THE REFERENCE OF THE PARTY OF T

25° local 35¢ elsewhere

MADE WAR

Volume 1 Number 9

this Christmas

DECEMBER-70 Give a Bomber

- JANUARY-71

ROLL SOME TODAY !!

KOSMIC CITY

NEWS FLASH



SPORM SPIM

RIVER CITY RECORDS

Record prices are pretty low in Lawrence lately because of the existance of River City Records at 1401 Mass. Ave. R.C.R. opened several months ago with people priced records and were soon cutting quite heavily into the sales of Kiefs Records who had previously had the comfortable position of being the only, large selection, distributor feeding off the fat of the college town. Now, with River City around, their pockets are beginning to

Soon Kiefs delivered an ultimatum-"raise your record prices or suffer the consequences. The consequences being of course, that Kiefs, who has a larger volume, can lower its prices even lower than River City's and thereby force R.C.R.'s prices up if not force the store out of business leaving Kiefs free to raise their prices again.

Where would you rather shop at, your store or



UNCLE JERRY-ALIVE & WELL IN ALGERIA

Immediately after the Nov. 4 trial of Gerald William Willis, good old Uncle Jerry split to Algeria via Canada. Jerry felt since the Clay County Jury gave him 20 years on his first offence possession charge, that he was being railroaded. Letters received by friends in K.C. indicate that he's feeling well and, obviously quite relieved. Keep high, Jerry!



WESTPORT FREE CLINIC

A free clinic will be opening in Westport in approximately two-three months in a little white house on the cornor of Baltimore and Archibald, two short blocks from Westport Rd. For details contact Marilyn Lants, ; Andy Sparber, or Alice Richardson at the Westport

Presbyterian Church, 201 Westport Rd.



The Draft Is In Trouble

PHILADELPHIA RESISTANCE NEWSLETTER

While most movement organizers no longer stress the importance of draft resistance, recent statistics seem to indicate that large numbers of people think otherwise. Noncooperation is doing material damage to the ability of the military to protect United States Imperialism. During the past three months, Selective Service called 50,500 man for induction. They fell more than 10,000 short of this goal. The reasons for this can be seen in some other revealing statistics for the period between Oct. 31, 1967 and Oct. 31, 1969. During this time there was a net increase of 737,000 men in the 1-Y classification (physical and shrink deferments). These are guys who previously wouldn't have botheres to get their football injuries or neurotic tendencies medically documented.

During this same period, serious delinquencies rose 108% to 31,700 These are people who do not show up for their physicals or their induction. During this period the number of Conscientious Objectors granted such status jumped 47% from 23,800 to 34,500. The number of men applying for such status is at least four times that many. All indications are that these figures have continued to rise since Oct. 69. It becomes clear why, in February of this year, fifteen states failed to meet their draft calls

Most interesting from the point of view of Resistance organizing are the statistics from the Bay Area in California. This is the area which saw the most intensive Resistance organizing. This meant that a group of noncooperators got enough publicity to spread the word about the war and the draft. They did enough solid organizing to set up a viable network of draft counseling centers and legal help so that people could easily document their 1-Y's and get the legal help they needed to refuse induction. But most important was their dramatization of their opposition to the draft through draft card burnings, card returns, induction refusals, sanctuaries, and trials. Ironically, while overt Resistance organizing has all but disappeared, mass response has boomed and continues to grow.

The Oakland induction center services all of Northern California and part of Nevada. The figures break down like this: During the 6 months previous to March 31st of this year, 4,463 men were sent notices of induction. Of these, only 2.083 reported when ordered. Of those who showed up, 219 refused induction. That's 11% of the men who showed up would not step forward when the man told them to. This kind of response has led to a backlog of over 2,000 induction refusal cases in the San Francisco courts. One such case is presently before the Supreme Court challenging the system to grant Conscientious Objection on the basis of specific objection to the Vietnam War rather than opposition to all wars (the Sisson case). Other refusal cases have seriously eroded the power of the Selective Service System. The recent Gutknecht decision is a good case in point. Dave Gutknecht is a refuser working with Twin Cities Draft Information Center. Dave's case went to the Supreme Court and knocked out the pumitive aspects of the delinquency classification. Previously, anyone who was delinquent was put at the top of the list for induction. This inclused not only those who failed to show up for physicals, but those who, like Dave, turned in their draft cards. Concretely, this has canceled all but fourteen out of two hundred pending draft cases in the Phila. courts. One of the cases thrown out was that of Tony Avirgan, a staff member of Phila. Resistance. It is simply not true that to refuse induction is to throw yourself in prison. A lot of people are doing it and getting away with it. And the more people who do it, the easier it will be to get away





about this issue was the lack of printed color on our pages. For at least this one issue we had to do it or simply cease to exist in anything other than a mimeographed from.

Over the last three issues, the average unite

cost of the paper has been 17 cents per copy and that our advertizing cut down further to 13 cents. But Dig! with 15 cents coming in from street dealers, a 2 cent profit per copy doesn't get you too much bread to operate the paper on. It's enough though to pay the bills, keep people out of jail, and fed. Many people on the staff, including my-

self, make bread off the paper only when we sell the paper and then it's a dime a copy like any other street dealer. Things would be working out fine, but a few snags developed about the time of No . 6 We had two rip-offs totaling \$210 so we borrowed \$200 from the old Freedom Palace and got it payed back 4 days after issue no. 7. came out. Money behind. We might have made it back but almost 500 copies of the paper were ripped off which put us into even worse shape

Knowing full well we didn't have enough money to print the next issue with the amount of color we had used before we worked up the layout, with the color, hoping formana from Heaven. The layout and deposit were given to the printer and despite Sall our digging and scrimping (and the cutting-out

of several 2-color runs) we needed another \$250 before the finished product could be picked up the next morning. That night our people went from door to door explaining our plight. The people responded: from street freaks, to housewives to store owners to teeny (and sometimes micro) boppers to

The paper came out, on time, with all its radience. It sold well and many people were kept fed. One hundred and fifteen more dollars was payed back, badly needed varitype machine was bought (the machine that did the typesetting in this issue) and we got a mild shock when we figured it out that we had spent almost \$300 on loans and bail money over the last three months and we still can't figure out exactly where it came from. What all this boiled down to is that we simply didn't have the bread for the ink changes and color runs in this issue. Sure we could probably borrow it again but we'd rather the paper have at least some semblence



Presently the Trucker needs donations of all kinds: sturdy tables for layout, used or new press type, desk lamps, all kinds of tape, layout sheets, chairs, file cabinets, blades for X-Acto knives, old magazines, -anything you figure we can use-and especially a CAR, preferably not a stick-shift and super cheap if not free.

Even if it has to be on three mimeographed sheets of paper, the Trucker will continue to live for our work and your support in this paper. Dig?

The Westport Trucker is published approximately once every month by the Mother Love Tribe of Kansas City. If you have anything to contribute in the way of art, poems, articles, money, information, brown rice, etc., bring Opinions expressed in the Trucker are it down to Tiny Tim's Magic Circus at 4044 Broadway not necessarily held by other staff members. Subscriptions are \$3.00 for 12 issues. Street dealers get 10¢ a copy.

Mother Love People & Friends:

Dennis Giangreco Dan Siglar J.C. Womelduff Michael Lindsay John Arnoldy Steve Cambell Hotsie Stosie Bill Ball

Bob Sebo Bob Foxx Linda Whitlock Bungly Prudence Jim Reed Stuart Crick St. Mike David Doyle David H. Perkins Lois Pain Don Savage Turnip Fat Frank Kitchen Kaptain, Mary Marc John Flory Kathy Brother Stephen





This picture of Elvis should choke you up

with it. Selective Service violations have become the third most common dederal offense, and the ability of the courts to prosecute already has fallen

behind the number of violators.

It is in this perspective, that of the progressive collapse of the Selective Service System through noncooperation, that President Nixon's elimination of occupational deferments should be seen. He didn't eliminate these deferments because they were unfair, he did it because he was forced to. He simply could not get the manpower any other way. This is a very important victory. From the very beginning, the draft resistance movement has spoken of the draft not only as the means of providing military manpower, but as a racist institution. One example of institutionalized racism in our society is those provisions within the draft system which allow white middle class people to avoid the draft through attendance at college and the ensuing occupational opportunities. These privileges have been attacked directly by the draft resistance movement. Occupational deferments have gone and student deferments will soon be eliminated. This not only eliminates a racist institution, but forces those who previously benefited from that institution to have to take a clearer stand against the system they also dislike. Those who once avoided the military by deferment will now have to confront the system more directly. Most will resist. Some undoubtedly will enter the

military, not realizing how dehumanizing their experience will be. But even once within the military, noncooperation will be found eroding away at the ability of the armed froces to function.

In 1968, there were 150,000 AWOL's, many of them in response to getting orders to ship out for Vietnam. In that same year, there were 50,000 deserters (a deserter being anyone AWOL for more than 30 days). Since the increased presence of military counselors, there has also been a rise in the number of early discharges, especially CO discharges. Recently, with invasion of Cambodia, 5 G.I.s refused orders to go into Cambodia. Other G.I.s have refused to do riot control work. National Guardsmen are new circulating a pledge not to carry guns in civil disorders in the wake of the Kent State killings.

Mao says that good organizers should operate both "from the masses/and to the masses. Some years ago, organizers took the brave initiative and showed leadership to the masses through exemplary action. Since then the masses have responded with acts of resistance. If we are to be responsible organizers, we should now take our clue from the masses and not abandon their struggle. This does not mean that noncooperation should be the only or even the primary concern of the movement. But what seems apparent is that there has been a disheartening lack of follow-through on the part of the movement in the form of leadership, services (legal and counseling), public education and all the other functions that responsible organizers perform. Organizers have responded to their personal boredom at a time when they should be responding to the fact that, in the words of Bob Freeston of CADRE (Chicago Area Draft Resisters), draft resistance has entered the culture.

It might also be interesting to note that in the Nov. 14 "Peacemaker," Paul Bigman of Port-

land, Oregon says...

''Despite rumors about Oakland (Calif.), Oregon has the highest resistance rate in the country, despite the absence of any real organization. According to SS figures, 50% of those called don't show, and of those who do show 19% refuse induction," and according to the Dec. 'K.C. Town Squire": "During the first nine months of 1970, the Army asked the 13 draft boards of Greater Kansas City to provide 1,312 ready and able men. I barely got half of them. Total inducted: 748." According to Missouri's acting Selective Service Director, Lt. Colonel R.E. McCain, "an average of 42 percent of Missourians fail their preinduction physicals." National score for failure of preinduction physicals:

1966--24.2% 1969--32.5% month of July 1970--40% Our projected estimate for 1971--hopefully 100%

John Flory Vietnam Information Center 4723½ Troost

HOW TO GROW BEAN SPROUTS AT HOME

The beans need enough moisture to sprout. Too much water makes the beans rot; lack of water makes them too dry and they can't grow. The best temperature is a room temperature of 68 to 75 degrees, in a dark place (closet or basement.)

Soak 1 cup of dried mung beans in lukewarm water overnight. The beans will almost double in size.

Cover the bottom hole of a clean 10''x8'', or

Cover the bottom hole of a clean 10"x8", or bigger, clay flower pot with sink stopper or cheese-cloth to prevent beans from slipping through hole.

Put soaked beans into pot and water at room temperature, then drain. Cover the pot tightly and

Read!

the Harrison Street Review

THE HARRISON STREET REVIEW——will publish Christmas day with drawings by Charles Bukowski James Tate's newest work, a chapter from Edward Bonnetti's new novel, plus a protfolio of photography from the Art Institute, A True Story of Cough Syrup Addiction in Kansas City and other more secret more amazing bullshit.

THE HARRISON STREET REVIEW WILL PUBLISH CHRISTMAS DAY A TRUE STORY OF COUGH SYRUP ADDICTION IN KANSAS CITY plus new work by Charles Bukowski, James Tate, Ed Bonnetti, John Ciardi, Dave Etter, JD Reed, James Taylor, RP Dickey, Felix Pollak, David Perkins and Thomas McCaffee.

A SUBSCRIBER TO THE NEW YORK TIMES TAKES A CRAP and other drawings by Charles Bukowski in THE HARRISON STREET REVIEW on CHRISTMAS DAY.

AMNESIA PEOPLE is James Tate's ten page poem portrait of Southeastern Kansas that will rip you a new asshole in THE HARRISON STREET REVIEW on CHRISTMAS DAY.

We had 4 possible ads for the Harrison Street Review—but we couldn't figure out which one torun.



lift it into a large bowl to catch drippings. Water the beans in the same manner 3-4 times a day.

Continue watering for four to six days but never disturb or stir the sprouts. You will see the beans gradually grow bigger and squeeze tighter into regular sprouts. In case the bean sprouts turn slightly red, then water more often and with cooler water.

When the white and tender part of the top layer of sprouts reaches 1½" in legnth (not counting the roots), they are ready. Pull them gently out of the pot into a basin with lots of water. Wash off most of the green husks and part of the roots, stirring gently with your hands. Pick out the clean sprouts and drain well in a colander.

Store well-drained sprouts in a plastic bag with holes and keep in the refrigerator, ready to use. Do not freeze. Use bean sprouts in cooked vegetables, salads, with fried rice or casseroles.



