

WESTPORT TRUCKER

Kosmic City, Mo.

25¢ local
35¢ elsewhere

Volume 1
Number 9

HAPPY BIRTHDAY BABY JESUS



this Christmas

DECEMBER • 70 Give a Bomber

— JANUARY • 71

ROLL SOME TODAY !!



SPORT SMIT

The Draft
Is In Trouble

FROM
PHILADELPHIA RESISTANCE NEWSLETTER

RIVER CITY RECORDS

Record prices are pretty low in Lawrence lately because of the existence 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 hurt.

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 Kiefs.



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 corner 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.



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 men 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 bothered 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 punitive aspects of the delinquency classification. Previously, anyone who was delinquent was put at the top of the list for induction. This included 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



Probably one of the first things you noticed 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 form.

Over the last three issues, the average unit cost of the paper has been 17 cents per copy and that our advertising 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 myself, 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 paid 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 for mana from Heaven. The layout and deposit were given to the printer and despite all 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 dope dealers.

The paper came out, on time, with all its radiance. 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 semblance



of financial stability, so this issue the color had to go.

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? D.G.

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 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 Captain, Mary
Sue
Marc
John Flory
Kathy
Brother Stephen

Vol. 1, No. 9





This picture of Elvis should choke you up with it. Selective Service violations have become the third most common federal 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 non-cooperation, 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 forces 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 now 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 Portland, 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
4723 1/2 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 bigger, clay flower pot with sink stopper or cheesecloth to prevent beans from slipping through hole.

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

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 1 1/4" in length (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.

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 portfolio 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 to run. Fuck it!



LOVE

↓ records



EARTH · LIFE · 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 Mother-fucker 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."

—Marty Jezer

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.

for us the future is in groups of people who establish more profoundly human relations w/ 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 w/out pre-conceived notions/ those who are flexible—who find ways where there were thought to be none/those who scavenge 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 w/ 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 coyote—beginning 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 re-discovered by stars—lost members of the cosmic community—surrounded on every side by friends & lovers!

we come to the land w/ 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 w/ knowledge & feeling/ our men become obstetrical shamans/ all creating empathetic magic in song & dance, giving strength to the welcoming of the newborn/ w/ 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 fuels—addiction 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 everyday 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 w/ compost) when we shit/ making organic fuels for an organic culture (feeling that the highest cultures were those that rotted back into the ground w/out 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 w/ 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 re-discover 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 communities w/ 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 w/ 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 w/ 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 w/ 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 w/ 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 w/ other communes—groups a few miles apart, don't always know, exchange or make love w/ 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 continent.

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 broccoli
- 1 t. salt
- 1 t. soy sauce
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 pinch tyme
- 1 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 thoroughly 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
- oil
- sea salt
- whole wheat flour

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 ½ 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 w/ 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!



the

JOHNSON COUNTY SPORTS COMPLEX



The most recent of a long line of insults to the residents of Jackson County, Missouri is the announcement that Lamar Hunt will build the Arrowhead Club. He has the audacity to demand that the football stadium be built to his specifications with public money, exclude most of the taxpayers from admission and then build luxury facilities for his rich friends to drink in.

There will be approximately 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 deceived. 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 entertainment.

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 8 1/2% increase in taxes they were to get the finest sports facilities in the nation. They have actually received 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 doesn'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 apply 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 the property of the Jackson County Sports Authority which is appointed by the Governor. Those who pay for the construction 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 construction unions. This will be attempted in order to pass responsibility to innocent workers.

When the voters are asked to approve more bonds for the completion 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 doesn'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

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NAKED CITY

CASE #49

David Perkins

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!" Awareness is a terrible burden.

Walking by the Swanson's Tower excited me uncontrollably, as usual. Those intimations of jackboot 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 lumpenproletariat, 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 Park.

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.

I was tempted indeed, but unfortunately late for an appointment. I shouted up to her against the snow, "I 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 couple 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!"

She was now standing on the window sill and work-

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 dying." The nice crowd nodded as one, and then dispersed.

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 made.



Eclipse-Cannabis Conspiracy

BY

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 remarked. "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 a vocal and militant minority. Coming from a state that was among those hit hardest by the eclipse, I would like to say that if I have any influence, I will support the investigation Mr. Ilord has proposed to take place."

