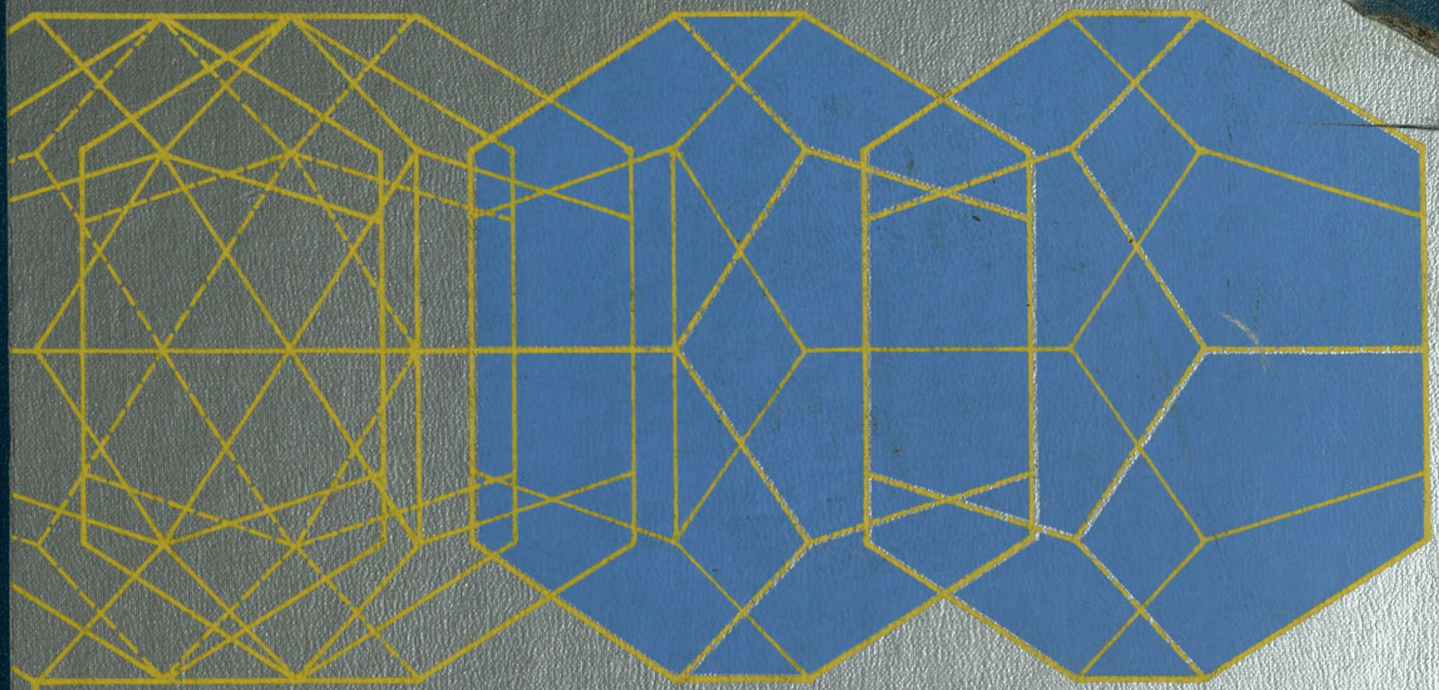
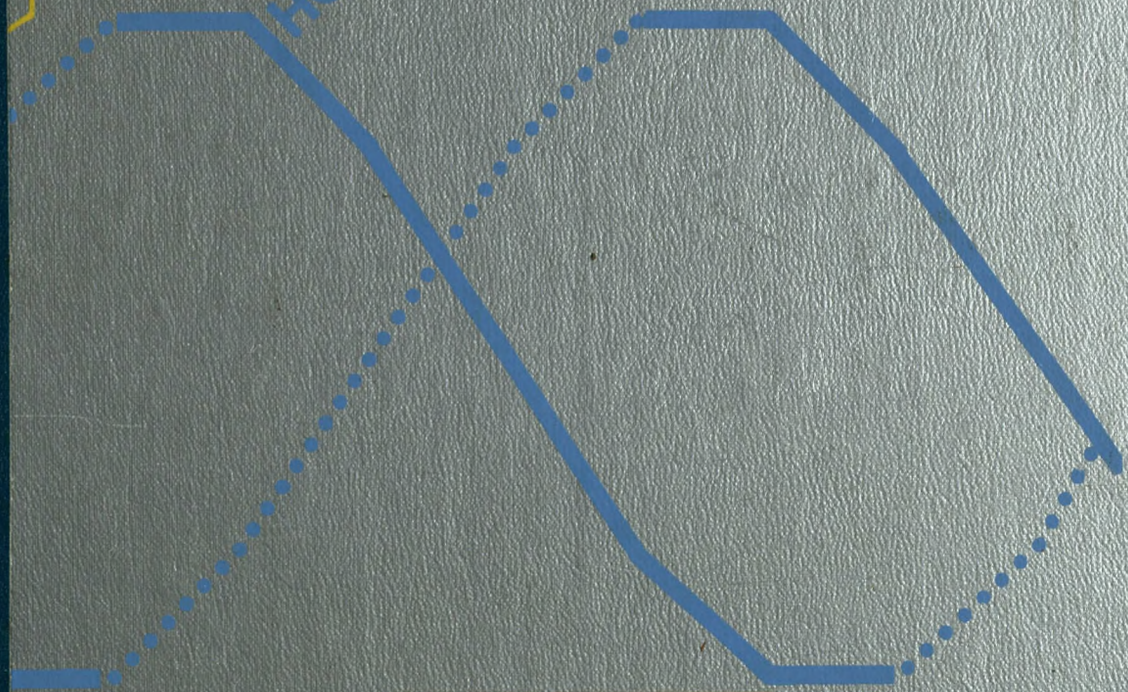


HOUSTONIAN
71-72



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peace — a beginning

i am the ocean
lit by the flame
i am the mountain
peace is my name
i am the river
touched by the wind
i am the story
i never end.

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peace — an end

peace is a word
of the sea and the wind.
as you smile
peace is the love
of a foe as a friend;
peace is the love you bring
to a child.

peace is a stream
from the heart of a man;
peace is a man, whose breadth
is the dawn.
peace is a dawn
on a day without end;
peace is the end, like death
of the war.

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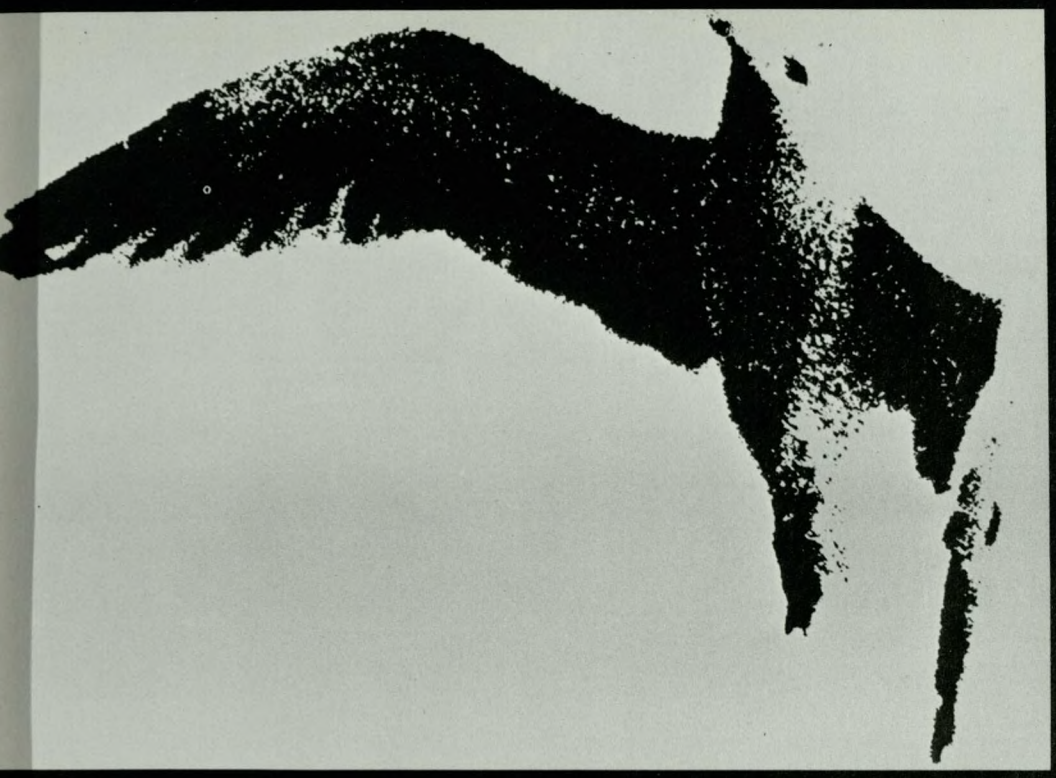

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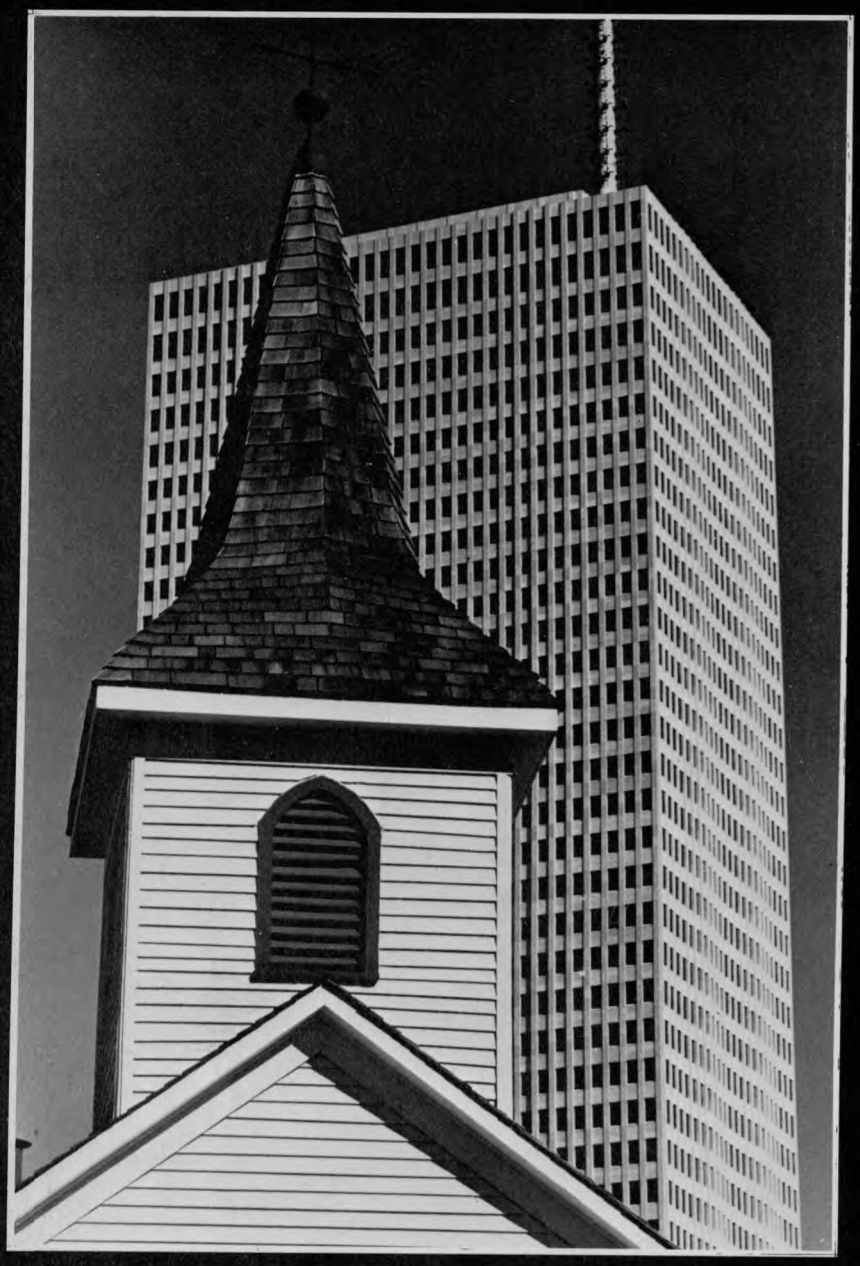
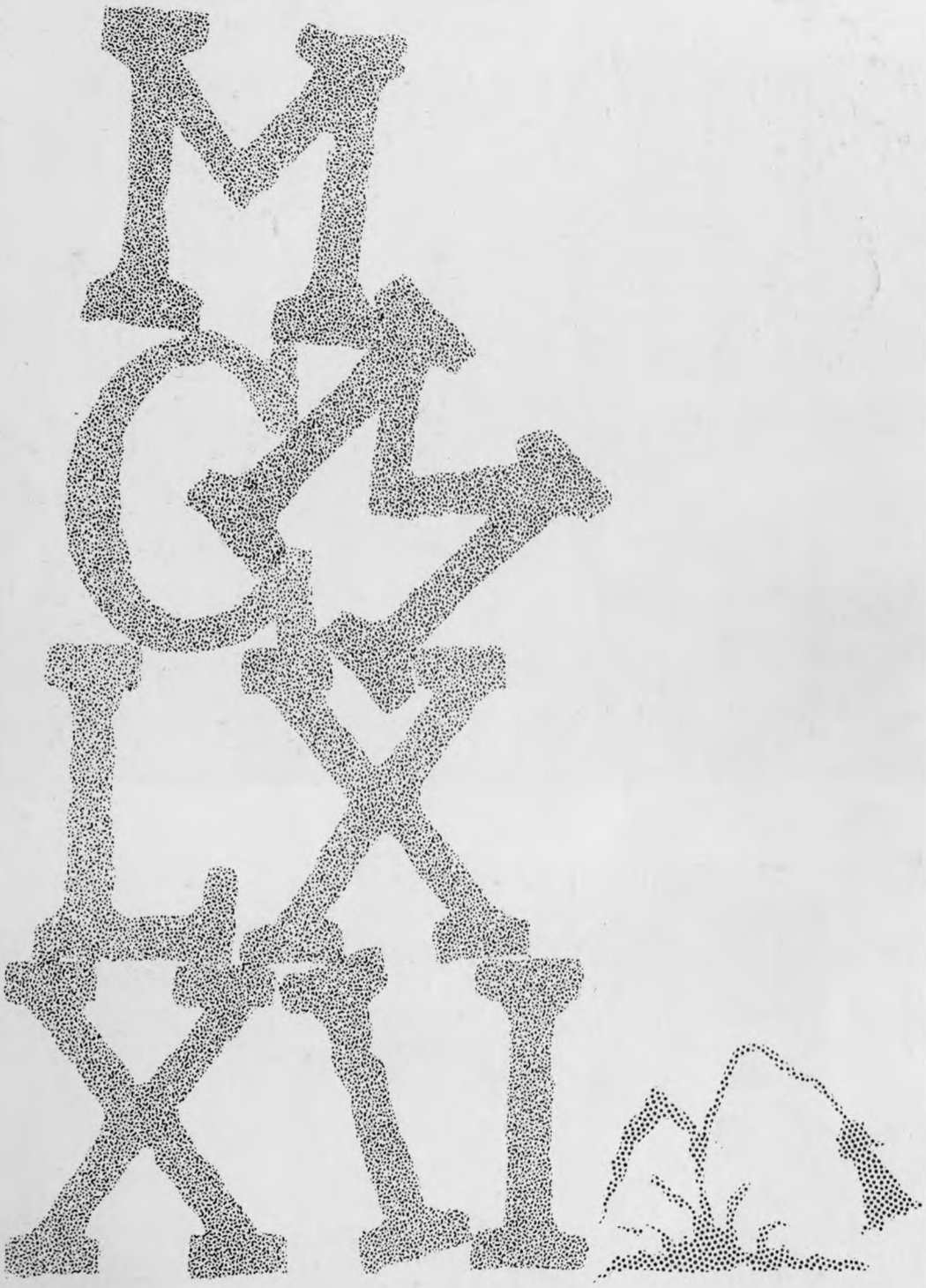


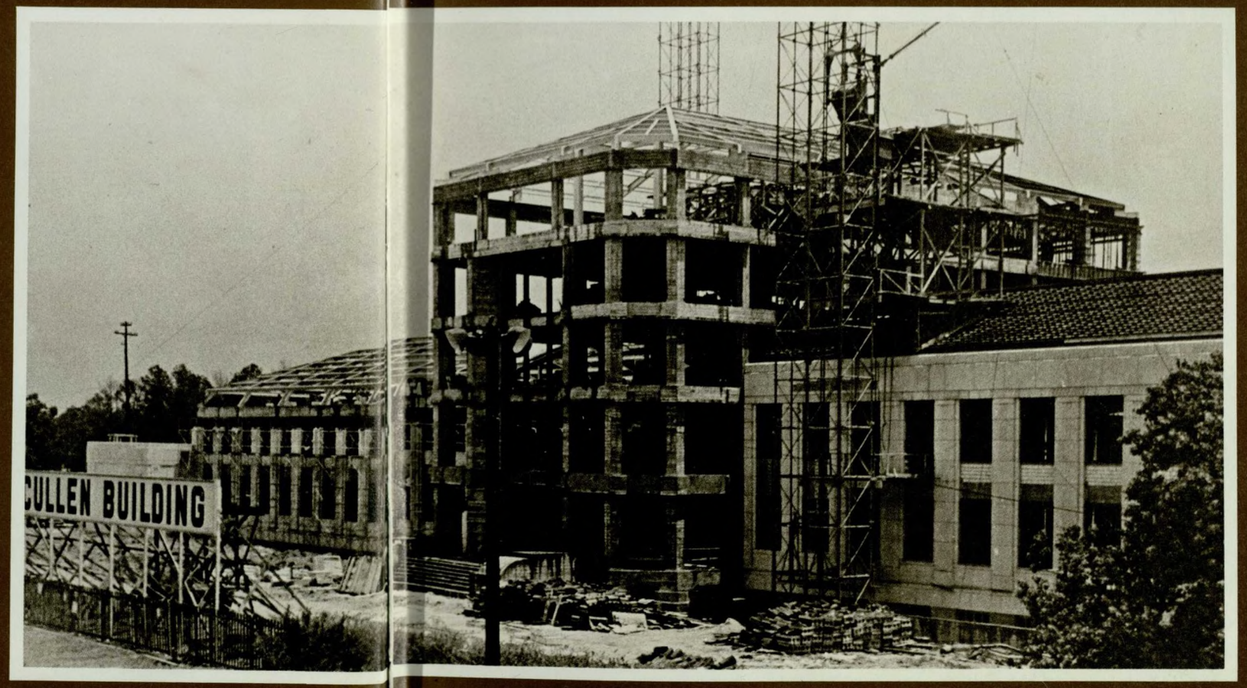
SACRED HEART CO-CATHEDRAL
MASSES: SATURDAYS: 6:00 P.M. (Fulfills Sunday Obligation
SUNDAYS: 7:15-8:30-9:45-11:00 A.M.-12:15 and 6:00 P.M.
HOLY DAYS: 7:00-8:00-9:00 A.M.-12:10-5:15
FIRST FRIDAYS: 7:00 A.M-12:10-5:15 P.M.
WEEKDAYS: 7:00 A.M and 12:10 P.M.

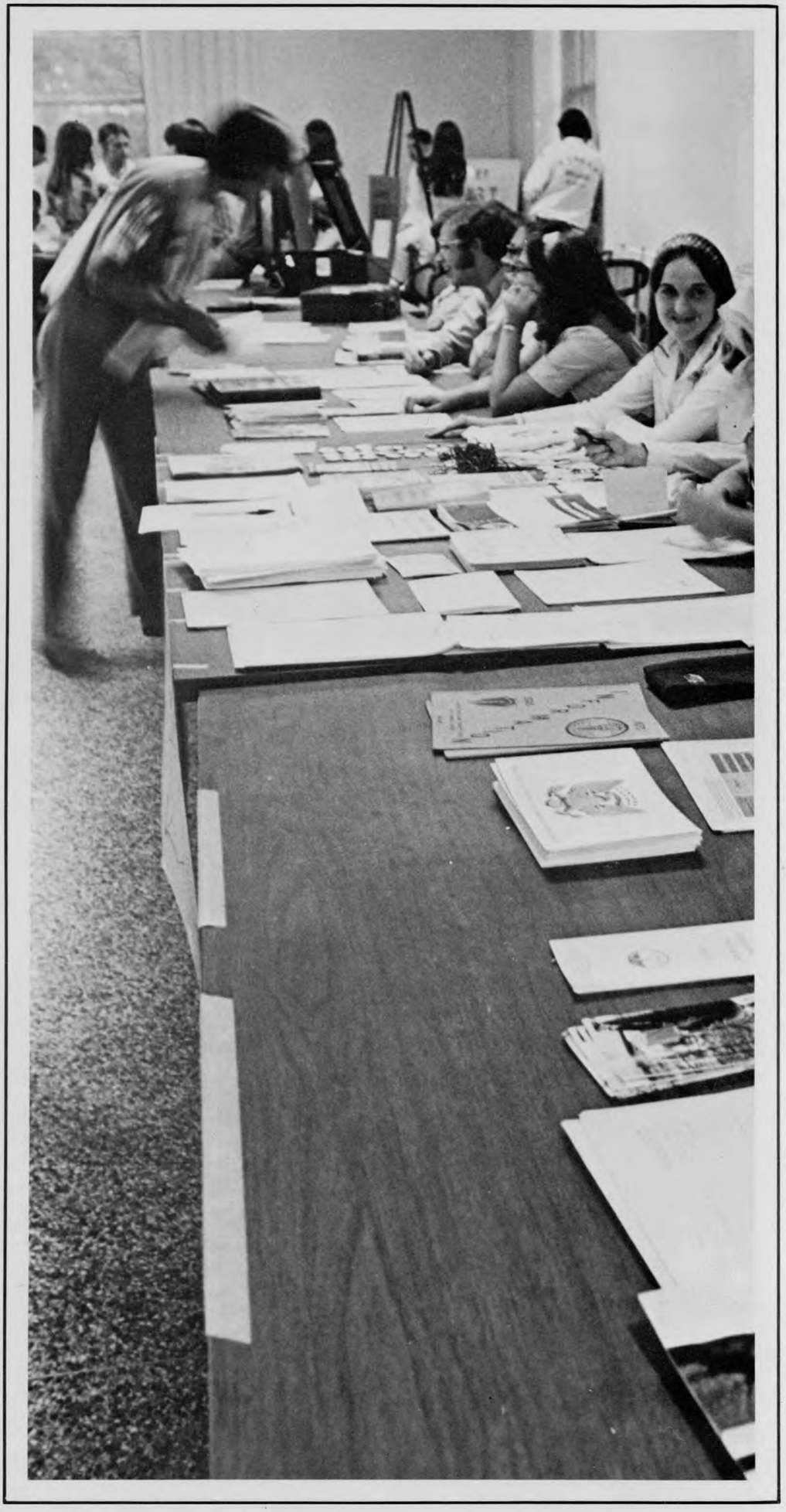

MCMXXXI

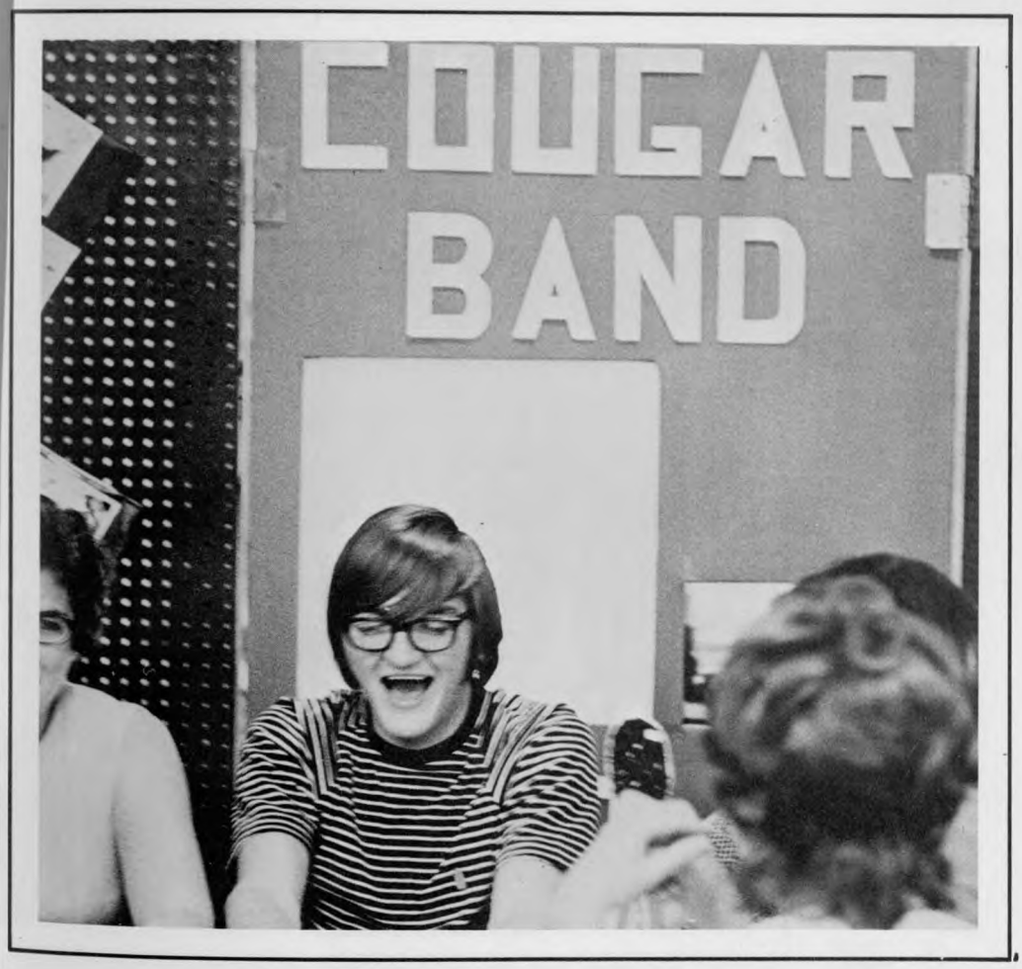
SHERATON - LINCOLN
C O
OD YEAR
CLAYTON
PARKING

HOME OF HOPE

UNIVERSITY OF HOUSTON
IN TIME
Founded 1927







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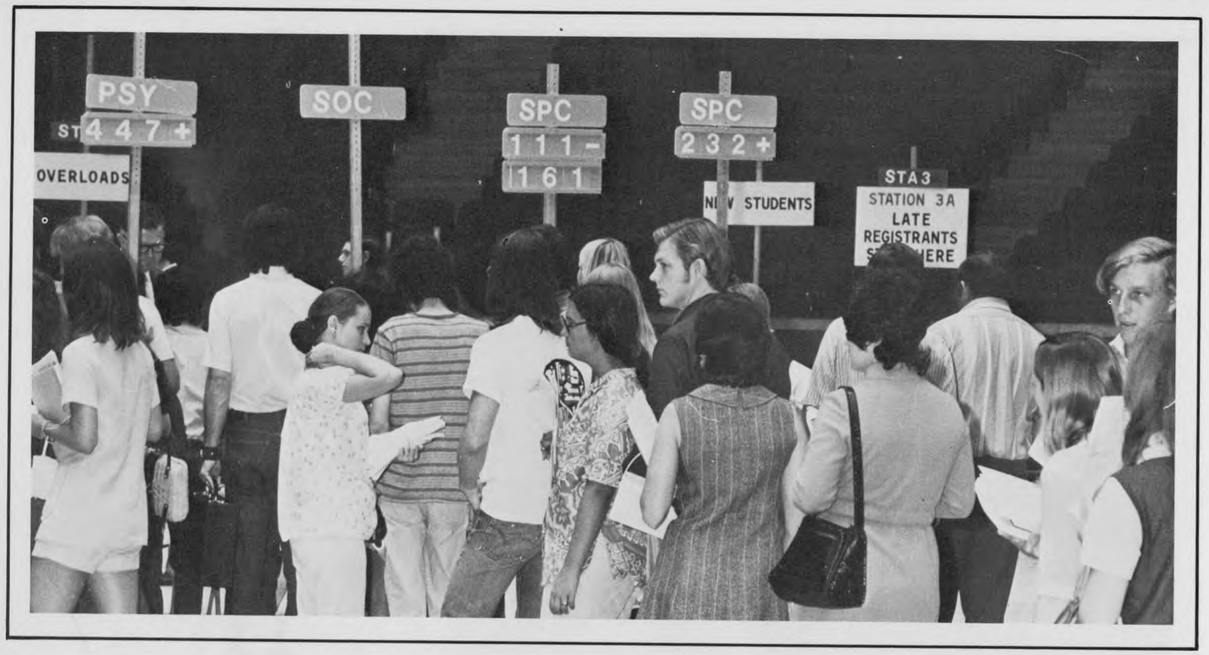

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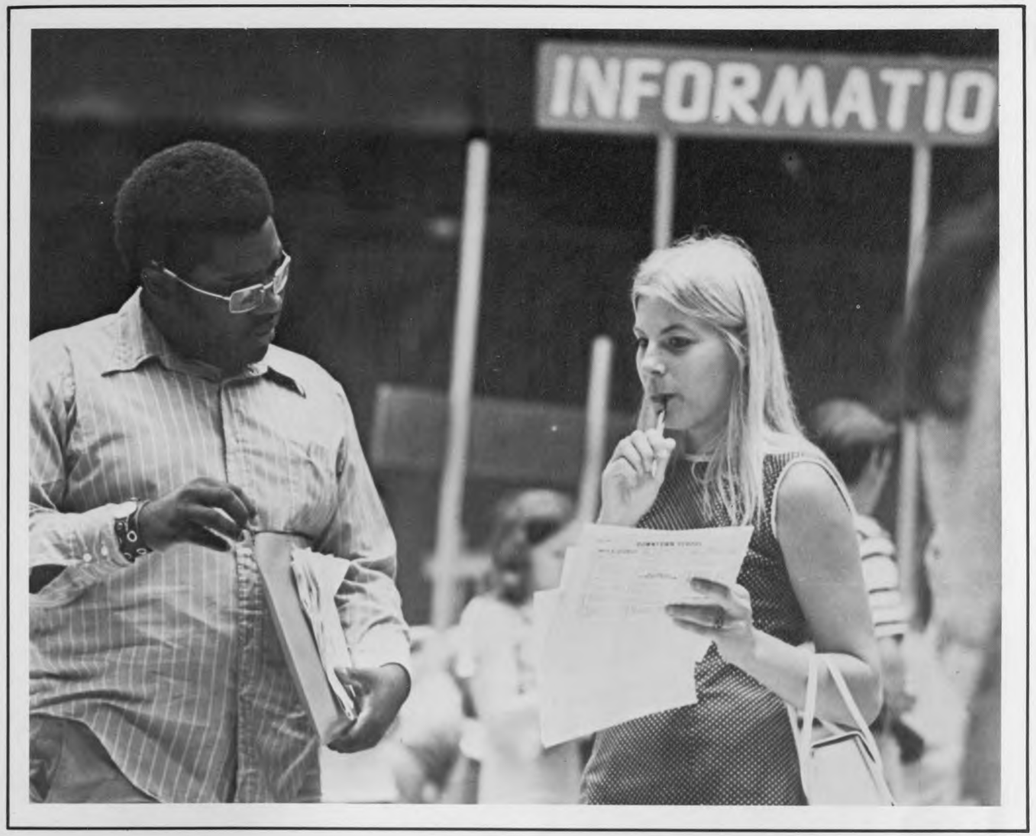
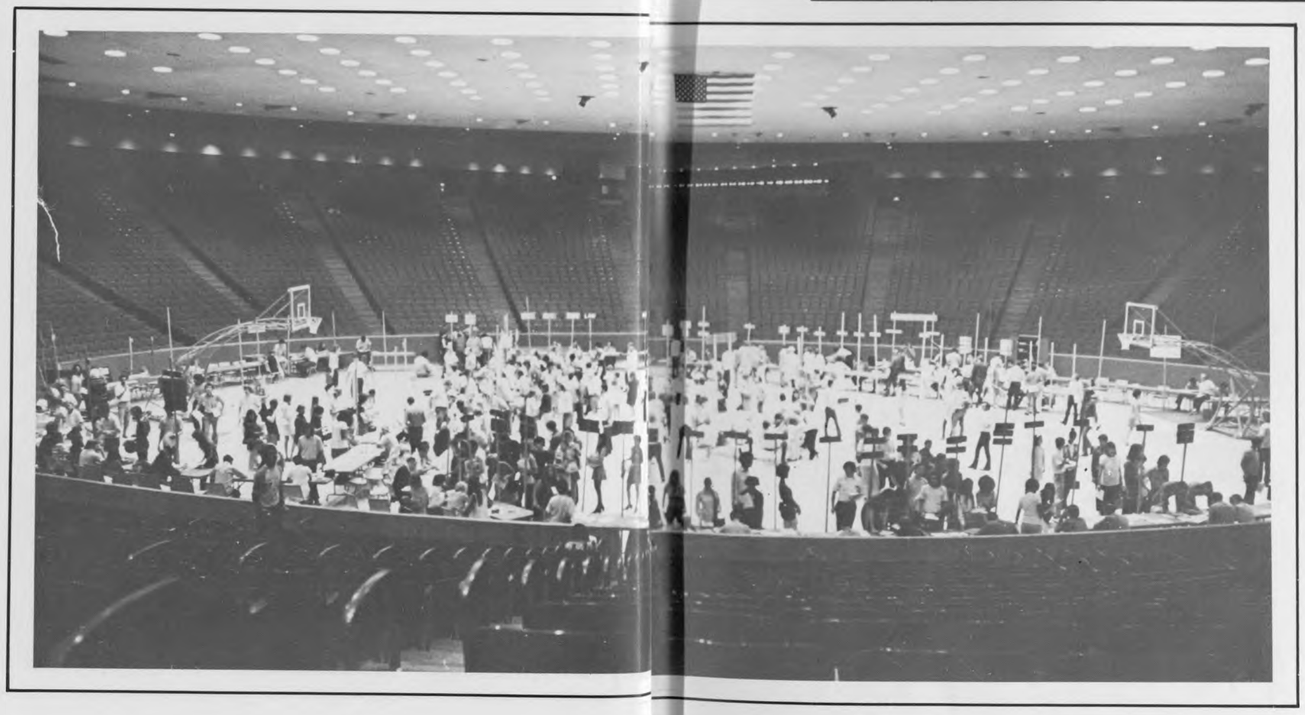
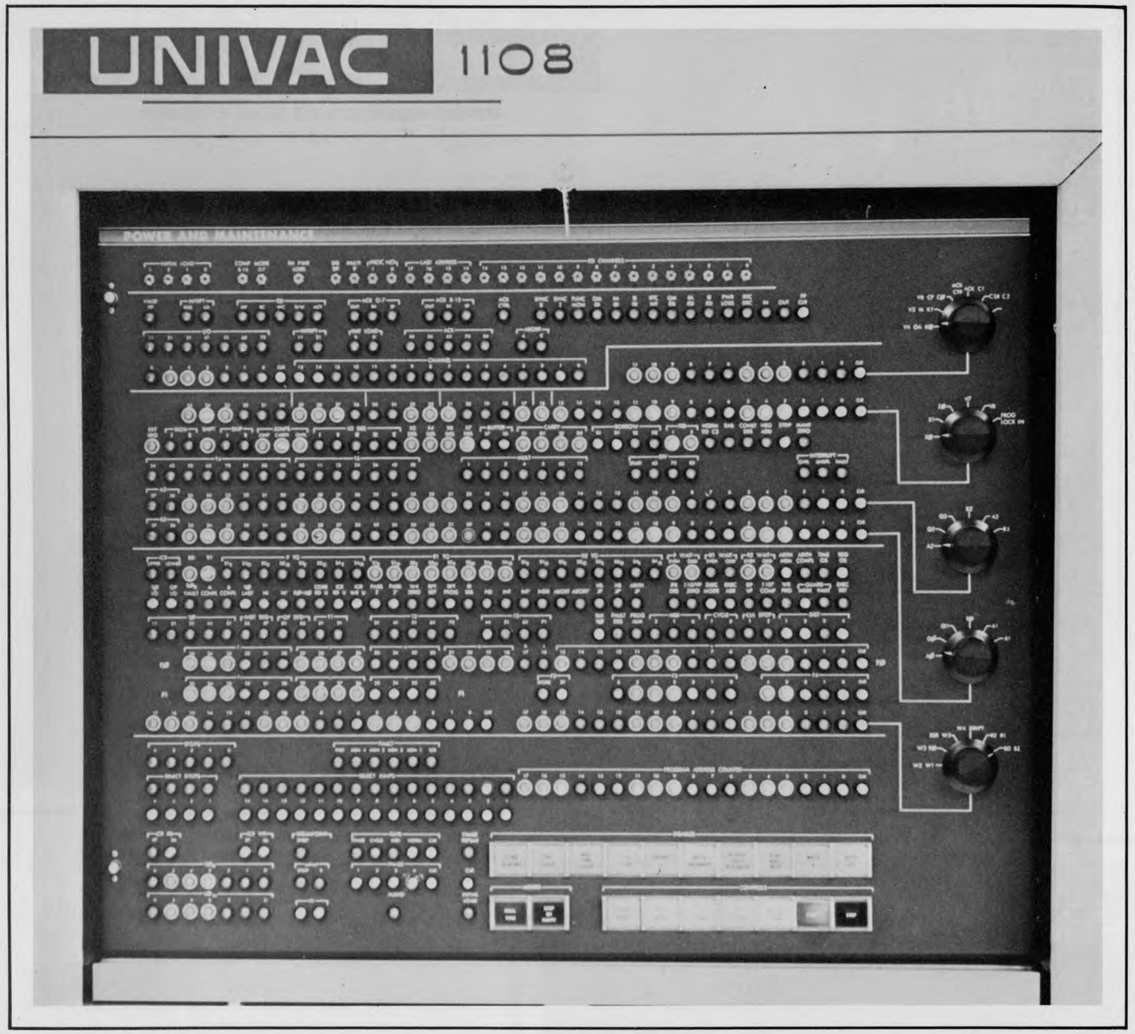
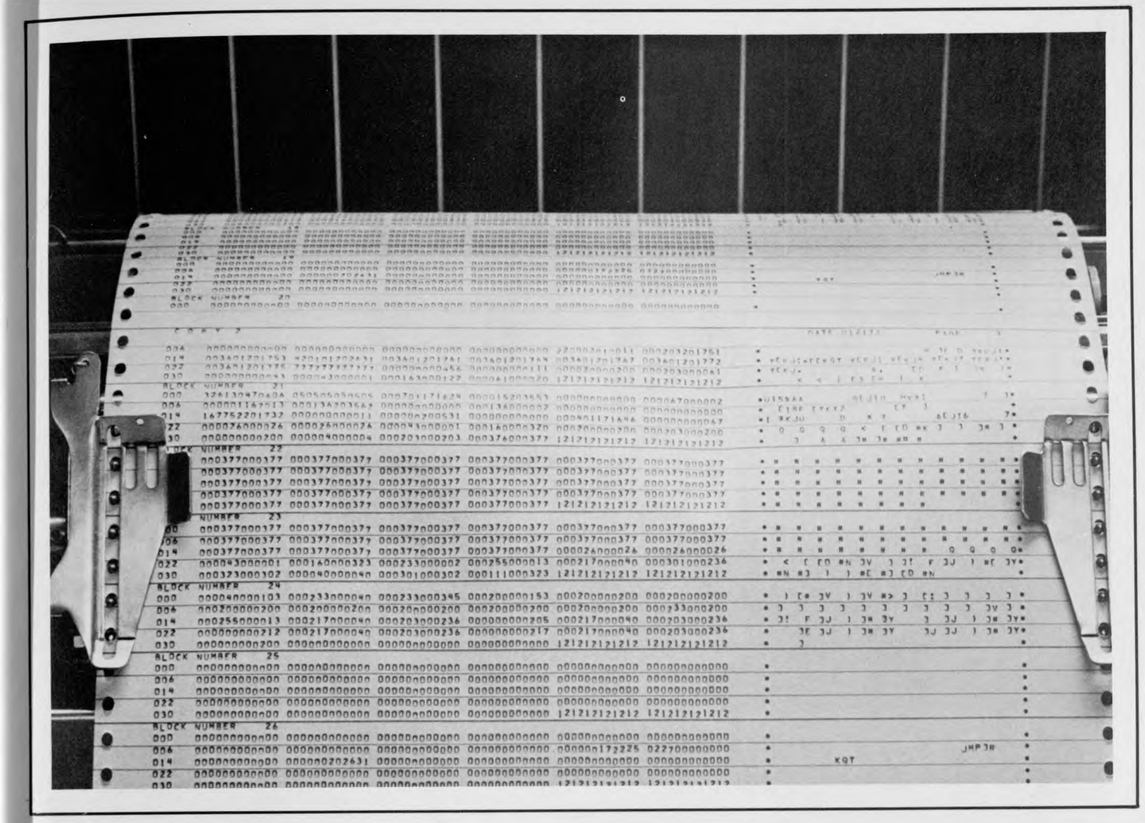
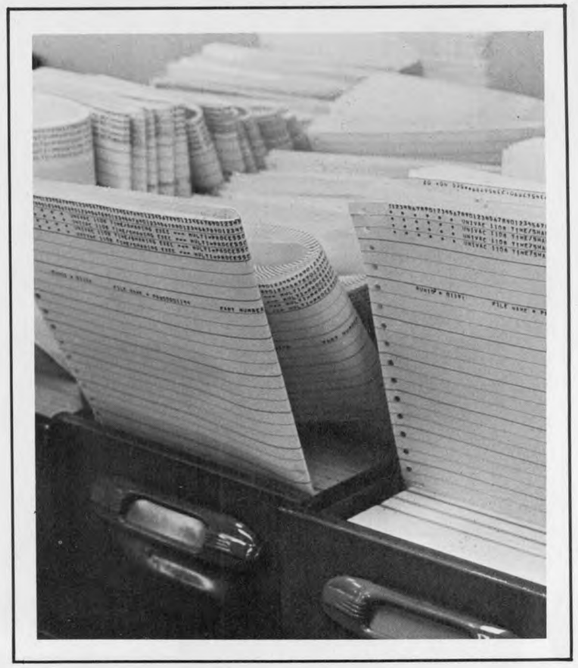




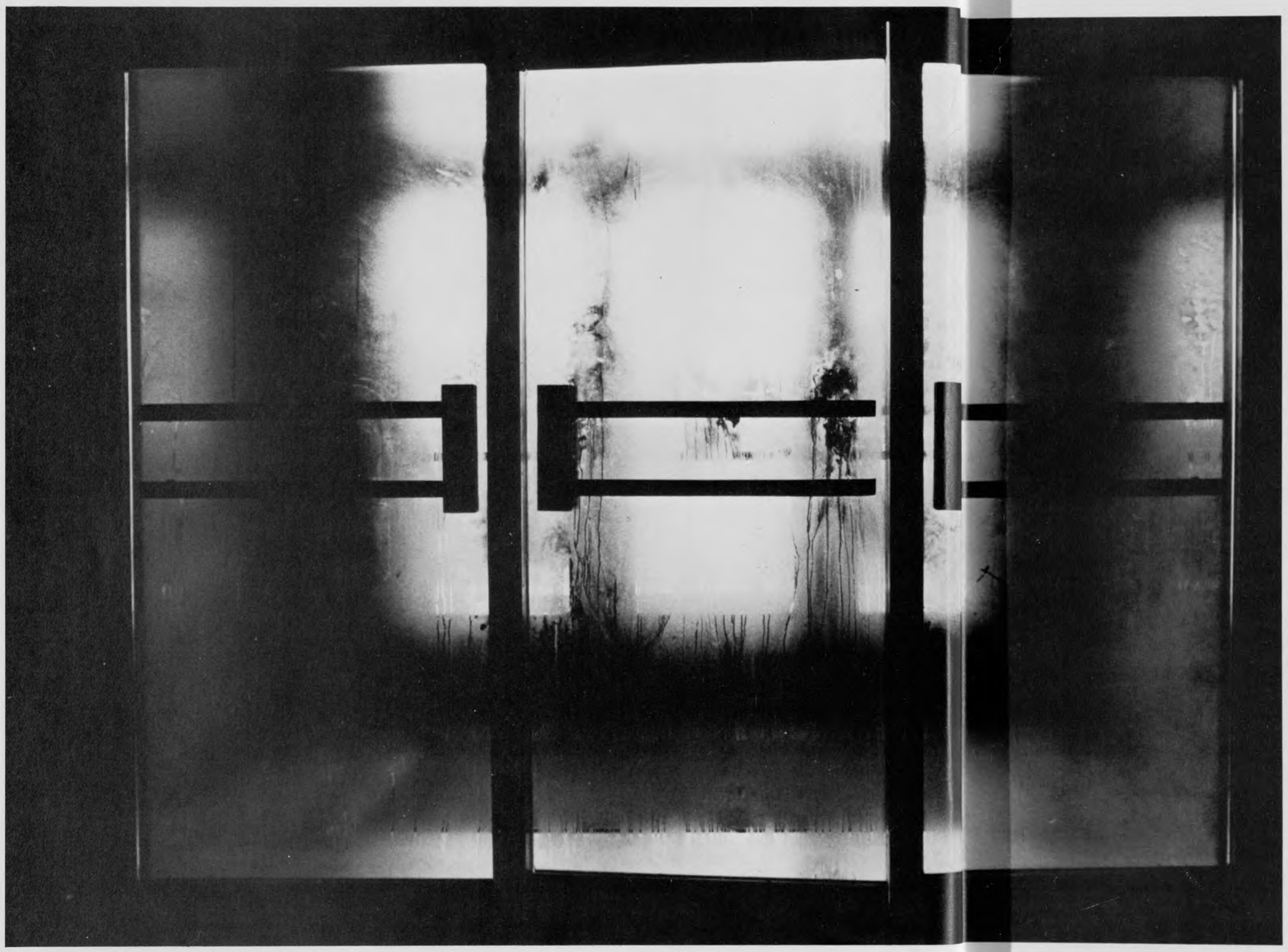






computerization

alienation



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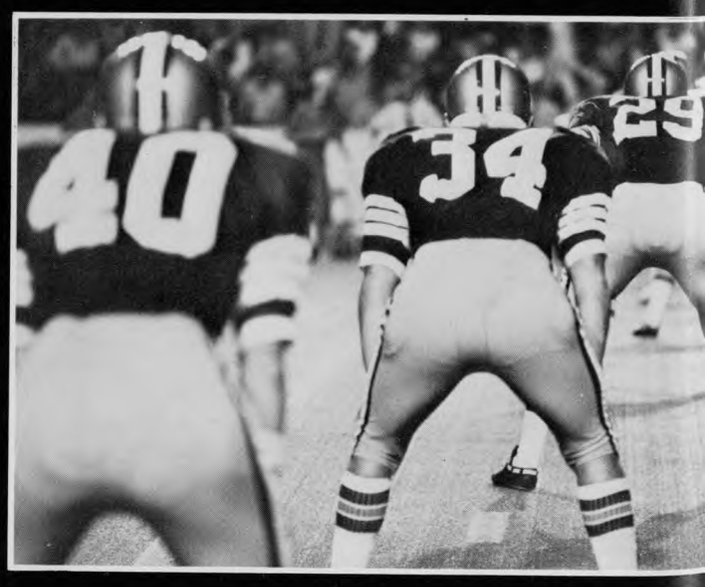
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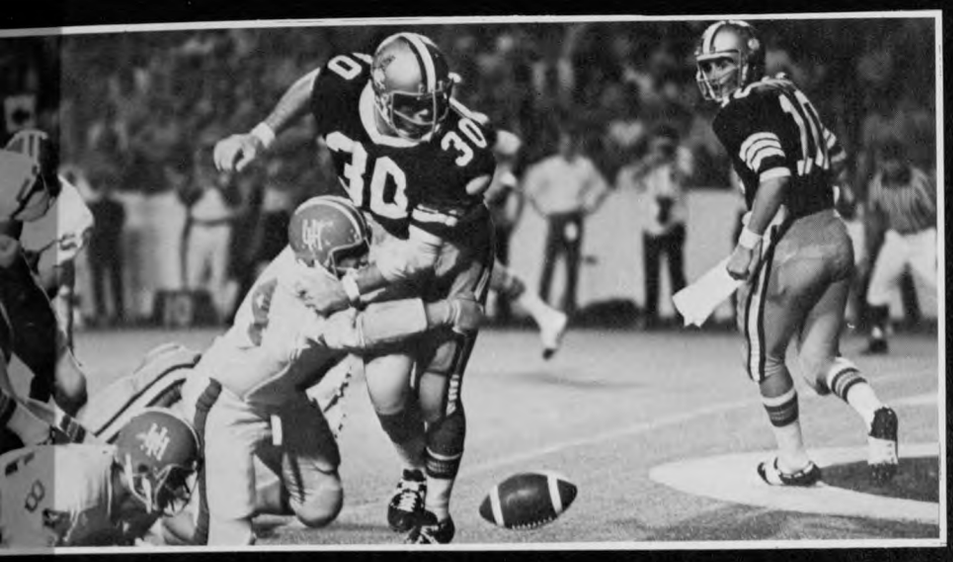
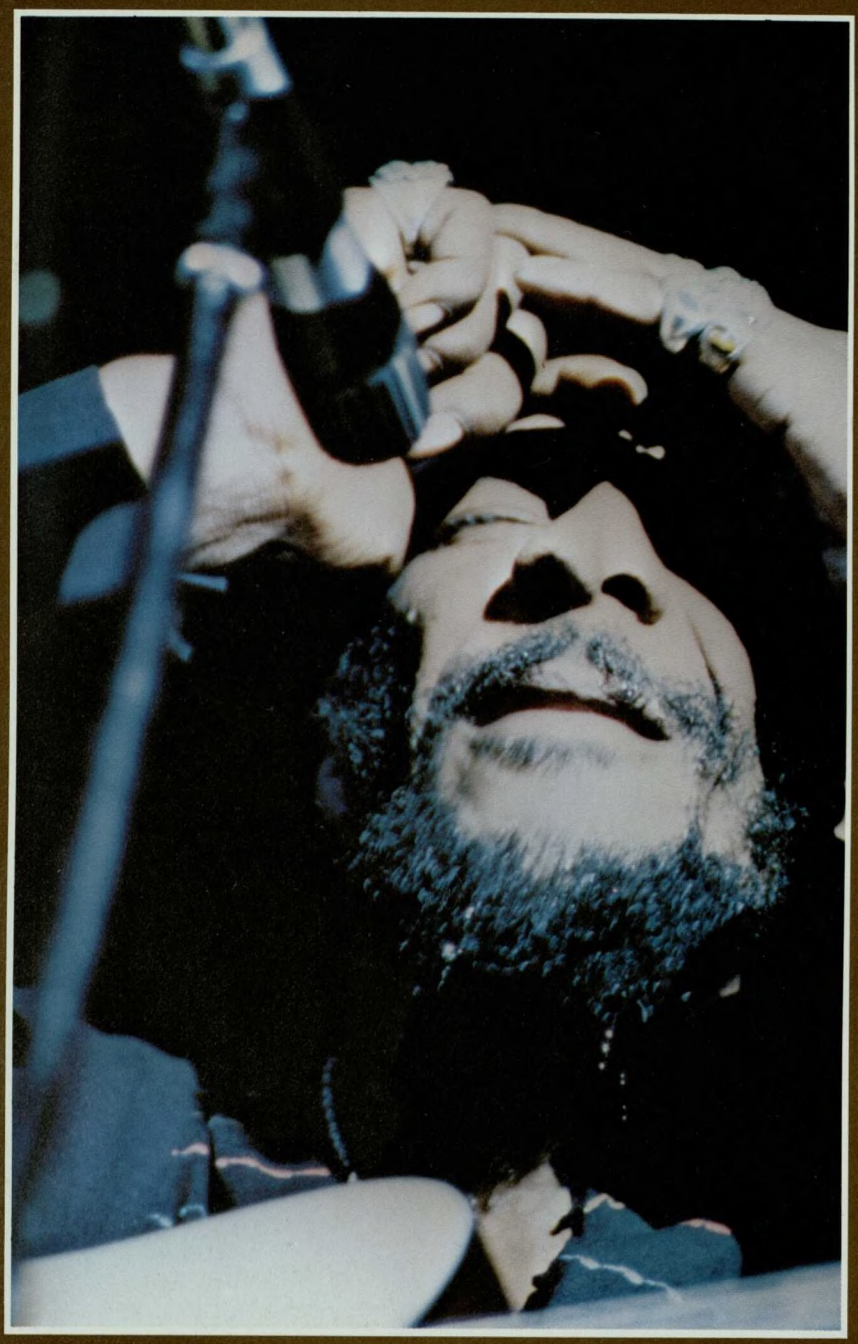


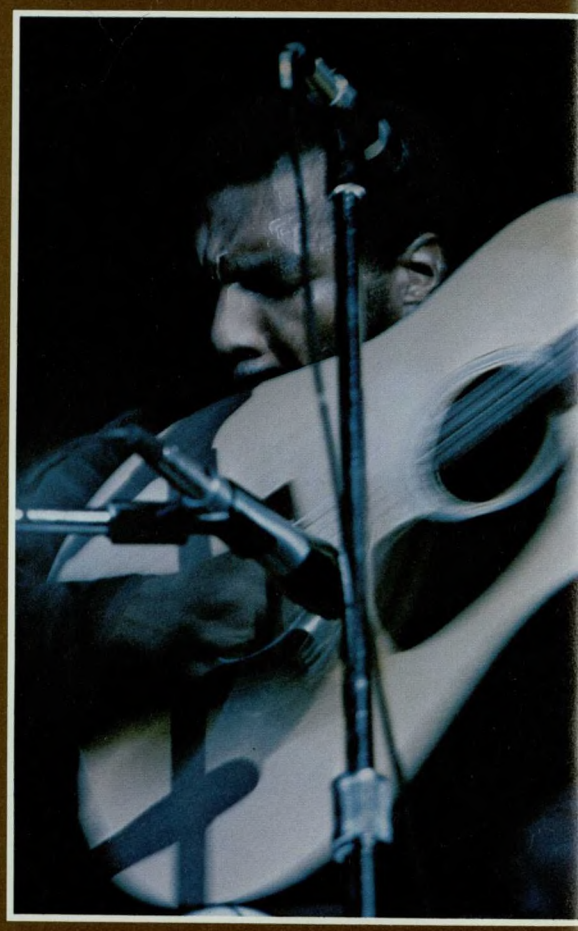
coogs-rice 23-21

NO PARKING
NO PARKING

SFZ·781

parking plot fall, 1971





"relationship"

"re-la-tion-ship . . .
All things are relative . . .
as man relates his body to his mind."

"to understand is to stand under, to give support"

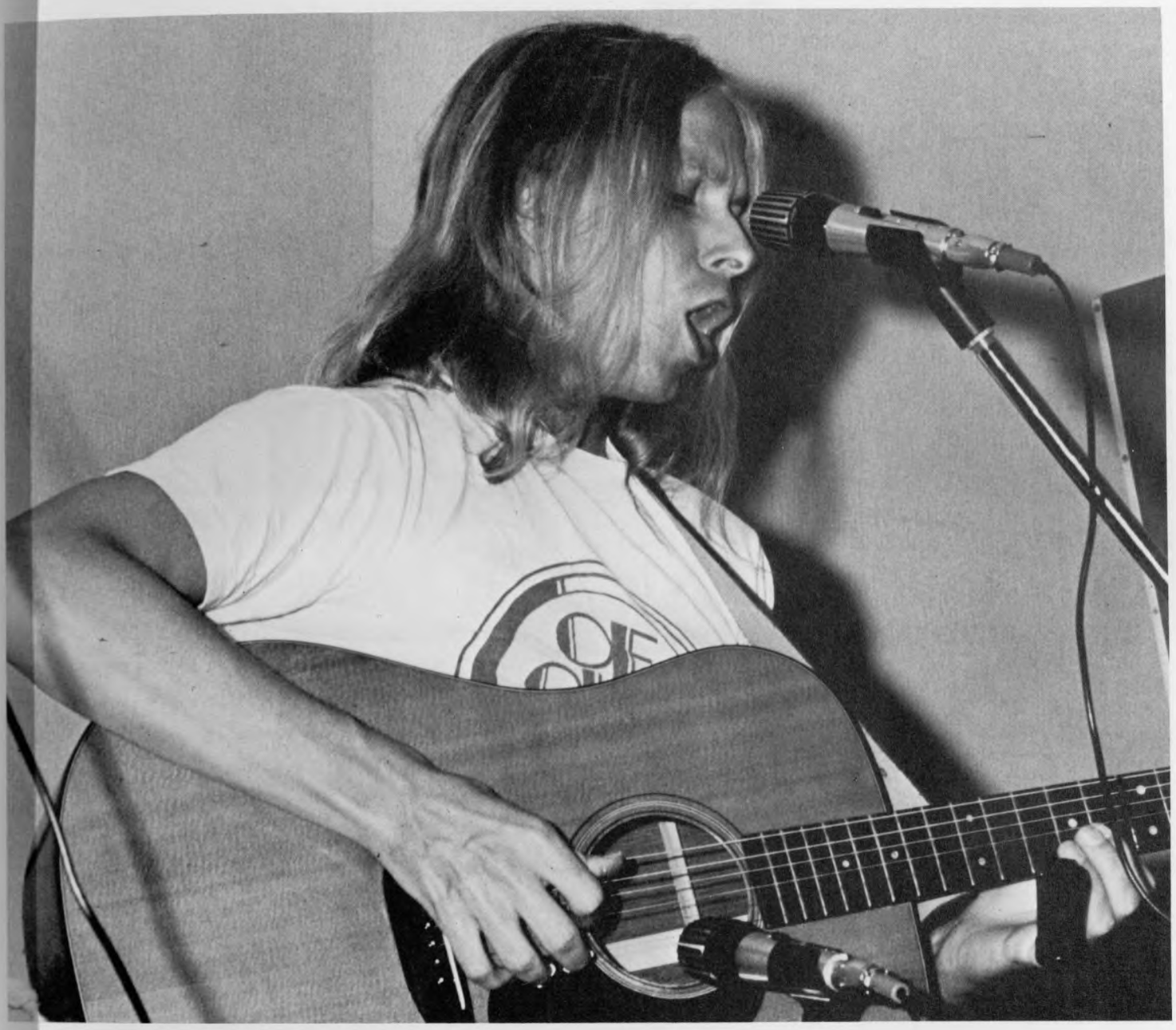
"responsibility is the ability to respond."

"freedom, yeah, freedom."

