

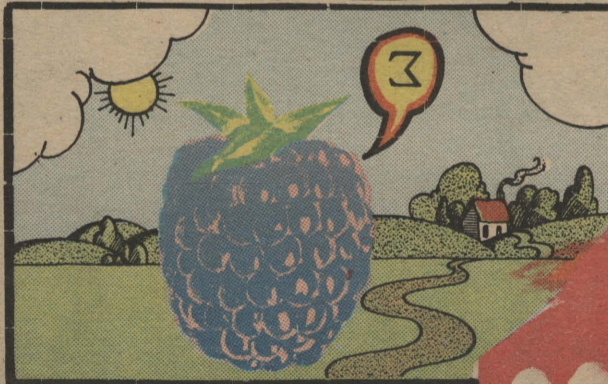
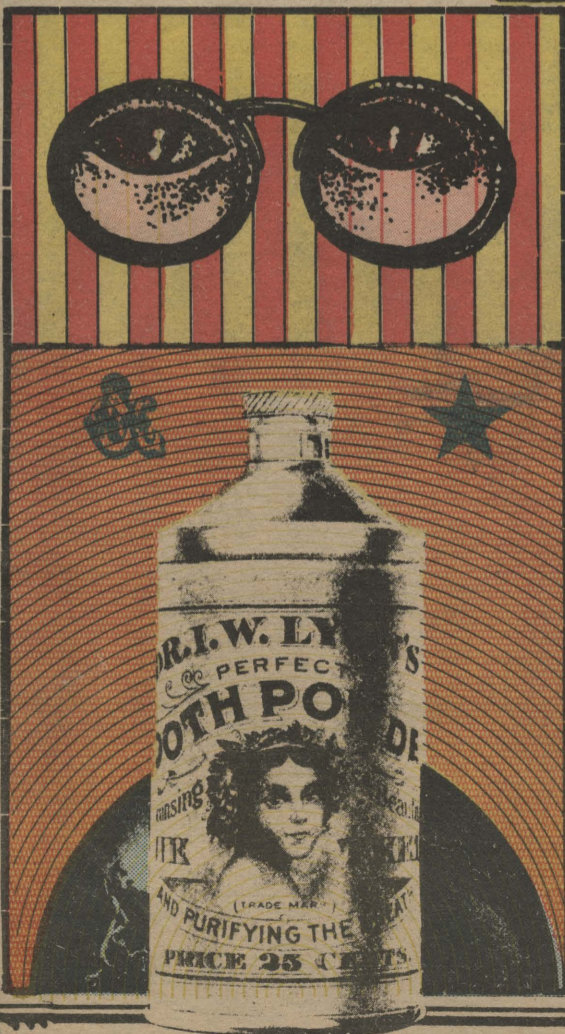
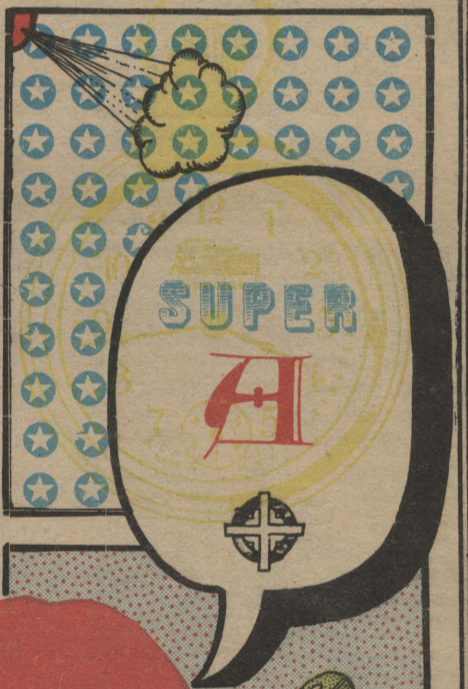
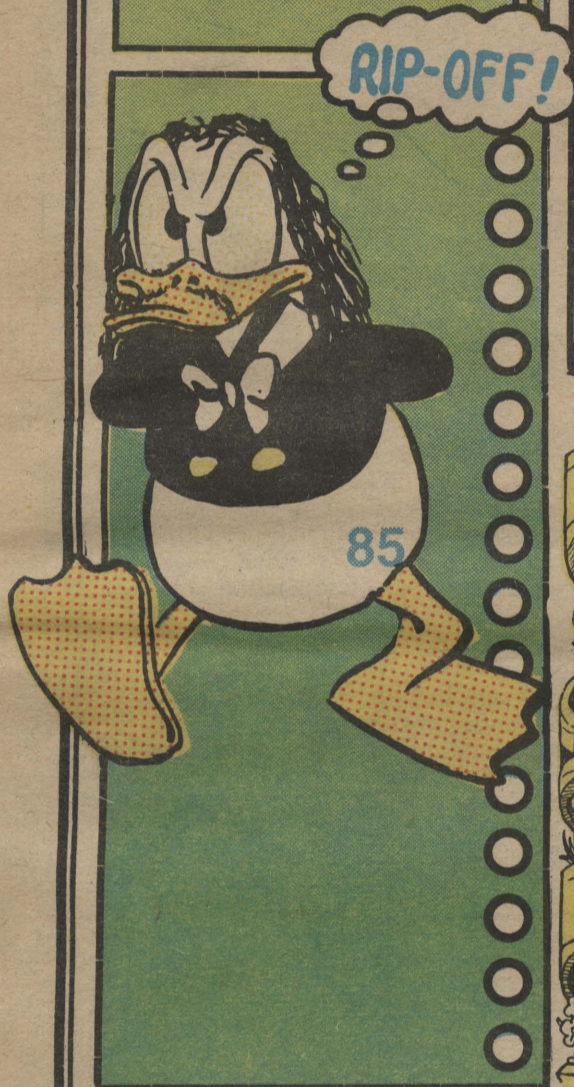
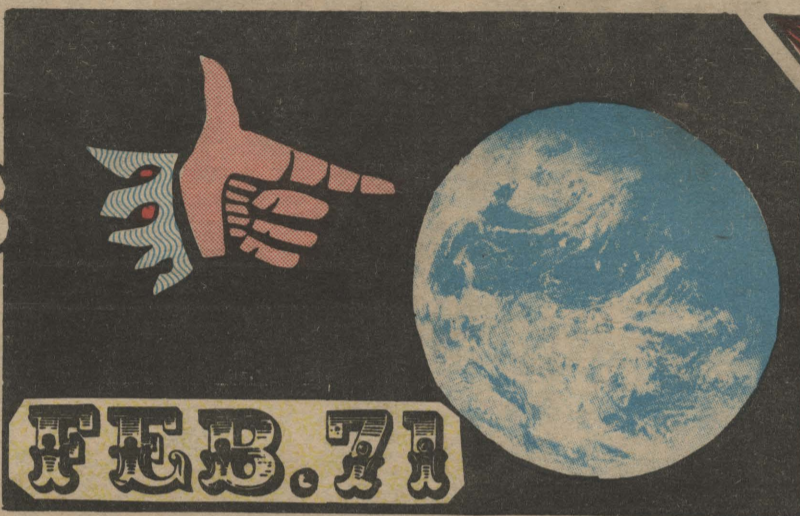


