Both pool games have stopped. Everyone in the place is watching T.J.

So T.J. will keep on dancing until she gets out of secretarial school and gets a job with future in it. Future for her and her daughter.

"I'm typing forty words a minute with a lot of mistakes, and I have to type seventy to graduate, so it'll be a while," she says smiling.

The Spirit, the Flesh, and the One True Path

BY JACK KING

On a half block of sidewalk in front of the Co-op, three incongruous figures in flimsy saffron robes, heads shaved except for a single, tangled scalp lock, dart from one passerby to another. Long, persistent arms stretch out from within the folds of toga-like garments, hands clutching a gaudy magazine captioned, "GodHead is Light. Nescience (ignorance) is Darkness. Where there is GodHead, There is no Nescience."

"Buy a *Back to GodHead*, sir?"

"No, get away from me ya mangy... Wait!... Uh, Harry?"

Harry, is that you?"

"Hello, it's been a long time. Didn't you recognize me in my new and blissful mode?"

"No... Uh, that is... Yeah, I guess it has been a long time."

"Have a *Back to GodHead*. Good for your soul. Learn about this Krishna Consciousness Movement."

"No, I'm afraid I'm not... ah, what the hell... here I'll take one."

"In its transcendental pages you will find the answer to the worldly dilemmas that plague you. That'll be one dollar."

The International Society of Krishna Consciousness has scored again.

Austin's Hare Krishna temple is a small, ramshackle frame house on East 14th Street rented from an elderly woman who lives next door. Pictures on the wall depict scenes from the life of Krishna, like those pasteboard prints on Sunday School blackboards. The colors are right off a Rousseau canvas—brilliant greens, canary yellows, smoldering reds, and smoky blacks; Krishna lifting Govinda Hill, Krishna in the guise of a tiger tearing a demon in half, Krishna dancing.

Case Histories

Three devotees who occupy the temple, Dharma bhavena, Prahlad, and Jita Prana, offer themselves as examples for their contention that there is no single "type" who joins the Krishna Consciousness Movement.

Prahlad is of Jewish descent, a former English and psychology major at New York's University of Buffalo. He is the president of the temple, appointed to the post by the governing board at the Krishna ashram in Dallas.

"I was walking along a bridge in Buffalo," remembers Prahlad, "and suddenly the world appeared so beautiful I perceived everything with such clarity that for me it had the quality of a vision.

"I got into yoga," he says, "trying to recreate that clarity, but when I was doing yoga exercises I would be thinking to myself, 'I'm doing yoga,' I couldn't gather my thoughts. One day as I was standing on my head by a fountain on campus, I saw some Hare Krishnas and went over to investigate. Shortly afterward I began to do

the Hare Krishna chant. Later, I was lying on my bed one day repeating to myself 'Krishna, Krishna, Krishna' when suddenly I felt this tremendous longing for Krishna and felt my great distance, my separation, from Him. Shortly after that I entered the temple."

Dharma was a psychology and sociology major at the University of Houston and admits to having been raised a Catholic. He did not continue his religious quest in his early faith because, he says, "The reason people are not interested in the Christian and Jewish faiths is that there is no acharya, no teacher by example. I was very reluctant to give up school. But Rinandi, the president of the temple in Houston, convinced me that I didn't need school."

Jita Prana describes himself as the product of an upper middle class Protestant family who "had everything I could want in the material world—money, a car, girls." He was attracted to the Krishnas because he believes that in a previous incarnation he had either been a devotee or come in contact with one.

An old school friend invited Jita Prana to a feast at the Austin temple. "I went and took prasadam with the devotees. (Any acceptance of food from a Hare Krishna is called "taking prasadam.") For a long time after that I never gave it a thought. Then one night I was driving around looking for something to do when suddenly I got this strong urge to go and chant with the devotees. I went, and the next day I came back. I moved into the temple the very next week."

Ascetically Speaking . . .

For Krishna devotees devotional service means rising every morning at 3 a.m. to chant the Hare Krishna mantra for two hours. Chanting is followed by an "aratika," a ceremony in which the

Krishnas offer their obeisance to their spiritual master. They then resume chanting until 5:40 a.m. when one devotee conducts a class in the Hindu religious texts, chiefly the *Bhagavad-gita* and the *Srimad-Bhagavatam*.

After an offering of food, another "aratika" and a breakfast of fruit, the Krishnas leave the temple at 9:30 a.m. to go out on "sankirtana," the daily pilgrimage to the city sidewalk peddling magazines and carrying the word to the unenlightened.

They usually return at approximately 9 p.m. for another vegetarian meal of chick peas, potatoes cooked in heavy doses of clarified butter, milk, and fruit cooked down to a black pulp in butter. They usually retire between 9 and 10 p.m. to be up again by 3 a.m.

Coupled with this grueling schedule, the Krishnas must follow a strict set of proscriptions. Devotees may eat neither meat, fish, nor eggs. They may use no stimulants or intoxicants, including coffee, tea, and cigarettes. They may not engage in sex outside of marriage and marriage is undertaken only with the permission of the spiritual master.

Devotees may not engage in gambling or "any mental speculation." This last rule means that the whole array of Indian literature and myth embodied in the *Bhagavad-gita* and other works must be accepted with the literal zeal that a hard-shell Baptist takes his Bible.