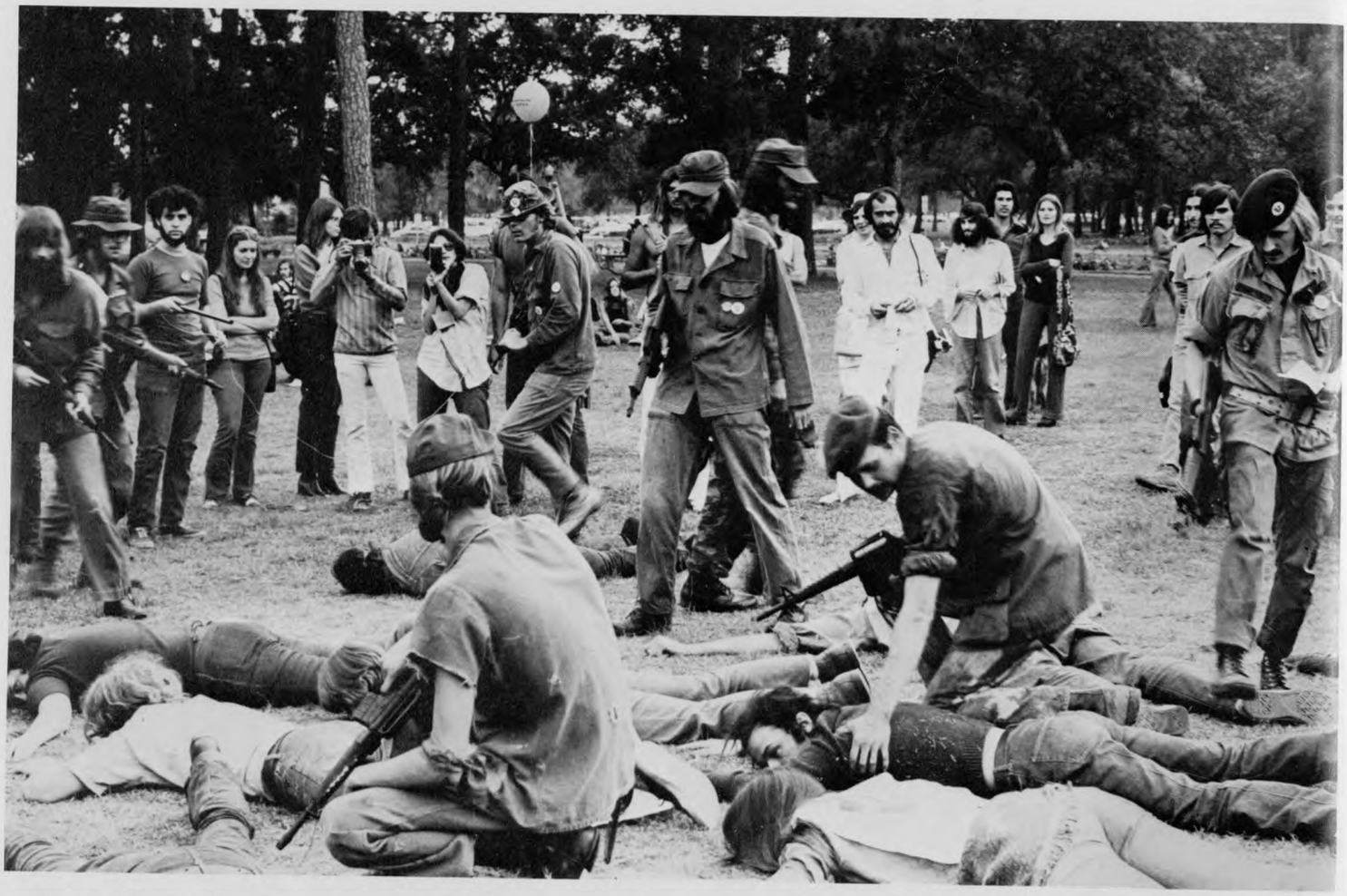
richie havens
september 4, 1971

pete gorish

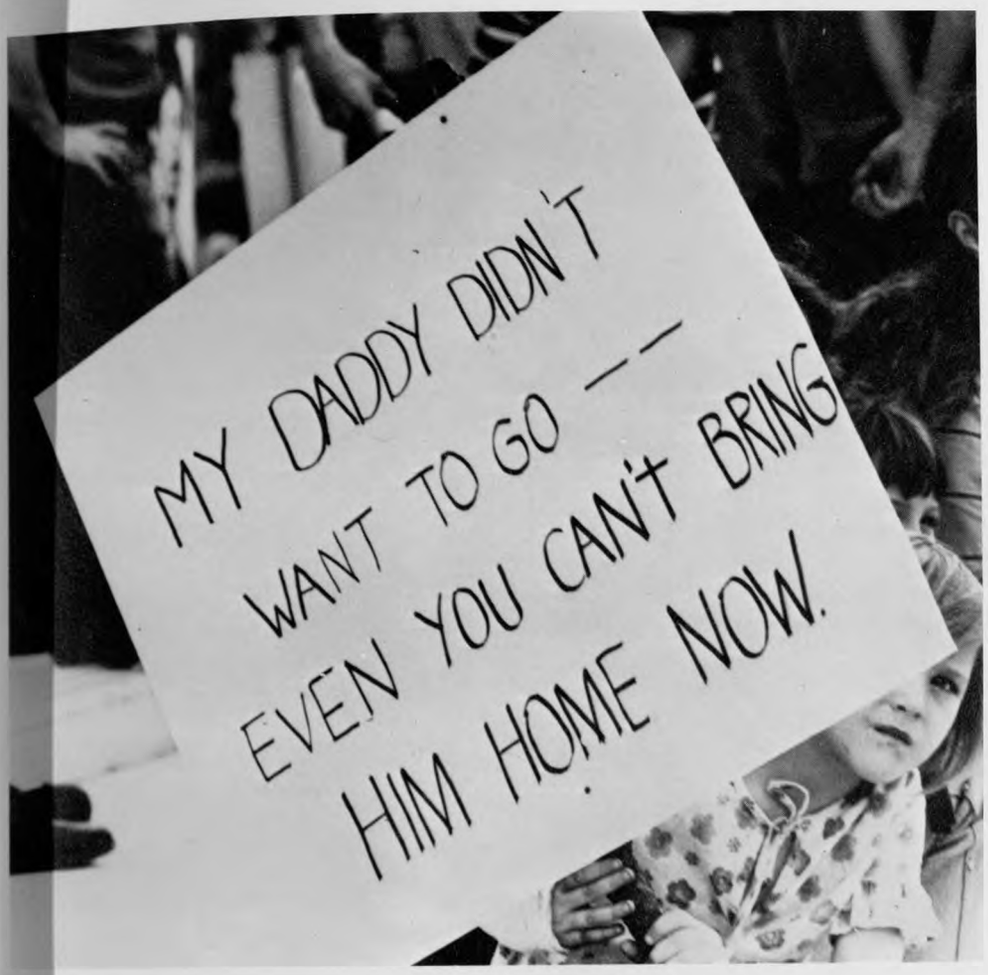
coffee house opening september 10, 1971

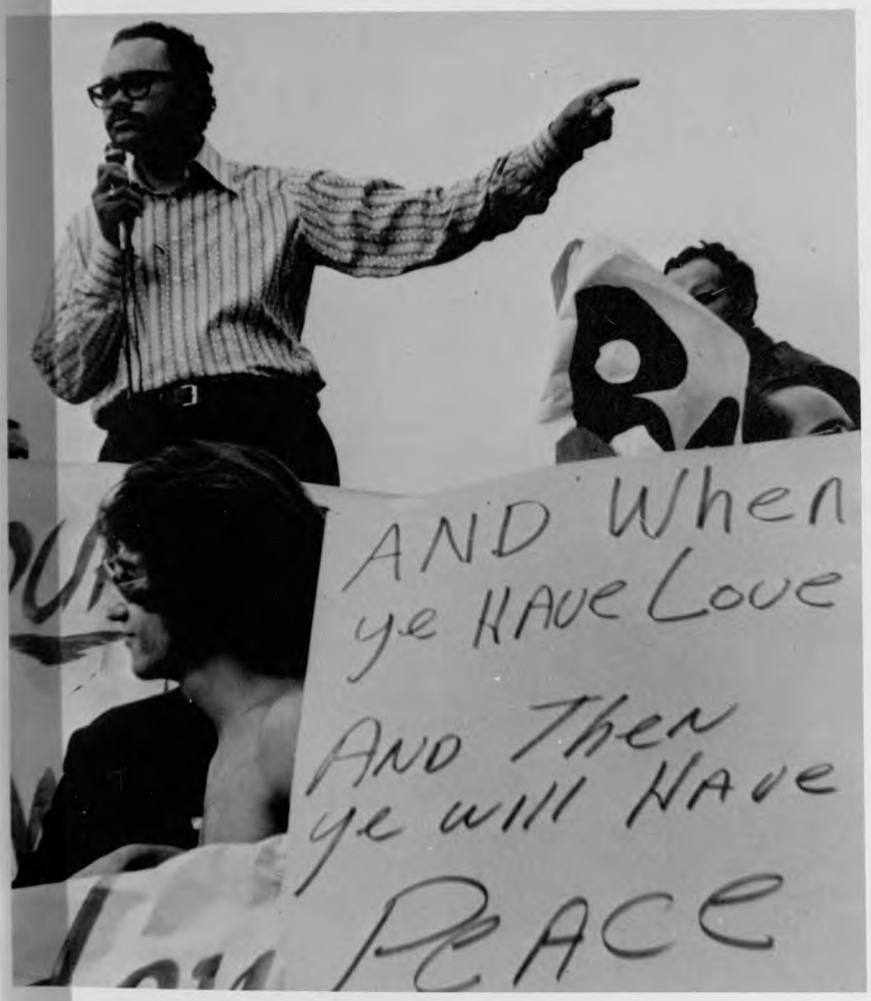


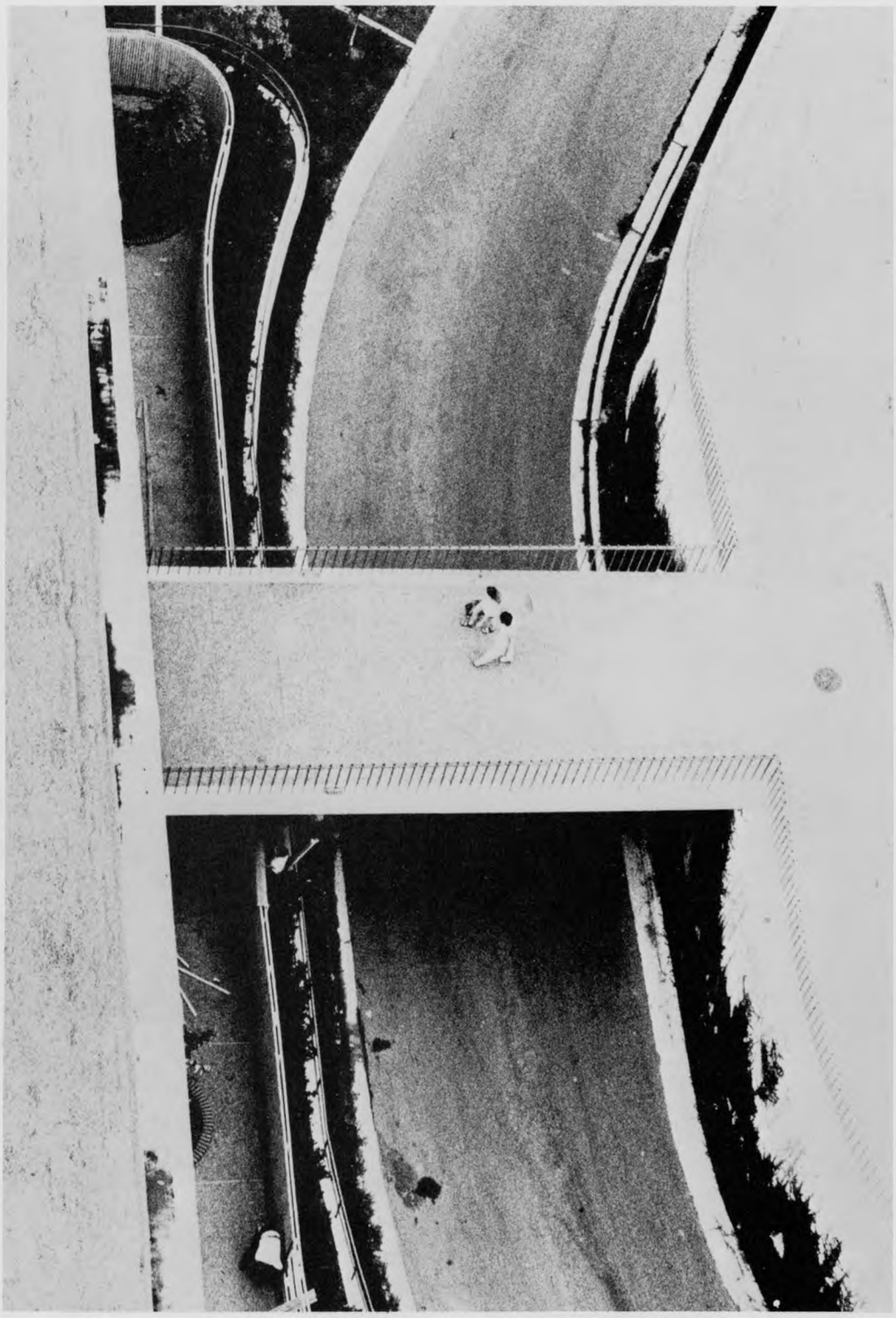
don sanders

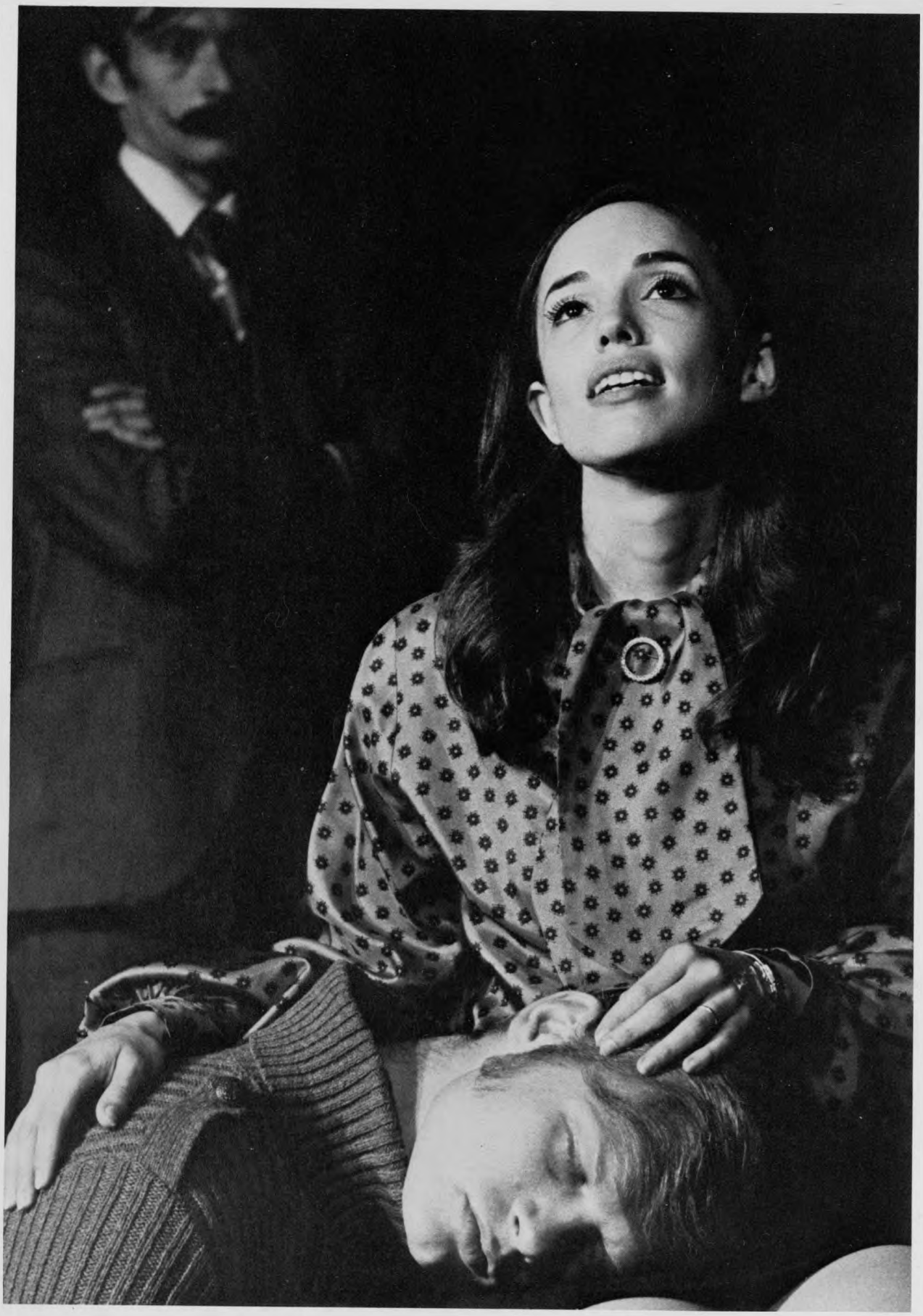


regional peace rally september 26, 1971

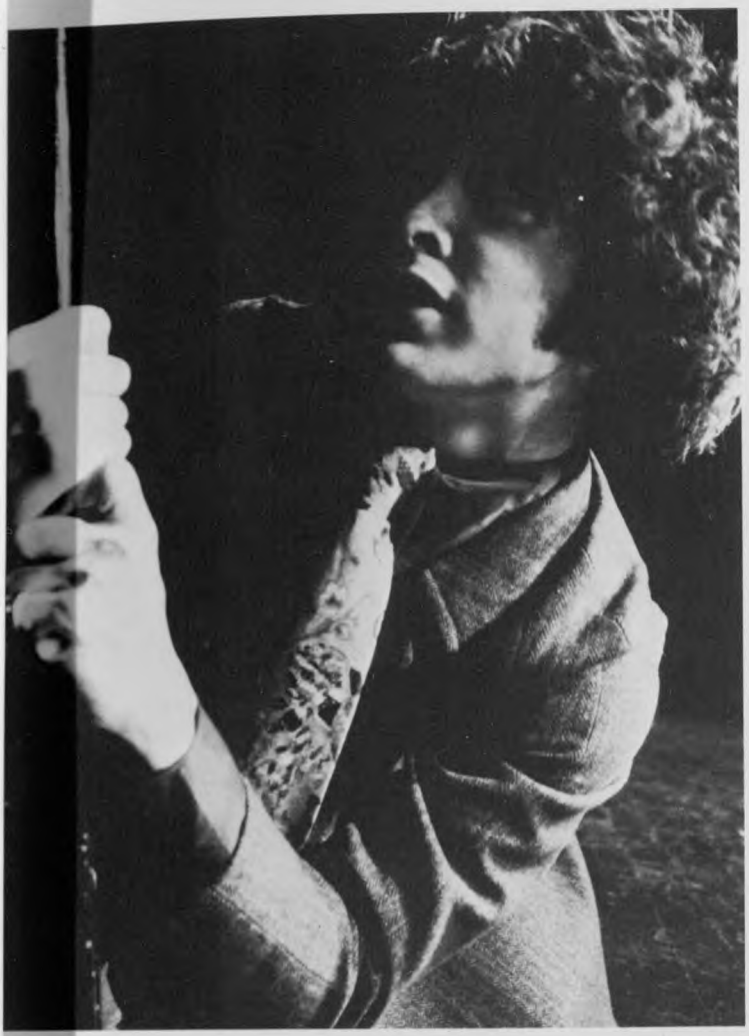

MY DADDY DIDN'T
WANT TO GO --
EVEN YOU CAN'T BRING
HIM HOME NOW.

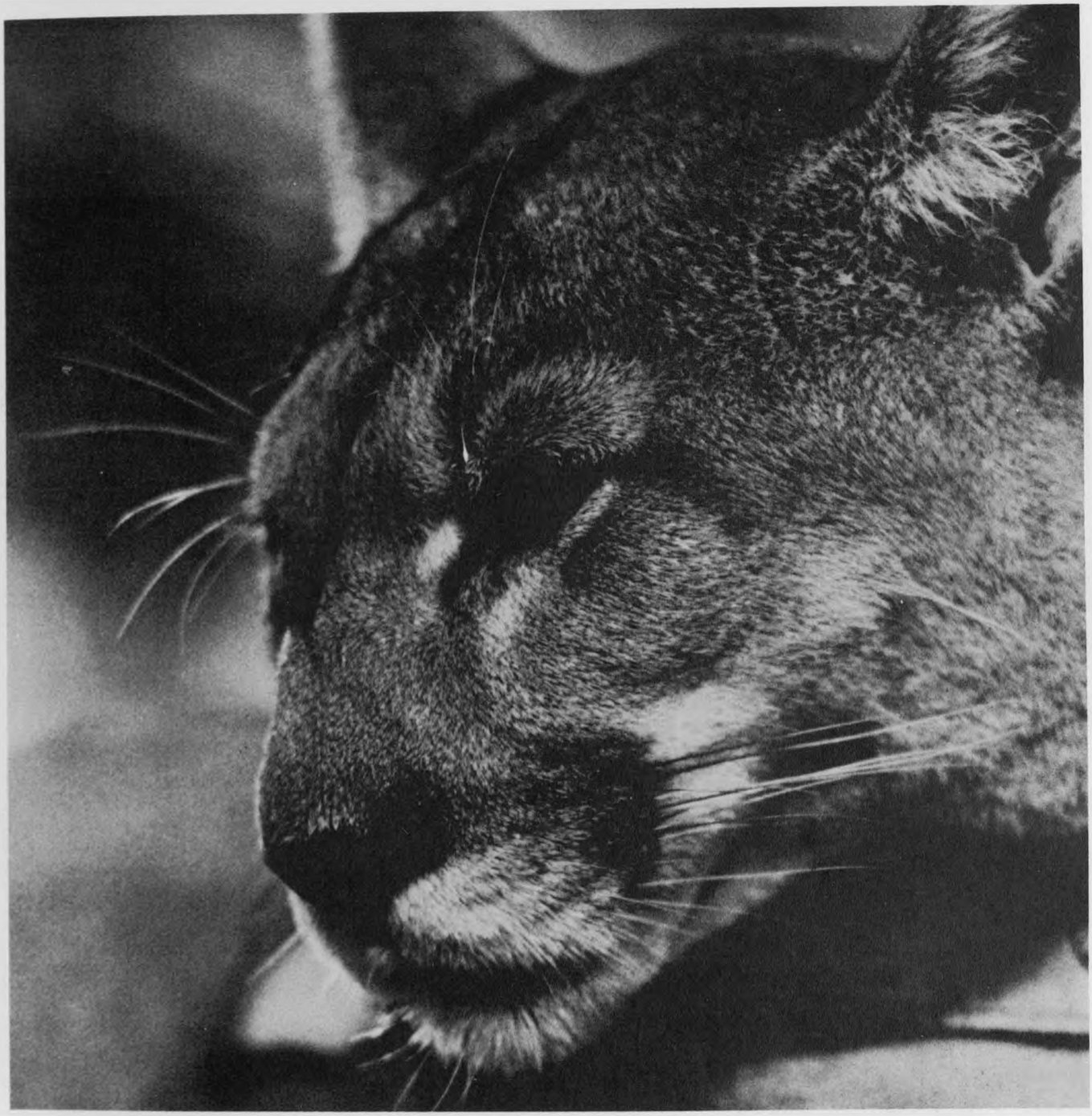

AND When
ye HAVE Love
AND Then
ye will HAVE
PEACE





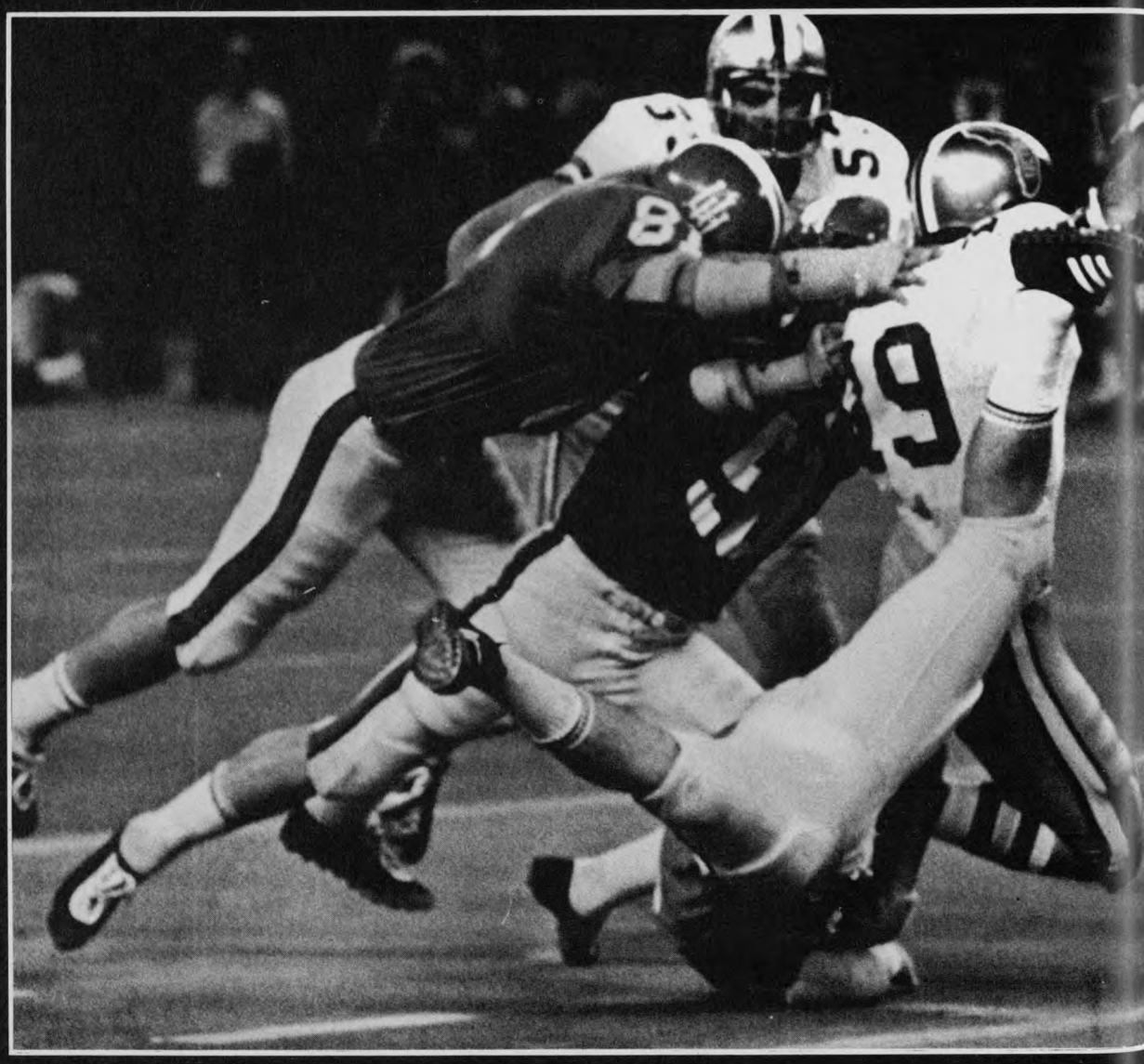
"homecoming" september 28, 1971

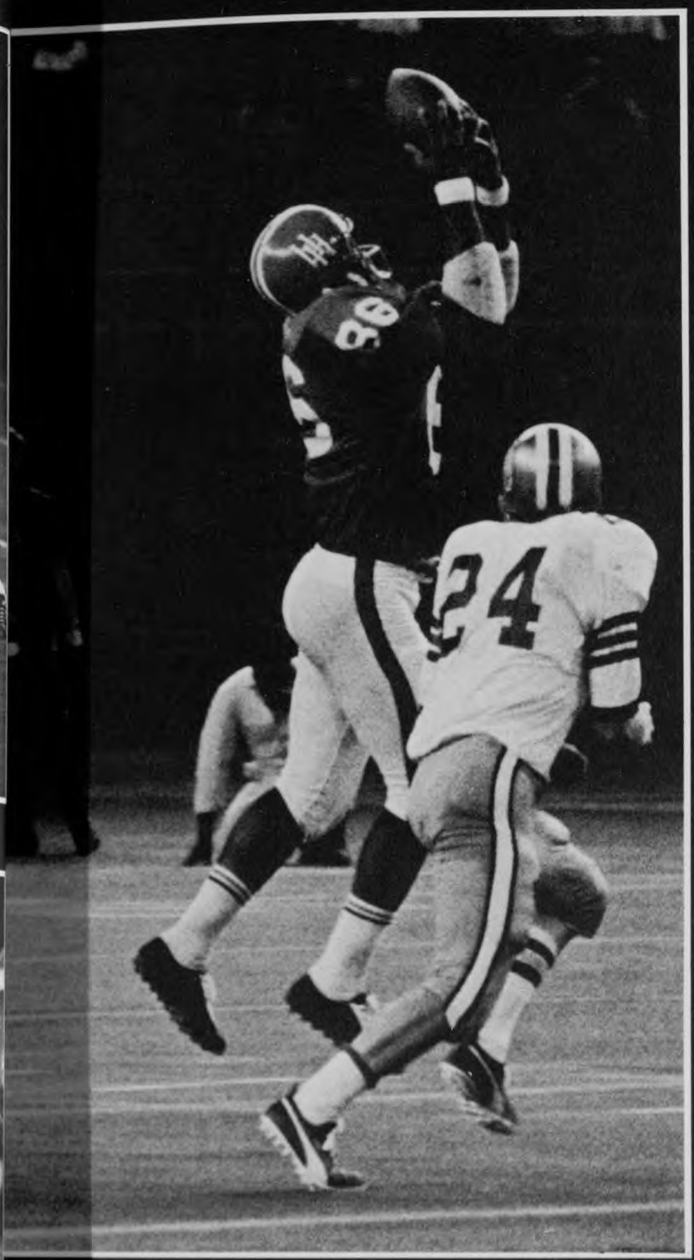




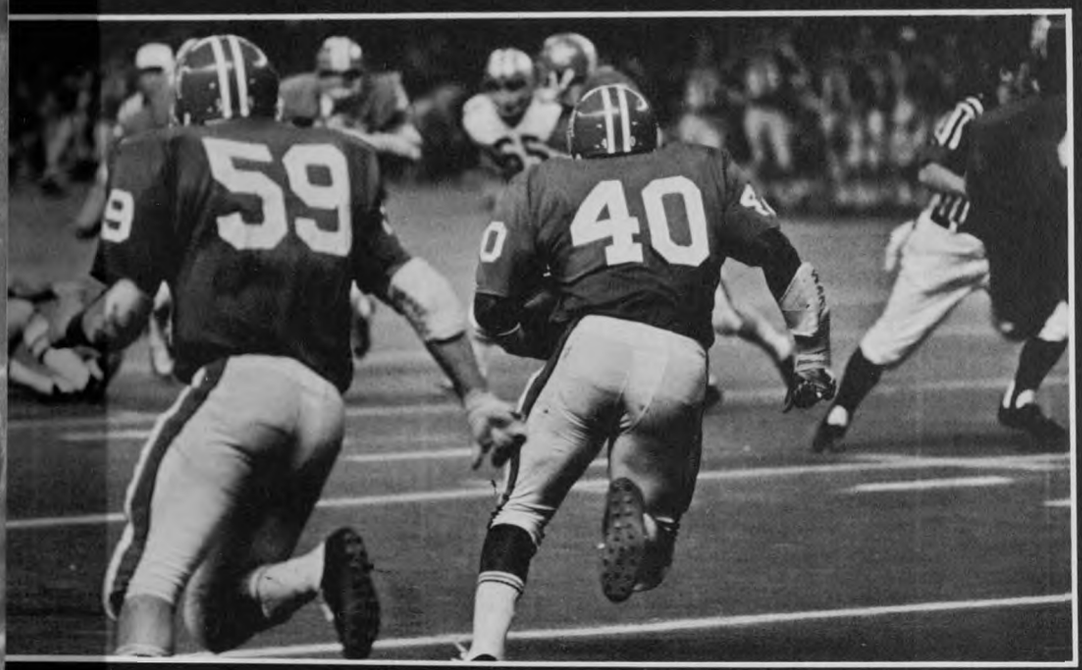
Empty days and lonely nights . . .
The moon is my sun.
I do my work — to the music
of air conditioning,
With only my reflection to keep
me company.
I try to rid myself of the smell
of soap by smoking a cigarette.

I'm on my own,
But the trash around me
serves as burning evidence.
America is the land of plenty.





coogs-florida state 14-7



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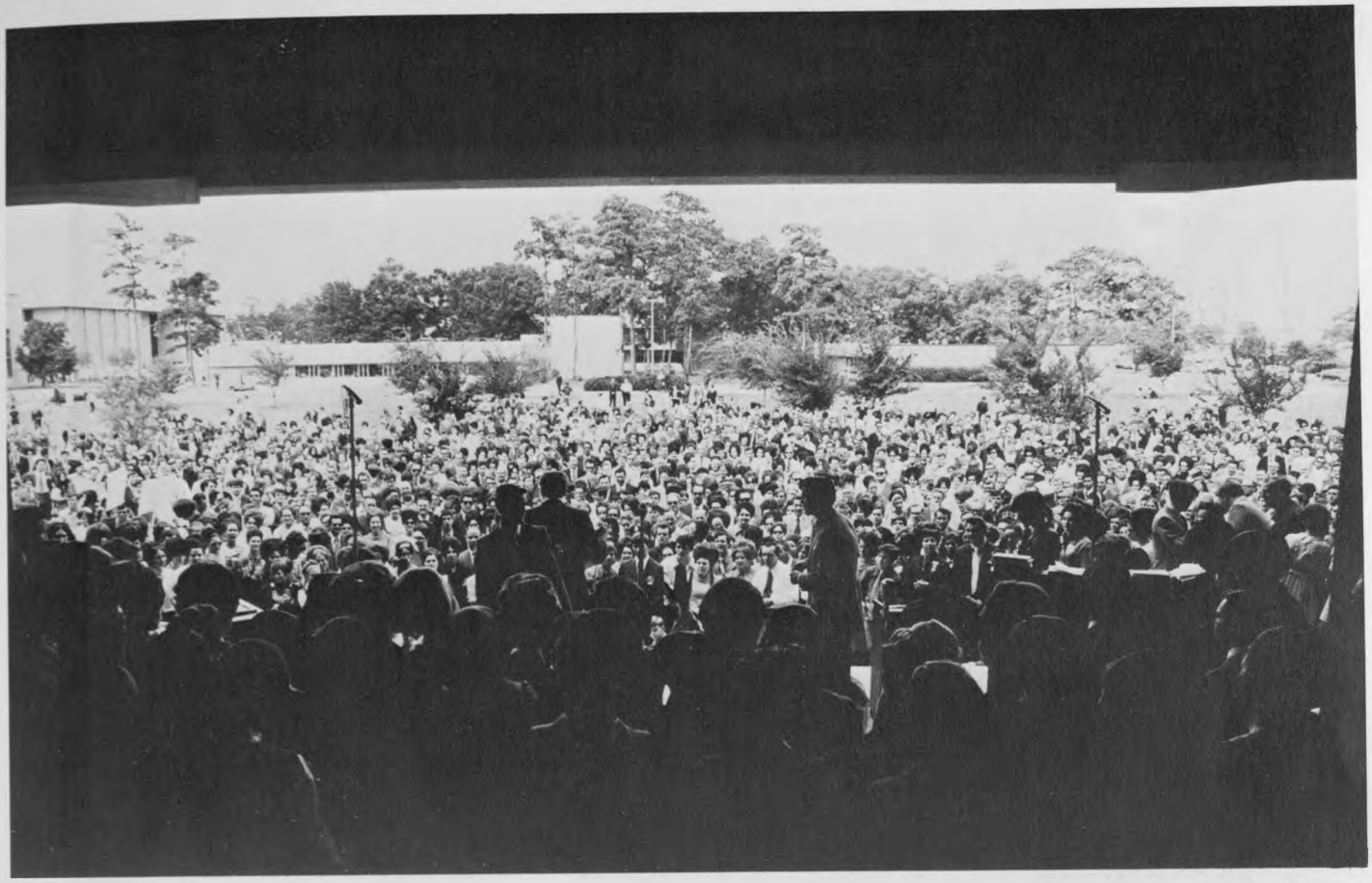


reach jesus rally
september 30, 1971

This Section for
All-American Graffiti
ONLY

Jesus even Loves
wall-writers!
AMEN
JESUS WI

Nixon Recent
ight Noise Pollution!
Signed
Committed to Gag Rule Su

JESUS SAVES
AT
BANK
of
the
Southwest

RE-ELECT
LBJ. HE KEPT US
OUT OF LAOS
AND CAMBODIA

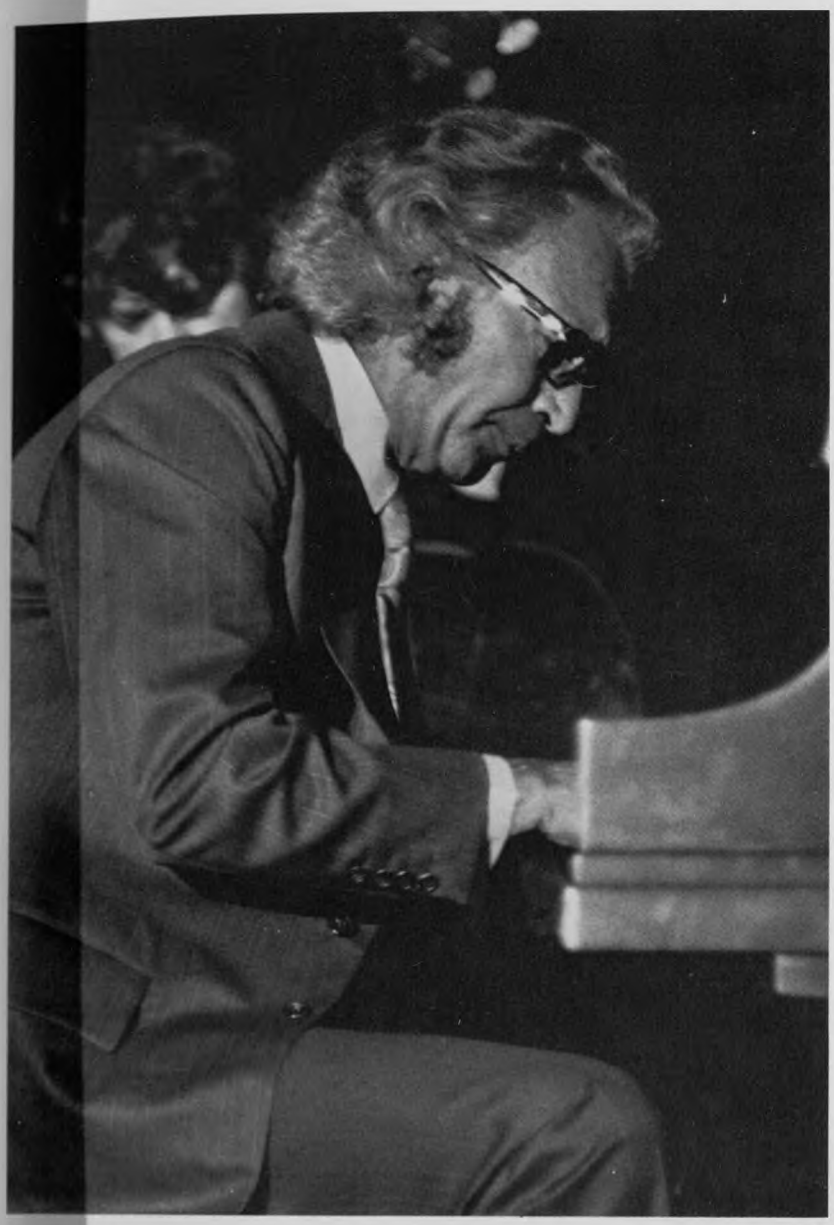
RE-ELECT
RICHARD NIXON.
HE KEPT US
OUT OF
NORTHERN
IRELAND!

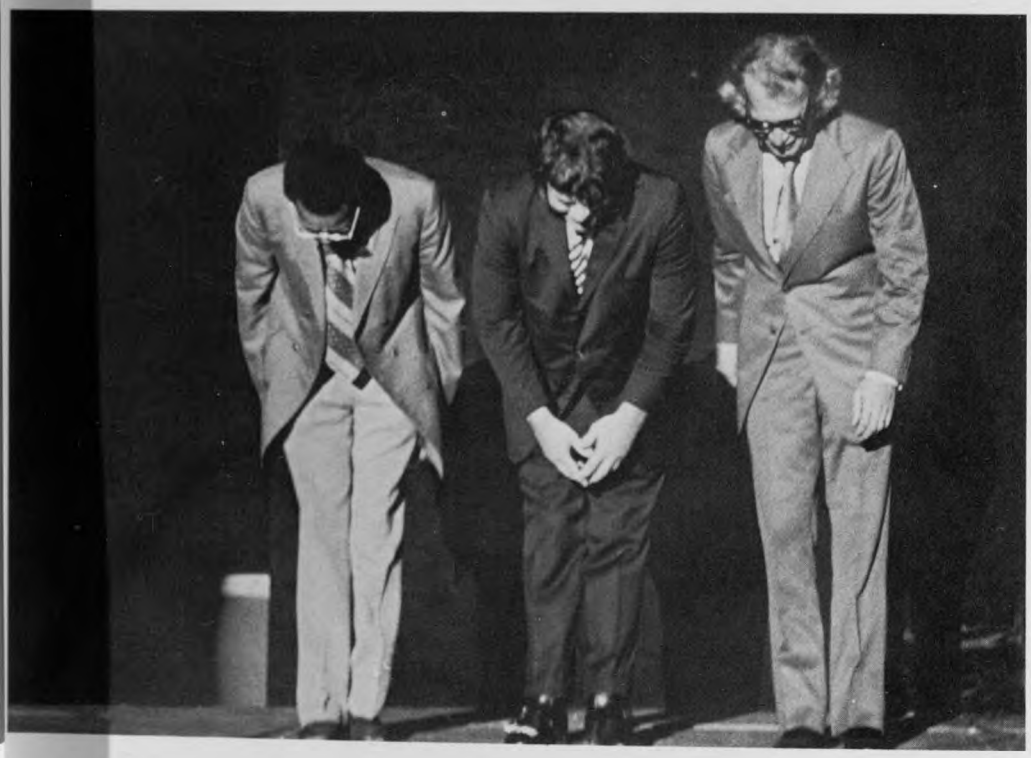
RE-ELECT
JFK. HE
KEPT US OUT
OF CUBA.

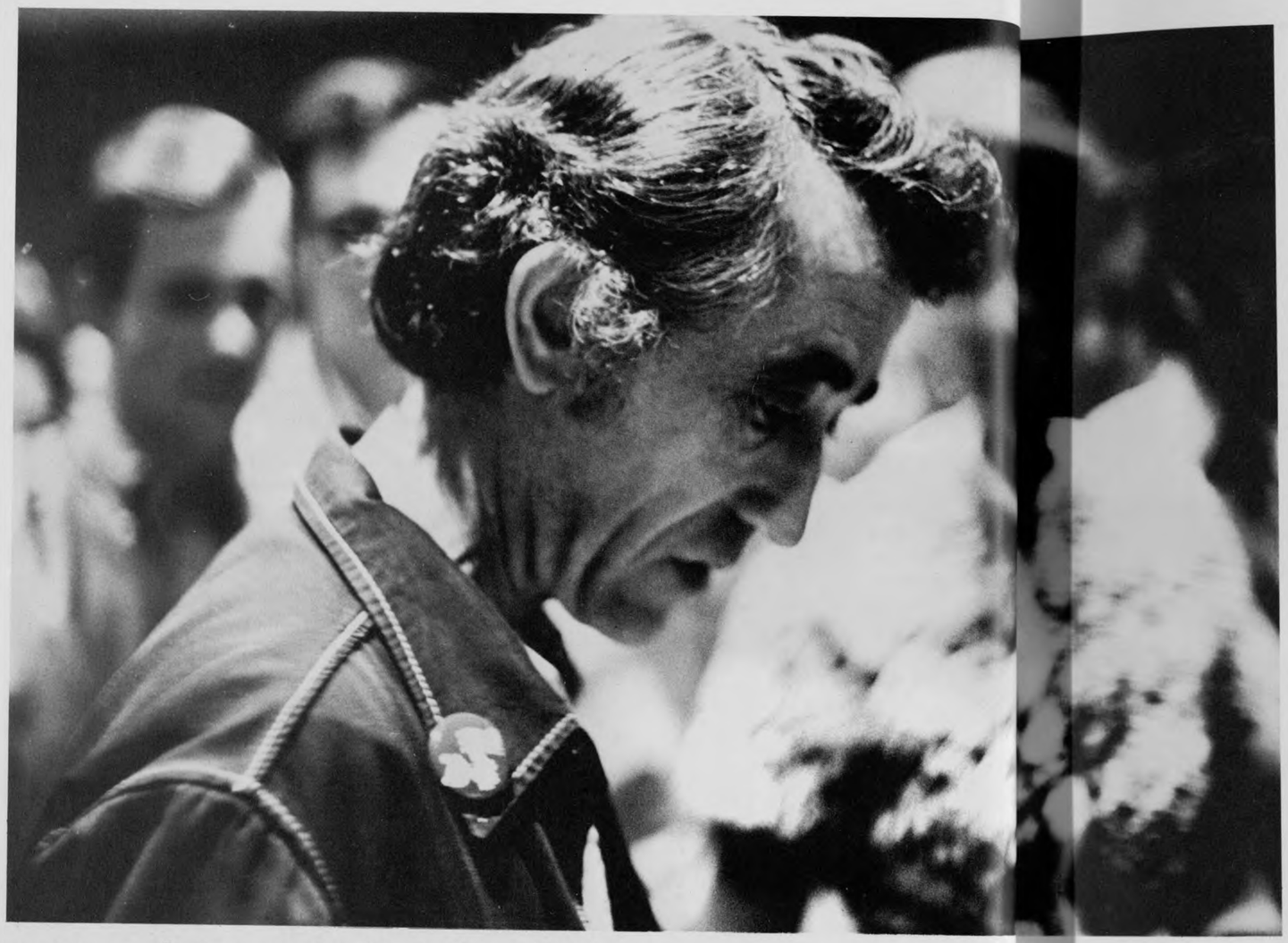
Those who write on the wal
are sick people!!!

UNIVERSITY CENTER
UNIVERSITY of HOUSTON
NOV 18 1971
APPROVED FOR POSTING

dave brubeck, october 3, 1972

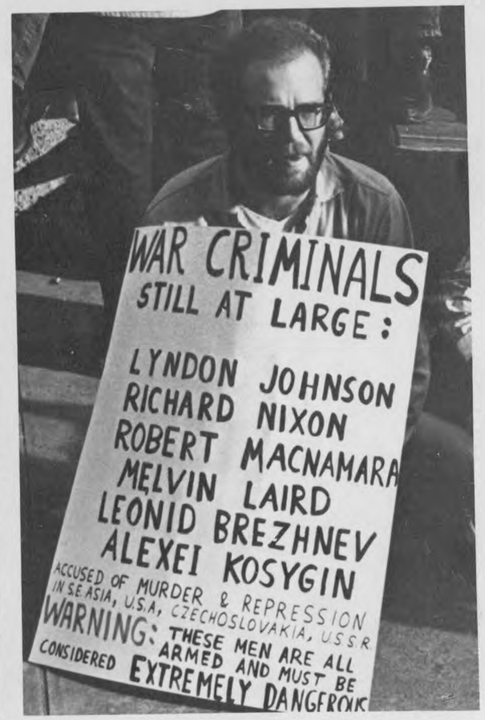






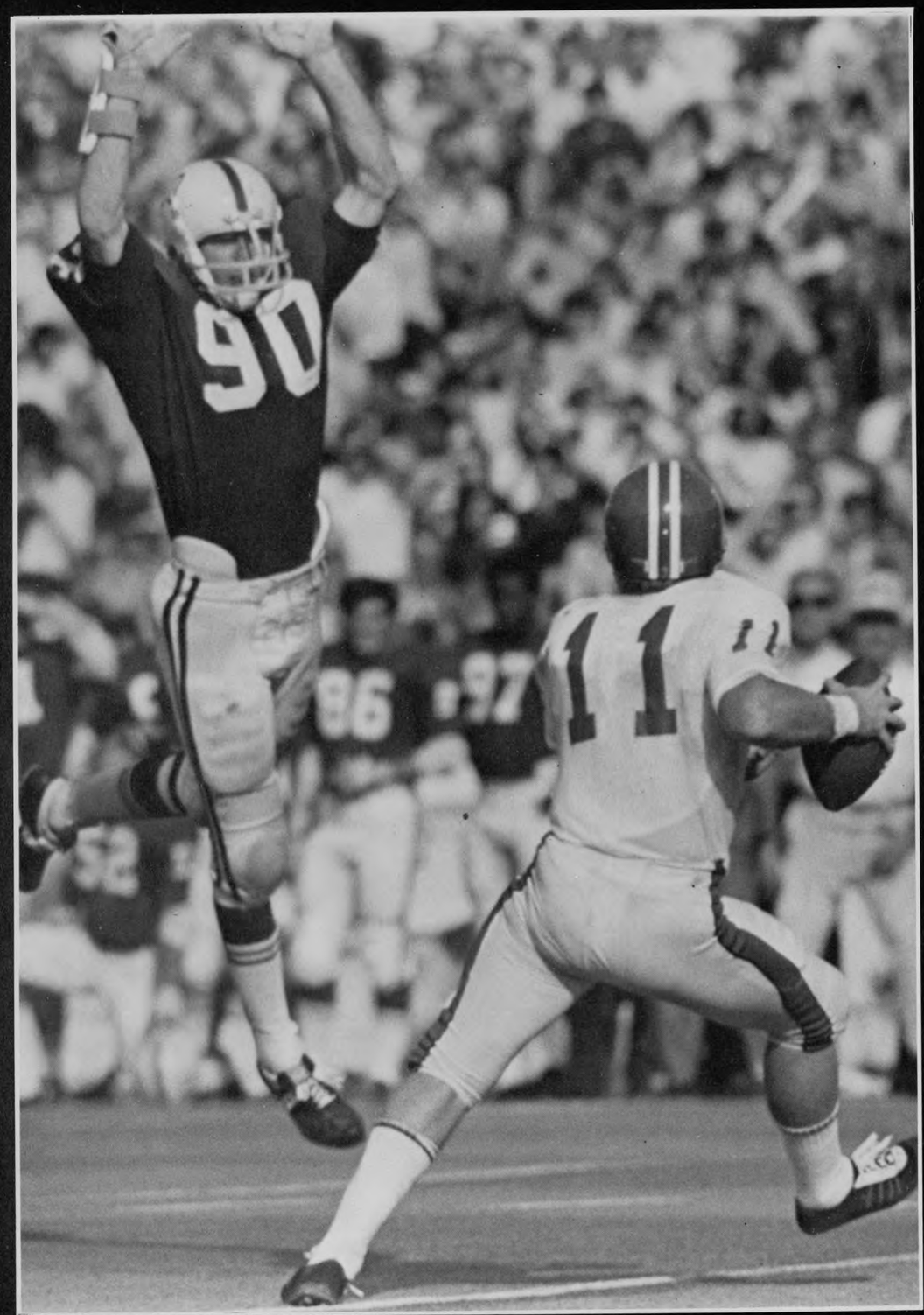
pat paulsen, october 13, 1971

art buchwald, september 23, 1971

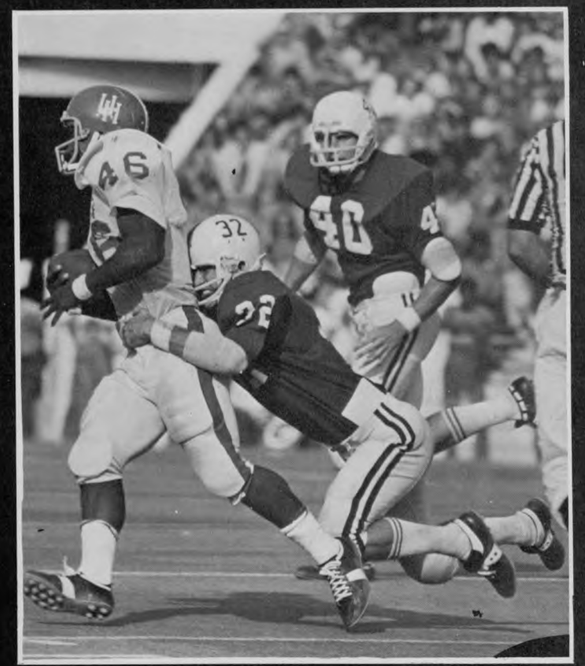


moratorium, october 13, 1971

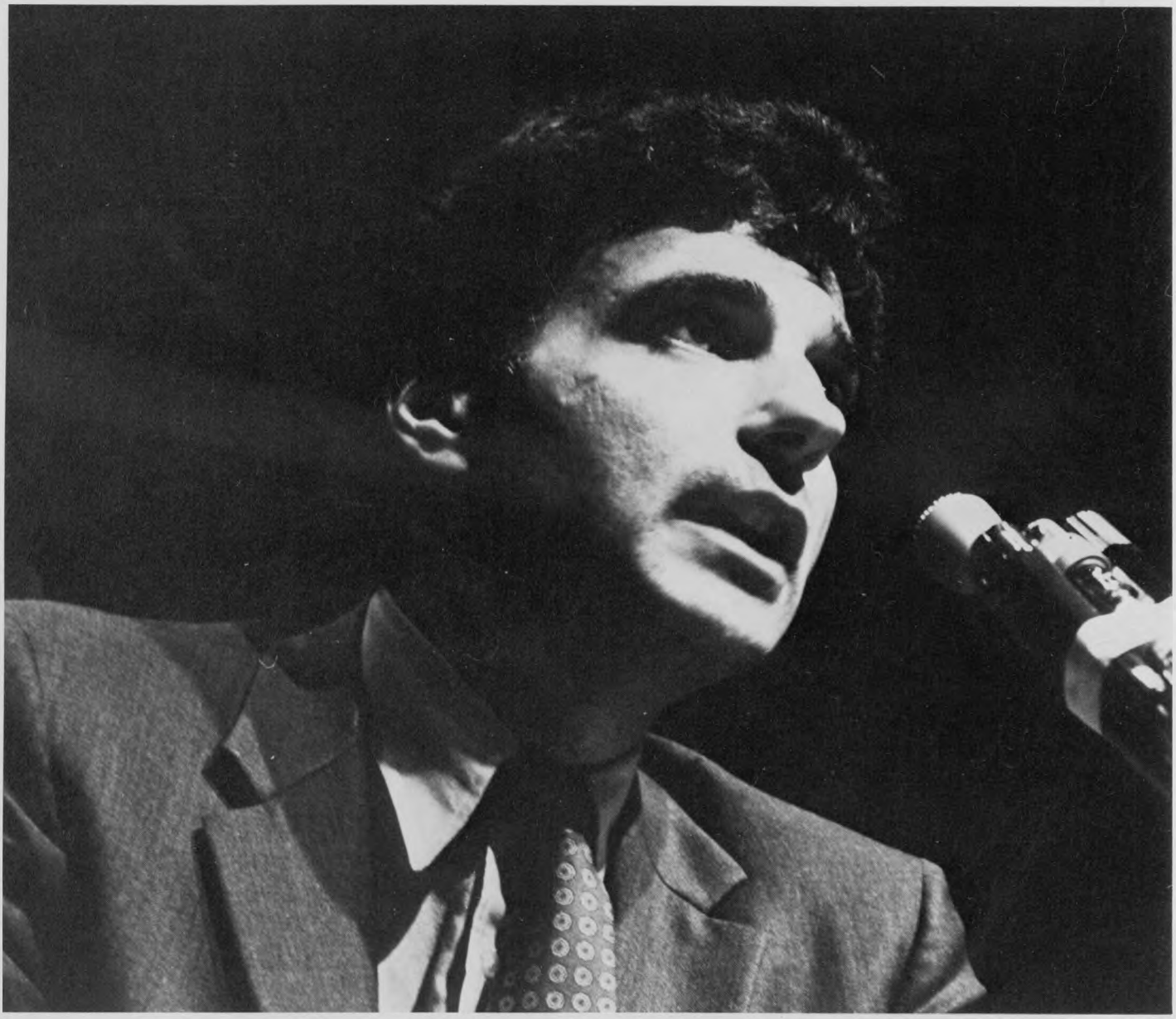
"oh say, can you see ....."