EARTH-1166-RECLAMATION

Allan Hoffman was the first hip person I ever knew. We. were both in our teens during the mid-50's and spent two summers together working at various camps, Allan hung out in Greenwich Village, used words like "existentialism" and dug e.e. cummings. I lived in the suburbs and knew nothing. We got into jazz, folk music, poetry, and philosophy together and even took up modern dance. We'd spend long nights sitting in the woods drinking cheap wine and talking about the meaning of art, the existence of God, and who we were. Allan was always asking questions and was never satisfied with the answers anyone could give him. In the early sixties he was active in the radical pacifist movement. He was on the CNVA San Francisco to Moscow Walk for Peace and other early nonviolent actions. Later, he became a Motherfucker and abandoned nonviolence. But he was always the gentlest and most human of persons. As an anarchist, he was part of the community that put out Anarchos Magazine and was one of the first city radicals to move to a farming commune. He was speaking about ecological consciousness before most of us ever heard the word "ecology." I was at a friend's house when I picked up an issue of San Francisco Good Times. It was open to this essay and at the end was written: "This was the last piece written by Allan Hoffman before he was killed in an automobile accident last week in Humboldt County. We're going to miss you, brother."

the old culture is dying-while a new way of life struggles to be born . . . u can see it if u trust yr senses: in the suffocating ugliness of cities, buried up to their ears in cement/ & in the tentative beauty on the faces of those we see & hope will become our lovers.

-Marty Jezer

for us the future is in groups of people who establish more profoundly human relations wi each other & their environment/ those who return to the land & to communal forms of living together/ those who abandon ideologies so they can respond to ever-changing nature wiout pre-conceived notions/ those who are flexible-who find ways where there were thought to be none/those who scavage the endless waste of a decaying society for the raw materials of a new culture/ those who find use for what is discarded—who gather, assemble or steal the elements of their life from the whole long. history of human experience, & all that modern man has learned/ the communal decision is the result of our deep yearning to be together, to share our lives wi others/ to leave the cities of death shrouded in concrete/ to come to the country so our bodies can re-discover the feeling of freedom because we yearn to live & be whole again.

just a look at the other myriad faces of possible futures. is convincing: ecological apocalypse or nuclear conflagration; automated (technocratic) computer-controlled 1984 or just plain bloody facism/ visions of ugliness counterpointed by visions of indescribable beauty/ but what is there in the horror planned for us by the 'leaders' & 'great men' that lets u think there'll be a place for u?

nothing/ there is nothing we don't make ourselves-nothing we don't create & defend/ what we dream & what we attempt must either be the beginning of a new ecological era or the last brave act of human life.

but this future we seek is not some vague tomorrow-it is that small part of today, which is the seed, model germ that the vast human future will resemble.

EVIDENCE OF A DIRECTION

living in the country-surrounded by friends & lovers! keeping low and close to the ground-like indian or covotebeginning again in the last wildernesses of amerika/ making our experiments in what is ancient & of the future—what is truly human/we experience life & the forms of living together that have been forbidden for thousands of years/ we open our hearts to the song of earth, air, water/we are rediscovered by stars-lost members of the cosmic communitysurrounded on every side by friends & lovers!

we come to the land wi intuition & the desire to learn/ little in the amerikan relation to its soil is useful to us: in a hundred yrs they have poisoned & depleted most of a continent, most of a world/ here, in northern california, we abandon the poisoned, devastated low lands-once the richest in the hemisphere-would let them lie fallow for 50 or 100 yrs/ & we go to the highlands to find air-making forests & clear mountain water/ to become inca or hunza, to clear land, to terrace, to irrigate/ to gather water in cisterns like essenes to build a soil & a culture of soil making-returning to the land what we take from it-& then some/between our intestinal flora & the bacteria in the gardens from which we eat/recognizing in this shaping of a new physical body in nature, the real evidence of a new culture/ pointing the way to a future of wildness & a technology beyond tools.

the birth of our children is another fact of our 'other-ness' (manner of birth being a function of culture) & we, rejecting the pain & guilt of western barbarism, communally & in joy produce our bright-eyed babes-envoys of tomorrow/ our women who have seen a dozen births, come to labor wi knowledge & feeling/ our men become obstetrical shamans/ all creating empathetic magic in song & dance, giving strength to the welcoming of the newborn/ wi the energy & love of all who attend-kneaded like the dough by all our hands, much kissed & adored-the birth of one becomes the birth of all/we have remade a form of the past, a form of the essential human life into a shape of the future.

we employ new & ancient sources of energy/ turning to the earth, sun & stars, to liberate ourselves from fossil fuelsaddiction of electric junkies/ & can claim to have re-discovered the human body in love & labor/ laying fields & terraces we pick & shovel & rake-an amazing space of labor/ seeing each day the shaping & building of mere earth into the substance of the muscle in yr arm, the meal u will eat tomorrow, the body that will be u/ making our lives every day from mud-just like their gods.

but our technology is deficient-we do not have free access to all the tools around us to all the energies & machines, methods of transport & communication/ the tools for constructing the life of which we dream/ needed: one cargo helicopter, one nationwide network of commune ham radios/ but we learn to tap the energy of sun of water & wind/we begin to drive new engines, burning alcohol or methane gas that we produce (along wi compost) when we shit/ making organic fuels for an organic culture (feeling that the highest cultures were those that rotted back into the ground wiout leaving a trace) we explore Reich's ridiculed physics of cosmic energy: making rain, seeking free available power for building & defense/ raw power to shape the future.

LIMITS OF FLOW

& yet we are often unhappy here, separated from others by the illusion of distance & breathing shield of green/sometimes forgetting those who suffer the ugliness of cities, or our own isolation from the general affairs of our generation/ but we can no longer tolerate the airless, concrete vista of cities/ & we are long past boredom wi the self-deluding rhetoric & self-repression of the left that claims to seek our liberation, but hasn't begun to find its own/ we seek to rediscover the wildness of our own nature, the true animal grace bowing to no authority but truth, greedy only for more life—'not one respectable or unhappy in the whole world' (whitman)

& yet we are incapable of seeing our own limitations: there are many communies wi their heads buried in the ground like ostriches—thinking the rest of the world has ceased to exist/ there are communes so heavily into a mystical ideology that they are irrelevant to our time: can't respond to anything still in this body, still in this world/ but it will only be those

who grow beyond the limits of their own heads, who respond to environment wi a creativity beyond ideology, who will make something real and substantial/ all the rest are irrelevant, let them collapse or stagnate, it doesn't matter / let there be thousands of communes so that a few survive . . .

in the long view communes have not yet created a new relationship wi the land: & we may need a thousand yrs of accumulated experience before we know the spirit-of-place which animates this continent (as indians knew it before their environment was destroyed)/ we have not yet learned to love one another wi open hearts-even our profoundest warriors still hide behind ego shields, afraid to touch or be touched/ we have not learned to include those who come to us, greeting them we suspicion because we still fear there is not enuf to go around, because we are still prone to the secret-agent paranoia of our times/ we have not yet established real relations wi other communes-groups a few miles apart, don't always know, exchange or make love wi each other/ & (most important) we have not yet found the way to make our visions & our daily life into the life of everyone on the

these fears & weaknesses are the flaws in our life which make it still possible for the old culture to destroy us/but the battle has just begun, that will force us to become more real, more beautiful, or cast us aside/ that is the way of all things-life becomes more life or it ceases/ & in nature there are no half-way measures.

the sum of all these limits is the false commune—those groups who still occupy the limits defined by the old life/ those who do not constantly seek to break free, to touch one another or the world around them/ for us 'commune' is not

cont. on page 11



by Rev. Michael Lindsay

MACKEREL SOUP

- 1 15 oz. can mackerel 1 c. brown rice or baby potatoes are nice
- 1 clove garlic
- 1 onion or bunch green onions 2 or 3 large green leaves
- 2 stalks celery with leaves 2 or 3 stalks brocoli
- 1 t. salt
- 1 t. soy sauce
- bay leaf
- pinch tyme pinch oregano
- 1 t. oil or butter

2 - 4 qts. water Dear friends: Do you know that 15 oz of mackerel (tastes like tuna and salmon) costs you only 26¢, whereas ¼ that amount of tuna is 35-40¢ a can? Plus you get nearly the whole fish. Funk! First cut the fish up and saute in int oil over med. heat 3-5 min. Then take it out and put in the finely chopped garlic and onion (if using grn. onion-only the light coloured parts) saute, then add the throughly washed rice, saute this a little. Now put in soy sauce liquid from can, spices, salt, bay leaf, water and the finely chopped greens and vegetables. Of course if you'd rather use potatoes, which are delicious with this soup, forget the rice part and add the potatoes chopped or whole with the vegetables. Heat the soup to boiling, than lower the temperature, cover and cook for 45 min.



ZEN PUMPKIN SOUP

1 samll pumpkin 1 onion

sea salt whole wheat flour

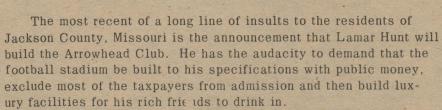
oil

This soup is delicious, hearty, cheap, and in harmony with the prevailing vibration of our locale (in season). First bake the pumpkin or squash until tender. Second saute the chopped onion in oil, then add pumpkin; cut up or puree. Third, add water enough to cover, salt, let it cum to a boil, then simmer 1/2 hour. While simmering, brown two tbs. w.w. flour in a little oil, then mix with water to form a thin paste-add this to the simmered soup and boil again slowly. If first mixture becomes very thick add water with flour paste. Try it with dumplings or noodles and shredded parsley. Fresh pumpkin or squash pie made with fresh whole flour and whole sugar is whole food; heap good, too!



JOHNSON COUNTY

SPORTS



There will be approximate; 77,000 seats in the football stadium. For the first season 70,000 of these seats will be held by season ticket holders, a majority of whom are from Johnson County. Kansas. The stadium is being built with money obtained through the sale of general obligation bonds paid for by Jackson County Missouri taxpayers. There are 650,000 Jackson County residents, and 7,000 seats won't go very far. Affluent Johnson County gets a free ride on the backs of working class Jackson County.

The awareness that they have been had is increasing among Jackson County taxpayers. They are beginning to realize that they have been lied to and decieved. Many, are also realizing that professional sports is a ruthless business which exists to make money for the team owners, and not a sport which exists for their entertain-

Slightly more than two thirds of the voters approved the construction of the Jackson County Sports Complex when it was put to a vote in 1967. For an 81/8 increase in taxes they were to get the finest sports facilities in the nation. They have actually recieved a \$43 million debt and nothing else. They will again be asked to return to the polls to approve more general obligation bonds for a stadium which dosen't belong to them. Unless they're rich, they won't even be able to enter.

The same voters also approved by larger margins bonds to aply for roads, parks, childrens' institutions, and hospitals. None of these projects have been built because the assessment is only enough for the stadium. A small percent of these bonds have been sold, however, much of the money has been diverted to the stadium.

There is nothing that can legally be done to correct the injustice. The stadiums are ... e property of the Jackson County Sports Authority which is appointed by the Governor. Those who pay for the Vonstruction of the stadium don't even have a say in who runs it.

The public officials who presented the issues to the voters know that the stadium could not be built for \$43 million. If it were to be built in the form promised the bill would be over \$75 million.

When they are unable to complete the stadium with the available money, there will certainly be an attempt to blame the construc tion unions. This will be attempted in order to pass responsibility to innocent workers.

When the voters are asked to approve more bonds for the complet ion of the stadium, certain questions should be put to the County Court. Why were we lied to about the cost of the stadiums? Why were we promised the revenue from rentals and commissions only to have them taken away? Where are the hospitals, roads, parks, and childrens' institutions we voted for in 1967? Why dosen't Mr. Billionaire Hunt spend a few million on finishing the stadiums which will benefit his business instead of constructing facilities for his drinking buddies?

Bill Ball & Bob Foxx



TURN ON WITH FOOD downtown health 4 foreign foods 20 e. ninth lawrence





NAKED CITY

It was on the Plaza, in mid-November, when cold winds and passing middle-class chicks combined to send an irksome chill down my crank.

I was returning home after a few hours of exposing myself to patrons at the West window of Putsch's, and the negative sex of those chicks only deepened a depression brought on by the studied indifference of the Putsch patrons.

What a perfect Dostoyefskian figure I must have been: a hunched black figure, scowling acned into the wind, impervious to dozens of blurred figures, who, recognizing a member of the underground press rushed forward to spit into my face and scream "Fuck off!" Awaneness is a terrible burden.

Walking by the Swanson's Tower excited me un-

fascism color-coordinated with hairshirt catholicism again had me whipping off thru a hole in my pants pocket. I was wearing my special Plaza pants.

A fair orgasm was reached before Winstead's, and I nodded haughtily, having received their salute first, at several acquaintances desperately exposing themselves before the North window. Their frantic gestures brought back old memories of the leaner days when I too had to work before such <u>lumpenproletariat</u>, on tips only. I cheered for a minute with the realization that those at Winstead's envied my position at Putsch's. Well, I had been with the company a long time I made my breaks.

Before one of the apartments farther down, I heard my name coming down with the snow. I looked up, and

saw one of the city's renowned dowagers in a high window of the apartment building, leaning dangerously forward, the gray of her head echoed at her chapped muff. She was waving frantically for me to come up. We had met the year before, after the Jewel Ball, during the real party held in Brush Creek under Volker

With no immediate response from me, she retreated into the apartment for a moment, and then re-appeared, carrying in one hand a roll of bills, and to persuade me further, in the other a jar of Ortho-Jel

appointment. I shouted up to her against the snow,

can't make it now; I've got to meet some friends!' She put down the Ortho-Jel and began playing with one of her tits: it was the size, shape, and texture of a deflated football. "Fuck them," she shouted, worsening her emphyzema, "come up here and get some of these tits, oldies but goodies!"
"Listen," I said, vaguely aware that a nice cou-

ple had stopped a few paces from me, and that a few cars had pulled over, "listen, I couldn't do you any good anyway: I just beat off."
"What?" she asked, continuing to massage her tit.
"I can't hear you." she said, dropping to her knees in the window, and spreading open her ruined muff.