Everything rests on the authority of the spiritual master. After observing the exaggeratedly pious gestures of the devotees and listening to their heavy, Orientalized speech, one comes away with the impression that they are trying to fit in their new roles by a not very judicious process of imitation, almost impersonation.

"Where do they all come from?" I wondered aloud.

"I gotta theory."

"What's that?"

"They breed in them hi-rise parking garages."

For the next two days in town we used buses and left our car parked at the motel ... with the rear end against a wall, of course.

...

Observations moving east:

(1) Price of gasoline increases one cent per 200 miles. Distance from the source maybe?

(2) Only one large city we passed through at night seemed to be making an effort (comparable to Austin's) at reducing energy usage for illumination—Tallahassee, Florida. It was also the only other city we passed through which has a large university population.

(3) Driving 55 mph was like standing still on most open highways. Most other drivers continued to push 65. We were in Mississippi before I could accurately read the passing blur of the many blue-and-white bumper stickers which read "50 MPH" in 8-inch letters.

A few hitch-hikers later, we coasted into Orlando. It was about midnight on Friday the 21st, and we had almost exhausted our post-sunset fuel ration. In anticipation of our visit to nearby Disney World, we sacked out in a Holiday Inn parking lot ... with visions of monorails dancing in our heads.

Actually, I was pretty excited about visiting the place. I'm sort of an urban planning and mass transit buff, and the Disney people had purportedly designed some fairly advanced concepts.

Next morning, cold (45 degrees F.), but clear skies hung like a light-blue tent top over the Magic Kingdom in the middle of the Florida flatlands.

The monorail zipped us over the landscape from our parking lot two miles from the complex. The

pamphlet in my pocket repeated the facts I had previously learned—recycling of usable materials; water purification system; refuse-consuming power plant; no combustion-powered vehicles in the streets. It was a real example of energy and materials conservation.

It was also a tribute to central heating. Every door on all the heated buildings was left open ... to take the chill off the paying guests walking the streets of Frontierland, Fantasyland ... Orlando ... central Florida ... the East Coast. How considerate. How ridiculous.

...

On Wednesday after Christmas, we decided to drive into the Fort Lauderdale-Miami megapolis to visit a friend we hadn't seen for several years. Once off the spacious toll road, we spent 30 minutes plowing through El Dorados and Mark IVs to travel 7 miles. It made New Orleans traffic look like Pflugerville on Sunday afternoon.

The visit was great, but as we walked back to the car, I had to mention my hesitancy at rejoining the steel caravan.

"Is there any kind of mass transit here?" I asked.

"No. Well, there is a bus system, but they haven't modified it in six or seven years. And it's so loosely coordinated it would take me three hours to make all the transfers and connections to my job 30 miles away in Miami."

"That might be fun."

"Yeah. But funds for a new monorail system have recently been appropriated through a bond election."

"That'll be an improvement. When will it be finished?"

"1979, give or take a year. By the way, when do you guys think you'll be back this way?"

"Oh, 1979, give or take a year."

...

The return trip to Austin was much faster. Oh, we

held to our 55 mph, but we drove more consecutive hours, cutting the return trip to three days as opposed to the original six. The only difference on the highway was a noticeable reduction in the number of cars, attributable, perhaps, to the news that some service stations had begun to exhaust their 1973 quotas.

We entered Austin's city limits on a high. I had just computed our trip mileage at 19.3 miles per gallon. Quite good for a V-8. That somewhat balanced out what I considered bad news earlier over the car radio. Nixon had announced he would pocket veto the new mass transit bill. It seemed contradictory.

I tried to recall the positive arguments on energy problems, the discussion of which had permeated holiday chatter. I kept remembering our conversation with my Uncle Connie in Houston the previous day. He is in marketing with one of the major oil companies. We had spent about an hour discussing the ins and outs, pros and cons. He had a pretty good handle on the 4 E's—energy, environment, exploitation, and economics. We agreed there would have to be give and take in many directions.

"The growth of our advanced technology will certainly be slowed ... just how much remains to be seen," he said. A month previous, Uncle Connie had undergone open-heart surgery in one of Houston's cardiac centers. He slouched in his chair, smiled peacefully, and absentmindedly rubbed his shirt over the foot-long scar across his chest.

Because of energy scarcity, such medical advances might one day be found among shifting priorities. Uncle Connie understands something about a petroleum-fed, doomsday technology that threatens to take us all under when it goes. He also knows something about a technology that has opened and closed his chest and left him breathing and smiling peacefully and conspiring with a relative toward a new idea of where we need to go and a new means of getting there. ☺

—MIKE POWERS

Rust-ick Box Game

Editor,

The new RTF Building is a structure of many contrasts. The building is warm ... but cold in winter, open ... but closed at night, never remote ... unless you live across Red River.

Forward-looking architects with a reverence for our heritage have combined 20th Century practicality with classical elegance, reminiscent to many on-lookers of Mentholatum smeared on the chest of Aphrodite.

So, while I realize that it is the greatest building on God's green earth, ultimately I must love and loathe the new RTF Building. That's the kind of deep person I am.