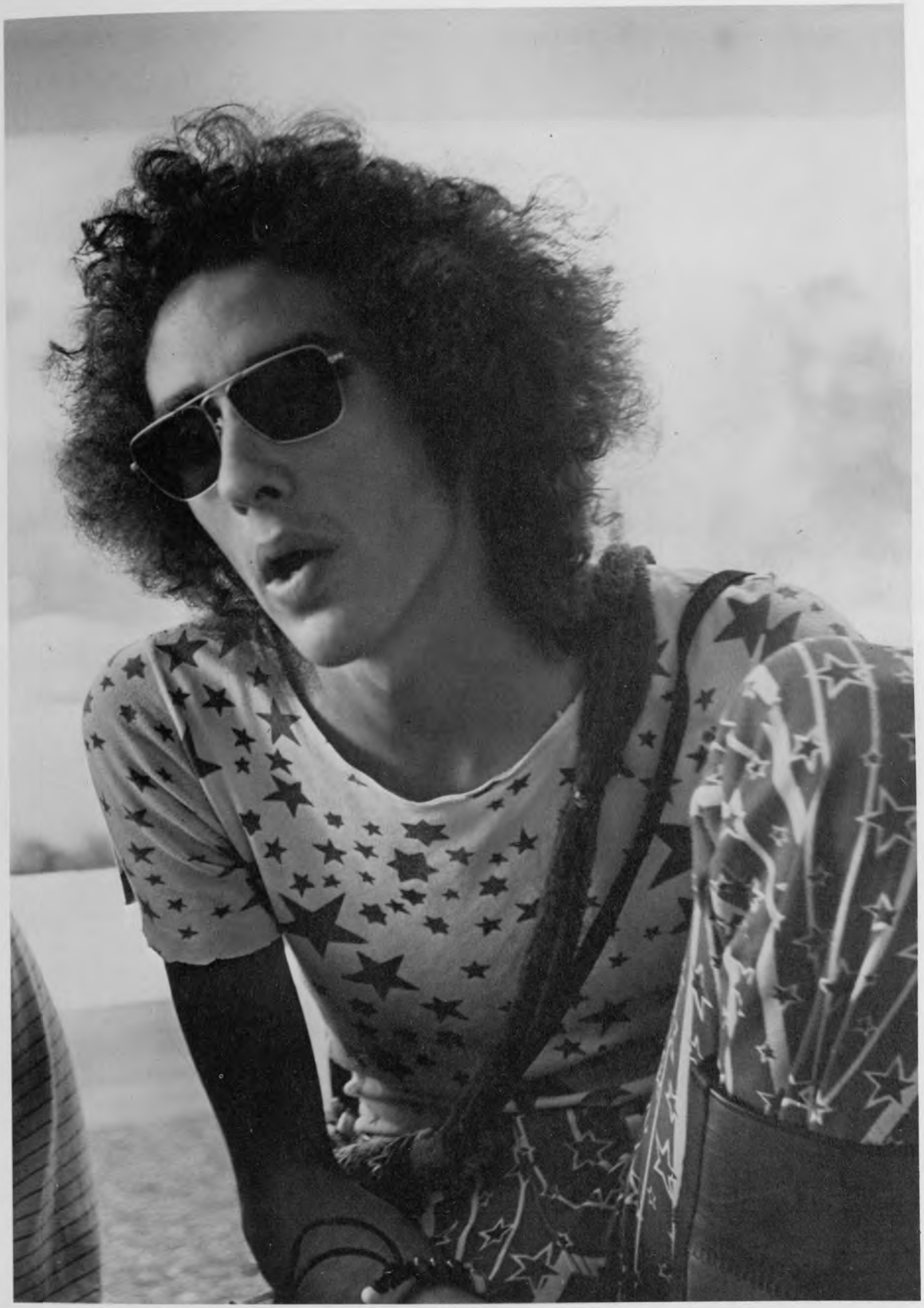
coogs-alabama 20-34



diving for dollars
october 27, 1971



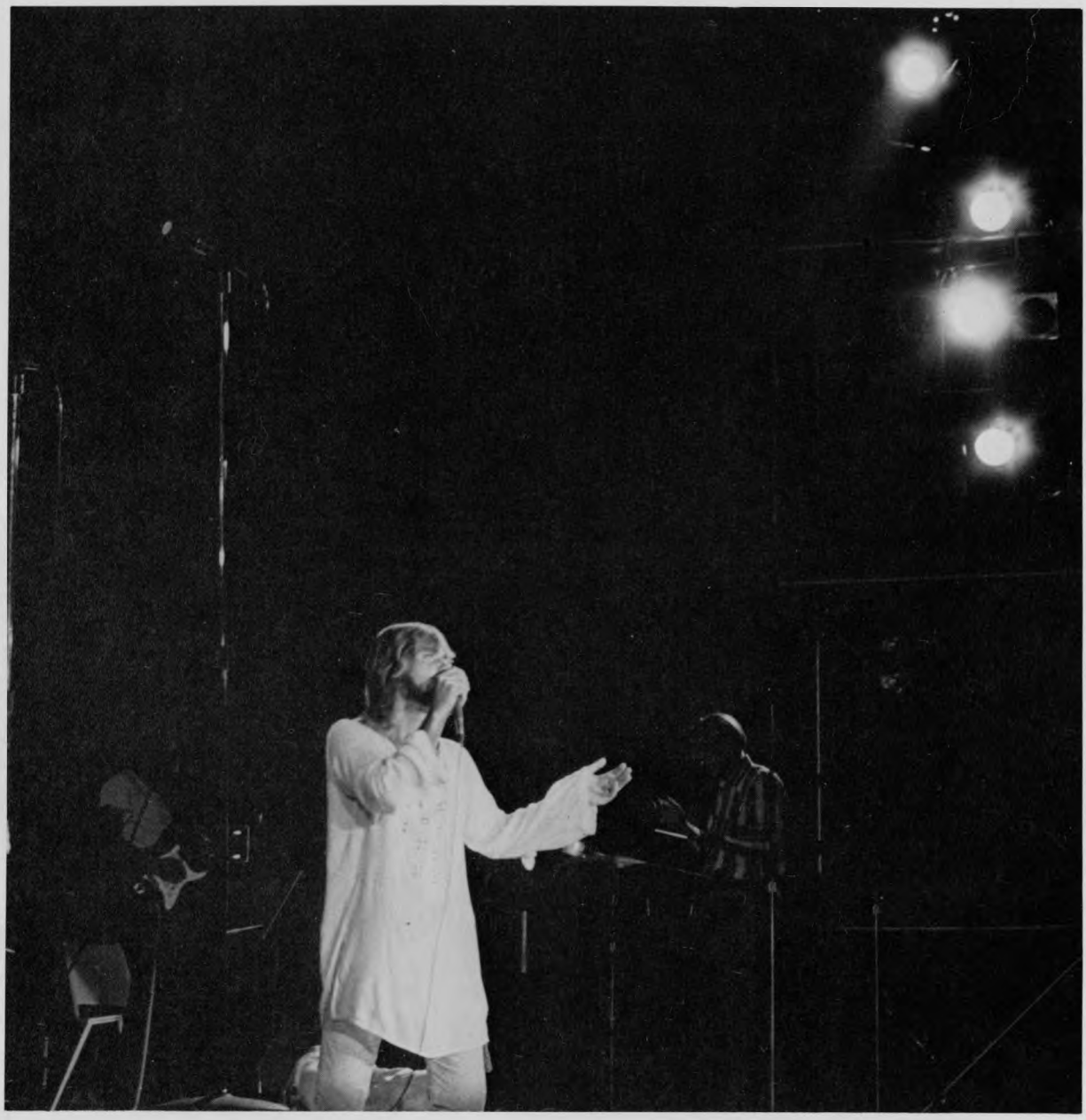
ralph nader october 28, 1971



student skeptic

traffic and security
versus students
october 27, 1971

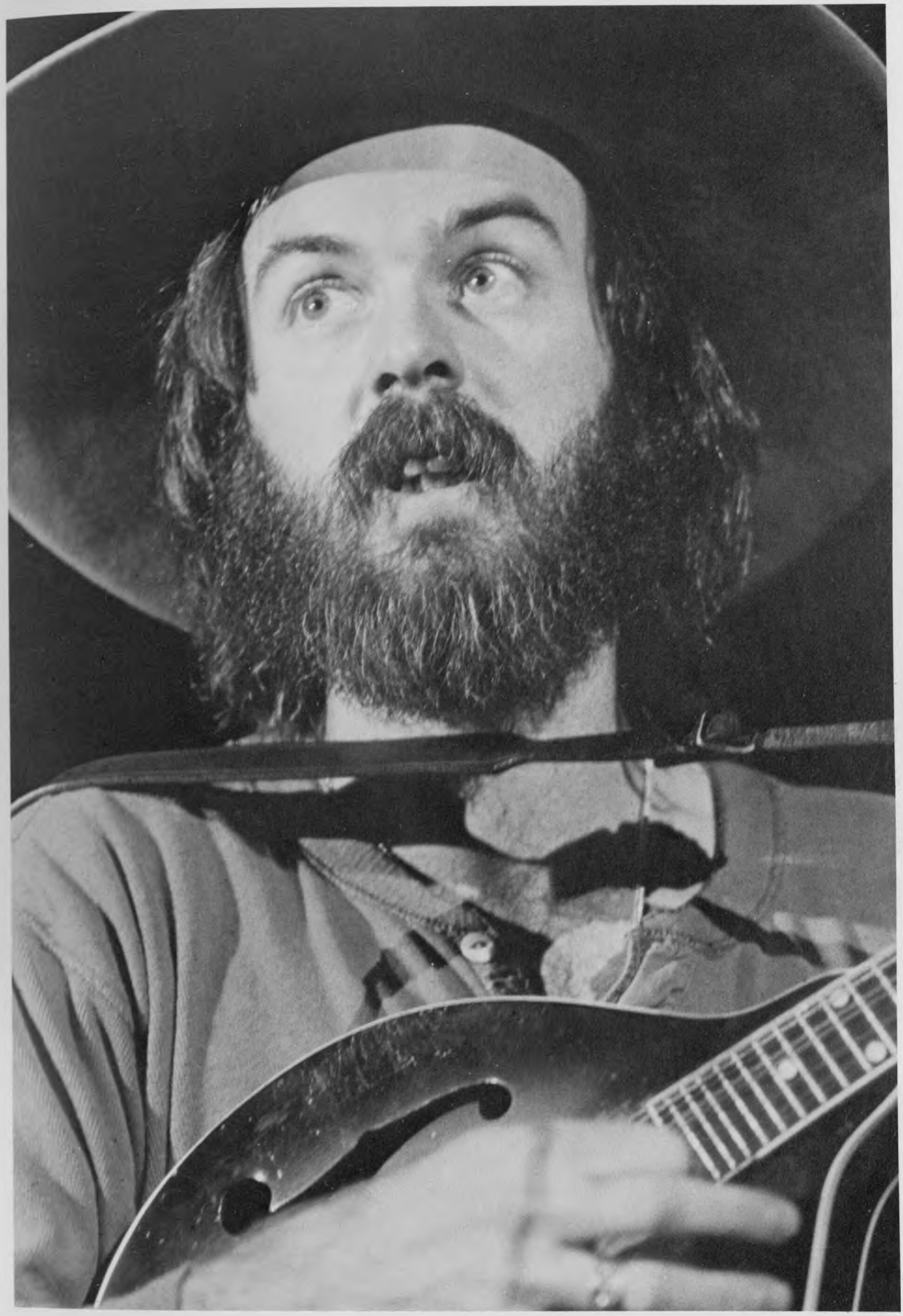
beauty bowl
october 29, 1971

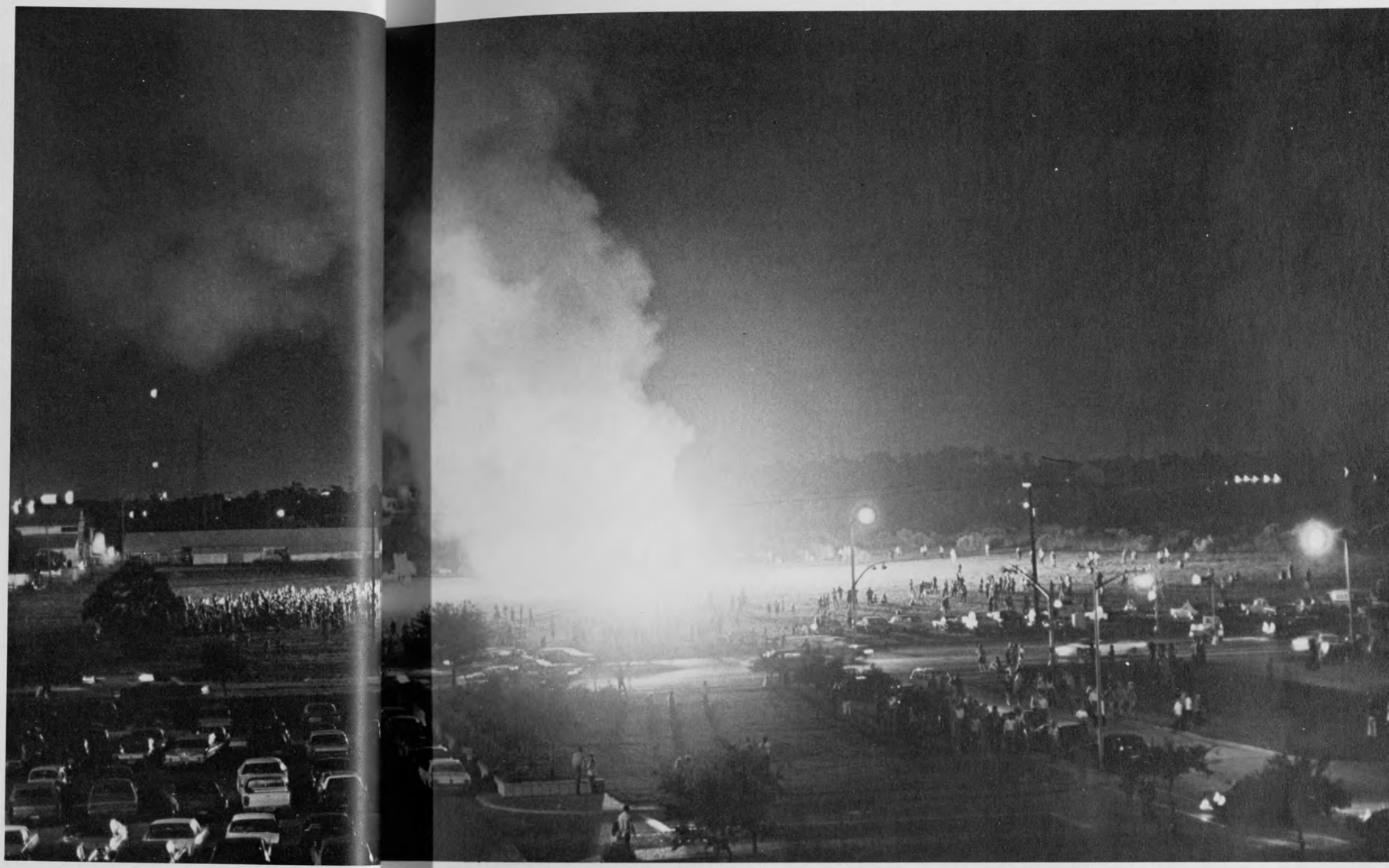


jesus christ superstar september 12, 1971

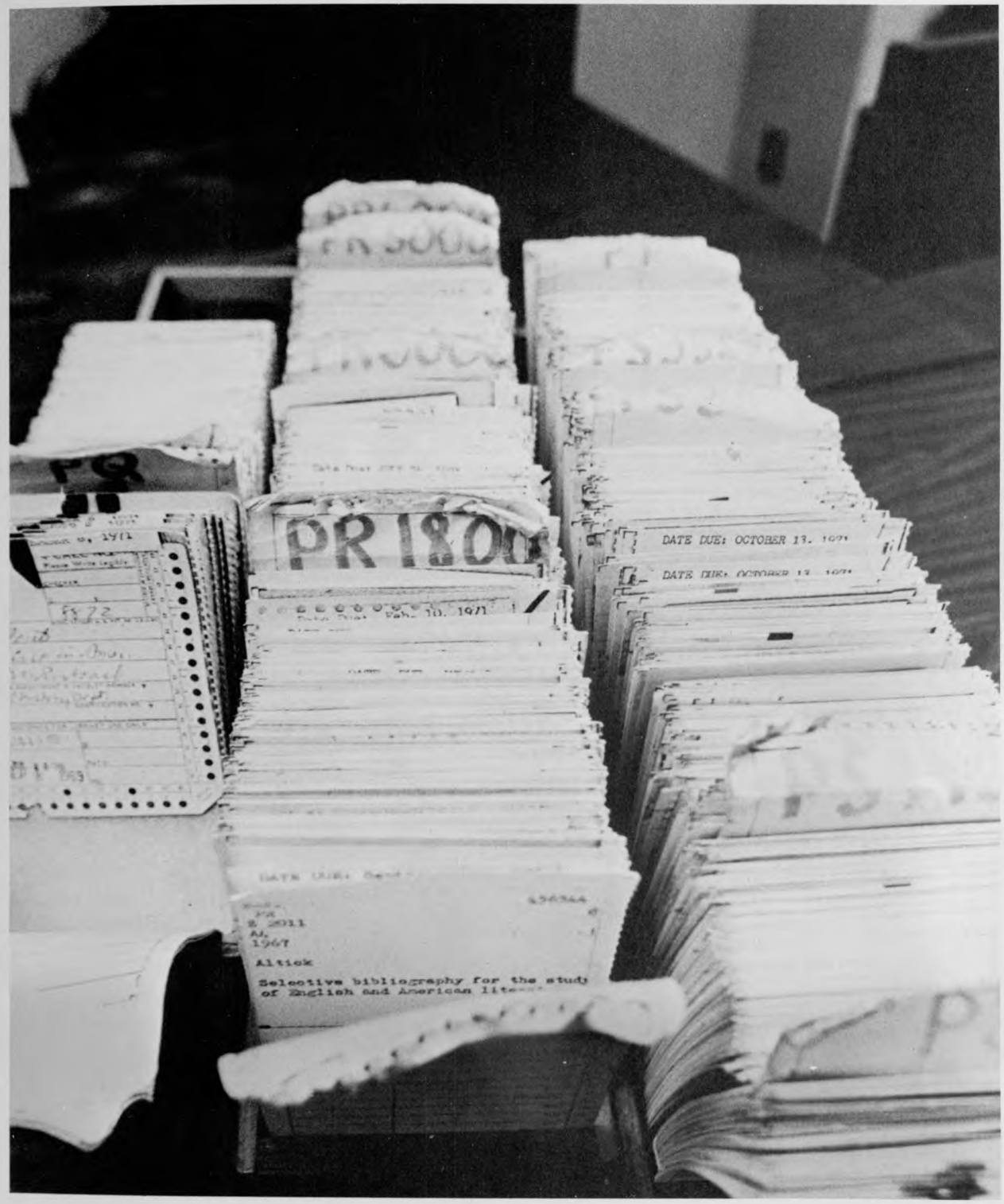
russ kirkpatrick october 29, 1971

nitty gritty dirt band october 29, 1971





homecoming
october 30, 1971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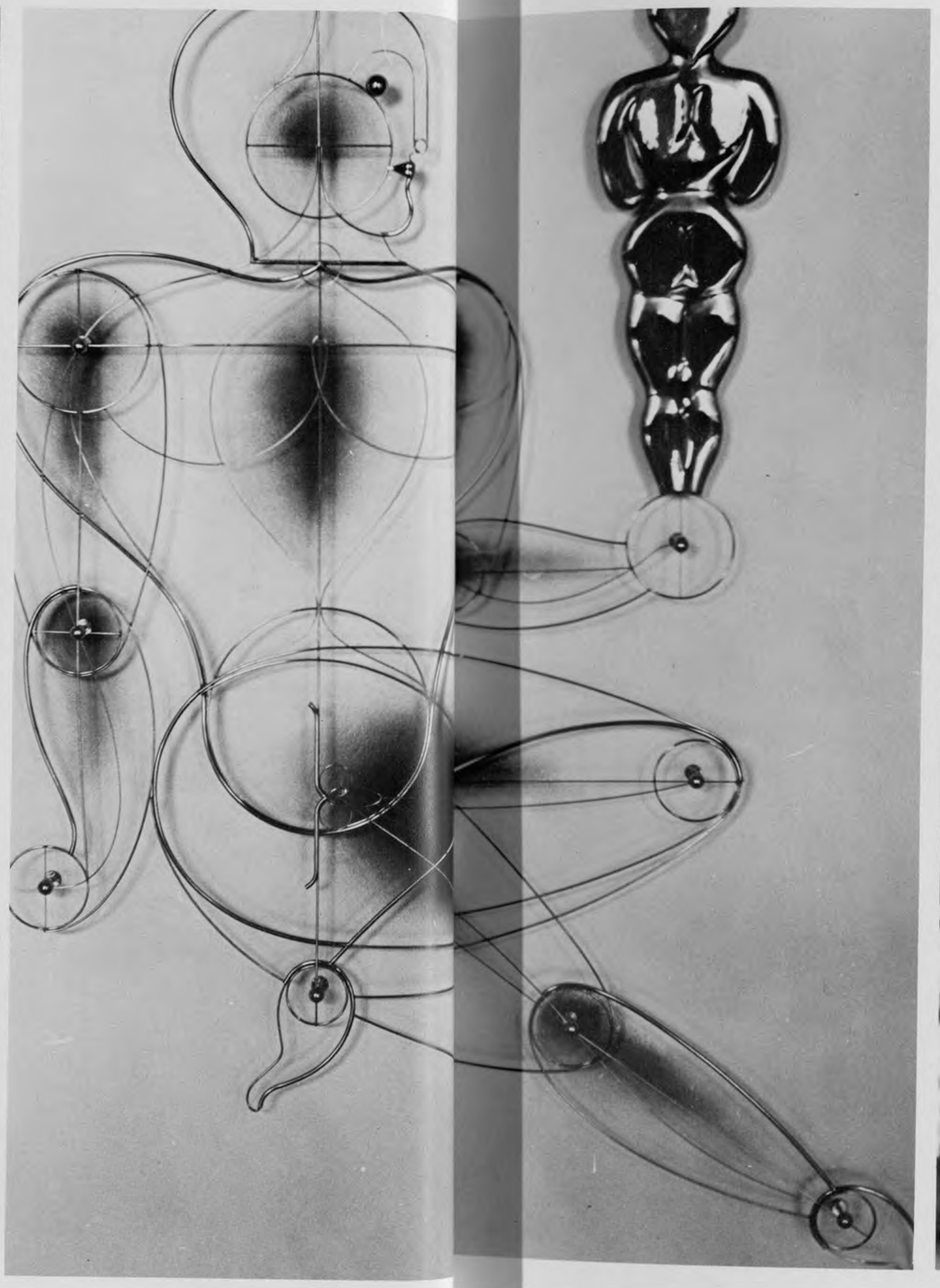
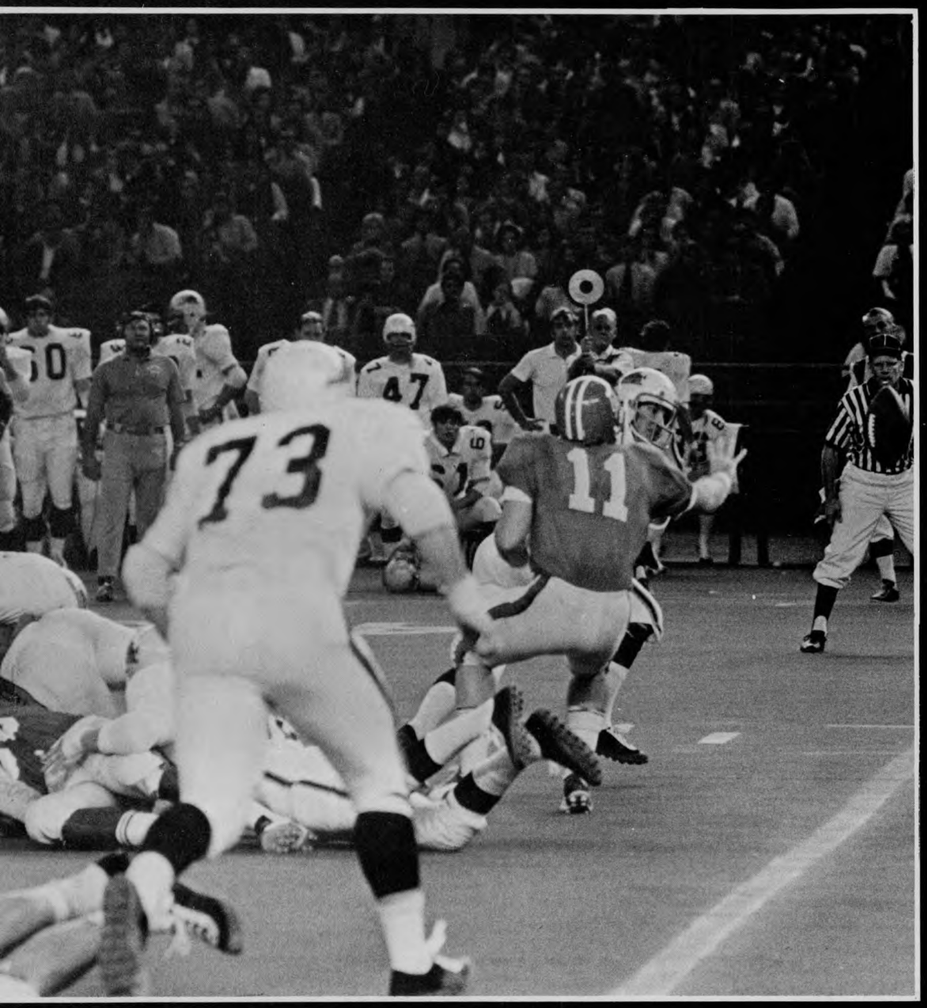
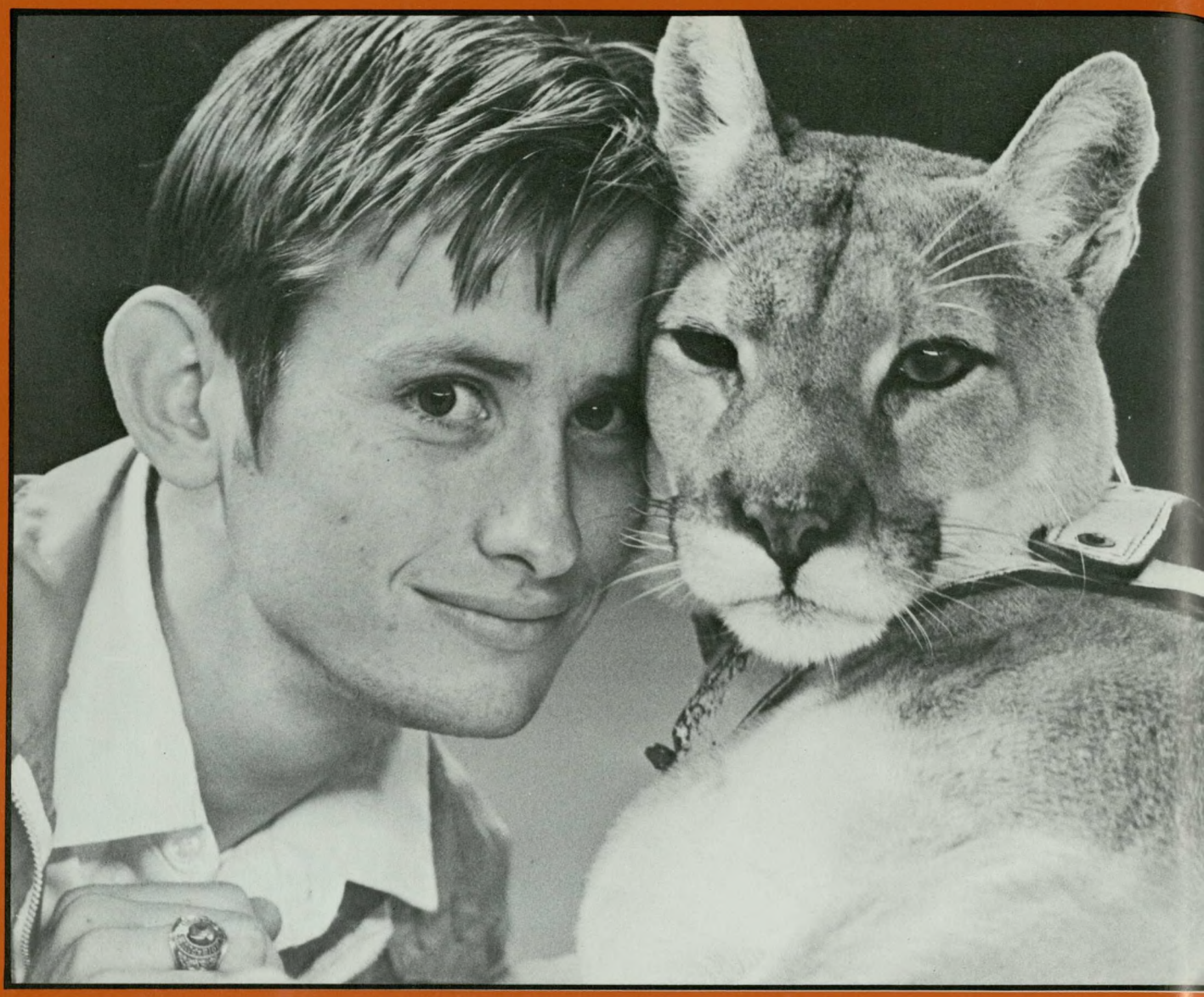
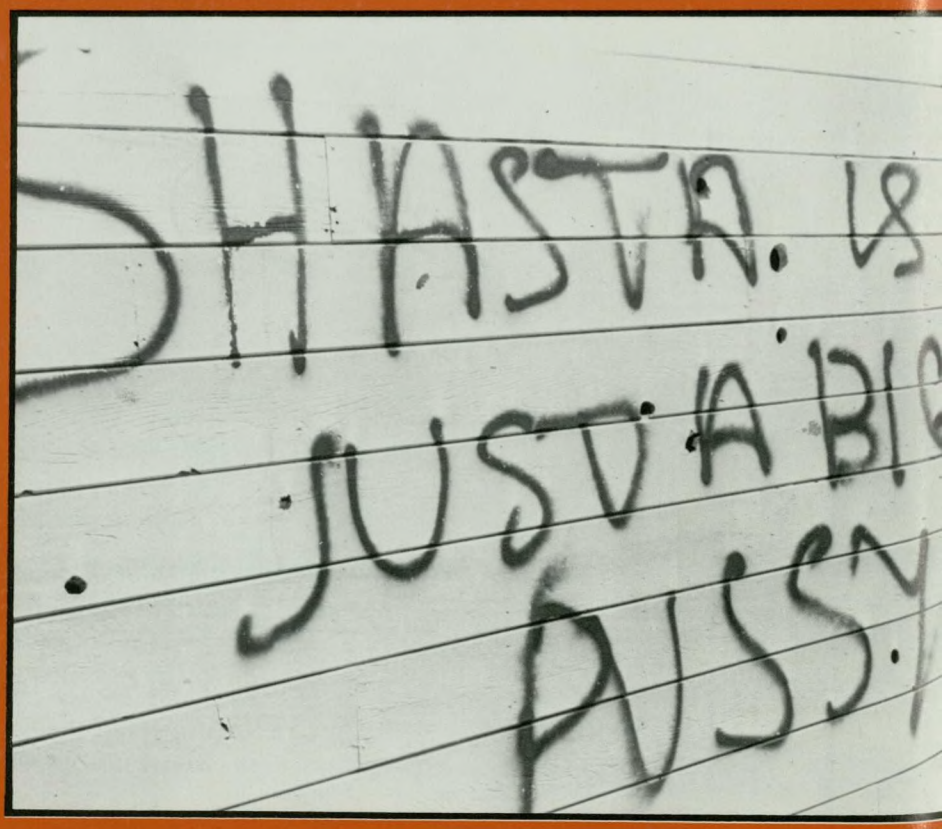
Selective bibliography for the study



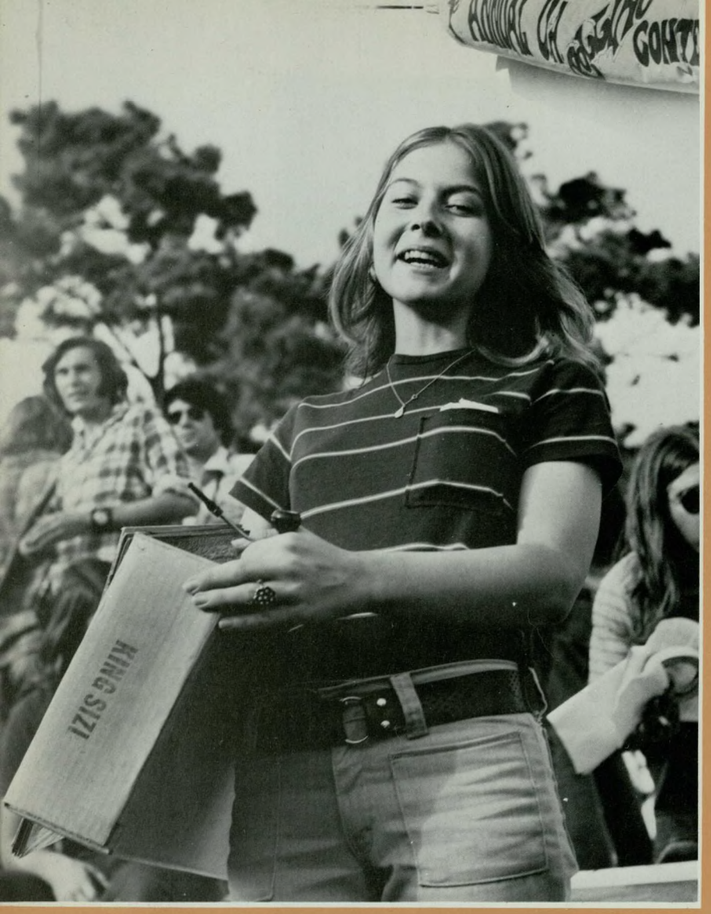


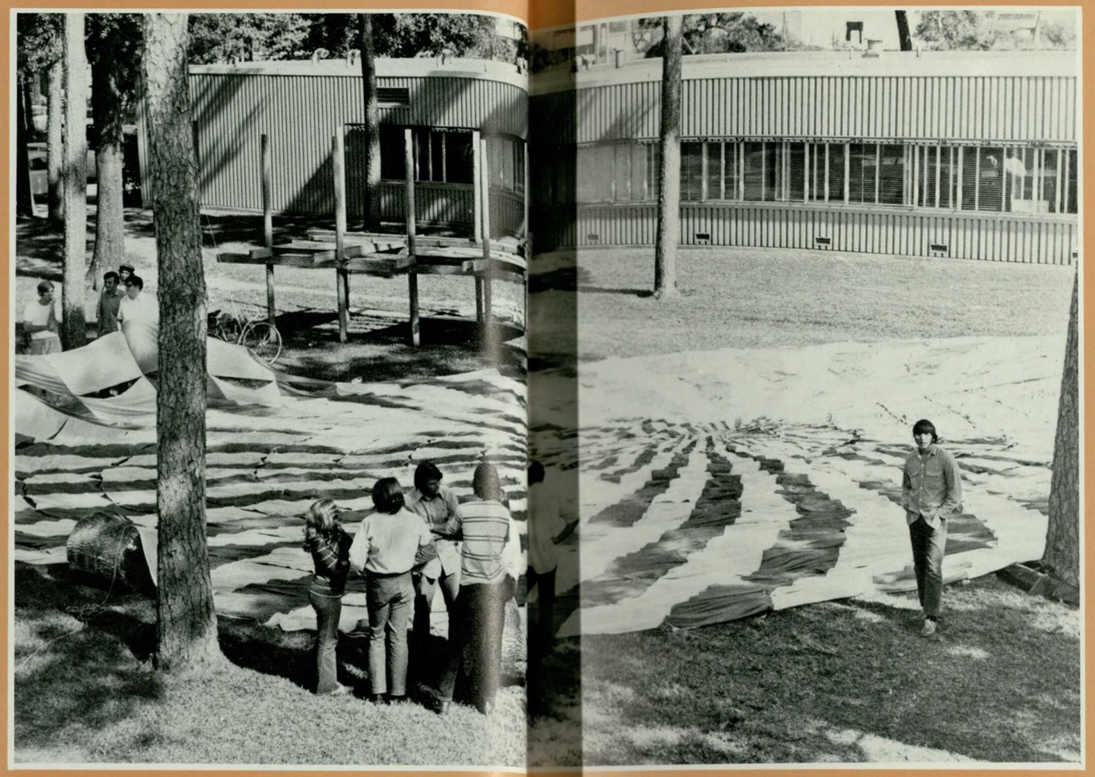
coogs-virginia tech 56-29

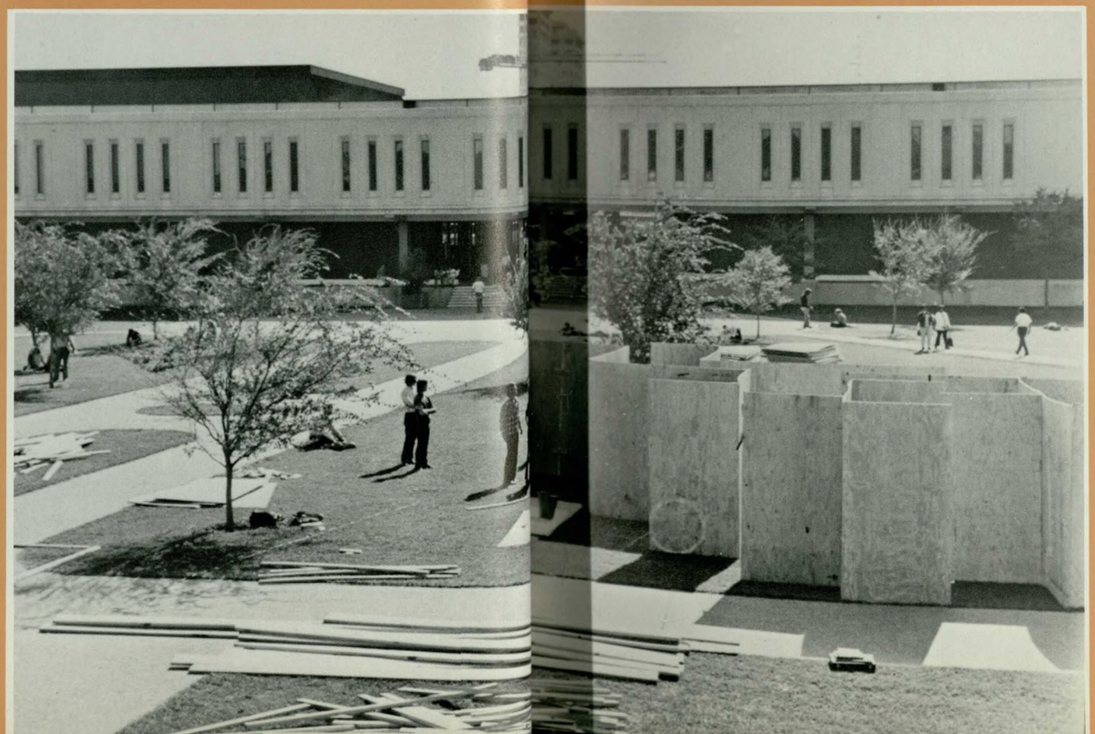



SHASTA. IS
JUST A BIG
PUSSY!

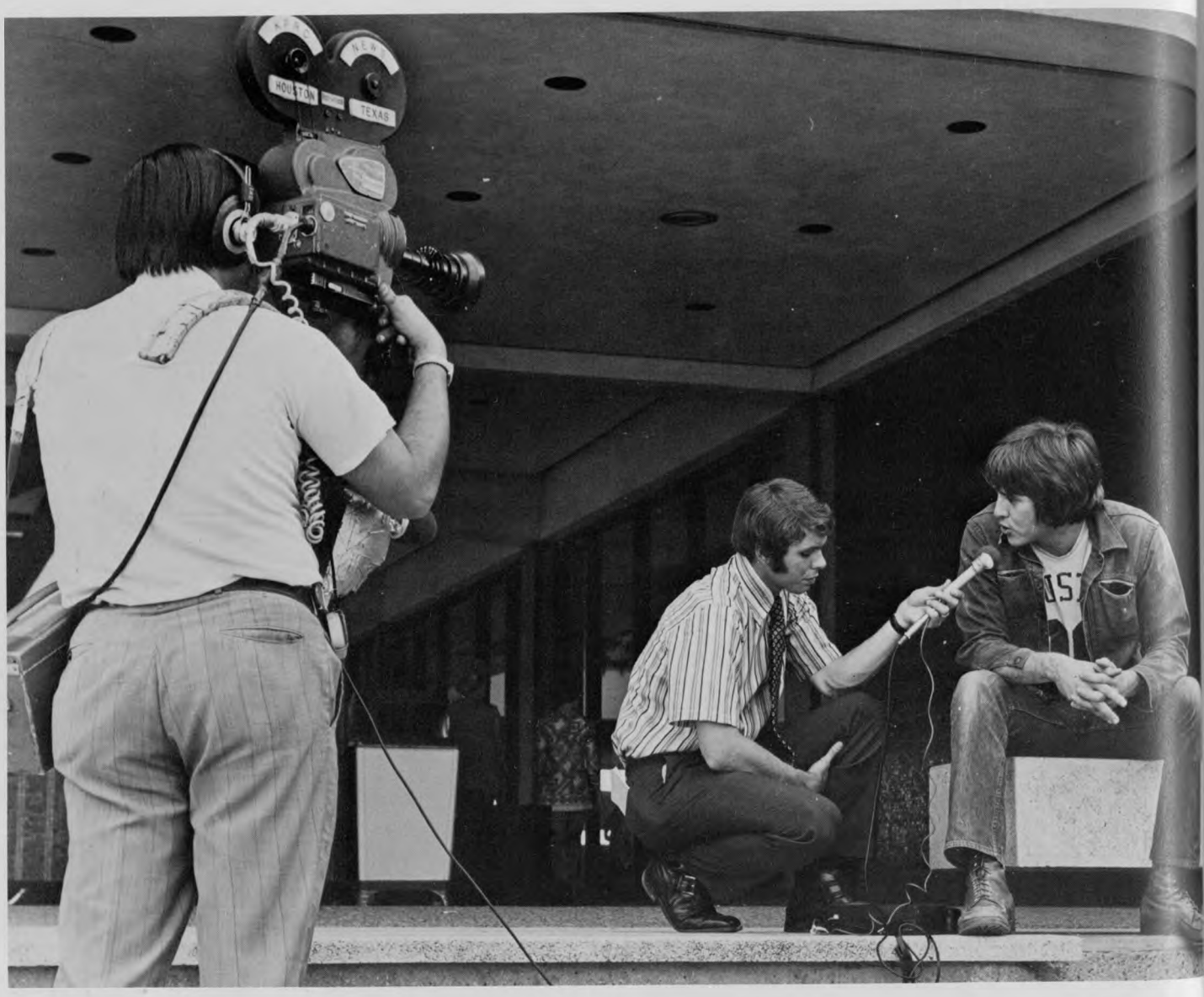
AREA
EXIT







free fai november 5, 1971

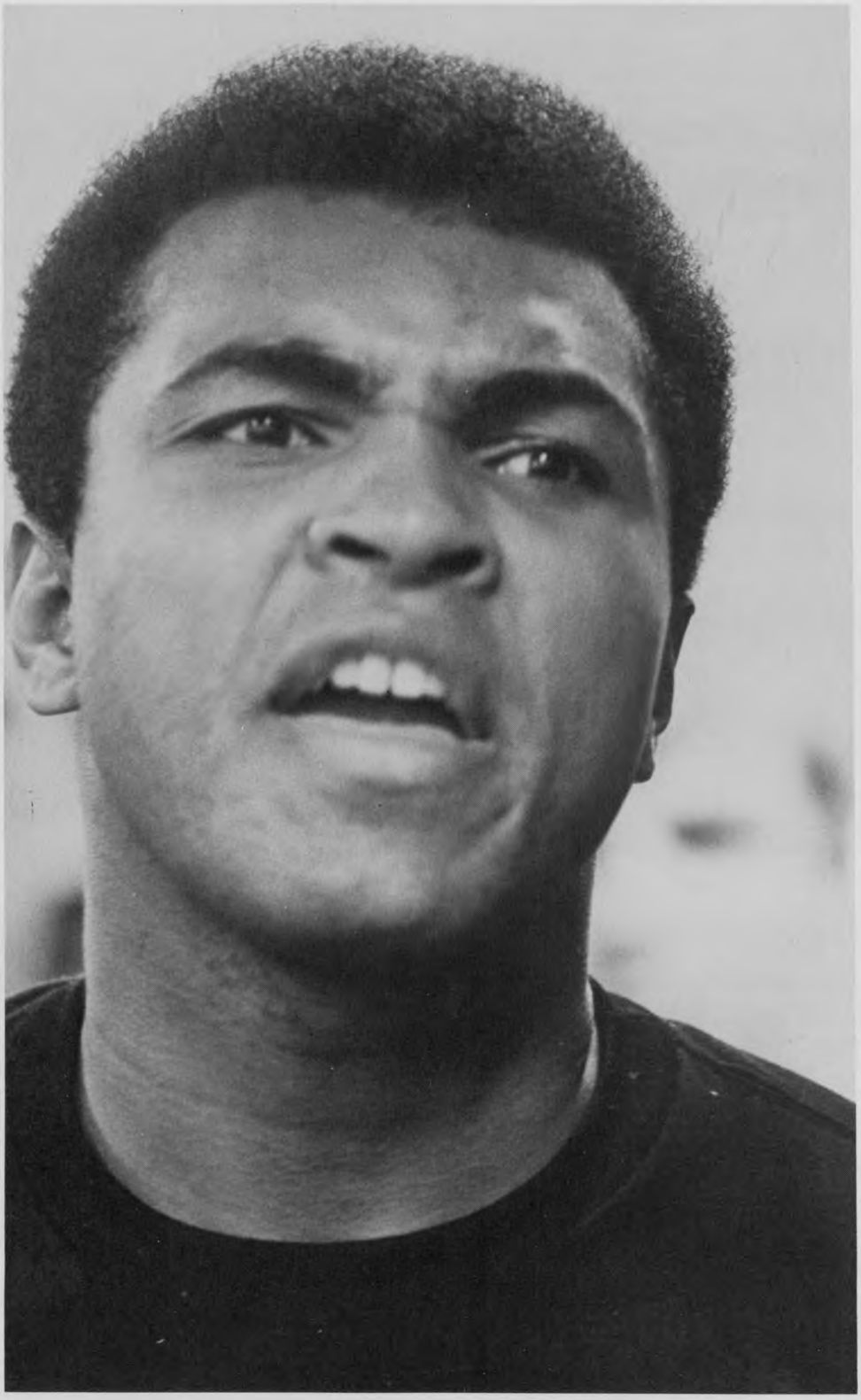


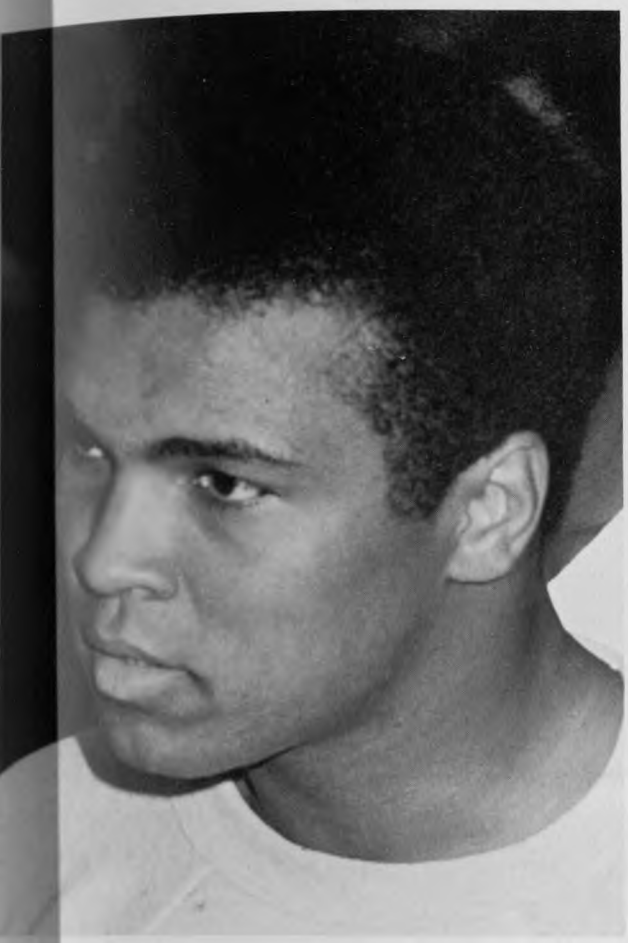
multimedia, fall, 1971

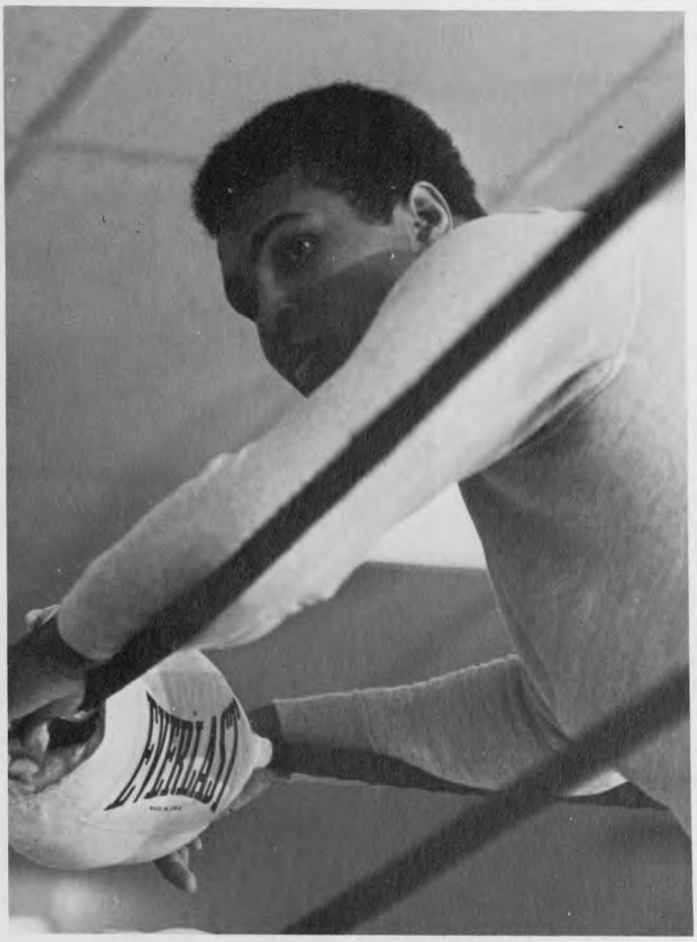
SONY
VIDEOCORDER

mayoral election fall, 1971

HOFHEINZ
LET'S GE
CLEAN STA
WITH A
NEW MAYO







A dollar isn't going to buy you much entertainment nowadays. Unless, of course, Mohammed Ali is in town.

His work-outs in Astrohall may be attended for the small sum of one dollar, for which the spectator can expect at least one hour of top entertainment. You won't find many places where you'll find bargains like that; even a decent flick costs at least two bucks. And you never have to be afraid that you're going to miss him, because the arrival of "the greatest" always comes well prepared. Ali is always in some kind of trouble, and the media is always there to record it.

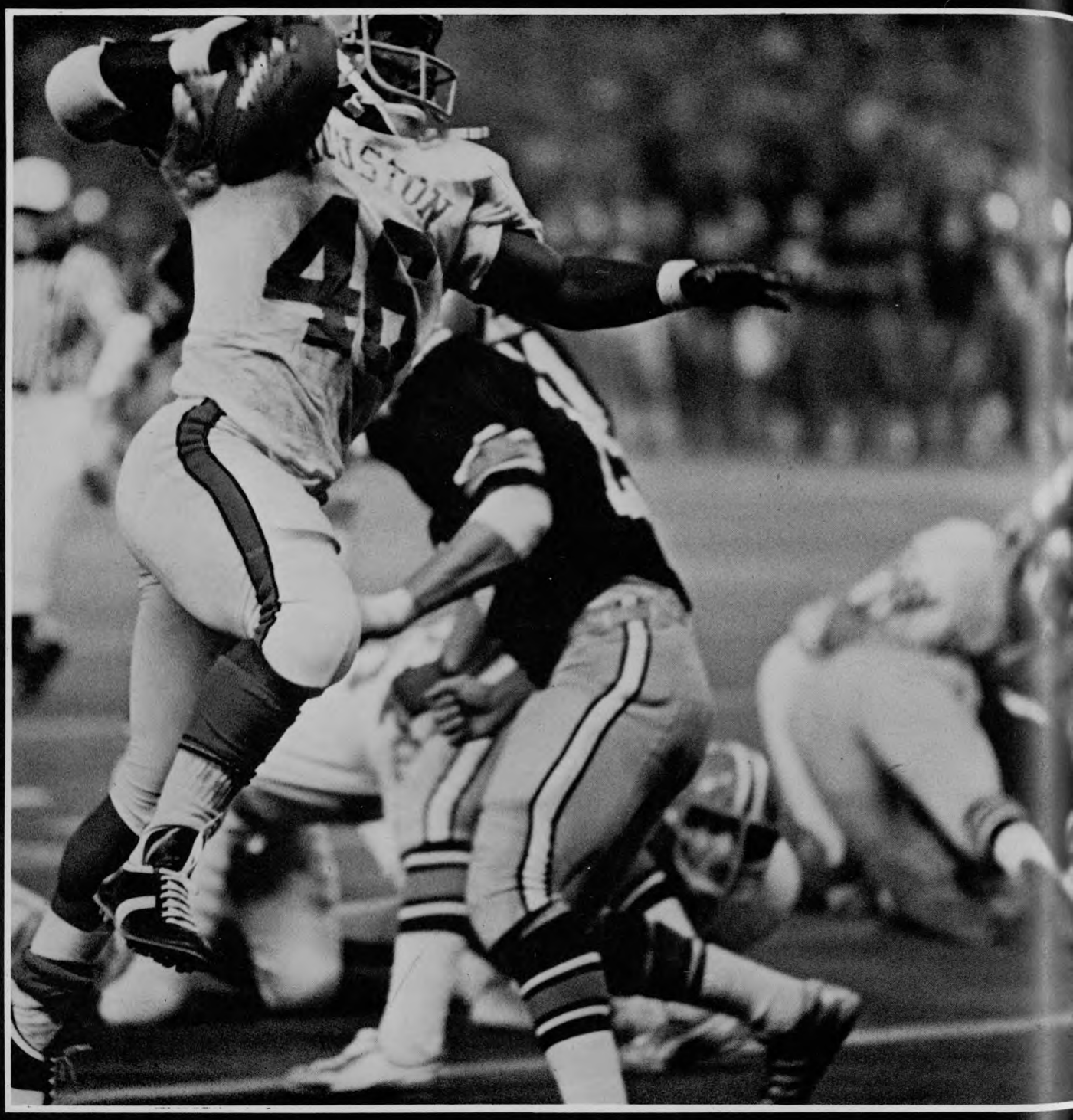
Ali is truly a great performer. Even fights he can't possibly lose begin to worry Ali-fans after the former heavy-weight champion is through telling all those things that could go wrong.

So by the time the bell rings for the first round, the Astrodome is packed with Ali-fans, all waiting to see how he is going to win this time. That he is going to win is not even in question. Ali is one of the few people that can lose a fight and still be the winner. After Frazier succeeded in beating Ali, few people regarded Frazier as the real winner. This is all the more remarkable, if you consider that normally Americans don't love a loser.

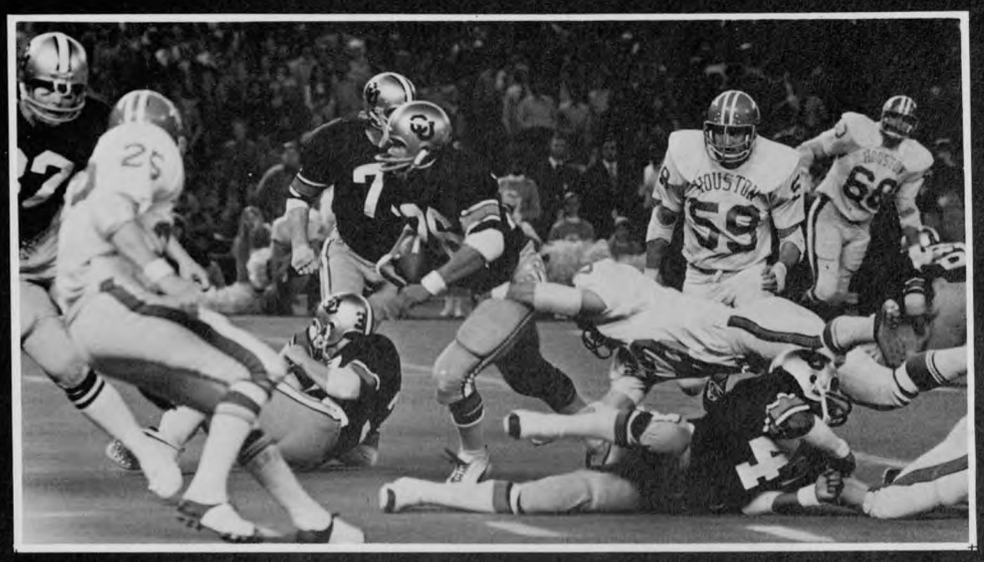
But off-stage, away from the cameras, Ali is a modest guy who doesn't want much else than to be left alone with his family.

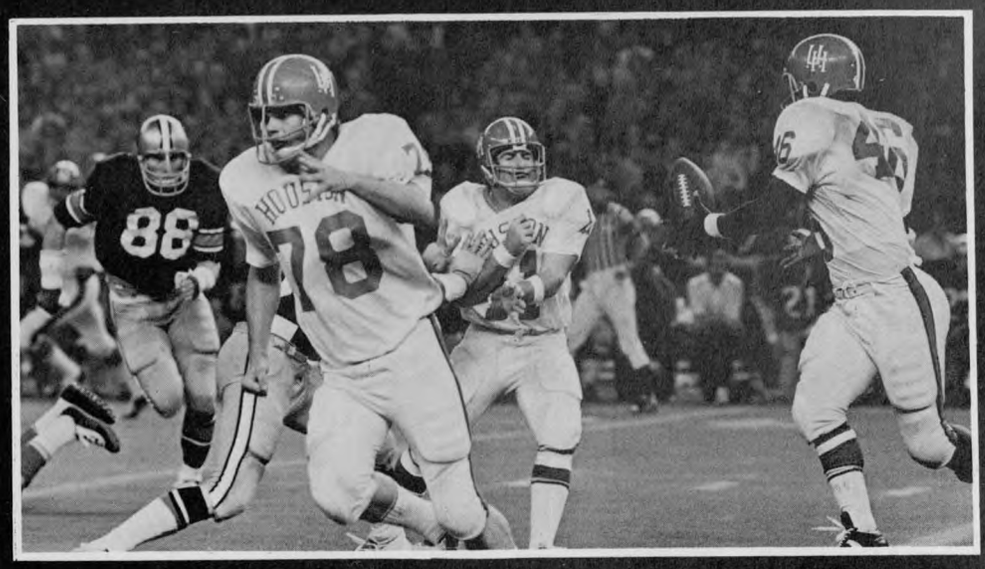
paul winter consort, december 3, 1971

USTON
JULY-AU

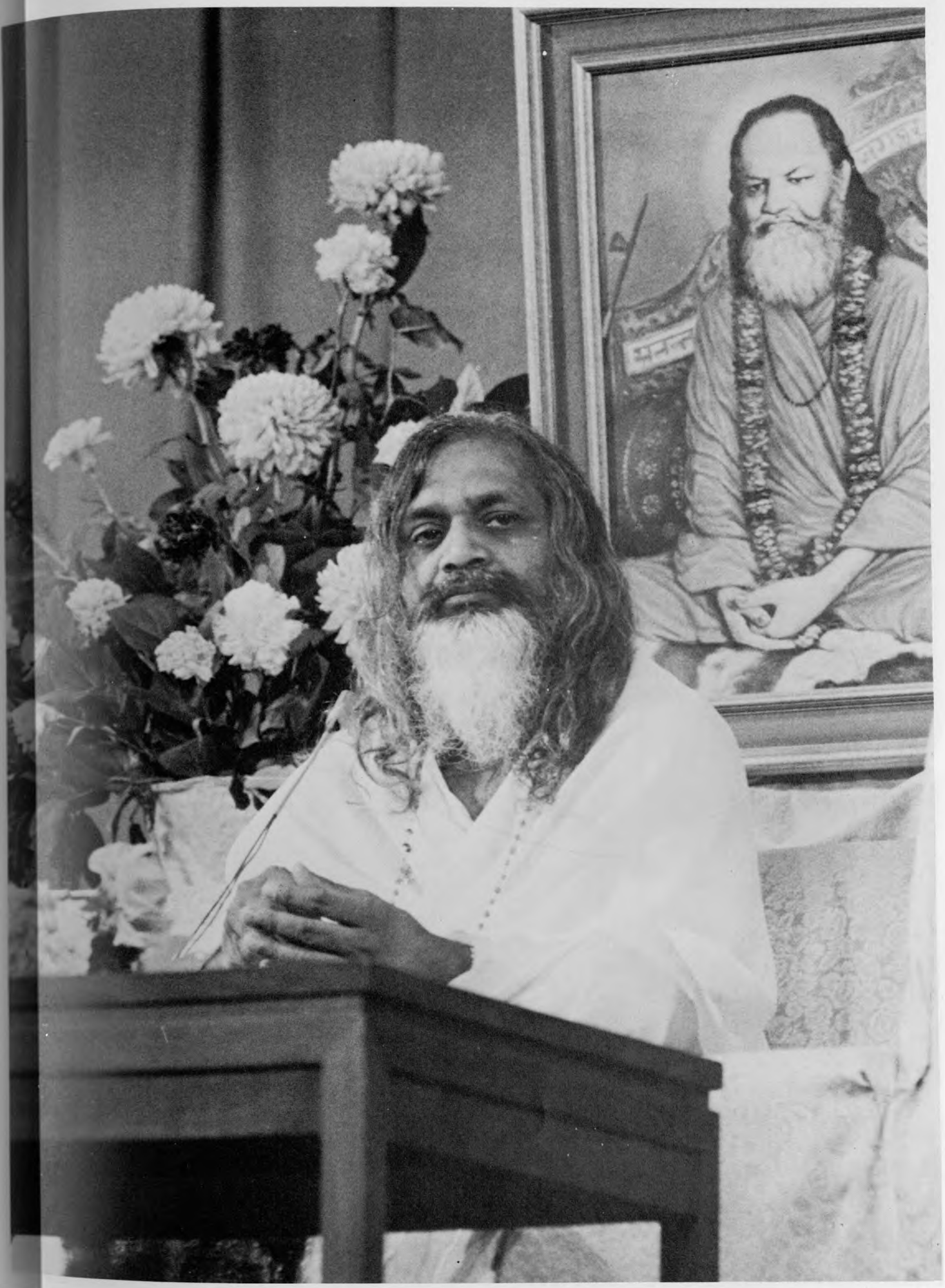


coogs-colorado 17-29

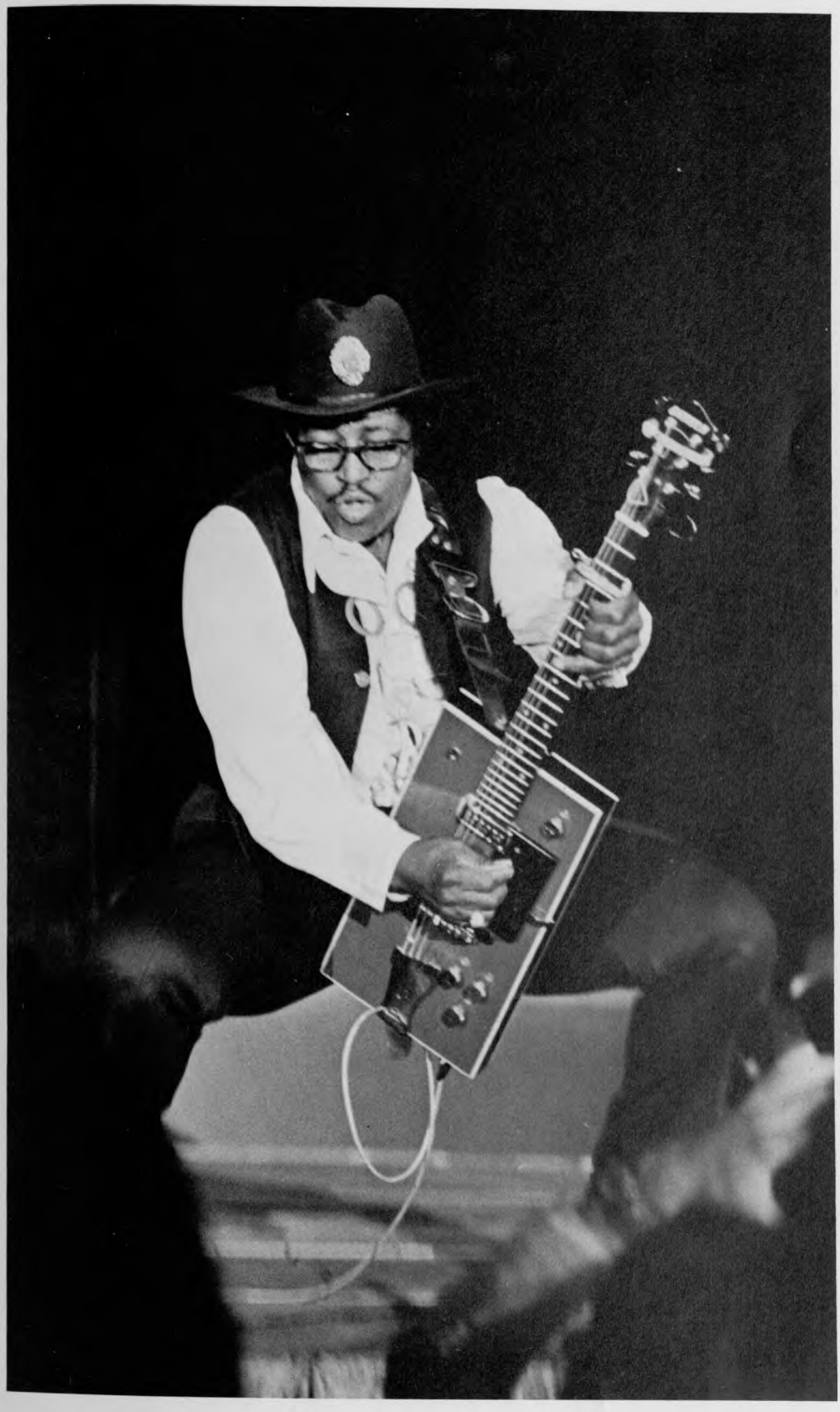


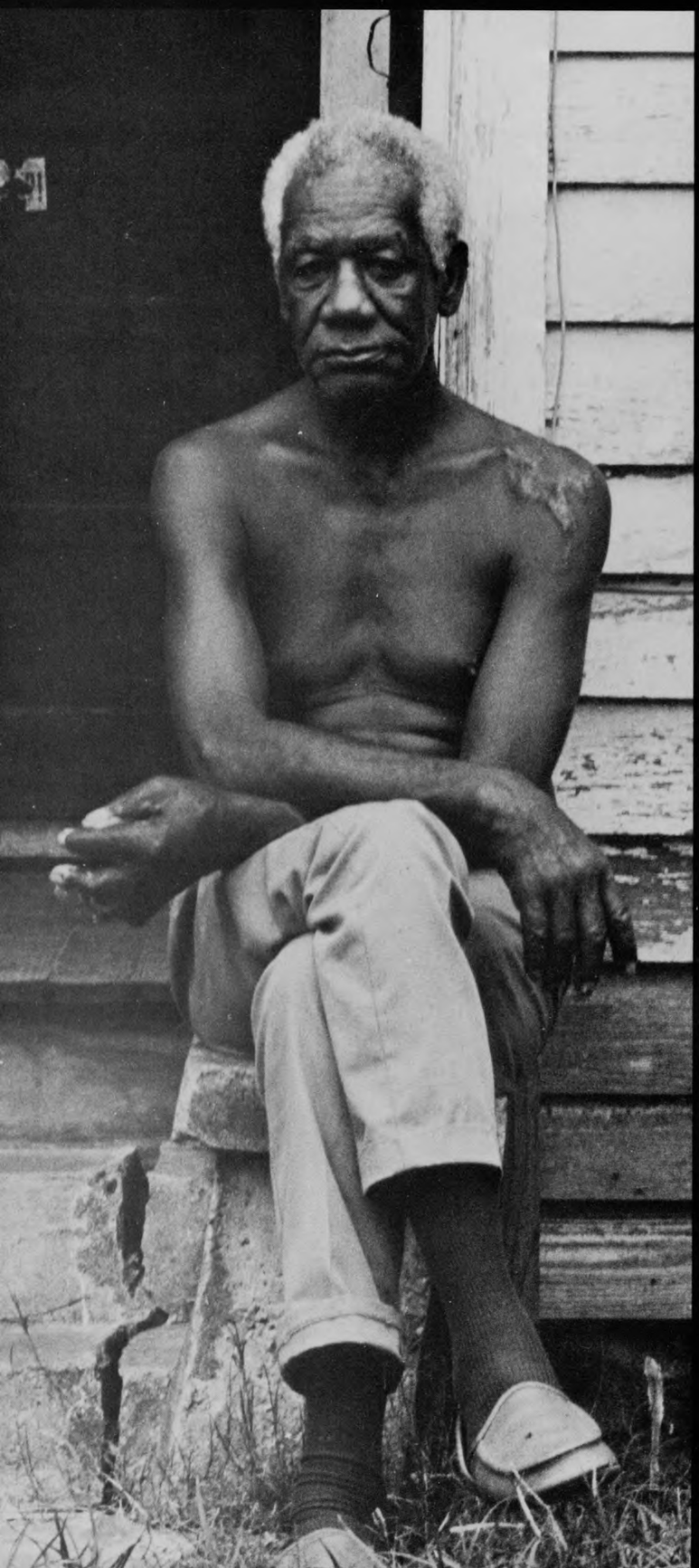


spiro agnew january 24, 1972

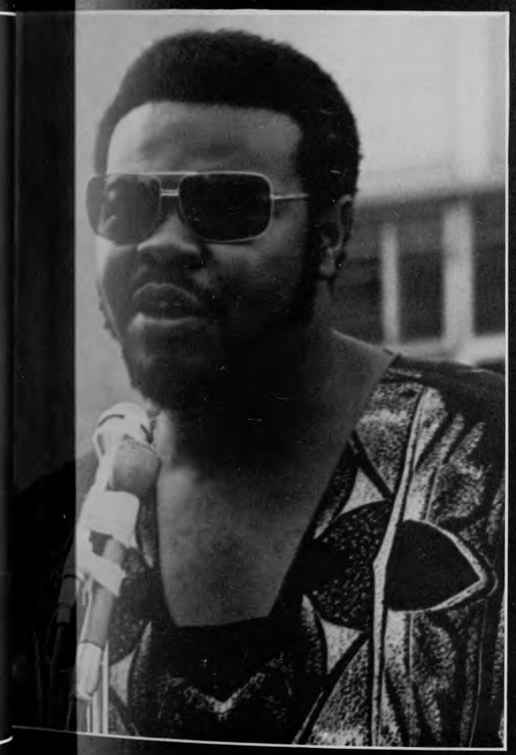


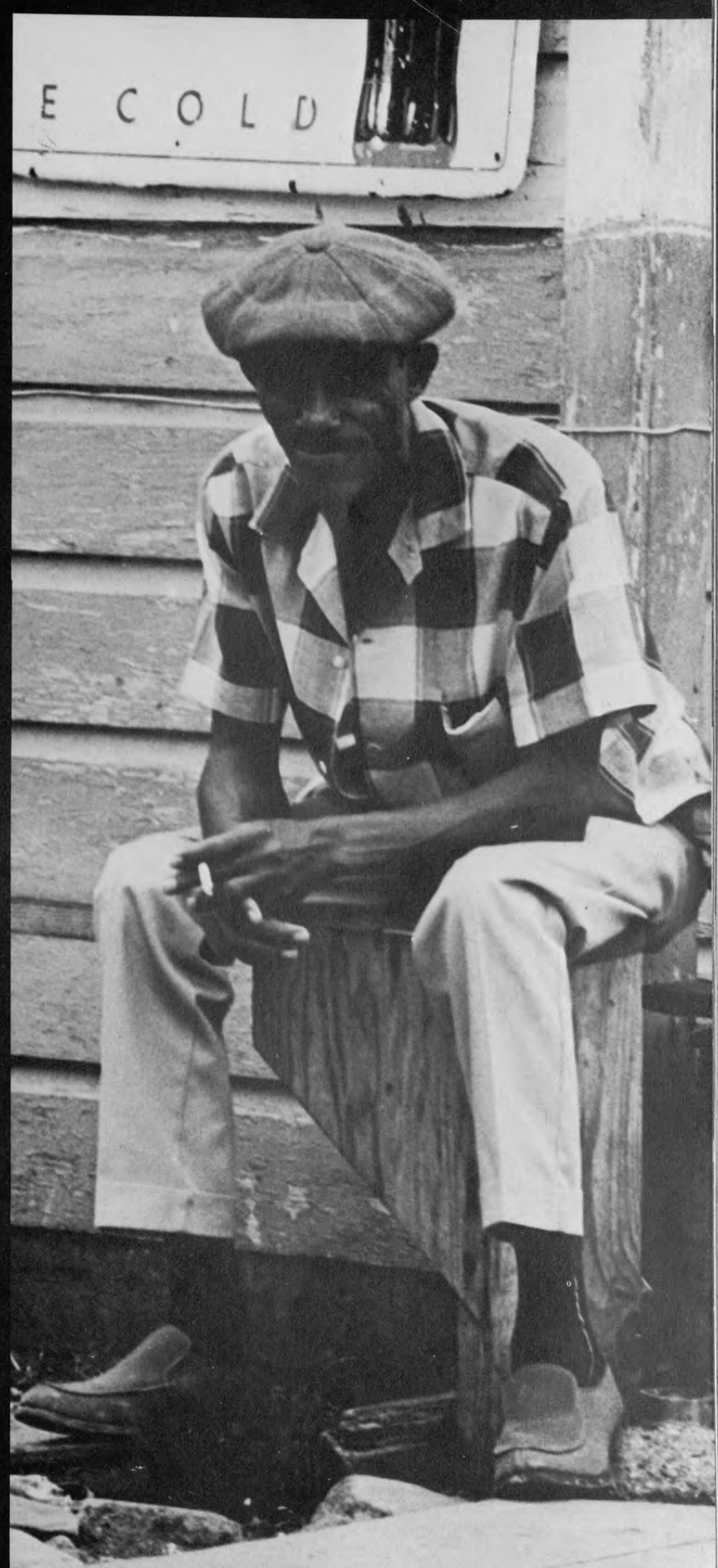
rock 'n roll revival january 30, 1972





andrew
pulley
for
vice-
president

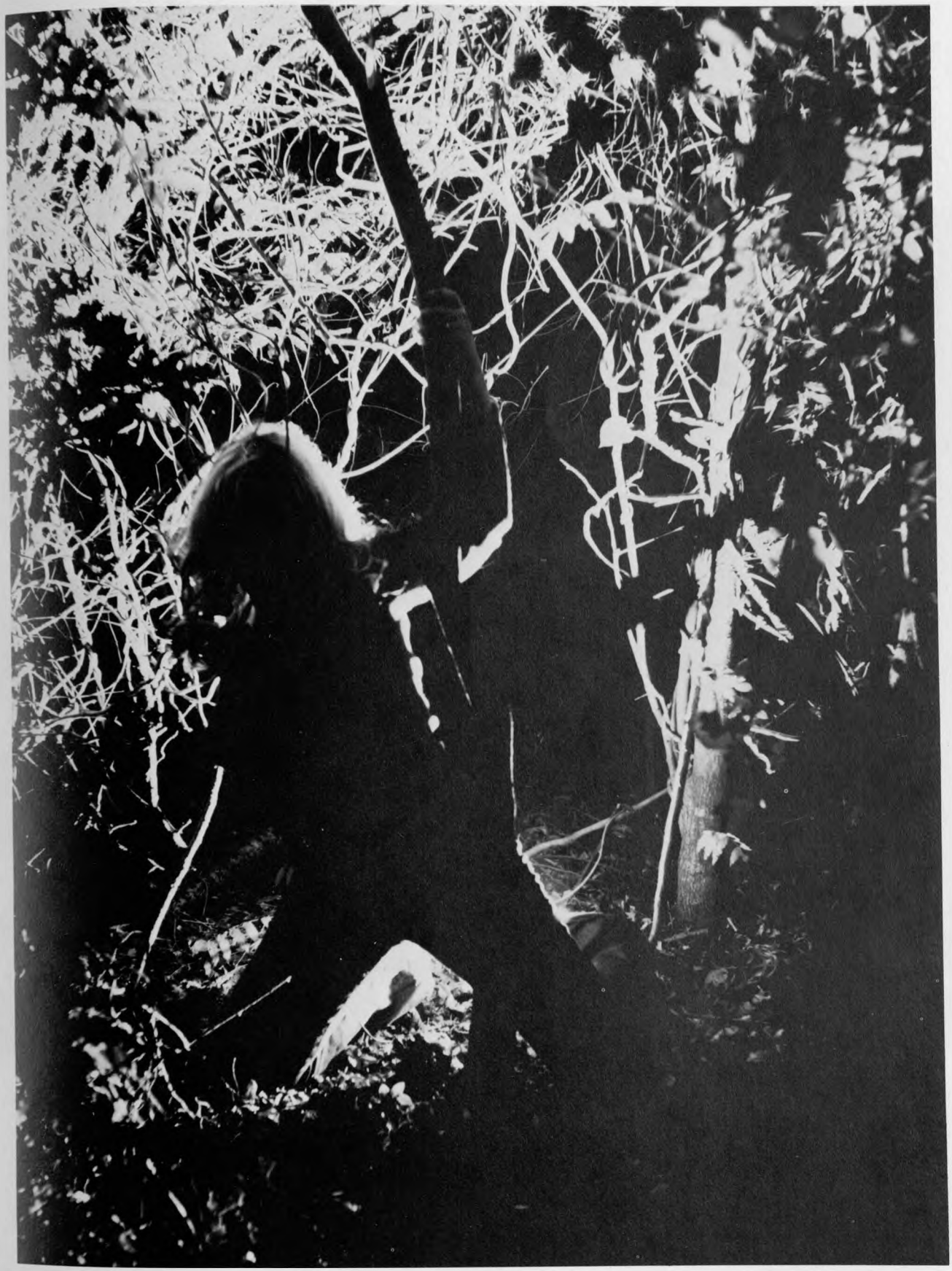


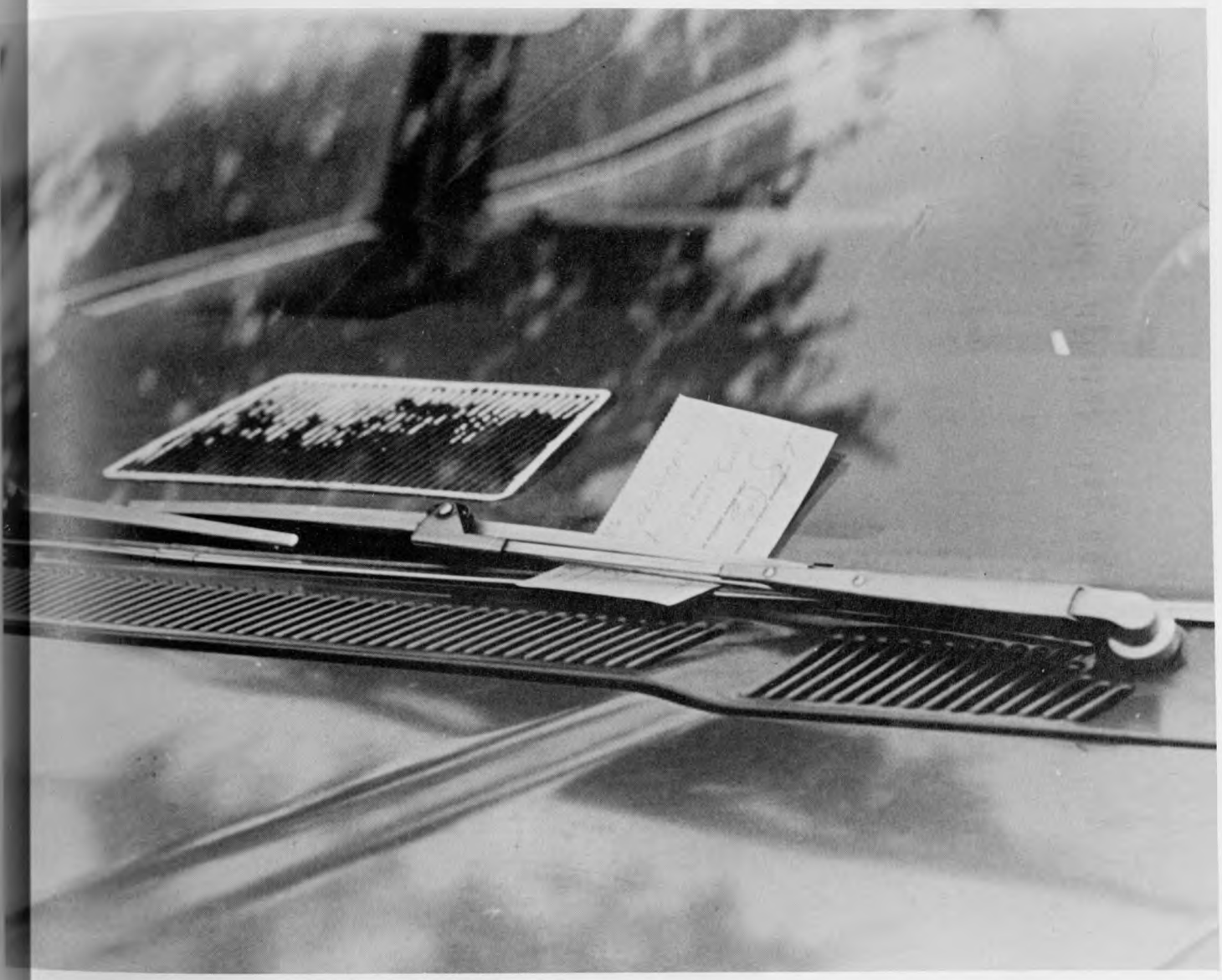


miss black america

"one child grows up to be one
that loves to learn,
and the other grows up to be one
that just loves to burn.
it's a family affair."

