

WESTPORT

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'Gee Wiz, it sure looks different than the last one!' On a level, I guess it is, it's thicker, has cartoons, and it no longer has a staff of one. (and, needless to say, no persons rap is necessairily anyone elses). It looks different but over all I still think it retains the good old truckerfunk, complete with misspellings, of the earlyer issues. Whatever, your still safe reading it as long as you remember everything contained here-in is Bullshit.

Dennis Giangreco
Grand Minister of Funk of Mother Love

Any messages to or comments about the trucker should be brought to Tiny Tim's Magic Circus at 4044 Broadway.



TRUCKER

Vol. I
No. 3
June 5 - ?

(note: Two new area projects few people know about are the Westport Community Free School and Westport Labor. Both are honest attempts to improve living in Westport and elsewhere. Neither can live up to its full potential if people don't use their services.)

I Got Dem Big City Blues

Westport Labor

Say you need your basement cleaned out and your willing to pay someone to do it, or maby your the one who'd do the work. Go to the Genuine Article or call . If you need something done call them. The service is free.

Well, despits many hassells, such as pouring rain and a number of up-tight cops, the street dance, last Friday, actually came off. At six oclock We started erecting the stage and unloading the equipment in JP's parking lot, the KUDL Big-Boss-13.8 on your radio dial-Bus pulled up, and a few people people gathered to watch the comotion as the sky became increasingly threatening. The inevitable soon happened half way through our work-- everything was drenched.

Free School

"The porpose of the free school is to provide a relivant education. There are no grades, no degrees, no prerequisites(except specific cource requirements). The personal interrraction between student and instructor becomes a learning experience for both. We invite you to become part of it."*

Completely insane.

Throwing canvas over the already soaked mound of amps and drums on the stage, building the frame for a stage cannopy which should have already been up. Everything sopping wet.

The school is completely free and open to anyone. The only money needed by individuals is for books and ather assorted sup- plys their classes would necessitate.

When the rain let up a little, the canvas was taken from the amps and, with some difficulty, attached to the frame and placed on the stage in time for the next deluge. At least with the canopy up the bands could wipe their instruments of destruction half way dry. The people huddling in the

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*Taken from Absolutely Free, a broshure introducing and explaining the Johnson County and Westport Community Free Schools.

FREE FREE FREE FREE FREE

I GOT DEM BIG CITY BLUES

from page one

doorways across the street bleakly looked on and tried to make some sense out of what was going on. The rain stopped...Wow! A beautifully distinct, double rain bow appeared in the primer grey sky directly over the Westport Bank (?). The dozen or so people in front of the Magic Circus sang "America the Beautiful"... the streets became alive. Within 10 minutes, Impulse Federation rumbulled to a start.

The croud was small but grew to a few hundred by the end of the first set. By the time Will Foxx got under way, the animal had almost doubled its size and was waiting for something to happen. Dancing started at almost the first note—more than I expected. Dope and orange juice were passed around, people climbed atop the cat-walk on the billboard in JP's parking lot. It was getting to be a real gas but after a while the cops got tired of seeing people enjoy themselves and Life-in-the-Big-City time came. The police arrived at the Blue Rock Record Gallery and told it's owners that they had recieved over 50 complaints, which later turned out to be slightly exaggerated, and that we'd have to shut down or else... Blue Rock replied that it was a private party and that it disturbed neither the traffic nor the neighbors. At that point one officer "Pauls" got very beligerant and was inturn told to fuck off. Immediatly afterwards I started phoning my lawyer and other people to get together what bond money I could because both City and Impulse Federation were willing to risk busts by continuing to play and I figured Will Foxx would do the same. Upon returning to Blue Rock I was informed that its opporators, Joe, John, and Sam, as well as myself, Frank from the Circus, the bands, and anyone else they could grabb would be picked up for disturbing the peace. I headed across the street and to the stage where John was giving a short rap, over the mike, about how our illegal gathering might be broken up and after a short pow wow started riffing to the people that the bands would stay as long as they would. So the people stayed, and Will Foxx started up again with City readying for their set. We were calling the polices bluff, figuring that they wouldn't bust for the same reason they didn't bust the Steve Miller concert (which was on UMKC owned land). Busting some pennyless freak is one thing, busting a business another. Businesses have money, and businesses have lawyers that can

throw a lot of shit for a long time. In a case like that cops will scream and they'll yell but they won't move unless they think they can get away with it.

Things, on a level, were under control. The police made no move. Then one of KUDL's boss jocks panaked. Leaping to the stage after Will Foxxes last song, Robert W. Walker started blurting out, not wanting KUDL to be involved in a "riot" of course. Various phrases I cougth were "the police are going to come in here and start tear-gassing", "You've all been groovy but we're going to stop now", "The stores are all going to stay open till twelve and they've got groovy things just for you so go in and buy."

Jesus Christ! That was unreal!

The bands were confused, I was confused, John was confused, and inthe confusion the people who figured that Robert W. had the word, which was about half because most people saw him as just another freak who obvously, to them, had the word, were leaving and none of us got it together to stop them, although Tom from Impulse Federation made a good try.

Most people were heading for the Aquarius where they expected to get in free after Robert W. had volunteered it. A quick explanation at the door and the hall was free for the rest of the night with Stone Wall doing some heavy jamming. The jamming, though should have been at Westport and Penn. We made mistakes but, over all, last Friday night was an excelent dry run. Dig?



THIS IS A CHAIN LETTER

Within the next fifty-five days you will receive thirty-eleven hundred pounds of chains.