Sincerely,
Freeman Epps

The new RTF Building (the rusting red barn at 25th and Guadalupe) juts from the beauty scale somewhere between a monarch butterfly alight a red, red rose in a tropical setting at the first violet light of an early summer morn—and a turnip fungus.

Still, we love it. You do too. How could anyone not?

In that connection, *PEARL Magazine* announces a new and quasi-exciting contest. Your task, as entrants, is to write us, explaining why the RTF Building is your most favorite building on campus.

We are earnestly interested in your feelings toward the RTF Building. We do remind you, however, that your masterwork must be 100 words or less, typed, and triple-spaced. Otherwise, we'll throw that muttha away and never look back.

Finally, we give you something to shoot at. An example-letter is found below. If you can top or equal it, mail it or bring it by TSP Building, 4.104. If you can't, we bet your high school transcript was altered.

We've got a semi-precious prize in store for the winner—two tickets to the Varsity Theater.

MACONDO

FINE
WOOLENS
FROM

THE ANDEAN
MOUNTAINS

705 W. 29th



Oklahoma City

THINGS ARE way-bad," moaned the Phillips dealer in Oklahoma City, "couldn't be much worse as far as I'm concerned."

Well, who's responsible?

"The niggers and the Democrats."

How can that be?

"The Democrats fucked everything up and blamed it on Nixon."

OK, so much for the Democrats, but...

"Then last night two niggers came in and stole the keys to my restrooms. The niggers and the Democrats..."

Goodyear, Ariz.

LET ME SEE if I got that right," says Carol Ann. "That's two hamburgers one cut the pickles and onions one all the way one corn dog two fries and two large mugs. Is that right?"

Carol Ann works at the A&W in Goodyear, Arizona. The town is founded on the genius of the man who developed the process of vulcanizing rubber and got remembered for a blimp. The root beer stand serves above all else as an alluring neon tube on the edge of the desert. Carol Ann is also sixteen and wears Jimmy Dreyfus' onyx ring.

Jimmy Dreyfus is real cool he drives a Honda 750 and keeps the baffles out he got stopped and they told him to put the baffles back in but the next day he took them right back out again he said he didn't care. But Jimmy's out of town for the holidays.

Carol Ann rests at the carhop station talking with Randi. A Volvo with California plates drives in. Carol Ann walks to the car, tells the driver no, there's no place to get gas in Goodyear, points down the highway toward Phoenix, and returns to the carhop station.

This wouldn't be such a bad Christmas vacation, Carol Ann tells Randi, if it weren't for those tourists who keep coming through here pissing in their pants because they can't find any fuel.

Too many dumb TV shows, Randi reasons. People think they're going to end up in the middle of the desert with a dry tank, sucking on barrel cactus and playing Chinese tag with gila monsters.

But Randi's words are lost somewhere in the night air under the gurgling pipes of Ray Blunt's metallflake orange chopper. Ray Blunt is a real nick from Tolleson just over here cutting a little face he drives a Triumph Carol Ann doesn't know what number it is but it's got goosenecks and an Easy Rider fork Jimmy Dreyfus gets so mad he could spit in Ray Blunt's eye cause he calls Carol Ann up sometimes Jimmy Dreyfus hates his guts. But Ray doesn't stop.

Carol Ann hasn't had much occasion to think about energy problems, what with finals and working four nights a week. Winters in Goodyear are hardly worth a \$5.95 space heater anyway.

She did once pause to wonder how they'd get through the summers in Goodyear if there wasn't enough electricity to run the air conditioners. But Jimmy Dreyfus got mad at her for being so dumb and said you couldn't run out of electricity. He said that was impossible.

Out in front of the A&W, Sammy Orchard is rapidly gearing down his Harley-Davidson. Sammy Orchard is so cute he drives a Harley Hog that's huge Carol Ann used to go steady with Sammy before the Hog fell on his leg and he had to get it operated on Jimmy Dreyfus gets mad oh he gets mad if Carol Ann talks to Sammy he says Harley Hogs suck. Sammy pulls in but he doesn't want to order.

Jimmy Dreyfus knows more about the gasoline situation than she does, Carol Ann says. He doesn't care how high the price of gas goes. It won't make him any difference at all.

Jimmy Dreyfus has got the energy crisis licked. He simply goes around to all the gas stations in Goodyear at about four in the morning. And even though the pumps are turned off for the night, he can always collect two or three gallons of drippings.

A Monte Carlo with Texas plates and a U-Haul Cartop strapped to the top wheels in. Carol Ann doesn't even bother to pull her order pad out from her belt.