— sly & the family stone





through the eyes of a child

What concept did you have of college life when you were seven years old? First graders at Louisa May Alcott elementary school see college life only as an extension of their own school experiences:

Ronnie: *"You could go with pretty girls if any are around."*

Sandra: *"It's a big place . . . and all you do is go to classes all day, at least that's what my big sister told me."*

Sheryl: *"Yes, all you do is work."*

Ronnie: *"You can't go to college unless you know how to cook."*

Cook?

"Yes, they teach you how to cook in college."

Do all of you want to go to the University of Houston or leave home to go to school?

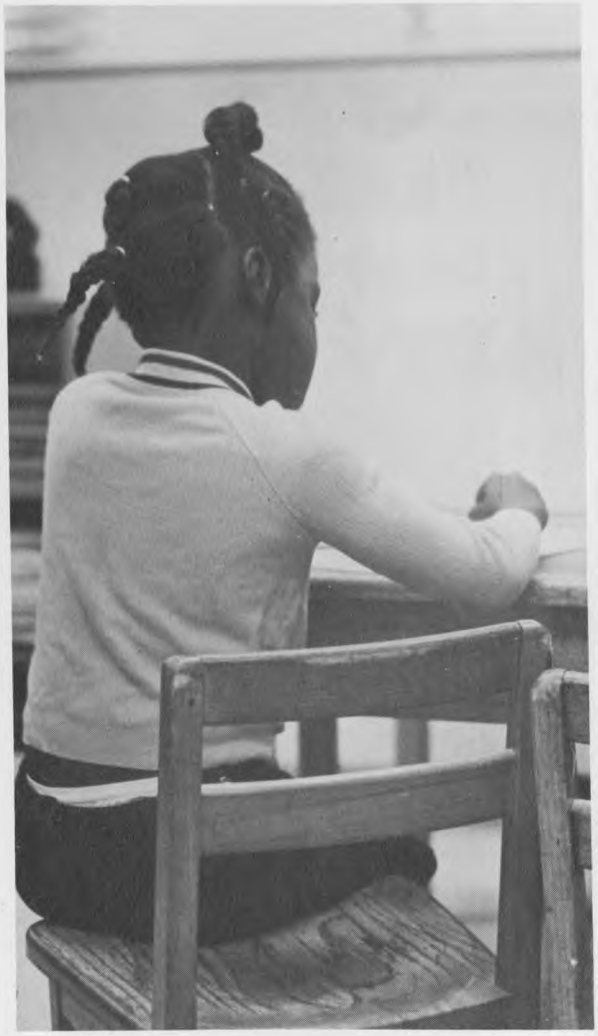
Sandra: *"Oh, I don't want to leave my family."*

Ronnie: *"I do, I won't have to share a room with my baby brother anymore."*

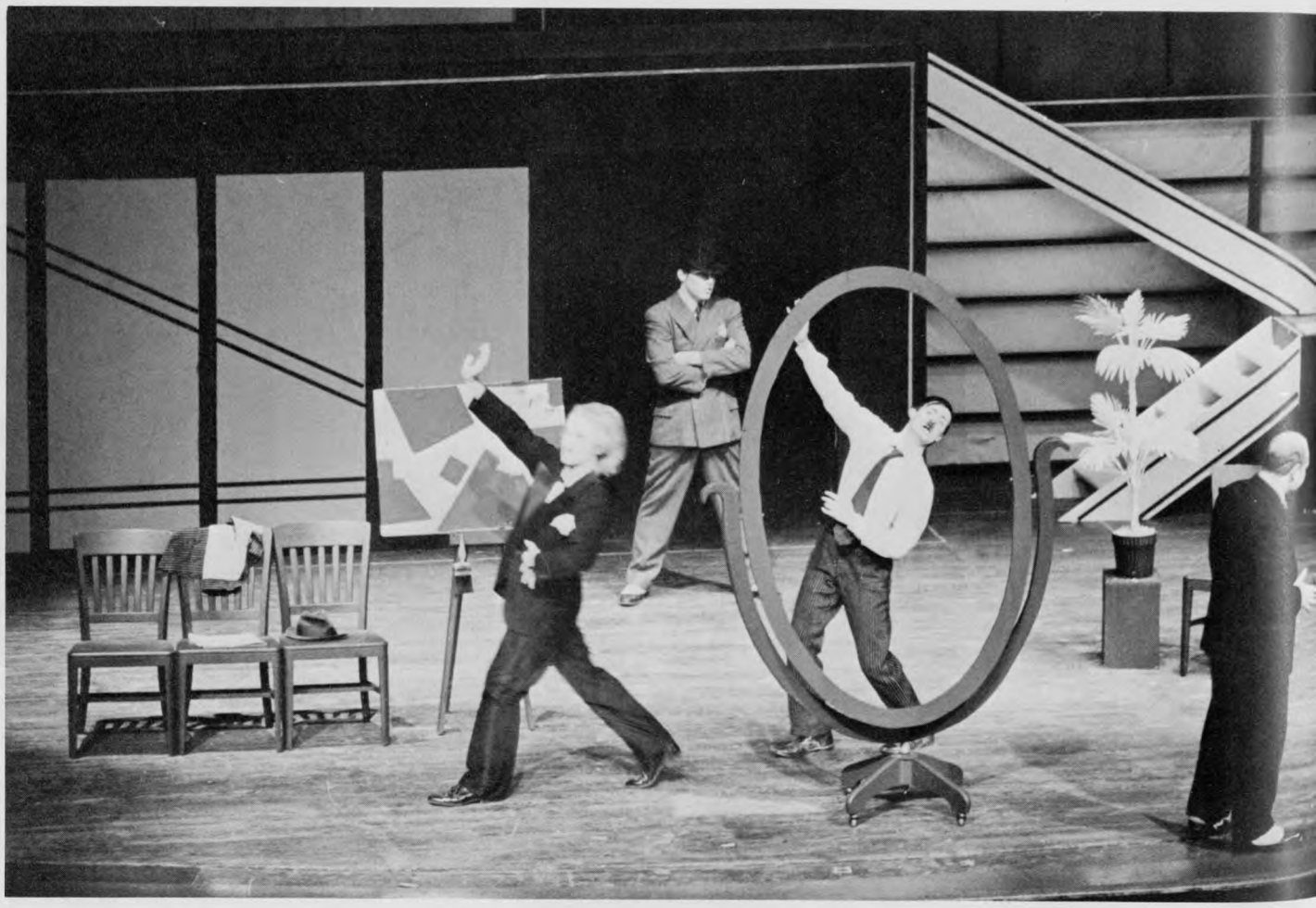
Sandra: *"Maybe if my big sister went with me . . . "*

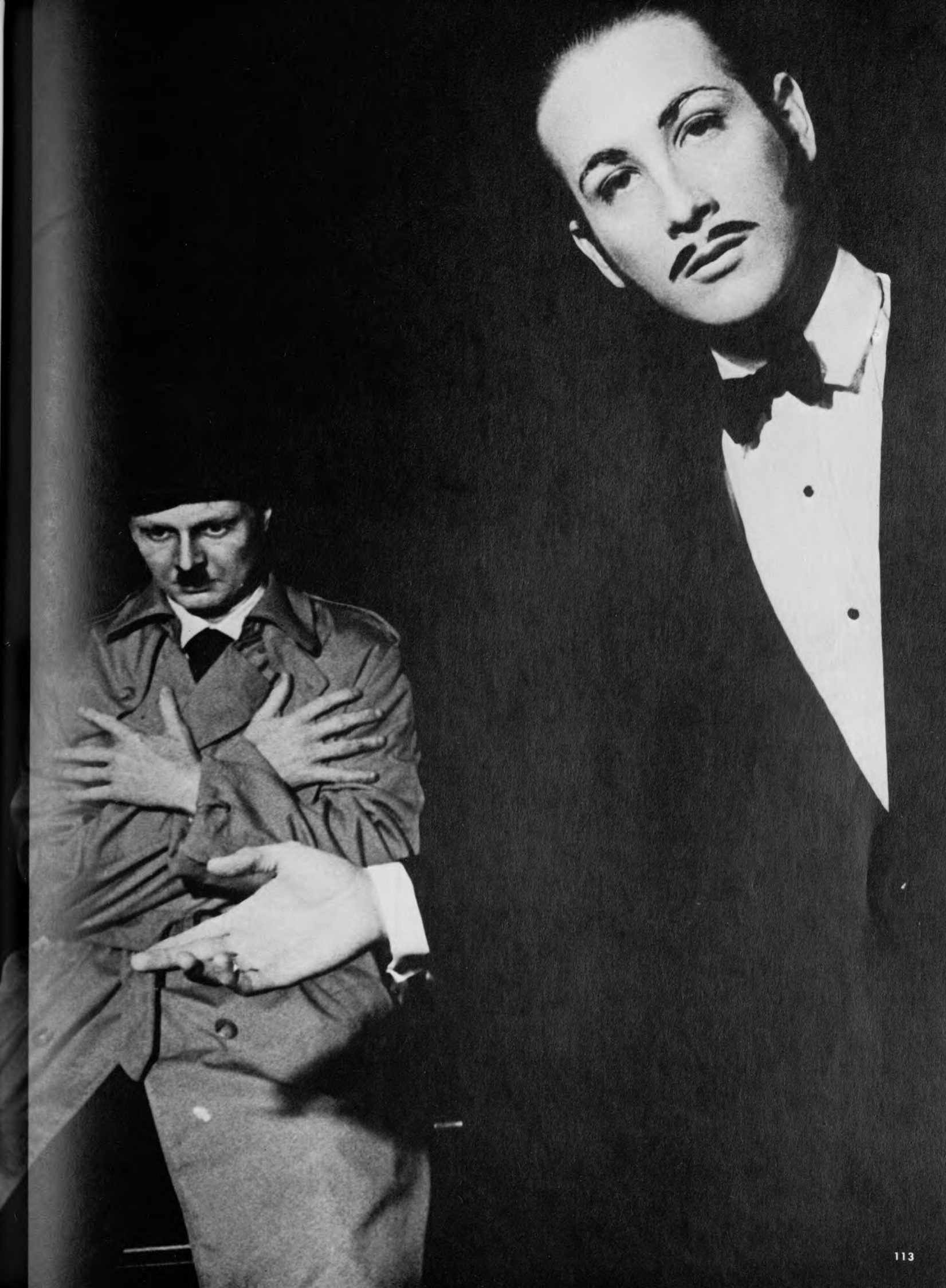
Sheryl: *"Who would feed my kittens?"*

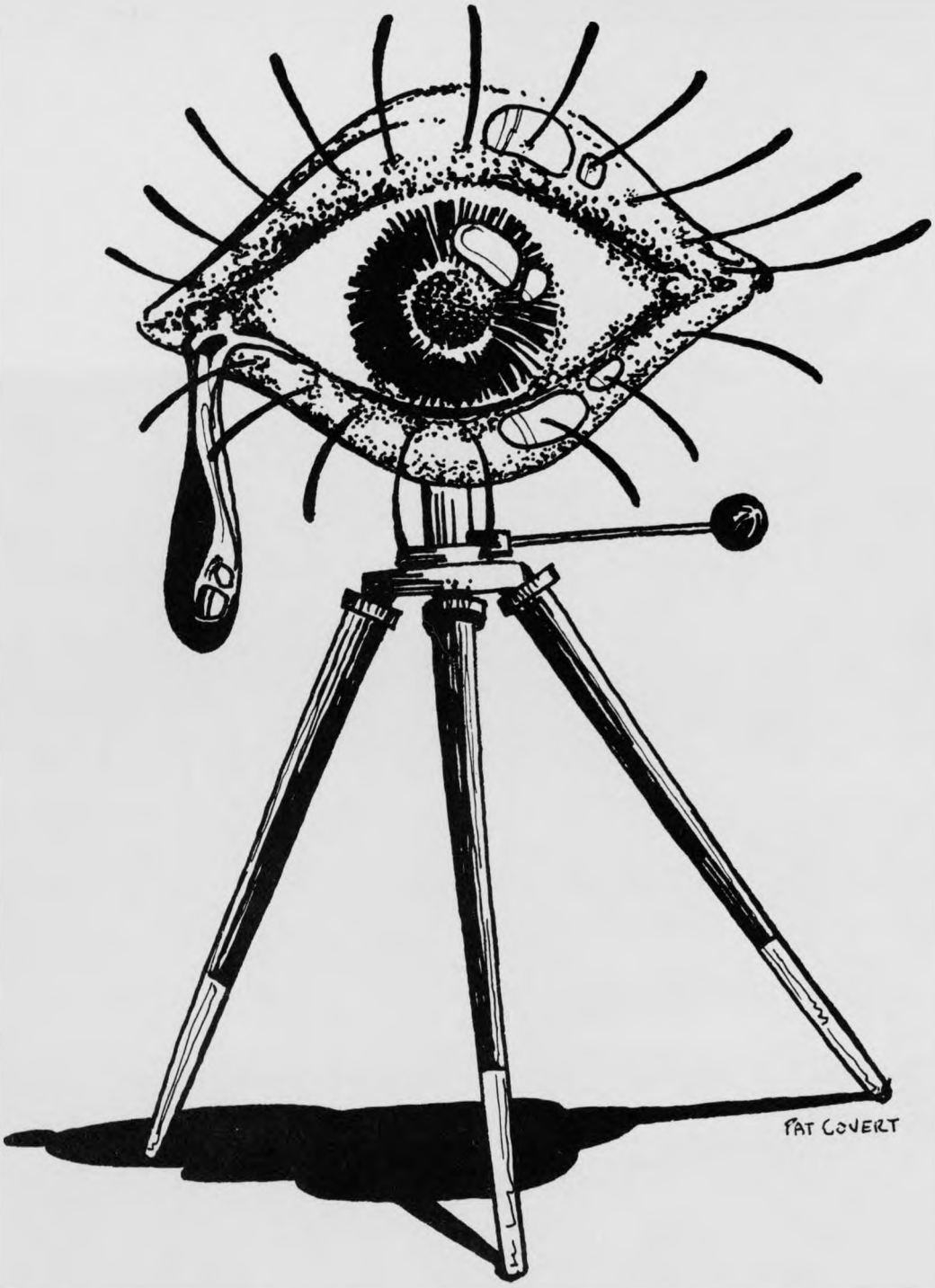
Crayola
CRAYONS



"the resistable rise of arturo ui"
february 16, 1972







"looking through your third eye, mama"
first houstonian photography contest

christopher mc carthy
honorable mention — ecography

chris stone
"time heals wounds"
first place — issues

garry zabel
first place — art/graphics

george craig, "love in italy"
first place — art graphics

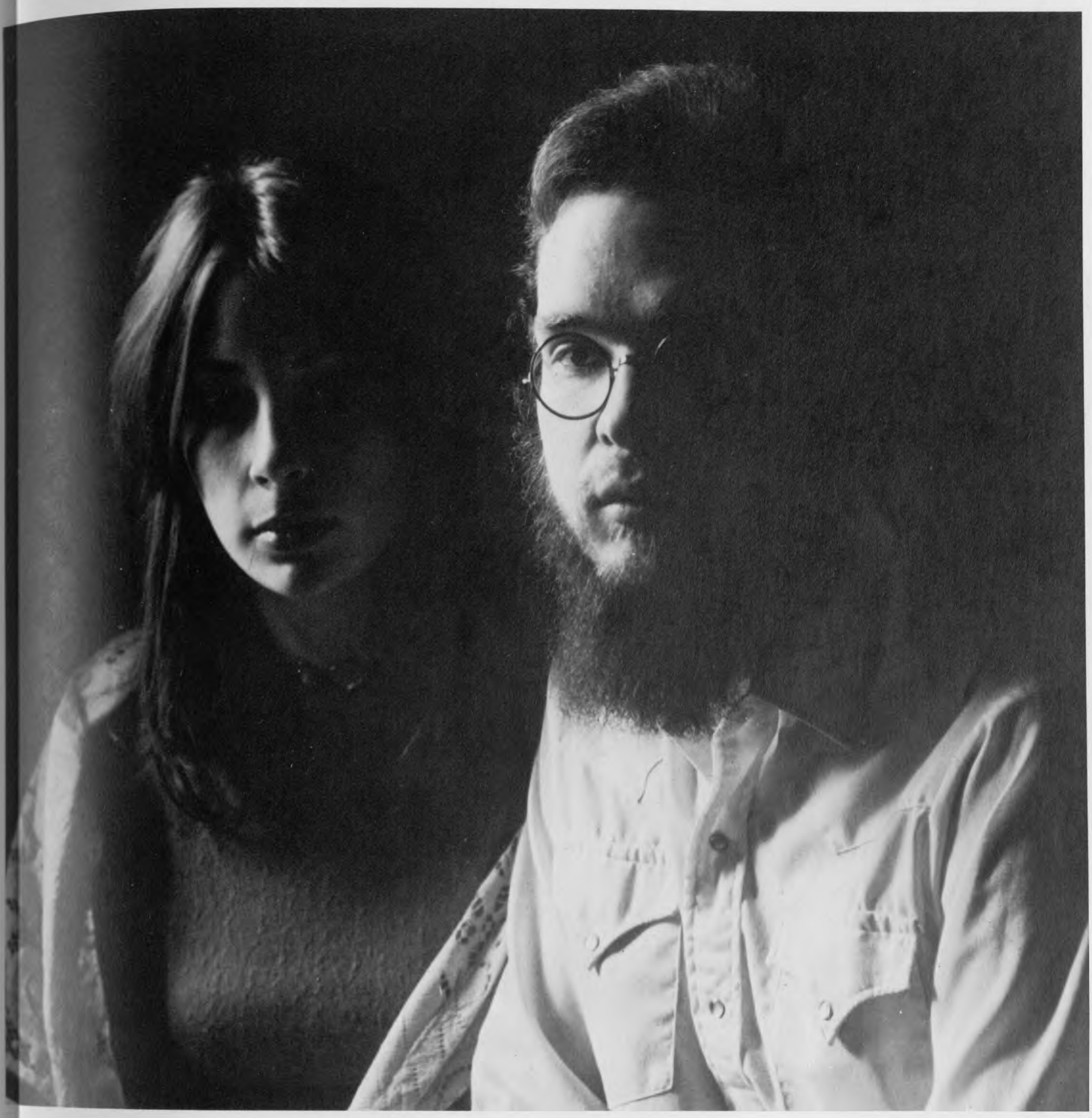
david castano, "musician"
honorable mention — art/graphics

richard n. williamson
first place — ecography

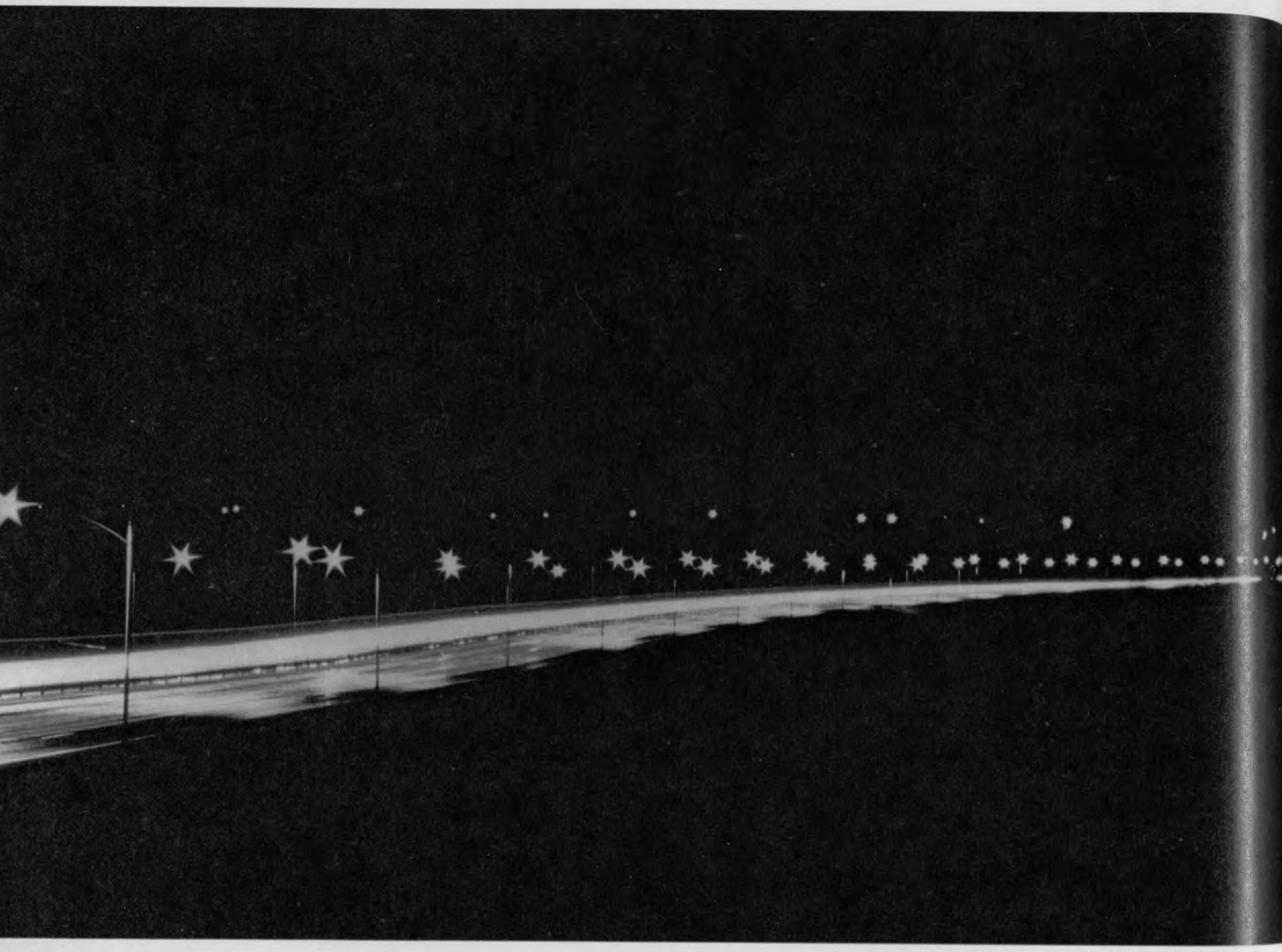
richard n. williamson
honorable mention — ecography

eva s. garrett
honorable mention — ecography

david castano, "our gang"
first place — people



george craig, "billy and sue"
honorable mention — people

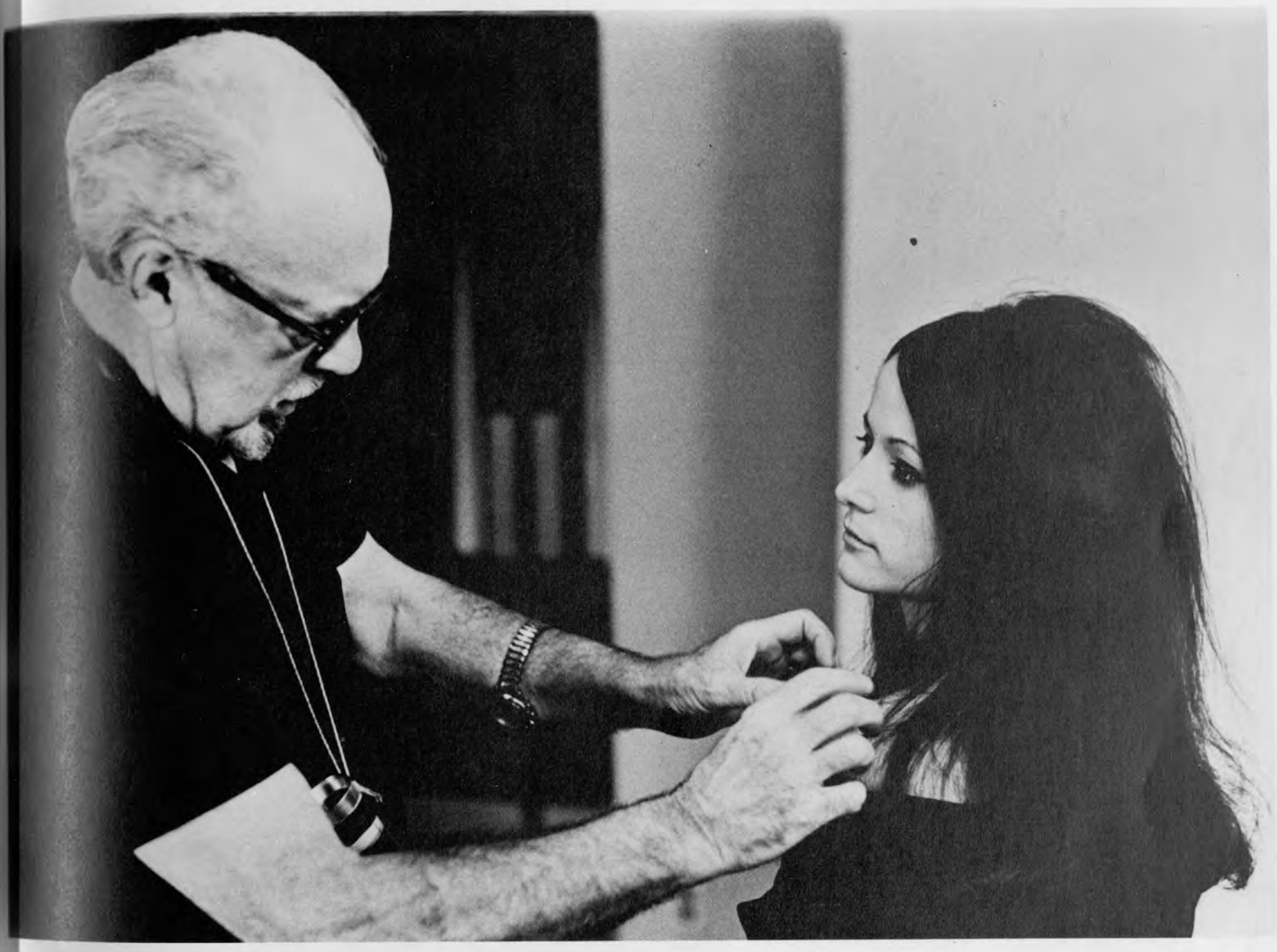


richard n. williamson
first place — experimental

scott dittberner
honorable mention — art/graphics

amador rodriguez
first place — people

A A
K

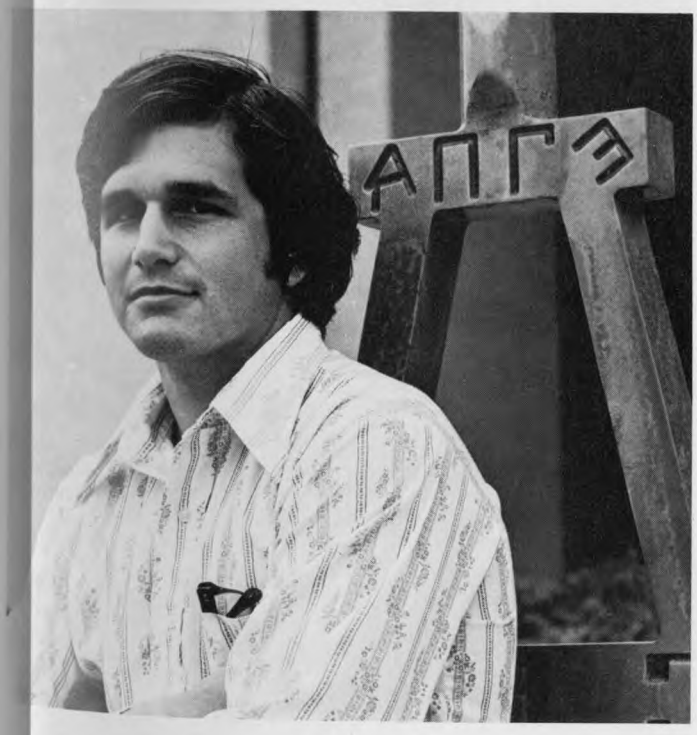


senior pictures, 1972

top ten students

1

greg frazier

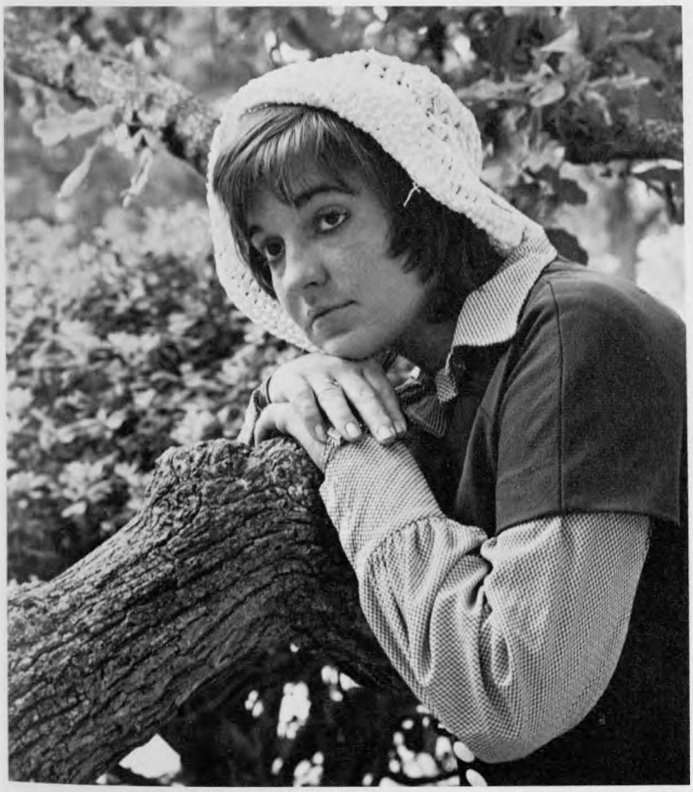


2

evelyn lockett

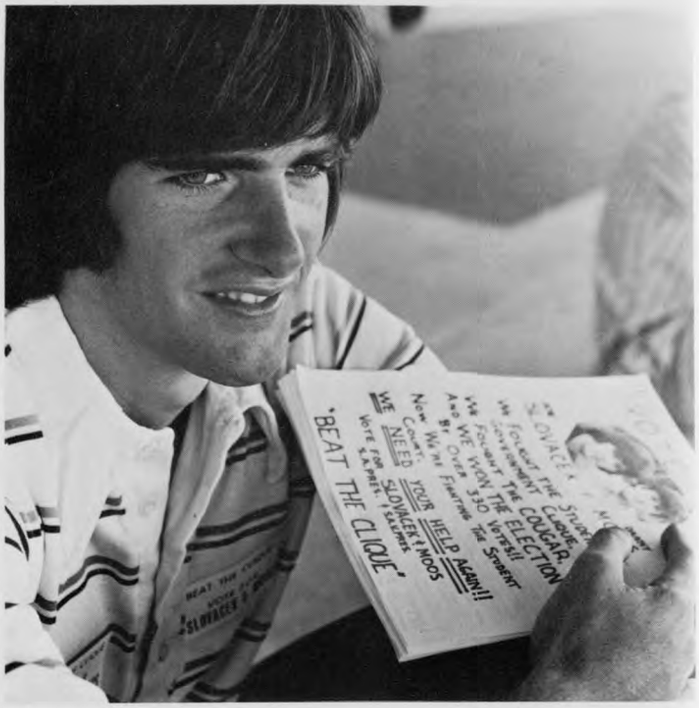
3

annette bartz



4

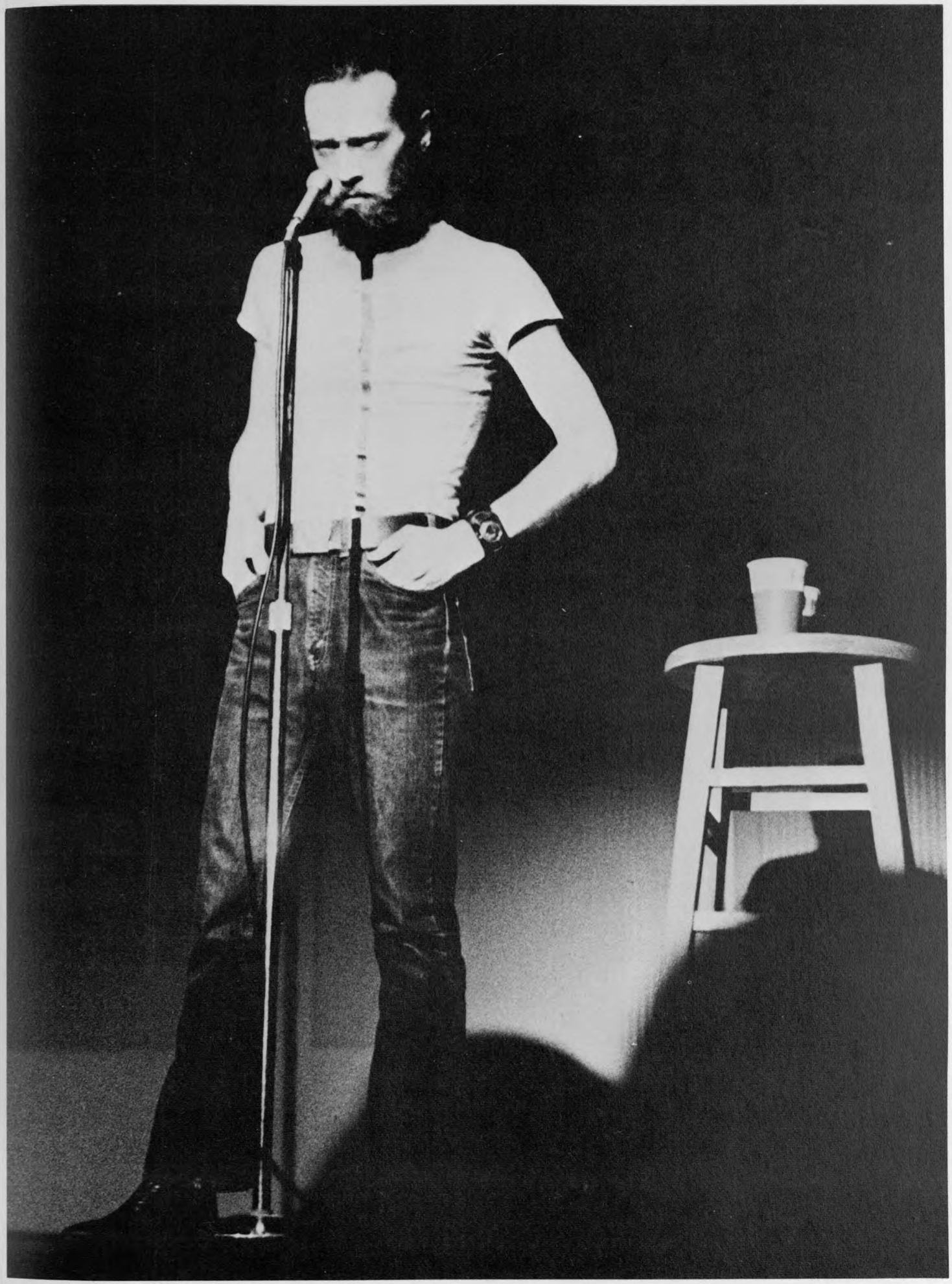
joe slovacek

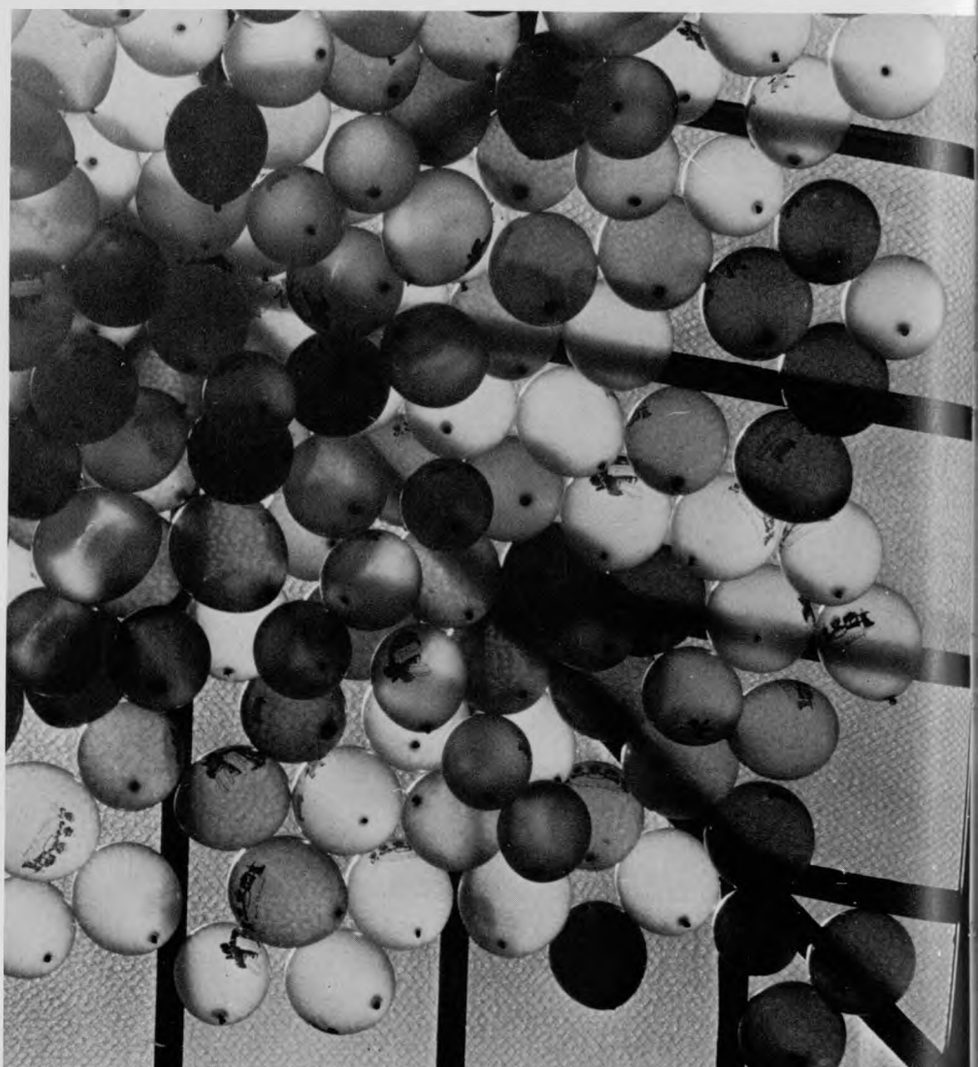


5

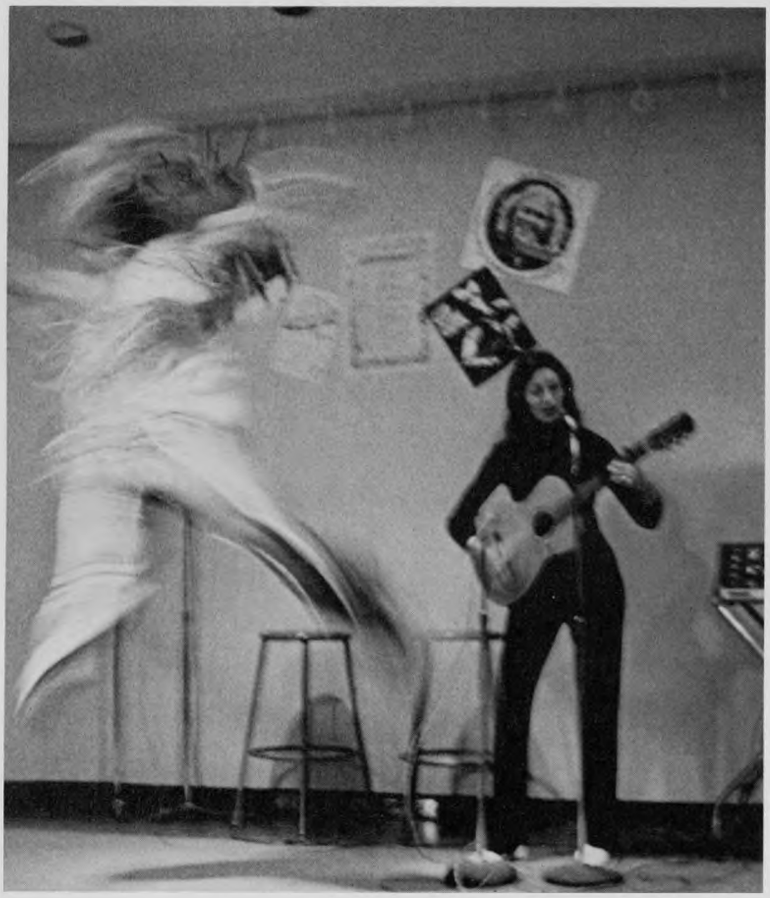
chris jones

george carlin, march 19, 1972





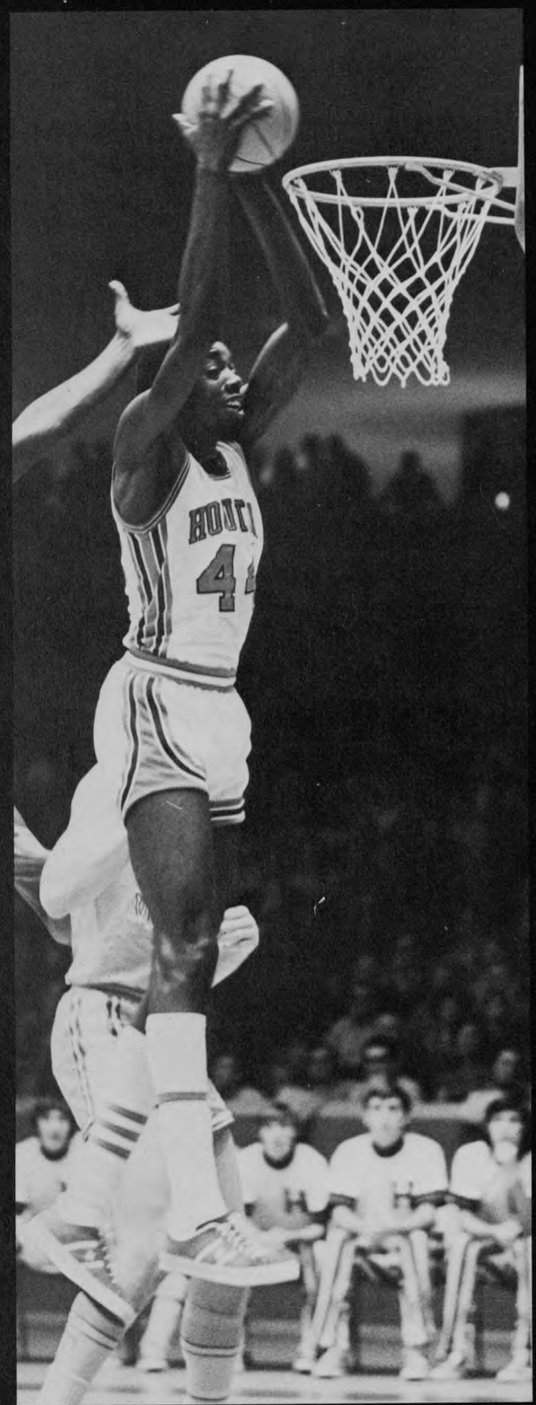
university center birthday party march 22, 1972

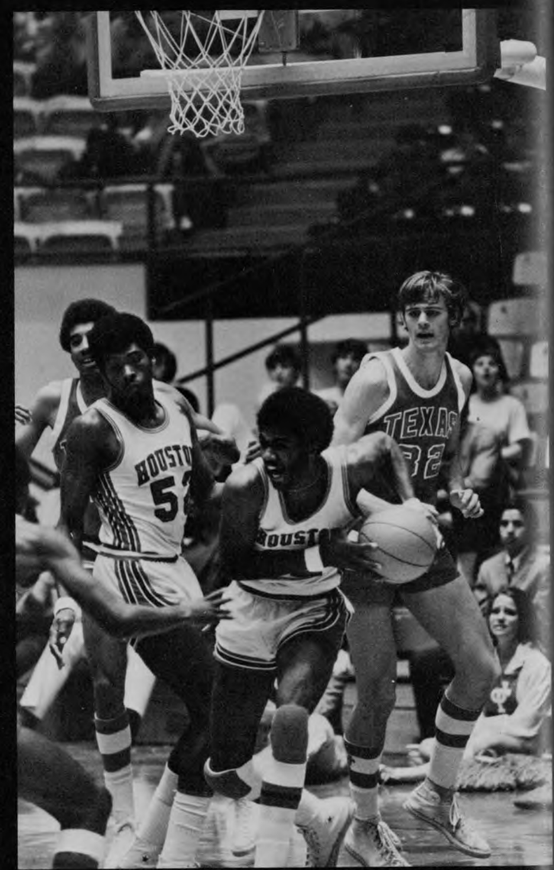


brady & sonja
march 22, 1972

sly and the family stone, april 8, 1972

vanity fair, 1972



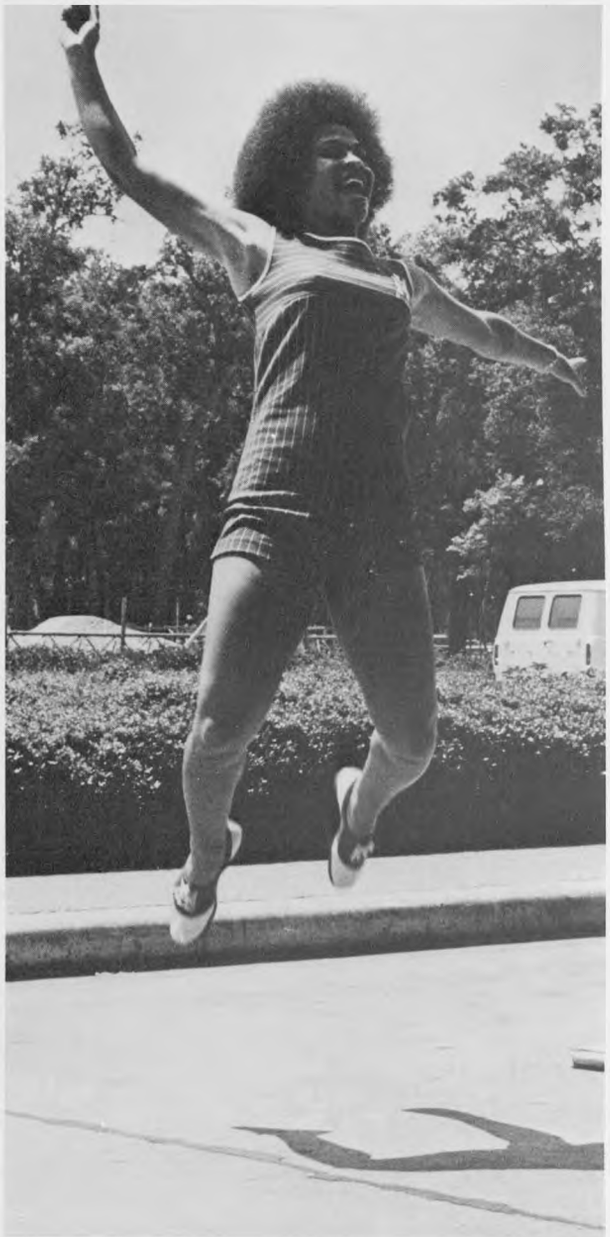


21
52
42
23

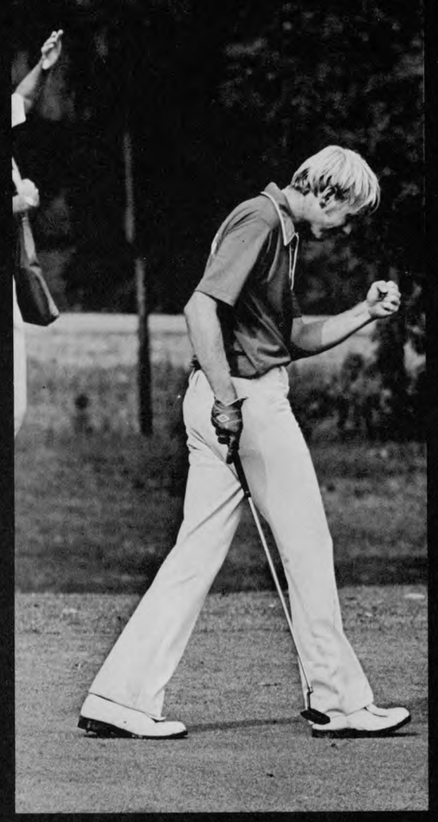
10

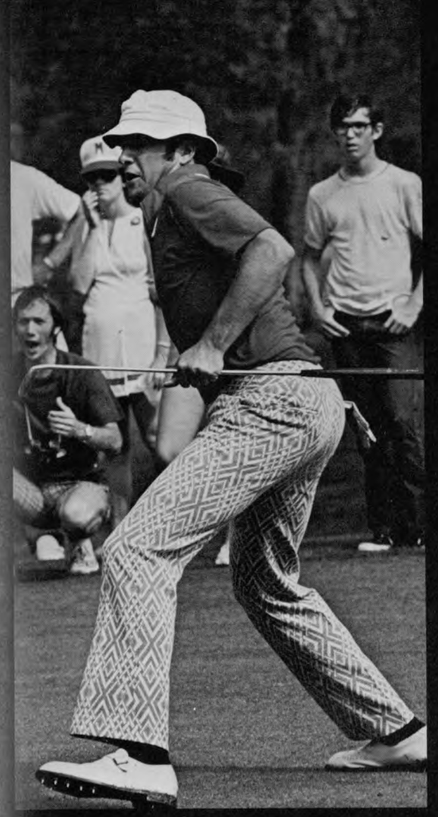
42
52

cheerleader tryouts, april 12, 1972

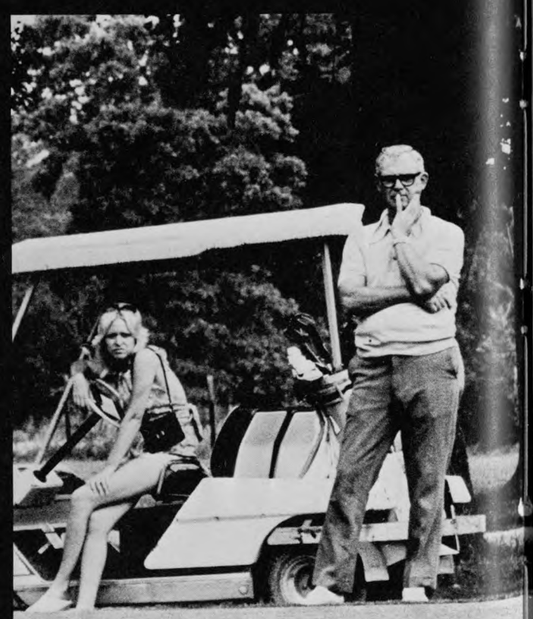


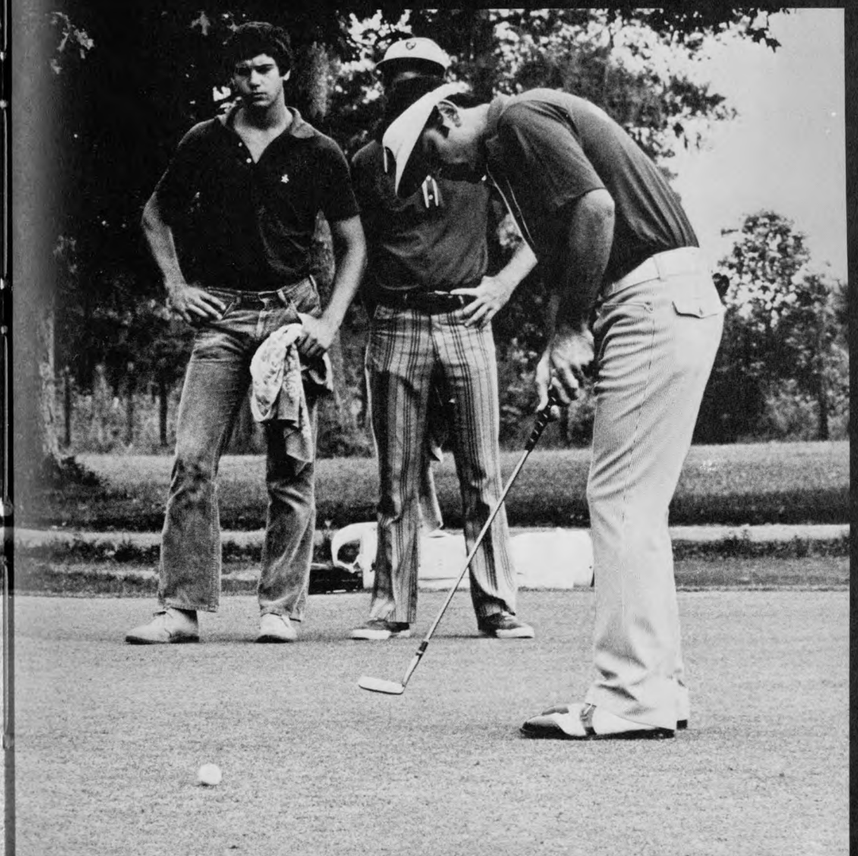
COUGARS
KATHY KAHLA
CHEERLEADER

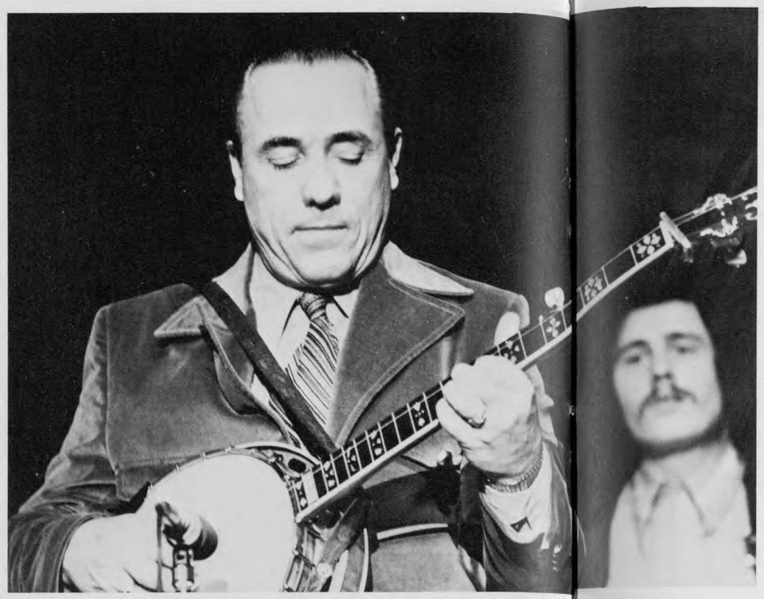




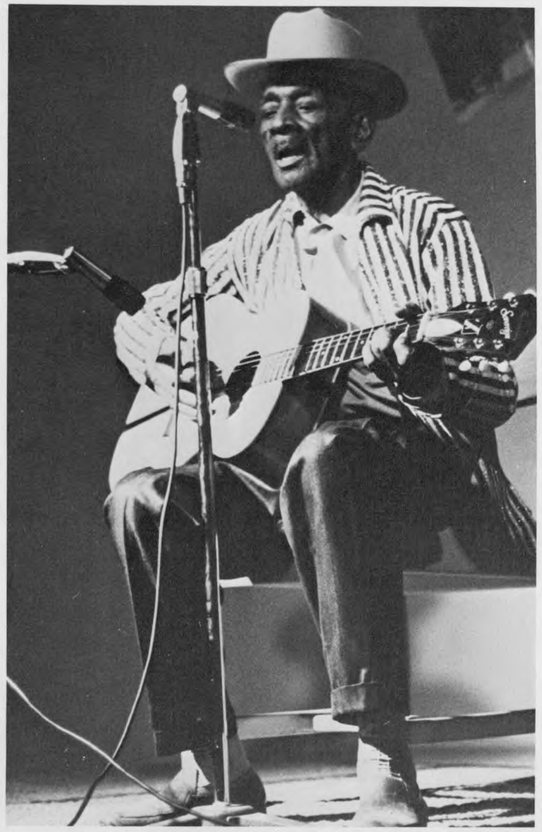
aaii golf tourney





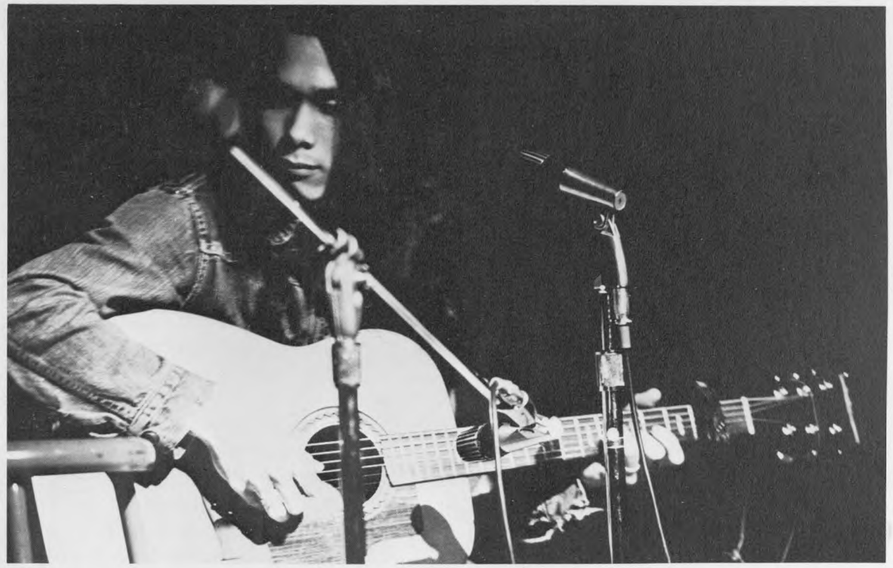


earl scruggs



manse lipscomb

mike murphy



reb smith

a moon shot by charles carper

Hello, my name is Christopher Lee Moon. I'll tell you what . . . I'm not the type to say "I hope you enjoy reading this as much as I enjoyed writing it,"

she bomb shebop
Zappacrappa, etc.

but I would be interested to know if you felt as weird as I did while pausing in between the key strokes, wondering, "Am I sinking in a sea of unsaid words?" I type on, dropping words and phrases like crumbs for the birds to devour as I stalk out into the desert of my mind, knowing that where there's fire, there's smoke . . . which is what I went and did . . . and then returned to type.