In the mean time... PLANT YOUR SEEDS!

If a lot of people who receive this letter plant a few seeds, and a lot of people read this letter, then a lot of seeds will get planted. PLANT YOUR SEEDS!

In parks, on lots, along fences, in remote places, at City Hall. Wherever and whenever. Or start a plantation in your closet (but read up on it first for that). For casual planting it's best to soak them for about a day and plant them in a bunch of about five, about half an inch deep. Don't worry much about weather, they know when the weather's wrong and will depend on nature. Don't soak them if it's winter. Seeds are a very hearty life form and strongly desire to grow and flourish. But some of them need people's help to get started. PLANT YOUR SEEDS!

Make a few copies of this letter (five would be nice) and send them and this copy to friends of yours. Try to mail to different cities and states, and even countries. Or if that's too much hassle, then please pass this copy on to someone and perhaps they would like to.

There is no truth to the legend that if you throw away a chain letter then all sorts of catastrophic, abominable, and outrageous disasters will happen. Except from your seeds point of view.

AMERICA WE HAVE YOU SURROUNDED.

Originated in Los Angeles, 1968, by The Paratheoanametamystikhood of Eris Esoteric, as a joint effort of the Discordain Society. The Goddess Eris Prevails. Shantih!



followers of
Krishnan Hinduism
will be opening a chapter in
Kansas City this summer.
Hare Krishna!

A VICIOUS RUMOR

John Arnoldy

I was sitting in the Iron Kettle this morning having a cup of rainy coffee and talking to Joe Goodman when he or I or someone hunched over a plate of Oriental-Peril-Yellow-Eggs and said, "Fuck, this is a depression. Why don't the papers just admit it and set the headlines?"

It's not so much that I was thunder struck by that observation as it was that for some curious, Jungian reason it tripped the memory of another vicious rumor I heard recently that I would like to voice, just so I can hear someone spreading it, along with their apple jelly, some morning and mumble 'bullshit' into my slant eyed egg and forget it. Maybe. This month at Peoples Armed Forces Day in San Diego, Tom Hayden gave a speech in which he stated that the Wall Street Journal (issue unknown) ran an article reporting that the Rand Corporation was conducting "feasability study and model building for cancelling the 1972 elections." The justification for this act would be a national state of emergency, declared by the President, caused by Kent Statesque dissent when we not only do not pull out of Cambodia but Escalate the entire South East Asian conflict.

It's just a thought, just something to mull over in the Kettle some morning and whisper to another good little German seated next to you.



Aquarius

The Aquarius is beginning to really hurt now that Freedom Palace is open. Their pulling crowds of about 60 people a night and common sense will tell you that they can't even break even on that.

To generate interest and, at the same time, help the community, Jerry Wyatt is remodeling the building to accommodate about a dozen booths so as to make a Things Unlimited type setup where freaks can pay \$15 a week for the space and sell their wares. The Aquarius will still have dance concerts each weekend featuring local bands and steadily developing a good environment to dig on—the bands are improving too.



OFF MY BELLY

by Fat Frank

I ask you, my brothers and sisters, what is freedom? Is not freedom your reason for being my brothers and sisters? Is not your search for freedom your reason for your search for love, peace, happiness, momentary truth, and whatever conceptulism you insert in that gigantic blank entitled: "the real meaning of life"? Stop, now! Think! What are some of the floating definitions we bestow (or were programed, trained, conditioned, or forced to bestow) upon the verbal belch of "Freedom"?

On many levels (thank you Dennis) Freedom just dosent exist. Nixon's idea of Freedom is bullshit! The Freedom permitted under any ruling power structure, big business elite, or political enforcing agency, we have discovered, is non-existant. The Freedoms championed by our parents, prophecied by our religions, and historified by our educators were washed away when we painfully awoke from our childhood. BUT I SAY FREEDOM EXISTS!! When?

When you reward yourself and the awareness removes all the billions of non rewarding stimuli (thoughts, words, mental pictures, memories). You, my brothers and sisters, find Freedom in the euphoria of individual sensory and unique personal selfexpression. Don't be afraid! Don't be afraid! You should fear, but not be limited by, the conditioned fear of Freedom itself!

As you can see, I feel the only Freedom you can attain is individual freedom, whether alone or shaired with others. Doing dope is a form of Freedom with many attractions. Ten seconds before you come and the deminishing seconds afterwards You Know Freedom, since usually, only in that short time can the guy free himself from worrying about pleasing his chick, the chick free herself from her programmed conscience, and the male and female self-gratifiers free themselves from the fears of masturbation. You and I experience Freedom when our minds are empty of the 20th century environmental hassles and confusions, empty from all interfearence. This rather powerful "union with God" can be attained through other non-drug methods such as prayer meditation, yoga, or the chanting of mantras such as the Hare Krishna chant used by advocates of Krishnan Hinduism.

Furthermore, you know Freedom during many less demonstrative functions and phases of your individual living routine, but NOW I must focus on a very major freedom at, in, during Rock Music Concerts and Dances! For many years the youth of the earth have danced. Why? Why did our parents, their parents, and theirs, and on, continue the social phenomenon of Free body movements stimulated and

guided by audible patterns of sound? Why? Could it be because, at least for a time, their bodies became an instrument of self-expression? Yes! Yes! A beautiful instance of FREEDOM! But why did these previous generations give up, quit after they had discovered a way to be Free? Why? Could it be that they failed to realize the importance of Freedom? Could it be because they were not intrested, motivated; because they did not know the terrific need to cherish any and all instances of new found Freedom? Could it be, since they were blind to the non-existence of a "total freedom", that they allowed themselves to be trained that dancing and moving to music was a frivolous and non-relivant need?