WESTPORT

TRUCKER

Kosmic City, Mo.

25¢ local
35¢ elsewhere



The Penn Valley Plaza Redevelopment Project

or

How To Turn Pennsylvania St. Into The Miller Nichols Freeway

Every time I hear the name "Broadway Area Association" I get mad.

The Broadway Area Association is a group of the most powerful businesses in Kansas City. Powerful in every sense: money, influence, tradition, hard work, authority. Chief among these are the Business Men's Assurance Corporation, Vendo, the VFW, Kansas City Life Insurance Co., and the J.C. Nichols Co.

All of these, with the exception of the J.C. Nichols Co. and Business Men's Assurance, have this in common: their buildings are located on Broadway between 31st St. and Valentine road. B.M.A. is located on 31st and Southwest Tfwy., and the J.C. Nichols Co. is just involved.

They are also all members of the newly-formed "Penn Valley Redevelopment Corporation" which announced Monday, Feb. 1, a "Big Penn Valley Land Plan." Their basic concept is simple: it apparently involves gaining control over the development of the entire corridor from Broadway to the Southwest Tfwy., from the B.M.A. building south to the J.C. Nichols Country Club Plaza. That's why they are calling their project a "Penn Valley Plaza Redevelopment Project."

(It's easy to grasp the basic concept if you remember that Miller Nichols, president of the J.C. Nichols Co., is a major stockholder in B.M.A., sits on their board of directors and gives B.M.A. stock to J.C. Nichols stockholders instead of cash dividends.)

Their plan, is long-range to be sure, but the point is that they are working on it—hard—and they have been for at least the last three years.

Their latest move involves asking the city plan commission, the city council and the great state of Missouri for permission to redevelop the area from 33rd St. to Valentine Rd. (which is roughly 36th St.), from Pennsylvania two blocks west to the trafficway.

See, the first phase in their plan involves the development of the area from 33rd to Valentine, from Broadway to the trafficway, because it's the area that they presently have the most control over. (They don't need to worry about the land from 31st to 33rd because that's the site of Penn Valley Community College's new campus. And the college, either because they wanted to or because the city and the Broadway Area Association put a lot of pressure on them, has designed the new campus, now taking bids for construction, to fit in perfectly with the Broadway Area Association's plans.)

Since they now own most of the land from Broadway to Pennsylvania, and from 33rd to Valentine, the plan they presented to the city would give them control over the land they don't own, the land from Pennsylvania west to the trafficway.

What they are asking the city for is a change of zoning to allow high-rise buildings.

