



So what can you do? Your motorcyclist - in-residence wants to expound on Chinese cookery, the drama critic wants to write about sex, the cops are trying to bust the distribution manager, and I don't think the Texan likes us (Forgive them, Father, they know not what they do). Yes, friends, these are hard times. But The Rag lives. Have heart, ye poor and oppressed; The Rag is among you.

As an example of our good faith, we are printing below, for the first time anywhere, the Amazing Adventures of George Vizard, Rag-tator Superlative. Remember, friends: THE RAG LOVES YOU. - fun.

by George Vizard

On the evening of October 9 (that's the day before The Rag Number 1 came out) the staff of The Rag held a meeting. Problem: "Can we, or can we not sell on campus?"

Thorne Dreyer, Rag funnel, had spoken to two University officials concerning our problem. But they had been little help.

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Sexual Freedom League: The Naked Truth by Gary Chason

The Sexual Freedom League is dead.

That group--properly Texas Student League for Responsible Sexual Freedom - has dropped its proceedings against the University for reinstatement. Both the Texas Civil Liberties Union and the University consider the case closed since the League co-chairman and scheduled plaintiff, Thomas Maddux, has withdrawn.

However, the full story behind the League's struggle and the ensuing furor on

campus has not been told.

For instance, Maddux, who was to have been a teaching assistant in the Spanish Department this fall, was denied his assistanceship--coincidental with the Board of Regents' receipt of a letter from Tom and myself requesting a hearing to review the League's dismissal; Tom's name was later withdrawn from the letter, but no reinstatement as a TA was forthcoming. Further, the

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WUE! 2506
NOECES

Funnel,

I think the rapidity of Rag sales and the reaction to the Rag expressed in the Daily Texan both indicate that the publication is filling a gap at the University of Texas by supplying competition to the official campus paper. I was amused at the editorial in the Texan appearing Oct. 11, the day after the Rag hit campus, which someone said should have been entitled "In Defense of Me." It is singularly regrettable that Economy did not exemplify the good sportsmanship which he and his paper constantly encourage in U. T. students, but instead published a weak statistical gloss over its inadequacy. He apparently lacks the confidence to welcome constructive criticism and the profit derived from controversy. Perhaps the Rag will prod the Texan towards a higher degree of consistency and deeper thought or controversial issues.

Jennifer Diabrow
1910 Nueces

Funnel,

I have always been a supporter of good new creative effort. But I do not believe that bad creative effort is better than none at all -- Bad effort is worse because it invites and even requests that people (the readers) waste their time.

The things you people talk about and imagine to be controversial have long since become cliches to the "conservative" side of the campus. It's really curious to all us clods that you self-styled "enlightened" types seem to have the dullest, most one-tracked and unimaginative minds at the University.... For crissakes, if what I have just said is not true, then why oh why don't you try to find something new, or at least interesting, to say?!

At any rate, thought I should encourage you by informing you that your funnel should not be lonely much longer; your entire staff seems about to get stuck in the small end of it.

W. D. Showers
P. O. Box 8348
University Station

Funnel,

I want to congratulate you and your staff on the birth of your delightful and promising newspaper, The Rag. Since I am not "where the action is," I found the "Rag Bag" to be an enlightening informer of events and celebrities which are usually over - (or perhaps under-) looked by the more voluminous publications of the Austin area.

Sue Ellis Dyar
Box 213
Southwestern U. Station
Georgetown, Texas

Funnel,

How do you like being a funnel? You ought to try being something else, you know, like a sifter or a pair of pliers. If I were a funnel I'd just sit around all day pouring things through myself and watch them cascade onto the floor.

Kenny Parker
Coimbra, Portugal

Funnel,

Jest read your first issue of "The Rag." It gets right down to the "nitty-gritty." It's by far the best publication I've seen here in Austin.

My compliments to the Chef! I especially enjoyed Jeff Sherp's article "Playboy's Tinselled Seductress."

Shirley Emus
2204 Longview
Shadow Oaks, Apt. 102

Funnel.

Let the wheels of campus politics turn; and let us see if the student body after four months and two weeks of Economy will rise up and remove him from office and put in the post a person of true editorial calibre, Gloria Brown.

Impeach Earl Warren, hell-- IMPEACH JOHN ECONOMIDY. Is it possible? This is a democratic dictatorship we live in, isn't it? If nothing else the controversy and fight caused would stimulate a lot of fun.

Charlie Loving

706 Upson St.

Funnel,

*bleep*beep*whirr*
*beep*click*buzz*beep*
*bleep*crackle*bip*buzz
*bleep*bing*crap*?

OTHER THAN THAT IT WAS
A GAS! CONGRADS!