We know we need Freedom. And you and I, my brothers and sisters, know that we need to preserve and engage ourselves in as many expressions of Freedom we can! Yes we dig rock and roll music, but did you ever wonder why? Why has our music become one of our major forms of communication, the triumphant symbol of OUR generation? Why the generation gap? Why the youth revolution? Why the Freak scene? Why our love-ins? Why Woodstock? Why are our rock concerts one of our heaviest trips? I say because it's "Freedom". Freedom! And we have discovered and are discovering that the Freedom we we experience at our concert halls is one of the most pleasurable, totally engaging, and strongest Freedom-reinforcing trips that is alive today! And so we must keep this freedom alive. We must make the Freedom grow! The immense pleasure must be increased by greater participation. More intense involmment by all of you, my brothers and sisters. When you return to Freedom Palace, the Aquarius, Volker Park, or any other Freedom rally, be Free. Don't sit and wait your chance for self-expressing pleasure, Stand! Dance! Jump! Scream!

Clap! Freak! Not when the concert is over, not at its middle, but from the very minute you arrive, and begin to forget theirs a Vietnam, repressive laws and social pressure, and your parents disapproval. Start taking part in the Freedom our generation has found, is creating, and will continue to recreate forever and ever and ever, as long as our environment permits. Did you not enjoy, yes, totally enjoy Country Joe and the Fish after you stood up. After you started dancing. After you started being FREE! (Yes you remember!) You were free! Scarey as the thought must be to some, you and I experienced FREEDOM. And we will do it again and again. Just as we will have the freedom of sex no matter what our degree of participation.

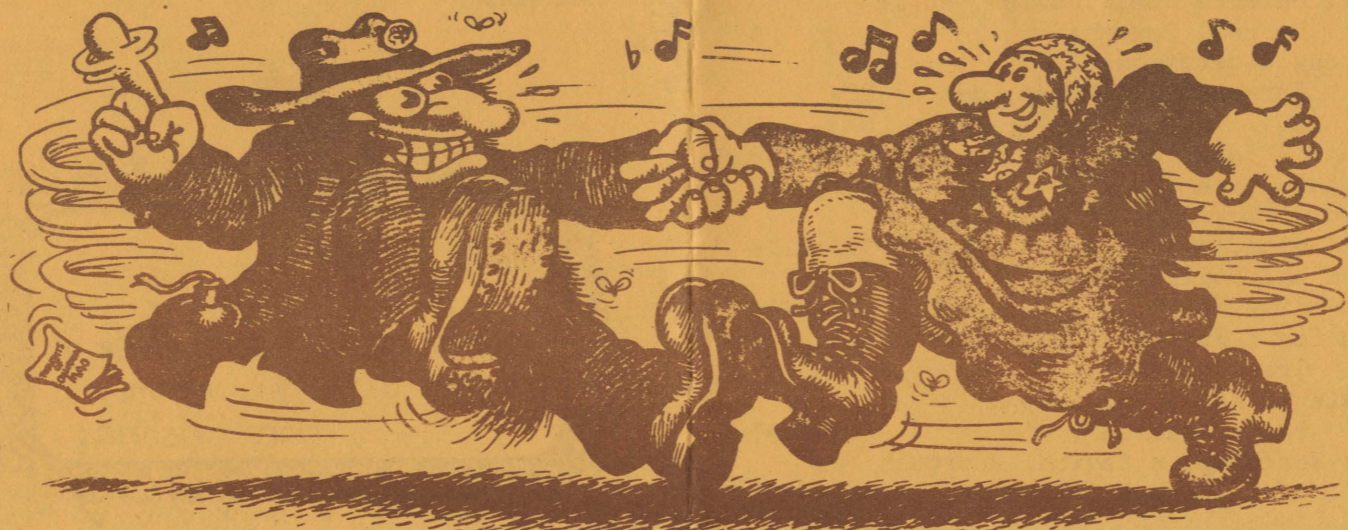
We will, here in Kansas City, continue this great pleasure of self-expression at all our future concerts. We have found a Freedom. A whole nation, world, of us has found a Freedom. At a time when we need it so bad, want it so bad, we can have it. It's just about all we can claim to still freely have. We must be Free! We can be Free and if we truly do need Freedom, we will never sit and limit ourselves at another concert again. We are no longer afraid. We have found our Freedom. Please, oh brothers and sisters, let's not forget to be Free!

Love & peace

OFF MY FAT

by Belly Frank

A rather stoney brother of ours, whom we are told, lived a few years before us, developed a positive trip for himself and, instructed some of his brothers, maintained that when getting on a judgement trip it might be heavy, for ones own collection of insights, to: "not cast any stone lest ye be free from sin."



Well, whether he really new where that was at, or not, it seems that while focusing on our own Kansas City community we should be enlightened to the fact that in our midst are an immense number of holy, holy bretheren. As one who's own holiness is indeed small and in need of much guidance, I beg, oh, Holy Ones, to share thy knowlege and wisdom with me, since I am so great a fool as to think that someday I may be less a fool. Please! Come! Teach me! For in my ignorance I have only praise for that which you scorn. I feel that Freedom Palace is the greatist thing to happen to Kansas City since the construction of Volker Park! I can not in any way justify the error of my participation, to any degree, in bad-riffing our incredible rock-concert hall.