What they are asking the city for is to spend city funds to widen Pennsylvania into an 80-foot right-of-way. Right now, they're only talking about from 33rd

to Valentine, but in plans they've made public previously they've made it clear that they someday want the Pennsylvania Boulevard, hereafter known as the Miller Nichols Freeway, to run from 31st St. to the Plaza.

And they're making the city, which apparently has a great need to run another major roadway through Westport, a pretty sweet offer. If the city cooperates with the Broadway Area Association plans, the Association will donate all the land needed for the widening of Pennsylvania between 33rd and Valentine. (The Metropolitan Junior College district has already taken care of the initial stretch between 31st and 33rd. Go take a look at it sometime. It's really there—in concrete.)

Furthermore, to quote the Kansas City Star, "In establishing a Pennsylvania 'boulevard,' the corporation agrees to initiate with the assistance of the city in conjunction with the parks and recreation department, the improvement and widening of the present Pennsylvania north of Karnes Blvd. to Valentine and to pay for a major part of the cost of the improvement between 33rd and Karnes. A grade separation (underpass) under Karnes is included in the improvements."

Now I don't know exactly what that means. When I think of Karnes Blvd., I think of the road that runs through Roanoke Park and comes into the Southwest Tfwy. at the 31st St. intersection. And that can't possibly be the Karnes they're talking about because there's no way that Pennsylvania, a north-south street, can run between 33rd and that section of Karnes.

But I believe that the little road that runs next to the B.M.A. building down into Penn Valley Park is also called Karnes. If that's the case, then what the Broadway area Association is saying is that it's willing to go along with the Metropolitan Junior College district's contention that any major traffic carrier coming through the new Penn Valley campus site be underground. It looks like the Broadway Area Association said, fine, let's start the Miller Nichols freeway where Broadway goes through the park and we'll dig a hole through part of the park and under the campus to bury it and bring it to the surface in our development area. And, with assistance from the city, we'll pay for it.

(See, one of the problems with the Miller Nichols Freeway all along has been that nobody has said for sure where it's going to go; north of 31st or south of the Plaza. All anyone knows for certain is that the Broadway Area Association sure intends to get it in between 31st St. and the Plaza.)

The Broadway Area Association wants that road and wants it badly. Their whole development concept, making clusters of buildings each taking up about two blocks, depends on having access from Southwest Tfwy., Broadway (which they want to turn into a one-way street going north) and Pennsylvania, running one-way south. Eventually, according to their

previous planning, the other streets in the area would be removed.

So the Broadway Area Association's proposal is now in the hands of the city plan commission, a group which works almost consistently in favor of business, progress and development. The City Plan Commission will ask the other city departments for their advice on the road issue and the development project—and in the past the city departments have evidenced at least tacet approval of the Broadway Area Association's plan. And then the City Plan Commission will make its recommendation to the city council. The city council is the final authority in the matter, but they usually respect the wishes of the City Plan Commission and have displayed no little bias towards business growth and development themselves.

(For the record, most of Westport lies in the second district. The present councilmen, Sol Capra and Clark Ridpath, are running for re-election. J.D. Robins, Jr., and Paul Rojas are also candidates. The election is March 30.)

If the council approves the plan, the Broadway Area Association will approach the state legislature for the same kind of power that Hallmark got to develop Crown Center (which, by the way, is having trouble getting tenants to occupy its grand new development.) I don't know if the state can grant the Broadway Area Association the right to condemn land—the right to buy whether the owner wants to sell or not—but I suspect that it can.

For sure, it can give the association a tax break under the state urban renewal laws: the state will tax land value only for the first ten years, then tax the improvements (the proposed high-rise office and apartment complexes) at 50% of value, and then, at the end of 25 years, tax the thing at full value.

What the Broadway Area Association is talking about here is wiping out initially at least eight blocks of Westport residential dwellings, which house mostly the old and those who can't afford the \$150 to \$400-a-month rent the Association will ask for the apartments it wants to build someday.

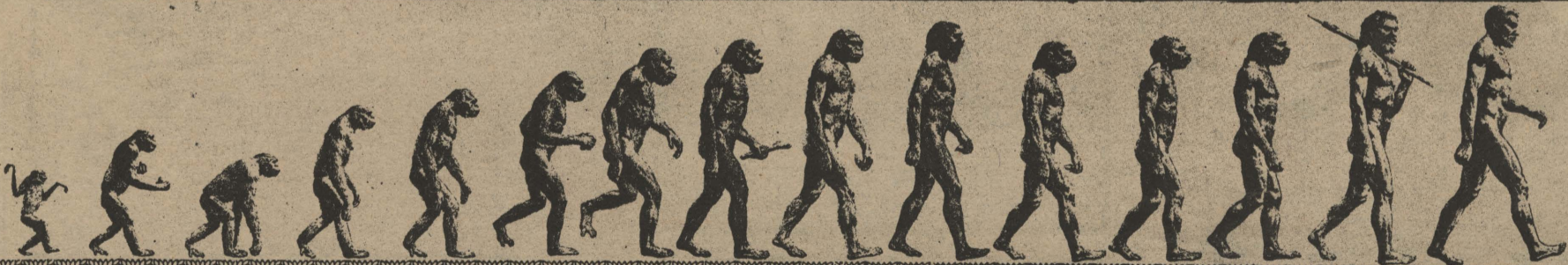
What the Association is talking about is running another major roadway through the Westport area, resulting in a major street almost every two blocks between Gillham and the trafficway. Lovely for residential life.