Sources close to both representatives have indicated that a meeting took place on the evening of March 8 at the home of Attorney General and Mrs. John N. Missile where Rep. Ilord's speech was discussed at great length and plans for implementing the investigation were put forward. Present at the informal gathering besides Ilord and Rivers were Defense Secretary Melvin Liard, noted evangelist Billy Gram, and biologist 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 "a growing problem in the area of the natural world." Those present reported that Mrs. Missile 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 agreeing with Ilord 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 a national 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. Ilord 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 criminal element and treated accordingly.

"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 hours. These fact taken together present a disturbing picture of unfriendliness toward our government in the area of the natural world. By comparison, the threat of Communist aggression assumes a lesser priority." The representative's remarks were greeted with a spontaneous uproar of applause.

Mr. Ilord went on to cover other essential points. He reported that Defense Secretary Liard had informed him that we could not hope to stop the infiltration of cannabis sativa seeds as long as the main bird/insect supply lines remain intact, analogizing the situation to aggression in South Vietnam. Mr. Ilord concluded his remarks with an assurance that a team of government researchers were at work on a solution and that he would make appropriate announcements when it was available.

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. Missile 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 life forms," he said. He stated that enough is known about DNA "to allow for an important 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 forms like trees could be persuaded to assume an aggressive posture toward other plants. Under properly controlled conditions one oak could conceivably 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 Africa.

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 more so than before. It was always the poetry

Bonzo Remnants Running Around

by Charles Alverson
ROLLING STONE

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

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 saxophone.

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, gigging 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 groups.