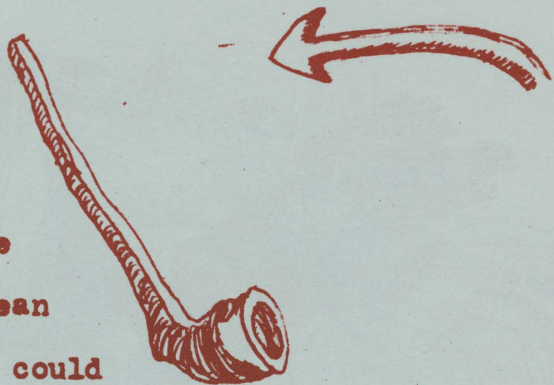
Ever since the earliest efforts were began to provide our growing community with a real, live, nationally-competing rockhall, the stones of negative-city have bounced through and around my gaze. Why? It is so easy, I feel, to overemphasize the few rumored shortcomings of any new trip. It has been so easy to cop-out and put-down a struggling attempt to provide a self-supporting business enterprise which is solely designed from its very conception to give you and me, my brothers and sisters, a trippy environment--the access to one of our major freedoms. Getting it on with all the major rock bands in the country! (Before I continue and possibly leave you feeling that the witch trial and crucifixion of Freedom Palace has been only propigated by sanctimonious individuals, I would like to express my amazement upon reading one of our community's muck-sheets which with the same breath criticized the artistry of the performing groups and lashed out rage upon the conception of the dancehall for reasons which were less than clear and sounded like the snivelings of a small boy after getting his butt spanked.)

I hear shouts of "rip-off" when three to five dollar ticket prices are charged, yet the shouts resound from brothers and sisters who are more than willing to hand over 8 to 10, 15, or 20 dollars for a mere ounce of grass. We see individuals in the community scoring cheap bricks or ounces of hash and then making three to five times the bread in return, yet the freak community doesn't complain! I hear shouts of joy at each announcement of the scheduled great groups Freedom Palace has acquired or is planning to acquire. But, however, though we want concerts each weekend, our whole-hearted support of Freedom Palace is so lacking that this, our only chance for any enduring fantastic rock shows, may be forced into programing only one show a month.

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Knowing Is Being

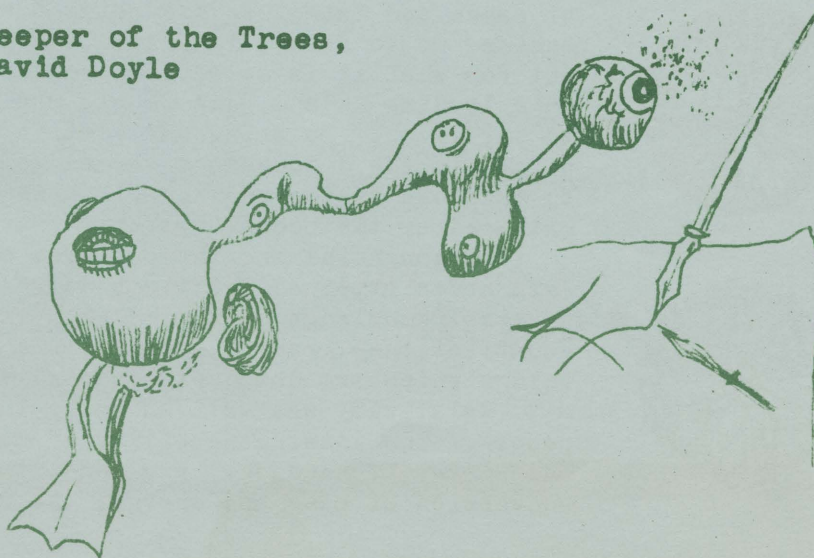
They put my head and shoulders on the block and cut off my head, not with one clean whack, but with several dull clumps, and I could feel each one. And they picked up his head by his long hair and they looked at it. And his expression was pain --- eyes squinted shut, muscles taut, teeth clenched. But as they looked it changed. His eyes opened wide, laughing, and his mouth slowly grinned, the biggest grin ever. And my voice said, "Take care of those in Hutchinson." And the Sagittarian was gone --- died like John the Baptist --- and he was him but in 1970.



Willayot

Then, if some called
The wildly words we got;
And such appeared
As those we know were not;
But lost, for soon
They came as though they sought.
So gone again;
For them it was their lot.

Keeper of the Trees,
David Doyle





(Note: The following paper was presented to the Nuclear Radiation Physics class at North American Technical Institute in Albuquerque New Mexico last summer. It was conceived and presented in the spirit of the Aquarian Age in a sincere effort to raise human conscienceness. The paper was accepted with good response by the class and in the desire to reach a larger audience Mr. Munding submitted a copy to the Astral Projection from which this article is being reprinted.)

THE HISTORY & FUTURE OF NUCLEAR PHYSICS

The subject of this paper is the history and future of nuclear physics. However, rather than present a dry list of names and dates, we are going to step asside, so to speak, to examin the subject for what it is so we can see where it's leading us and, how we can apply it to our lives. To bring out most of the points in the discussion, we are going to make use of the wealth of knowlege gathered by the occult masters.

Although the ancient cultures of Asia never attained the rigorously exact physical knowledge of the modern Western countries, they grasped in principle many things which are now just occuring to us.

Relativity was well known by these people. The interchangability of mass and energy, frequency, renonance, the conversion of mass and energy, the con-

cept of positive and negative charges, the quantum concept, all of this has been known for thousands of years.