I cupped my hands around my mouth, winking with good humor at the nice Plaza crowd gathering around me, as if to say 'old age, you know', and hollered again, "I said I just beat off!"

ing furiously at her muff. Between choked breaths she

moaned, "what did you say?"

"I just beat off!" I screamed at her, as the nice crowd around me chuckled quietly. But their chuckling stilled as, watching with me, we saw the woman bring herself off with a few quick jabs with the roll of bills, and swooning, plummet still twitching to the pavement below.

A few of the nice couples got quick shots with their polaroids, and just as the first beep signalled a couple that their picture was automatically ready, the grey-haired woman died.

We passed the pictures around for a few minutes, and then, coughing first for attention and affect, I said, "If only I hadn't walked by the Swanson's Tower and beat off, instead of being dead, she'd only be The nice crowd nodded as one, and then dis-

I continued on across Volker Park, stumbling occasionally over the frozen bodies of hips who refused to believe summer was over, reflecting bitterly on the burden of awareness, and on the terrible joy and

sadness-yes, the heartache-of life in the naked city.
A tear welled in my one real eye, and semen trailed sadly into my new rubber galosh, there to swim madly, despairingly, impotently, in a world they never



Eclipse-Cannabis Conspiracy

Hotsy Totsy

Washington. December 15

On March 7 of this year, the final total eclipse of the sun for the twentieth century was visible over the Eastern Pacific Ocean, Central America, Northern Florida, Eastern Georgia, North and South Carolina, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and the Northern Atlantic Ocean. This eclipse, witnessed by millions, began at 10:04 and ended at 3:11 PM EST. In the interim, a black path was cut through the third most densely populated area of the world, the eastern seaboard of the United States.

This week sources close to the White House revealed that the event has been followed up by the most intensive government inquiry mounted in several decades. Informed sources have indicated that this inquiry was initiated by House Representative Richard Ilord (D-Mo.), current chairman of the House Internal Securities Committee.

According to a top White House aide, Ilord addressed a small gathering of concerned government officials on March 8, the day following the eclipse. Excerpted from a brief 15 minute speech by the representative are the following remarks:

This eclipse blacked out our most heavily populated eastern urban centers for a disquieting length of time," he re-"I feel that it should be pointed out that Red China and the Soviet Union were not affected by this event whatsoever. Any such blackout on a scale comparable to yesterday's emergency constitutes a serious threat to national security, and I feel a full scale investigation is in order.

At this point his remarks were interrupted by a standing ovation, and one member of the audience, South Carolina Representative L. Mekong Rivers, came forward and took the microphone. He is quoted as saying: "I feel I speak for the Armed Services Committee as a whole when I say that Congressman Ilord is not only to be commended for pointing out the clear threat implicit in this eclipse but is also to be applauded for taking up the

banner publicly at a time when so many right-thinking Americans have been booed into silence by vocal and militant minority. Coming from a that was among those hit hardest by the would like to say that if I have any infl investigation Mr. Hord has proposed place.

Sources close to both representative indicated that a meeting took place on ing of March 8 at the home of Attorney and Mrs. John N. Missle where Rep. II speech was discussed at great length a for implementing the investigation were ward. Present at the informal gathering be and Rivers were secretary Liard, noted evangelist Billy Gram, and biolo C.B.W. Mannunkind of the President's Council on the Deteriorating Biosphere. It has been suggested that this meeting was the first opportunity Ilord had taken to express his concern regarding "ha growing problem in the area of the natural world." Those present reported that Mrs. Missle greeted the Missouri representative's concern with fervent enthusiasm, commenting that both she and her husband had spent "many long nights considering such a possibility." It is felt in Washington that it was Dr. Mannunkind who blueprinted the investigation-project that night after aggreeing with Hord that there was, in fact, a "menace inherent in the configuration of the natural world.

Three weeks after the Washington meeting, Ilord delivered a speech before anational convention of policewomen in Gary, Indiana, where he outlined his understanding of the phrase "natural world menace. According to a story copyrighted by the Gary Democrat Observer, Rep. Hord stated during his two hour address:

"In recent years it has come increasingly to the attention of those of us on the House Internal Securities Committee that a great and unacknowledged threat to national security is latent in Nature. I refer now specifically to what is loosely called the "Plant Kingdom". But I must turn my remarks this afternoon

also to the more general in a discussion of what we have come to call the Cosmos and, in particular, such activities as the recent eclipse. I am sure you're all aware the government has attempted without success and for some time to halt the proliferation of cannabis sativa plants. The resistance shown by this plant to the government program can only be described as illegal interference in the execution of law. What is more, the cannabis sativa plant has not and could not act alone in this interference. We have observed for some time that many small insects and birds play an integral part in the transportation of illegal cannabis seeds from field to field. The possession and transportation of such illegal seeds constitutes in any form a violation of law and any element in our land that is involved in this transportation must be considered a cirminal element and treated according-

"This obvious fact may at first seem uncorrelated with such phenomena as the March Eclipse, but recent scientific research suggests an inter-relatedness between all such natural events. In plain English-a kind of conspiracy. The eclipse, not unlike the blackout on the east coast a few years ago, paralyzed important urban-industrial centers for precious These fact taken together present a disturb-

ofriendliness toward our government in atural world. By comparison, the aggression assumes a lesser priorit sentative's remarks were greeted roar of applause.

with a spe Mr. Ile o cover other essential points. se Secretary Liard had inform-He reporte ed him that t hope to stop the infiltratseeds as long as the main bird/ insect suppl fain intact, analogizing the sitouth Vietnam. Mr. Ilord connation to ag his r th an assurance that a team of s were at work on a solution and that he ake appropriate announcements when it was able.

The first such announcement came on April 15 in the course of an address made by Representative Ilord, Dr. Mannunkind, Billy Gram and John N. Missle to a group of National Guardsmen bivouaced near Arlington National Cemetery. Dr. Mannunkind summarized the project in a twenty minute speech that was interrupted several times by what might have been applause. "The latest research in the biological sciences has yielded a plethora of information regarding the genetic, hence, behavioral manipulation of of life froms," he said. He stated that enough is known about DNA "to allow for an inportant alteration in the behavior of certain plants toward certain other plants. He stated further that his team of researchers have developed a serum'' that would cause some plants to become "temporarily herbivorous" toward other members of the plant kingdom. "We know now that through the manipulation of its DNA coding system, normally placid life froms like trees could be persuaded to assume an agressive posture toward other plants. Under properly controlled conditions one oak could conveivably destroy an entire marijuana field." He elaborated further saying that computer program-



Abraxas

"We stood before it and began to freeze from the exertion. We questioned it, berated it, made love to it, We called it mother, called it whore and slut, called it our beloved, called it Abraxas.

The quote is from the works of Herman Hesse, I first read it on the back of Santana's new album, Santana Abraxas. To understand the quote is to grasp the soul and spirit that Santana puts into their music.

Carlos Santana once described their music as "street music." "Street music" together with the word magic-Santana. A totally unique sound. The Word unique is thrown around loosely by everyone. But in the case of Santana it is most deserving.

Original, clean, natural and extremely talented. Santana put together a sound-their sound.

Carlos Santana's guitar work is one of the most sensitive, intimate sounds of any guitar player on any type of music. But this is what Santana is about. Their entire sound is sensitive, intimate and very

personal. If we were discussing some new musical attempts on the part of Santana, then we could discuss arrangements, style, solos, etc. But Santana's music is an expression of their very existence. To objectively view such work is to criticize native songs of

All I can really say is to listen to Santana Abraxas and if you have anything inside of you that belongs to them, it will be a romantic experience.

New Morning

Bob Dylan's new LP on Columbia...Beautiful. It may seem odd to use the word beautiful to describe a Dylan LP. But it's Dylan's New Morning and what a beautiful day it turned out to be.

For years Dylan's subterranean blues and down on everything poetry echoed through crash pads, coffee houses, record shops, etc. Thousands followed the great white wonder and got down together. The times they did some changin' and emerges the Beautiful Bob Dylan.

New Morning finds Dylan looking at the good that surrounds him and the people that love him. The entire LP shows a new Dylan and stands as further proof of his greatness.

Dylan involves music with his new material

Bonzo Remnants Running Around

by Charles Alverson ROLLING STONE

LONDON-Last March, the Bonzo Dog Band, after eight years of insanity and anarchy disquised as music, called it quits and shot off in all directions at

Fans of the Bonzos may wonder what ever happened to the members of that silly sextet who were last seen in the States in December when they got disgusted and flew home in mid-tour.

After the band exploded, Vivian (Vic) Stanshall, the red-haired front man and one of the Original Bonzos, formed Big Grunt, which included Bonzos Dennis Cowan, bassist, Roger Ruskin Spear, reeds player and maker of infernal machines, and "Borneo" Fred Munt, the ex-Bonzo roadie, on congas and saxo-

But Big Grunt folded after only two gigs when Vic, pushing himself too hard as manager, lyricist and leader, had a nervous breakdown and had to go into a hospital for a couple of months.

Roger didn't want any part of another pop group, but Neil Innes, the Bonzos' pianist, invited Dennis to play bass in his new group, the World. "Borneo" Fred became their manager, thus rising (or falling)

that cut through eight levels of thought and made the explosion-with very little weight given to the music. But New Morning contains some fine musical arrangements along with the words of the master. The music comes into its own for the first time. Its all part of the New Morning.

Dylan's long time friend Al Kooper joined him on the album along with about ten other musicians Both Dylan and Kooper play some smiling piano. Another Dylan innovation is the background vocals by Maeretha Stewart. The vocals were used with good taste and experienced musical judgment

It all pays off in New Morning. All the work, the dues, and all the self grinding efforts of a great artist. Listen to New Morning, and when a cut like "If Dogs Run Free" starts playing, you'll start smiling at the joy of sharing something so mellow with an old friend like Dylan.

St. Mike

from roadie to performer to manager in only three months.

The World is really just getting started, giging around Britain and the Continent. A single, "Angelina," didn't do much, but there's hope for its first LP which was released November 20.

The sound of the World is hard-rocking and happy, but compared to the madness of the Bonzos it is pretty sedate stuff. "I think they sound like the Beatles used to sound," says Fred Munt, "but Neil would kill me if he heard me say so." Both Neil, dark, intense and an habitual hat-wearer, and Dennis, blond and quiet, say that playing in the World is vastly different from Bonzo days when almost every number was jokey. But even then, they and saxophonist Rodney Slater provided the group's solid musical base while the other three Bonzos ran wild.

Next to Vic, perhaps the wildest of the Bonzos was Roger Spear, who specialized in robots, sound effects and diabolical machines. On the death of Big Grunt, Roger set off, surrounded by devices from the Bonzo Dog Band, to become a solo act. After starting with a gig at Birmingham University, he began to get a few more dates and tours with other

On stage, Roger is a dervish of action as he ricochets around the stage, bouncing off of amplifiers, triggering his mechanical monsters and playing duets with a robot with replaceable heads, a built-in tape recorder and an inflatable chest. In the course of his frantic act, he tells jokes, plays a theremin shaped like a human leg, acts as straight man for his robot, sings in blackface, juggles bricks and tries to fill the empty moments with corny razzle-dazzle.

Sometimes it doesn't work. At the Hammersmith Palais the other night, the audience, restlessly waiting for the Who to play, greeted Roger's frenzied efforts with barely polite tolerance. But with college audiences, the act often goes down a bomb. Roger's getting enough work to make it, but it's a grind. He works without roadie or manager, so after

Oh well, a couple joints and a good stereo will have

D.G.

to suffice for a while at least.

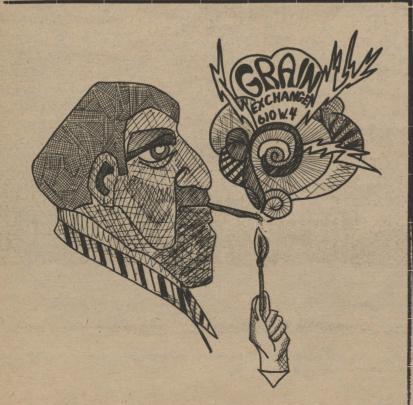


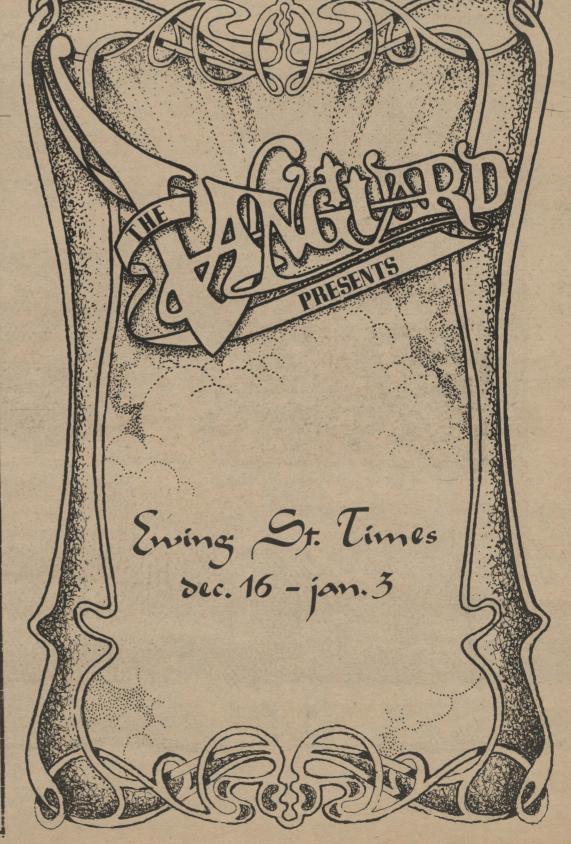






J.C. WARTHOGS BUSTED—On Wednesday, Dec. 16, J.C. Warthogs was busted on obsenity charges for displaying shoulder patches with the 69 symbol and the finger. Pay them a visit sometime. Things can get pretty lonely in Independence, Mo.