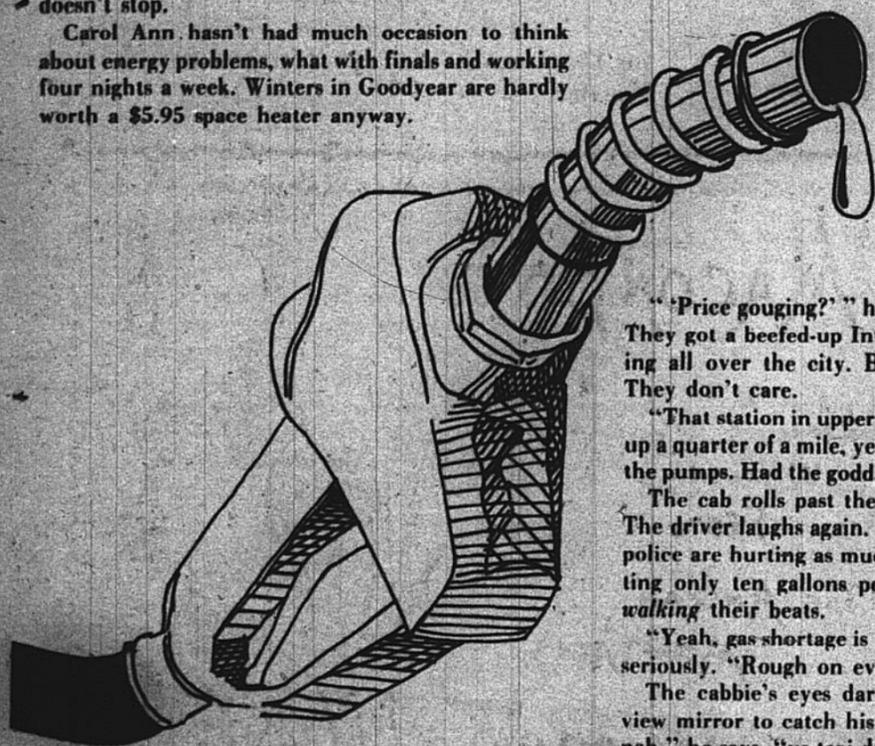
No, she tells the mortified driver, none not any there isn't any gas in Goodyear hasn't been in a couple of days as far as she knows no it doesn't bother her much she doesn't go that many places and yes you can get gas in Phoenix that's only about thirty miles east of here really it doesn't seem like that big of a deal to her but Jimmy Dreyfus says its OK if they raise the devil out of the price but he's going to be mad he's going to flip out if he gets back to Goodyear and there isn't even any gas to steal.

New York City

The hack driver ignores the dollar-green Cadillac high-rolling up Seventh Avenue and swings slowly into the New Year's Eve traffic away from Penn Station.

"Sure, it's getting harder for the average guy on the street," he says. "Christmas day you didn't find a half-dozen stations all over the city where you could find gas. One station over in Brooklyn . . . 99 cents a gallon!"

The driver wheels cross-lane, cutting off the Cadillac again, and turns onto 33rd Street through the garment district. "Station in the heart of La Guardia . . . closed! Station in upper Manhattan got 3000 gallons at 9 a.m. on the 26th . . . gone by noon!"



"Price gouging?" he laughs. "Are you kidding! They got a beefed-up Internal Revenue force working all over the city. But people'll pay anything. They don't care."

"That station in upper Manhattan . . . people lined up a quarter of a mile, yelling and screaming to get at the pumps. Had the goddam police directing traffic."

The cab rolls past the singles bars in the Sixties. The driver laughs again. "Police. It's surprising, but police are hurting as much as anyone else. Cops getting only ten gallons per shift. Some are goddam walking their beats."

"Yeah, gas shortage is rough," he shakes his head seriously. "Rough on everybody."

The cabbie's eyes dart quickly toward the rear-view mirror to catch his fare in mid-sentence. "Oh nah," he says, "us taxi drivers haven't been hit yet."

"How?" he laughs one last good one. "How do we do that? Money is how we do that, my Texas friend. Money talks, nobody walks."

Pollock, La.

WAYNE USED TO WORK on an offshore rig a few hours out from Grand Island in the Gulf of Mexico. Then he got fed up.

"That's no way for a married man," he says. "You work seven days off and seven days on. In them seven days off you spend every shittin' penny you make."

But that's not all that Wayne is fed up about.

"I seen something out there I wouldn't have believed if I hadn't seen it. What happens, those oil companies out there don't generally pump the oil when they strike it."

"If a well comes in, they just cap it. If it blows in, well, they've got to put that well in production. But otherwise, they just cap it—and that oil just sits there."

"That always like to killed me—we'd cap a well that could have been producing thousands of barrels of oil and then I'd come in and hear 'energy crisis, energy crisis' and have to pay a tubfull of money for enough gas to get home on."

That made Wayne resentful and skeptical. No way there can be a fuel shortage, he says, not when the whole goddam Gulf of Mexico is floating on hoarded oil.

Wayne's done some refiguring lately. He still doesn't know a blooming thing about ITT or milk or wheat or Watergate, but he knows everything he needs to know about oil. So at the age of 23, Wayne is tired and mad. He isn't going to work offshore anymore. He doesn't want any part of it. He's arranging now to sell his house in Pollock, Louisiana, and take his wife and baby girl and move down on Little River. He knows the woods there better than the game warden and he figures to hunt deer and squirrel year around.

And, Wayne warns, when he gets his place on Little River, don't come down there talking about no energy crisis, or no oil companies, or no President. He's tired of fooling with them.

The South

WHAT ARE YOU doing?" Judy stood in the doorway peering inquisitively down at me through large oval lenses.

Lying in the middle of the floor, I fought through the cloud of euphoria (or was it hysteria?) and wiped away tears of laughter. "I just figured out I'll have an entire month off after my last exam until spring classes begin!"

She squealed, dropped her packages, and swan dived onto my belly. "Fantastic! Now we can visit my mother in Florida."