The bulk of this knowlidge has been hanhed down from India and China, but it originated in old Egypt with Hermes Trismegistus, often called the father of occult wisdom. The best authorities regard him as a contemporary of Abraham and, some Jewish traditions go as far as to claim that Abraham aquired part of his mystic knowledge from Hermes himself.

We must be very careful here. The combination of our unfamiliarity with Eastern cultures and their sophistication gives them an aura of mistery into which we project fantasies of our own making. The unwary Westerner can easily get lost in the smoke screen of reincarnation, E. S. P., and the psychic powers. We must keep our scientific wits about us when we examine ideas from the East. Both East and West now fully agree on the order of the substance of the universe. It can be arranged in order of ascending energy level with energy near the top and matter at the bottom. What science has not yet recognized, however, is that Mind is at the top of the scale.

This idea is of tremendous importance and is the hardest concept of all to understand. Let us review: There are three great manifestations; matter, energy, and mind.

Matter - the lowest energy level of substance. It is subordinant to both energy and mind.

Energy - one stage higher than matter, but subordinant to mind.

Mind - the highest form of substance. It dominates both matter and energy. Mind, however, is subordinant to Will and obeys orders of the latter when firmly and intelligently given.

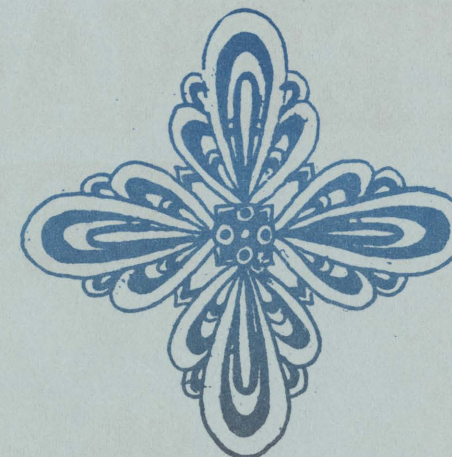
Therefore, matter and energy can be created and directed by the will controlling the Mind. We recognize this as a basic premise of all religions, bar none. It has also been proven that electromagnetic energy, like that emitted by the human mind, can change into mass and vice versa. Western science, however, has not recognized that this process can be intelligently controlled.

The question arises, 'How did the ancients know these great principles?' By developing their minds. Another occult truth is that all the secrets and power in the universe is locked up inside our heads. It's ours if only we can develope our will.

Many who have attained great results in the intellectual and scientific fields

have developed their consentration and will power more or less unconsciously. They are born with this great ability. Most of us, though, still have to work hard to develope it. It's not easy, and there are no short cuts but, there are several available courses the aspiring student can study. From the East we may study Zen and Yoga plus a host of other methods. From the West we have psychotherapy and the techniques of positive thinking. If we are intrested and willing to work there is no limit how far we can go.

We have seen from our studys of nuclear physics that science is almost on the border line separating mind and energy. The patterns of relationships exhibited by subatomic particles are merely a hint of what must necessairily follow. Very shortly science will discover forms of energy which will give more striking evidence of rational action. We have also seen how we can apply this knowlege to our lives, to take the first steps on the path to mastery.



"Regardez!"

Students of the Black Arts!

The herbs of your Study are now available!"

(From Egypt):

Tannis Root, Devil's Dung

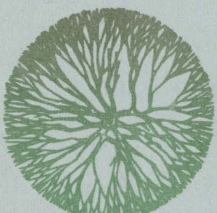
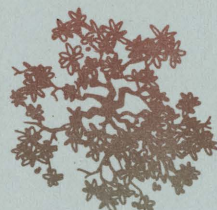
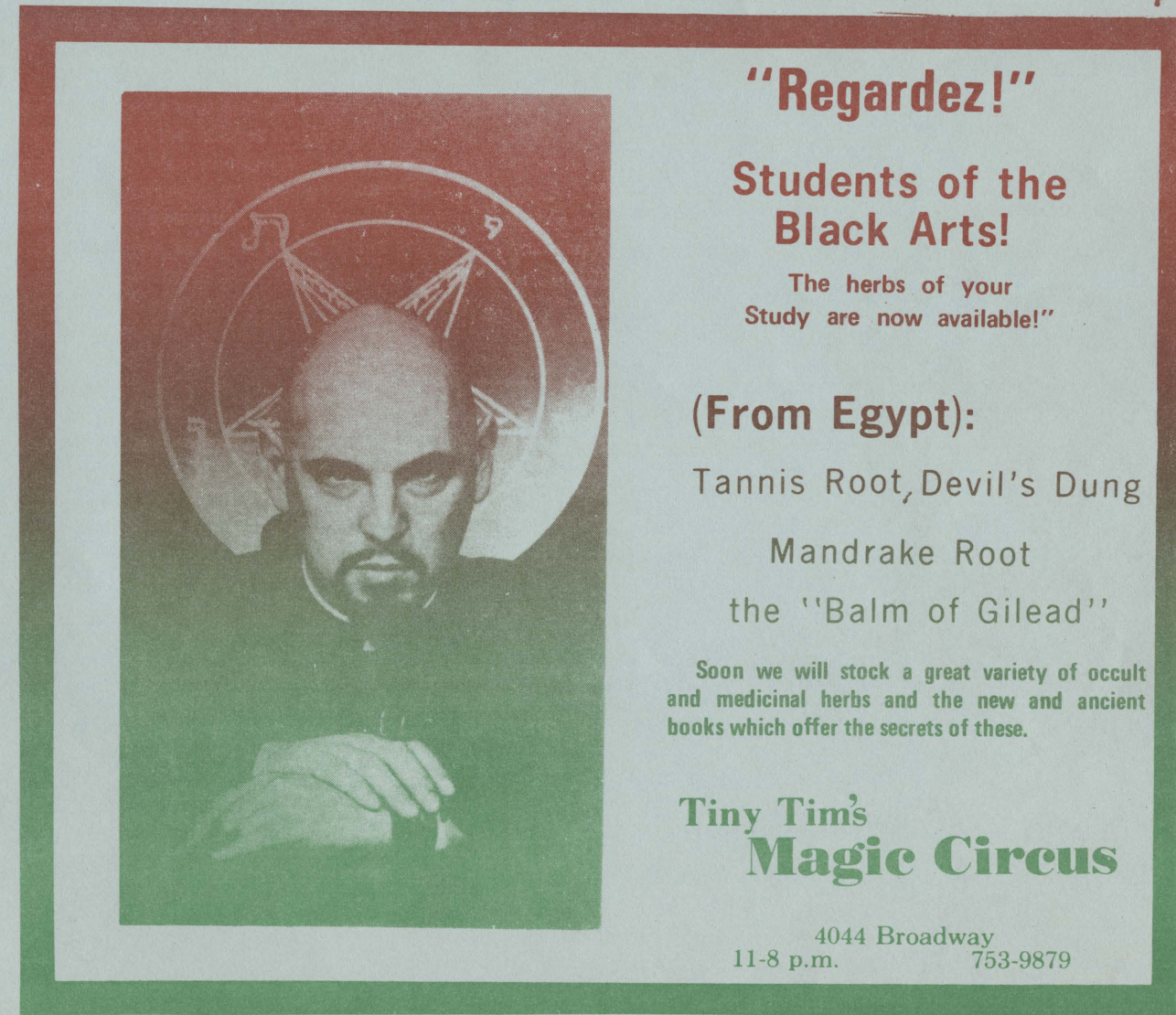
Mandrake Root