What the Association is doing, is claiming land they don't own and turning it to their own uses. They are claiming a section of the city to develop as they see fit.

They are serious, they are earnest, and they are not far away from success. Think about it. Talk about it. Make it an issue in the city council campaign. Find out where your state representative stands. Do something.

It's not going to go away, I promise, even if you shut your eyes.

Peg McMahon



We're back again! Many people had given us up as being lost and gone forever when no paper came out in January, but we were only taking a little rest and gathering up our energy for another year.

A few things have been changed around to make the operation of the paper more smooth and easy. The Magic Circus, 4044 Broadway, is still our Distribution Office so street dealers, classifies, written messages, and mail should go there but from now on all phone messages should go to 531-6655. Presently the Trucker needs another desk, desk lamps, large 9x12 inch (approx.) envelopes, some file cabinets, a tape recorder, and we could always use some brown rice. Stay stored.

D.G.
February, Vol. 2, No. 1



The Westport Trucker is published approximately once every month by the Mother Love Tribe of Kansas City, Missouri. If you have anything to contribute in the way of art, information, writings, brown rice, etc., bring it down to Tiny Tim's Magic Circus, or call (816) 531-6655. Opinions expressed in the Trucker are not necessarily held by anyone else contributing to the newspaper. Subscriptions are \$3.00 for 12 issues. Street dealers get 10¢ a copy.

Mother Love People & Friends:

Dennis Giangreco	Jim Reed	Bill Philyaw
Dan Siglar	Stuart Crick	Kathy
Bungly	Annie	Stephen
J.C. Womelduff	Peg McMahon	Max Dobbs
Machael & Karen Lindsay	St. Mike	
John Arnoldy	David Doyle	
Bill Ball	Desmond Lawler	
Bob Sebo	Lois Pain	
Prudence	Don	
Cheri	Fat Frank	
Tag	Kitchen Captain, Mary	



WESTPORT Notes

FREE CLINIC Things are still getting together and it looks like the clinic will be open and operating by mid-late March. It's services will include Family Planning, V D tests, and basic first aid. For more information, call Andy Sparber, 753-8732 or Alice Richardson, We 1-1626 .

DAY CARE CENTER A Day Care Center is being started by Woman's Liberation to give woman more time to develop their interests as well as provide a sort of children's lib. — an environment where children can relate to things around them and develop a tribal feeling rather than being thrown into a sterile room filled with war toys, that is no more than a dumping ground for unwanted kids. If you'd like to help out or want more information, contact woman's lib, on the first floor of the Estatic Umbrella on the corner of 38th. & McGee, 756-0843.

TRUCKER TRUCKEN' The Trucker has a new telli number, 531-6655, and has also made several basic changes in relation to its offices and distribution, see *February* below for details.

TOGETHER INC. A new switchboard has started up in Westport at 18 E. 32nd. As with any switchboard, Together can only be as together as people make them, go down and see what their doing and what you can do to help. Their number is 753-4801.

KOSMIC CITY KOMIX will hit the streets on Friday, Feb. 19th. Combining the talents of six of Westport's most arty folks, it's guaranteed kosm o-s-ticity. For more information, call the Trucker Offices.

THE PAPER is a nitty gritty greaser paper from the east side—similar to *Rising Up Angry*, it's a heavy rag. Pick up on it if you can find one—they're not sold in Westport.

THE WARF on Westport Rd., across from Junior Coll., will open soon in spite of hassells from the Health Dept. It will serve a viriaty of sea foods at good prices and will be operated by the same people who run Piccadilly Fish'n Chips.

KOSMIC CITY PRINTING & LITHOGRAPHY has opened on the corner of McGee & E. 39th. Master-minded by Mother Love's resident lunatic, Richard *Mad Man* Blaes, K. C. P. & L. does quality work, cheep.

Naugah



SAINT'S BREAD

FOR MIND & BODY



To survive and to grow spiritually—this is our problem. . The Saint's Bread Project (named after my number one assistant and friend—whose name is Saint) is aimed at solving this problem!

With the help of the Mother Love tribe we are going to start making bread for the community. We will start with a whole wheat bread that contains all the necessary ingredients for survival and even a fairly balanced diet, including all the vitamins, minerals, proteins and carbohydrates (unlike the Wonder-likes of the Establishment bread). Ingredients will be: whole wheat flour (organic)—(unless specifically requested a percentage of unbleached organic white flour and graham flour will be used to make a lighter and tastier bread); honey; molasses; pure saflower oil; sea salt; compressed yeast and either fresh whole milk of potato water; (the exact ingredients will be printed on the package); plus one special ingredient—love. It is a very heavy thing for us—making bread—and it is there in the taste.