Jo Ann Lester

201 E. 11th St.

The RAG

Funnel - thorne dreyer

Funnella - carol neiman

Printer (cheap) - larry freudiger

Supersalesman - george vizard

Art Coordinator - ben maguire

Artists - clette moore, bob brown,
trudy minckoff, john morais

Shitworkers - alice embree,
dennis fitzgerald, james
vanderhooft, jeff shero

A Weekly Newspaper

2506 Xueces Austin, Tex.



Provos: the dutch anarchists

by Anthony Howe

The scene was from the venerated, siked camp, movie classic The Wild One. In a small town bar, which had just been overrun by motorcycle rowdies, a local chick, taking note of the name of this particular gang - Black Rebels M.C - turned to The Leader (Marlon Brando), and siked, "What are you rebelling against?" To which came Brando's classic reply, "Whadaya got?" The sixties have produced their own Black Rebels, answering the same question in the same fashion. They are called by various names in various places and they inhabit every city of the world. But their ideological capital is fast becoming the unlikely Dutch city of Amsterdam, the habitat of a far-out but remarkably influential group of people known

to the Europeans as the Provos, bohemians extraordinaire.

I first encountered the Provos (short for provocateur, or one who provokes) as I arrived late one night in Amsterdam, alone, broke and tired. I picked out the first dry place to sleep, which happened to be a deserted sidewalk cafe. I was not alone. Lurking in the shadows, scoping me out through sleepy brought down eyes, were three cro-magnon individuals, with enormous manes and unruly beards. We tried to converse. We spoke no common language. Then one handed me a pamphlet. It was printed in Dutch, but one word caught my attention - PROVO.

It dawned on me that these were the famed Dutch anarchists I had read about all through Europe. What they were doing sleeping in the

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rag hassles with bureaucrats

Continued from 3

Dr. Bowden of the English Department, who is on the Texas Student Publications Board told us that if we wanted to become a student publication, we would have to be approved by the Faculty-Student Publications Committee. It seems that while FSP is not a part of TSP, that they have some kind of mutual non-aggression pact. He also told us that our chances for approval were pretty slim if we intended to use profanity or to run advertising. The reason given for the second qualification was that we might "tread too heavily on the toes of other publications."

Dr. Bowden informed us that off-campus publications could not be sold on campus. When asked why the American Statesman could be sold on campus, he replied with a smile, "I'll be darned if I know." Dr. Bowden explained to Dreyer that "in my official capacity, I am rather vague."

Dreyer's interview with Dr. Davis, Chairman of the Journalism Department, gave us little more to go on. He told us that the TSP was loath to approve a



funnelmeats fuzz

... while



george hawks



and ragband plays...

new student publication because present publications are so understaffed. Dr. Davis also told us that student publications tend to be "idealistic" and that "they run up bills."

When asked why the American Statesman could sell on campus, when no other off-campus publication could, he said

photos-BenMaguire

that the A-S has a "special arrangement" with the University for the "convenience of the students." (This "special arrangement" we discovered later is called "We get three cents of every ten that you make.")

Other Rag staffers

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"I'm not a student here, so you can go to hell"

Continued from 4

confirmed that there is indeed a state law that forbids commercial solicitation on campus. This law is not being enforced, however, as anyone who has ever bought a copy of the American - Statesman on the Main Mall well knows. Or, perhaps a more accurate statement might be that the law is being enforced "selectively."

Dave Ledbetter of the Rag next approached Jack Steele, Director of the Texas Union, and was told that no arrangement could be made to sell The Rag in the Union unless it was an "incorporated, commercial organization."

Thus, having failed to convince the Administrative bureaucracy



of our essential goodness, we concluded that there was but one alternative: we called a meeting. Therein it was decided that although The Rag must forever remain a steadfast advocate of freedom, justice, and good times a free speech battle at this juncture would be unwise. The decision of whether or not to attempt sales on campus was left up to the individual.

On Monday, October 10 The Rag went on sale in Austin and, as it happened, on the University campus. When I arrived on campus I found that all the Rag-a-muffins were hard at



work. The student staffers had checked out copies to sell in class (psst, kid, want to buy a dirty newspaper?). Our non-students were selling in front of the Co-op and downtown (psst, soldier, want to buy a dirty newspaper?). Or selling advertising (psst, Mister, want to be in a dirty newspaper?). But no one was selling on the West Mall!

Because I had my heart set on winning the GOLD STAR for Super Salesmanship, I took several copies and began selling on the West Mall.

The response from the students was gratifying and I had sold almost one hundred copies when I was approached by an elderly man in a blue coat and grey slacks.

"Buy a copy of The Rag, sir? Only a dime."

"I want you to stop this."

"Come again, sir?"

"This paper is not

approved and I want you to stop selling it."

"Oh, it is approved! We bought a license from the city today."

"I'm not going to argue with you, son, get off campus."

"Excuse me, sir, but who are you?"

"I'm from the office of the Dean of Student Life."

"Well, sir, I'm not a student here, so you can go to hell."

He left in a huff, without ever giving me his name or calling me



anything but "son." You'd think someone who worked for the University would have better manners. I started telling people that someone from the Dean of Student Life's Office had ordered me to leave, and sales increased. It was at this point that I realized that the University might really use that state law.