the "Balm of Gilead"

Soon we will stock a great variety of occult and medicinal herbs and the new and ancient books which offer the secrets of these.

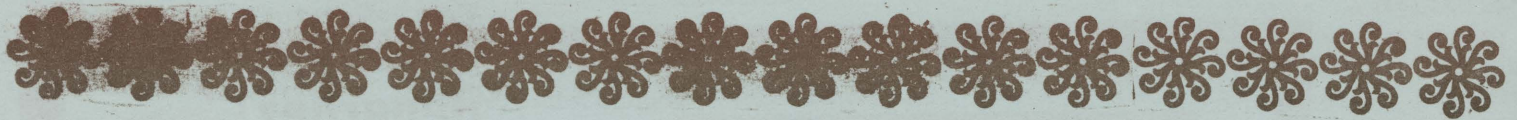
Tiny Tim's Magic Circus

4044 Broadway
11-8 p.m. 753-9879



TEENAGERS BEWARE!

THE FIRST ONE'S
ffffree!



IT CAME OUT'A THE SKY

On Sunday, May 24th, a marijuana cigarette (rapped prettily in cherry red papers) fell to earth directly in front of Bruce, Ari, and Sue, who were strolling leisurly through the Nelson Art Gallery lawn. It was enjoyed by all involved.



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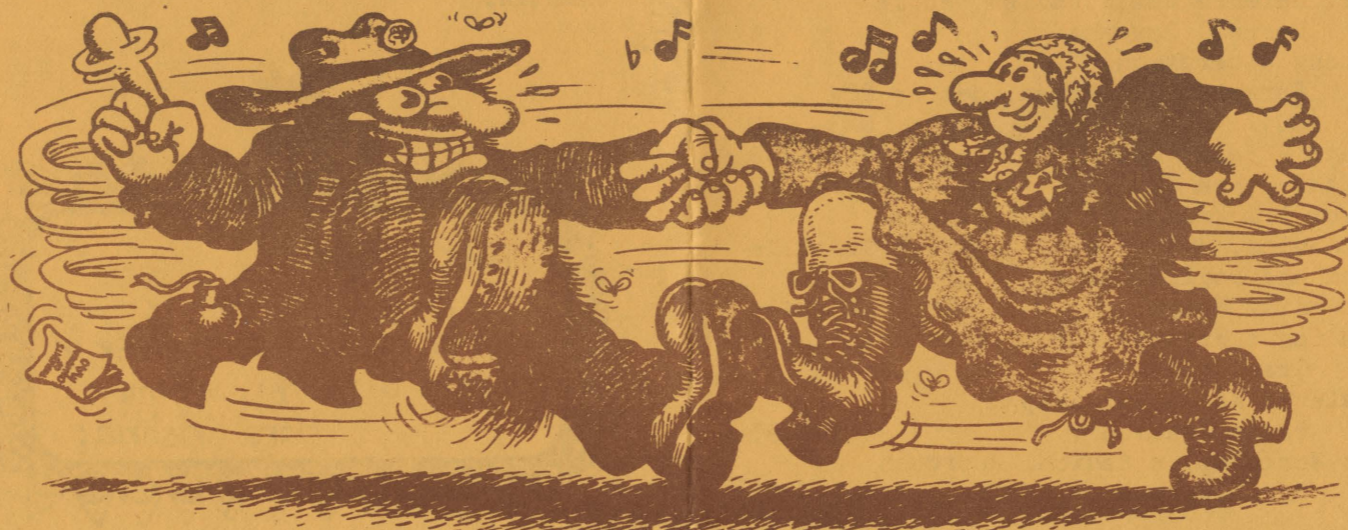
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A rather stoney brother of ours, whom we are told, lived a few years before us, developed a positive trip for himself and, instructed some of his brothers, maintained that when getting on a judgement trip it might be heavy, for ones own collection of insights, to: "not cast any stone lest ye be free from sin."