Aside from the physical and spiritual strength that the bread imparts, it will also be economical. It will be sold or rather given away (donations) on an advance order basis for as close to what it costs as possible. Whatever profits there are will go toward feeding me and other hungry freaks and be put back into bulk orders. Suggested donation at this time will be about 40¢ for a pound loaf. (This is consistent with the prices of the evil process bread that destroys us both physically and spiritual-ly). The more advance orders and donations we get the lower the prices will get. A help toward the development of a real co-op would be to bring in quantity foods as advance payment—like if you find 50 cans of corn for \$5 you could exchange it for \$5 worth of bread. Like you'd have fresh bread for a month or so, and since it's pretty much self-sustaining you know you won't be hungry for awhile. Eventually we can trade other stuff for the flour, etc., and bring all our food prices down.

We will begin baking on February 15. Orders put in one week will be filled the next to help keep costs down. The more advance money we get the better the prices will be. As soon as possible we'll be getting into other kinds of baking—corn bread, cookies, rolls, etc. It is really a heavy eating experience to know that what you're eating is a totally positive product (no preservatives or chemicals, etc.) and that it was made caring about you. So figure out what the needs of your family, tribe or self are and put in a weekly or monthly order. Everyone is welcome and we need you to grow.

Thanks to the really beautiful people at the Granary and Dennis for helping us get started.

For further information, and to place orders call: 531-6655, Tom.

Let's get together.

Communiversity

Desmond Lawler

While we all dig in trying to discover new life-styles befitting being young in the seventies, our search must inevitably lead us to the question of education. Many have just totally given up on the institutional educational system; others keep going and often find it a frustrating experience. Why?? The answers are complex; perhaps even there are no final answers.

The analysis of the problem is important for some, but many do not want an intellectual discussion, but rather something which allows a personal response. Why worry about why our school experiences are not educational ones? Instead, let's just have some educational experiences.

The Communiversity, a free university recently begun in Kansas City affords just such a possibility. As a free university, it not only does not cost money, its whole spirit is free. Anybody can teach a course on virtually anything they want. This first semester that meant a wide spectrum—from a course in Yoga to "Practical Political Methods," from the "Bible as a Radical Document" to "Woman's Liberation," from "The Art of Making Wine" to "Fixing Volkswagens." What it will include next semester is totally up in the air. Is there a course you would like to teach, or is there one you would like to see taught?

The Communiversity is almost void of structure, and the little structure it does have is simply to facilitate getting people together to learn. We want the names of conveners and the title of their courses by February 3 and then we will put out a brochure to advertise the classes. They will begin by the middle of February.

Classes can last for one meeting, or one hundred meetings. The experiment is totally determined by the people who take part, conveners and students. Learn something, or share what you already know. In case you never found out in school, learning can be fun.

Contact the communiversity office—CR-6-1429, or drop by the office (University Center, UMKC) between 10-2 Monday thru Friday with your suggestions for courses whether you want to con-

vene them or have someone else in mind.

HOW TO FIGHT FAIRLY AND EFFECTIVELY IN MARRIAGE—To assist couples to develop their relationship by being able to fight in ways that strengthen rather than destroy the persons and their relationship.

JOB ETHICS IN THE 1970's—In the 1970's will it be possible for me to work for pay in the kind of job that will be at least partly fulfilling without compromising my sense or morality and ethics?

LEATHERWORKING—To teach the students how to make items and to learn leather as a medium that can be used to further creative interests.

THE BEST OF BRITISH LUCK—Basic simple theory of auto engineering. How to tune engines, diagnose simple faults, and perform emergency repairs.

METAMORPHOSIS INTO PHYSICAL IMMORTALITY—Contemporary immortality. Breakthrough to physical immortality now. Why it is a necessity in relationship to the evolution of Man. Physical perception versus spiritual mysticism.

SEXISM AND CHAUVINISM (P.S. MEN ONLY)—Will deal with sexism and chauvinism on a personal or societal basis.

FOLK DANCING—European and African folk dancing.

NONVIOLENCE—An examination of some of the thoughts and non-violent actions of such people as Gandhi, Thoreau, Martin Luther King, Dan Berrigan, Thomas Merton and others.

HOOT—To bring together people with a sincere interest in folk music, who are willing to share their knowledge of folk style guitar with others.

ALTERNATIVES TO TRADITIONAL EDUCATION—To explore ways of humanizing the schools and making

them more relevant.

CLASSES TOGETHER AT THE TIME OF PUBLICATION ARE:

METAPHYSICAL PHILOSOPHY—Will include such subjects as Eastern and Western Religious Philosophy, Various Occult sciences, and Existential Philosophy.

HATHA YOGA—Introduction to the basic postures of Yoga.

COMMUNITY ACTION FOR THOSE WHO LOVE KIDS—Those who enroll will work with boys and girls at a community center. We hope to stretch the concept of education from "being taught" to "learning through action."