Now, right away, this looks like an old mother-in-law story. Wrong. I happen to like my mother-in-law very much. Going to Florida in the winter would appeal to most anyone. Timing was the problem . . . and . . . the energy crisis.

First, as any good capitalist would, we figured cost of driving. We had enough money for that.

Second, being socially-conscious do-gooders, we thought of alternatives . . . to save energy.

We finally decided to drive our van, ruling out buses because we wanted to make at least three overnight stops to visit friends and connections would be difficult. We also figured we could share the ride with hitchhikers. All in all, some neat rationalization.

Next evening, we entered a wet New Orleans during rush hour just after dark. Automobiles everywhere! As soon as possible, we ducked off the bumpercar raceway and sought refuge in a gas station.

"Is traffic always this heavy?" I asked the attendant.

Leaning on the pump with one hand and holding the nozzle in the other, he glanced up at the freeway overhead. "Course the rain makes it worse tonight, but it's pretty near like this every night anyway."



After six months of following rituals and diet, the acolyte makes a vow to serve the spiritual master eternally. After a year, if the president of the temple recommends him, he receives the Brahmin cord over which Sri Prabhupada has chanted a sanctifying mantra and is given a Sanscrit name.

Money Matters

Initiates are not required to make any contributions to the movement though most do, sometimes quite large ones. "No," asserts Prahlad, "although the authority on the subject, Rupa Go Swami, recommends giving fifty percent of the income, everything in Krishna Consciousness is voluntary. Krishna provides for his devotees."

"Sankirtana (sidewalk contributions) is a devotional act by the lovers of Krishna. Although we may expend a great deal of anxiety on contributions, we really needn't. The books are already sold. Krishna has made the arrangements beforehand. People want to buy our books because they see that we are blissful."

Those who react negatively to Krishna solicitations, Prahlad says, are envious.

The most frequent question they are asked, say the devotees, is if they have taken much LSD before becoming Krishnas. "Actually, I had only two trips on acid," says Jita Prana. "Both of them were kind of bad trips and I didn't do it any more. Prahlad only did it once, and Dharma, as far as I know, never has."

All agree on the power of the "Hare Krishna" mantra. "It is first necessary," explains Prahlad, "to realize that we are not this body, but a spirit-soul, then all Sri Prabhupada (an Honorific for Bhaktivedanta, the movement's founder) asks is that you chant this nice mantra. Just by pronouncing the transcendental vibrations of Krishna's name, much knowledge is

gained."

In the first room of the temple Jita Prana and I sit facing each other, cross-legged and barefoot. Shoes are left outside. The floor is bare and the December chill makes my feet sting. I wonder idly how he remains euphoric in only his flimsy cotton dhoti. From another room a tape cassette plays a dramatization from the life of Krishna. Murmuring voices of Krishna and his enemy Hiranyakasipu mingle with the rustle of leaves in the cold air. Jita Prana is working himself into a rage.

Guru? Bah!

"We want to defeat the Guru Maharaji because he is a cheater! He's come to the United States to take the people's money. We ask people to refrain from meat eating, intoxication, and illicit sex. He tells them they can do whatever they like, but still achieve spiritual life, simply by chanting some nonsense mantra. The life of Krishna is so full that you have no desire for such things. Such things are a part of maya...illusion."

I study him for a moment. His friendly, open face and boyish grin is the antithesis of my image of the feverish mystic. I remember three or four neighborhood kids crowding around him saucer-eyed while he spun them his own hair-raising versions of Krishna's wondrous feats.

"Still you could marry."

"If 'you' wanted to."

"You don't?" He shakes his head almost imperceptibly. "Never?"

"This is enough."

"What will you be doing when you're forty or fifty?"

With a quick display of the grin, he says, "I'll still be chanting, 'Hare Krishna'."

Krishna Kaputs

Not everyone who enters the movement finds it compatible. Ray and Anne Neubauer

were among the first Krishna converts, but later found several reasons to drop out. Ray, a former Drag vendor, makes stained glass. A one time doctoral candidate in English who has written a book on Eastern religions and their place in the evolution of religious consciousness, he remains respectful of his experience in Krishna Consciousness.

"It's a total culture really. I remember just after I went in I had this sense of all of Austin sloping down to the temple.

"You know, our culture is so mixed up, confused and shallow in a lot of ways, it's like all of a sudden you receive this total identity, not only a religion, but a dress and a diet. I think that's one of the reasons it's so hard to leave when you're in. It's like the ultimate brainwashing, but in a lot of ways I think that's what a culture is suppose to be.

"One of the things I could never accept was the authoritarian nature of the belief. Like, I said to our guru, Vishnu Jana Swami, one time that I could never believe any man was perfect. 'Ah,' says Vishnu Jana Swami, 'but Swami Prabhupada is not a man.'"

Krishnas believe their leader has transcended all earthly desires, that he is a perfected soul, and communicates directly with Krishna.

"They have a throne for him in every temple," says Anne. "It's called a viasasan. They believe his spirit is present in every temple."

Ray doubts that Krishna devotees will remain in the movement for the rest of their lives. "I think most of them will find some insurmountable difficulty."

"What's tragic," Ray says, "is that they've discovered something the world has forgotten—that the spiritual experience is real. But it's like a schizophrenia—the spirit is turned on, but the mind is turned off."