After about an hour of profitable exchange with passing students, I was approached by two Campus Security Offi-

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Dean Price Censors Sex League

Gary Chason, University graduate
was co-chairman of the
Sexual Freedom League

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Admissions office mysteriously failed to notify Tom's draft board that he was in school, which precipitated his being temporarily classified 1-A. Needless to say, Tom Maddux is no longer in Austin.

The purpose of the Sexual Freedom League was to stimulate discussion of the various taboos and archaic laws involving sexual activity. The general policy of the League was that any consensual sex act between adults which did not involve

force or physical harm should not be illegal. In the controversial handbill distributed by the League, this policy was outlined as it applied to fornication, sodomy, miscegenation, adultery, and statutory rape.

Dean of Student Life, Edwin Price, censored the literature initially on the grounds that it was not in good taste. A curious decision when one considers the usual run of posters for Varsity Carnival which yearly escape the snipping scissors of this taste-conscious censor. Price's deci-

sion was appealed to the Committee on General Student Organizations. The four Faculty-Administration members of the committee held sway over the three student members, and the ban was upheld.

Members of the League however, continued to disseminate their handbills "out of a certain outrage at having our freedom of speech removed." (Texan, March 16, 1966) It was this "tactical blunder" which muddled the legal issue.

Chancellor Ransom,
Continued on 7

SEMESTER
MEMBERSHIP - \$3.00

DISCOUNT
CARDS - \$1.00

Cinema 40

the Best Films on Campus

Documentary
CONTEMPORARY

Avant-Garde
Classic

program schedule available at
UNION 323

Sex League ...

Continued from p. 6

wishing to protect all universities from being "turned into doormats for irresponsible propaganda and willful breach of clearly stated policy". (Texas, March 16, 1966) promptly removed University approval of the 16-day-

"Queer minded Social Misfits"

old club in an unprecedented move.

Coincidentally, since coincidences seem to be in order, the Chancellor's maneuver closely followed State Senator Grady Hazlewood's livid condemnation of League members as a "bunch of queer-minded social misfits," and his threat, as a member of the Senate Appropriations Committee, to cut University allocations unless the League was stripped of its Administration approval.

To compound the coincidences, League faculty sponsors Dr. Irwin Spear of the Botany Department and Dr. Robert Montgomery of the English Department announced their disassociation from the group shortly after a telephone campaign to get these two men fired was started by parents of UT students in West Austin.

From this turmoil

emerged the Texas Students for Free Speech. In open defiance of the Administration, the group demonstrated on campus carrying signs urging "End Censorship" and "Bring the Constitution to the Campus" and distributed the censored handbills.

By this time, stories on the League had appeared nationally in Time and Cavalcade mag-

azines and in practically every daily newspaper in the state.

Dr. John Silber of the Philosophy Department styled himself the chief defender of the University's policy by publishing an article in a new magazine Salt. When Silber fin-

ished his invective, in which he called the League's handbill "profoundly ignorant" and opined that its framers were possessed of "intellectual irresponsibility," he pointed out that the University has the right to deprive students of their freedom of speech if their use of that freedom belies ignorance, as he maintained it did in this case. Perhaps the Chairman of the Philosophy Department was proposing that we amend the Constitution to read "...or abridging

the freedom of speech or of the press, except that of the ignorant and/or stupid". Silber further argued that the University has the right to impose restrictions on grade point averages and college board scores. Thus he implied that the right to censorship follows logically. Dr. Silber might be reminded that the constitution makes no allowances for the right to flunk, but is quite explicit concerning freedom of speech.

Following the above incidents the Texas Civil Liberties Union bemoaned the fact that the League had not exhausted all administrative channels in order to secure a good test case. League members

maintained, on the other hand, that their freedom of expression was a Constitutional right and not a privilege handed down by the Administration; that to request the right of free speech from the Administration was to recognize the University's right to censorship.

As a result of the League's confrontation with the Administration and other events of last spring, the ave-

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Provo: Brighten at Fugs

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streets of the city they presumably controlled, I didn't find out. We spent the rest of the night trying to communicate, exchanging commonly recognized words and names, scoping out each other's reactions: they brightened at Lenny Bruce and The Fugs, cringed at Dean Rusk and napalm. In all, it was a great night.

These young men were a part of a group of anarchists and bohemians who have become a social and political (almost) power to be reckoned with in Amsterdam. There are a hundred or so who form the hard core of political and social activists. They are the anarchist philosophers, the propagandists, and the organizers of labor peace demonstrations, and "happenings" in the streets. Last year they managed to get one of their number elected to the Amsterdam city

council on an anarchist platform. (The Dutch have an affinity for rebels: anarchists have held prominent positions in the past, and once the people of Amsterdam elected a man to their city council while he was still serving a jail term.) The newly elected beatnik, in a display of Provo strength, demanded, and got, a post-election meeting with the Dutch Prime Minister.