FAST AND BULBOUS CRAFT COOPERATIVE—Sharing or teaching of craft techniques and marketing of finished products. (macrame, candle-making, batik, sewing, silk screening, etc.)

KUNDALINI YOGA—An intense yoga directed toward drawing the normally dispersed body energies to the base of the spinal cord and upward to the intuitive nerve centers in the head.

JESUS THE REVOLUTIONARY—A discovery of the purpose behind the ministry of Jesus and how we relate to it.

NEW BLACK AND AVANTGARDE THEATER—Attempt to give blacks and whites a chance to participate in the most contemporary theater of today.

DRAFT EDUCATION—To train competent draft counselors. Study of conscientious objection, the lottery, medical procedures and deferments.

COMPARATIVE WORLD RELIGIONS—To become acquainted with the origins and cultural settings of

continued on page 17

Poverty Program Scramble



Frank Leo Lane

There has long been certain amounts of concern, fear and even mild paranoia over the Nixon Administrations intentions to "modify" or somehow "eliminate" the functions of O.E.O. - The Office of Economic Opportunity which is the countrys only major program designed to assist the 35 million Americans who live in poverty.

Since the Nixon Administration has taken over concern has been raised by enlightened personnel in three major departments of O.E.O.; Legal Services, VISTA, and the CAA or Community Action Agencies.

In the Legal Services program we recently witnessed the firing of two top administrators: Terry F. Lenzner and Frank N. Jones for their efforts to prevent former Republican Director Donald Rumsfeld from "regionalizing" or "decentralizing" the Legal Services programs. Basically what decentralization would do is to turn control of Legal Aid programs over to the ten O.E.O. Regional Directors—who happen to be political appointees—rather than allow control to remain in Washington with the National Office of Legal Services. Under the current system the National Legal Services controls the programs and allows the poor the benefit of standardized federal regulations for the Legal Aid programs in all ten Regions.

In VISTA, Volunteers in Service to America, the efforts of VISTA workers to form themselves into an organization known as the National VISTA Alliance was a direct result of former Director Rumsfeld's announced intentions to recruit fewer activist type persons for VISTA, to lower the noise level, and to direct the efforts of volunteers away from community organizing activities and toward more service related work. A move strongly opposed by the National VISTA Alliance as not being within the best interests of our nations poor.

The interesting thing about the Nixon Administration's attempts to alter O.E.O. is the two different approaches used to achieve this task.

The two approaches are to alter the program externally, as in the administrative policies and stated agency goals of the Legal Services and VISTA programs; and also internally through political pressures and influence exerted upon the Civil Service personnel who work for Legal Aid, VISTA, CAA, and other O.E.O. programs.

Such internal political influence is most apparent in the recent events in O.E.O. Region VII which covers the four states of Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, and Nebraska and has its Regional Offices in Kansas City.

In this area the Regional Director is a man named Samuel Cornelius who is a Black "moderate republican" and who is personally very much involved with and aware of the political changes desired by the Nixon Administration.

His awareness and influence is evidenced by his behavior and direction in influencing the filling of two Civil Service vacancies for the VISTA department in that four state Region. The two vacancies are in the area of Program Officers for VISTA. Such persons are employed at the GS-9 to GS-12 level and their duties cover supervising the work of VISTA volunteers in the Region. There are four Program Officers one to serve each of the four states, which average about 100 volunteers in each state.

Sam "The Man" Cornelius had let it be known from the start (to those who may not be aware of the "correct" political climate) that the search was to be for "moderate republicans" to fill these two positions. Some fourteen persons applied for the positions—three of whom were former VISTA workers in the Region and well qualified for the positions. All fourteen were interviewed by the still serving four Program Officers and the Acting VIST Chief of Operations Harold McQuiston.

Two names were recommended by the four current Program Officers and the Acting VISTA Chief. One name was that of a former VISTA worker and the other that of a liberal and active Black person from St. Louis.

These two recommended names were sent up to the Regional Director Sam "The Man" Cornelius for his approval. Cornelius's reply was that he didn't have enough names to choose a decision from and so four more names were sent up. He chose two persons—neither of whom were recommended by the four current Program Officers and the Acting VISTA Chief, and neither of whom had any prior or substantial knowledge of O.E.O. and VISTA.

At this point however, Cornelius may have sensed there might be some opposition to his choices and so he decided not to announce the new people on schedule which would have been November 29, 1970, the resignation date of the two departing Program Officers. Instead, Cornelius did what most Repub-

lican Appointees have done and are doing these days he procrastinated the announcements. When such people as Cornelius are sure of opposition they wait and wait, in the hopes that people will forget they are being played with and be more concerned with having someone fill the vacant position—rather than leave it unfilled and have numerous persons in the field suffer from a lack of guidance and support.

As it turned out Cornelius announced only one Program Officer position and opened the bidding on the other position, for the second time. The one he announced is to serve as Program Officer for the VISTA's in Kansas City and St. Louis. It is its paper content alone—was discarded by the four interviewing Program Officers and the Acting VISTA Chief. It was thrown out due to a complete lack of qualifications on the written part of the application alone.