Stephen

From the last Monday Night Class at the Family Dog on Oct. 12, Stephen Gaskin, along with his family and members of his class left San Francisco and traveled in their caravan to dozens of cities and towns across the country. On January 14th, Stephen will be arriving in K.C. to serve the communion of life to all who wish to hear. The night of January 18th has been reserved for him at Pierson Hall in the Student Union Bldg. at UMKC, so hopefully he and his caravan will indeed arrive in time for that date. Communications with the caravan are difficult so the date might possibly change. Watch for posters about a week preceding the 18th. We should know for sure at the Magic Circus, 753-9879, several days before that date. Keep in touch.

The following is the second in a series of excerpts from Stephen's book, "Monday Night Class," published by Book Farm, Santa Rosa, Calif. The sketches were done by J. King from the caravan.

e're going to talk about a certain sequence, a sequence we go through in our head, and it's the sequence of attention, concentration, meditation, contemplation, and then . . . in the Indian model, samadhi, and in the Japanese model, satori . . . and what satori is, and how you know it when you see it. Because, like, I'm quite sure that there are many many people who have been there and aren't sure . . . Part of it is knowing what it is. So we'll run the sequence on that.

First thing we gotta get into is like what attention really is, and how it really works. Each one of us is a fountain of energy, each one of us is like a valve from which universal life energy is metered into the world, and each one of us can point our self at whatever we want to. Now most of us probably haven't . . . actually this crowd is a pretty sophisticated crowd, most of us probably do have some ability to control it. That's probably because, let's see, how many people here for instance have taken acid? Raise your hands, see who they are? (Several hundred people raise their hands.) When you put your attention on me really solidly and understand what I'm doing and pay attention, then that gives me juice, that makes me able to be sure when I'm talking. Now attention's funny stuff, because everybody's gotta have it, a sufficiency of it, it's a human requirement just like oxygen or water, one of those. Everybody needs a certain amount of attention, and if they don't get it one way they'll get it another, and the need for it (baby shouts) begins as soon as they're born, and so they'll learn habits of getting it. Now whatever habits they learn are like photographic impressions of their mother . . . flash. If our mother's attention wanders, we probably will have a tendency for our attention to just sort of flop around and go to whatever thing interests us. I see some people sort of lay back weakly, you know, and let their attention put this loose tentac. Out there that flops, and if it happens to land on something neat they sort of applaud a little bit and say, "Far out." And they get to see some of what goes on, but they miss a lot too, doing that, because sometimes to know what goes on you had to have been in on it since the beginning. Like sometimes the only way you can know the content of a telepathic exchange is to have been on since the beginning of the bubble. You know? You have to have been on since the beginning of the bubble to know all the things that everybody else knows. That's the assumption pool that everyone can draw out of for that first cause. Dig? So that means that you have to be able to put your attention places. A real example of a thing like that was ... I saw a band playing, and there was a note, and by the quality of the note I wouldn't have been able to tell whether it was a singer or a guitar. There was just no way to tell by the quality of the note, it was just one of those real, out there, electronic sounds. But I happened to have seen when the singer started, and I watched her bustle in on the beginning of that note, so I saw, I knew it was her. So I got to watch her go through the sequence of what she did, and she held the note until she . . . I guess she flashed, because she became transparent for a second on the stage. She was . . . (mmm) . . . you could see through her for a second. And if I hadn't been like plugged into her and noticing that from the beginning, then I wouldn't have got to see that trip, you know, I'd've missed that whole thing. But I just happened to luck out and catch the beginning of that bubble and go with it till it popped. We have to learn how to get our attention out, it's kind of hard for some of us, you know, to even find out where our attention is, because like if you've been taught . . . Like I was taught by my mother to be able to read a book and watch television and listen to her talk all at the same time, because she talked all the time and if I was gonna do anything I had to learn how to do it with her talking. Well, that gave me a sort of split attention, which was really fun for when I was in the Marine Corps and when I was in college and places like that, and I didn't really want to pay attention anyway. You know? And I could put a robot out there doing a thing, and I could be thinking about whatever I wanted to be thinking about ... (shoes clopping) That kid's getting about a quarter of a joint's worth of high out of each step. That's how attention works. Okay, then . . . so you have to learn where your attention is, one way or another. One way to learn about it is to just focus it on something and keep it there. Reading something that has a mathematical progression

have to like keep your attention on the chain for a while ... That kind of thing can help you know where to put your attention. But the best thing is to notice that whatever you put your attention on you get more of, in the universe. You know, whatever you put your attention on is what you get the most of.

So you can learn to concentrate your attention, once you know where it is, what it is, when it's turned up and down . . . you know, when a piece of music is background music and when it's not. I heard a piece of music the other day while I was really high that I hadn't heard while I was high for a long time, I'd forgotten how heavy it was. Like, I hadn't put my attention into it, I'd played it lots of times and never noticed how heavy it was, and then all of a sudden I noticed it was really a heavy piece of music. It blew my mind again. It really got my attention into it, cause it caught me, you know. So then you pull your attention down to being able to put it on something, onto a point . . . get into concentration. Keep your attention on a single point as long as you want. You have to learn how to be loose to do it, it's not a thing you can do if you're tight, cause if you're tight your attention will tend to fidget. You gotta learn how to be just a loose observer. You have to really not give a damn too much about what's going on out there in front. You know, you gotta just look at it and dig it and see what it is and get the informational quality out of it . . . Like you're supposed to groove. You're supposed to just really be grooving as hard as you can. There's a Zen master thing that says, Although my heart is on fire, my eyes are as cold as ashes. You know. So then you can keep concentration really well when you're not attached. That's a loose place you have to be to play music or to ride a bike or any of those kind of places, where you have to have that loose no-mind . . . let it do it, concentrate it there, put it there on one place. Yeah.

Then you go to what is actually a qualitative change of consciousness. And when you go into that you can really call that place meditation. Cause you're right at the edge of the subconscious. First time I ever knew I did that was when I was . . . They say one way to do that is to think twenty consecutive thoughts about the same thing. And I was looking at a pair of pliers that interested me, because I'd picked them up and they were little Japanese side-cutters, and they were a smaller size than American tools, and they were kind of neat, and they had that neat little foreign design thing to them. And they had a nice machine brushwire finish on 'em. And I was lookin' at 'em, and I was thinking about the pair of pliers that existed in the mind of the engineer who drew them. You know, he had an ideal pair in his mind, and then he put it down on a piece of paper, and I wondered how much it had changed from his ideal to the piece of paper, cause that was limited by like his artistic ability, you know. And then I wondered about how much had changed in execution, from being hammered out of a piece of bar metal and put into a little pair of pliers like that and polished down . . . there were a couple of little nicks in it, and I thought those nicks probably wouldn't be there if that was an American pair of pliers, because they really are very conservative in their trip, and they run to very high standards, and they'd polish these little nicks out, but it's kind of neat, it makes them neat and funky. Because they're really good pliers, and they really do their thing. But you can notice that a human being had something to do with 'em. Somebody'd decided that that was good enough. You know? So I got onto a place doing that where I suddenly had just a drastic change in consciousness, and just went wham bang, a new place all of a sudden. And I realized I knew a whole lot more about that pair of pliers. And then I realized I knew a whole lot

In contemplation . . . Contemplation is where you've already listened to your subconscious long enough that the stuff that's coming up out of it is cool pretty much now. And so you're not sitting there trying not to freak out at the contents of your subconscious anymore, you've got a clean head and you can point it onto whatever you want to point it onto. And you can let your mind go there, and you go into a psychedelic state.

Now Christian for samadhi, by the way, is adora-

tion. Adoration, satori, and samadhi are the same thing.

You have in the Christian tradition things like pictures of

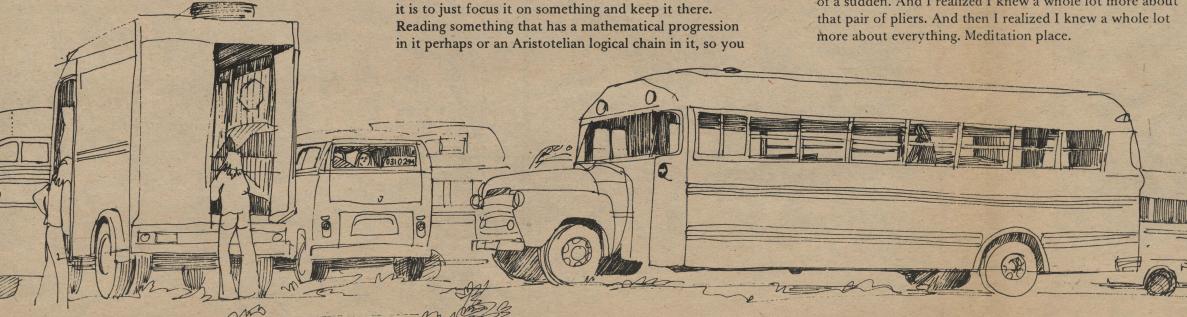
the Adoration of the Child, and you have all these people sitting around looking at a kid, and the kid's sitting there with a, you know, all those power-lines going out from his head like that? Well, that particular trip is like . . . babies are heavy like that. They just are. And anybody who wants to sit around a baby and look at him and pay attention to him can get high . . . If you perform the function of, really of adoration, or really the act of satori. Because satori and samadhi are telepathic phenomena. Now here's how someone might have had to go to get to a satori, to get a little piece of relativity on what one is like. We have kind of a funny thing in this culture because you can drop some acid, and then you can experience satori, probably, you know, if your karma's not too bad you can probably just get kicked right into it for awhile, whether you notice it or recognize it or not. It may not even be the part of the trip you enjoy the most. Now a cat might decide, okay, I want to achieve this strange thing that I've heard about, satori or samadhi or whatever it is, I want to find out what it is. It's called by a lot of names. One of them is the mahamudra. Mahamudra is the great symbol. Well, being a great symbol, it's symbolic of a lot of things, that's how come it's a great symbol. One of the things that it's symbolic of is just that very thing of two people becoming one . . . Now here's another thing, there's a thing that Jesus said about Greater love hath no man than that he die for his friend. Well, there's a couple of ways to look at that, one of them is one of those "either/or" trips where somebody's gonna get snuffed and you do a thing for somebody. Another way that that thing means is that if two people are gonna become as one there's a pretty heavy ego death they have to go through, cause it means you gotta look at somebody and you gotta love 'em so much that you say, I don't care whether I'm me or you. See, and you have to really and truly not care which one you are. And that means that you gotta like really drop your ego to that person. And it means that you gotta do an ego death, and you can die for your friend. And if you can die for your friend and he can die for you, together, if you can die to each other, you can become as one. And that's what satori is, is when two minds can become as one. Because if you can become as one with one other person then you can become as one with everybody. But you can just start off with one person. And that's why it's the great symbol, because although the act itself is miraculous, of becoming one with another person, it's still merely symbolic of the other thing, of becoming one with everybody. Now you can tell when this kind of a place happens when you're really stoned because there's lots of visual things that will go along with it. Like if you look at somebody and they really want to get it on with you, you know, they really want to be straight with you, and you can tell they're really trying, and if you really assume their good will and really pour it out and really be as open as you can and say, Well, even if I've thought anything about you that was uncharitable, even if I've thought that I didn't dig you or something sometimes, even if I thought I was mad at you at sometime or another, you can look into my head and see that too. I'm not gonna hide anything. You can look into my head and see everything there is to see, and I'll look into you that

way, and if we do that then we become as one, we'll dissolve out all those differences. And when you do that, when you really do it and equalize that with another person, then bang, you're automatically in the circuit with everyone. That's Christ consciousness. Christ consciousness is being in the telepathic awareness place of everyone, and like there's three and a half billion of us, of this particular life form-shape here on this planet. So we can't really see to recognize every one of those faces. But you can see visually and telepathically some things, one of them being the vision of the thousand eyes. It's as if you're looking into the inside of a sphere of eyes. And so you open your eyes into the inside of this sphere made of eyes, and when you open your eyes into it, all those other eyes open too, and you look into all of them, and they all look into you, and you all recognize each other . . . and you all know it at once. And you just look, and it's just a few seconds long, cause it's too heavy to hold very long, but it's a gas while you can do it.

(Q) About dimensions of consciousness. You can start off anytime you want to, and you can find out what dimension you're at and you can start off and say, Well, I know what no dimension is. No dimension is just a point. If a point had an inhabitant it could only say I am. That would be his total conversational possibility. That's it, I am. Then a one-dimensional thing would be a line with only length. For a two-dimensional thing you have like a painting, and then you can get into where you know what's beside you but above and below don't exist. Now if you're gonna know about the second dimension, the way you can really know what's going on in the second dimension is when you have a third dimension, cause when you're painting a painting you have a two-dimensional thing sitting there on the easel, and then you're

CONT. ON PAGE 16
theres nobody that we'd
be better without





cont. from page 4

a moun—not an object, place or hundred acres/ if 'commune' is the word we use to describe how we live, it must be a verb: the act of communing/ & not another dead institution.