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

11



by, by, Freedom Palace

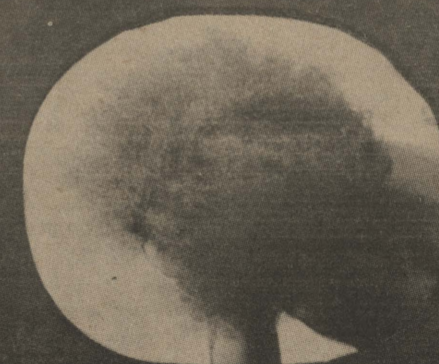
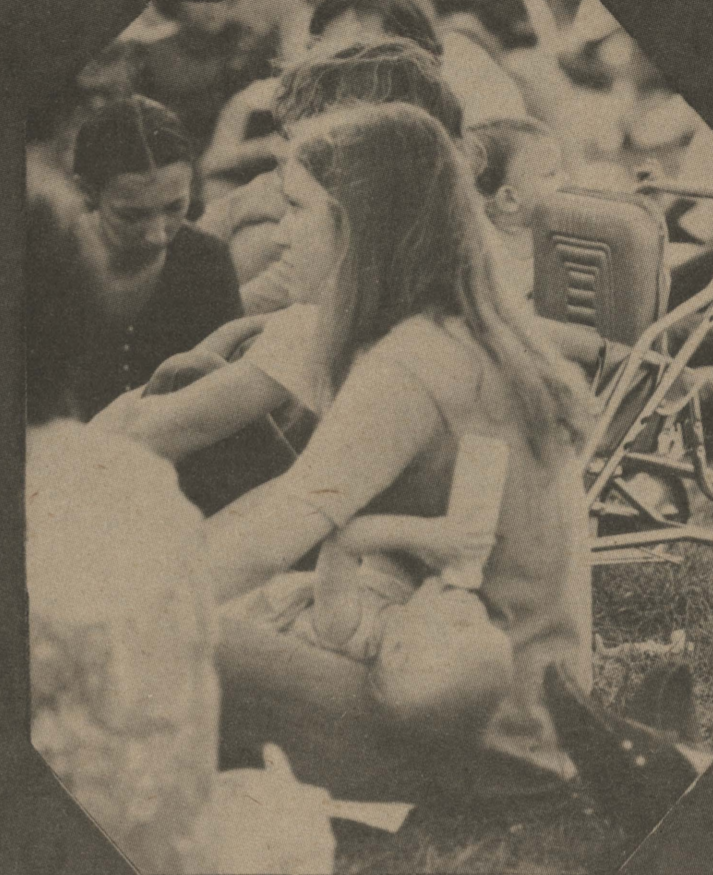
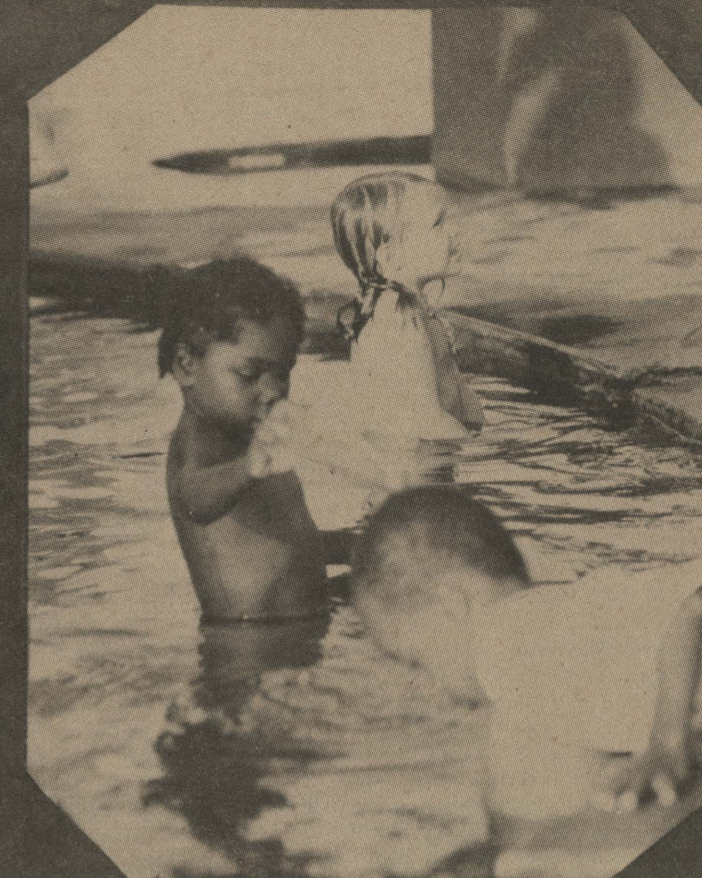
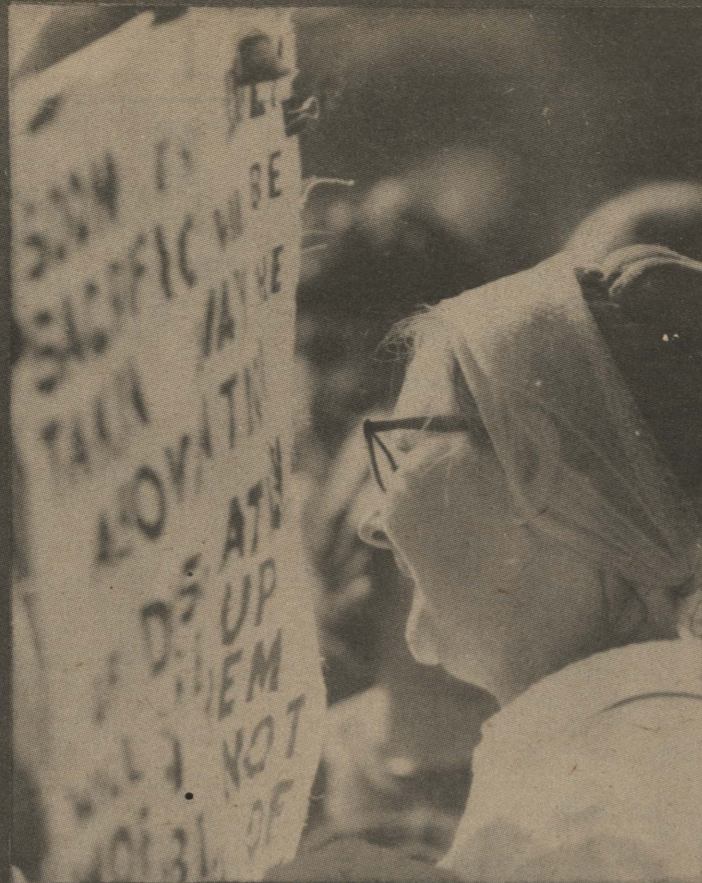
From the opening Canned Heat concert on May 8th through its last show, Pacific Gas & Electric, on October 30th, approximately 200,000 people passed through its doors to see some of the finest acts in the world of Rock. Country Joe & the Fish, Sly & the Family Stone, Grand Funk Railroad, Eric Burton & War, Bloodrock, It's a Beautiful Day, Poco, Ides of March, Quick-silver Messenger Service, The Who, B.B. King, Sugarloaf, Sweetwater, and Mountain, as well as countless local bands traded energy with the people, feeding on the vibrations they created.

Now the Palace is gone, its owners wanted to make a fast buck but never knew how to go about making it. When all operations finally closed down in November the building was up for grabs, anyone could have it if they were willing to accept \$46,000 dollars worth of debts.

Oh well, a couple joints and a good stereo will have to suffice for a while at least.