RALPH NADER WAS on the news last week. His eyes were firing the way they customarily do. And what was stoking the eternal flames this day was that Americans had once again been led astray. No, Ralph said, there is no energy shortage. There is, however, an energy crisis.

Come again, Ralph. He went on to say the crisis exists because the home folks have been told that lean times are ahead for the family gas tank and the home heating unit. So, on cue, they have begun to react as if there is a shortage.

Has Nader lost it completely? Is he seeing Corvairs under the bedstead, so to speak?

Things have transpired to lend credence to Nader's report. In some already-forgotten spot on the map, gas was going for \$3.21 a gallon over the Christmas holidays. Customers, it was reported, didn't mind the price nearly as much as the two-gallon limit the station owner had imposed.

PEARL editor Barbara Longway discovered similar circumstances on her holiday trip west. Arriving in Los Angeles, she found the beautiful people beset by...a toilet paper shortage. What apparently had triggered this squeeze was a truckers' strike that stopped merchandise somewhere short of its market.

Shoppers, finding empty shelves where their favorite double-strength, fluffy soft, lilac-scented, decorator-colored tissues had been, took the earliest opportunity to buy—by the shopping cartful. With hoarding, demand instantly overran supply. Hence, a toilet paper shortage.

What we might expect from here is another round of national polarity. Nader has the political clout to raise questions, the task force to exhume answers, and—best of all—a horde of loyalists as ready as big brothers in an alley fight.

It seems, though, that we have seen a reversal of the regular opinion dividing process on a wide-scale basis this time around. It wasn't Ralph Nader, young loudmouths, or radical profs who put out the first divisive words about the energy crisis. It was people like my gap-toothed Uncle Tater who wiped at the streak of Skoal leaking down his jaw with his sleeve and wheezed, "If the President says it, I don't believe it. That sumbitch is a croak."

I remember the first time Tater pulled those words out of his cracker barrel. I smiled like I didn't doubt it for a minute, thought I was being kind by attributing his ignorance to senility, and changed the subject.

But perhaps I (and if any of this sounds familiar, you) got trapped in my original commitment. Paul Ehrlich (you remember *The Population Bomb*) prophesied the drying up of our energy reserves. Saw it coming years ago.

A number of us got behind Paul, enough to put *Population Bomb* through 27 printings. Then, predictably enough, when Uncle Sam got around to quoting us who were in turn quoting Paul, we congratulated ourselves, cocked a collective eyebrow, and nodded, "I told you so, ya dumb shits!"

There we stood, like gray-haired mothers once ignored, thoroughly crapped upon but assuaged by time.

Uncle Tater, though, knew not a word about *The Population Bomb*, and he had nothing to gain and a lot out of his Social Security check to lose by swallowing the government pronouncement. Beyond that, Uncle Tater and his spiritual brethren in the domino halls and the courthouse lawn benches of the land may be the new American militants.

Tater's the one who, a couple of years ago, was directing, "He's the President and you respect him." And yes indeed, that appears to be the issue here. Unhappily, the President and his tattered credibility have been deemed stand-ins for more tangible arguments about the energy situation. So when word began to circulate about a parching of petro reserves, Uncle Tater had to ask "Who says?" And when the answer came back, "The President and the government for which he stands," well, Uncle Tater figured "Yessir, I believe I feel that feller trying to slip it to me again."

Now Ralph Nader may have an Uncle Tater too; he was at least partially right—people are responding. How they are responding is what concerns us.

So, last December PEARL sent its staffers on their Christmas respites, assigned to find who's being hurt by the energy crunch, what they're doing about it, or at least whose family name they're slandering.

Not everyone spoke with the authority of a chart and graph-wielding federal spokesman, or with the eloquence of my Uncle Tater; but in all, our gumshoes came back with somewhere over fifty interviews, ranging from formal, tape-recorded jobs, to casual words remembered from conversations in deer blinds, over dry gas pumps, around decimated turkeys, and under other peculiar and pedestrian circumstances.

Something bearing a cross-section from those exchanges is found below.

We the People: Innocent Bystanders in the Energy Fiasco

BY DARRYL FARROW and Staff

Austin

CRAIG MAUDSLAY IS cynical when he speaks of the "energy crisis." A commercial airline pilot for sixteen years, with Texas International for the past ten, he "doesn't think there is an energy crisis. I think it has been contrived by the government and the oil companies to drive prices up."

It is getting all the fuel it needs, he says, but at higher prices. Only one flight out of Austin has been dropped, and that because it was unprofitable, not because of energy scarcity. Scheduled flights usually are not filled to capacity, but this is a slow time of the year. Some stops have been cancelled to make flights more efficient.

This energy scare, says Maudslay, furnished airlines with a good excuse to cut back personnel and save money. "They know it is practically impossible for a pilot to find another job these days, and they remind us about that when our contracts come up for negotiation."

Of the approximately 350 pilots on TI's payroll, Maudslay estimates ten or fifteen have been furloughed. Some sell cars, a lot of pilots have real estate licenses, some do nothing. "If I got furloughed I guess I would go back to Florida and work around boats."