TWO CRISES

we came to the mountains to prepare for the future/seeing the two great crises approaching in the life of man: forces raging thru time, gathering around these two possibilities: a political, economic, social upheaval which will topple all the structures of urban-industrial societies—all the vast energy of production for waste, of empty every day lives, of mass ordered social life, like no earthquake is capable/amerika wi her shrinking empire of planetary fear, forced back on the resource of the continent she already raped in her rampage to be mighty/vistas of the new puritanism, repression & facism—like the convulsions of a dead shark, still slashing blindly at fate.

but even beyond this, mounting like a tidal wave after a big breaker, the greater crisis of nature, in which the planetary life-forces turn on man & smash him, oxygen riots in the cities where lead gas causes mass brain damage/ hunger riots of the people stuffed with DDT, white bread & sawdust vegetables/ starvation, plague, mass exodus into the poisoned countryside/ the one great communal celebration of alienated society—mass death—

this crisis, so much deeper than even the revolutionary one, affecting every second of daily life, hurtling us into some new geological age/ when man is slapped down from attempted dominion over nature (or is extinct as tyranosaurus rex) WE EAT AN ENVIRONMENT/ AN ENVIRONMENT EATS US!

for people in the cities there is only one slim hope: that in the political upheaval men of sense & vision everywhere will seize the means of life & turn off the machines that pollute/ destroy the cities & build human communities in nature, where no man oppresses another or the earth.

but the vision is an unlikely one (tho we return time & again to the cities to work, tho we try to create an example of the shape of that free future)/ because when men battle for power, it is ego & not life that motivates them/ because the left is shit & no authority, no dictatorship of the proletariat or the party, no organization of ideology can force harmony wi the environment/ because communism, capitalism, socialism & facism are all forms of the one cancer attacking the face of the planet.

meanwhile, we are quietly preparing a future for man/ trying to make use of the whole heritage of men everywhere & all the human, natural & technological resources available to us/ to find an ecological context in which all the thought & experiences of every culture from every time, all the human knowledge & feeling (which have never before been available to all) can help us see & feel our way thru these present crises.

& whether it's the left, center or right which holds the power (& seeks to destroy us), they will have to create some mocking version of the way we live, if they wish to survive/ but for those whose survival is the cause of everyone else's death, there can be no human future/ all their fortresses under the earth or out in space, could only insure the continuation of that monstrosity/ so for those who wish to survive & continue seeking fulfillment, commune is the only human future!

COMMUNAL POLITICS

we still live in the world/ are surrounded by it/ & sadly, politics is still real . . .

communes can be isolated & wiped out/ but in one sense we have already won-because there is no future (wi man) which does not resemble what we are doing/ no human culture which can survive wiout returning to the land, which does not husband & share all resources as we do: 20 people wi 4 cars, not 20; 1 or 2 houses, not 10; one garden & ultimately (we dream) one communal body.

our recent experiences move us in the same direction: when a group of us were invited to an indian event, 5 communal groups which have been close for a yr all sent truckloads of people, resulting in a jam up of 15 hip trucks wi a hundred people/ & when, after some embarassment & some hostility, we moved to our own campsite, we suddenly realized that we had all really come to see each other/ some from the country, some from near the city (halfway houses) & some from plunk in the middle of the shit/all of us united by mutual affection (personal relations as the touchstone), all trying to get control over the making of our own lives: growing our own food in country meadows or backyard lots, making our vehicles by piecing together the junk heaps, building our homes out of the forest & ripped off lumber, fishing our own fish, baking our own bread, & learning to love one another as one enormous family/ we move around freely from place to place, as the from room to room in one enormous house/ at home wi our brothers & sisters wherever we go/ we are a family of smaller families yearning to grow larger, to include more individuals in the circle of affection & to be included wi other families (other communes) in the one commune which must eventually be all of us. LOOSE ENDS

in the last few years alot of communes have broken their asses over the question of whether to be 'open' or 'closed', but the question itself is bullshit & both alternatives are self-destructive: closed communes stagnate & wither away of selfishness or boredom (the barren soil yielding no crop)/ while open communes with the asinine concept of 'free land' become rural slums, crash pads for traveling freaks wi no relation to or respect for the environment/ they die because they don't recognize the ecological limits of the space they're in—become tangled growths of weed . . .

the real question is how to grow qualitatively & avoid stagnation/ how to deal wi each person who comes along as a human being, how to grow thru internal hassels & tensions to the real, not up-tight security of flowing/ how to come & go gracefully, building personal relations, trade routes, nomad migration patterns across the face of the continent/ it takes two or three yrs of psychic hassles & ass bustin work to build the foundations for communal survival for a few people/ it takes a lot of strength to leave & come back when u want to (not because u can't stand it anymore, or have no place else to go)/ it takes vision a communal sense of direction & the desire to grow, to make u realize that u have to develop beyond yr limits: to know the seasonal flow of people as well as the soil: to plant for 100 or 200 in the summer salad gardens & storage crops for 30 or 40 in the winter & to support 70 when the land will only provide for 50-while you're out there looking for new land to expand to/ using each commune as the launching pad for others-people coming together out of their diverse places, growing a lot together & also separating & making new formations/ doing it consciously, so there's no bitterness in parting, & preserving the basic relations so that there is real growth & development/ mother communes sending out their colonies . .

we dream of regions, of the western mountains running from washington to new mexico—one terrain wi similar topography, weather, water & growing conditions—forest areas, mountain areas, arid areas—where communes build together, establish their networks, grow out & thru entire regions & make them our own / bastions of the new culture bases from which to grow till we cover the face of a continent, a planet.

—Allan Hoffman

Bonzo Remnants, cont.

the Hammersmith gig he had to drive 400 miles to Glasgow to appear the next night.

Another scheme of Roger's is the creation of a band composed of 20 fat banjoists and one thin trumpet player. Or a great choir of people singing about frying pans, accompanied by taxi drivers brought in off the street to play instruments they'd never seen before.

Spear admits that these projects are not likely to be vast commercial successes. "You'd have to prove they would work," he says, "and the only way to do that would be to find a rich, loony to put them on."

While Roger beats his brains out and dreams of a rich loony sponsor, Rodney Slater, an original Bonzo who played swing saxophone among other things, works as a social worker in London and vows that he's through with professional music.

"I saw the handwriting on the wall last Christmas," says Rodney, at 29 the oldest of the ex-Bonzos, "so when the group split I was already working days as a child-care officer." He now runs a youth club in London's Kentish Town.

At his flat in West London, which is quite ordinary except for cages of birds and two racing bikes in the hall, Slater says that his years with the Bonzos were a "very, very valuable experience. I couldn't have spent the time better."

But at the same time, he says, "I've no temptation to go back into music. There are too many 20-percenters hanging on to your neck." For him Slater says, the Bonzo Dog Band wasn't exactly a financial bonanza. "I spent eight years of my life at it," he says, "and I came out dead even."

But Rodney, stockily built with blond, moderately short hair and a flat-nosed friendly face, Isn't bitter. "I set out to become a professional musician," he says, "and I did. I'm pleased about that."

He still plays for his own pleasure. "It's always been for my own pleasure, really," Slater says. But he adds that next year he's returning to college to study social work and expects to make it his career. "Just like the Bonzo Dog," he says, "I give it all I've got."

Vic Stanshall gave the Bonzos all he had, too, and a little more. Out of the hospital since last summer, Vic stays mostly in his cluttered house in North London surrounded by tanks of fish and turtles, pots of cactus, mannikins, musical insturments and his 25-month-old son Rupert.

Cracking up and going to the hospital was a shattering experience, and Vic, although fully recovered, hasn't quite sorted out his mind. "Vic always lived on the knife-edge," says a friend, "and the pressure just got to be too much for him." Now, with his light-red hair chopped Van Gogh style, matching beard and mustache, and huge, octagonal glasses with clear-plastic frames, Stanshall looks like a slightly-bewildered wizard.

He spends his time sculpting, painting, tending his fish, turtles and cactus, writing songs and trying to decide what he wants to do next. "After an experience like this," he says. "you're sort of empty of what you thought you were, and you've got a lot of things to sort out."

Vic says he'll go back to performing, "but first I want to find out what is important about what I'm doing here and then assemble it." He's been writing a lot of songs, doing the music as well as the words. He works out the tune on a ukulele ("A much maligned instrument," he says), the euphonium, a sort of tuba, and the recorder.

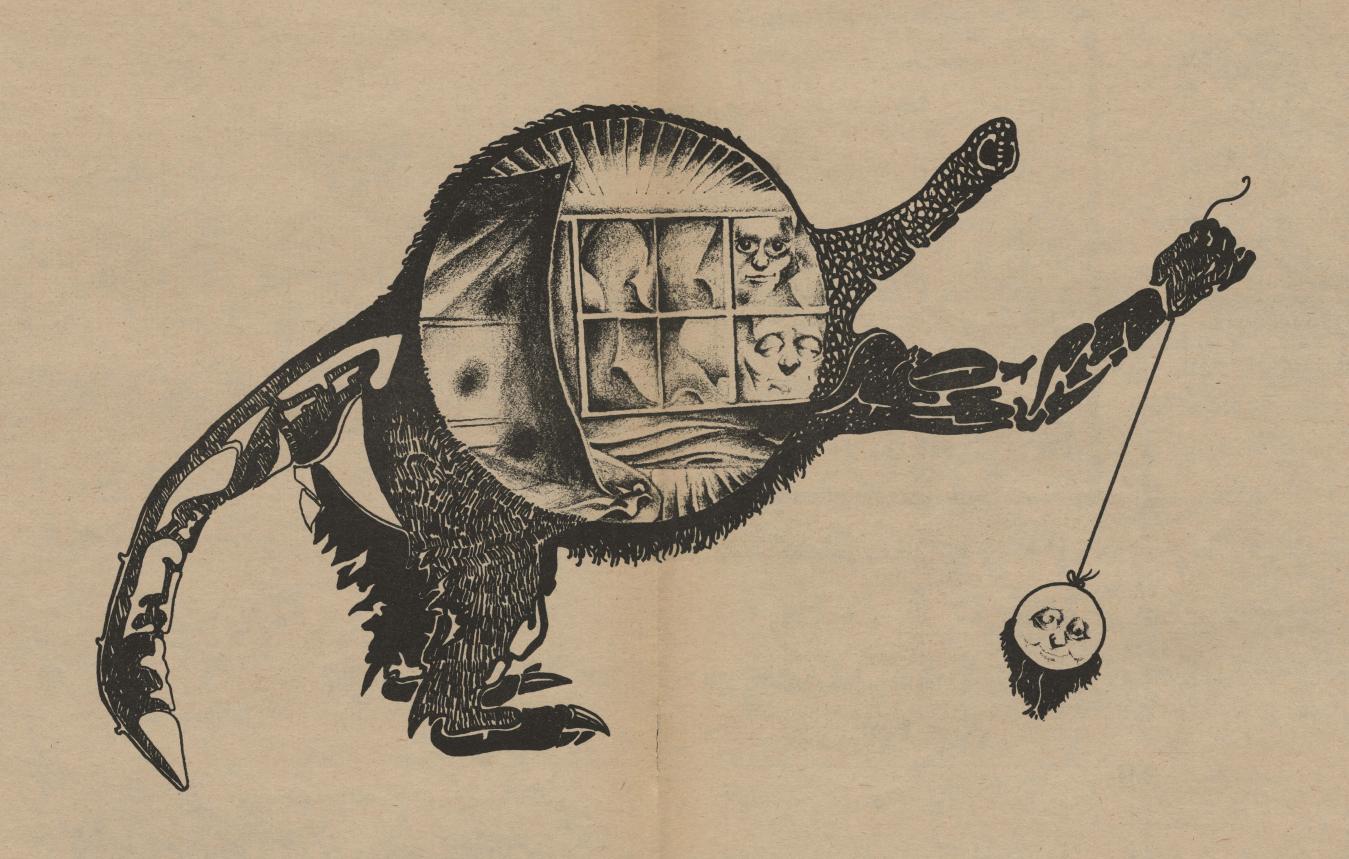
But working alone like this has problems, Vic says. "I haven't any kind of criticism for ages,

cont. on 14

reprinted from Win originally reprinted from the Good Times







cont. from 11

and my work tends to sprawl all over the place. That was the best thing about the Bonzos. Anything you suggested god ridiculed at least five times. I'd like to get some of my work out and see how it does.

Another pressing reason for going back to work, Vic says, is that he's broke. But he has a few things working for him. One is a musical he's collaborating on called Warm Steps, which he describes as a "fantasy on drug use in various cultures. He also did a pilot show for a program on Scottish television and has done a few television commercials. As we're talking, Vic's face suddenly comes on the silent television screen in a commercial for cheese crisps. "There's another few quid in the bank," says Vic with satisfaction. And he's also been talking with BBC radio about doing a regular halfhour show featuring some of the weird records he's been collecting for years.

The sixth Bonzo, Larry (Legs) Smith, drummer, tuba player and eccentric dancer, was last seen somewhere between Oxford and Brighton walking fast and smiling. If you see old Larry, tell him the other Bonzos are doing fine and would like to hear from him one of these days. Even a picture postcard will do.

The cottee house 16 Westport rd.





C. ARA ARA ARA ARA ARA ARA JANUARY CALENDAR of OMEGA PROGRAMS at

& UNITY VILLAGE CREATIVE PROBLEM SOLVING Jan. 8-9, 8p.m. Friday to 9p.m. Sat. with Hal Rosencrans. \$30.00 for workshop. Lodging and meals av-ailable for \$8.00 extra.

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Jan. 9-Feb. 13, Saturdays, 10a.m. to 12 noon, with Dian Molton. \$18.00

A workshop in creative dramatics for children ages 9-11.