Around this core lies what is known as the Provotariat, the class of the individualist, the anarchist, the hippy, the one who rebels against whatever established society's got.

The Provo scene is far from a negative one. It is usually the force of conventional society that turns things off. For example, members of the Provotariat recently came up with a plan to help solve the problems of the hideous, suffocating, nerve-shattering traffic congestion at the heart of the city. The plan was simple: all automobile traffic would be barred



from entering the central section of the city. The Provos would then provide bicycles at stations around the city so that people could pedal to their destinations. Anyone could pick up a bike at any station and leave it wherever he wished within the city for the next person who might come along to use. The Provos came through with the bikes, but the cops welshed on their end. They said the plan would not work because the bikes were sure to be stolen. And so, with a bit of logic proving once again that cops are the same all over the world, they confiscated the Provo's bikes.

The individuals who make up the Provo movement are by no means unique in history. They strongly resemble the Greenwich Village Beats of a decade ago, or Hemingway's square hippies in Paris in the twenties. Even in Athens, perhaps the most nearly perfect and well ordered society in history, there existed a well established bohemian element of poets,

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HELP!
 THE WAR MACHINE
 IS ROLLING FASTER
 THAN WE ARE...
THE AUSTIN COMMITTEE
 Against the War
 in VIETNAM
 needs money...
 send contributions to:
 PO Box 1274 • AUSTIN • 78767

BOOGIE - WAH
 + coffee +
the cycle
 HODAKA
 SALES + SERVICE
 Superior Service or Do it your self

the Bent Spokesman



The Bent Spokesman...as hacked out on the flat-head v-twin.

You think you've got him pegged, don't you, baby. You're looking him straight in the eye. You know he sees you; that is one car driver who is not going to kill you. You stop at a light, put your feet down, and the SOB runs over toe. Incidentally, that has happened to me. I screamed some of Twain's best invective at the driver. He in turn asked me to cool it in front of his date. I countered that he shouldn't run over my toe when he had a date with him. No broken toes, one red-faced motorist, uncomfortable little chicky-boo, and the end of this week's bit on cycle safety--never trust a car driver and never put your feet down at a stop light.

My cycle is being operated upon for internal crankiness, and I am thus without my muse. Per force, a short column this week. No one seems interested in informal weekend meets, (Aw, come out and fight), but hoards want to park. If you

can't go, at least you should be able to stop. This week I'll try to get up a petition; next week I'll work on some plan of action. Since there is no space in the rag for an official petition blank, either drop me a card, or sign the masthead and drop it off at 2506 Nueces.

Fellow God's Bats, Bat patterson is still in the army and has not yet had the chance to perfect deep dark, mellow bright Harley Davidson 90 weight beer, but, if the chick with the 305 would like to stop over and share a quart of Amalie, I'd be more than content.

Provos Bike Plan Failed -

continued from p. 8



versal human love and compassion, and freedom for mankind from the mindless, uncreative dridgerly of everyday life in the work-a-day world. This, plus the enormous energy of the Provos and the imposing entellect of some of their leaders, make up a potentially powerful social revolutionary force. If the Provotariat does continue to thrive, perhaps they will go beyond the point at which they find themselves now, the point of Brando's undifferentiated rebellion, and change the world.

The difference is that these Provos seem to be far from beat, but rather active social revolutionaries, and they seem to be spreading.

They have a philosophy of complete freedom of the individual, uni-





BORDEN
CHEMICAL

Great ideas of western man...

RADIAL CORD
PATTERN

MAPS

KEEP AMERICA

REGULAR CORD
PATTERN

CBS

ECT
AY

AERUA

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

pi



High CAMP Bring down

by Thorne Dreyer

Andy Warhol's BLOW JOB, a long filmic study of the back of a man's head and shoulders, was being shown at a Northern campus. Towards the end of the presentation a member of the audience arose and exclaimed, "We came to get a Blow Job, and we ended up getting screwed."

The same could be said of Warhol's latest film, CAMP, which was shown at Hillel Auditorium last Wednesday night by the Gulf Coast Film Co-op. Though CAMP is somewhat of a

departure from his long static views of the Empire State Building and a man receiving a haircut, it retains the same essential characteristics: mediocrity for mediocrity's sake.

In CAMP a group of Ed Sullivan vintage entertainers do their utterly innocuous acts while the others gab, shuffle equipment, and neck. Through viewing their totally ridiculous actions, the audience is expected to see miraculously through the artificiality of Glamour. I would guess that the

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Join the ranks of

THE DISSATISFIED

Do you

GRIPE ABOUT UNIVERSITY CLASSES or POLICIES?
 HAVE TROUBLE WITH CONFLICTING FORMULAS for LIFE?
 CARE ABOUT THE INJUSTICE, POVERTY AND
 PERSONAL FRUSTRATION IN THE VERY CITY ABOUT YOU?