Although airlines, due to the size of their operations, are getting more publicity, general aviation (or executive) pilots are feeling the effects of the energy squeeze. Mrs. Robert Browning, of Browning Aerial Service, Inc., says that all pleasure flying has voluntarily been eliminated, as have all business flights that are not absolutely necessary.

"So far we have been getting along very well, getting the fuel we need. I just hope that the government will give business aviation fuel so that people can conduct their businesses," says Mrs. Browning.

Keeping aircraft flying, she says, is the secret to the entire industry. If planes are grounded, fewer planes are purchased, fewer planes are constructed, costing thousands of jobs in the aircraft building industry.

"Many people who kept planes for half business and half pleasure have sold their aircraft. They were afraid they would be unable to get fuel sometime in the future," she says. "We can get fuel, but it costs more. We have had a six cent a gallon increase since the first of the year. A pilot told me the other day that a wire had come in announcing an additional increase of twelve cents a gallon."

"On the East Coast there is a shortage. Some places there put a 100 gallon limit on purchases," says Jim Ewen, an executive pilot for National Resort Communities. "We haven't been hurt yet, except for higher fuel prices and having raises denied."

Energy-saving changes that pilots have long been trying to affect are finally occurring. Since pleasure flying and non-essential flights have been abandoned, airways are less congested. "We don't hear near the amount of chatter in the air that we used to," says Ewen. "We fly more direct routes instead of dog-legging around airline routes. Airports in other cities call us here in Austin and ask that we don't release a certain plane until they have a place for it to land."

Relaying messages back and forth reduces the number of planes an airport must put into a holding pattern before clearing crafts for landing.

"At high altitudes, a jet engine is very efficient,"

says Sterling Costolow, also a pilot for National Resort Communities. "But on the ground it can really burn up the fuel. So now we don't start our engines until there is room to take off. We don't sit on the runway thirty or forty minutes in line waiting to take off." Many larger airports, such as the new Dallas-Fort Worth facility, tow planes from boarding gates to runways to save fuel.

"General aviation will become more valuable," says Ken Brumfield, who flies for the State of Texas. "Texas International doesn't want to go to Muleshoe. So if it is vital for an executive to go to small Texas cities, general aviation pilots take them there."

"Seventy percent of all flights made by general aviation is to airports not served by airlines," says Costolow. "And when airlines cancel flights at the last minute, executives call on general aviation pilots."

"Airlines are more willing to drop unprofitable flights now," says Ewen. "Before this energy crisis struck, if a flight was dropped, an airline could never pick it back up later. Airlines would hold on to unprofitable flights in case they proved profitable in the future. Now they can pick up dropped flights as necessary."

So the energy scare has produced some changes at the airports. Fewer flights mean less congestion...and pilots who can now make you an unbeatable deal on a good used car.

—SALLY JENKINS

Ballinger, Tex.

DON IS ONE OF THE good buddies you had at home when you were in high school. He's the guy who stayed when you went off to college. By now he has a wife and a baby boy with another one due in April. He's the one who got dead serious about light at eighteen while you were fantasizing about four—or six if you could stretch it—years of college. And he's taking an ass-kicking every way he turns from the energy crisis. Don runs a service station in West Texas, and is having trouble getting gasoline.

We both graduated from BHS, he in 1969, I in 1970. Don's first year after graduation was indefinite. He had neither the money nor the desire to leave Ballinger and lay up in an expensive college when he could be making good money right then. He was satisfied with home, and had decided to stay there. So Don worked around, ran around, and finally decided what he was going to do with his life in the Real World—he was going to run a filling station.

So the next year, in 1970, about the time I graduated, Don decided to begin his career full force. Servicing cars. Selling gas and oil. Washing windows. Work was with an elderly man, Forrest, who ran a clean Enco station on the main street at home. So while most of us were bright-eyed, gullible neophytes in the world of academia, Don was getting ready to take over Forrest's station. Forrest, you see, was ready to retire.

The next year Don got the station, and every time I came home, I stopped and filled up my car. We talked. But he had become a family man, and I was still a schoolboy—so the gap between us widened. No more Friday night beer drinking, no more running around; Don stayed home with his wife. But we were still friends. Detached maybe, but still friends.

This fall, before Christmas, Don had left his old station and gotten another one. The new station—not so new but different—was with a different oil company—one whose rationing was less severe than the first.

"I had to move because I just wasn't getting enough gasoline to make any money running my station—they rationed me too much. With this new company now I'm getting enough to stay open for five, maybe six, days a week without running my tanks dry," Don says as he looks at the four pumps in front of his station.

"I don't know what's going to happen—it's bad. Gas may be rationed—but for sure it's going to cost more," he muses.

Driving by his station are cattle trucks stacked with cords of firewood being trucked in from the country outside Ballinger. Mostly mesquite, it will take over if the gas heaters refuse to work as pressure gets too low—or if there is no electricity to heat the filaments in the electric heaters in the homes. Fireplaces, seldom found anymore, are looked upon as if they are made of gold.

Glen, a sophomore at A&M and a frequent visitor at Don's station, eyes an "Impeach Nixon" sticker on the back of my car and laughs, "They oughta be a little harder on him that that for what he's done to this country."