It goes on. How odd the causes are, I sit and think — what's there to think about? So, I think about . . . oh, you know. Hahaha! I know you still have to surmise, or hypostatize; you'll never know because I'll never tell. But that's a selfish, negative attitude. So, instead of getting entangled in that fiber of thought, I'll instead relate a beatific vision.

It is about the final days of a relationship that I'd thought might allow for a lifetime together. As it dissolved, my eyes, which are very much linked with my mind, gave me the following viewpoint, that of each incident being pearl-like. Our experiences formed a jewelweed which I now wear like a crown of crushed hopes while she has twined a transcendental rope and has hung herself far out of my reach.

WILLIAM H.
MARY

And as that thought ebbs from my mind, this one flows in . . .

Oceans of quarrels islands of peace
and pearls strewn on the seabed
personally, we are all pearls
lambently pulsing in the light of the Lord
pearls rounded by being drug through life
by woe-laden waves
each pearl living alone on the sea's shelf
alone, we glow unseen individual baubles
babbled over by collectors of bits of creation
with time the tide has turned
pearls are swirled and rise above the clinging muck
we rise floating in a sea of dichotomy
each pearl penetrated by a light fingering
through the greenness
a light line runs through the pearls
pulling us together
we now lace the neck of God who has gone
underwave
God's eyebrows are peeking through the choppy
froth
and they're beautiful.

I wrote that because of her, and, because she's gone, have kept it for myself.

I'm writing this because of an assignment from those in control. They expectorate myself to reduce the simple to the context, the complex evanescently becoming the next movement; that of one wind blowing softly through the mind.

The corporate body is dis piece of junk; a rusty relic propped against a sandstone shelf, a trailside altar niched in the Sierras, open to a wall of wind. Your one wind can't be felt. It is now only an undetectable segment of the wind totality.

. . . Bluegold dust filtering, falling
from a slit in the sky's side,
fanned by windy fingers. thoughts
filagree and flake off, forming
icicles as they fall. Numbness now
in control, only an idea of warmth.
A conception of life . . .

Another chain of thought which has bound me to my purpose: "It is to instill some sort of re-generation of interest in our fellow being, for a person, a communicator, to inform those who require information that it is time to increase their amount of human contact. Not withstanding the fact that communicators are socio-moralistic police —" But, age has assailed that thought, the chain rusts and flakes around my fast-moving feet in a coppery cascade.

First, or next, I'll briefly describe my surroundings. I live in Houston — in the loft of a vacated office building. "Have you seen your mother lately" vaguely dancing there in the peeling paint of the hallway. I'm not color-blind, but the interior of my place is definitely black and white; very contrasty divinations occurring between the cedar posts and old mortar-speckled bricks.

I feel strange there, so I've furnished the place with various items to allow for some interpretation of comfort and security. I hung Swiss flags over the windows. Now, blue sun motes bounce across the floor. I did cave drawings on the walls; saber-toothed bisons, pygmys dodging lightning. There's a king-sized bed with an orange and black crushed velvet bedspread set in the middle of the loft. It's surrounded by stuck filing cabinets and roll-top desks. I use some of the desks; to type on, to eat off of, to do herbiological experiments on . . .

As you no doubt noticed from my somewhat supercilious start, I won't be too easy on you. But it'll be no harder for you to understand what I'm writing than it is for me to do so as I write it. Think about it.

You probably understand without having to think

about it. Therefore, you understand what I'm writing; you understand me. Sometimes it seems like I'm talking to myself. And, being on such understanding terms, I momentarily thought about doing another story which begins:

"How do you do?"

"Oh, I'm fine."

"Well," said Kelly, the new stenographer, "my jaw's as sore as a ruptured sphincter muscle from all

that dentistry recently inflected upon my ornate jawwork."

"Jabbercocky," said the Hair, lest he be without a reference point.

(See *Alex in Worryland* by Library Carrel)

but, as I've mentioned, this story is to be a revision of another version of my past life, a memory that carries me into the future searching for its source.

I occasionally envy the artist's lot, the painter's predictament. He may choose whatever size and shape of canvas he feels is necessary to serve as a medium for his imagination. When I write, there's a predictable sameness in the implements involved: a typewriter full of the Anglo-sexist alphabet and piles of paper, each and every two-sided sheet being 8 ½ × 11 inches long and wide, and only as deep as I can make them. Ever try diving off a one-dimensional cliff into an un-thought-of-ocean? Bound to strain or break something, knock a hole in the emptiness of it all; let the silence drain away to burst into emotionally-charged flame as you're rubbed raw by the friction outside . . .

If this were a piano, would I be playing a melody? In *When Cathedrals Were White,* Le Corbusier says that they

". . . have virgin ears, a fresh
curiosity. The sound of life
echoes in them . . . the grinding
of the street-cars, the un-
chained madness of the subway . . .
from this new uproar around our
lives they make music."

But, there are no subways in Houston; other things are underfoot. And this is a typewriter. Here I punch, and wonder, am I practicing the world's oldest profession, onanism? Do I indulge in that counterfeit art of prostitution for the masses so that I may experience the dubious honor of having screwed myself? Or, to be less alienated about the whole thing — is it an honest, if somewhat unfulfilled attempt to justify one's experience by departing information, perhaps in an entertaining manner (drollery, anyone?).

Another fleeting thought . . .

"Juanita the stranger
the latenight lady asphalt ranger
she's a danger sandwitch

lettuce tomate her . . ."

but that reeks of sulfuric dioxide, or possibly acid. OK, Lee Moon, throw your cold blue light, the only light you've got on the trail taken by

The Time Traveler

I once walked in the early afternoon blending past the night's mourning. I walked through the park some hours before the dark would drown the everlasting goldenday's sunbeams and couple's dreams. Under one tree, a young man balanced on his knee and slowly strummed his guitar.

"I care that you care that I care," he told a fair-faced girl who threw back her starry-spangled hair and laughed large notes that rose and broke in the crisp chill air. They had each other and needed no other, so I walked on.

I saw a man so full of himself that the side of his head gave way and a chute sprung out. Words washed down this polished priceless trough; words piling on words, jammed into words forming a continual stream of every colored shapely word not yet spoken but felt by someone at sometime when saying what you felt wasn't a crime punishable by having to live with only your words and nothing more.

A small gathering gathered around the trough, and they sifted and seined for what each thought was a nugget of wisdom that couldn't be bought for any price less that life itself. They picked among the pouring polysyllables and staggered away under their unbalanced load, then goaded themselves to go back for more.

And as the sun burned into the cold hard ground, the man sagged, toppled, drained of all he'd been and done and seen and hung on to up until now; now, all his crystal castles were exploding into novas newer than tomorrow; an untapped bank of yesterdays formed a darkened pool at the outer edge of his shrinking world. And the gathering broke apart and left him alone in his apparent emptiness.

I started to leave but thought that first I'd ask if there was anything left in which he believed. Although his bent, spent body didn't stir, I could faintly hear the fine whir of his massive mind.

"Hey, bub," I said, squatting down and looking

into his tired eyes. There really wasn't much I wanted to know, other than how to act upon what I already knew.

"Where do you go when you're out of love," I asked.

He rolled over on the winterbrittle grass and handed me a mental road map.

A canoe on the River of Sorrows
drifts around driftwood holding back tomorrow
the sky cries translucent tears
and fills the canoe with sorrow
a paddle pushes back one
whose back's been pushed to the wall
the paddle digs into the flat-faced wall of water
aiming for a dam up ahead
on the rough flowing River of Sorrows
beyond the dam rolls a land
reserved for all tomorrows
only one thing's not allowed within —
all the causes for mortal man's sorrows.

I thought about that the next day while pricing canoes at the Clearcut Answer Sportinglife Store.

"How much?" I asked.

"All you have," said the clerk.

I'd been wanting to give someone all I had so I took him up on it. It was hard getting the canoe home because there was just enough left of me to drag it up the stairs. It fit nicely, leaning into a corner in my loft.

On second thought, or perhaps it was the first time I'd given it any real conscious attention, I stared at the canoe. I realized that I'd done most of the initiative thinking in our recently defunct relationship. I was curious as to what sort of action my musenemesis could originate and initiate; that is, if she cared to do so.

As far as I was concerned, the River of Sorrows had overflown its banks and had flooded the globe. So, anyplace is a good place to be, as long as you know where you're at.

I went to the men's room downstairs and unbolted a commode from the floor. I pulled it back up the stairs to my loft, huffing and puffing. I've leaned the canoe against a volatile scene splashed against one of my walls. I set the commode in the canoe's center, then printed a small card declaring "Washington Cursing the Pot-o-matic."

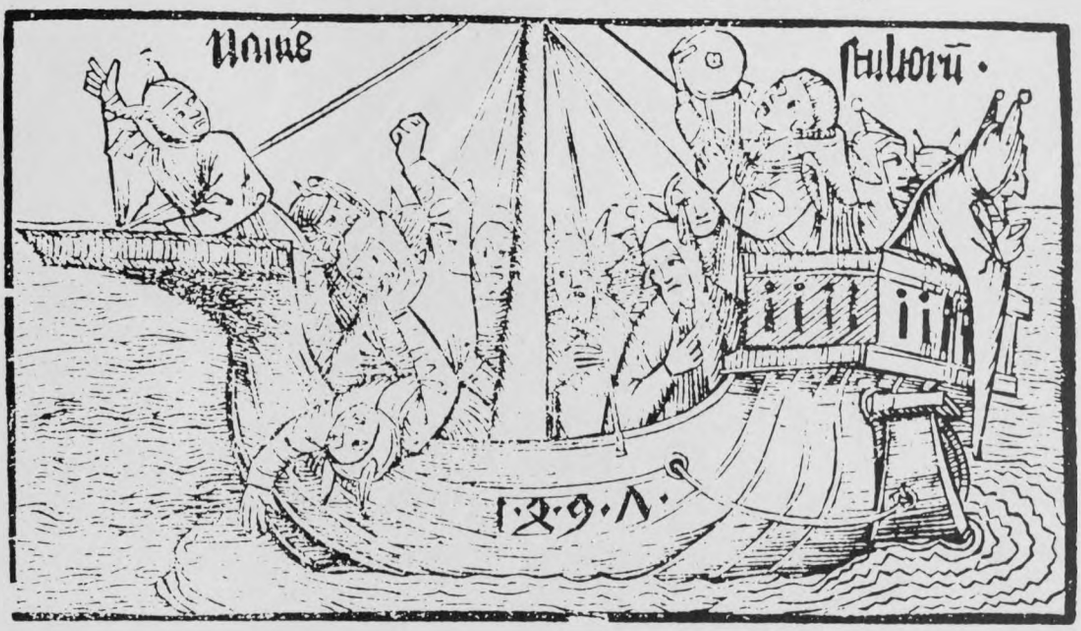
Time being what time is, I've decided for the time being to allow my place to become a repository for arty facts, genuine commas in life's otherwise unbroken sentence.

the ship of fools

—library archives

I

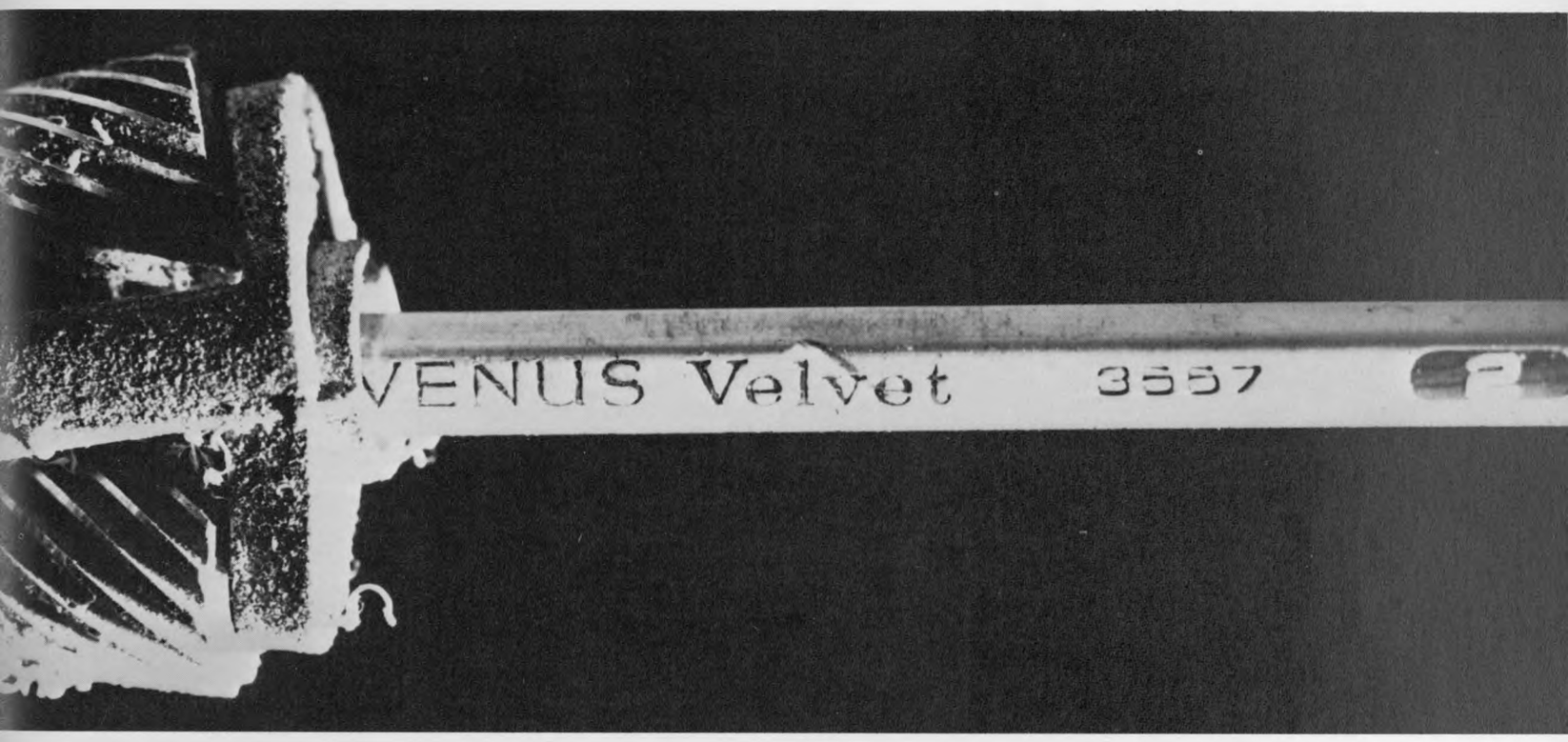
Stultifera Nauis



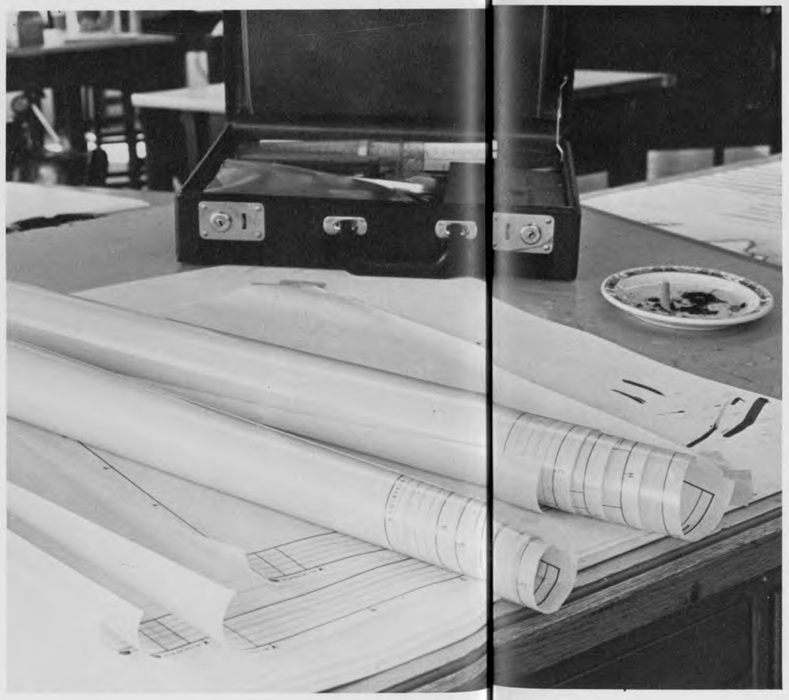
Narragonice pfectõnis nunq̃

ſatis laudata Nauis: per Sebaſtianũ Brant: vernaculo vulgariq; ſermone & rhythmo / p cũctoꝝ mortaliũ fatuitatis ſemitas effugere cupiẽtiũ directione/ſpeculo/cõmodoq; & ſalute: proq; inertis ignauęq; ſtultitię ꝑpetua infamia/ execratione/& confutatione/nup fabricata: Atq; iampridem per Iacobum Locher/cognomẽto Philomuſum: Sueuũ in latinũ traducta eloquiũ: & per Sebaſtianũ Brant: denuo ſeduloq; reuiſa/& noua quadã exactaq; emẽdatõe elimata atq; ſup additis qbuſdã nouis/admirãdiſq; fatuoꝝ generibus ſuppleta: fœlici exorditur principio. .1.5.40.

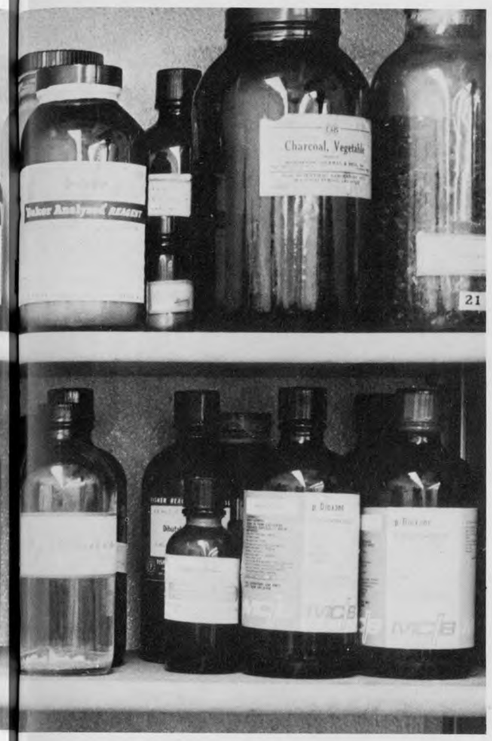
Nihil ſine cauſa.
.Io.de Olpe.

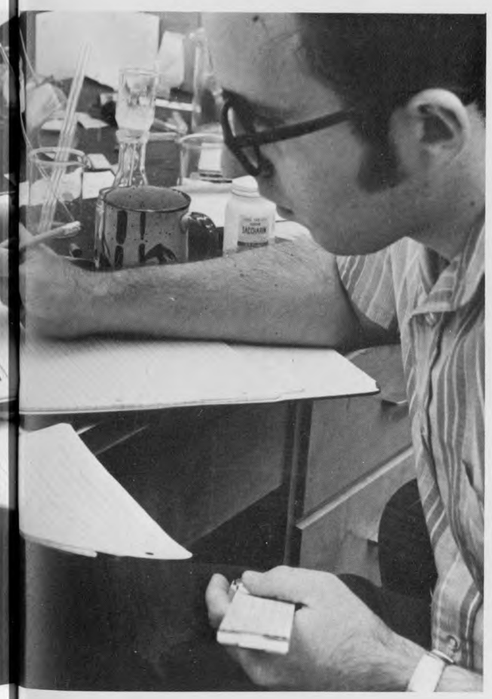

VENUS Velvet
3557

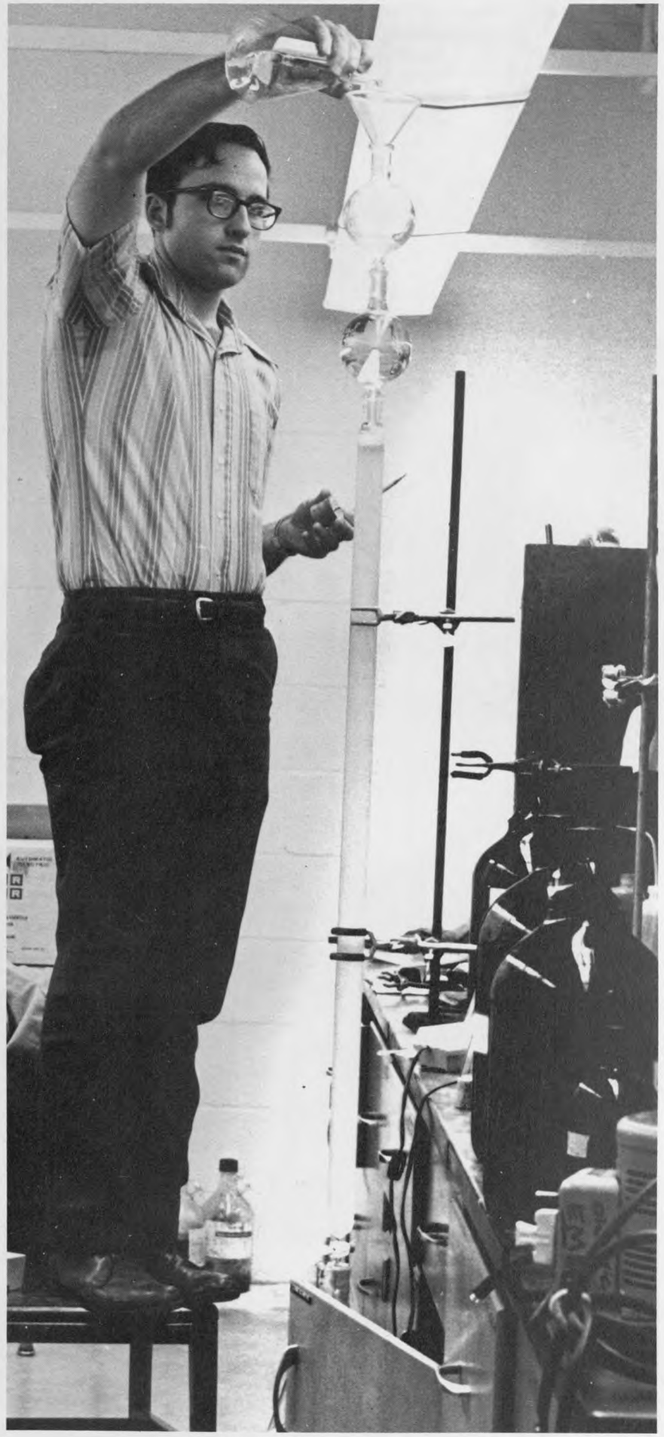
34
&5



ART
ANNEX

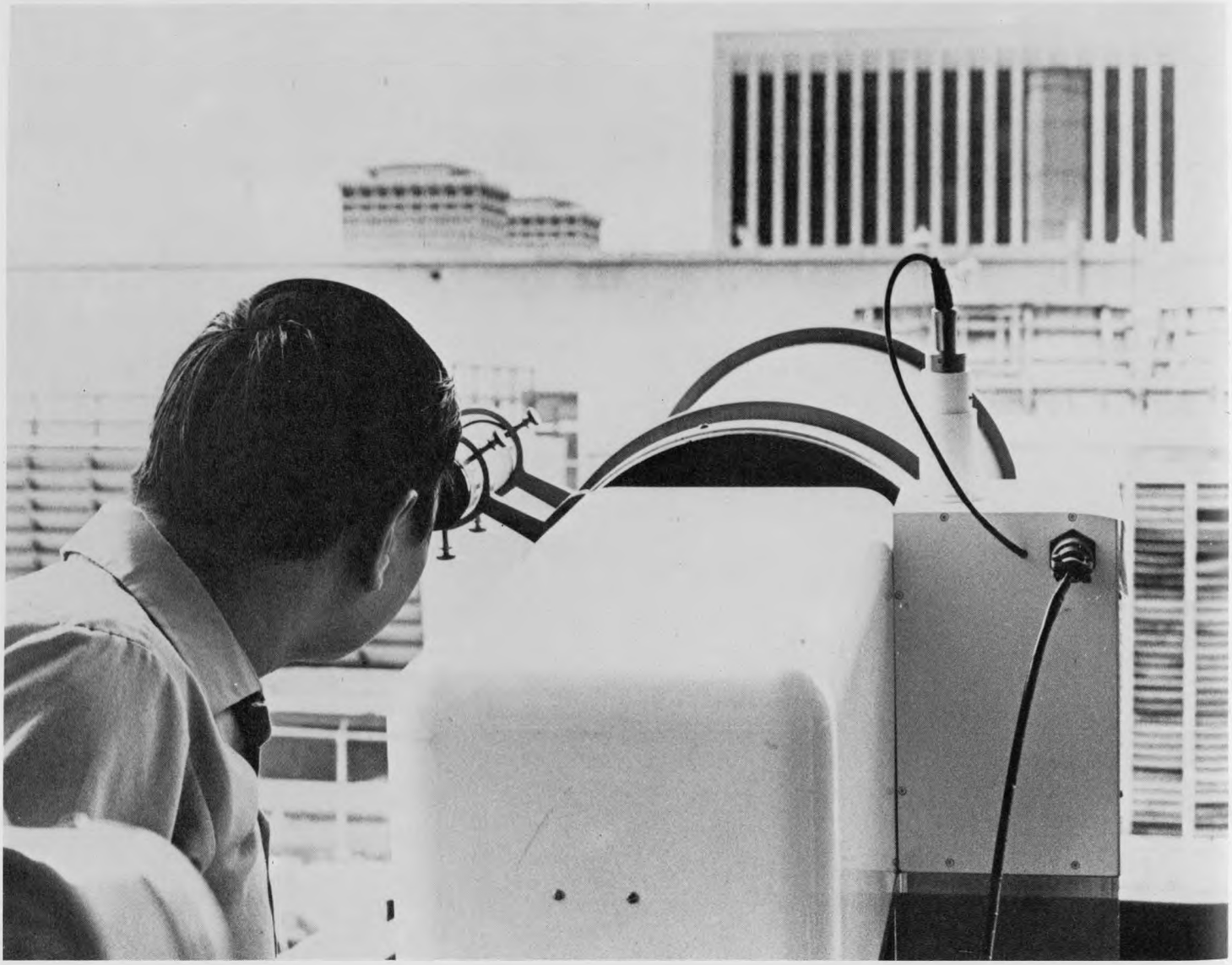

Charcoal, Vegetable

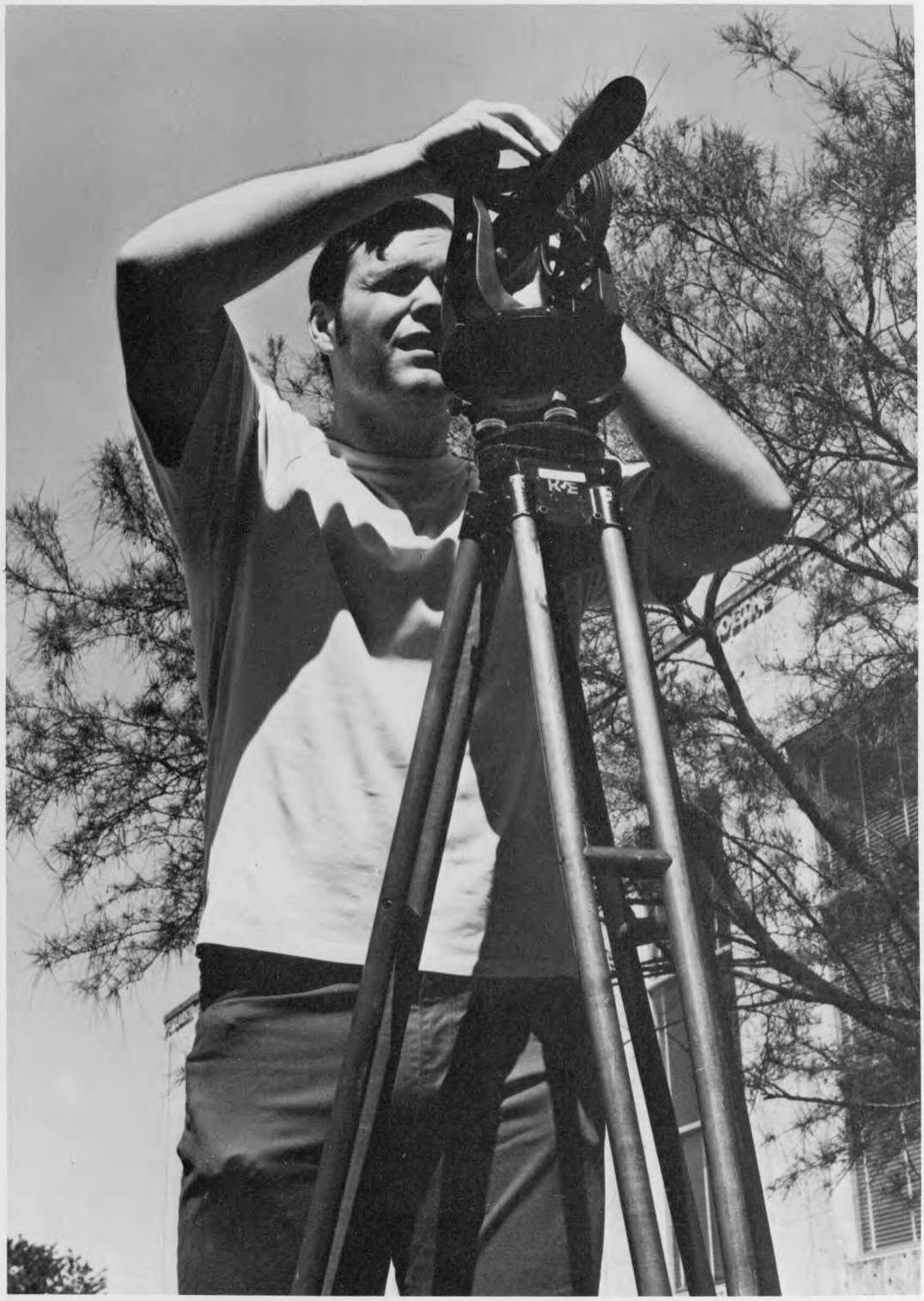




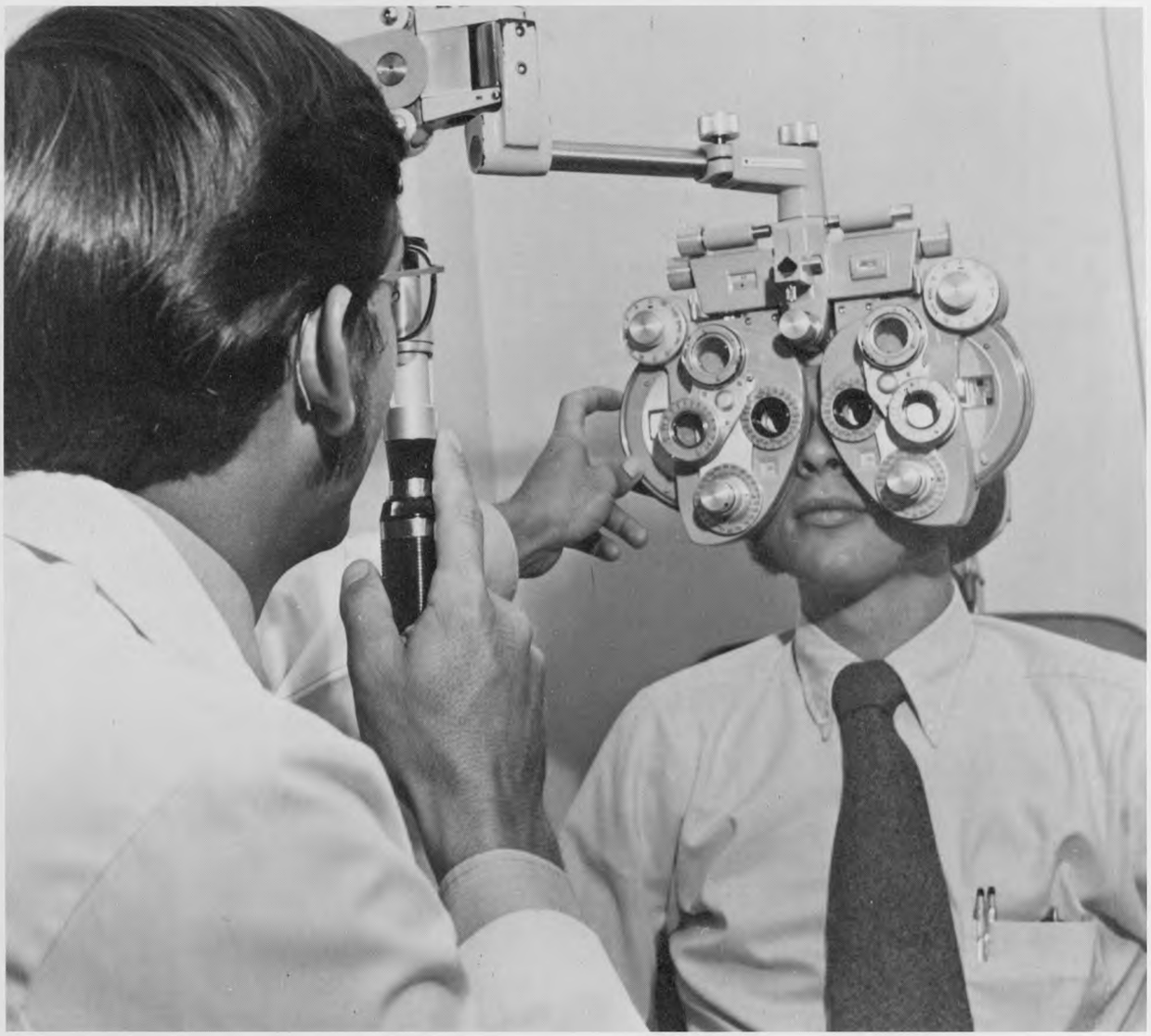
UNIVAC
DO NOT
TOUCH

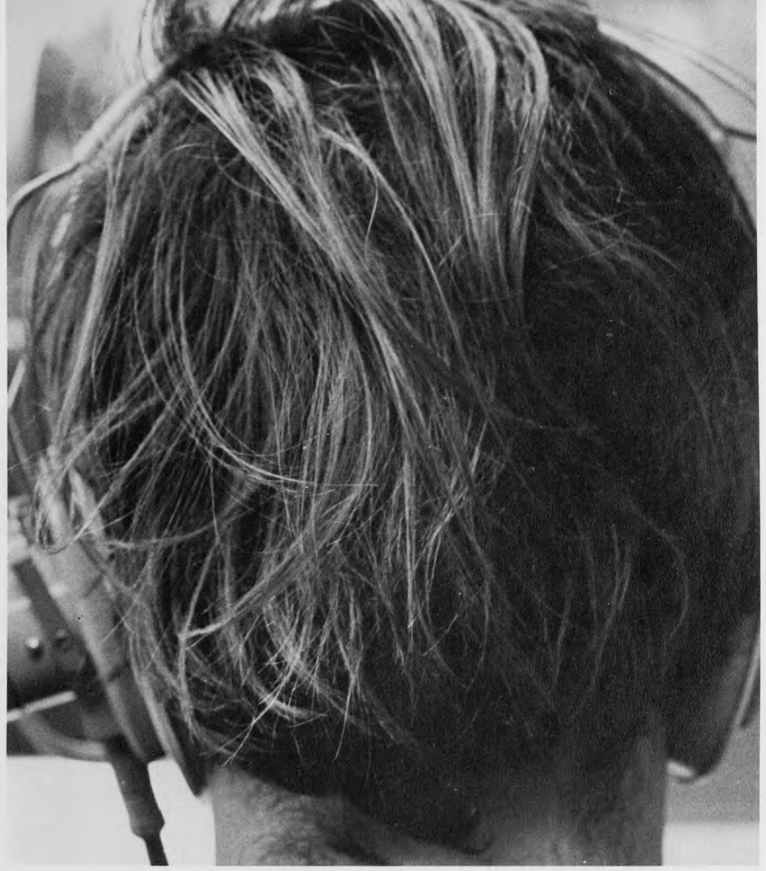
UNIVAC
11:55.55

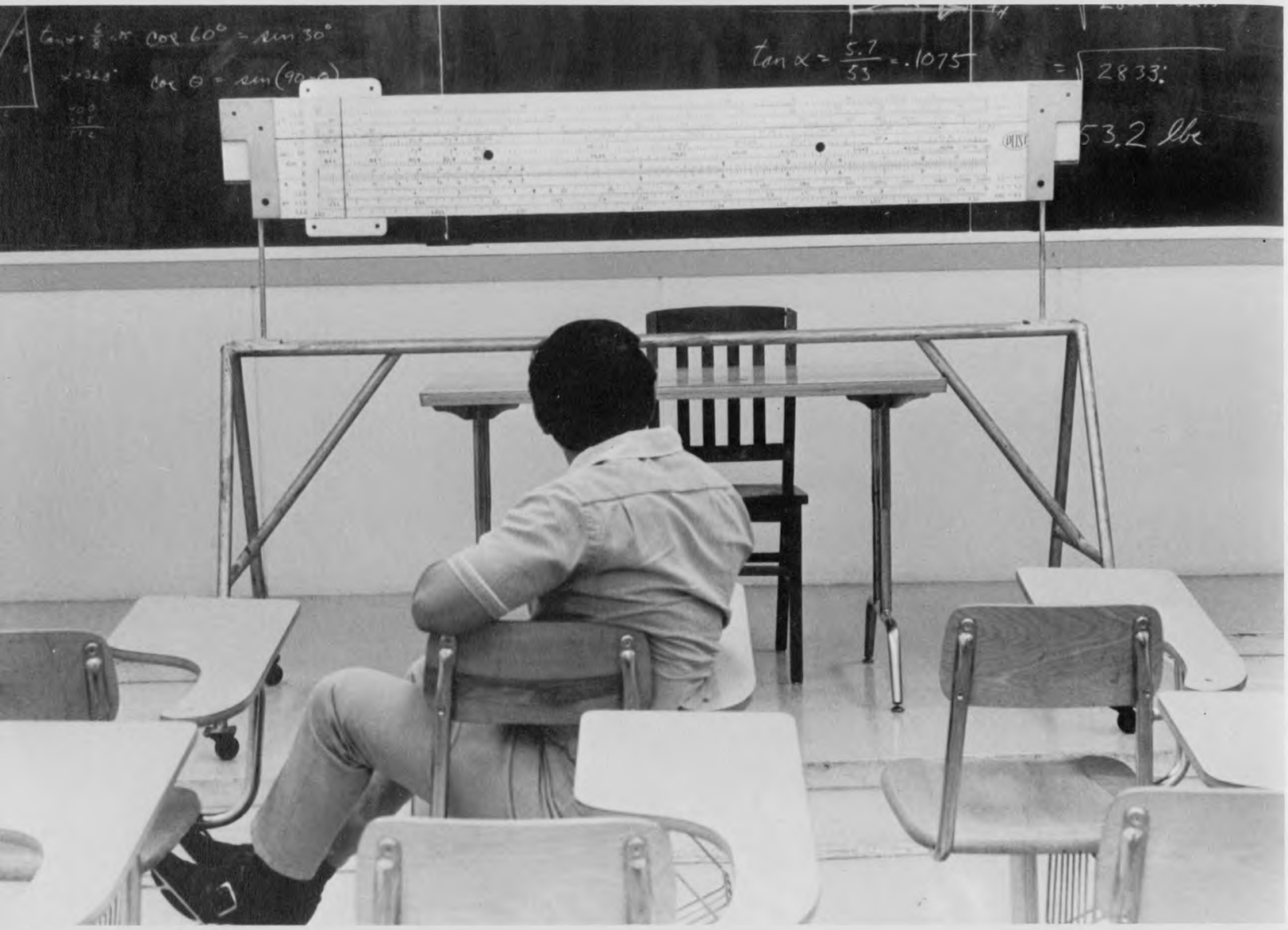




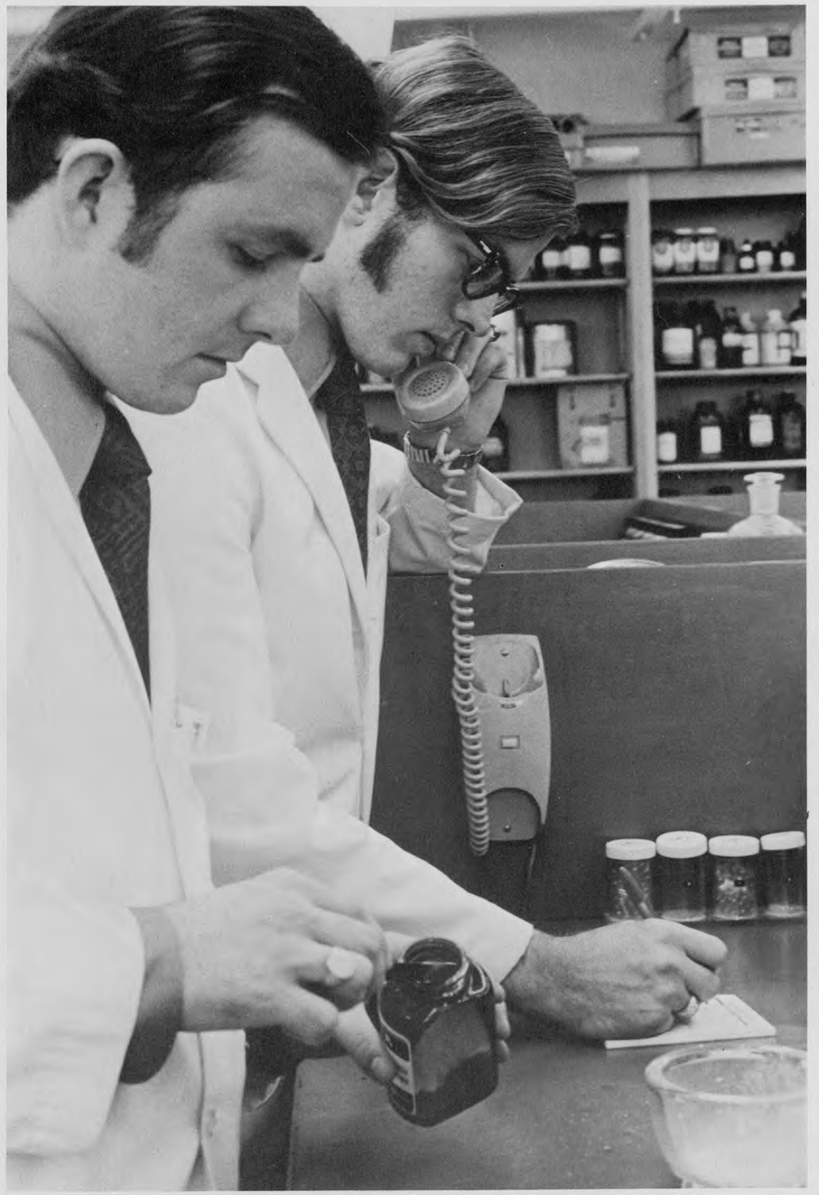
Member



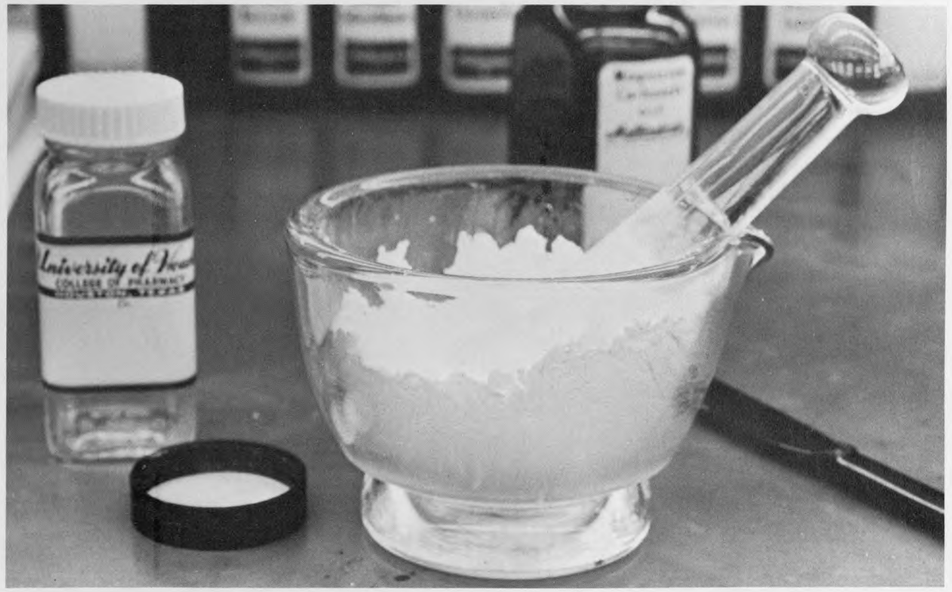


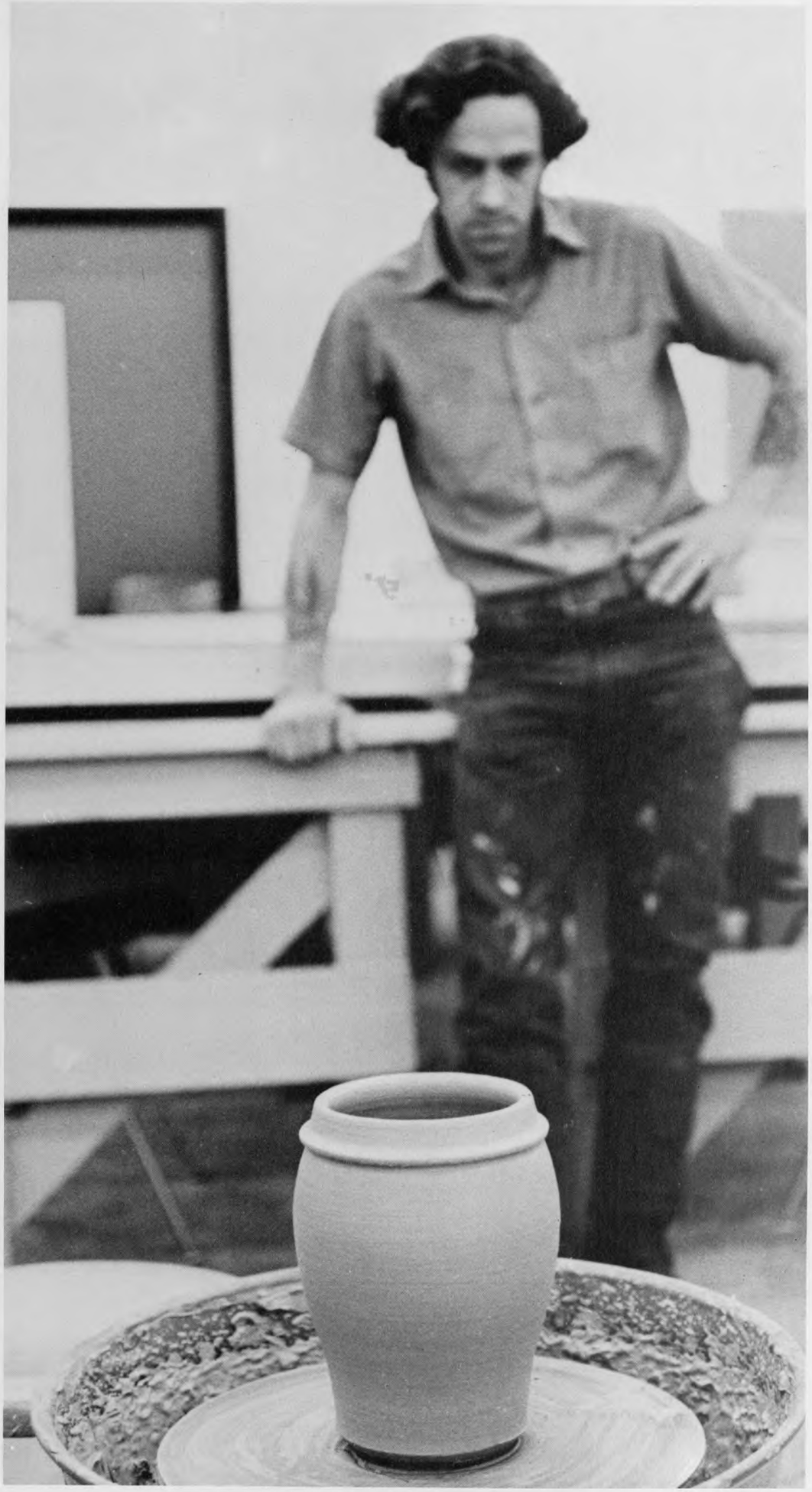

cos 60° = sin 30°
cos θ = sin(90-θ)
tan α = 5.7/53 = .1075
2833
53.2 lbs

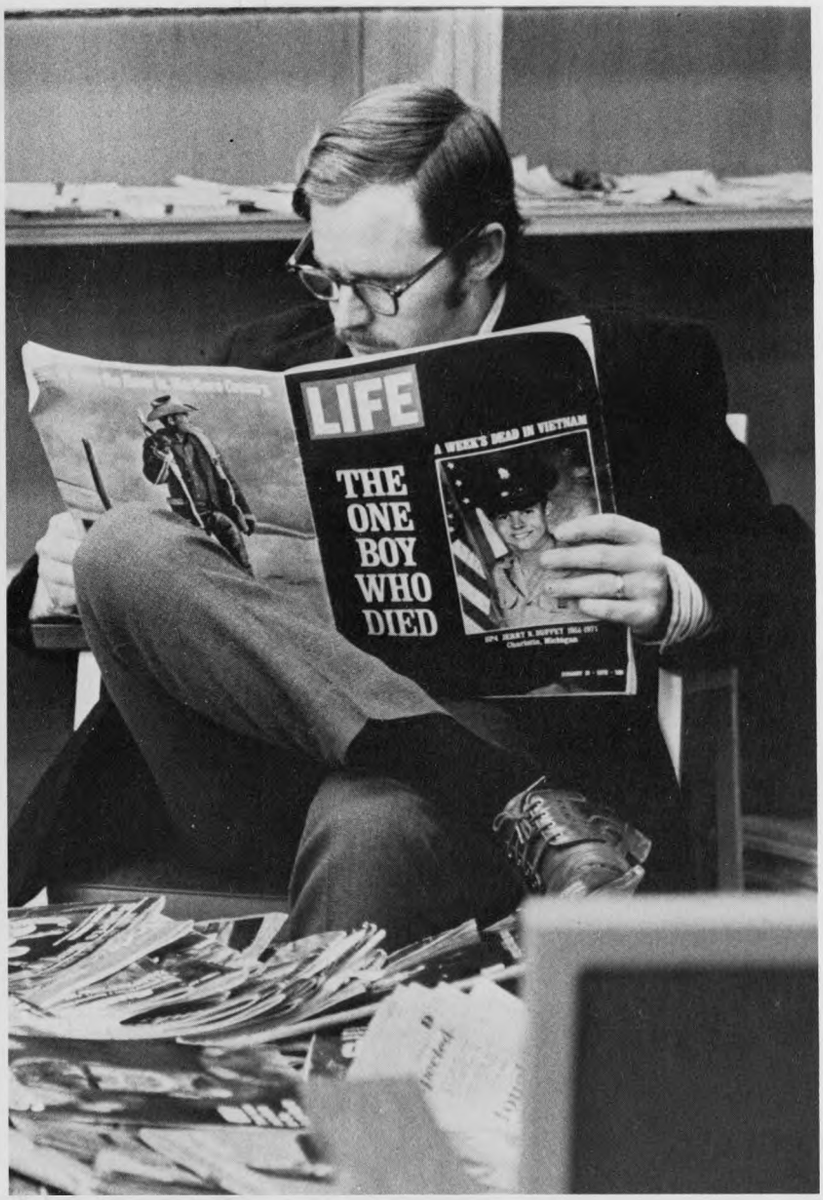
INTERVIEWS
don't miss out
mitbsu
JOB
You've got a lot to give!



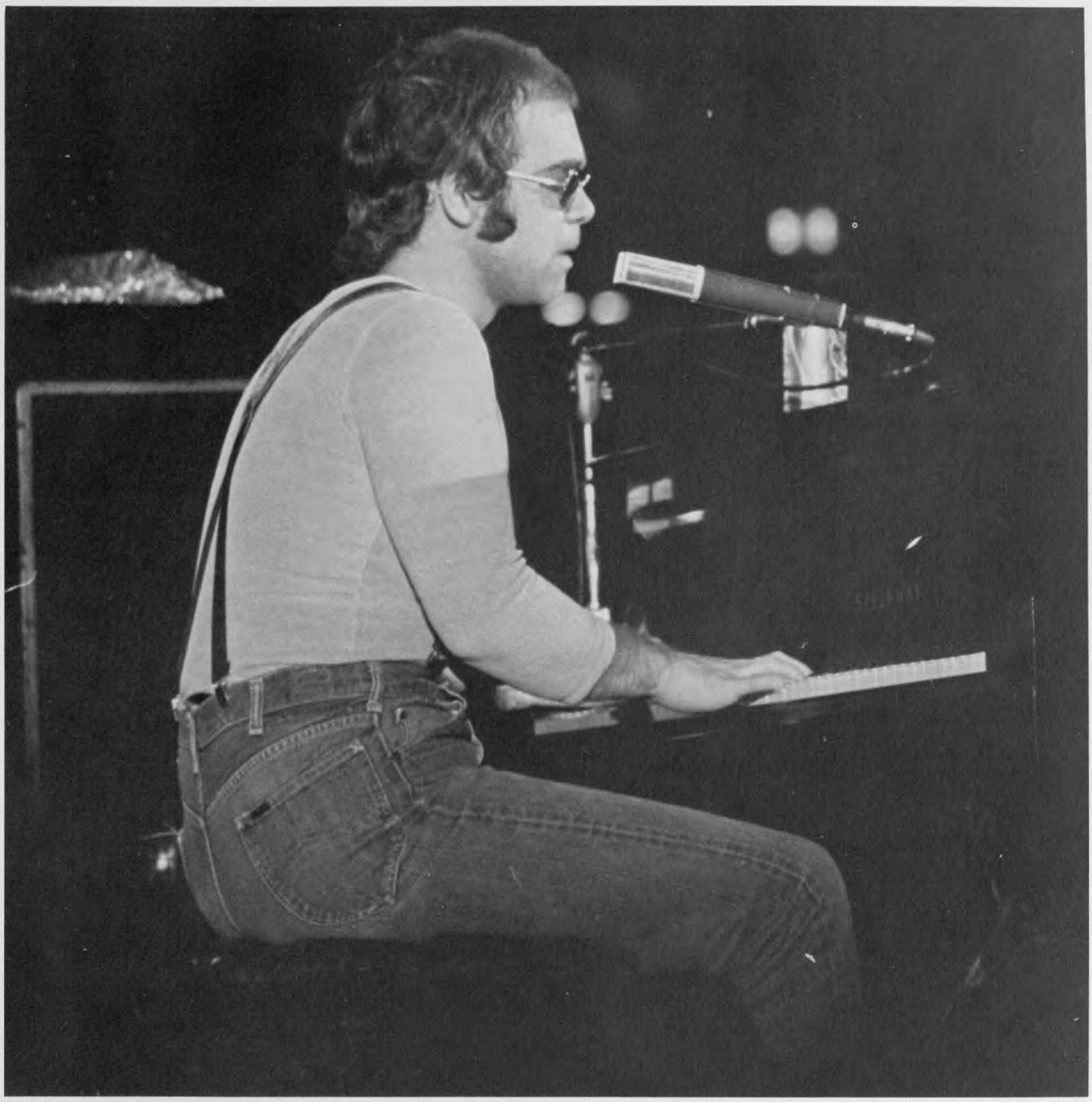
"LUBAFAX"
Carmethose






LIFE
A WEEK'S DEAD IN VIETNAM
THE ONE BOY WHO DIED

emerson, lake, and palmer, april 23, 1972



elton john, april 28, 1972

"sissy" farenthold

dolph briscoe

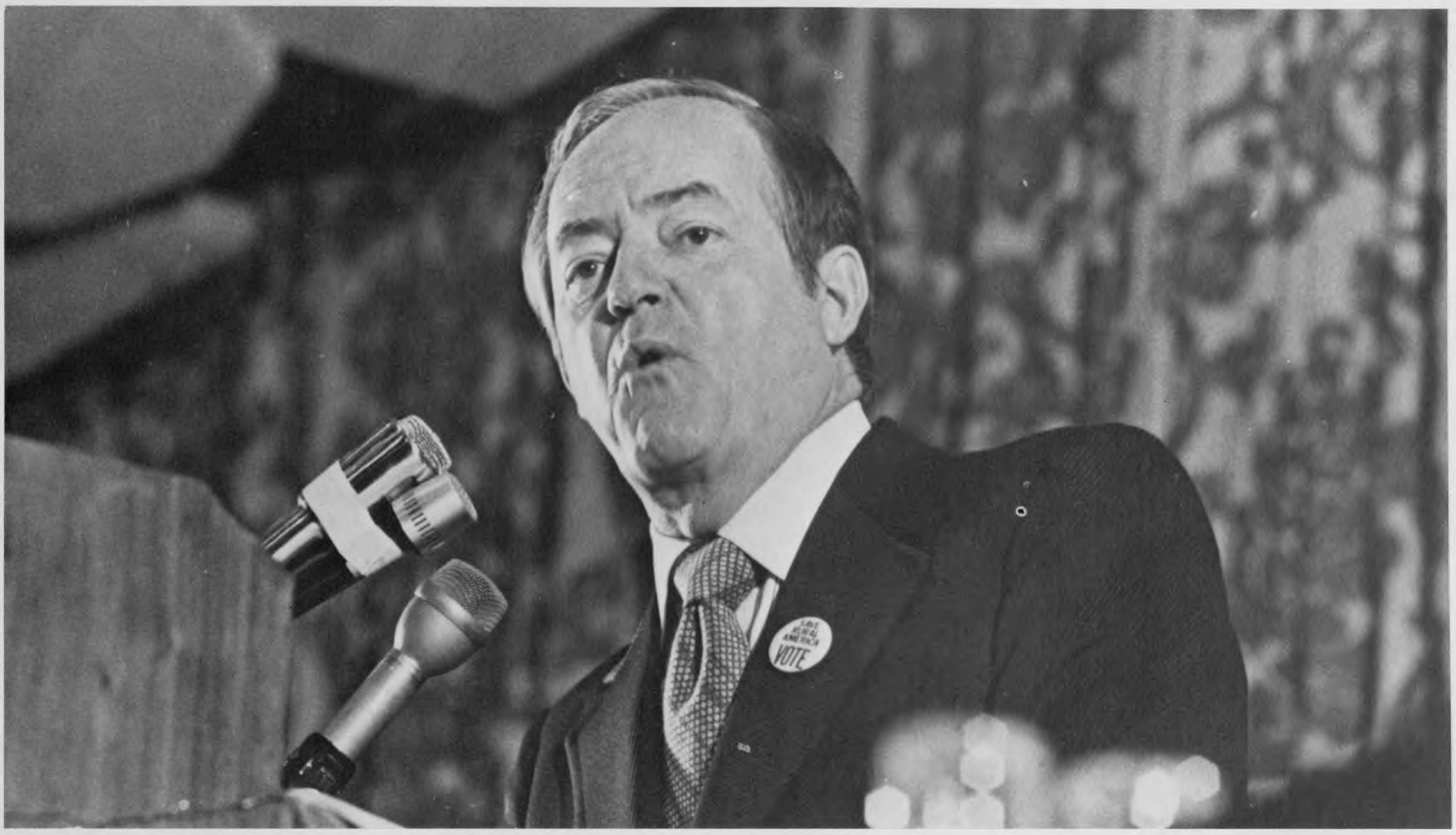
ben barnes

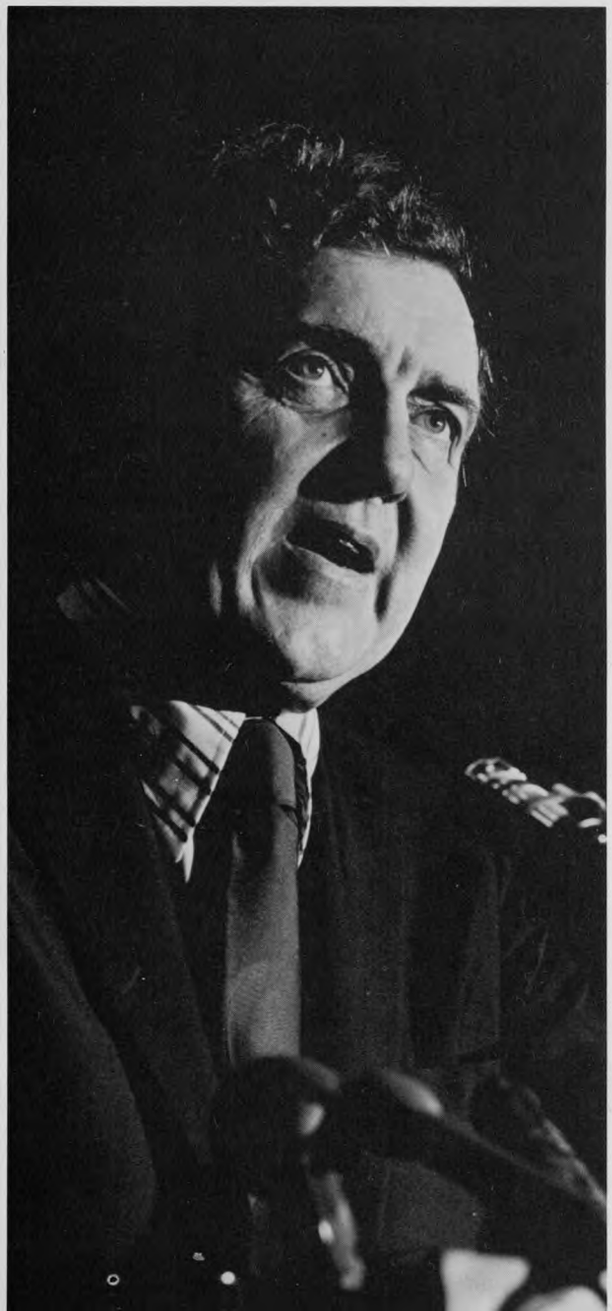
campaign, '72

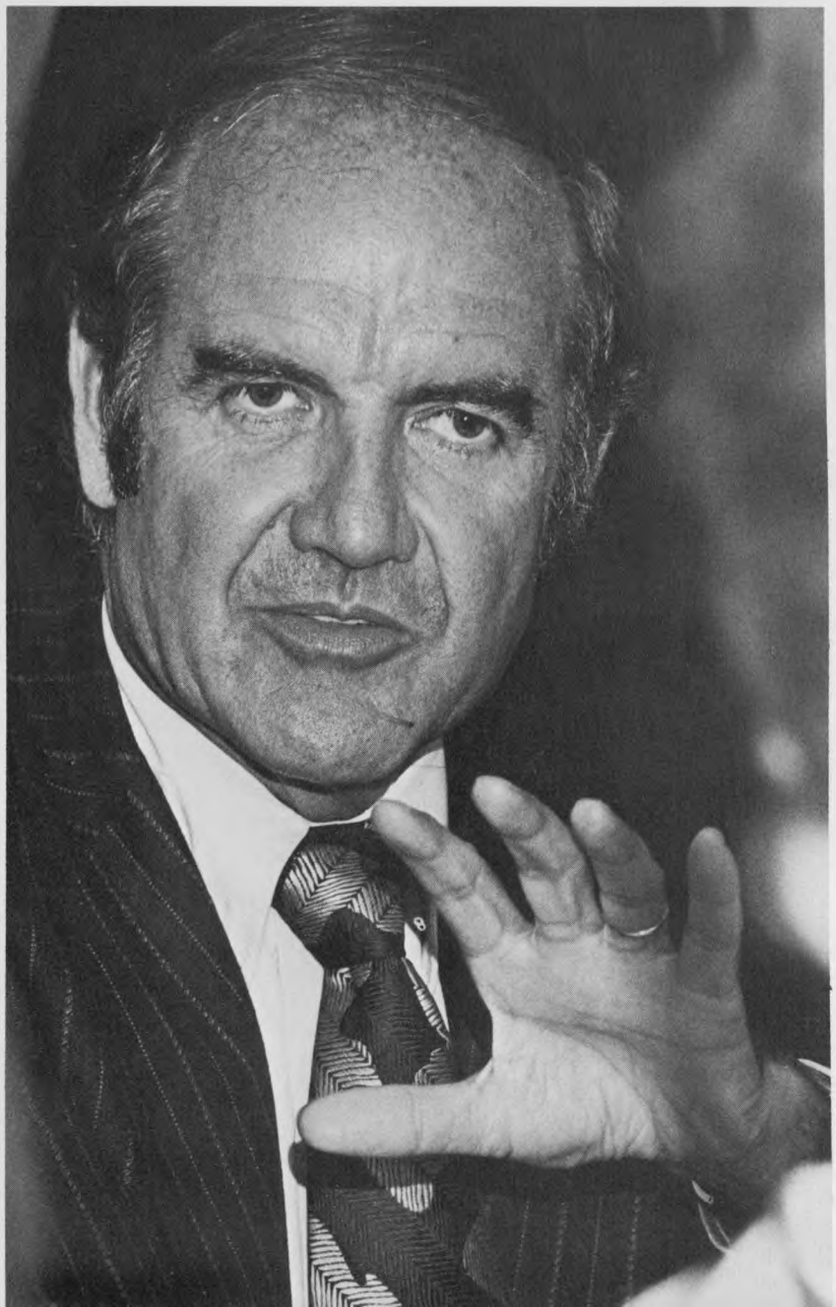
barbara jordon

curtis graves

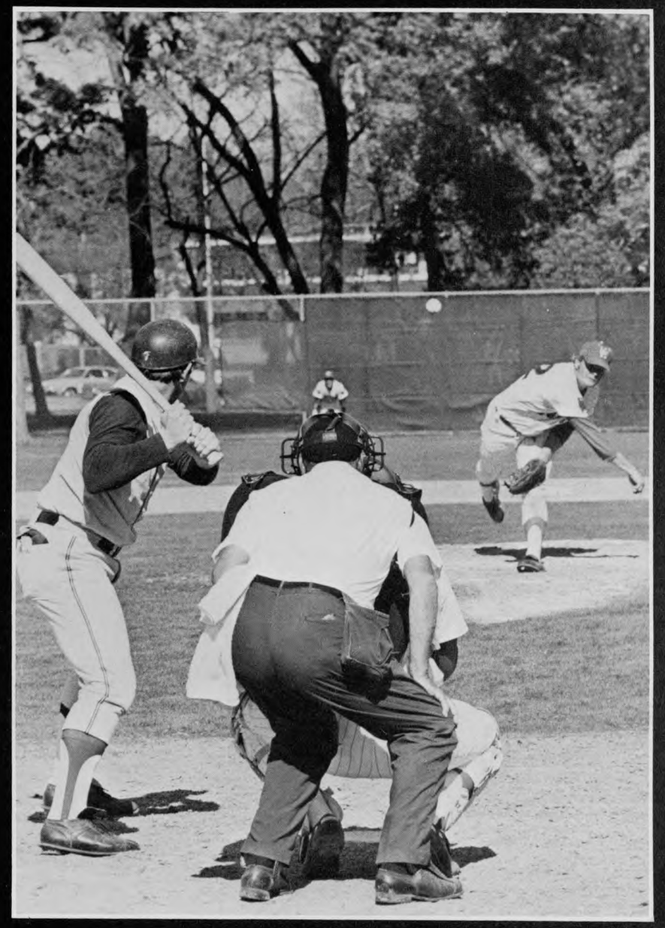
The Republican
Statesmanship
GOALS.
MAKING GOVERNMENT RESPONSIVE
KEEPING AMERICA STRONG
Reordering Priorities
RETURNING POWER TO THE PEOPLE
THE ENVIRONMENT
New Hope for Arms Control
FIGHTING CRIME
Union
NEW DIRECTION
Mr. Nixon Is Right
New Chapter in History