UNIVERSITY "Y"

OFFERS opportunities for
 WORKING IN PROGRAMS of

COMMUNITY INVOLVEMENT
 PERSONAL DEVELOPMENT
 ACADEMIC RELEVANCE

CAMP Continued from p. 12

uninitiated would merely be turned off and leave. And the others, to whom this Message is rather obvious, might be more interested in a Statement of Alternative Action. But obviously not Warhol. One of his actors says, "The reason this movie is so silly is--when you define it, Camp is a warm puppy. So what reason is there to do anything?"

Warhol's message is nihilism. Man in his social relations, when analyzed in the light of pure objectivity and cold intellectualism, is ridiculous (not absurd). And existence is chaos.

But what is this "objectivity"? How does one obtain it? By not editing his film and thus creating "real time"? By boring the viewer into some sort of "realization"? But then, is not "objectivity" just as arbitrary and artificial a category as any other?

Warhol suggests there is a void. He fills it with emptiness. At least he is pure. He doesn't cloud the issue with aesthetics.

HOME STEAM
laundry + dry cleaners
SUB STATION
IN by 9, out by 5
24th and Red River



discusses

ning the impressions behind the bearded microphone:

ROCKUS AMERICANUS
THE MONKEES (Golgems
lp COM-101)

The Tube's children have little new to offer. "Last Train To Clarksville" was a groovy sound, and in that respect it is almost alone on this album. The Monk's have learned well from their chief sources, the Beatles and the Stones, but the feeling and originality of the great ones just isn't here. ("This Just Doesn't Seem To Be My Day"), though a good performance, could have been a blend of several things from REVOLVER and AFTERMATH.) Semi-niceties include "Take A Giant Step" and "Sweet Young Thing". The Monkees have a nice blend of most things current, but don't do

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SCENE:

pair of brothers-of-the-beard seated illogistically upon chuckwagon (eye and another) says another: "say man, you're a disc jockey" (category rebounds thuddily, eye opens) another proceeds: "how about doing a column for us?"

"column?" eye blinks. dilating. "column? marble, gothic, roman, otherwise, or green beret?"

"newspaper. record reviews and all. you hip?"

eye ponders. chuckwagon inverts.

"just dive in," persuades another.

RESCENE (OBSCENE?):

obstreperous the springing board. open the earal canal. spin-

BENEFIT DANCE
for Valley Strikers
ZEO and the **PROPHETS**
Swingers Club
831 Houston St.
Sunday, Oct. 30
8-12 ~ \$3 a couple
Sponsored by U.T. Young Democrats

An evening with George & Martha*

by Judy Kendall

I remember smugly leaving the movie theater after viewing a travesty called "The Sandpiper." Never had I felt so good on seeing something quite so bad, except, perhaps after "Cleopatra." After all, if you're going to be that beautiful, captivate so many desirable men, and live

A REBUTTAL!

Disc--continued from 13
anything exciting to my metabolism.

DISTANT SHORES - Chad and Jeremy (Columbia lp CL2564 or CS 9364)

Monstrous, man.

pretty monotony sometimes, but drowsiness is drowsiness anyway. beats are same throughout. "Early Morning Rain" becomes a stoned drag. "Homeward Bound" is better than might be expected; begins nicely, but drags later. the rest is just there: nice background, tea-sipping stuff.

FOLK SINGLE

"The Flower Lady" - Jim and Jean (Verve) a Phil Ochs lyric. though the vocal blend could be better, this also to be found on J and J's album CHANGES.

a close-to-storybook existence, you can't expect to be an artist as well. And, oh how she's pulling him down. He doesn't act anymore. His integrity is gone. They throw any love story up on the screen now, so that drooling audiences can see what his hands look like on her, how she lies beside or beneath him.

But people do want everything after all, and it looks like those of us who would revel in the continuation of "The Sandpiper", self-righteously witnessing the artistic suicide of these two extraordinary people, might eventually be forced to accept the fact of their stature as a theatrical team. Lunt-Fontanne they are not, and I for one doubt that they ever will be, but I think it's time that we stopped over-reacting to their attempt to be so, and judged their endeavors realistically.

I watched the first five minutes of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" with squinted eyes, like the old maid bible-toter who gleefully witnesses the downfall of the town badgirl-right will out in the end-until, with a sting of disappoint-



ment, I'll admit, eyes popping, I was forced to exclaim, "My God, she can act...so can he....so can they....and this film is directed!"

Gary Chason and I seem to disagree on just about every point, down to Sandy Dennis, who was the only person in the film who he felt worthy of praise. For me she was just the opposite. Honey ranks high in bloodcurdling attributes, certainly on a par with the rest of the characters in the play and perhaps even more so, since she is the youngest. I found Sandy Dennis too comical and too plain (Albee calls for her to be "rather plain"). I don't think Honey is put in that play for comic relief.

As for the "homosexual implications" added to the scene between George and Nick, they must have been very subtle. The scene gave me the same impression in the film that it did in the play: that of

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...a yes vote for V. Wolf

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one man cold-bloodedly manipulating another for his own ends.