SELF ENHANCING EDUCATION Jan. 9-10, and two weekends from 9a.m. Sat. to 5p.m. Sunday. Jan. 16—17 With William Howe & Richard Blackstock. \$75.00 registration covers both weekends. Lodging and meals available for \$9.50 extra per weekend.

A fundamentally new approach to adult-child relations. Designed to intensify the depth of understanding the teacher, counselor, and parent has of the behavior of the child. Will improve skill in avoiding adult-child power struggles. Limited enrollement.

LECTURE: PSYCHOLOGICAL TRAIN-ING for DEVELOPMENT of INNER AWARENESS

Jan. 29 (Friday) 7:30 p.m. ELMER GREEN. Admission: \$3.00-Students: \$1.50. Omega Members no charge.

ELECTRONIC MEASUREMENT of ELECTRONIC MEAS

Jan. 30, Saturday from 9a.m. to 4p.m. with Elmer Green. \$25.00 for workshop.

Each person attending will have the opportunity to be connected to the skin temperature sensing equipment. Dr. & Mrs. Green will discuss privately with each indi-vidual the interpretation of his temperature record. Use of the alph detector and interpretations of brain waves will also be made. Limited inrollment.

CARD CARD CARD CARD CARD

JANUARY CLAENDAR of OMEGA PROGRAMS at ALL SOULS UNITARIAN CHURCH &

PERSONAL GROWTH Jan. 13 - Feb. 17, Wednesdays at 7:30 p.m. With Warren Krem! \$35.00 for

The goal of these groups is to enable participants to become more aware of themselves and others as persons, and to communicate this awareness to others.

EXPANSION OF AWARENESS Jan. 14 and 21, Thursdays at 7:30 p.m. with the Omega Staff. \$6.00 for 2 sessions.

An introductory workshop in group experience which offers a mind-expanding experience without the use of drugs.

AWARENESS EXPANSION FOR YOUNG ADULTS

Jan. 20-March 10, Wednesdays at 7:00 p.m. with John Anderson and Ahden Tangeman. \$25.00 for 8 sessions.

A workshop in self-awareness techniques and small group encounter to develop your creative potential. Age limit: 17-21 years.

INTRODUCTORY TRANSACTIONAL

Jan. 25-March 15, Mondays at 7:30 p.m. with John Anderson and Sandra Faulkner. \$45.00 for 8 sessions.

To develop awareness and understanding of inter-personal transactions through deeper understanding of the Parent-Adult-Child within each person.

FIGHT TRAINING

Jan. 30-March 6, Begins with all day session Sat. Jan. 30, from 9a.m. to 6p.m. and continues for four Friday evenings, Feb. 9, 12, 19, & 26, 7–11p.m. Concludes on Sat. March 6, 9a.m. to 6p.m. with Jan Roosa. \$120.00 per couple.

The aim of these sessions is to train couples in the art of fair fighttrain couples in the unit of heavily ing. Dr. Roosa will draw heavily on methods in the best seller Intimate Enemy.

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"Seek and ye shall find."

FROM PAGE 15 out here in the third dimension looking at it from the outside, so you can look at the inside of it. You know, if you draw a circle on that thing, an inhabitant of that could only see the outside of that circle. But you can look at the inside of that circle. Right? So you have a viewpoint of a dimension outside that two-dimensional place. Now the next viewpoint kind of shift you can do is to move your head from the third dimension to the fourth dimension and recognize that the fourth dimension is time, which is to say the length of time that something endures, its duration, how long it exists is the fourth dimension. So if you look at something in a fourthdimensional way you see that things come together and exist for a time and a form and then come apart. Right?

And that's the viewpoint you get from putting your consciousness in the fourth dimension, you get to learn that. Then when you're in the fourth dimension and you really know where it's at in the fourth dimension, the next thing you have to remember and to learn is that your viewpoint is always up one dimension higher than the one you know about. Right? So when you're hip to the second dimension you're in the third, and when you're hip to the third you're in the fourth, and when you're hip to the fourth, which we just got to, you're in the fifth, so here we are in the fifth, which puts us automatically in the sixth. Now dig, dimensions have properties, you see that's what the trip was, we got to like walk through those dimensions cause we knew something about the properties of some of them, which gave us some clues to the properties of the other ones. Right? Now the fifth dimension is the astral plane, or the lower astral I guess. I don't know, a lot of people are really picky about what they call the astral plane. Some people say the astral plane is specifically the lower portion of what I call the astral plane . . . for me the astral plane includes both heaven and hell, you know, that it's all continuum, that it's all vibrational continuum, I don't break it off in chunks so much . . . But some astral is higher than other astral you know. It's prettier to look at, neater to be in, better to feel . . . that's how you can

(Q) About astral flights. I think the ability to do astral flight is concomitant on your ability to handle yourself in a completely non-space/time environment. Most of us tend to get a little freaked out when we go into non-space/time, it's like if somebody heaves somebody who can't swim into a swimming pool, and they're out there . . . "oh, wow, what's going on here," you know . . . And astral travel is, I think, a matter of your ability to control yourself, while you're on the astral plane. I think we get on the astral plane every time we get high. Every time you go into ego death you have a choice about whether to go back in your bod right away or not. At least that's what seems to happen and what other people tell me happens to them . . . that you have a choice whether to go back right away or not. If you get a little uptight out of being out of your bod, then you might want to hurry back into it. But if you can be cool in that intensely relativistic environment, where your ups and downs and your probabilities and your . . . everything, maybe your life and death, is all going at once and the probabilities are shifting, and somebody gets a little uptight, and that shifts something, and somebody else gets too elated and you get out of balance in that direction, kind of manicdepressive you know . . . you can wallow around a lot that way. But if everybody can keep it together then you can get to where you're stable, to where you can like jam astrally. I think all of the psychic abilities are at our fingertips, if we can like just get cool enough to get past the little scary part there sometimes.

Yeah? (Q) Question is, when your consciousness is expanded into God consciousness, do you then have the ability to go into future and past? Is that the same as going into future and past? No, it includes that, but it is not the same as. You see, one of the reasons that the astral is so intensely relativistic is that it includes all possibilities that will ever happen to you, or ever did, that are all going on at once, and you gotta sort out the probabilities yourself while you're there. But that's not like you travel from here to the past or travel from here to the future, it's like your viewpoint raises until future and past are all there.

(Q) That's a kind of a funny thing . . . Question is, when you're outside your bod that . . . suppose people freak on what you left behind, your mortal clay? There's a very funny thing like that . . . All the books on magic I ever read said you're supposed to stash your bod in a safe place. Yeah, so nobody messes with it. Did you ever read the back dust cover of Autobiography of a Yogi? It tells how Yogananda died, and it says just before he died he told all his disciples, he says, I'm going to go on a hundred-day journey. And they said, Oh yeah, far out. And a little while later they found him laid out cold, man, and they said, Oh, too bad, he died before he could go on his journey. So they kept him around in Forest Lawn for twenty-seven or twenty-nine days or something and he didn't rot or anything, he didn't decay, you know. He just stayed perfect and pure for like twenty-nine or twenty-seven days there in Forest Lawn in L.A. and there's a letter to that effect by the Forest Lawn people in there . . . and then they buried him. And you know, I wonder if sixty-three days later or something he'd say Whoops! You know . . . check back out again! I don't know, that crossed my mind when I read that, I don't know if that's the case or anything but you can read it on the back of the dust cover yourself and see what you think.

(Q) What exactly is your idea of meditation? Meditation is learning how to handle the normal thoughts that come up. So that's the process, it's like you sit there and let those thoughts come up and just don't get uptight about 'em. Let 'em happen. They can happen. In Tibetan yoga they say it's important to know that thoughts arise from a concatenation of causes. That is to say that a thought that just kinda pops up out of your subconscious can just pop out. It can be put together out of anything that's in your subconscious from all your life, you know, and you may have no idea what it is. You don't know why those thoughts are coming up until you get in full communication with your subconscious. And the way you got to get into communication with it is to not be uptight about

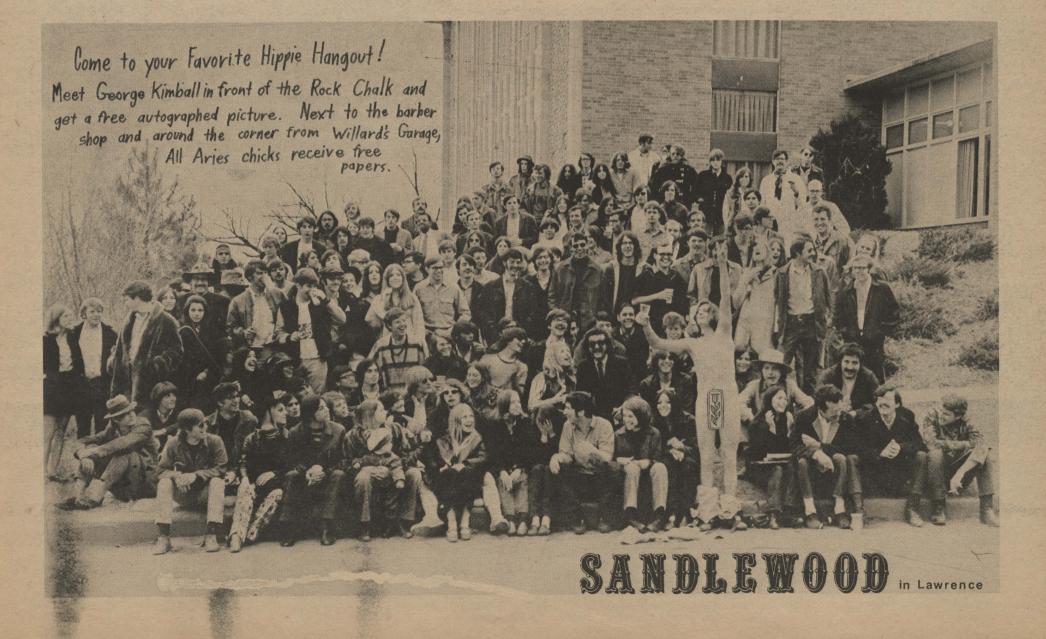
(Q) He's talking about a place just on the other side of contemplation where you lose a lot of touch and consciousness and stuff going through. I consider that to be like the sheep dip that they run you through to wash your ego off before they let you into that telepathic range. Cause when you go into satori it's like walking into the radio-broadcasting room with all the microphones on. Right? Cause when you go into satori what you think is planetary. Dig? What you think is planetary when you're in satori. So there's a little place where you go through there where you forget a lot, including like who you are or stuff like that because it doesn't matter, and that doesn't need to be put on that channel. That channel's taking care of other business. All of our karma, for

(Q) Yeah, you can walk around in satori. In satori you can be in complete control of your bod and move and talk and all kinds of things. I think that anybody who's really been stoned a few times moves across satori every now and then. Sometimes they call it names like acid

(Q) He says is it possible to have an unplanned astral trip. It is possible, but you don't usually do it ... you can't do it unless you're relaxed, is part of the trip. It's awfully hard to get out of your bod when you're uptight because all that clenching and stuff messes up your astral bod, it messes up the electrical fields. The electrical field's gotta be at rest for you to pass free. So what is likely to happen to you in an unplanned way is when you're in bed or if you're doing tantric loving, and you get really stoned on the energy doing a tantric thing, you can just slip out of your bod from being relaxed. Or when you're going to sleep you can either slip into dreamless sleep or a weird lower-astral place sometimes where there's lots of honks and squeaks and moiré patterns and weird stuff like that. Whenever I get in that one I usually just come out of it, you know, and arrange myself differently and try to sleep better. I don't dig the noise in that one,

(Q) Yeah, he's saying he was sitting with some people and they came to what he would call an awkward silence in the vibes, and they had to sort it out, and when they got it sorted out they got a little bunch of energy but they didn't know what to do with it. One of the nicest things you can do with energy is just to make your environment beautiful. Because here's the thing about energy, you can't store it. We're not batteries. We can handle a lot more energy as conduits than we can as capacitors. So to flow it through . . . what you do when you have a lot of energy is say, Okay, I'm just gonna make everybody around me be really pretty. You know? And make the whole house look really good, and just pull her on. And if you've got enough juice to turn the house into the Taj Mahal . . . crank on. Go on ahead. Cause, you know, you gotta spend it anyway. So go ahead and get to it.

(Q) How does the astral plane relate to Christ consciousness? Here's how it works on the continuum of astral planes. The lower astral, like if you had a puddle that had been stirred and it had settled partially . . . well, the water toward the bottom of the puddle would have more mud in it, you know, and as it got up toward the top of the puddle the water would be clearer and clearer. Well, the higher you go up the vibes in the astral plane, the higher the vibration, the clearer the transmission gets, also the more strength of character and intelligence and will and love does it take to get into the higher and higher and clearer places. So when you get really high and really clear you're telepathing in very good company. But when you're just barely beginning to, you have to go through the lower astral, and in the lower astral you're going to run into like, wow, everybody . . . everybody has a subconscious, and the subconscious is the no-no box, and it'll have, you know, "gillies and ghosties and long-legged beasties that go bump in the night." So you just dig that there's this continuum of, of thing . . . Now like Christ consciousness is way high clear, where you have to be really truly altruistic to get high enough to transmit at that frequency. You know, and that's like Christ consciousness. And then we can get there when we're like really stoned, because the stoneder we get the more we can let go of our material ego and our material-plane identity and stuff and the more we start thinking of us as mankind, as us-kind, this thing that we're all one part of, and the more our decisions become for the larger thing, as our consciousness expands it includes more of us. Astral travel is a lower astral phenomenon because it involves a mobile center of consciousness, but still a center of consciousness, whereas the Christ consciousness place is less a center of consciousness and more a centerless consciousness. And it becomes all-pervading and immanent ... and is completely all-encompassing, and so it's not CONT. ON PAGE 18



a centralized thing. The astral travel is moving one point through the matrix. Christ consciousness is being the matrix.