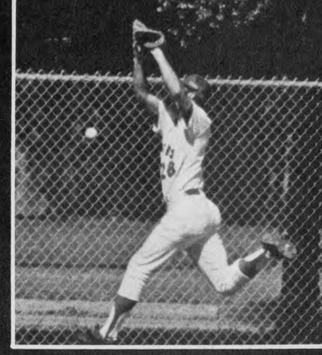

VOTE

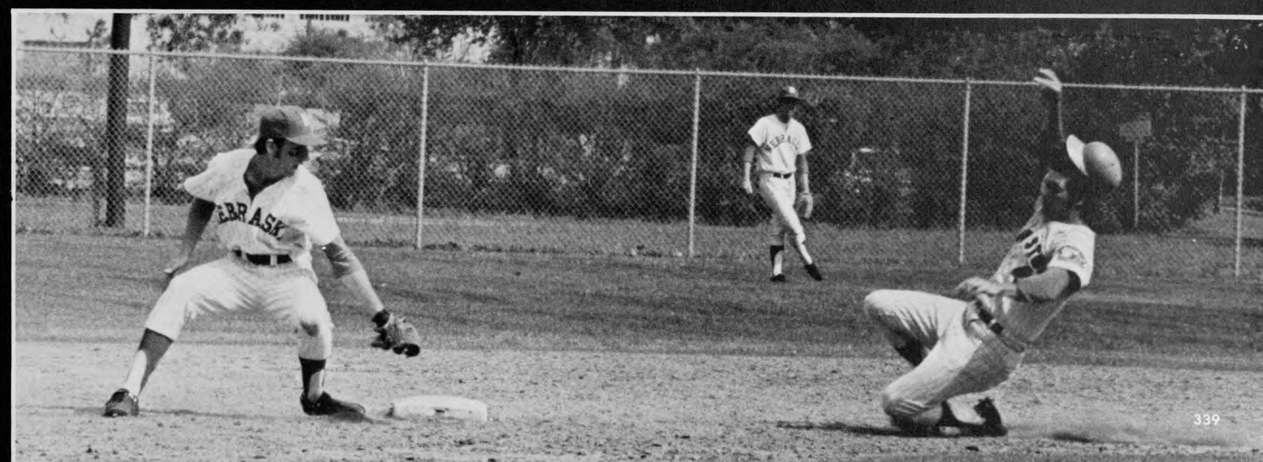


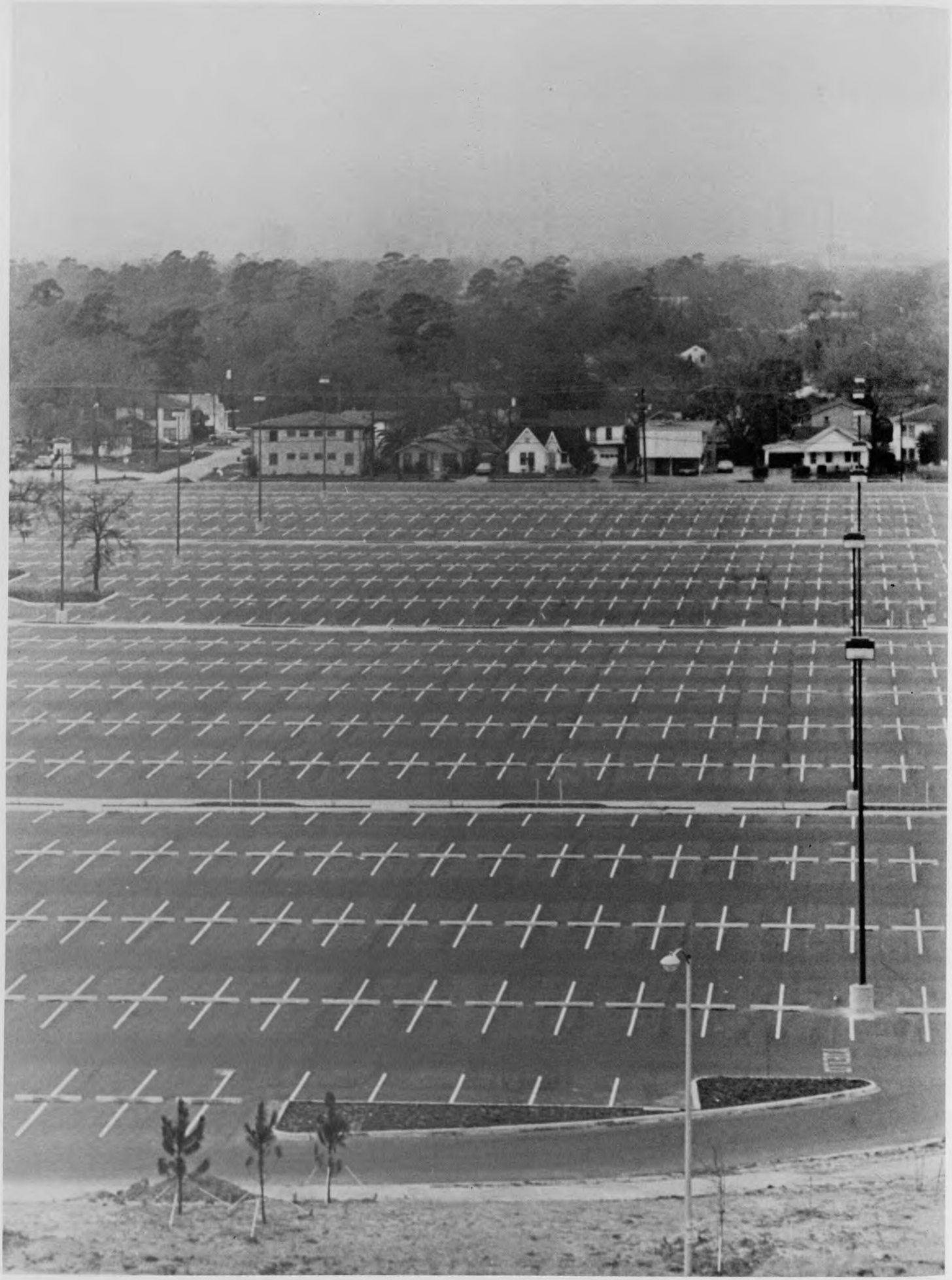


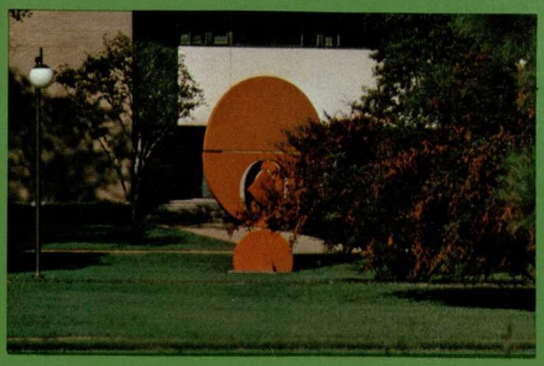
richard iii, april 28, 1972

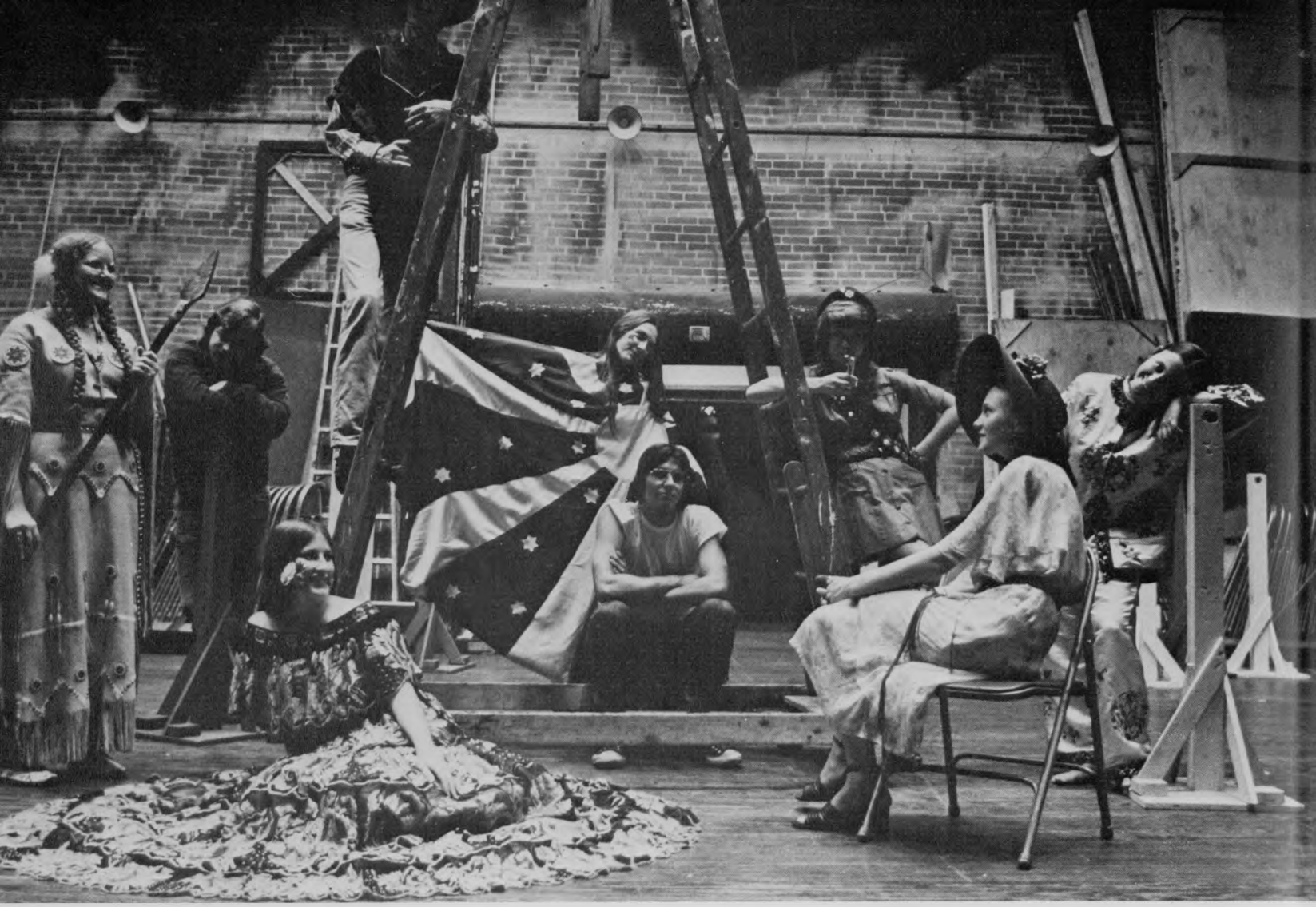






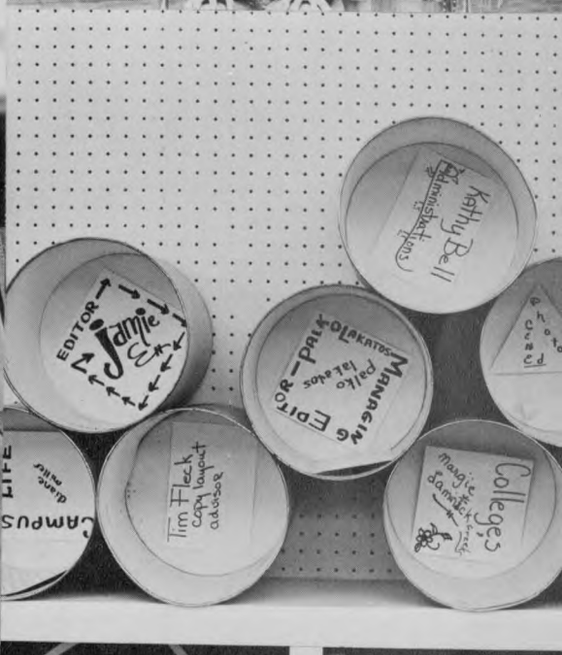


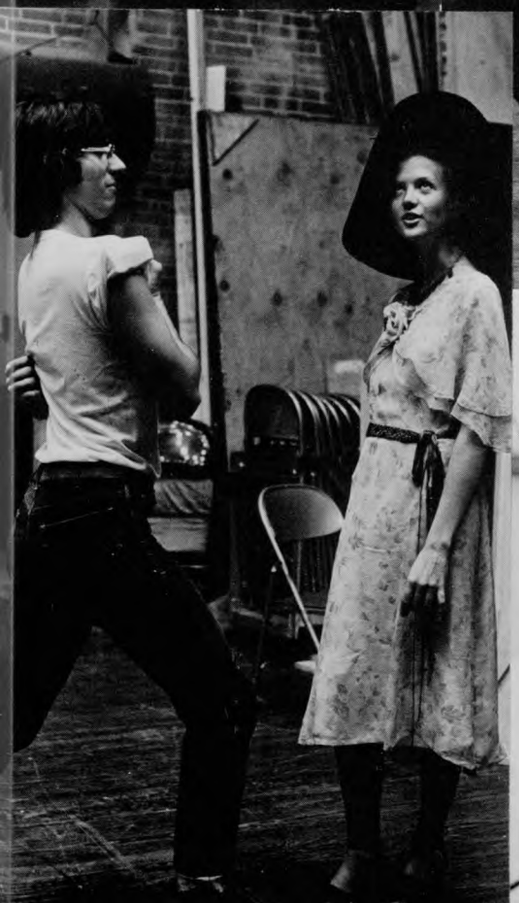




houstonian 1972

jamie bermingham
palko lakatos
diane miller
buddy miller
kathy bell
kerry jordan
ann marie hall
rhoda jennings
andy sharp
rupert trevino
jill redmond
margie laminack
bruce meyer
gene constantine
william ashley
mike callaway
bob jonas
chris ware
pat covert


EDITOR
Jamie
Kathy Bell
Tim Fleck
copy layout
adviser
Colleges



photographers:

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kerry jordan
lloyd matzner
bruce meyer
charles pape
andy sharp
kathy singleton
chris stone
michael taylor
chris ware
robert watson
greg wood
jim zanelli

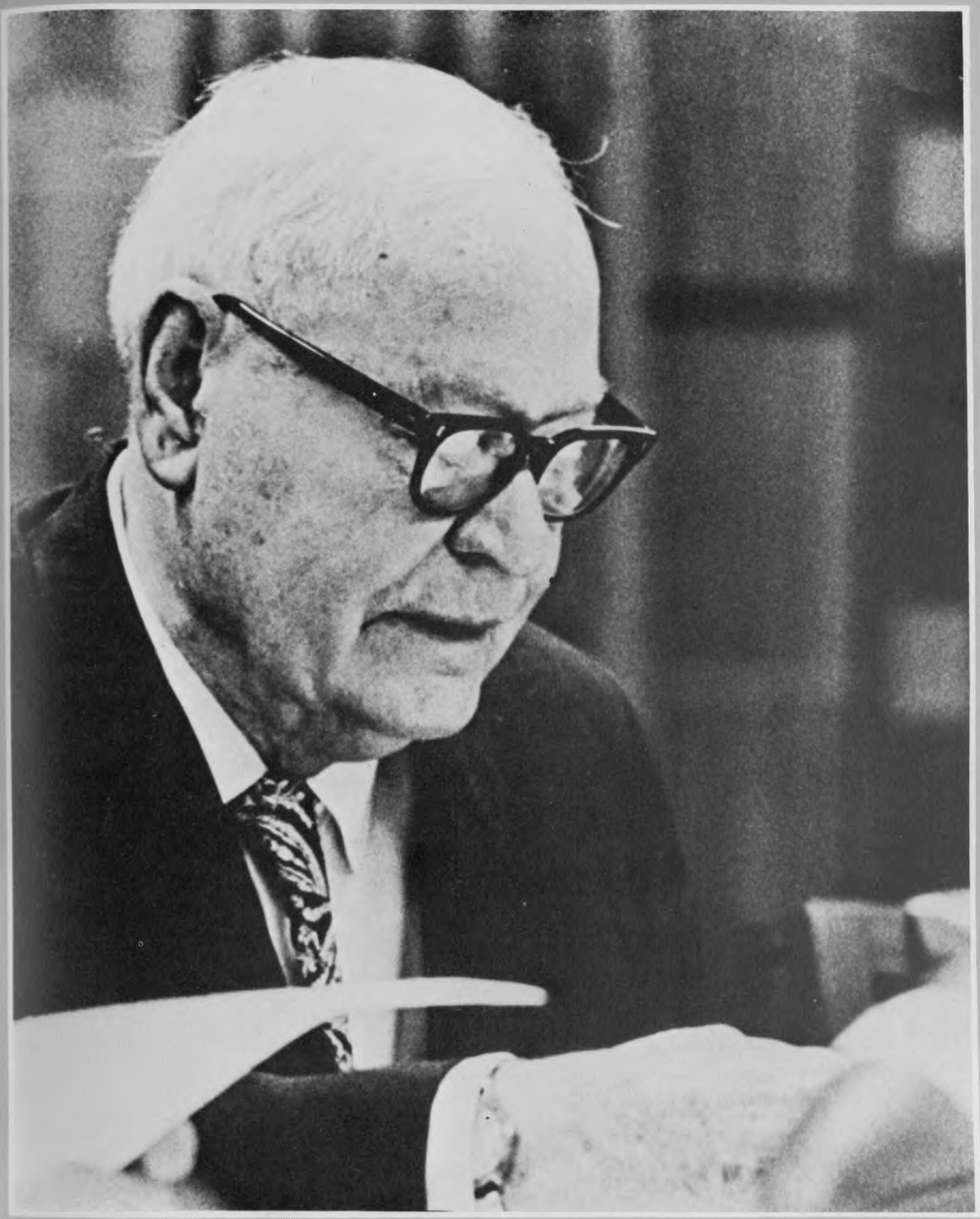
—the cover
designed by Tom Ellerbee

The evolution of human consciousness was built, atom by atom, into a configuration of matter and mind. The 1972 Houstonian cover depicts the natural form that links the most basic biological structure of a DNA molecule to the psychic structure of man.

From the five shapes discovered by Plato, the spatial movements of the mind can be translated into the only regular forms possible in three-dimensional space.

These forms now known as the Platonic Solids are:
FIRE, the tetrahedron
EARTH, the cube
AIR, the octahedron
WATER, the icosahedron, and
THE SYMBOL OF THE COSMOS, the dodecahedron.

Through these forms we seek to describe the chief characteristic of the mind — to be ceaselessly describing itself. The mind is in a ceaseless flux, a ceaseless weaving and unweaving, and its activity, in this sense, is an artistic activity.



colonel william b. bates

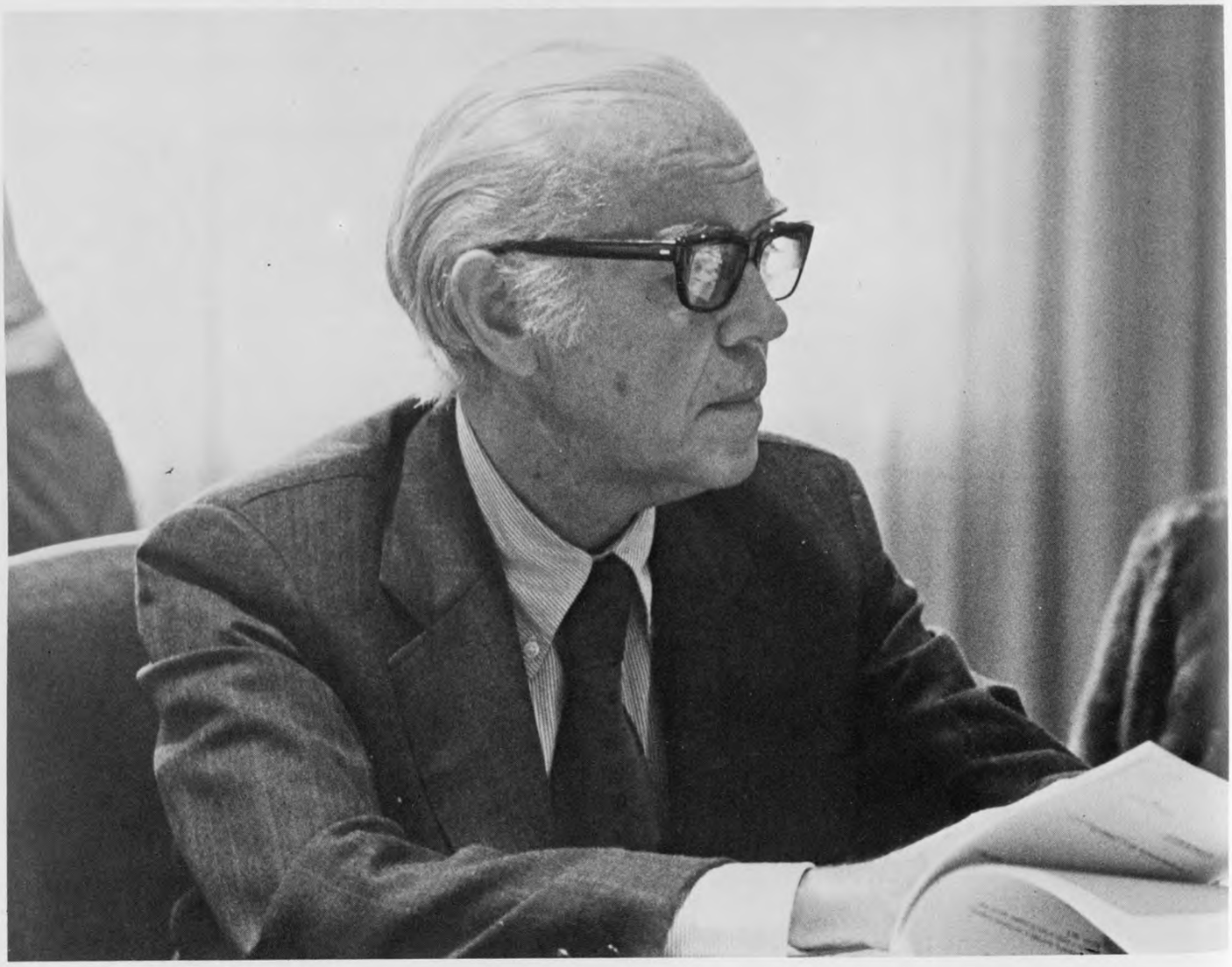
Col. Bates has retired. Yet it is doubtful his work at UH will ever cease. During his 36 years of service to the university, Col. Bates has served in many capacities. From 1957 to 1971, he served as Chairman of the Board of Regents.

Last year in an interview, Col. Bates remarked, "I'm at least two generations from you folks, and I suspect I show it somehow."

But Col. Bates has an interest very much in common with all generations of students. That interest is education.

Starting in a one-room school, later teaching and working his way through law school taught Col. Bates a lesson no school administrator should ever forget — To teach is to be taught.

mrs. gus s. wortham
secretary
board of regents

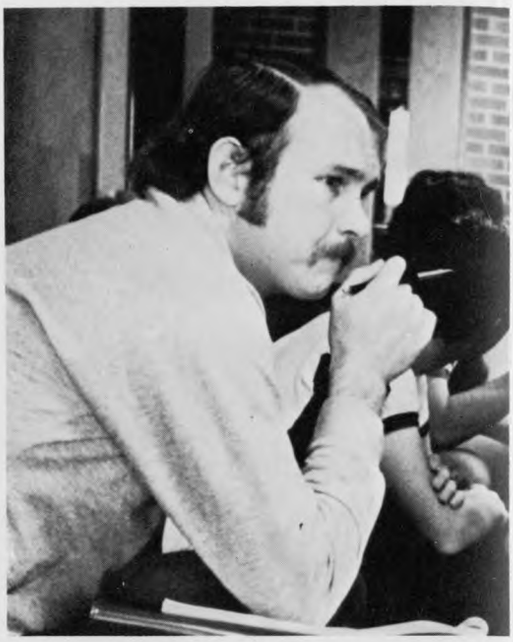


j. a. elkins, jr.
vice chairman
board of regents

"what do the regents do?"
"they play monopoly . . ."
— student

a. j. farfel
chairman
board of regents

mark collins
student representative
board of regents



travis c. johnson
board of regents

leonard rauch
board of regents

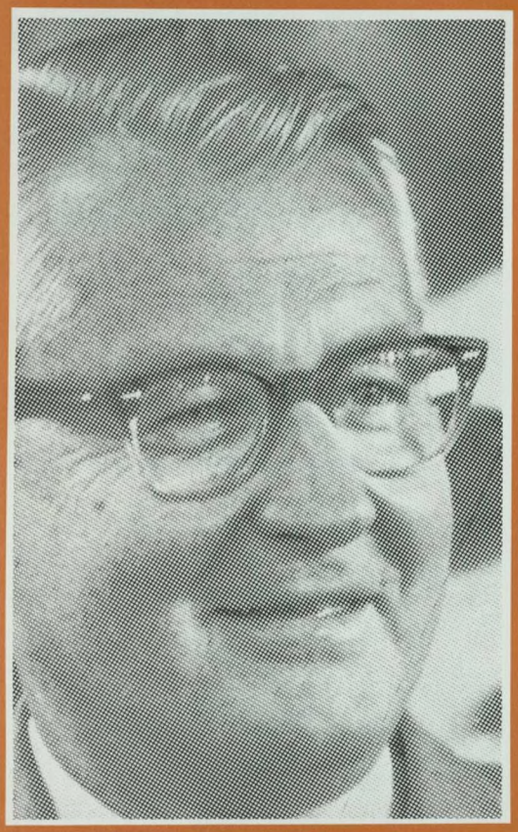
james h. greer
board of regents

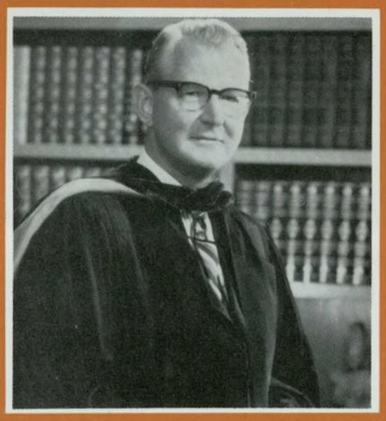
robert l. grainger
board of regents

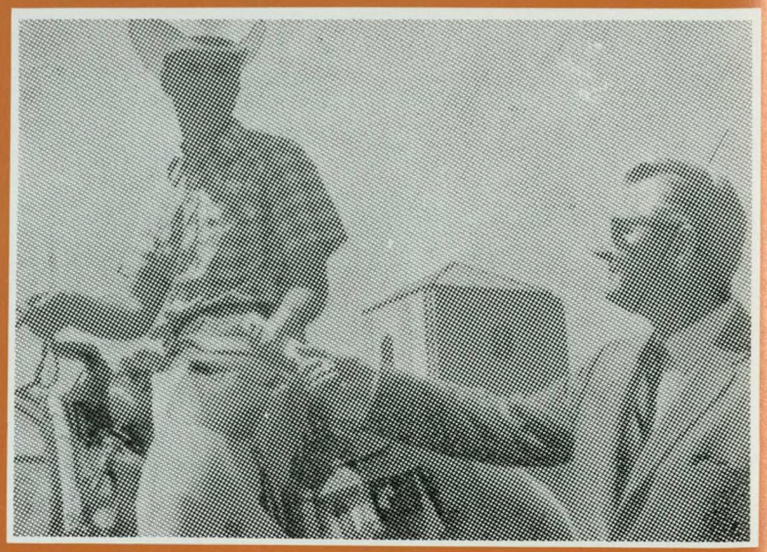
"... [they] get money for the school, watch football, and fight communists."
— student

mark h. hannah
board of regents

j. davis armistead
board of regents







THE HOFFMAN MYSTERY

(UH) — President Philip Guthrie Hoffman was reportedly last seen April 1, 1969, in his office in an exclusive interview (right photo).

In that interview he discussed the upcoming installation of a riot control "cruising to help a cougar" van. He said, "With this new mobile riot unit and the previously installed surveillance helicopter, I fear nothing."

Reports since that time have differed as to his whereabouts. One source revealed that Hoffman tours the campus annually in his armored Cushman.

Strong rumors have it that Hoffman no longer exists. Some say he has retired to a home for past university presidents. Others claim he has emigrated to Brazil and now exists only as a composite figure of press releases and promo pictures.

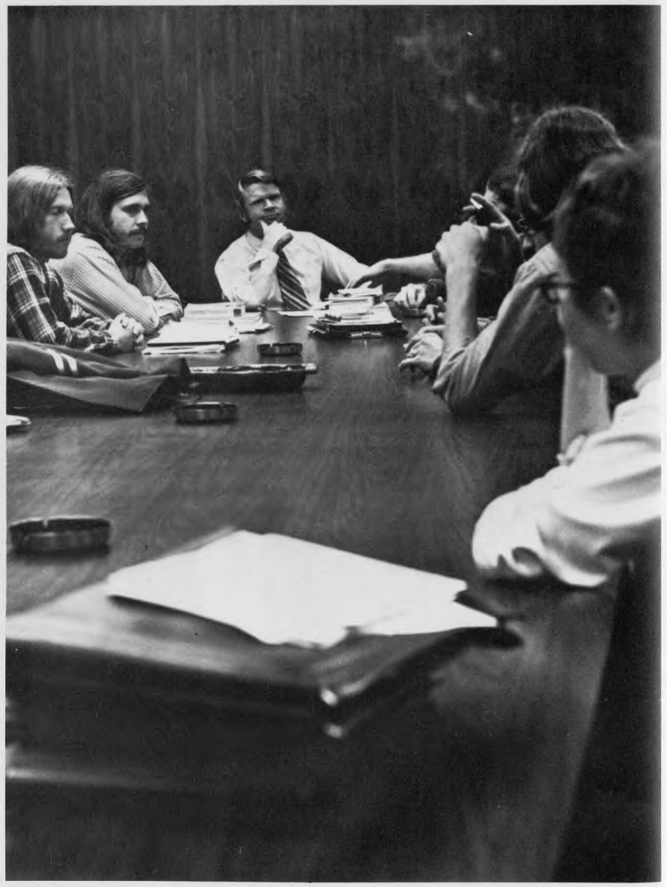
emmett b. fields
executive vice president
dean of faculties

"isn't emmett fields the cougar baseball diamond?"
— student

c. f. mc elhinney
senior vice president
and treasurer

patrick j. nicholson
vice president
university development

t. roger nudd
vice president
dean of students

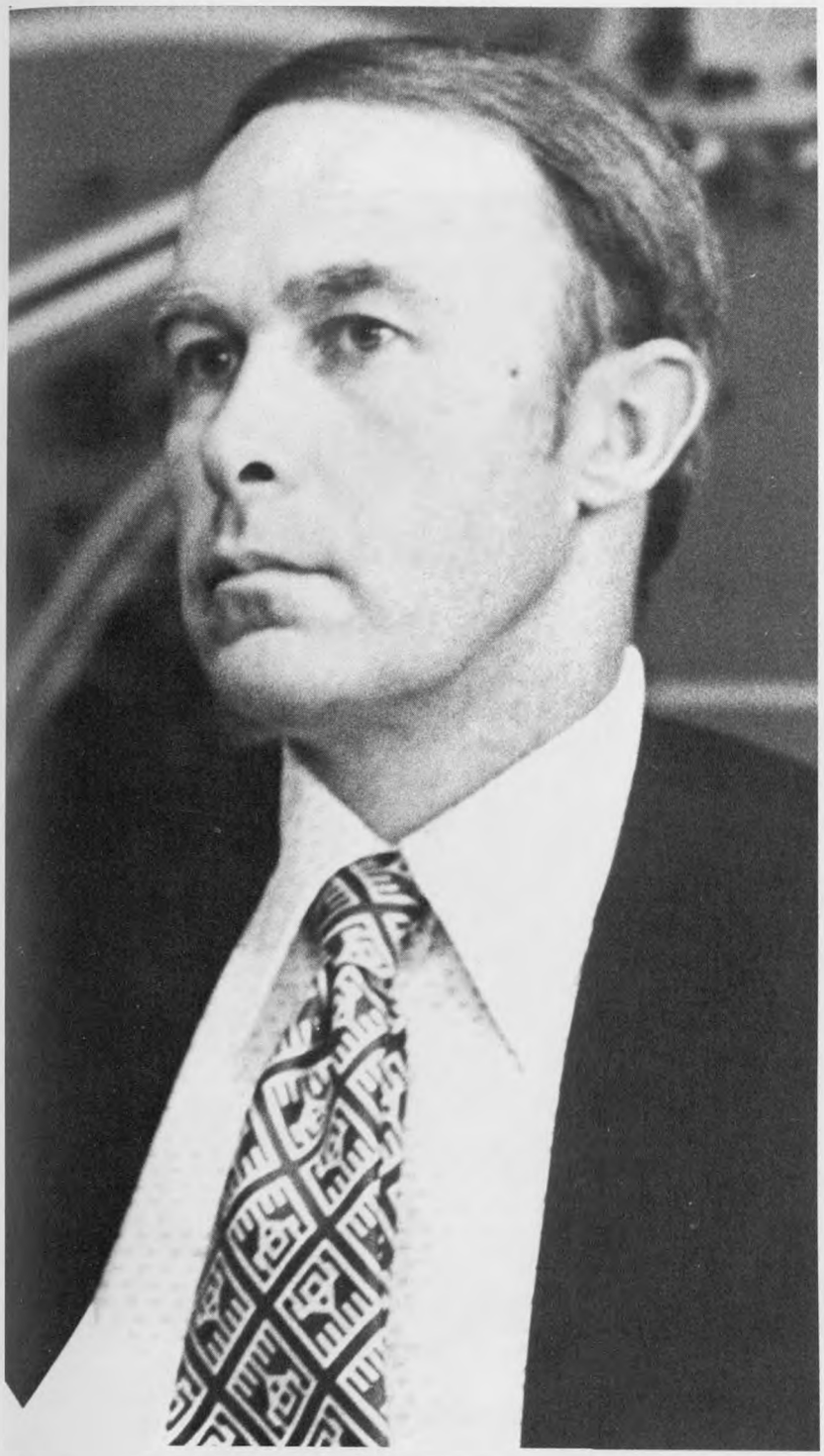


"mr. cool"
— students

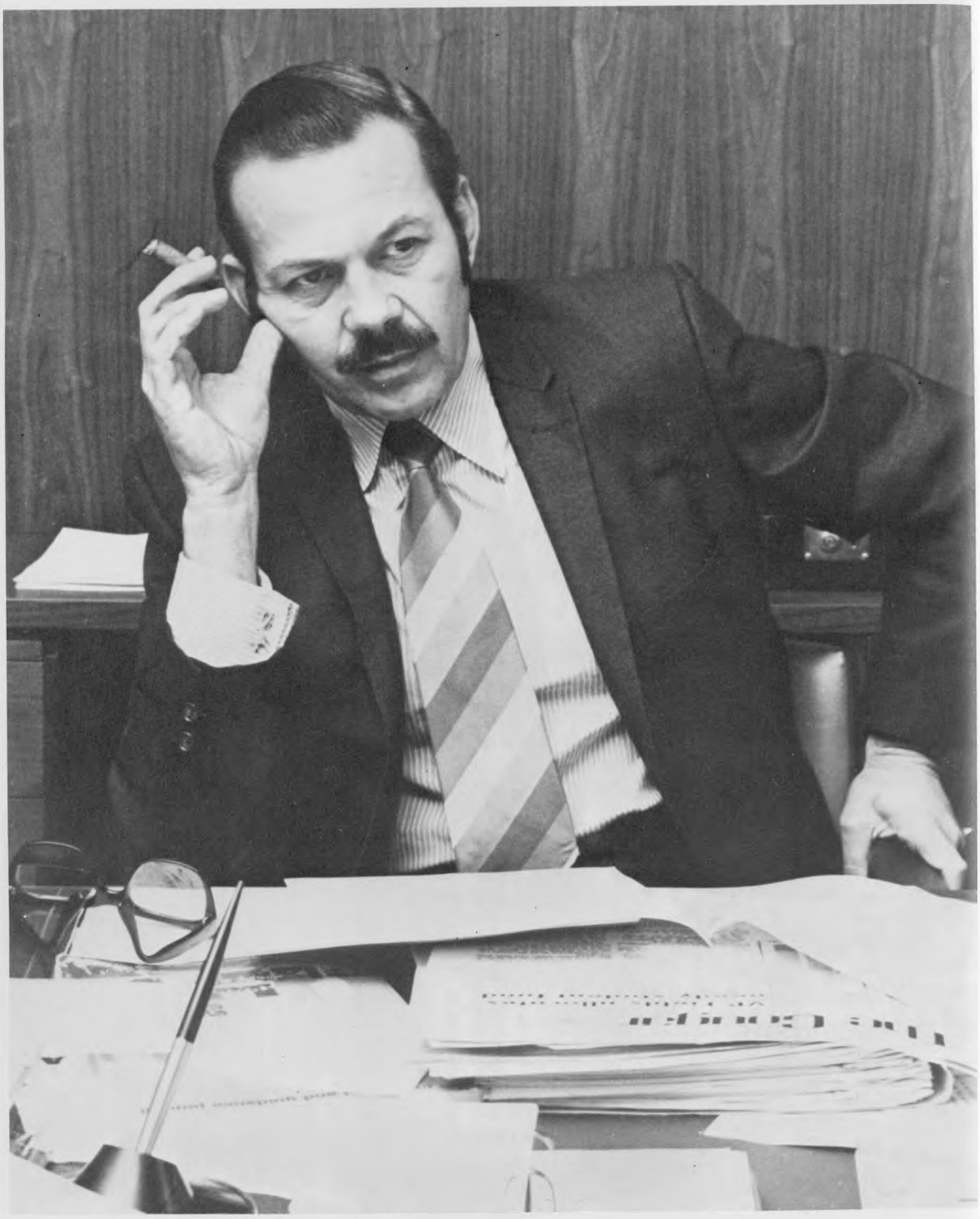
"tough? — isn't he a tight end for the jets?"

— john q. apathy

coulson tough
vice president
facilities planning and operations



douglas g. mac lean
vice president
staff services



james b. whitehead
associate dean of students

connie wallace
assistant dean of students

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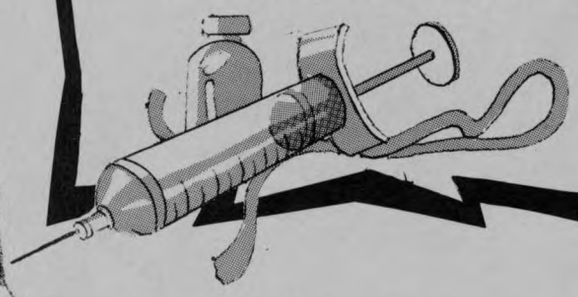

Don't compare NAR-KA-TIQUE with any of the other so-called "miracle cures" or "body builders." NAR-KA-TIQUE is the ONLY CURE for physio-mental deficiencies. Make YOUR BODY into something people will stare at in two weeks or your money back.

"Wow, I mean Geez! It's like really man, like really, I mean Geez, you know, like . . . .

"I got my gun and, WOW! Just look at me. One shot and I'm good for the whole day!"

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I have enclosed $5.29 per hit.

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CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

amazing, isn't it?

a day of birth

by john rice

Mrs. Berthea Hartung was 84 years old today. She reclined in an amply stuffed rocker, relieving her feet of the tedious burden of one hundred and eighty-five pounds of ill-proportioned weight. Setting her feet in two worn depressions of a footstool, Mrs. Hartung wriggled her toes a bit to relax her feet, sighed a simple sigh, and eased her head back slowly, letting it come to rest gently against the cushion back of the rocker. She rested in this position for perhaps five minutes, then reached to the table and picked up a small flat cigarette case.

She snapped the lid open, and thinking she wouldn't have to replenish the supply come Sunday as she had for many past Sundays, extracted with pleasure one roll of marijuana. The home roll was carefully made by her practiced hands; it was incredibly slim and long with no bulges, tapered at each end almost to a point.

She slid the roll into an equally thin ceramic holder and placed the holder between her lips, holding it there with her teeth while she struck a match. Touching the flame to the end of the roll, she inhaled briefly, gently, and calmly held her breath.

It was Saturday. Mrs. Hartung had finished the day's routine with the grace and reserve with which she had performed each day's routine for many years. That morning she had arisen at 9 o'clock, fixed a small, satisfying breakfast, cleared away and washed the few dishes she used. At about 10:30, she went for a walk six blocks long, acknowledged Mrs. Palmer and Mrs. Mason sitting as usual on Mrs. Palmer's front porch, and spoke a few friendly words to the Irish setter on the corner who barked a happy greeting in return. She stopped the postman in the next block, and he gave her two letters; to him she gave a letter addressed to her son.

On the way back Mrs. Hartung stopped in Mr. Rochow's grocery to buy a few items.

"The usual?" asked Mr. Rochow as he checked her groceries.

"No, thank you, Mr. Rochow," she smiled. "I won't be needing any marijuana this week."

She carried the small sack of groceries back to her house, appreciating the warmth of the sun which heated the black shawl across her shoulders and enjoying the slight nip of the air on her face.

Mrs. Hartung went outside later to tend the row of flowers in the garden along the west edge of her four-room frame cottage. The flower garden was immaculate. Its outline was perfectly straight and Mrs. Hartung treated each of the twenty plants within its confines as separate and individual lives; she knew each plant's temperament, likes and dislikes, needs and wishes.

She spoke softly to each as she worked the dirt loose around each, calling the plants by name and performing the individual work required by each. When she was satisfied that her plants had received the necessary attention, she rose slowly to her feet and brushed clinging dirt from her clothed knees.

Back in the house, she opened one of the pack-

it was
saturday.
mrs. hartung
had finished
the day's
routine
with the
grace with
which she
had performed
each day's routine
for many years.

ages she had purchased at Mr. Rochow's grocery that day and poured the powdered contents into a large bowl, stirring the powder into liquid as she added ingredients. When she finished, she poured the batter into an oblong pan and placed it in the oven.

Mrs. Hartung heated the last of the vegetable soup she had made the Saturday before, and ate it for lunch. After lunch, she rested until the sun settled itself into the west and then got up to work in the garden lining the east side of the cottage. Before going out, she took the golden cake from the oven and placed it on the kitchen window ledge to cool. She worked her "east twenty field," as she called it, equally as perfunctorily as she did her other garden, and when she was sure that each plant had received adequate attention, she went back inside to prepare icing for her birthday cake. After icing the cake, she placed a solitary candle in the center, lit it and let it burn briefly while she squinched her eyes and wished, then blew it out and cut a piece. She ate slowly, relishing the flavor and texture.

When she finished she set the plate aside and picked up the two letters she received that morning. One was an advertisement; the other was from her son. She opened the advertisement first and read the form letter. "Greetings," it read. "You, too, can be young again! Send five dollars today for full information on this exciting breakthrough of medical science. We offer you full satisfaction or your money will be cheerfully refunded." Mrs. Hartung laughed softly over the letter and set it aside. She picked up her son's letter then and turned it over several times, trying to feel its contents. Failing in that attempt, she unsealed the envelope, took the letter out and began to read.

"Dear Momma," it began, "I feel great joy today. I feel the battle is over, and I've won . . . " She read the words and nodded her head slowly, warning him softly of the war which continues, wishing briefly she could fight the battles for him, allowing a soft droplet of tear to fall from her eyes as she read the conquest he described . . . "I'm writing consistently now Momma, and it's such beauty. I cry when I reread some passages". . . and as he told her of his masterpiece . . . of his contribution to the beautiful animal humanity . . . of his flow of life onto page after page.

"There's no conclusion yet," he wrote, "I don't know how it will end . . . the substance is laid out, your quiet, beautiful struggle through the years and your final conquest . . . There's so much yet to do but it is a masterpiece Momma, it is."

"You bet it is, Robert; it's your soul, and every soul is a masterpiece," Mrs. Hartung said lightly. "You will have your ending."

The sun set and Mrs. Hartung relaxed in her rocker, letting the deepening gloom envelop her and her world. She sat very still looking out the window until she could not see any longer. And in darkness she sat, until it was complete.

it was the last of the past, there was now no need for tomorrow

To the silent air she said, "Darkness is perfection. In darkness, all is one."

Then she lit a lamp and slowly smoked the marijuana roll she had so carefully made the Sunday before. And when she finished it, she submerged herself in recollection and let her life pass through her mind in smooth transition from beginning to end, as she knew Robert was describing it on paper. The inner struggles, the conflicts, the conquests. She paused briefly on her husband's death, and on one comment he had made to her while their lives were merged.

"Bertie," Mitchell had said, "you have the grace of life; you have adaptability. You are at peace with yourself while I fight. It's almost mystical, and it scares the hell out of me. It sometimes makes me jealous and spiteful. Your peace is my torment."

And Bertie had cried, her peace shattered by its completeness. A conflict persisted in her mind until Mitch's death ended it.

There was a son. Mrs. Hartung knew her son, and Robert knew Mrs. Hartung. They knew each other so well that Robert could relate to no one else in society, a withdrawn, isolated boy. Knowing and wanting the best for Robert, Mrs. Hartung gently forced him to move away; eventually to coexist with another woman, to father a child, to write his masterpiece.

When Mrs. Hartung's memories caught up to her, sitting in the rocker, she arose, lit a light, and walked to the bedroom, carrying Robert's letter in the pocket of her robe. She opened a cabinet and took a small jar of white pills from it. The bottle bore the tradename "Nirvana," a medicine doctors prescribed for elderly patients. The drug granted peace to aging humans on a daily basis. Mrs. Hartung had never needed the drug, but tonight she would put it to use.

Mrs. Hartung had begun smoking marijuana on her eighty-third birthday, one year ago, when she no longer desired living in the present, but preferred to relive the past, and she knew from the first time she smoked it that the threshold had been crossed. Defeat was signalled; she no longer coped with life on a daily basis. She lived for the past and knew the end was nearing. But she wanted to be sure she was ready for it. Each night she smoked and relived a little, alienating herself farther from the present. She had never told Robert, until today. It was all in the letter. She had recollected her life in three hundred and sixty-four parts, and tonight she pieced them all together, reliving her complete life. It was the last of the past, there was now no need for tomorrow.

"Now Robert has an ending," she thought and smiled.

Mrs. Hartung emptied the bottle of small white pills into her age-softened hand and ate them all, one by one. She drank a glass of water and went into the bedroom, laid her body down on the mattress and took her son's letter from her pocket, rereading it. "Happy Birthday Momma," it said at the bottom.

"Yes, Robert," said Mrs. Hartung softly, it's a very happy day, a day of birth."

GEORGES
GROCERY & MAR
TELEPHONE

THE UNIVERSITY GAME

IF YOU'RE A GAMBLER, TAKE YOUR CHANCES WITH "THE UNIVERSITY GAME." ALL IT TAKES IS MONEY AND DUMB LUCK. JUST SPIN-TO-WIN, AS THEY SAY ON TV. ANY NUMBER UP TO 29,000 CAN PLAY. THERE ARE LOTS OF RULES, BUT NOBODY FOLLOWS THEM ANYWAY, SO MAKE YOUR OWN. FIRST ONE TO GRADUATE WINS?

THE PIJIN HOLD

START

ORIENTATION
AVOIDED ADVISORS
ADVANCE 3

REGISTRATION
LONG, LONG, LONG LINE.
LOSE TURN

DROP & ADD
YOU BRIBED THE COMPUTER
ADVANCE 1

PARKING
HAD TO HITCH TO CLASS FROM YOUR CAR
GO BACK 3

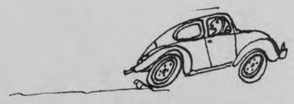
MED CENTER
STUBBED TOE. LEG AMPUTATED.
LOSE TURN

CONSTRUCTION
FELL IN PIT
LOSE TURN

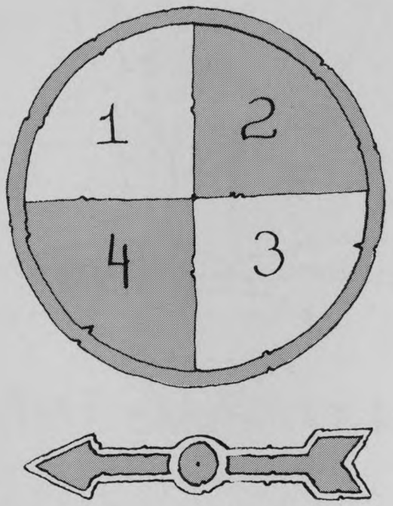
COUGAR DEN
DEVELOPED PTOMAINE
GO BACK TO MED CENTER

ELECTIONS
REMEMBERED YOUR I.D., FEE SLIP, BIRTH CERTIFICATE, SHOE SIZE, MOTHER'S MIDDLE NAME, ETC.
ADVANCE 1

LANGUAGE
FINALLY PASSED SPANISH
ADVANCE 3



SAFETY & SECURITY
GRACED WITH SPEEDING TICKET
GO BACK 3

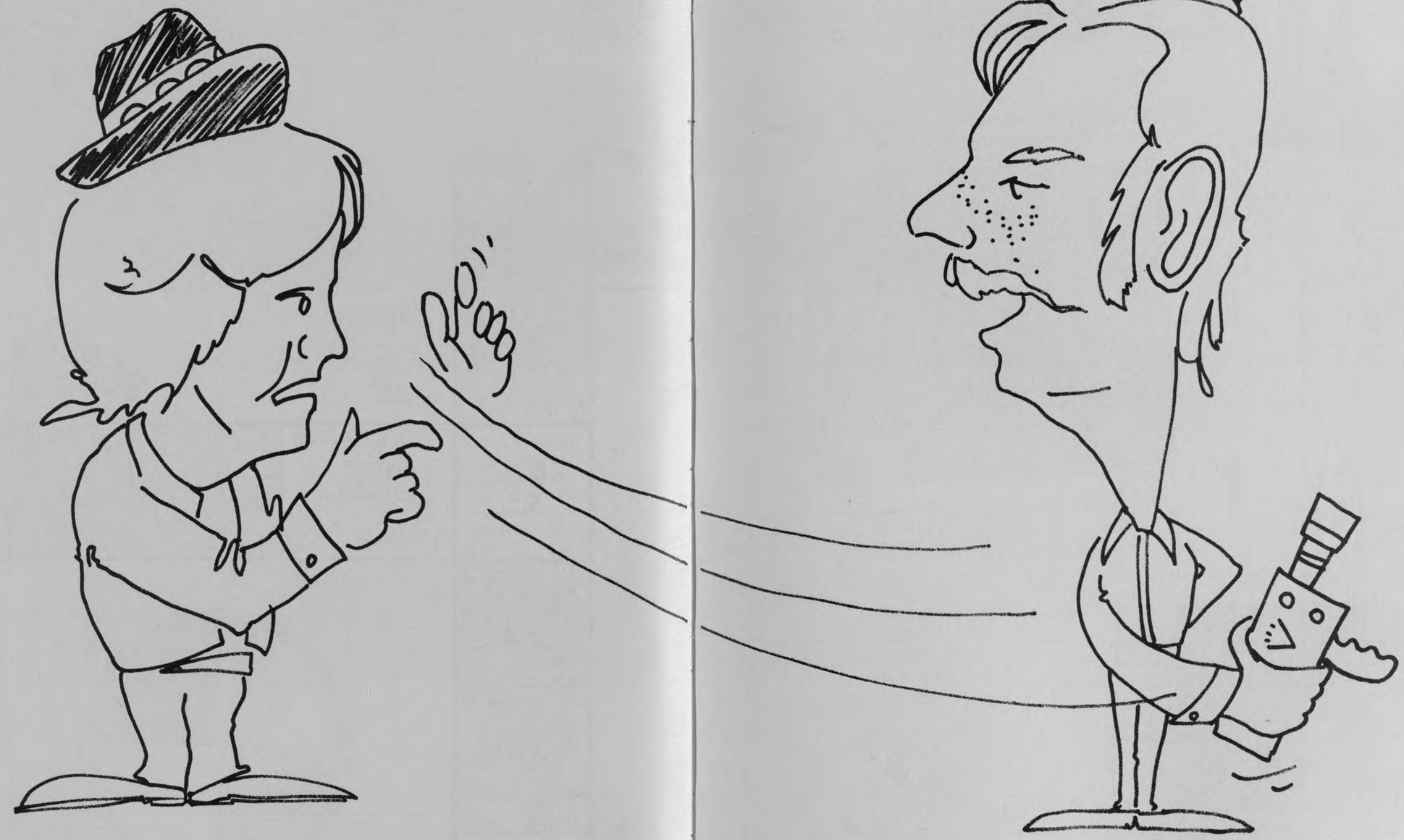


CHANGE MAJOR
GO BACK TO START

GRADUATION
UH CERTIFIED PRIME

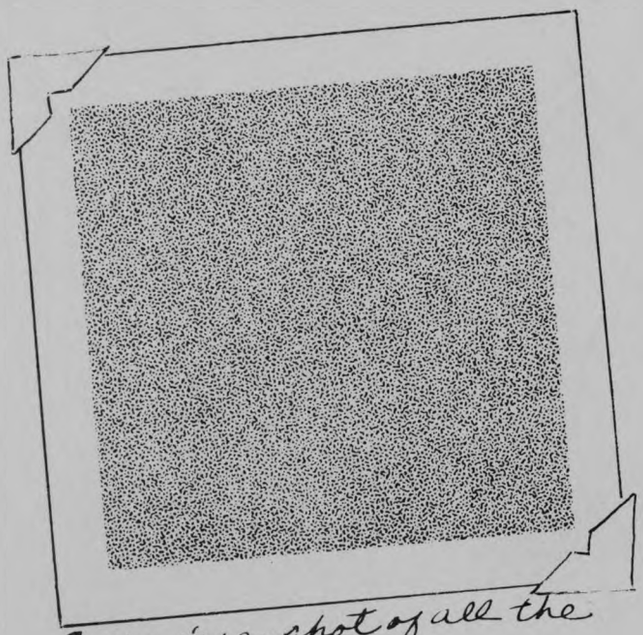
FINISH

Cougar Coloring Book



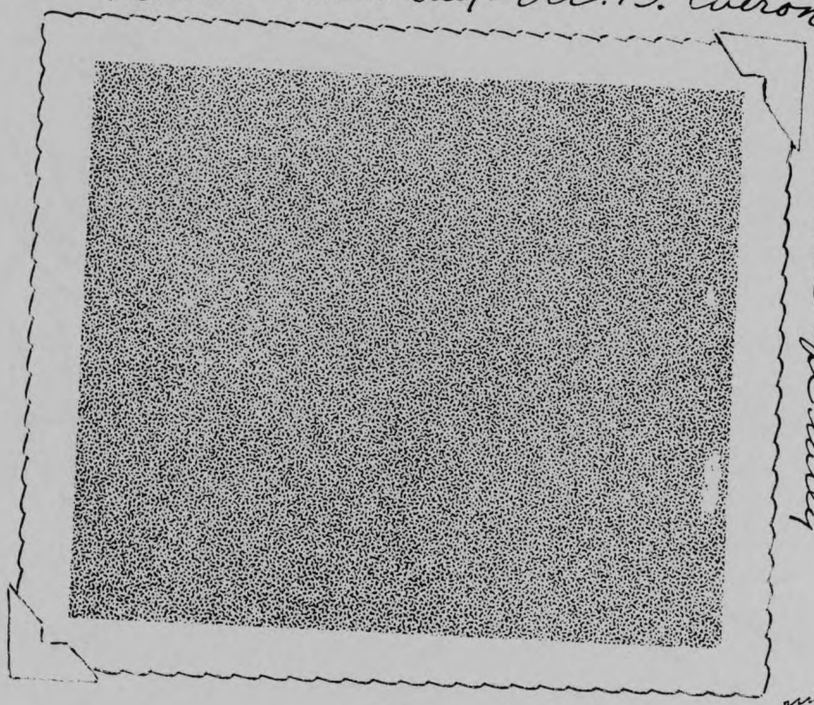
If you can't play fair, we'll just have to take your play-purties away!

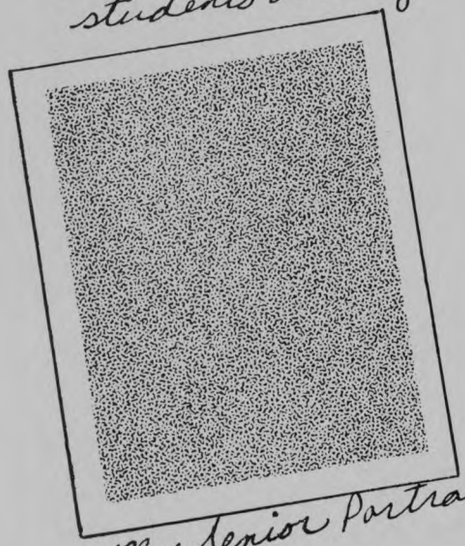
Photo-Apathy Album



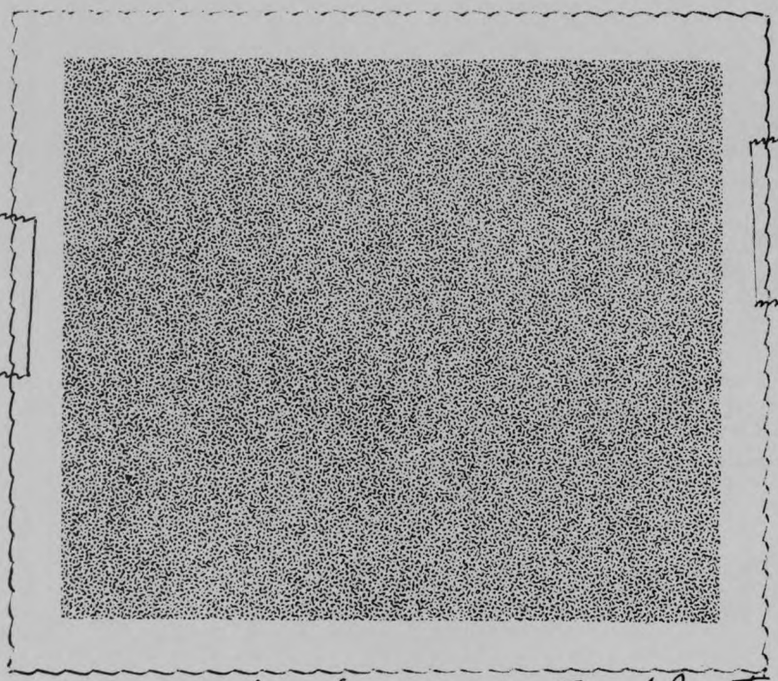
Here's a shot of all the students voting.

Moratorium Day - Oct. 13. Everone must have left early

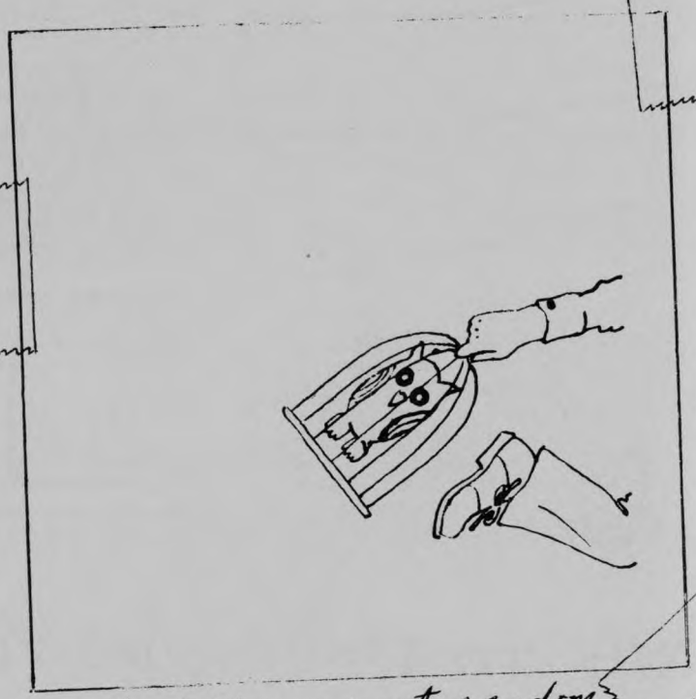




My Senior Portrait



Homecoming Dance - What a blast!