Well, whether he really new where that was at, or not, it seems that while focusing on our own Kansas City community we should be enlightened to the fact that in our midst are an immense number of holy, holy bretheren. As one who's own holiness is indeed small and in need of much guidance, I beg, oh, Holy Ones, to share thy knowlege and wisdom with me, since I am so great a fool as to think that someday I may be less a fool. Please! Come! Teach me! For in my ignorance I have only praise for that which you scorn. I feel that Freedom Palace is the greatist thing to happen to Kansas City since the construction of Volker Park! I can not in any way justify the error of my participation, to any degree, in bad-riffing our incredible rock-concert hall.

Ever since the earliest efforts were began to provide our growing community with a real, live, nationally-competing rockhall, the stones of negative-city have bounced through and around my gaze. Why? It is so easy, I feel, to overemphasize the few rumored shortcomings of any new trip. It has been so easy to cop-out and put-down a struggling attempt to provide a self-supporting business enterprise which is solely designed from its very conception to give you and me, my brothers and sisters, a trippy environment--the access to one of our major freedoms. Getting it on with all the major rock bands in the country! (Before I continue and possibly leave you feeling that the witch trial and crucifixion of Freedom Palace has been only propigated by sanctimonious individuals, I would like to express my amazement upon reading one of our community's muck-sheets which with the same breath criticized the artistry of the performing groups and lashed out rage upon the conception of the dancehall for reasons which were less than clear and sounded like the snivelings of a small boy after getting his butt spanked.)

I hear shouts of "rip-off" when three to five dollar ticket prices are charged, yet the shouts resound from brothers and sisters who are more than willing to hand over 8 to 10, 15, or 20 dollars for a mere ounce of grass. We see individuals in the community scoring cheap bricks or ounces of hash and then making three to five times the bread in return, yet the freak community doesn't complain! I hear shouts of joy at each announcement of the scheduled great groups Freedom Palace has acquired or is planning to acquire. But, however, though we want concerts each weekend, our whole-hearted support of Freedom Palace is so lacking that this, our only chance for any enduring fantastic rock shows, may be forced into programing only one show a month.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

OFF MY FAT

from page 9

My brothers and sisters. Don't you want the freedom and pleasure Freedom Palace can provide us? Financial stability is a necessary trip, possibly one of the most relevant needs of any business enterprise. I feel that those of you who dream of Woodstocks, an incredible a trip as that was, should note that it only lasted three days. The fairy-tale happening of free music is so short lived that the memory of it is the only thing that most of us can ever experience. Thousands of dollars can be lost once or twice and then it's only on the other side of the rainbow! If a rock concert trip is to be enduring, it must be solvent. Allong the same road to euphoria races the riff that the hip community should share the profits of any God-sharing experience with rock and roll. Well, I ask you, how many freaks made it rich at Woodstock? If the populace of our groovy community think they can create and maintain a rock concert ballroom without the financial investments and intrests of previously stable business persons, then why hasen't, in the last five years, any hall been established? We've been here. Kansas City has had an incredible community as long as any other city. At least, in my ignorance, I have felt ithas. So WOW! We have Freedom Palace! But we must keep it alive. Through the shou~~ts~~ts of: "Well, it's all we got", I feel we should and must assert that, "what we got just ain't so fucken' bad."

Lastly we must believe that now that its here; we've got it and, most notably, we should be aware that we can make it become the heaviest trip around! And Heavier! And Heavier! We can do it! So, lets support Freedom Palace and make it worthy of its beautiful name.

Love & peace

Free School

from page one



Listed below are cources offered and their instructors telephone numbers, instruct ors without phones can be reached thru Caron Wells at . If you are intrested in a course not yet innitiated, contact Robin Christensen at .

- Art - Walt Wells/painting & coordinator
Ken Crozier/design
- G.E.D. Study(for people who left high school and now find a deploma necessary)
Caron and Walt Wells

- How to Handle the Establishment
Walt Wells "
- Tutoring For High School
Caron Wells "
- Creative Writing
Caron Wells "
- Cinematography Workshop
Robin Christensen
- Folk Dancing
Robin Christensen "
- Photography Jam Session
Ken Crozier
- Printing - Lithography
Jeffry Humfeld
- Weaving
Sharon Brennan, member Weavers Guild
- Astrology
Leigh
- Black/white Dialogue Groups
Barbara Love
- Mysticism
Dale Haversteadd, graduate of St. Paul's School of Theology
- Psychology
Ron Gardner, M.A.
- Street Preaching
Rev. Sam Mann III
- Ecology & Polution
changing instructors-contact Jill
- Law & People
Gary Eldridge, UMKC law student
- Love in Business
Jim Leiter, businessman
- Minority Issues
Peter Bunce
- Survival
changing instructors.
- Violence in America,
Bill Jones, Professor UMKC
- Social Change
Darrell Dewease
- Self Defence(Small bodied people)
Darrell Dewease
- Womans Liberation
Margaret Kinderman, member NOW
- Drama - Sally Eyman
- Guitar - Ken Crozier
- Sewer Trucking - Darrell Dewease
- Mechanics, Auto & Cycle - Frank Curialle
- Math and Logical Games
Bill Randolph
- Reading & Writing for College Bound Students
Gregg Hodes
- Whatever Works Workshop
Bruce Johnson
- Art Workshop, a Radical Approach
Bob Blackman

MISCELLANEOUS

If your stranded somewhere or other wise need a ride in the city, "The Peoples Garbage scow" is available out of the Estatic Umbrella at 561-4524. Ask for Bob.