(Q) About astrology? Sure, what level do you want to plug in on with it? About how it affects you and what it's about, kind of? Yeah, okay. I don't think that astrology is strictly necessary to get straight . . . actually. But I think that you can learn a few things that might save you a few bumps with it . . . it can be useful like that. It starts off being all that stuff on paper, you know, charts and figuring out all that stuff. But where it goes to is a kind of a feel for the astral weather. You know? It gets into know of a feel about where is it at, because like the sun really exerts a fantastic influence on the earth, magnetically, electro-magnetically, radiationally and so on. Like I've seen a diagram of the earth's field, which is like a norma di-pole field, it's just shaped like that, you know . . . and then see a picture of it as distorted by the sun's magnetic field or by the solar wind as they call it, and it'll be all bent over on one side till it's right down to the surface of the earth on one side, and it goes away like that out on the other side. Because it's just like shoved right up to the earth by the power of the sun. And the field is tremendously distorted. So just day and night for a start is a very heavy astrological trip, whether you're within the field of the sun or not. Well then the moon is also up there, pretty close you know, only two hundred and forty thousand miles away, and pretty heavy, made out of a lot of iron and rock and stuff and a heavy electro-gravitational field, it's spinning around the earth and creating a thing almost like an electric motor and armature trip, making a tremendous powerful electric field putting out millions and billions and billions of volts of energy, which we call on our scale of energy zero. Because that's just where we come on for openers on this planet. And then all the juice that we put out on top of that, whatever that is, plus what it's like . . . you know, each one of the planets is also a huge electro-magnetic thing and also bends that field. So you start with a field that's symmetrical and then it gets bent X amount this way by the sun, and then this much this way by the moon, and then this much this way by Mars and this much over here by Venus. And then all of those things are moving, right? In different orbits. So that thing is changing like a kaleidoscope, that pattern of vibrations is like an ever-moving kaleidoscope, always changing, and so there's a different electrical field passing through all the time. And so you can learn to feel what those fields are like. They have kind of like flavors, and you can them by names like Scorpio and Pisces and stuff. Aquarius is the name of an electrical field, and when you're in an Aquarius electrical field things are kind of like a fumy way, you know, there's just that Aquarius way that tastes like Aquarius. And when it's a Pisces trip you can maybe think . . . I'm not that good an astrologer to like be able to like tell you where the moon is or what your sign is, because I haven't followed it myself as a discipline. But there's a little bit that you just sort of notice as you along because it rubs off on you. It's not on or off or of that stuff, it's all kind of like percentages. Then there' some of it that I think is like just on account of the symbolism of the various signs . . . like Leos really tend to come on strong behind their sign. Leos get, you know ... put Leo coats of arms seven feet high on their doors, all that. You don't see Cancers putting giant crabs around on walls. So there's a little medium-message aspect in the signs too, that you have to pay attention to. The main thing is not to get hung up in a prophecy idea with astrology because prophecies are . . . you know, I don't know whether prophecies are true or not, it takes more of my attention out of here and now to care about it than I care to waste on 'em. Whatever they're about. Even if it is Armageddon, I still haven't got time to pay attention to something besides here and now. Cause here and now is where all the goodies and the magic and the action's at. Prophecy's sort of a waste of time really, because like here's the thing, a prophecy is only statistically so, it's only a probability . . . you dig. And as long as it's a probability then it's influenceable and movable by what you do in the here and now. That's why I don't worry much about prophecy, I figure that if I pay attention I'll just create it groovy . . . whatever it is.

(Q) Of course you're supposed to change destiny, that's what we do, we're all in agreement here, we have a mind-level agreement, but we agree about sharing out the karma. Like most of the people who come here on one level or another say okay, I'll buy in behind all fair systems of karma-sharing rather than having to go to the trouble of becoming one of those kind of magicians who's going to like try to get better karma than he's got coming, you know, attempt to try to manipulate and move the karma . . . you just buy in behind the system and say, Okay, I'll buy in behind all fair karma, whatever it is. Win

or lose. Whatever it is. And so everybody kind of like buys into that and says, Okay, we'll do that, and that way we don't have to hink about that and be paranoid about that or anything, cause we'll just say, it's fair. That's where you get that Moslem thing that's like, Whatever is Allah's will. You know, Allah's will is the agreement that we make, that's what Allah's will is. (Q) Yeah, Allah's the All. The same . . . Right, all of us.

(Q) He says, where does reincarnation come in on the basis of that idea of astrological imprint? The question is the idea of being re-born until you get the karma worked out, and then the i sea of the astrological imprint which comes on to you just according to when you're born . This structure I'm gonna kay on you is like a structure that is made out of the Vedanta system, that is usually the kind of thins that would be taught by the Theosophist And like I don't say it is the structure, but it is a gearbothat gets from here to there. And if there is one that get from here to there then you can make others from here to there. So here's one that will do that when the physical body dies, that field, the astral body, can exist for awh death of the material body, running on given back into the system by the decompo material body. It's like when you're running on instead of the generator. So that continues until out first your subconscious, then your higher sciousness . . . in other words, all your desires that y died holding will have to rattle around until they ge sorted out. That's in the lower astral. Phen you higher astral, which is the heaven world. Going neaven world means that you're losing those desires you lose those desires you consciousness becomes it is able to go higher into the astral. Right, it's that astracontinuum again. And then you drop your astral bod, because you don't have any more dosires, and you drop. with that a certain level of desire completely, and then you have only your mental body left, and your spiritus body, and your mental body contains your memory. So you have memory, and then your memory, your mental body with your memory decides on your next karmie encounter, on the basis of how you did on the last one Then it punchcards, as it were, your new incarnation Well, the name of that punchcard is astrology. That where it punchcards your new information, that's astrology. It decides your astrology on the basis of that thing, and then when it's done that it's like one of those little machines with the hand, you push the button to turn it on and the hand comes out of the box, reaches around and turns it off and then it goes back inside. We when the mental body has plugged on the astrology it then hari-karis and the memory dies. And when the memory dies your ego dies. "I". die. That's what dies then is the 1. Cause that's memory. You, in relation to anything else. Then there's nothing left but the punchcard, or the karma, so to speak. So then the karma isn't your karma anymore, it's karma in the universe, and in that sense we have to say it's God's karma. So we don't really work out our own karma, we're all working out God's karma. God's karma is going from the first cause that began us all through all this multiplicity back to that first cause. And all of this that we're doing is on the way. And so I figure the relation ship of astrology to reincarration is like the twelve labors of Hercules which are being born in each of the twelve signs of the zodiac. Dig that. Hercules is Christ, you know he's a Christ one, he's an avatar. So Herctules is Christ working out the karma of man by being born in each of the signs. Well, he's not just born in each of the twelve signs, he is born in each instant, degree, second, of all of them, because he is each of all of them because he is all

(Q) Why does imprinting take place at birth rather than conception . . . Here's a theory I have about it, there is a tremendous change takes place at birth; which is that the bloodstream changes in such a way that it changes from the bloodstream of a fish to the bloodstream of a mammal, in one instant. And it's one of the few like a quick change that changes the whole thing that way And that particular change is that it's a two-valved heart, while it's hooked up to the placenta, and when you come out and the cold air hits you, a little valve slams shut, and it just goes slam, and it's a four-valved heart. And you're a mammal. . . . bang. Just like that. Zap, you're a mammal. And they say that ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny, which is to say that the process of evolution of any individual creature will more or less microcosm-macrocosm the entire evolutionary trip of the whole species. Right? And right there at birth is the place where we quit being a fish and start being a mammal . . . bang. And maybe that's a heavy enough change for that to make a difference, it means that you're on your own, you know, when that

door slams you're on your own, baby. You're not parasiting on Mom no more, you're out there in the cold world, man, you gotta generate your own heat. You know, we'll take care of you for a little while till you learn how, but you're gonna have to do it, baby.

(Q) Yeah . . . also that like . . . when two people get together and vibrate together, sometimes when two conga drummers are really good together they'll create a resonance between them that's like a third drum, a resonance'll come on between them and make the third drum. Well, sometimes two personalities will make a resonance and, bang, create a personality that just needs a body to surround it. You know, there's a baby there. And also that feeling that you come in there, that wild honey sweet God feeling, is the Holy Spirit, man, which is running right up your backbone, that's the real thing . . . that's the real stuff.

(Q) Yeah. How do you deal with paranoia in your own head. The first thing is that you got to be able to cop that it's possible, because the trouble with paranoia is when you're doing it, you don't think you're doing it. And au gotta be able to cop that it's possible that you're n. One way, if you're having paranoia you're obably future-tripping . . . like you probably got plans eties or things that may or may not happen in the and you're worrying about them, well, when you're at in the future the probabilities are thinner, it's like a rel running out on the branches, and when the s get thinner it gets shakier. And that shakiness can cause paranoia . . . just on its own, without any other reason for it. Merely the probabilities getting shaky can you get paranoid. So what you have to do is recognize that paranoia is not a real emotion, that it's a non-survival trip and you have to just let go of it. I've seen people let go of it when it's been really hard. I had a cat come up to me once and he was stoned on acid and so was I, and he said,"I really believe that my closest friends are gonna snuff me. I can just tell that they're just about to do it. And I think one of these nights they're gonna take me and haul me off and dump me into the bay, man, I really believe that." And the first thing I could think of to say was, "Well, like, you gotta learn to love them." And I was thinking about it and he was thinking about it, and he came to me in a few minutes and he wanted to continue with at and he said again that he really thought that his dosest friends were gonna kill him. And I looked at him, istened closely, and I said, "You're crazy, that's paranoia." And that was kinda hard, because that's like one computer says to another computer, "Your computer don't compute." And he hit that and his eyebrows started climbing, like on a ratchet . . . (chk-chk-chk-chk) . . . and it kinda got to the top and it hit the jackpot and went din-n-ng. And we got really stoned together suddenly. The vision had been pretty ordinary up until this point, and all of a sudden . . . bang, psychedelic and zap . . . and he'd bought it. It was dike he'd decided that he'd rather be a little crazy cause he could get well from that, but he might not could get well from the other one. And I considered that a tremendous act of will, one I respect very much, to be able to just like cop and drop it. That's very fancy. And we can do that kind of thing, we're capable of it.

reinforce the energy that is the life force that we and our friends live and exist on. Because we bring down life force, real life force, like if you take it away you die . . . and if you put it there you live. The life stuff. And that's what we are seeing, that's what that energy is, is life stuff, it's the Holy Spirit, it's the real thing, and to perceive it is to be blessed. Just to perceive it is to be blessed, for a start. To perceive it and know what it is is to be double blessed. And to perceive it and know what it is and not be freaked out so you continue to be a channel for it and bring more of it into the world for everybody to use is to be thrice blessed. To create us all happier and stronger and alive and healthier and rosy and like three-dimensionally stronger,

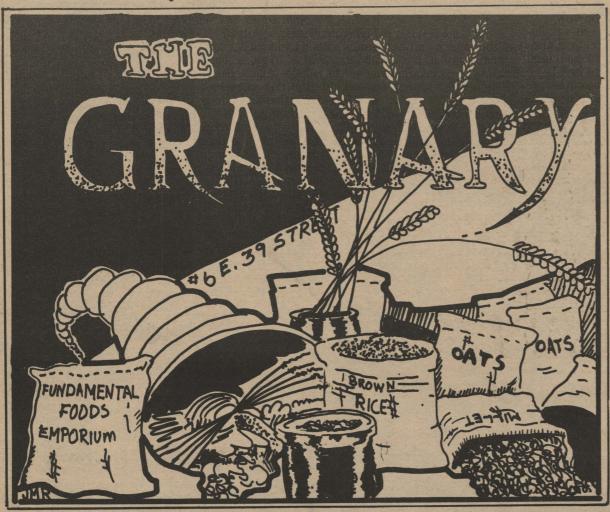
here and now, in the real material world.

(Q) What is Spirit? The Holy Spirit is the matrix ustains us all. It is the one mind . . . it is the prime container that contains all things and all of us. We can perceive it. Some of the times that you perceive it is when you're making love. That's Holy Spirit . . . that electricity that plays. It's the life energy that keeps us all alive, it's like why a baby looks like a blooming flower, when you look at a baby and see it it's shining and radiating that force. And that's pure life force, that's the Holy Spirit. Like it's the one that keeps us all alive and making it. It's not something that you never know anything about, or you only perceive once in a lifetime, it's the real stuff, man, it's the bread of life. It's that energy which you live on, that you get along day by day by day . . . and we all live on. It's not something remote, something that you only find once in awhile, it's that stuff that when you lay down and you're tired after a long day, and you feel the fatigue flow out of you, and you feel the warmth and the life flow into you, you feel yourself be flexible, that's the Holy Spirit, man, flowing right into you right there. It's the real thing. And when you're making love with your mate, your spouse, and that energy passes back and forth between you, and one of you can like rev up a little bit of energy, and the other one can feel it . . . that's it, too. Because it is the medium in which we are all messages.