Took this one at random, Looked interesting.

GREIPPER

DUE TO LACK OF STUDENT INTEREST, SATURDAY'S BIKE RALLY HAS BEEN CANCELLED.

BECAUSE OF LACK OF PARTICIPATION, FUTURE S.M.C. MEETINGS HAVE BEEN DISCONTINUED.

DUE TO POOR ATTENDANCE, THE STUDENT SENATE HAS BEEN ABSOLVED.

ALL CAMPUS TREES HAVE BEEN DESTROYED DUE TO LANDSCAPING.

DUE TO GRADUATE EMPHASIS, FINANCIAL AID TO UNDER-GRADUATES HAS BEEN CUT OFF.

ALL SCIENCE CLASSES HAVE BEEN CANCELLED IN FAVOR OF RESEARCH PROJECTS.

BECAUSE OF LACK OF MAINTENANCE, THE ART DEPARTMENT HAS BEEN CONDEMNED.

OWING TO CONSTRUCTION, THE U.C. HAS BEEN CLOSED.

DUE TO LACK OF EDUCATION, THE UNIVERSITY OF HOUSTON HAS BEEN DISCONTINUED.

COVERT

FUN SIGNS—MAKE YOUR OWN ASTROLOGY BUTTONS

AQUARIUS

PISCES

ARIES

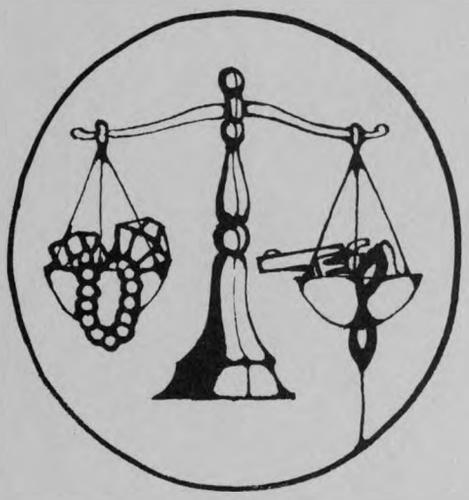
TAURUS

GEMINI

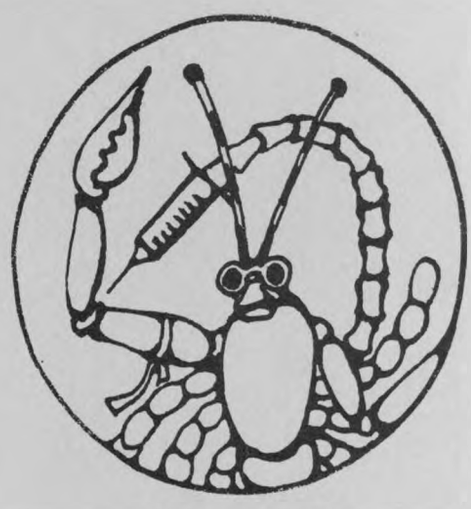
CANCER

LEO

VIRGO



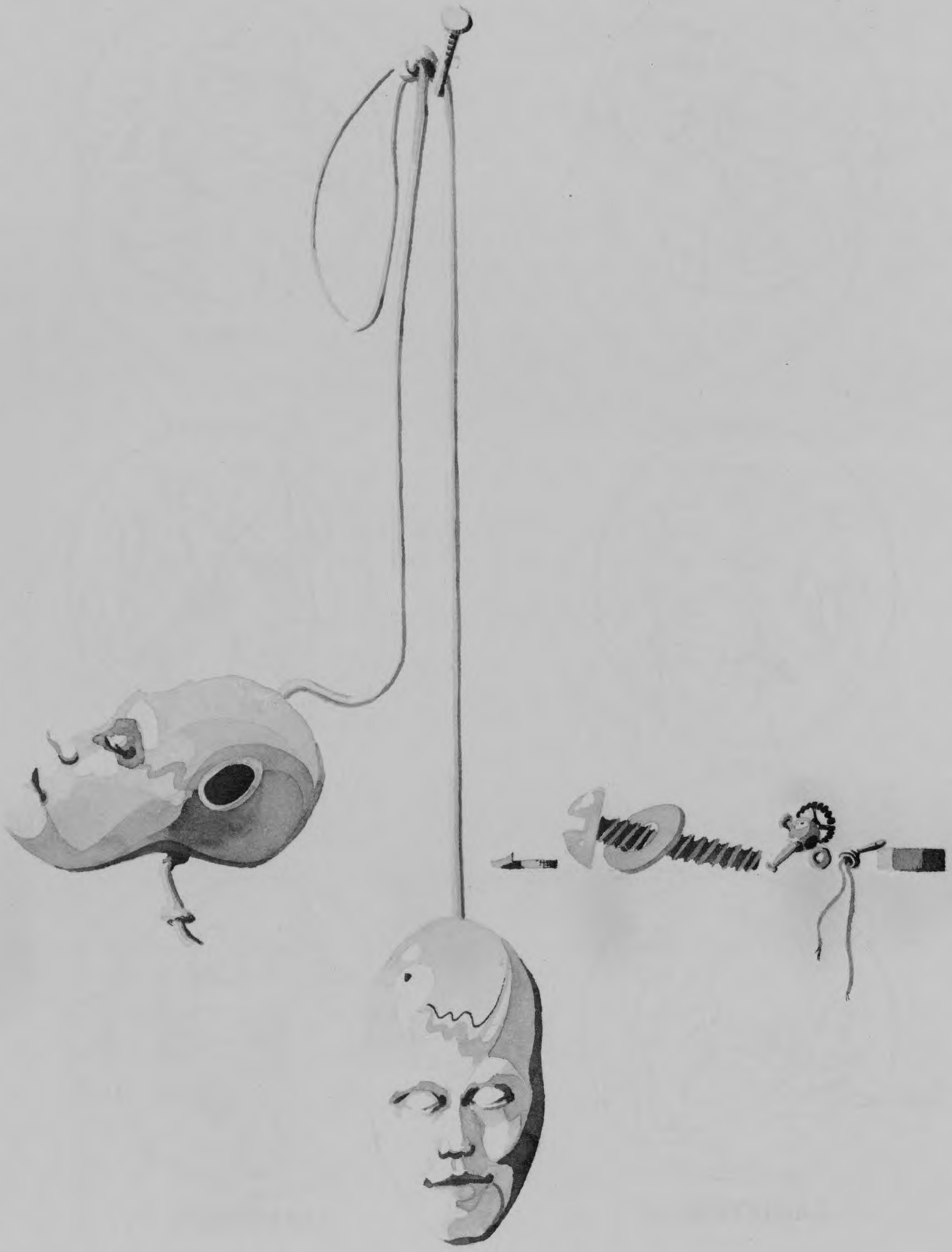
LIBRA

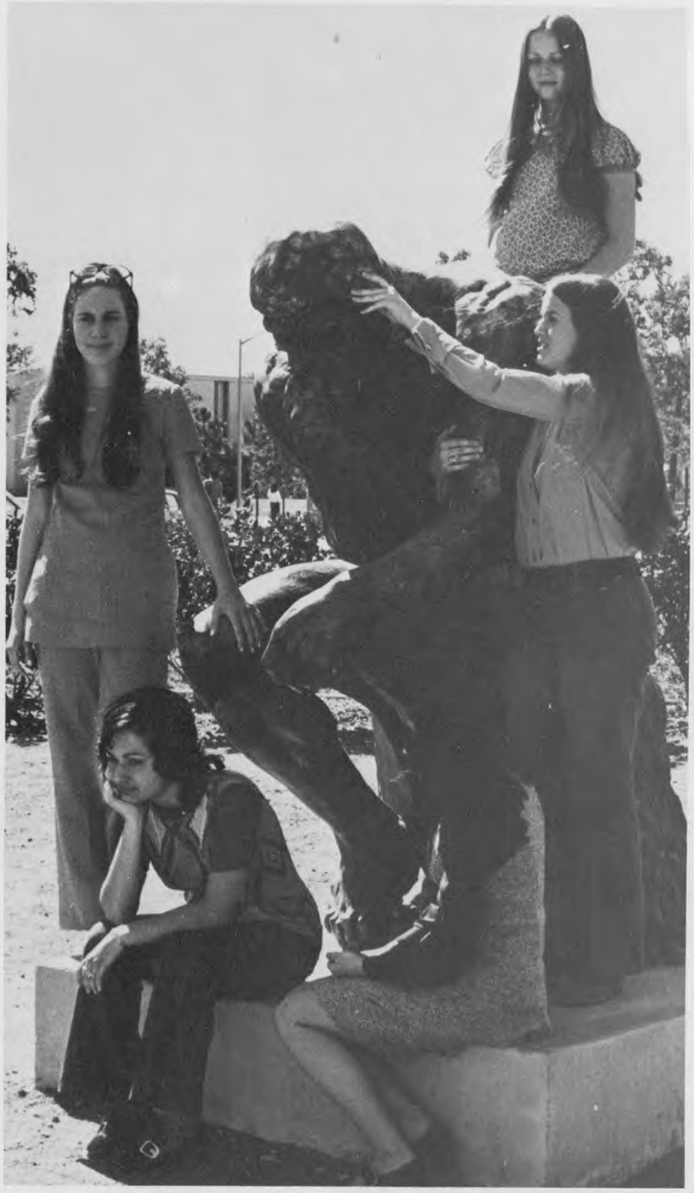


SCORPIO

SAGITTARIUS

CAPRICORN



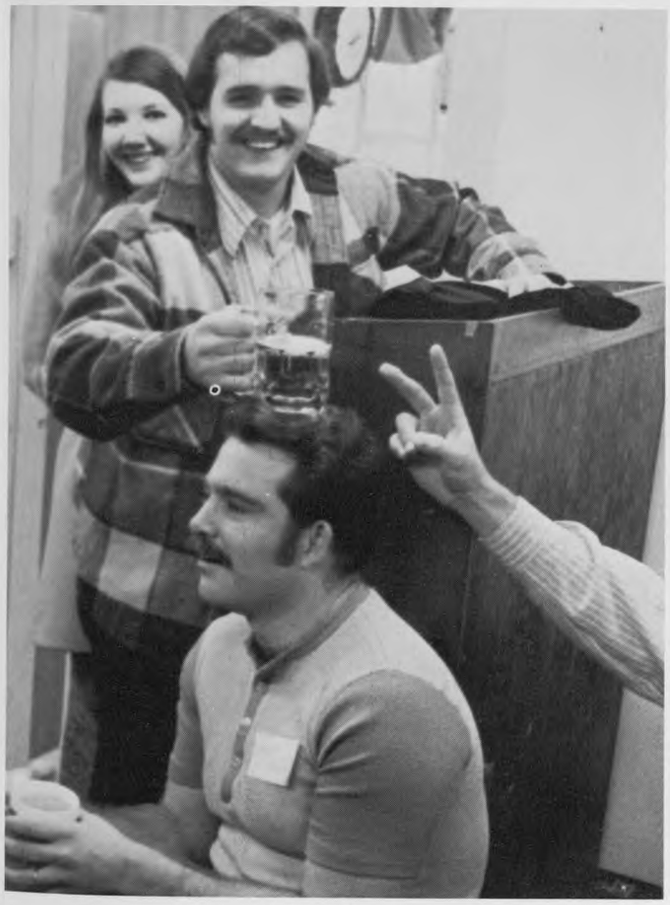


alpha lambda delta

alpha phi omega

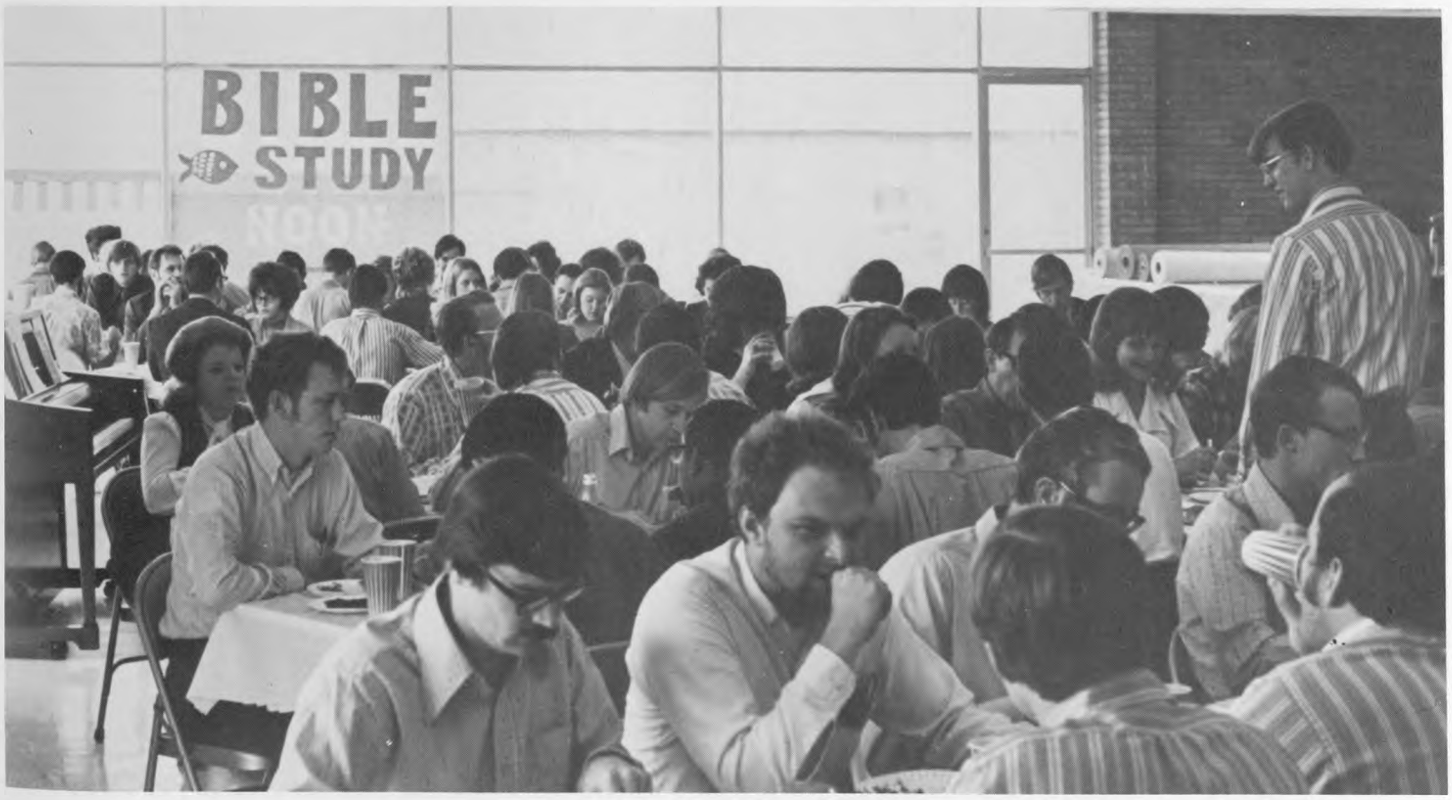
american institute of industrial engineers

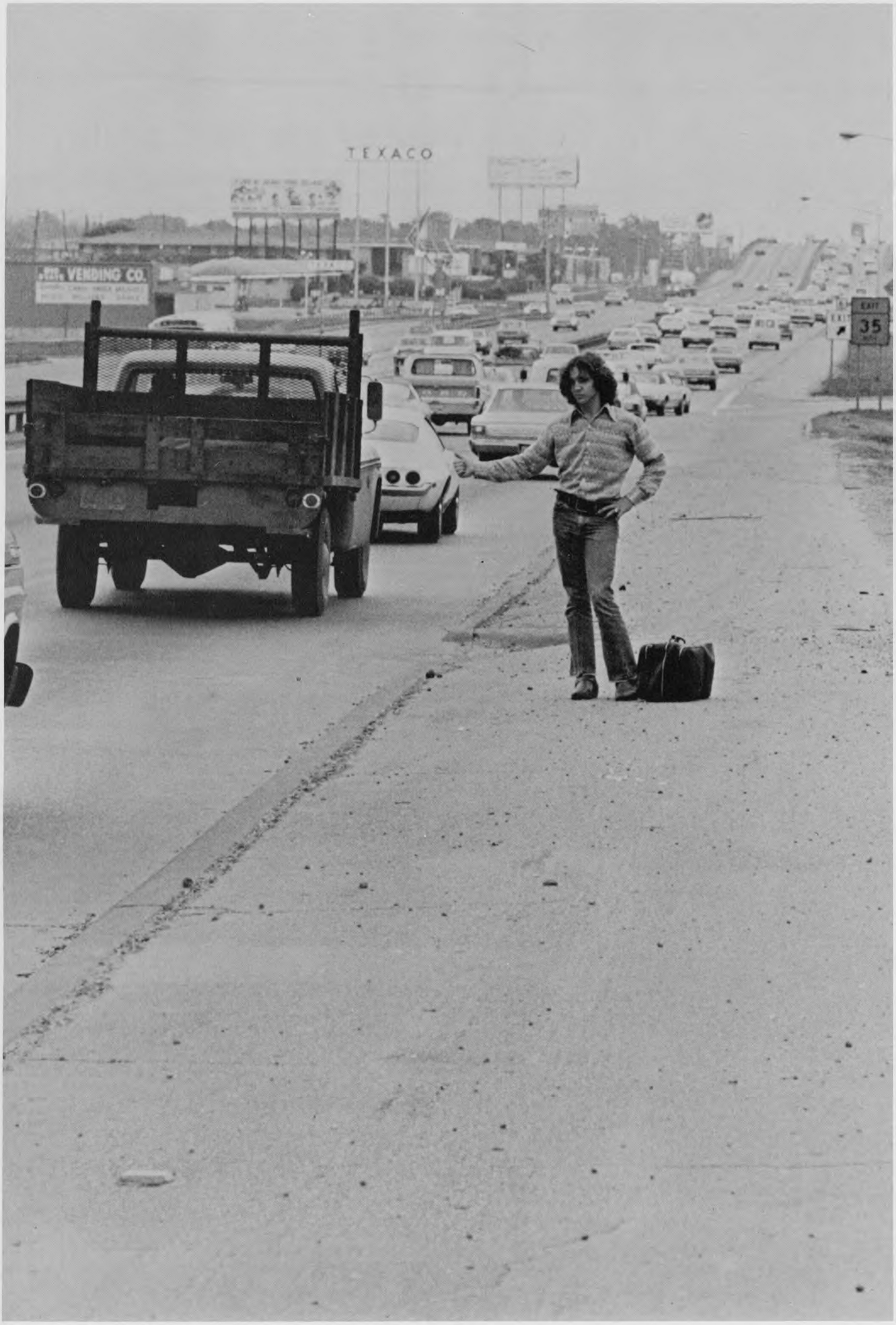
alpha pi mu

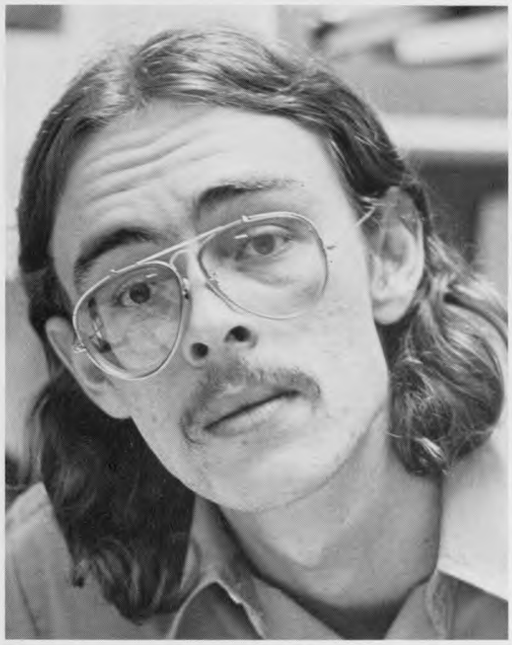


american society of civil engineers

baptist student union




TEXACO
VENDING CO.
EXIT
35



daily cougar

Volunteer
10th Anniversary Issue
VISTA
LAWYERS
opportunity reprint
VISTA
PEACE CORPS/
PEACE CORPS/
PHYSICAL EDUCATION
GRADUATES
ects&planners
VISTA
LAWYERS
If you're not part
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you're part of the
problem.
Join the
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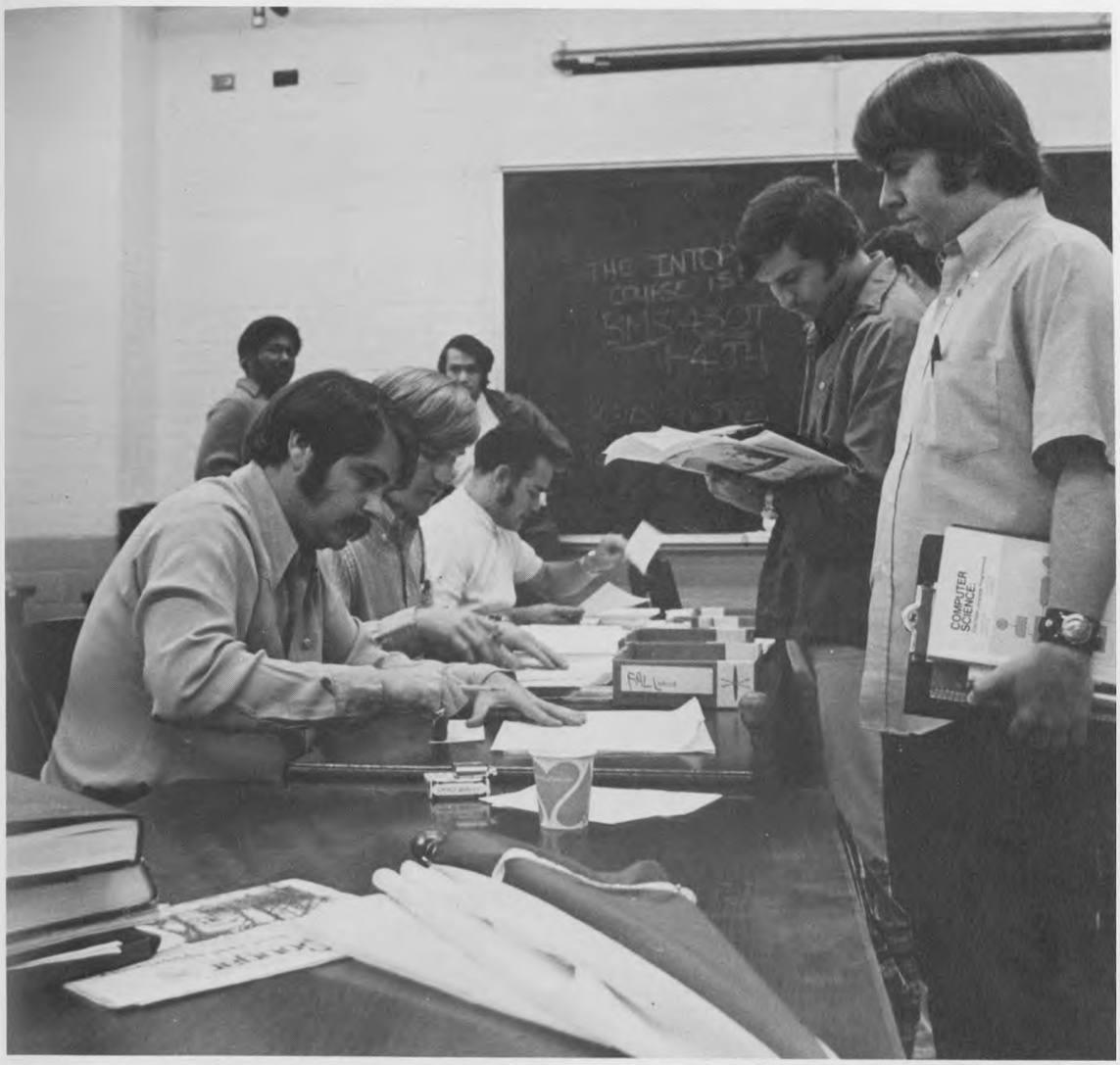
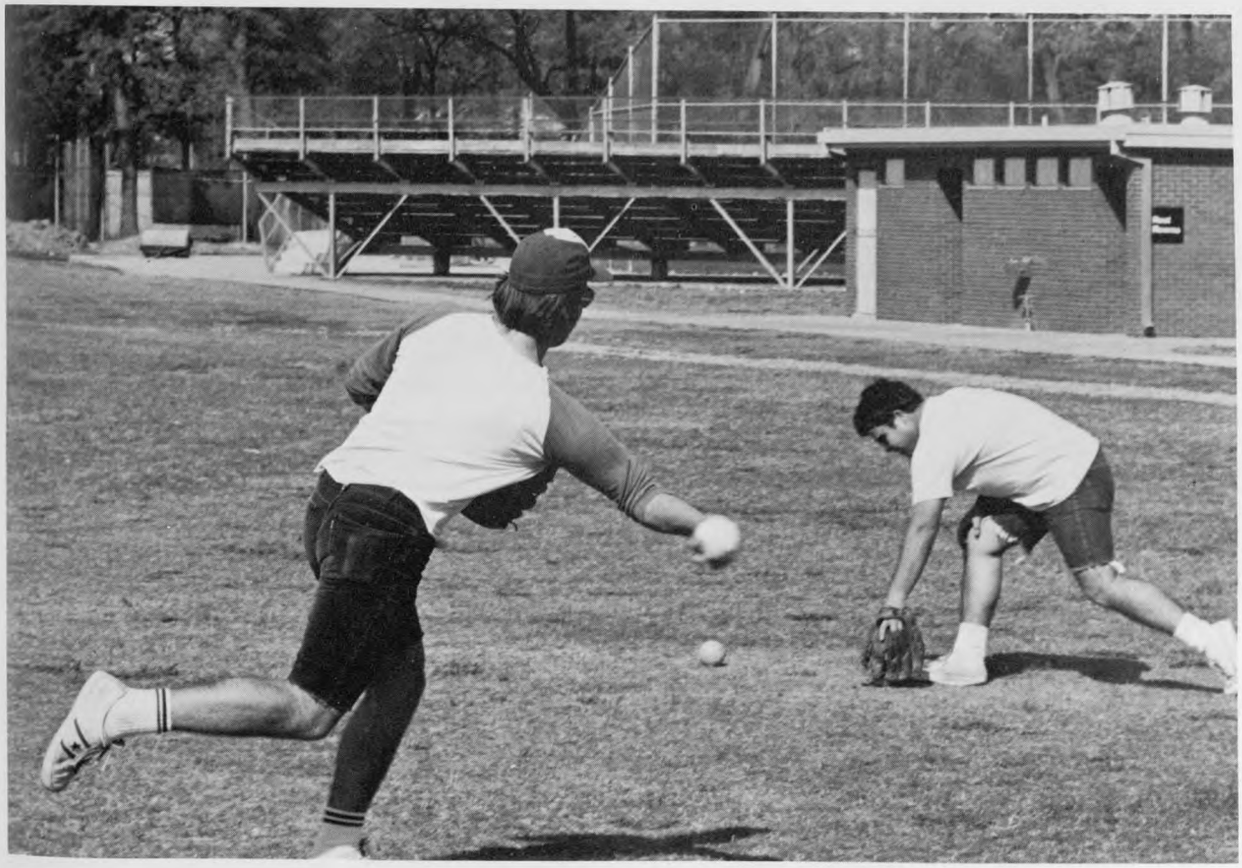
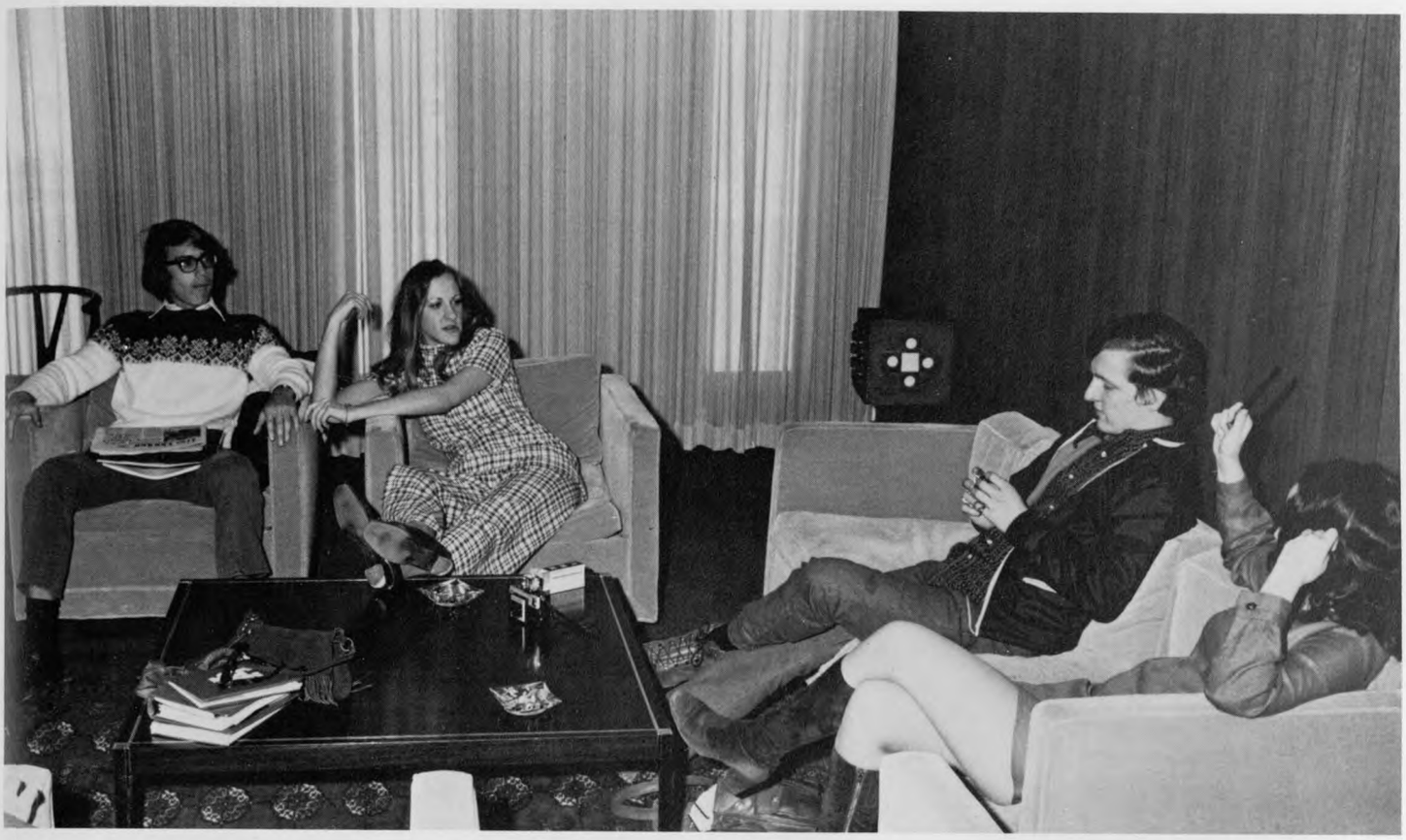
free Literatur
Coke
Enjoy

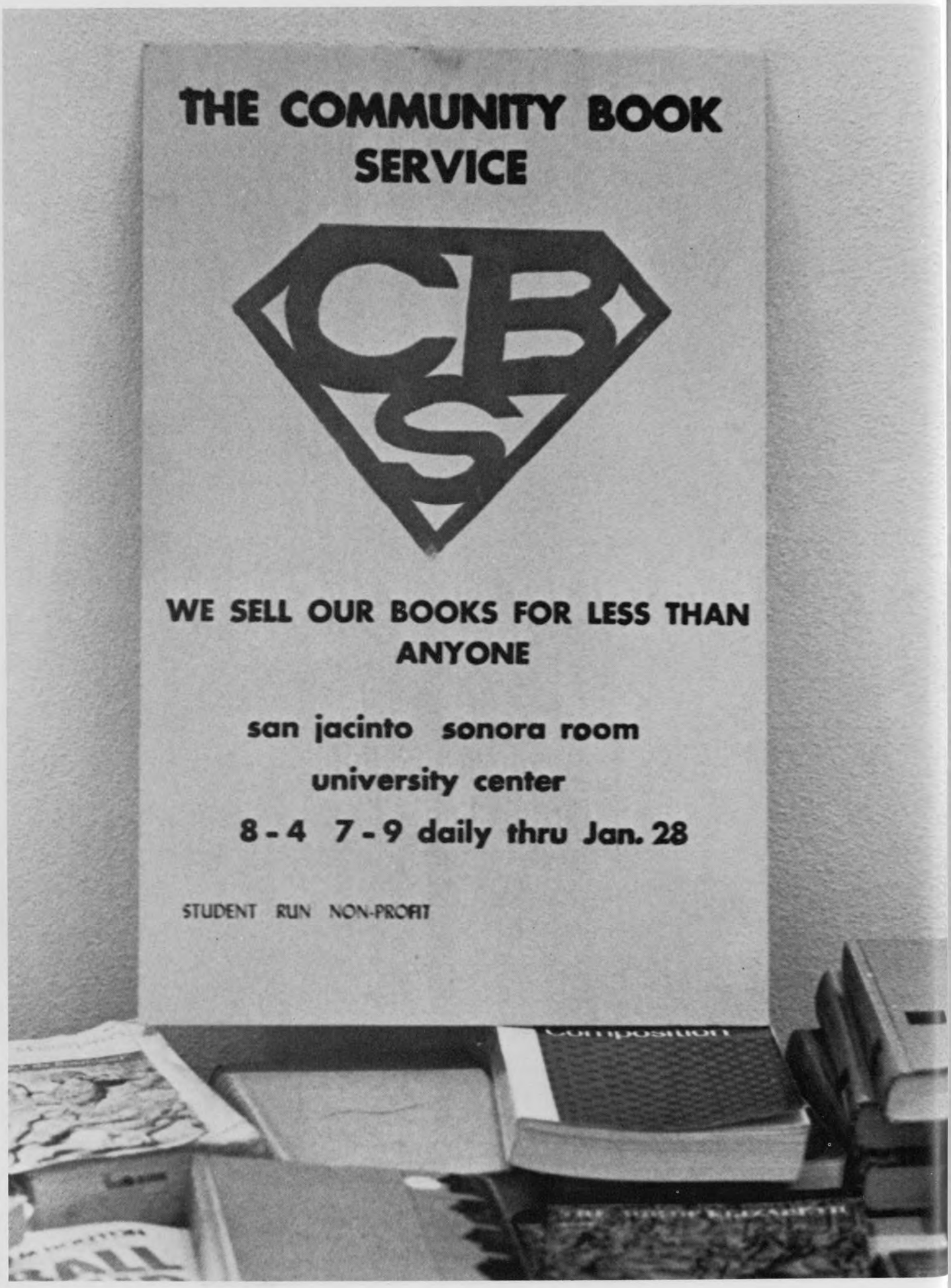


delta sigma pi





gamma sigma sigma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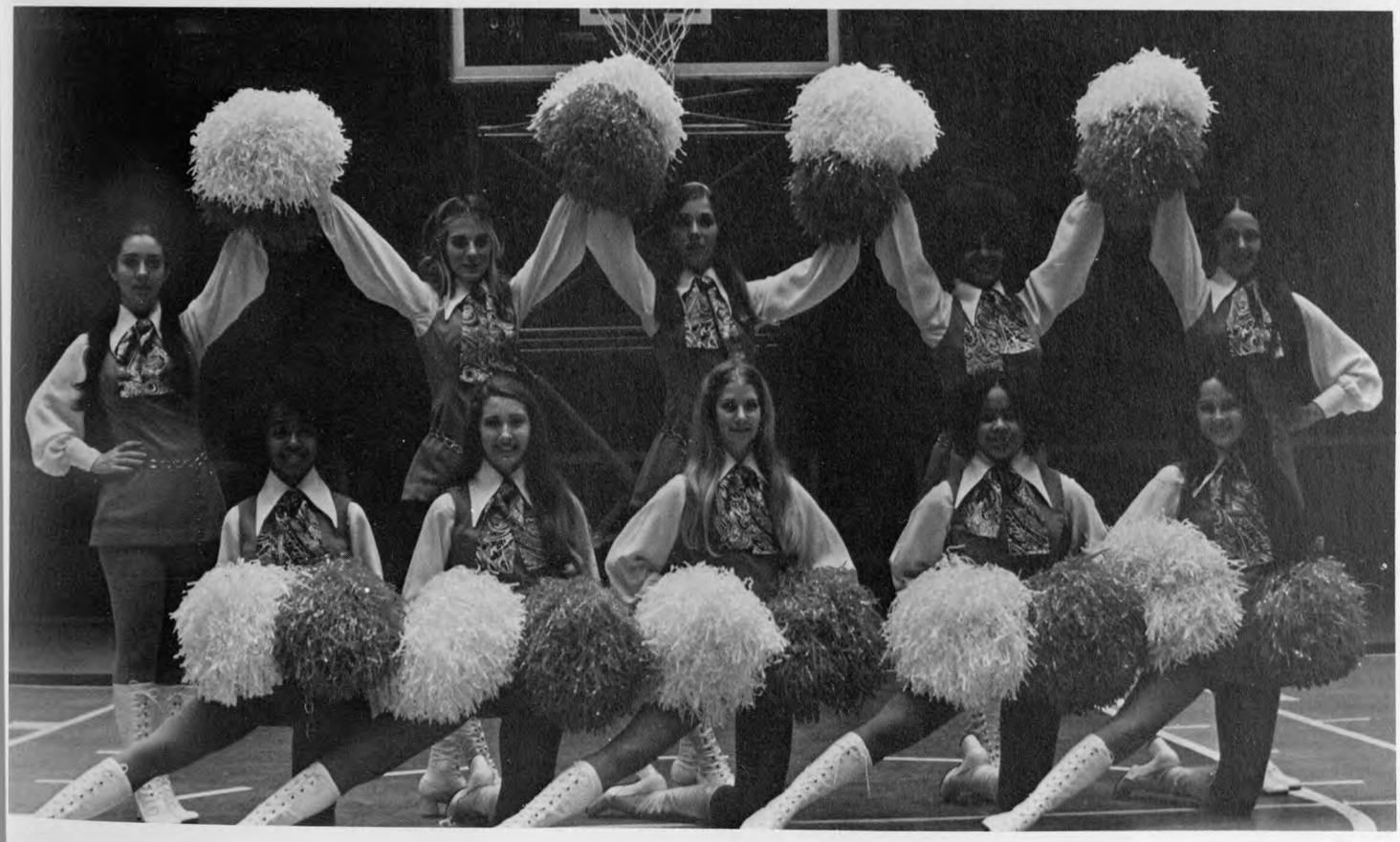
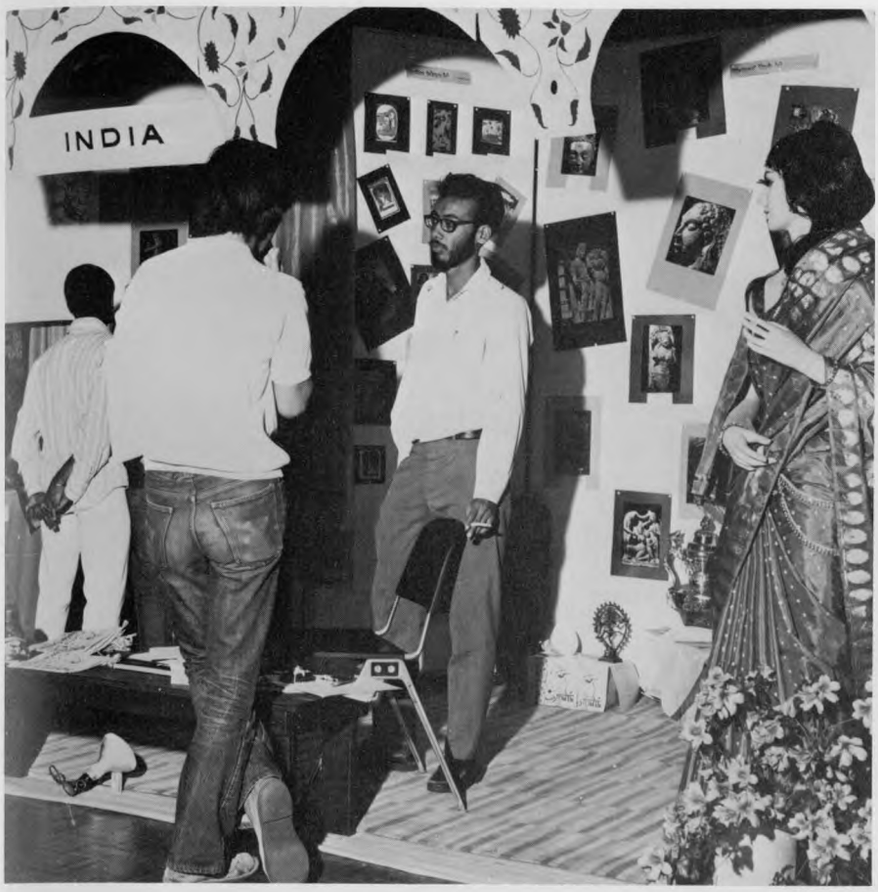
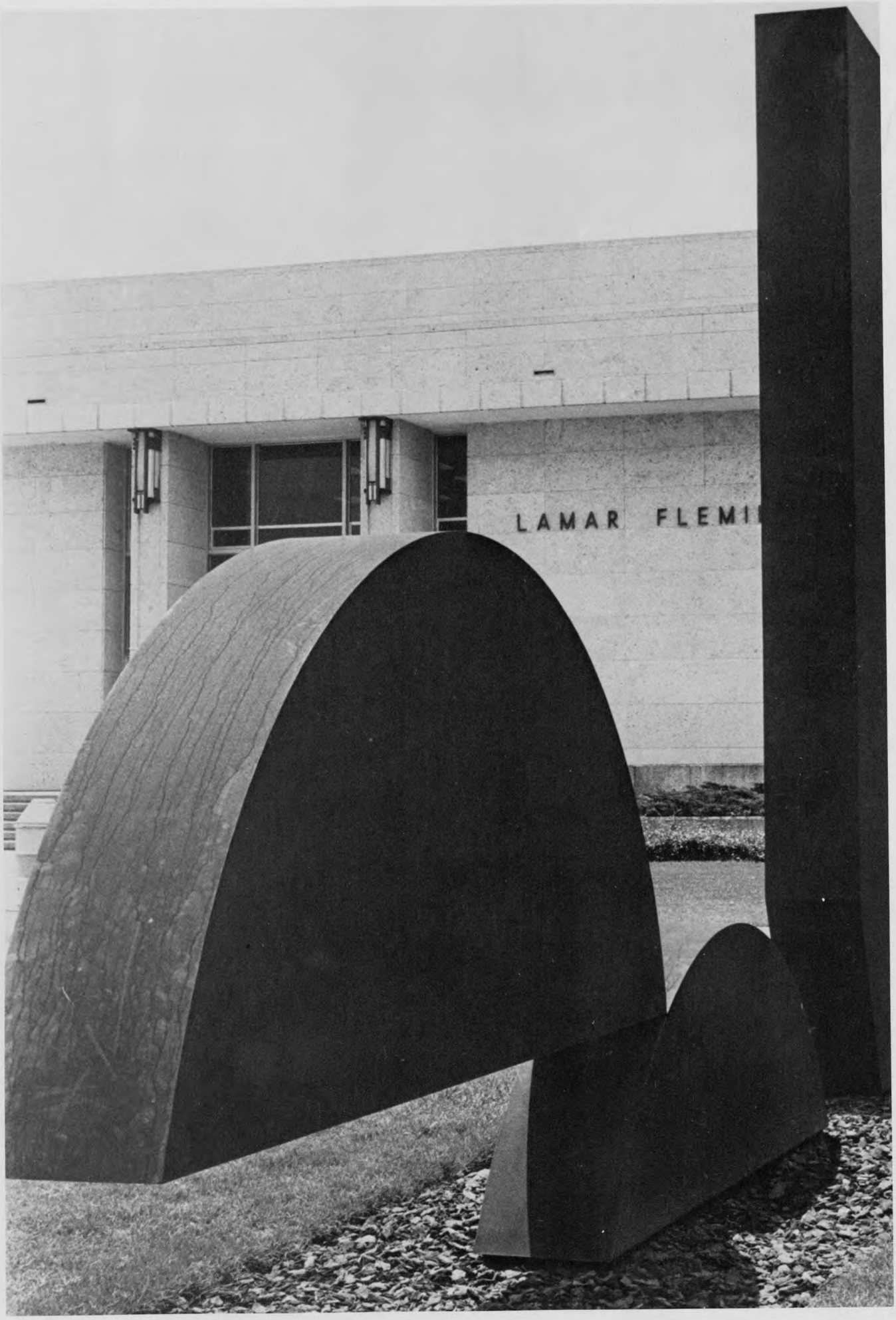
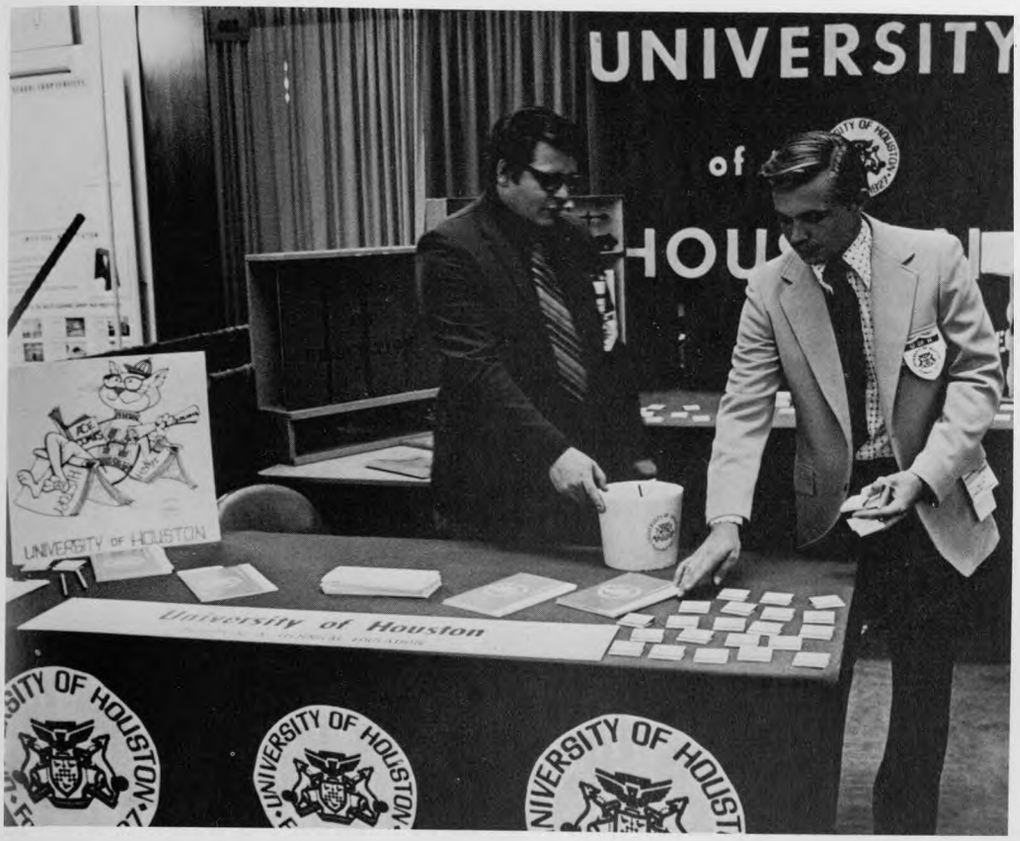
houston honeys