The changes in locale, particularly the "road-side dancehall," I thought very good. That scene, besides clearly and effectively presenting what was already in the script, made it more evident how totally enmeshed George and Martha were in their personal bitterness. So much, in fact, that they would take it out of their home and lay it on a public table for all to see. It wouldn't have made any difference if the place had been packed with people. They would have carried on just the same, as witnessed by their attitude towards the two supposedly irrelevant proprietors of the hall. I think that's important. George and Martha exist only for each other, and the continuation of their bitter life together.



For me it was a very successful adaptation of a play to a film, artfully directed and clearly presented, employing filmic techniques such as subjective camera work to the very best advantage.

The only lack that I saw was in the cutting of some lines important to understanding Martha ---lines about her past and her father, and George's tirade near the end of the play in which he says that Martha not only has a "dog" for a husband, but that

she also has "a father who doesn't care whether she lives or dies, who couldn't care less what happens to his only daughter..." But on the whole I thought that the script was still as potent as the original.

Contrary to feeling that the film was "castrated artistically" and a "sellout," my impression is that we can applaud the arrival of a new and excellent director, and that perhaps the American film industry is growing up.

a pale green sky bends over my shaderripped eyes
the waters of the tearoom under trees
small and pregnant
stand waxlike between the yellow breasts of dawn
i, a blue transparency, saw
beneath the bloody haze fine red trees
against white skies that peer from restless heads
the eyes
of rainy mornings.
hot tea drips from the ceiling
a steaming puddle on that sheet my brow
and tea-stained hands betray a pearly longing
the mirror is still green, a paperweight in which
the frosty branches cringe
and my voice drowns
wherein an aimless war
devours my crystal heart and all that went before
the green, the dawn, the open flower of a night -
i am what i am, a garden of forked paths
behind each silver flower
a little yellow head with black triangle eyes
cries
in me.

ita jones

"KAMPUS KOPS" demand rag's removal

Continued from 5

cers, who told me that I was violating University regulations, and that I must leave campus. I asked if I were under arrest. They said that I was not. I then told them that if they wanted me off campus, they had better find someone who could arrest me. One of the cops then tried to pull my newspapers out of my hands, and we struggled briefly. At that time he must have realized that a Rag photographer was taking shots of the whole thing because he let go, turned towards the camera and "posed" as I handed him a "complimentary copy."

One of the cops left then, leaving the other with The Rag to "stand guard." A large crowd had gathered (it isn't every day that you see real police brutality on campus!) and most of them were buying papers. In fact, I sold papers so fast that the Co-op had a hard time keeping me supplied and I would have to wait for five and ten minutes at a time for more papers to come.

A man walked by selling the American-Statesman, but the cops did not try to stop him

or take his papers away I was hacked.

Meanwhile, at the table in front of the Co-op a city policeman approached the two girls working there, warned them that they were violating a city ordinance and left, confiscating a Rag for himself and his partner. (In the movies cops only steal apples.)

Back on the Mall, selling was continuing at a brisk pace. The people asked where they could send contributions! (The Rag, 2506 Nueces, Austin, Texas.)

About 1:30 I was approached by Chief A. R. Hamilton, of the Kampus Kops. He took me to one side, but the crowd moved in around us.

"George, are you selling these newspapers?"

"Yes, sir. It's my gig."

"Now, George, there is a state law against commercial solicitation on campus. You'll have to leave."

(Dead silence from the crowd.)

"Am I under arrest, sir?"

"No, but I can bring city police officers here and have you arrested."



"Hell, man, I've been busted before. That doesn't scare me. I'm here to sell papers, not to bull it with you and I will not leave this campus until a civil authority arrests me."

(The crowd cheered.)

I turned to the crowd and yelled, "Who wants to buy a paper? That's what I'm here for." A blonde chick pushed her hand past Hamilton and gave me a dime. I handed her a Rag. Hamilton said, "All right, that does it!" He left and never came back. The crowd cheered again.

In the ten minutes after Hamilton left, I sold over one hundred papers. When I sold my last one, we had sold out - 1500 copies in four hours.

Following the episode on the Mall, Gary Thirer of The Rag spoke to Jack Steele of the Union again. Mr. Steele in a change of heart from that morning said that he would be glad to let us sell in the Union, provided that we agree to the 30-70 arrangement.



continued on 18

Johnson's "Oliver" Revises A.C.T.

Ken Johnson, in his second season as Austin Civic Theatre's resident director, has saved the theatre from the ignominy of nite-club-like mediocrity, to which many Austin afficianados feared the organization had hopelessly plunged. He is producing good shows in the proper environs. His current season opener, Oliver!, fairly bursts with the vitality demanded by Lionel Barry's redoubtable musical, and overflows with the enthusiasm of people doing something they thoroughly enjoy.