However, this didn't disturb Sam "The Man" Cornelius who over-looked and over-rode the decisions and recommendations of the four interviewing Program Officers and the VISTA Acting Chief and went ahead and appointed the person anyway.

Well, to no ones' surprise the one Program Officer announced is a Black "moderate Republican" rumored to have little practical knowledge of O.E.O. and VISTA and further rumored to have had as his number one reference on the application form, the State Committee Chairman for the Republican Party.

The performance of O.E.O. Regional Director Sam Cornelius during this whold episode is extremely interesting. His actions conform very much to those described in an article in the December 1970 issue of *Ramparts* magazine entitled "Unfaithful Servants". Briefly, the article concerns a person named Harry Flemming who works out of the White House and who's job is to monitor Civil Service vacancies down to the GS-9 level with the understanding that the persons selected to fill such vacancies must have "political clearance".

For certain, Sam Cornelius is doing his job correctly and is so doing is causing the whole future of the O.E.O. programs in Region VII to be in the hands of people who are good at following orders and being "yes men" rather than the most qualified persons who sincerely desire to serve the best interest of low income persons.

Sam "The Man" Cornelius is loyally towing the Nixon line in accordance with Nixon's designs for O.E.O. even if that means the most qualified persons are not given recognition and appointment, and thus O.E.O. programs will suffer from inadequate and unresponsive performance. Consequently the low income people themselves will be the victims by having their lives and aspirations controlled by adverse political manipulations of the programs originally created to serve their best interests.

FIRE On Main Cross

Peg McMahon

Siren after siren assaulted our ears and we couldn't decide if there were more of them than usual or if just being without music made us more aware.

We decided to go down to Westport for a drink. The idea of going down to Westport is in itself a little misleading. When the city of Westport was incorporated into the city of Kansas City in the late 1890's, it ran from State Line to Troost, from Thirty-first to Brush Creek. In those terms, where I live is as much Westport as any place else.

But we were headed to the old city of Westport, the pre-Civil War city, the Santa Fe Trail stop-over, the trading city that founded what was to become Kansas City so that the river boats would have a place to unload Westport's goods.

We went by way of the backroads just because I like to drive along them looking at the old houses and teaching anyone who'll listen what little I know about Westport history. If we're going to have a community, I figure, we ought to know something of our past.

So I drove along Archibald giving my stock lecture about how you can tell which streets are part of the old city of Westport by the fact that they run parallel to Westport road. Archibald is one of those. It was named after the son of John Campbell, one of the men who owned land in the area before Westport was plotted—and Westport became a city in 1832 so Campbell was in town fairly early.

We crossed Broadway and I explained that Broadway grew from the road that John Calvin McCoy cut through the wilderness to reach Westport landing (down around the foot of Grand Avenue) to pick up supplies for his store.

We turned north on Pennsylvania and I was in the process of revealing that Pennsylvania was originally known as Main Cross street because it was the major intersection with Westport road which was first called Main Street. I was telling a story about Westport Road in the old days when the oldtimers said it was so clogged with wagon traffic that if you didn't cross it in the morning you couldn't get across it again until the sun went down. I was getting all set to tell about the Harris House, Westport's famous luxury hotel (not to be confused with the Harris home) which was the headquarters for the Union Army during the battle of Westport and about how, like so many other things, it was torn down to make a parking lot which now sits ugly on the corner of Westport and Pennsylvania.

I was about to tell about Kelly's, how it was originally a store built by Daniel Boone's grandson on land purchased from the Indians (who were told that Kansas would be Indian land forever,) about how Jim Bridger, the famous mountain man, operated a wagon outfitting store there, about how slaves were sold there and about how it was the headquarters for Southern sympathizers in the early years of the war when my narrative was choked off by the sight of more flashing red lights than I had seen together since the apartment at Fortieth and McGee burned down.

Fire trucks and police cars had rooted themselves firmly in the middle of the old city I loved. And something bad was wrong.

We parked and walked an endless half block to the intersection of Main and Main Cross streets. Only a fire or a riot could bring that many flashing lights to one corner. It was too cold to riot and I didn't see any flames.

I did see all kinds of people outside the bars, but people outside bars usually don't know much about what's happening so I crossed Westport and confronted a big stocky policeman standing in front of Kelly's. "What's the matter?"

"There's a fire in the candle shop," he said.

It sank in very slowly. Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God. Dwayne! Dwayne Benton is one of the people who loved Westport before it was fashionable. He was a pre-hippie drop-out. He started out as an architect and grew a beard for some city's centennial and discovered that people don't dig architects with beards and for that and a lot of other reasons decided to do something he'd find satisfying. He did. He made candles. He made good candles. He made good candles that sold all over the country. He made good candles that sold all over the country and told people all over the country about Westport. And he helped the people in Westport when he could and fed them hot mulled wine during Christmas and his shop, oh my God, his shop was burning.