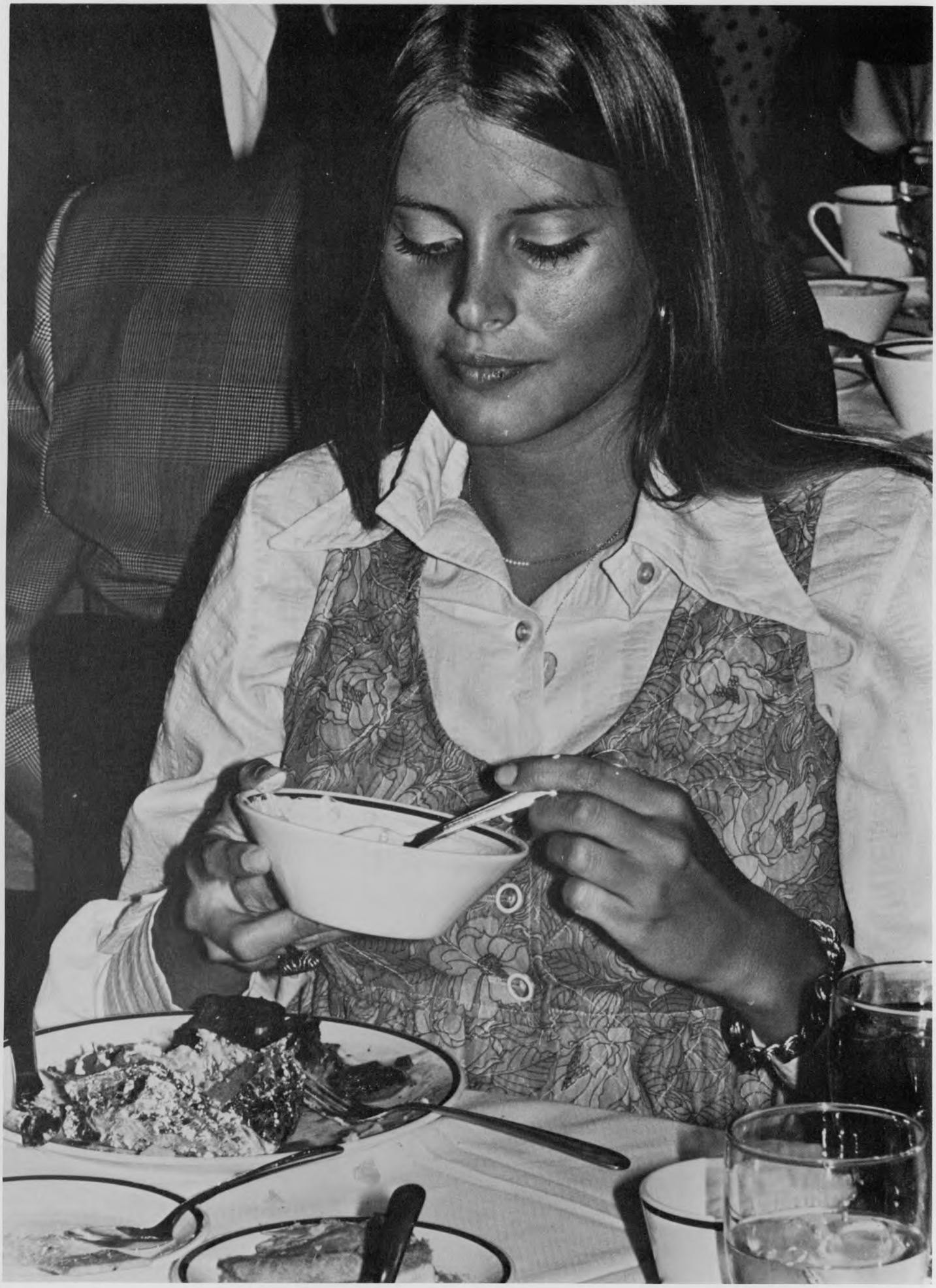


india students organization

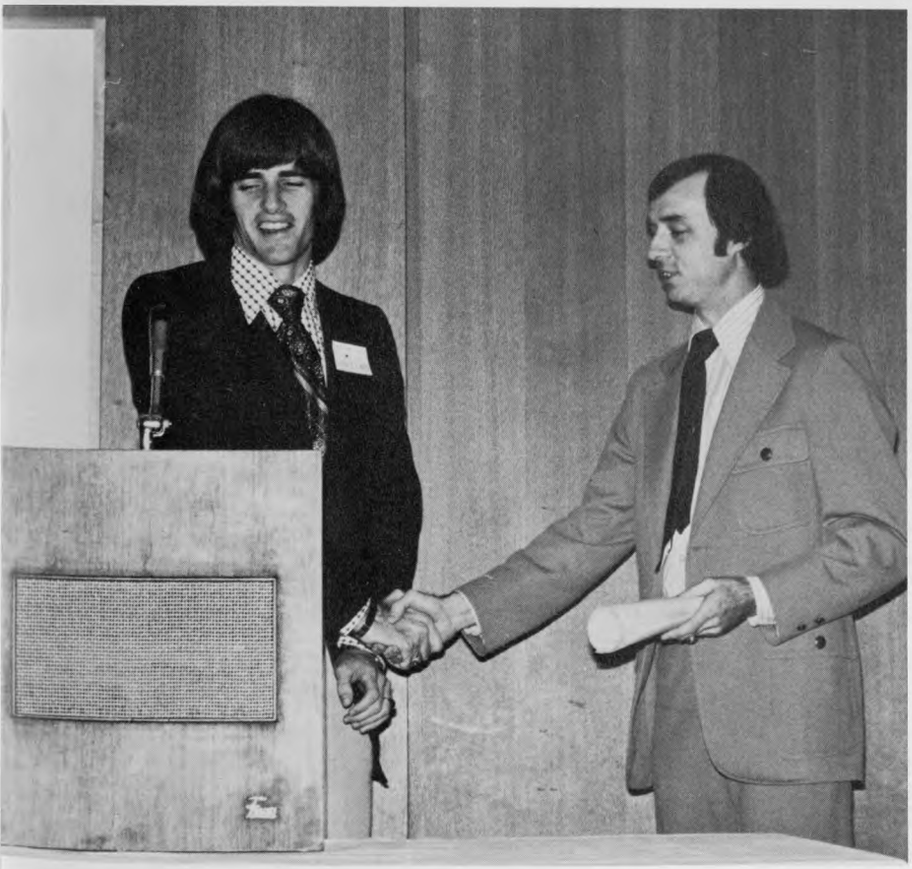

LAMAR FLEMI

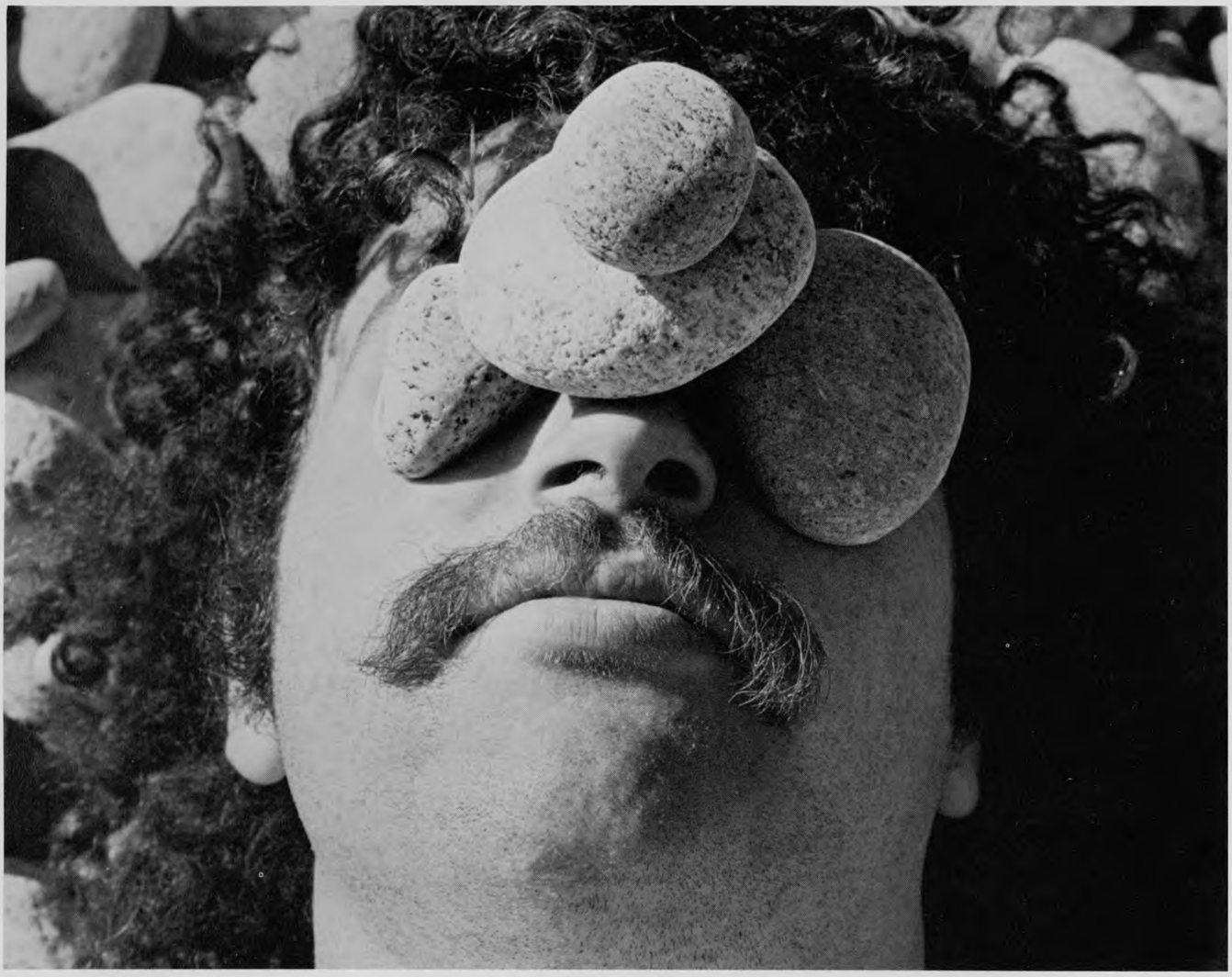


industrial arts club

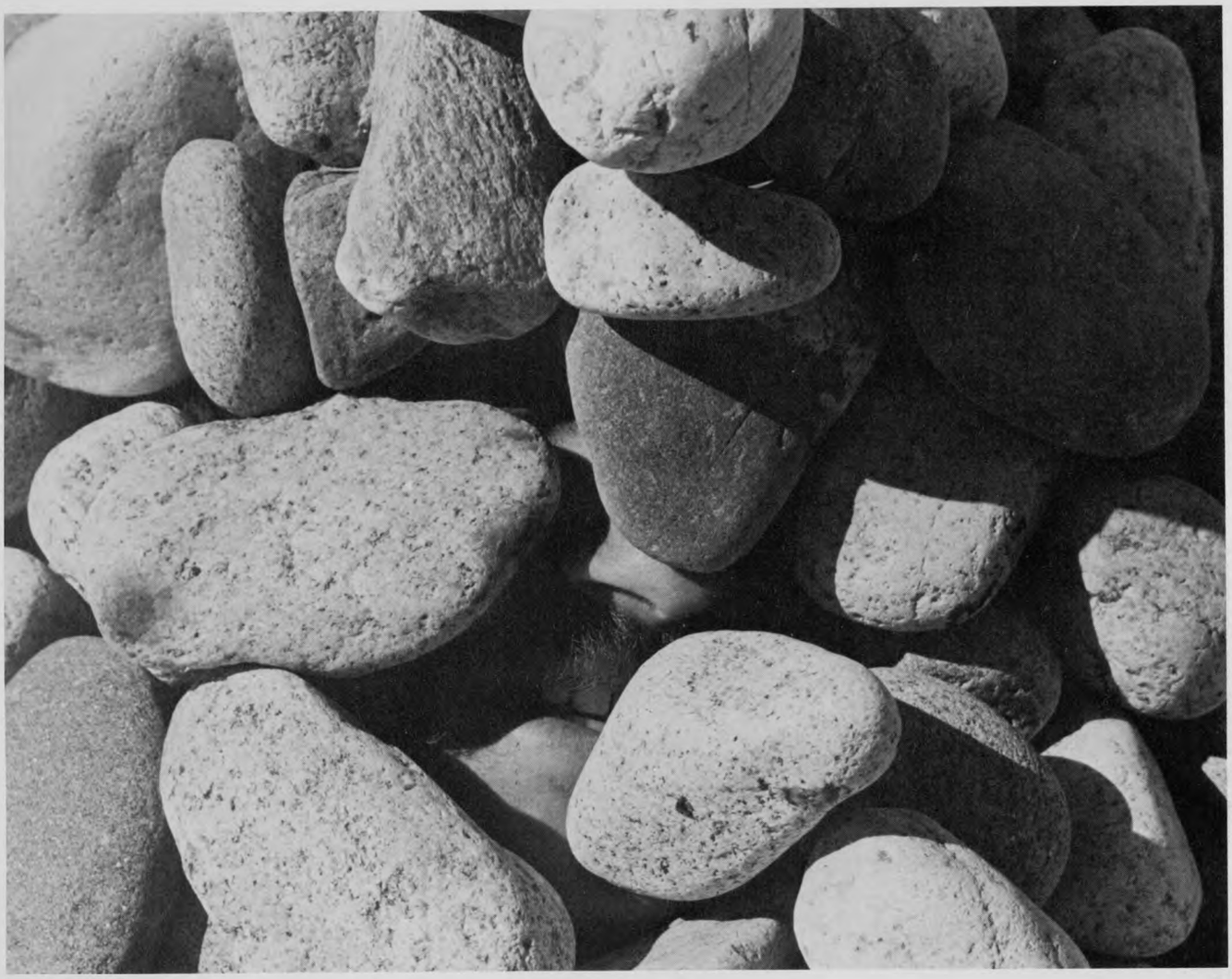


interfraternity council

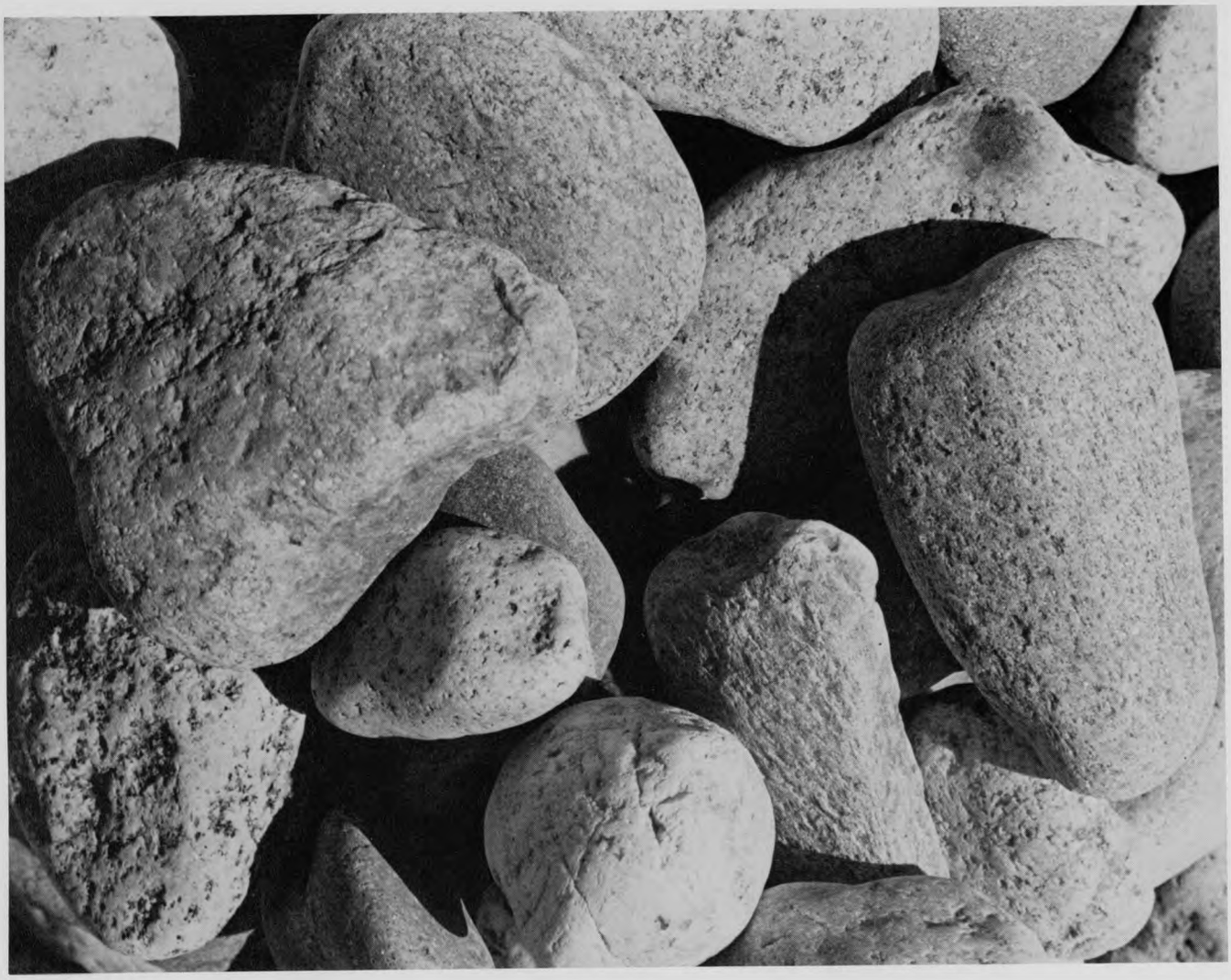




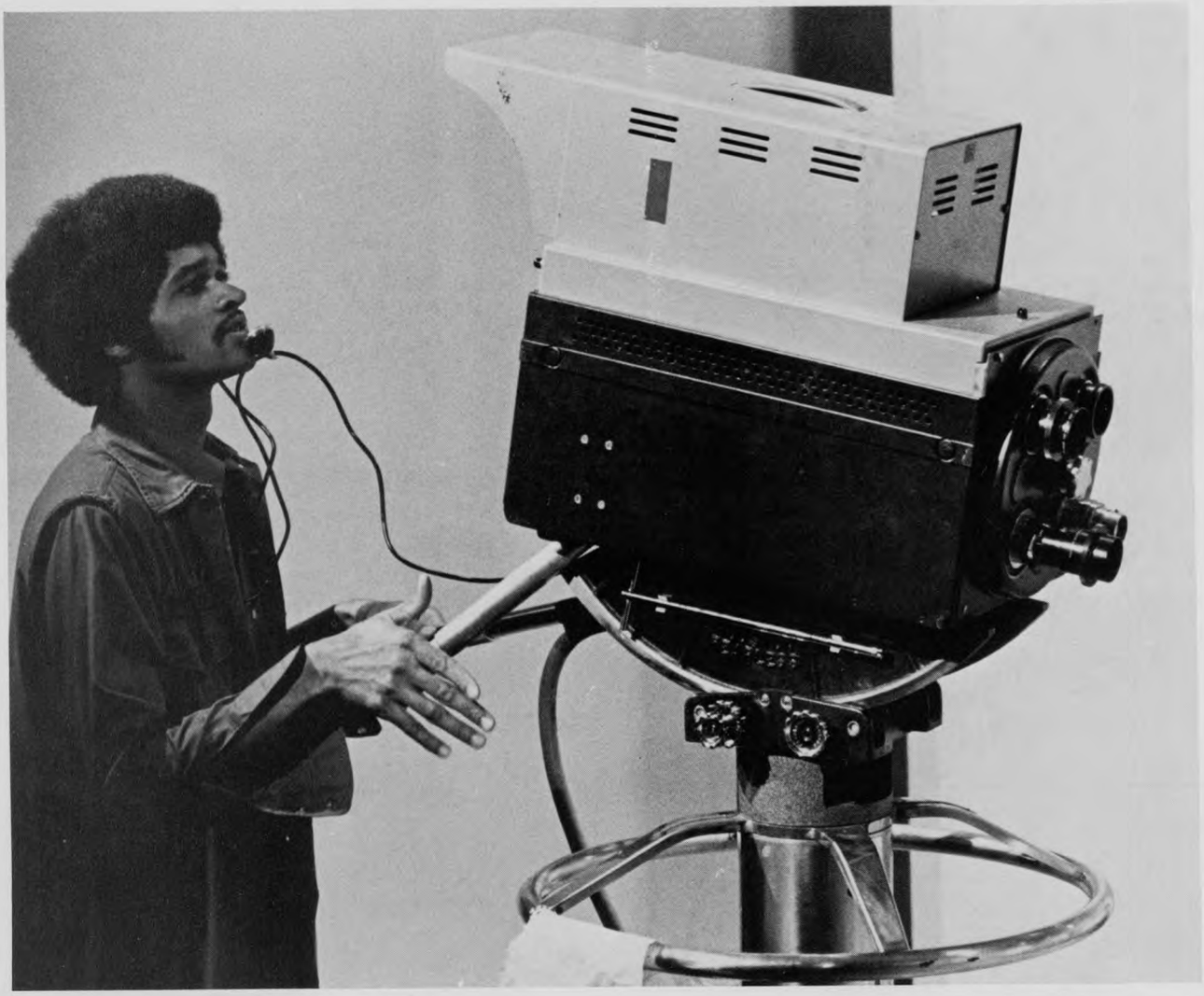
kappa delta pi



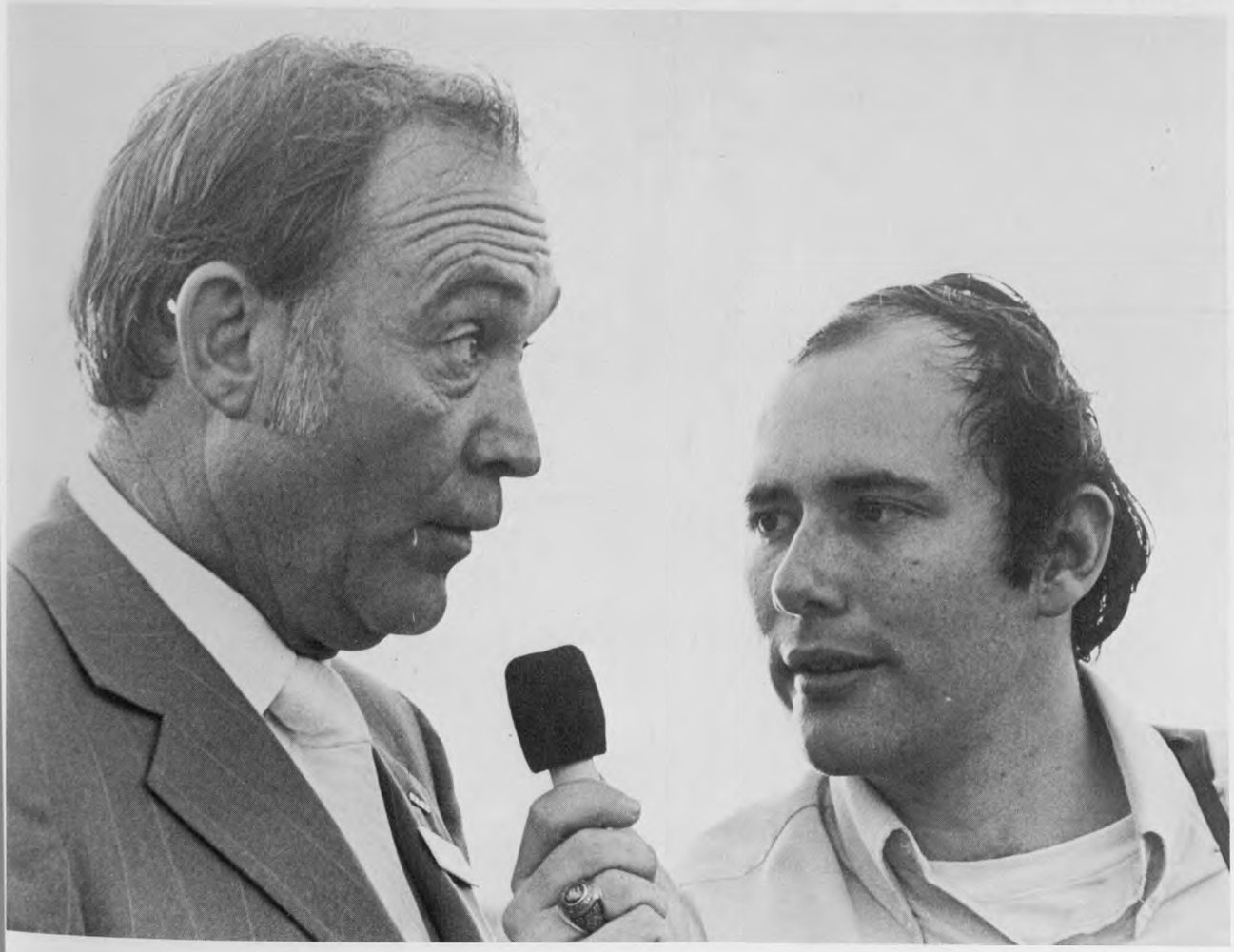
kappa psi

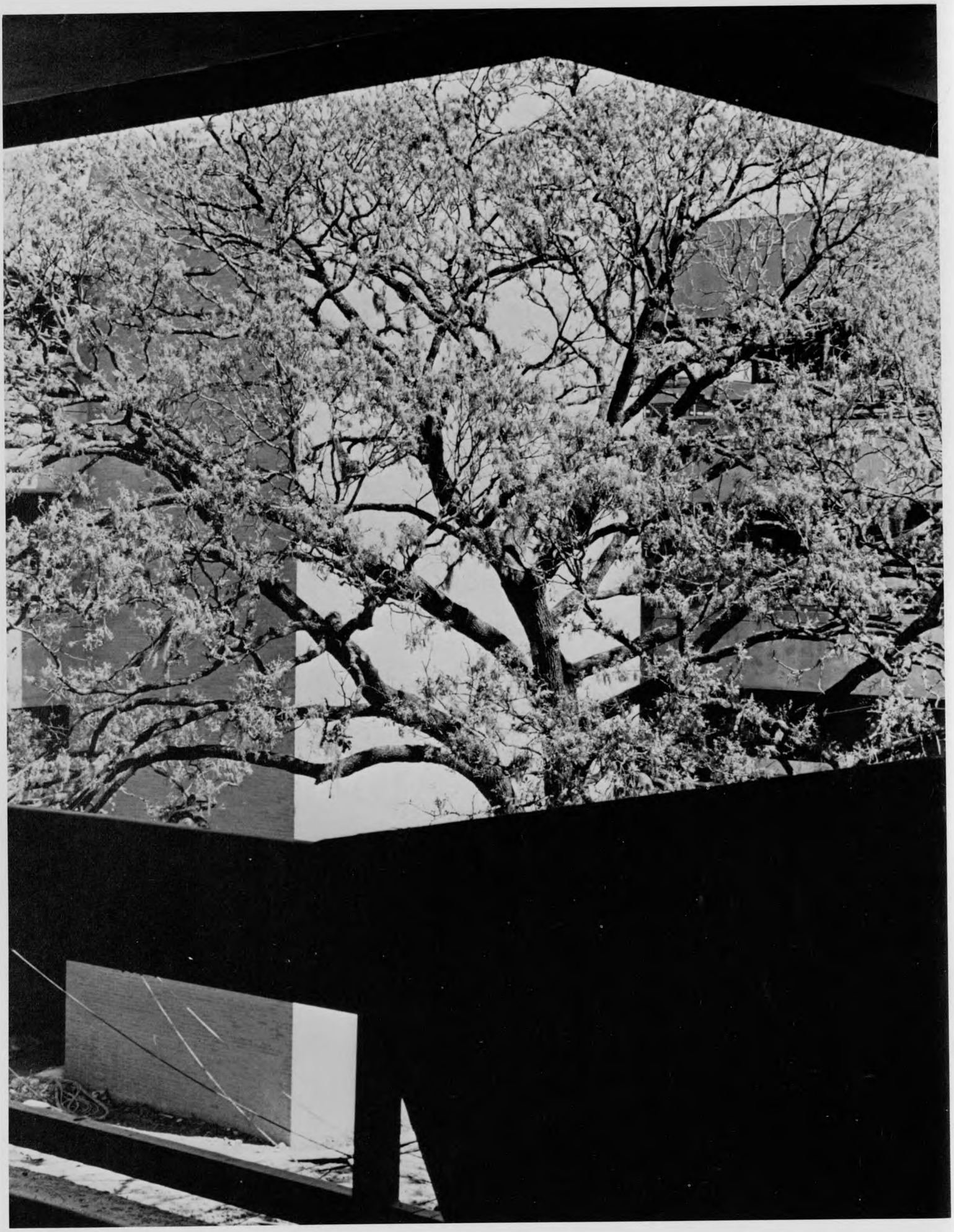


karate club

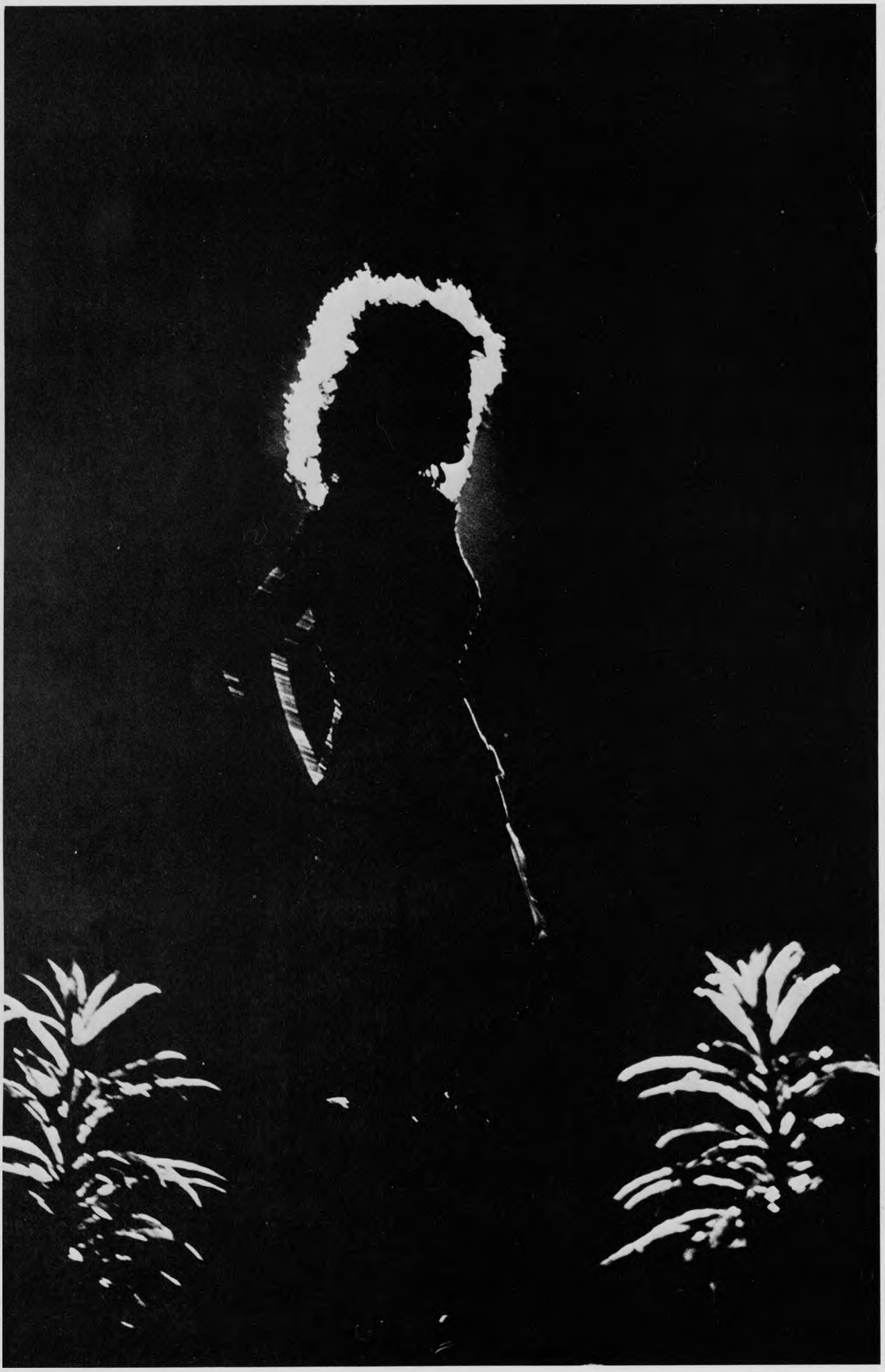


kuhf
88.7 fm

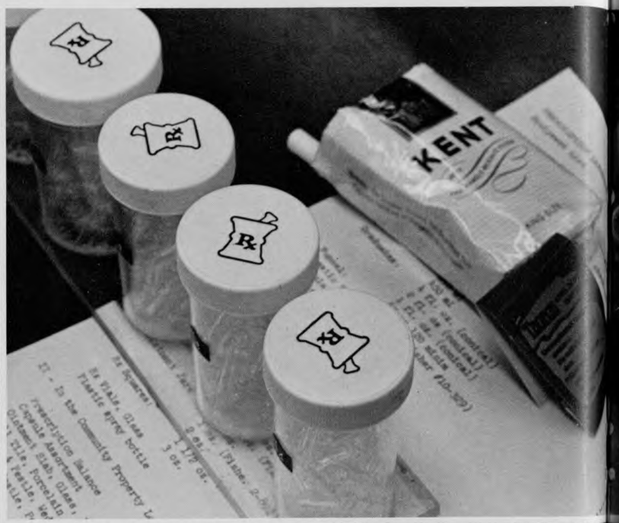


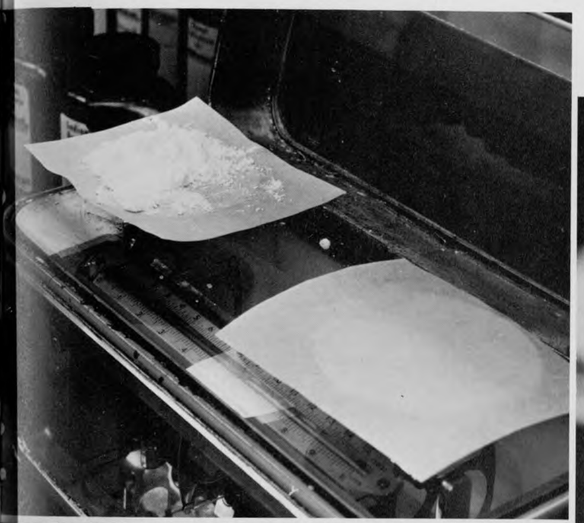


latin american student organization

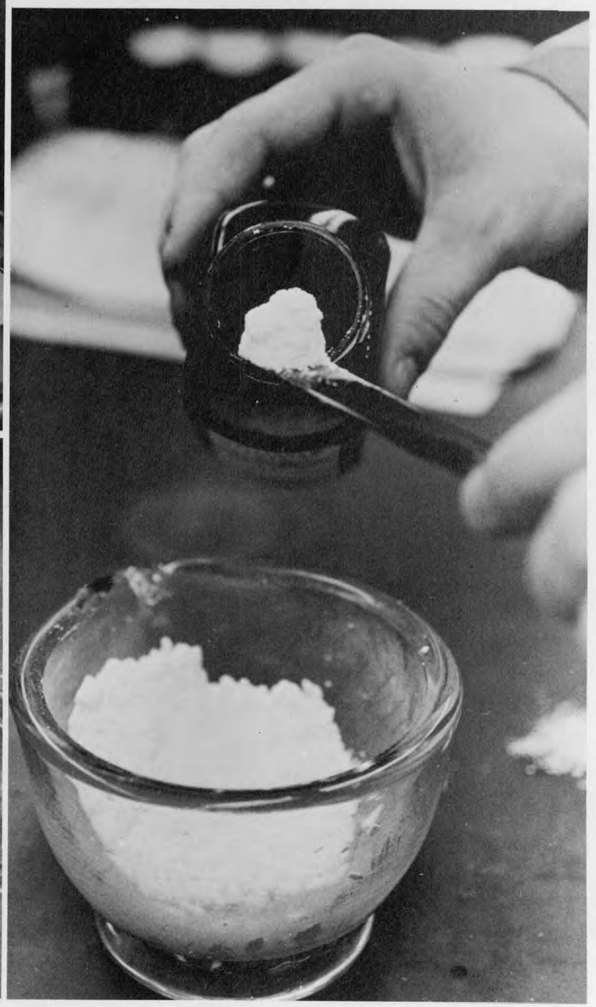


panhellenic council



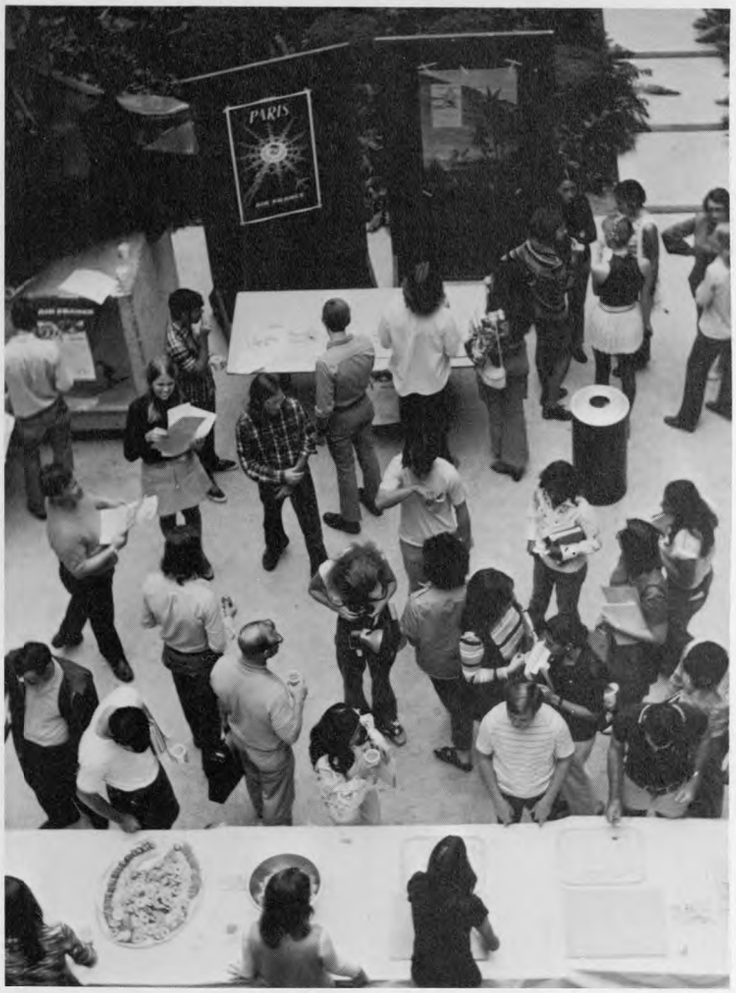


phi delta chi

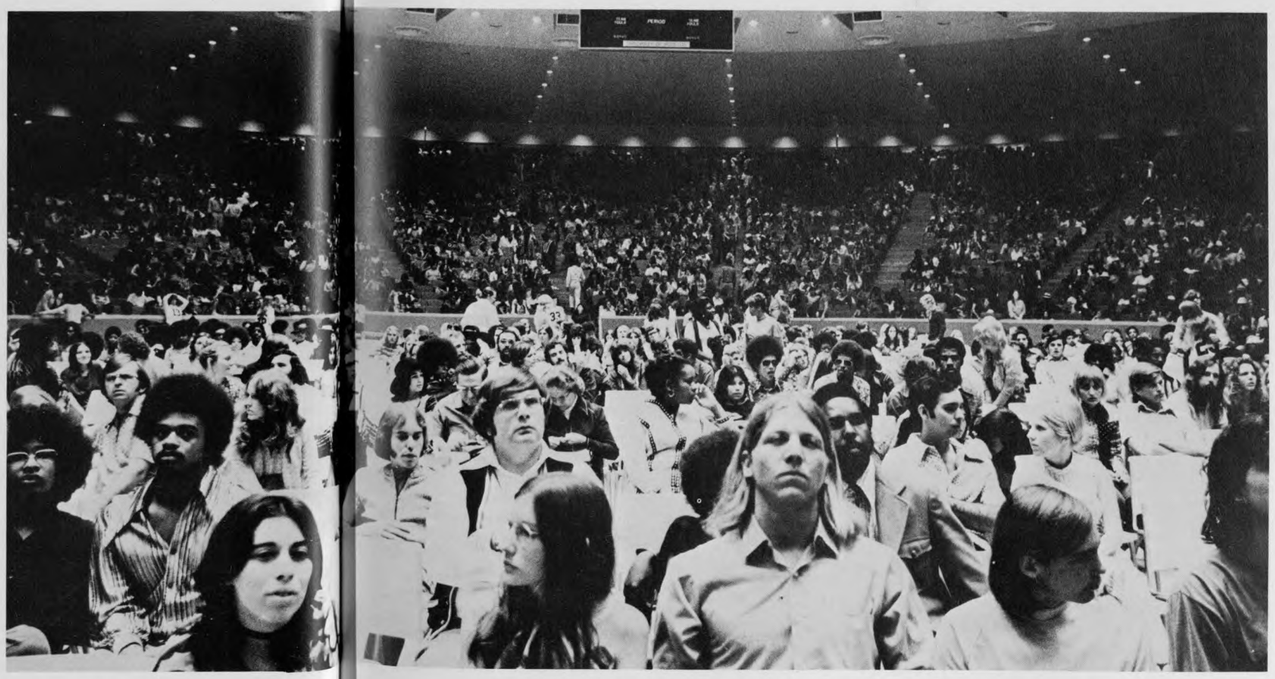


phi delta kappa

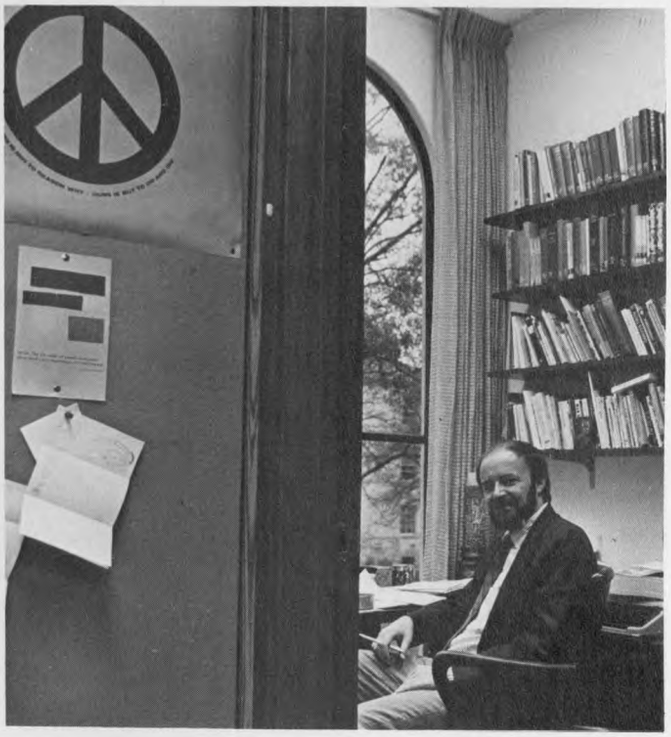
program council



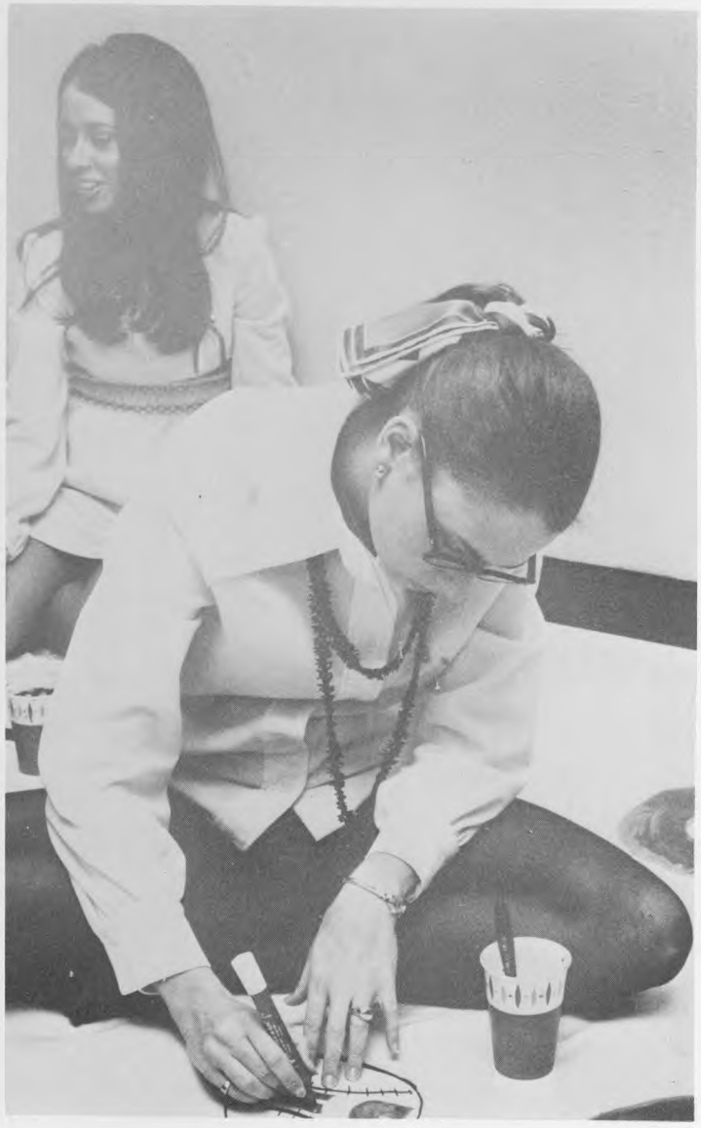
pc events

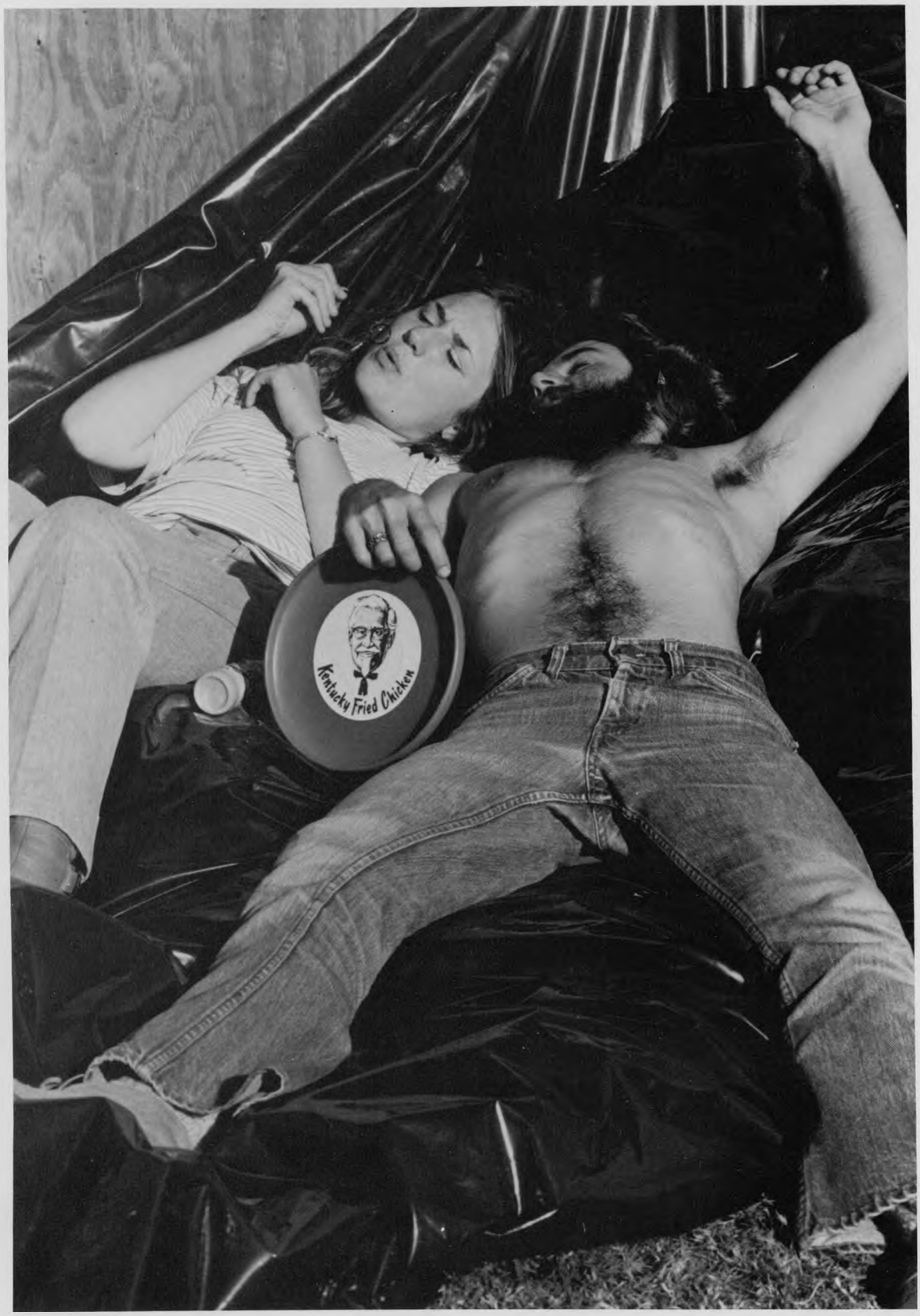


religion center professional staff



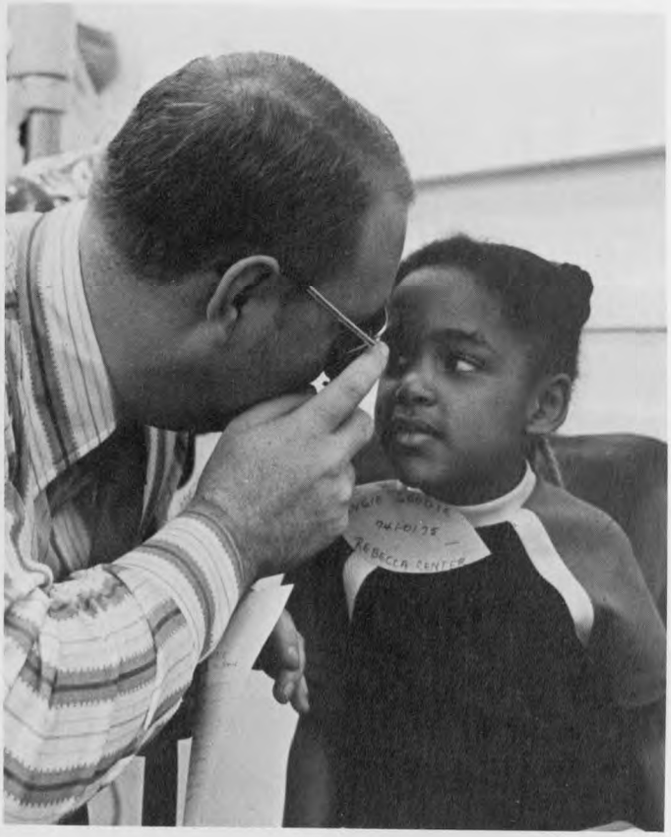
sparks

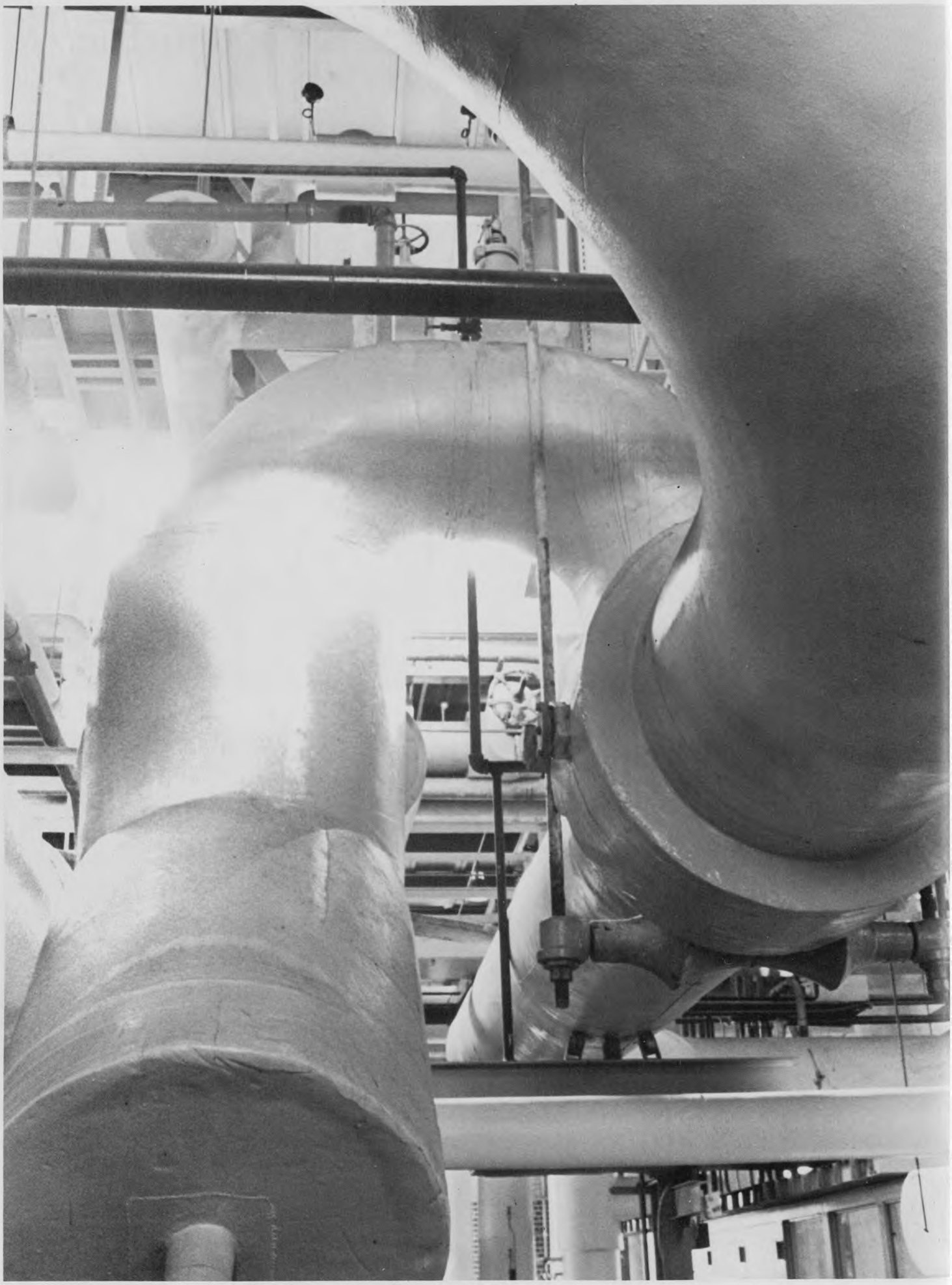


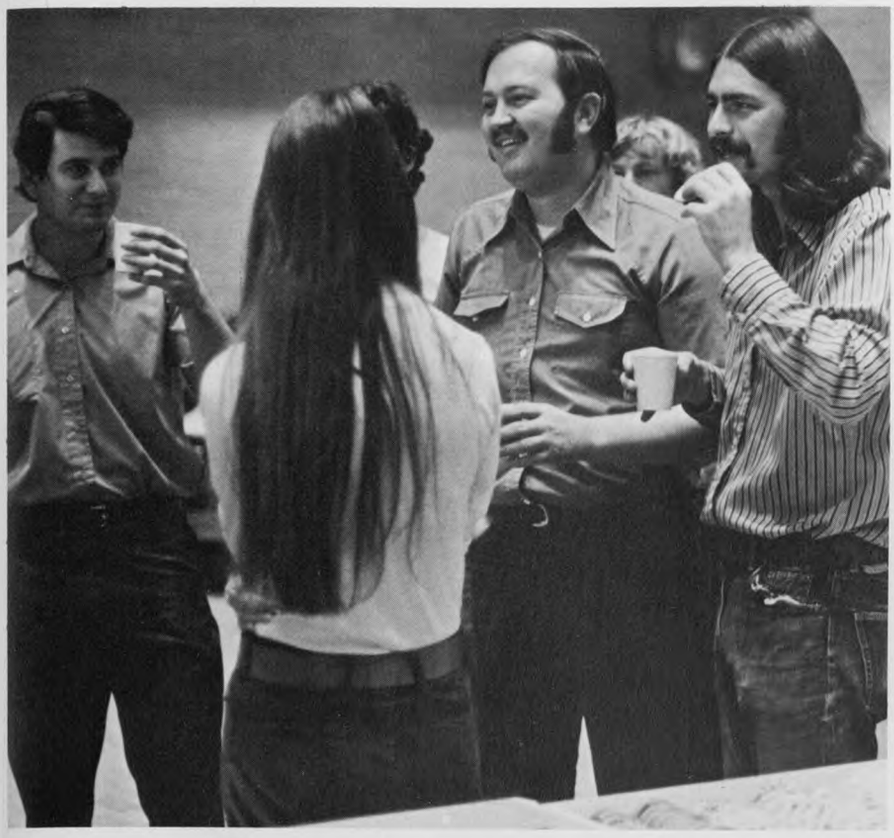

Kentucky Fried Chicken

society of electrical engineers

student optometric association





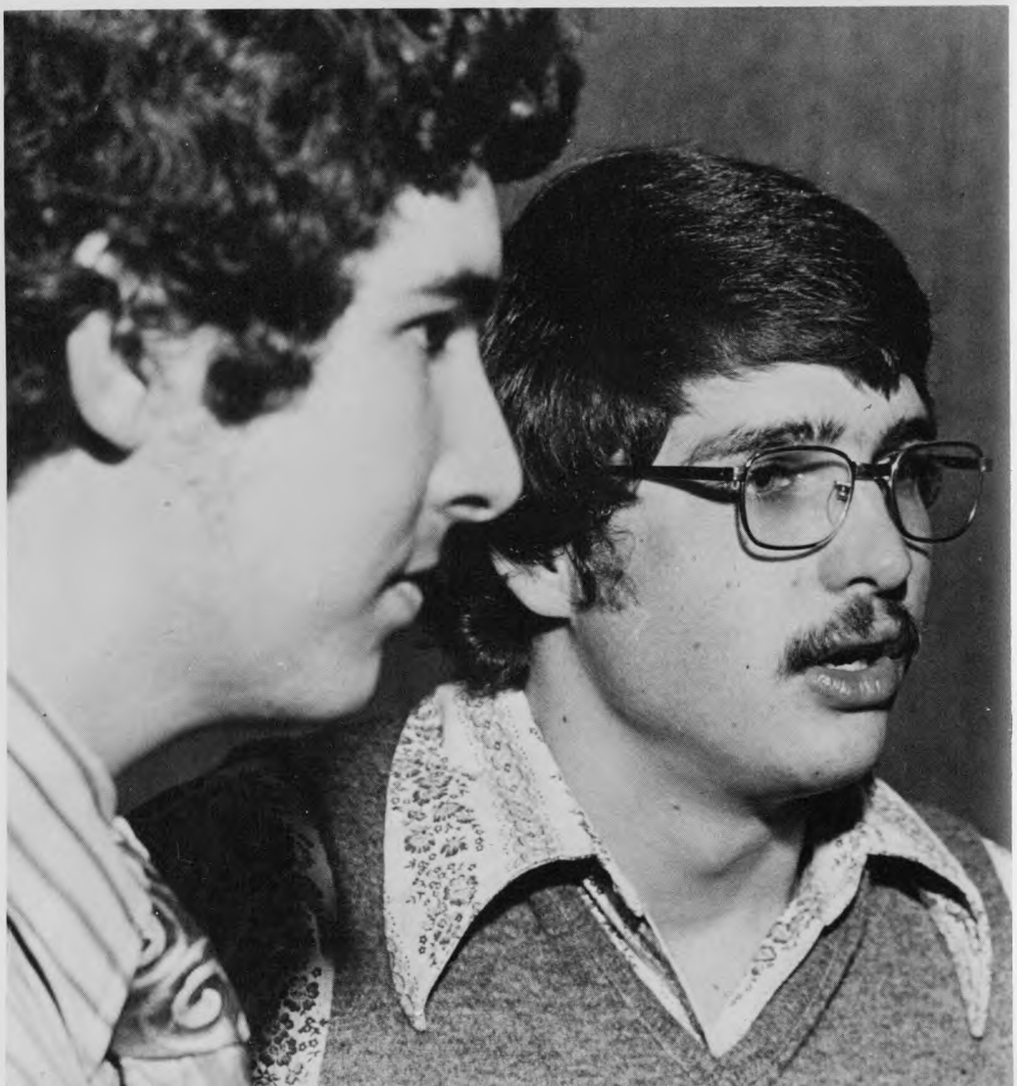


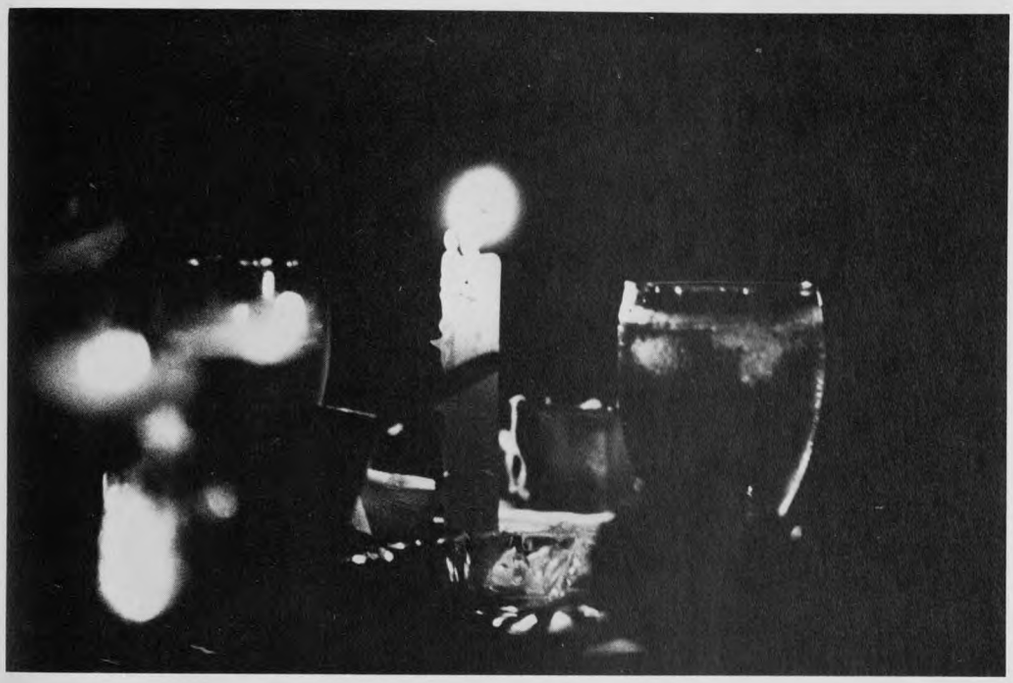
tau beta pi

HARD HATS
Everybody!

greeks

rush





pledges

service

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Delta Sigma Theta Sorority
Presents
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BASO

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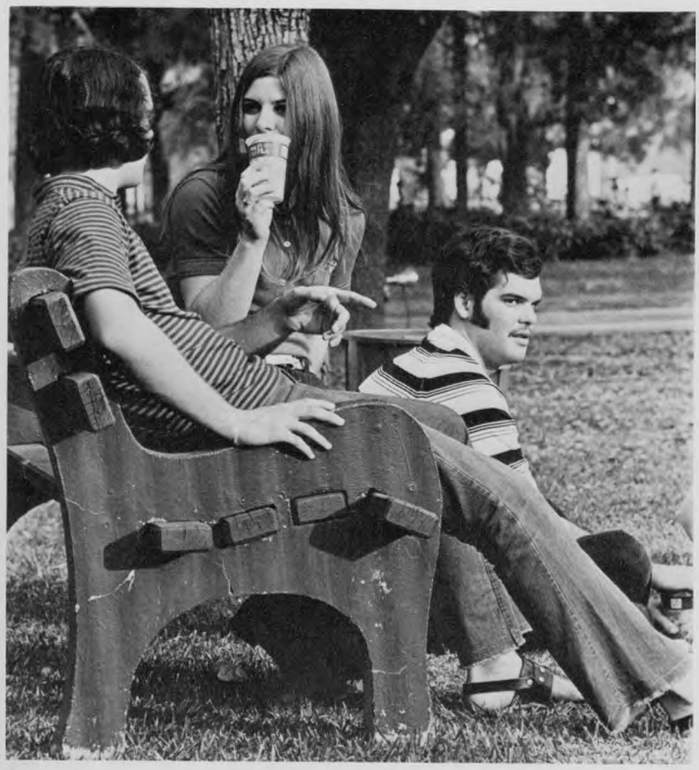
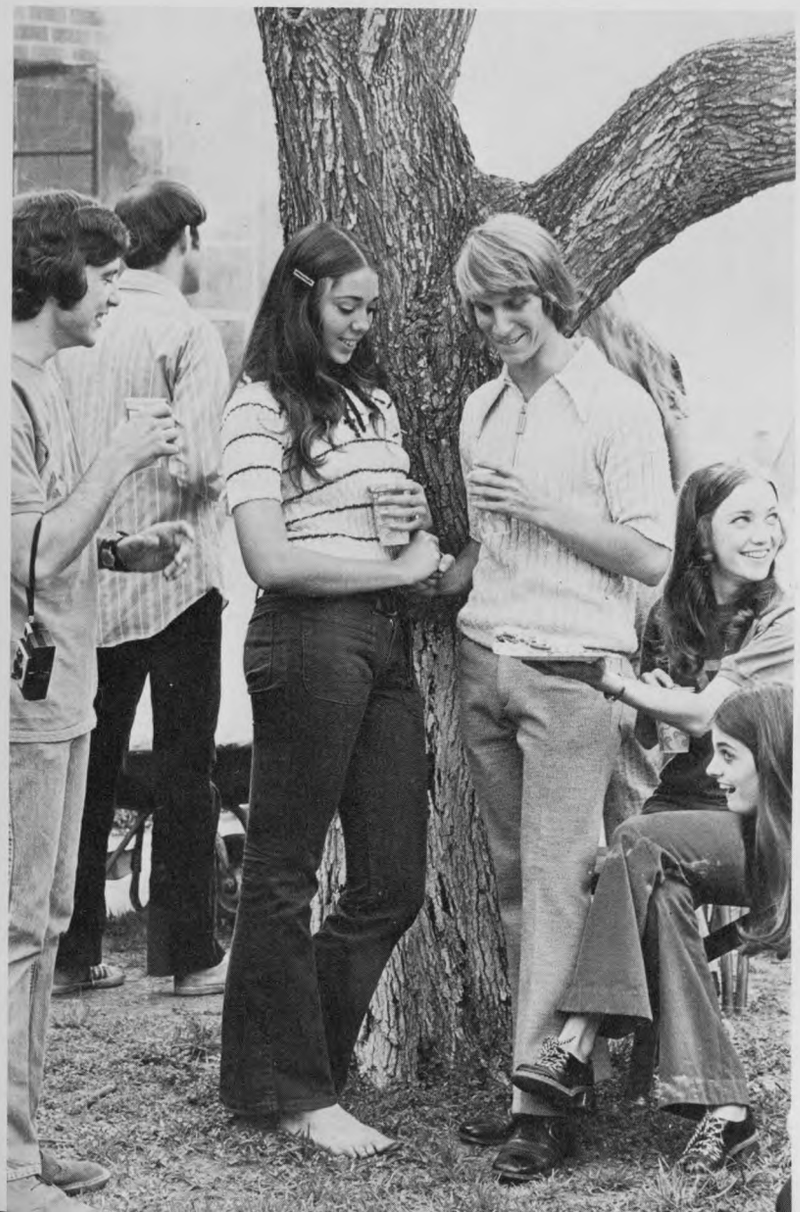
sharon schmetter
delta sig sweetheart

the people who brought you the rice owl





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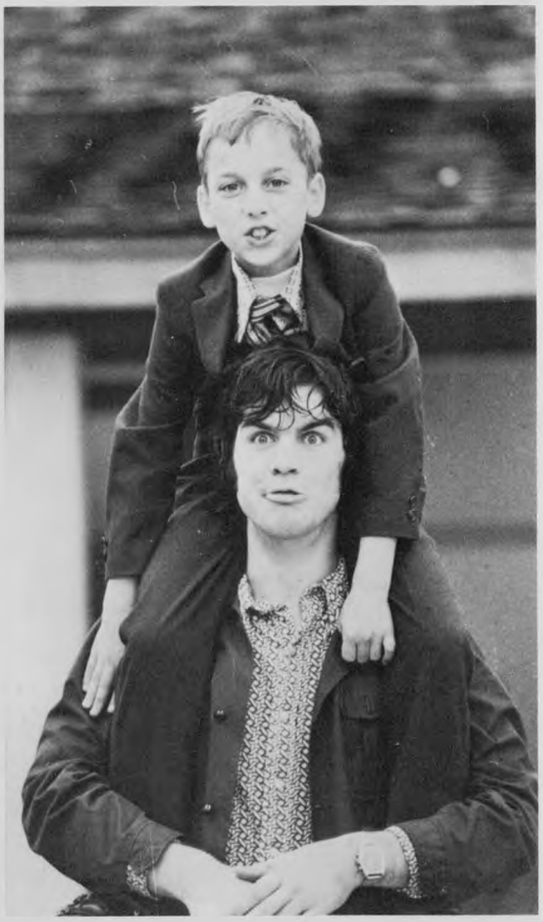

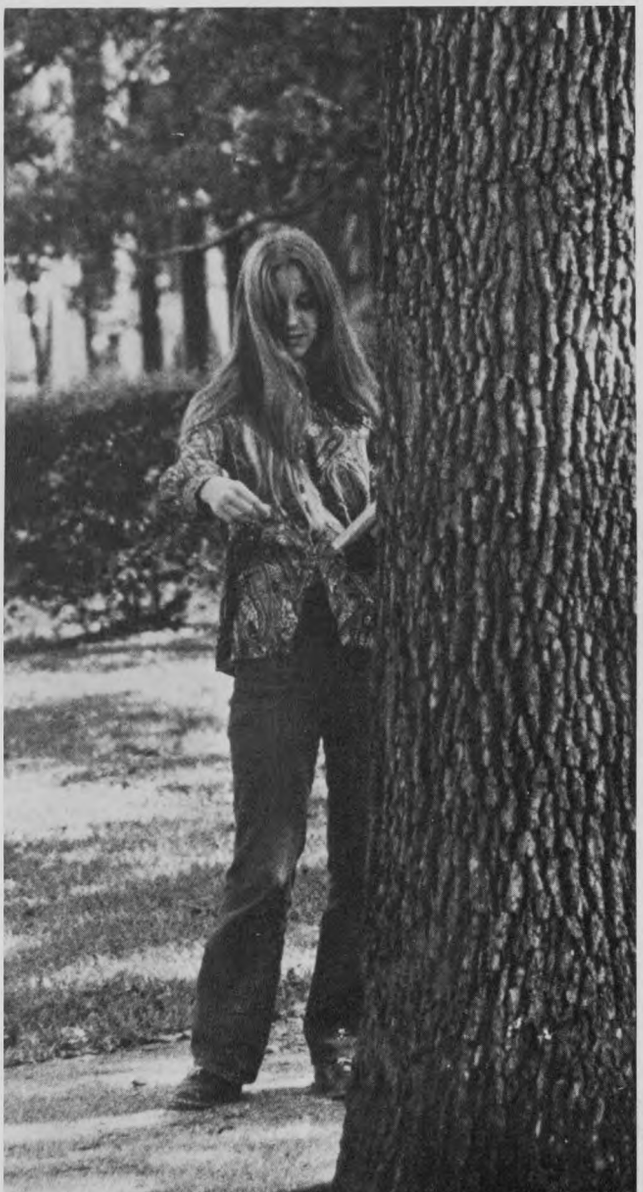

sweetheart cindy farmer

ΣX

HOUSTON
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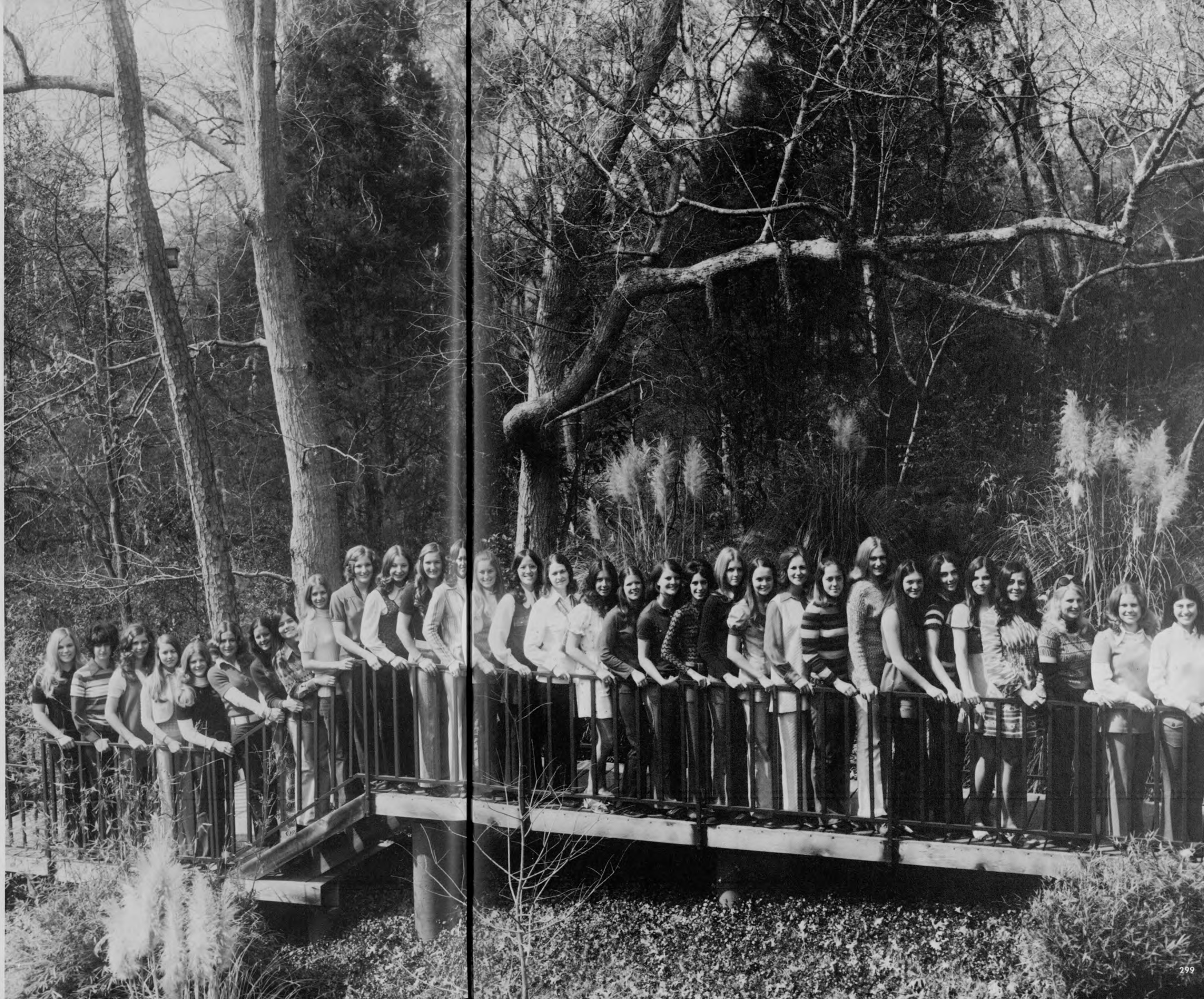

SENIORS

N. Ashraf
R. Atcheson
M. Atkinson
P. Baccus
R. Bagley
C. Bishop
R. Blanchfleur
J. M. Blanco
S. Blankenship
E. Bloomer
S. Counts
H. Cox
M. Cox
S. Cook
K. Craig
C. Elliott
J. Elliott
S. Emde
H. Emerick
M. Espinoza
D. Anders
J. Anders
J. Anusi
L. Arias
L. Arrondo
D. Bicket
W. Bicket
D. Biemer
M. Biggs
S. Bingham
S. Brecht
K. Bregenzer
M. Brenna
B. Bronstein
T. Brown
R. Cole
V. Collins
J. Collins
M. Corbin
F. Coronado
G. Durham
M. Durham
P. Edelman
L. Ehman
M. Ehrlich
L. Caldwell
R. Calvillo
D. Caravella
D. Cardwell
M. Carey
L. Cur
M. Cuscuro
J. Castellano
J. Castillo
J. Cavazos
L. Foreman
L. Forester
L. Forney
P. Fountain
D. Fowler
E. Frazier
B. Frenzel
B. Friesen
B. Fry
D. Frye
J. Giles
G. Gallegos
G. Goebel
L. Golden
J. Goldstein
D. Gomez
R. Gonzales
M. Gonzalez
C. Good
P. Goodman
C. Irving
C. Ibbes
J. Jamali
M. Jamison
M. Janicek
M. Janicek
L. Janda
M. Janda
E. Januchowski
H. Jenkins
G. Johnson
W. Knox
J. Kobert
G. Koi
P. Kong
R. Gundrum
L. Gatman
Hacker
L. Hall
M. Hall
K. Kerr
K. Kessler
J. Kitchens
R. Kitchens
A. Laurel
J. Law
P. Lee
L. Lawrence
L. Leaman
K. Leindsey
K. Lesher
L. Lewis
M. Hall
M. Hamdudi
L. Hama
L. Harris
L. Harrison
C. Lim
T. Lim
L. Linz
L. Linzie
P. Loyd
W. Luckett
S. Lysandrou
M. Maldonado
T. Maldonado
J. Malotka
T. Mangan
F. Maraldo
C. Marmon
P. Martin
S. Nava
M. Navarro
R. Neumann
C. Nguyen
V. Nicholas
R. Nunez
C. Oder
H. Olguinez
G. Oliver
J. Ong
D. Pickett
J. Pinto
R. Powetz
R. Prasch
L. Poe
A. McVea
W. Mei
M. Mendez
T. Mendez
L. Metcall
Z. Metcalf
L. Metting
C. Meyer
J. Minava
C. Moore
R. Rodriguez
J. Rodriguez
J. Rodriguez
J. Rogers
R. Rae
K. Rainwater
R. Rainwater
R. Ramirez
J. Rantal
J. Richardson
L. Riffer
R. Ritter
E. Roberts
S. Robertson
T. Sandridge
W. Sandifer
M. Sandling
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C. Schmidt
T. Schmitt
S. Schneider
B. Schoettinger
V. Schoeffler
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B. Petteway
E. Shelton
M. Sherwood
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J. Sitski
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A. Pruneda
J. Pruitt
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T. Rabalais
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M. Pavlas
P. Payne
T. Moy
A. Muecke
J. Muehler
J. Nash
D. McGee
G. McGourty
J. McGourty
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S. Rhoades
L. Rhodes
G. Richards
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K. Salger
G. Salinas
J. Sanchez
P. Sanchez
E. Shafer
W. Shafer
D. Shaffer
P. Sharks
D. L. Sharpe
J. Silva
Z. Silva
A. Simpson
K. Singleton
D. Sipiak
W. Strickland
K. Strom
F. Sveda
R. Sweeten
T. Tadal
K. Snyder
D. Sommer
R. Sorrell
F. Spooner
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S. Tom
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A. Thigpen
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C. Wilder
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J. Williams
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J. Wilson
B. Wilson
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A. Woodward
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M. Wright
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F. Adamnek
M. Adams
A. Allen
A. Ali
D. Amann
M. Baird
D. Barnett
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M. Barrow
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G. Bluhm
J. Boelsche
D. Bohac
D. Bonilla
A. Boudreaux
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C. Cherry
E. Chin
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I. Oswalt
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B. Parvin
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