Young Gary Knippa, in the title role, and Stayton P. Calhoun, in the role of Fagin, rip through the play with vigor and finesse. The former's instinctive ability plays well against the latter's well trained and keenly developed talents. The finest moment of the evening was Knippa's touching rendition of "Where is Love?".

Keith King, as Mr. Bumble, Allen Lawshae, as Mr. Sowerberry, Alex Marshall, as Noah Claypole, and the delightful chorus of young-

Continued on 18

CARR-Tower Granfalloon

Carr and Tower (remember them) have been competing for support from various strange and esoteric groups. Among the Tower Forces are Attorneys for Tower, Amigocrats for Tower, Women Power for Tower, Life Underwriters for Tower, Oil Jobbers for Tower, Real Estate Bookers for Tower, and Restaurateurs for Tower.

Carr is supported by the District and Court Attorneys for Carr, Hairdressers and Cosmetologists for Carr, Oil and Gas Men for Carr, Vocational Nurses for Carr, and Chiropractors for Carr.

We feel that these names show a certain lack of originality. More dynamic labelling might make this cam-

Sexual Freedom League...

Continued from 7

panies toward Constitutional rights for students are now more clearly defined. Probably the administrators will be progressively less restrictive, knowing the seriousness with which the students intend to pursue those rights. But if they are not, the students are well-prepared and are increasingly ready to confront established power structures.

aign into a good sporting event after all.

EXAMPLES: Carr Mechanics, Tower Snipers, Carpenters (of Carr Petting for "preverts"), The Renovation Society of Greater Pisa (they're looking for an eventual replacement for the original leaning tower), Volks Waggoner Carr (operators primarily in New Braunfels), and the Tower Guards (America's version of organized juvenile delinquents).

We might as well add that all of these groups, existing and non-existing, could be pointed out as examples of granfalloon. A granfalloon, according to the gospel of Bokonon as recorded by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. in his book, Cat's Cradle, as "a seeming team that was meaningless in terms of the ways God gets things done.... Other examples of granfalloon are the Communist party, The Daughters of the American Revolution, The General Electric Company, The International Order of Odd Fellows----and any nation, anytime, anywhere.

As Bokonon invites us to sing along with him:

"If you wish to study a granfalloon,

Just remove the skin of a toy balloon."

Rag Wins Union Sales Rights


Continued from 16

That evening, the valiant Rag-a-muffins met once again, huddled in our poor but victorious office. A scene of good-natured merriment it was. But again the spectre of free speech abridgement danced before us. And there were those who

would do battle.

But most thought the issue too unclear. It was decided that since the state law is against commercial solicitation of any form on campus, that it is a law with merit (thus, the first thing you see leaving the English Building is not the Fuller Brush man). One only bemoans that it is enforced arbitrarily. Which is not to say that the American-Statesman should be banned from campus, but that The Rag should be allowed the same privileges. Clearly, the law needs defining.

We also decided to take a concession in

JDS  meeting

To discuss plans for
action

Thurs^o Oct. 20
BBB 166
7:30 P.M.

the Student Union, sell there and on the street outside the Co-op.

Tuesday, October 11, the second printing of Volume I, Number 1 of The Rag went on sale without incident. We sold one thousand copies in four hours. And, that, Rag-a-muffins, is the birth of The Rag.

THIS PAPER WAS
PRINTED BY —
FREUDIGER
(Fast - cheap)
GRB-5464

"Oliver" ...

Continued from 17

ters perform excellently. Woody Reagan, pianist; and Janie Penn, flautist, soar through the score impeccably. The only disappointments were Maureen McIntyre---in her hardwell approach to her songs---and Rankin Glover in their respective roles of Nancy and Bill Sykes.

Performances are nightly Tuesday through Saturday, with a Sunday matinee. Reservations can be had by calling GR 6-0541.

- Gary Chason

Rag BENEVOLENT

Folkers

mike allen, spencer perskin,
Lynn pearlman, jamie howell,
john clay, ric speed's kibuki band

CONQUEROO

Wed., Oct. 19 **at HILLEL**
(21st at San Antonio)
Folk starts at 7:30
rock & dances at 9:00 **\$1.00**
admission
advance tickets at Hillel

THE WRONG BOX-----Texas Theater. At times a delightful diversion. Peter Sellers, in a small role, is maybe the funniest I've ever seen him. Wilfred Lawson is a marvelous Peacock the Butler. Some gems from this movie of the absurd: "The excessive use of nutmeg leads to hallucinations and other debilitations."....."My father was a missionary. He was eaten by his bible class." Grack.

Bet. Dinners (fried chicken's ok) with vegetables, dessert, coffee and all that good jazz, for under a dollar. Special Mexican Dinner for a buck is almost more than you can eat. And you get groovy desserts like marble fudge ice cream on raspberry jello. Beer on tap. And a head waiter, Raymond, who is a Master of the Absurd.

to rockish. Sat. nites. **FOLKSING** - Bring anything you can play and play it. Thurs. eve in Music Listening Room of the Union.