D.G.

HOWS THIS FOR A LITTLE BIT OF WINTER-TIME NOSTALGIA?
ALL PHOTOS WERE TAKEN ON A SUNDAY IN MID JULY BY
STUART CRICK WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE LOWER LEFT
HAND PHOTO OF FAT FRANK WHICH WAS TAKEN BY DON
CALAWAY. HOW MANY PEOPLE DO YOU RECOGNIZE?



LISTEN TO WHAT THE YOUNGSTERS SAY!



WE BUY ALL OUR FUNKY SHIT

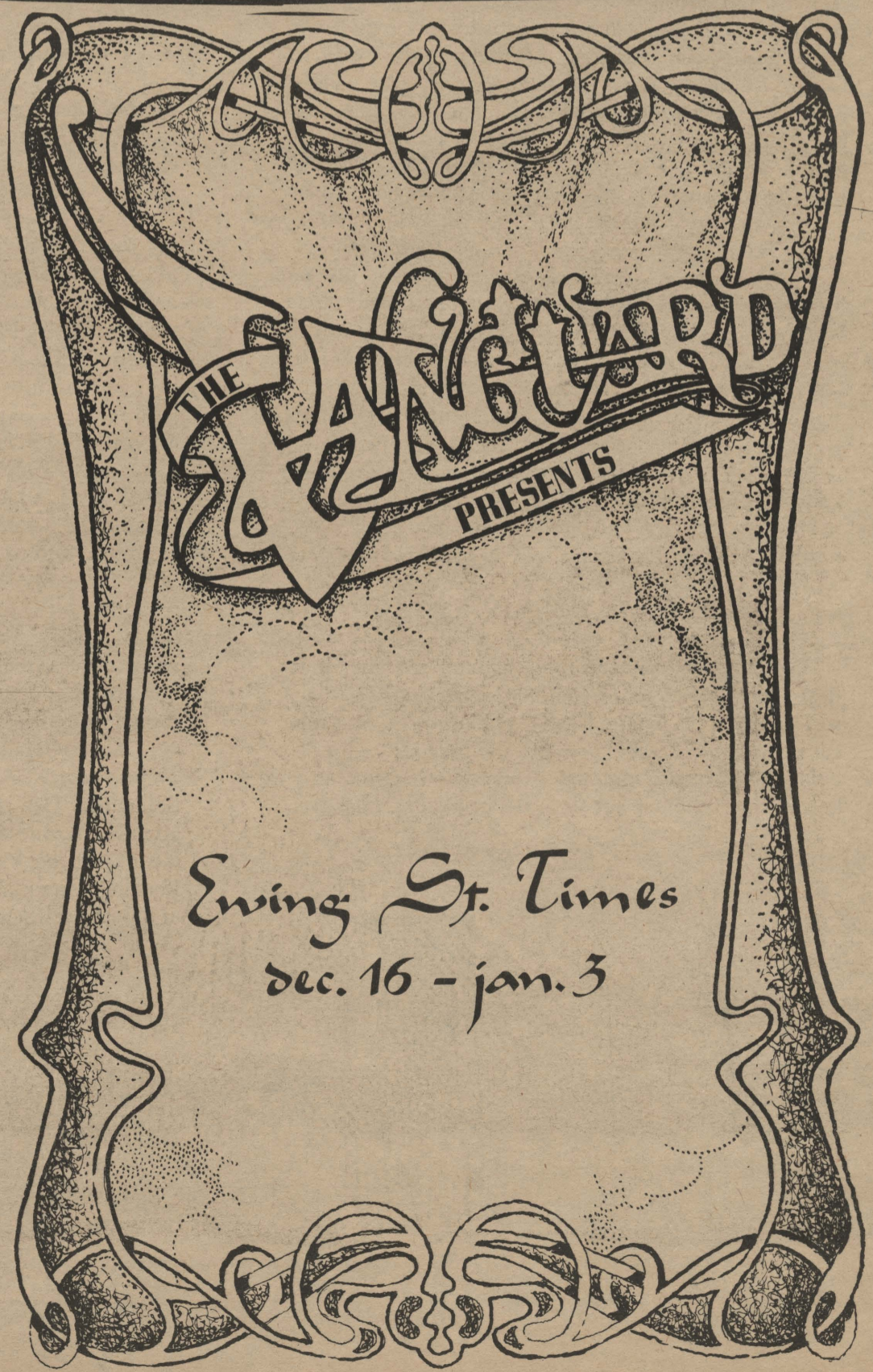
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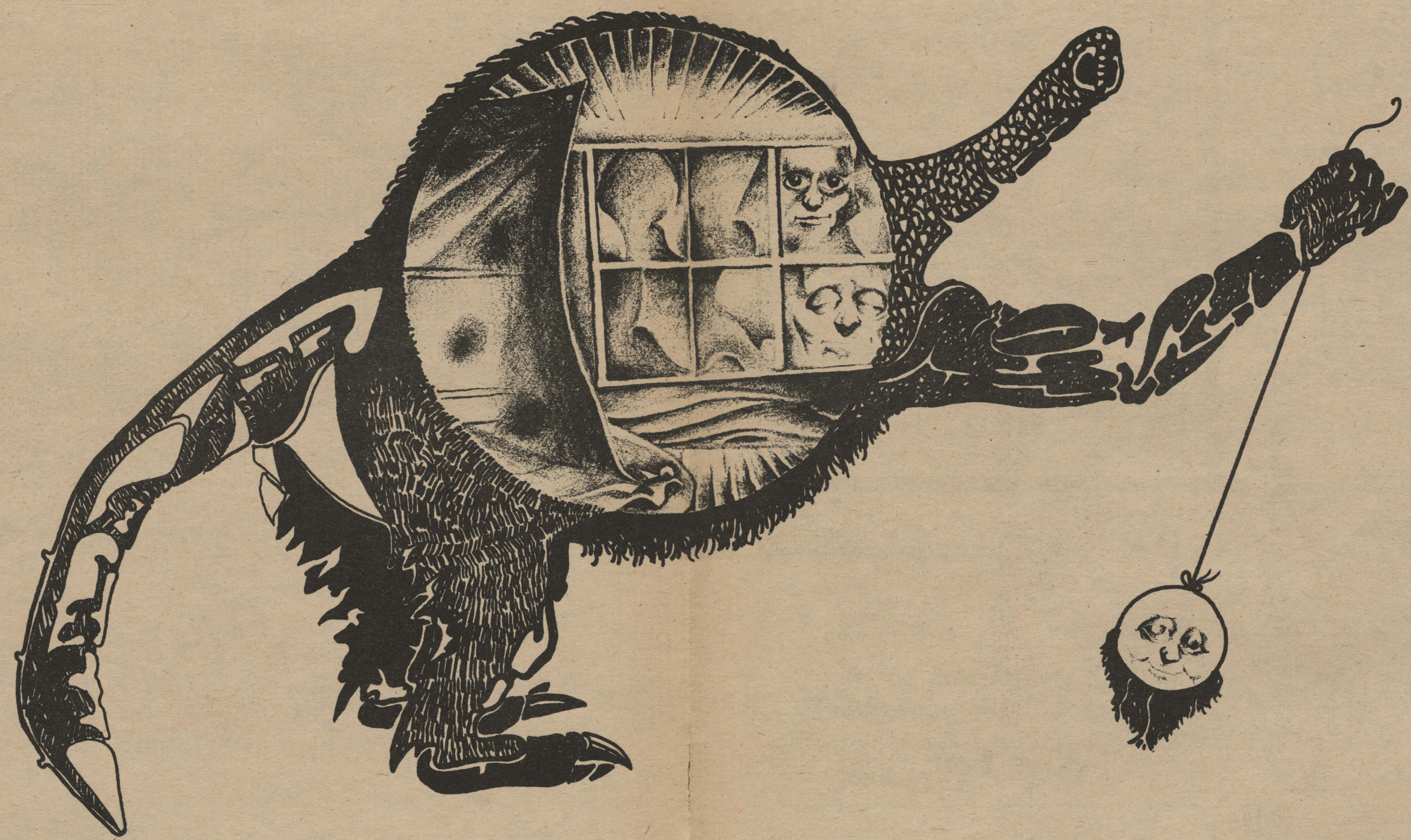
**THE GENUINE
ARTICLE**

2 east 39TH st.



J.C. WARTHOGS BUSTED—On Wednesday, Dec. 16, J.C. Warthogs was busted on obscenity 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.