DRAWING BY GARY PETERSON

3UBSCRIBE

To the Westport Trucker



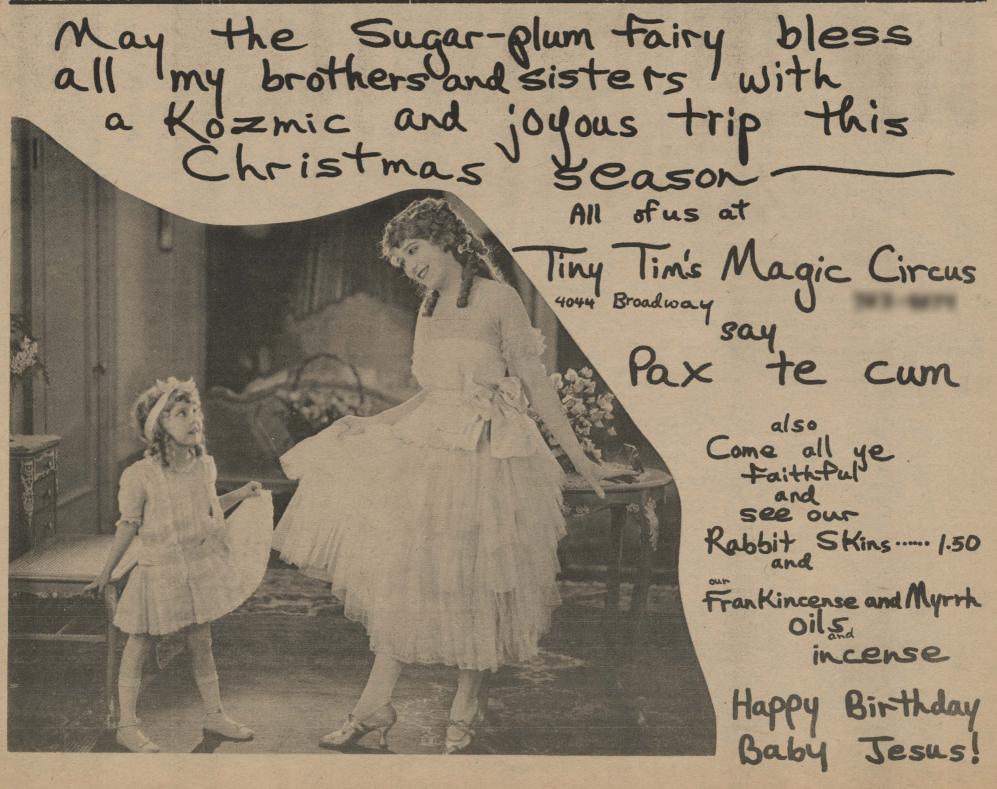
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Steve Cambell et all--

we of our humble abode wish to thank you for representing the good life in such a fine way

may the sun of good fortune continue to show us the way

Margie
Mary Beth
Ric & Garnet
Annie
Catfish
Kilo
Denise

and sundry other wierd types here in River City



Dear Westport Trucker,

Enclosed is a letter I sent to the Director of Public Assistance. It should be self-explanatory. I was at UMKC from 1961 to 1965 and at Western Michigan University from 1966 to 1968.

I have applied for part time and full time teaching in Kansas City with no results.

I am sending copies of this letter to four closeby institutions (UMKC, KCAI, PVCC, MRI), and to Park College.

Sincerely, B.R. Rafferty

Mr. Edward Duncan Director, Division of Welfare Kansas City, Missouri

Dear Mr. Duncan,

I wish to present the state with the problem of the intellectual who is not permitted to function in the economic society on any feasible basis. I am 43 years old. My rent is \$10 a week and I spend \$35 out of pocket for fo d, books, cigarettes, transportation and beer. I have exhausted my savings, my part time jobs and my capacity to borrow.

One of my closest friends in the academic world will not recommend me for a job because he is afraid he will get in trouble if he does. Others do not wish

to say. One college department head told me many of the students in his department are military officers from Leavenworth and "would not stand for what you have to say.." Apparently the Department of Defense controls the classroom there.

This is my third year out of University or professional employment. I had done 6 months of part time employment at low pay. I have applied for simple but acceptable jobs. I was told by the library that work there would degrade me. A technician with the Missouri State Employment Service advised that I apply for a job with them as an employment counselor. In an 8 month process I took the exam, was certified, favorably recommended on interview with the WIN program, and then "put on," by the state "merit" system.

te "merit" system.
My proposal is that this letter constitutes an application for welfare payments and concieve it possible that I may wind up in the WIN program as a client. I do not believe they will be able to place me. I think placement depends upon a change in the intellectual climate. I do not understand a disposition of a state which would seem to prefer me as an indigent rather than an employee. It is notable that nearly all intellectual employment is a function of the state and where employment depends on recommendations by state officials and employees my indigency is a function of the operation of the state. I believe the state in its own interest as well as mine (not to mention the students who do not hear me) has an obligation either to employ me or sustain me. I have been defined an unemployable by the state

Is it the determination of the state that I should turn to crime?

Sincerely,

B.R. Rafferty Quondam Professor of Political Economy UMKC, WMU 4016 Walnut Room 24

K.C., Mo.

tumatos:
3 weer

Dear Mr. Trucker,

In my computer data nada life (not a cereal or magazine (little-more-precious) i.e., Alving "precious stones") I sea across the see Raw...War on constant comment TeaVee. Very serious affair or unfair. White man seem to help Vet Mom by killing Developed Fetus.

This the Pope must certstainly(a breath mint 1947!) declare poop! I do not lie. My Lai. These mean go free. Candise Mossler go free. General Motors go free. Charly Manson, Sonman, Son of Man, Son of Mom, Viet Mon? He tie die. You try die? May say I. Charly's long beautiful hair has strangled him in Court Rome. Waiter, Waiter, More Wine! We Americhild son of Brahman

Shiek of Tunis

Holder of the Royal (as in baseball) scepter Mr. Trucker and Kansas City

Bread Baskett of A merry Ka

I too want to see Harold Ensley naked, Illus Davis eat Brown rice and Tiny Tim's make Tim big. But can you help us we the people? If we all think pritty thoughts of TWA astral planes we will indeed die with pritty thoughts. But people i.e., 4 billion (how many of those will be at Freedom Palace?) How many dead Vietnamese children? How many Potowotamie starving 80 miles from K.C. will be at the Ten Years After concert. Two many.

Ha, I nu it!

Another won of those Lawrence Radicals

Radical (rad-i-kal) Webster's (L. Radicalis, having roots).

1. Of or pertaining to the root; proceeding directly from the root. Pertaining to the origin.

The origin of amn is not Westport. it is not a Trucker

it is not Rathyatra to Tim Leary

Freedom has no palace. Palaces confine. What I say is tell the people if U kan how to figure out Amerika. How we can build our won community. How we con avoid becomming corporate Freakdon. Tell them about Soledad, Angela, John Sinclair. Show them another way to escape Amerika. Another way aside from pritty colour photographs on paper. Help them try to paint a beauty in the City of Kansas.

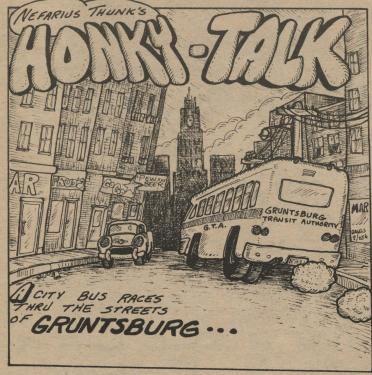
You know Beauty.

Beauty is Brothers and Sisters together struggling to help other.

Struggling to understand the plight of others. Staying stoned is Easy.
Stayung Alive and Aware is struggle.

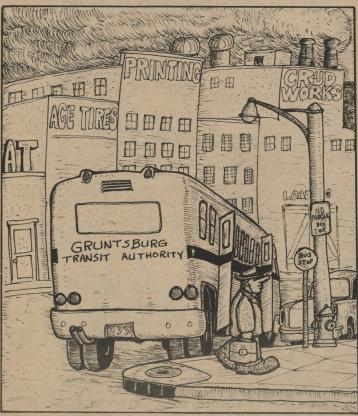
Sim Sears Lee, A Brother of Linear Love OREAD Daily person.















(THE Morning KOSMIC CITY FARCE)

The Rosmic City Times

Vol. 1, No. 0

cents

Eclipse - Cannabis Conspiracy, cont.

ming would determine which plants were to be "eaten" by which other plants. He said also that advances in radioisotope tracing techniques would permit the "immediate implementation" of a plan whereby the insects and birds involved in cannabis sativa seed traficking would be sought out and destroyed. "We assume these carriers will be incinerated", he said, "since the intact bodies might permit the germination of concealed seeds.

He also said that he had discussed the possibility of "nuclear surgery" to prevent further eclipses with both Melvin Liard and L. Mekong Rivers. According to Dr. Mannunkind, Mr. Liard inform-

ed him that, "it would afford an unusual opportunity for the extra terrestial testing of the MIRV sys-Attorney General Missle then assumed the platform and told the assembled guardsmen, "We have been lenient too long with unruly elements in our environment. If indeed we shall realize the great dream of mankind to harness Nature then let us not be blocked now by rampant lawlessness.

The several thousand guardsmen present then stood and raised their rifles solemnly in an unusual close-order manual of arms which clearly had been devised to complement the striking visual effect of the endless files of crosses not far behind them in Arlington Cemetery.

Have car-bed and clothes for small baby, FREE *** Do you have a desk or table you don't need, free or cheap? Leave

message for Don at Magic Circus. HELP - Need Electric Train Set (Used but Working) Hurry! I'm

regressing back quickly! Willing

Leave message for Maria at the Magic Circus.

Going to Boston? Am willing to share expenses for a lift.

The Westport Trucker is look-

ing for a matching set of 3,000 one dollar bills and or several lb's of brown rice. Contact Dennis at

Chick wanted to clean and

VICKI LYNN - Please call

Person needed to share rent &

utilitieson a two bedroom apt. one

block from the Art Institutel. Come after 5 P.M., 202 E. 43rd, apt, 102

your mother, she's worried about

to bargan -- Marina,

the Magic Circus.

live. Call Sig,

Greasy Rick needs a ride to

Miami, Fla. in Jan. Can help on

DEER HORNS WANTED

Also Elk, etc.—Bob Harness, Læa:therworks, 20 E. 39th.

Evelyn G. Roark, Heart of America Produce, City Mar-ket. I love you, please be-lieve me. Tony.





Needing a ride to California? Have some puppys to give away? After some deliberation we decided that this should be more than a classifides section, it should be a community bulletin board, hence all ads not involving a money exchange are free, otherwise they are \$1.00 for the first 30 spaces and \$.50 for each additional 35 spaces. BOLD FACE TYPE is an extra \$1.00 per line.

We reserve the right to reject copy which we consider to be in poor taste, a rip-off, or which might result in legal action.

Illegible ads will not be accepted. If mailing in an ad, please send check or money

Used Records Wanted. Will buy or trade—-Love Records, 3909

touch with me at the Edgemeir

Apts., 42nd. & Locust. I need

Typing done in my home cheap. Call BB at or bring it by 4145 Locust, Apt. 3N. Good fast work done on new electric carbon-ribbon machine.

RUGS WANTED, large or small -- Prudence, 3820 Walnut,

BOOKS

to see you .-- Sally

Moma Cassie, please get in

Freak Filmmakers interested in pooling ideas, equipment, actors, etc. Call Kevin Dowd,

Wanted-housekeeper, live-in. Between 21 and 30. Many benefits.

Give a long-hair a job. Wants work after school & weekends.

Needed, FURNITURE & MATRESSES of any sort for our new farm--we have no money--Pam, 14 E. 32nd, apt 4.

Should contact Rev. Michael Lindsay, 4037 Central, if you have a building, money, love, or time for coming together.

PRINTING COLLECTIVE We specialize in non censorship Lawrence, Kansas.

German Shepherd, 5½ mos., 3 toes on front left foot, black & tan D'jango,

Brothers, Sisters, & Uni-versal Life Church Ministers

1964 International Metro Van Great for camper, plenty of room \$400--Don, 1004 E. 32nd. Terr.

Work done for movement people Kansas Key Press, 710 Mass.,

trip toys occult books tarot mobiles Pillow 7-mas cards Friends

Ever had a wheel fall off? I did but even with it fixed I'm in pretty bad shape and need Chevrolet auto, parts and tools badly. Leave word for Cortez the Car at the Magic Circus.

Please return the portfolio stolen from Jim Reed's red Volkswagon at 32 nd & Main. Keep the rest yourself. No questions asked. Return to Genuine Article, Last Edition, or Leather Works.







Fountain of Light

He lived happily with Vasudeva and occasionally they exchanged words, few and long-considered words. Vasudeva was no friend of words. Siddhartha was rarely successful in moving him to speak.

He once asked him, "Have you also learned that secret from the river; that there is no such thing as

time?"

A bright smile spread over Vasudeva's face.

"Yes, Siddhartha," he said. "Is this what you mean? That the river is everywhere at the same time, at the source and at the mouth, at the waterfall, at the ferry, at the current, in the ocean and in the mountains, everywhere, and that the present only exists for it, not the shadow of the past, nor the shadow of the future?"

"That is it." said Siddhartha, "and when I learned that I reviewed my life and it was also a river, and Siddhartha the boy, Siddhartha the mature man and Siddhartha the old man, were only separated by shadows, not through reality. Siddhartha's previous lives were also not in the past, and his death and his return to Brahma are not in the future. Nothing was, nothing will be, everything has reality and presence."

Siddhartha spoke with delight. This discovery had made him very happy. Was then not all sorrow in time, all self-torment and fear in time? Were not all difficulties and evil in the world conquered as soon as one conquered time, as soon as one dispelled time? He had spoken with delight, But Vasudeva just smiled radiantly at him and nodded his agreement. He stroked Siddhartha's ahoulder and returned to his work.