Did you see **THE GRISLY BAUGFARCP?** Charles Winans, San Antonio artist, had some pretty wierd things in the Union art gallery last week. The show was spotty but some of the pieces were real eyeball openers. Like the one with green and yellow Picasso-esque figures and a blue sky that was, of course, a window shade. Some rather exciting constructions, too. Hope the Union art gallery (which recently had Sue Perskin's strange pastels) keeps up this sort of action.

FOLK



"Whar's the cheap eats, hah?" Those words, resounding through the halls of academia, bawled by babes in the crib, continually in the air over Austin... And ain't it the truth? Prices are up 15 or 20 cents at all the restaurants around the university. Coffee's up to a dime in the Union, So, The Rag, peoples' servant that it is, will do some sleuth work and keep you posted with regular Hints to the Hungry, or the like. **SAN JACINTO CAFE**--located between Scholtz Garten and the Jade Room on good old San Jacinto Street, definitely The Rag's Best

RAG BENEFIT - Wed. nite Hillel. Kenny Parker (just back from Portugal!), Mike Allen, Lynn Pearlman, Jamie Howell, John Clay, Spencer Perskin, Ric Speed's Kibuki Band. Buddha knows who else. 7:30. Buck admission.

RED LION (207 W. 6th)--John and Cecile Meadows on Wed. and Thurs. nites joined by Rich Brinkley on Fri. and Sat. Banjo, guitar, harmonica, vocal chords. Things happening other times, too...very informal. Soon to be a 50¢ cover.

SPLIT RAIL (S. Lamar) Ken Threadgill et al... Open sessions (Tary Owens, John Clay, other area luminaries often sit in). Do the spectrum from olde tyme country music to folk

Laguna Gloria Gallery--(3807 W. 35th) Texas Fine Arts Invitational (which will soon travel around the state) in the main gallery. Up stairs--Edward Arning whose work is described as primitive. Hours: Tues.-Fri. 9-5; Sat.-10-5; Sun.-2-5. **University Art Museum**--Orozco drawings thru Nov. 6 (Upper Gallery) **Confrontacion '66** (contemporary Mexican) thru Oct. 29th.

grack!e!

RAG BAG

—THORNE DREYER—

Bad Bag Dept.—Have you noticed the billboard at the Texas ("Austin's only fine arts Theater")? The banner flashes TEX-XAS-TEXAS. Below that last week was the following:

SUPERSCOOP



The 13TH FLOOR ELEVATORS—Austin's gift to psychedelic rock—cut an album last week in Dallas to be released on International Artists Label. Powell St. John, local folklorist, singer, musician, songwriter, magician has penned three of the titles: "You Don't Know How Young You Are," "Kingdom of Heaven," and "Monkey Island." And the rest are all Elevators originals, hallucinated by Roky Erickson and the crew: "Roller Coaster," "Tried to Hide" (a new cut of the hit single), "You're Gonna Miss Me," "Splash I," "Reverberation," "Fire Engine," and "Don't Fall Down." The last two were also waxed on a single. Cover artist is John Cleveland, local doodler artiste superb. The single will be released in about a week; the album will be available in two to three weeks on the west coast, sometime thereafter in Austin. To speed things up—harass your local retailers!! Reed Music is your best bet.

THIRD GREAT
WEEK
"DEAR JOHN"
BEAT
THE PIGS



A TASTE OF HONEY—Batts Hall, Monday the 17th, 7:30 p.m. 75¢ for non-members of Cinema 40, 50¢ with discount card. Originally scheduled on last Friday.

DON QUIXOTE—Batts Hall Wednesday the 19th. Stars Fedor Chaliapin, famous Russian actor and opera star, as Quixote, and English comedian George Robey as Sancho Panza. Made in England in 1935. Times: 4:30, 6:30 and 9.*free* DEATH OF A SALESMAN—Hillel Foundation, Saturday nite the 22nd.

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THE WIGS—still at the Jade Room Wednesdays and Thursdays.

BABY CAKES—at Swingers on weekends.

CONQUEROO—in dance concert at Rag Benefit (see p. 18).

*Gentle Thursday
is
coming...*

By Georges Courtelaine; LUDLOW FAIR by Lanford Wilson. Thurs. thru Sun (20-23) at 8 p.m. \$1.00 for students, \$1.25 for non-students.

RED LION - Jules Feiffer's LIVING CARTOONS, 8:30 Sat. the 22nd.

Austin Civic Theater--OLIVER performed nightly. (See revue inside)



Ichthus Theater--(at Methodist Student Center) has second weekend of one-acts directed by Ben Haehnel and performed by his New York Drama Troupe. (Last week's were excellent.) NOT ENOUGH ROPE—Elaine May; THESE CORNFIELDS

JAZZ

Jade Room - Sun. nites at 8. Fred Smith, James Polk, Dick Goodwin, John Whitehurst.