SUBSCRIBE

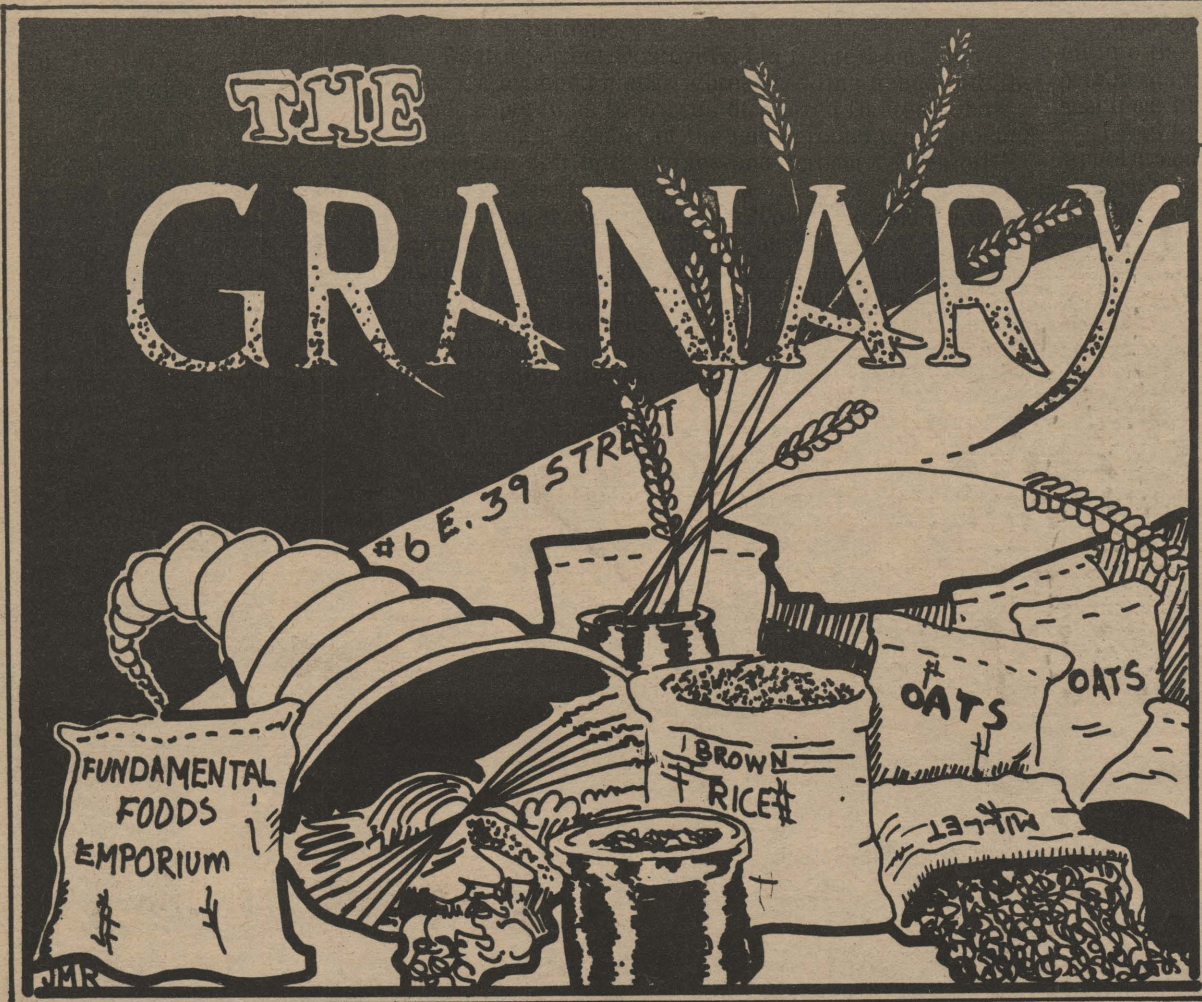
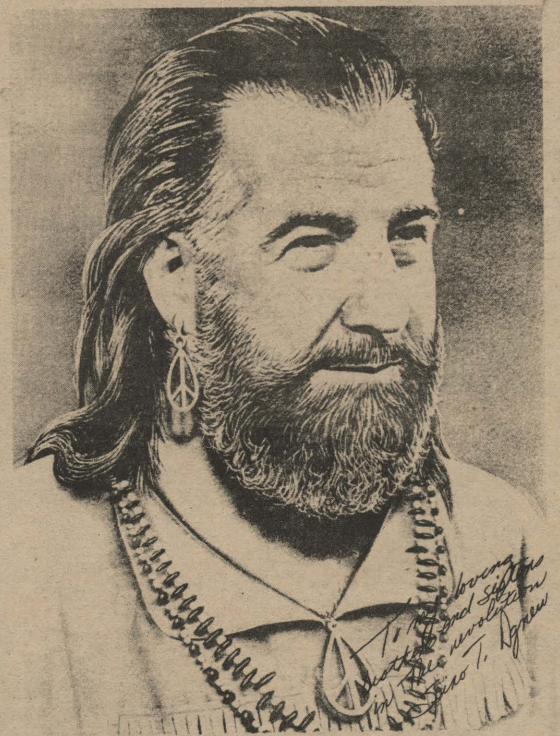
To the
Westport Trucker

\$ 3.00 for 12 thrill
packed issues!