Mother Love needs plywood and/or 2 X 4's for the stage we're building at Volker Park. If you've anything, contact me at 753-9879. We can pick it up.

Dragonfly will be at the park on the 13th, Morning Star & Love Street Affair on the 14th, Fresh Air on the 20th. Will Foxx & Bartoks Mt. on the 21st. There will also be jams on most concerts.

Stoneface will be touring soon and Stone Wall and Impulse Federation will be splitting up for the summer so if you want to here them before September, you better do it soon.

The Estatic Umbrella is still doing drug annalysis and opporating a crashpad, among other things. 561-4524 *The Umbrella also despirately needs more
Crashpads*

Dial-a-Trip - 764-1122

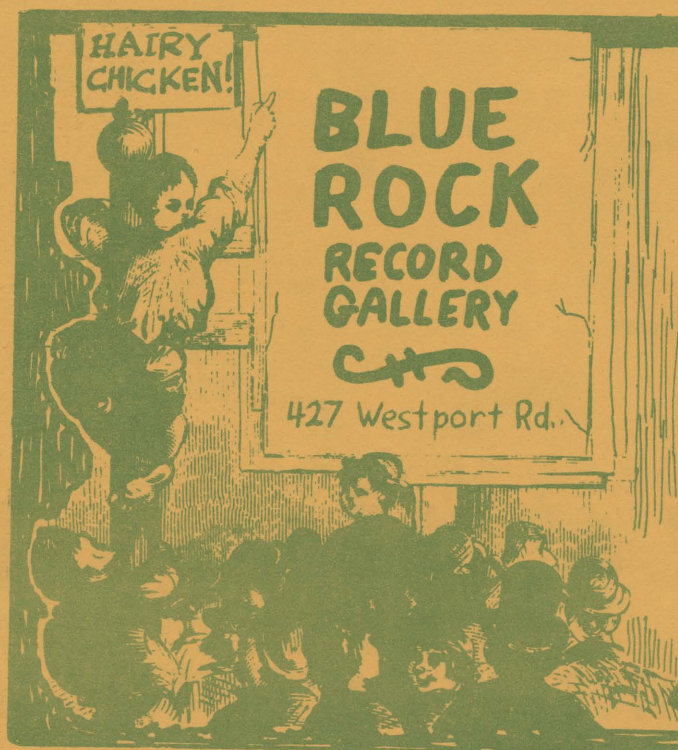
Brother Zapp's (under the LOVE sign, on 39th & Main) is selling new and used surplus records really cheap.

Clyde Conner has masses of bee hives surrounding K.C. and urgently needs help tending them. Dig, if the honey isn't drained regularly the bees will all split so if you need a little bread and like bees, call Clyde between 12 and 5 PM at 241-2746.

If you don't like bees but you still need a little bread, dealers get all the the money they make selling the Word and 12½¢ on the Good news. The Word can be picked up at the Genuing Article, the Good News at Blue Rock and the Sign.

The Erotic Bumbershute is almost out of toilet Paper. Please bring all donations to 3800 McGee.

The Magic Circus has finially sold out of Orgy Butter. Right On!



Woodstock
Who - Live at Leeds
Live Cream
McCartney
Hendrix - Band of
Gypsies
Stones - Live'r than
You'll ever be
Poco

AND MUCHO
MORE



The gum on your seat

*from the
Green Broad
of Topeka*



Look closely at that wad of gum
Sticking to the bottom of your seat

Is it hard, or when you cross your legs
Does it stick to your jeans?

A lot of spit went into the forming
Of that artistic molding and there

Was a considerable amount of energy
Behind its chewing and its eventual

Adhesion like a fossil of life past.

Pull off this guck and put it in
Your mouth. Does it have any flavor left?

Has it retained the moisture
That went into its birth and death?

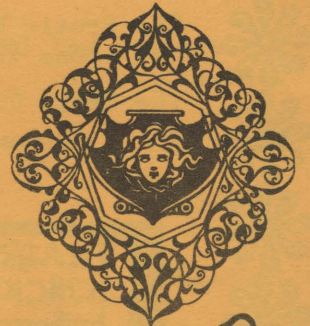
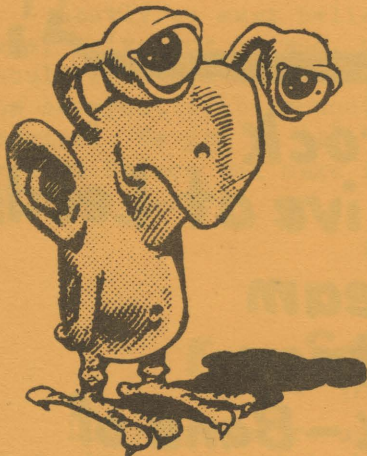
If the taste offends you put it back
But first, suck it dry of spit;

'Course that's asking for muscle action;
Or don't you belive in indian giving?

Raymond Nadeau



PLUS



WE BUY SHIT

NO
KIDDEN!

COME SEE FAT FRANK AT TINY TIM'S MAGIC CIRCUS