That sums up the general attitude around Ballinger, a conservative, southern Democratic town of approximately 5,000 people (farmers, ranchers, and merchants). The home folks are blaming Nixon for the high food prices, high gasoline prices, the lack of gasoline on Sundays, and the possibility of a recession.

And Don and his station serve as kind of a focal point for all frustrating and dim looks into the new year.

"People don't really get mad at me directly for the high gas prices, but I know they don't like it. I don't like to raise my prices, but there's nothing else I can do," Don says as he stares out at another trailer full of mesquite passing his station.

"It's going to be hard. I may have to close for a few days a week or ration my gasoline. I may have to close down completely. Maybe for good. And if that happens I don't know what I'll do. I've got my family to care about—so I'll find something. I've got to."

—DON PARRISH

Marksville, La.

T. BUCK PASSES the half-pint along and gets up to pour some more diesel on the fire. The rain is coming down hard on this miserable and pitiful Christmas Eve. T. Buck and his brother A.V. draw their Creole chairs a little closer to the steaming oak logs.

Over the fire hangs two young pigs that T. Buck and A.V. knocked in the heads with a sledge hammer yesterday. Then the boys scalded and scraped and hung them in T. Buck's make-do smokehouse, a lean-to of knotty posts and corrugated tin, lashed together where it wouldn't lean just right and nailed where T. Buck had run out of nails.

Directly, the fire catches even and full. A.V. lifts his bamboo stick and pokes at his pig between the shoulders. Under the hide, the grease sizzles, separating the fat from the pork.

T. Buck owns 102 acres of pin oak and pine on Avoyelles prairie. It's better than average farm land and T. Buck thinks one day maybe he'll plant a few rows of corn or cane. He's thought that since he

bought the land from his daddy when he came out of the service in 1945.

When he can, T. Buck likes piddling around on his land, walking along the bottom where his granddaddy's house used to be, or up on the rise where his daddy lived until last year.

Weekdays, T. Buck works about twelve miles down the road on the edge of coon-ass country, in Marksville, which is 55 miles southwest of Natchez, if there was a road going in that direction.

T. Buck drives a combine and all the fellows at work say it looks to them as if the contry will be on rationed gas any day now.

That prospect is particularly bothersome to A.V. He commutes about eighty miles each day to and from work. What good will ten gallons a week do him, he asks.

T. Buck turns his face from A.V. as if he is looking for something that isn't there. "I believe it's all going to change us. Bubba, change our way of life. I don't see no other way."

T. Buck gets up and mills out from the smokehouse. He takes his knife to another plug of Cannon Ball, then peers off past the Appaloosa colt standing stark still in the rain.

His eyes glance up toward the house and stop on the dead and dying cars and pick-ups he has accumulated over the years, a kind of glass-pack menagerie.

In the corner of the yard, in a position of honor, set up on cypress logs, is his 1949 Ford, the first truck T. Buck started payments on that didn't get repossessed out from under him.

Next over is a red Falcon that was really something back in 1961. Then a '64 GMC with the rear fenders eaten through and a frozen starter, a '67 Pontiac tuned to 150,000 miles, and a one-year-old Toyota that belongs to his daughter home from LSU.

"What those cocksuckers are going to do..." A.V.'s voice rises up suddenly from behind T. Buck. "What those cocksuckers are going to do is sit and let gas go up to a dollar a gallon where a poor man can't pay for it and a rich man can."

A.V. heard from his son-in-law down in Lake Charles that the price of overseas crude is going from six to sixteen dollars a barrel. A.V.'s solution is that we move in on those Arab countries and take the oil. We need it, don't we!

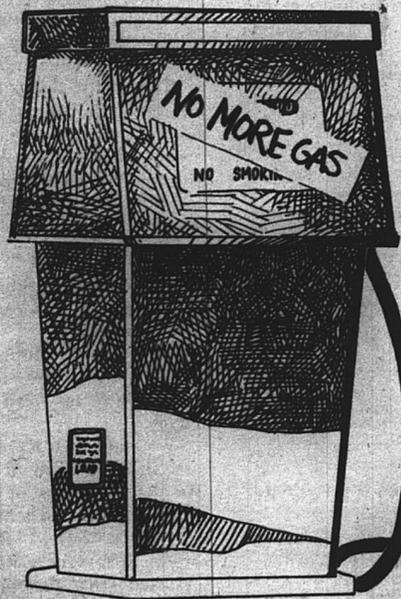
A.V. is getting madder by the minute. He's too mad to turn his pig anymore and his hide is tending toward black on one side. T. Buck is tired of hearing about gas and oil. He reaches for the half-pint, breathes a laugh dry and sour enough to pucker the mouth of the Red River, and resumes his place by the fire.

"Settle down, Bubba." A.V. won't be quieted. "That's all right, T. Buck, but you're going to be hurting one of these days. You sit there and they'll take more than Sunday driving away from you."

T. Buck's eyes bead pretty small and his face gets about half-way hard for a minute. "I know what I'm going to do," he says, spitting tobacco juice into the fire. "I'm going to ride to work with Ned down here all through the week, and then Sunday I'm going to get in that car and haul ass."

A.V. studies what his brother has said for a second, then laughs like the fool he figures T. Buck for. "Shit, man, what good you think that's going to do you?"

T. Buck just shakes his head and spits into the fire again.



art by Bob Miltz