NAME _____
 (PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)
 STREET _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
 Moving? Please notify us well in advance to ensure prompt
 delivery. Stay Stoned.

HELP THE TRUCKER SURVIVE!

For just 50¢ you can have your very own autographed pictures of Spiro T. Agnew and help the Westport Trucker live and breathe at the same time. Send to Spiro T. Agnew in care of, Mother Love, 4044 Broadway, Kansas City, Missouri, and please use check or money order. Be the first on your block to get one! Send in now!



May the Sugar-plum fairy bless
all my brothers and sisters with
a Kozmic and joyous trip this
Christmas season



All of us at

Tiny Tim's Magic Circus
4044 Broadway

say
Pax te cum

also
Come all ye
faithful
and
see our
Rabbit Skins..... 1.50
and
our
Frankincense and Myrrh
oils
and
incense

Happy Birthday
Baby Jesus!

Steve Cambell et al--

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



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.

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.



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.



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 1965 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 close-by institutions (UMKC, KCAI, PVCC, MRI), and to Park College.

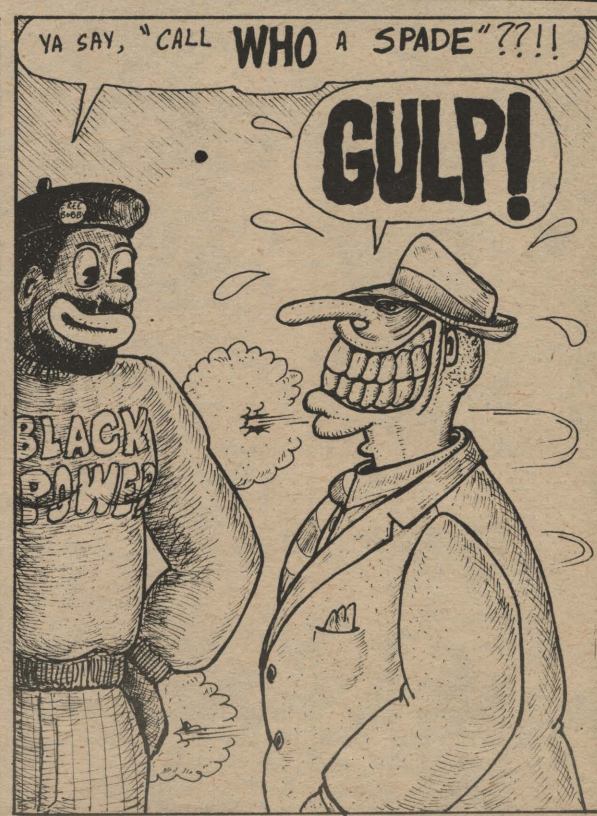
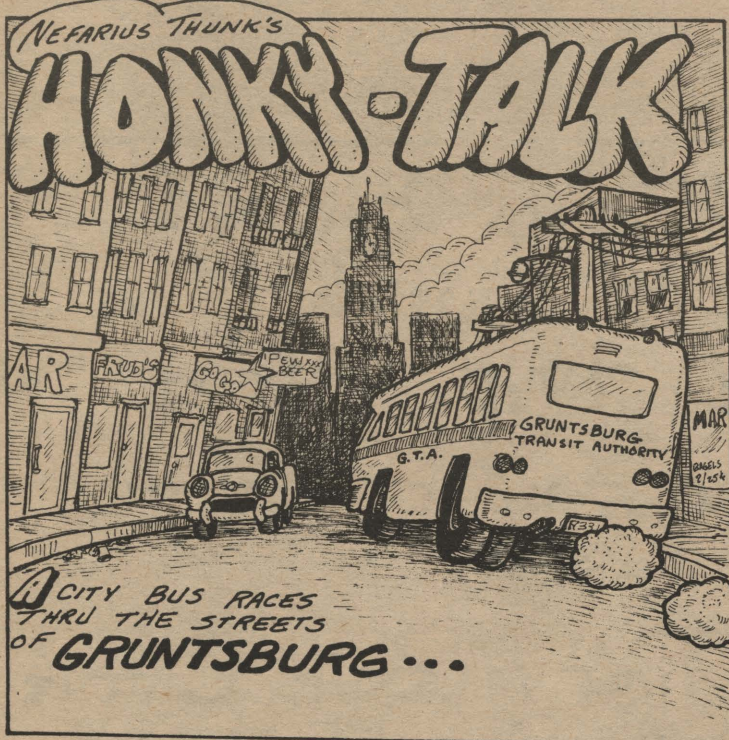
Sincerely,
B.R. Rafferty

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 food, 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





(THE Morning KOSMIC CITY FARCE)



The Kosmic City Times

0 cents
"CHEAP!!"

Vol. 1, No. 0

Eclipse - Cannabis Conspiracy, cont.

ming would determine which plants were to be "eat en" 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 trafficking 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 terrestrial testing of the MIRV system." 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.



Needing a ride to California? Have some puppies to give away? After some deliberation we decided that this should be more than a classifies 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 order.

Greasy Rick needs a ride to Miami, Fla. in Jan. Can help on expenses--

DEER HORNS WANTED
Also Elk, etc.--Bob Harness, Leatherworks, 20 E. 39th.

Evelyn G. Roark, Heart of America Produce, City Market. I love you, please believe me. Tony.

MISSA

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 Volkswagen at 32nd & Main. Keep the rest yourself. No questions asked. Return to Genuine Article, Last Edition, or Leather Works.

Hendrick's BOOKS

Occult & Related Subjects

4734 TROOST

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 to bargain--Marina,

Going to Boston? Am willing to share expenses for a lift. Leave message for Maria at the Magic Circus.

The Westport Trucker is looking for a matching set of 3,000 one dollar bills and/or several lb's. of brown rice. Contact Dennis at the Magic Circus.

Chick wanted to clean and live. Call Sig,

VICKI LYNN - Please call your mother, she's worried about you.

Person needed to share rent & utilities on a two bedroom apt. one block from the Art Institutel. Come after 5 P.M., 202 E. 43rd, apt, 102

German Shepherd, 5 1/2 mos., 3 toes on front left foot, black & tan D'jango,

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 to work after school & weekends. Call Chris,

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

Brothers, Sisters, & Universal Life Church Ministers Should contact Rev. Michael Lindsay, 4037 Central, if you have a building, money, love, or time for coming together.

1964 International Metro Van Great for camper, plenty of room \$400--Don, 1004 E. 32nd. Terr. Apt. 3.

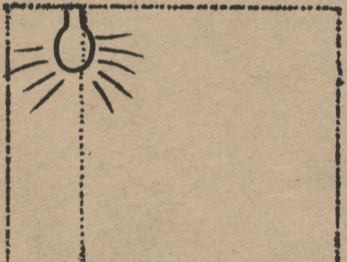
PRINTING COLLECTIVE
Work done for movement people We specialize in non censorship Kansas Key Press, 710 Mass., Lawrence, Kansas.

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

Moma Cassie, please get in touch with me at the Edgemoir Apts., 42nd. & Locust. I need to see you.--Sally

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, apt. 3.



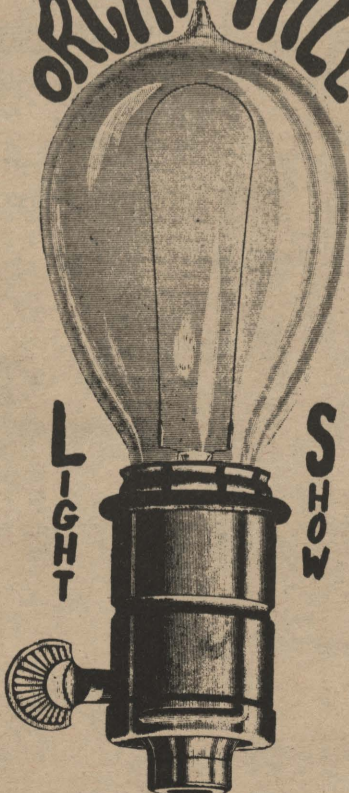
TANSY BOOKS



LAST EDITION
NEW LOCATION
22 E. 39th

Papers trip toys
Posters gifts
occult books
mobiles tarot
x-mas cards pillow
Friends

ORCHID HILL



Formerly the **Fountain of Light**



The **Optical Shop**
unusual eyeglasses

314 Westport Road □ Kansas City, Missouri 64111 □

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 shoulder and returned to his work.