"You know, that shop was full of wax and wax

continued on page 17

A. R. C. Happenings

The Art Research Center has invited Zome-works and Buckminster Fuller to participate in a two day series of exhibitions and dialogues in mid-February.

Steve Baer, president of Zomeworks Corp. and author of *The Dome Cookbook* and *The Zome Primer* wants to bring a presentation of slides, drawings, models and hopefully a full-scale example of the low-weight, high strength structures that the group designs at its Albuquerque headquarters.

ARC will try to have Fuller present to discuss the World Game, a comprehensive technological design program which is already operating in a number of places around the world.

Other discussions will be held by various groups from the KC-Lawrence area and will center on ways to develop the aesthetic of controlling technology for human use, dismissing the dead-end concept of the diminishing man.

The events are tentatively scheduled for February 20 and 21. Final details will be announced on KCUR-FM *Winter Almanac* at 4 p.m. on February 12.

Groups that would like to participate in these discussions should contact ARC at

Hugo Ball



THERE'S NO BIZ LIKE SHOW BIZ

an interview with
julian beck

Reprinted from *Win*

What you have to do is to try to set things up so that your life is not constantly devoted to the process of making money, because as long as the object of your work is financial remuneration the work itself becomes cursed and the sanctification of the deed, the sacred act, the sanctification of the moment is totally aborted, when the object of the work done is no longer the work itself, it's no longer the passion, the creation of the product, but the object is the money. So you forget about the money and you put that aside and that becomes a sort of side issue, and you learn various ways actually of getting along with less of it and less of it, and this is very important. And I think that then you can begin creating things, in the theatre anyway, that are not made with the idea that they're eventually going to be financially remunerative and you can begin to work more freely.

So we then carry on this object of the collectivity beyond the surface structure of the basic economy, because as I said to divide money and live as a collectivity economically is a way is only part of the very desperate need that people have to live creatively in collectivity. To establish a situation in which the individual is not sacrificed to the collective nor the collective to the individual. So then it becomes necessary to carry the aspect of collectivity into the work itself. So that we have tried in our particular sphere, small as it is, but merely as a matter of working out our personal lives toward salvation, to destroy as much as possible the aegis of authority; to get rid of myself, that is I have to wither away as kind of the founder and director, and the pursuit becomes: How do you make a play, really, without the authoritarian domain of the director, the designer, the author—I should have said author first—the leading actor, and how do you establish a situation in which the singularity of the individual as someone who dominates a group, even in guiding them, can be done away with. And our inroads here have been very serious and I think profound. I would not say that they have been total because we have so far worked on three plays, two of which have been totally created by a group of approximately twenty-five to thirty people, working from the very basis of what shall we do, how shall we do it, what constitutes the creative event, and how can we make this creative event happen? And then everyone has participated to—from each according to his ability, whatever he has to contribute to the mise en scene, to the performance—to the degree to which each actor can participate. We've done this with a thing called "Mysteries" and a thing called "Frankenstein." And the mise en scene, the direction for "Antigone" was again something which was created out of the work and the fruit of impassioned discussions and psychedelic improvisations made by thirty people. In both cases there came a certain point where we were holding out as long as we could to see the collective experiment through, and we found ourselves harrassed still by time and money, and a few of us gathered together the forces to defeat, if we could, a very strident Mammon. That's why I said that we maybe haven't totally yet had a chance to work through our experiment thoroughly. But we are still in the state of struggling to create that space and that time and that situation around ourselves when we will be able to say that this particular work of theatre art has started from a collective, nourished itself on the individual contributions of members of the collective and flowered as a thoroughly collective vision. The end of all this as we know it now of course is only a part of a continuous cycle. When we have reached that stage we don't know where and how we go on, and how it widens. Once we have experienced the thorough joy of the totally collective creation, then we will know perhaps whether we want to stay or whether we want to continue widening the sphere somehow. I imagine it will probably be more concerned with making what we are creating more profound.

It takes a great deal of effort, it takes a great deal of two things, both a conscious awareness and also the ability, the need the desire, and the help of chance and love to put yourself into a situation in which you find yourself liberated enough so that you can work and create cooperatively with another person. It is necessary in a certain sense to surrender your identity and take on the identity of someone else. And also it is necessary to surrender your identity to someone else, and in the group one begins to find very strange things. You begin to find yourself speaking through yourself. You find a form of communication that is—let me say I speak personally—a form of communication that you had not previously experienced. And you also reach that point in discussion and work and improvisation when you find that a poetry more vaulting than your own begins to emerge from other parts and other sections and carries you along, and the joy of becoming part of that, the feeling that it is part of you and you part of it is almost excessive. And I speak now almost in a sort of missionary fashion, because I have had the pleasure of this particular kind of anguish, and I simply say to the fifty people

that are here right now that if there is opportunity for you in your own time and your own work to begin to—perhaps also what I say can encourage, a little bit—to go further in the procreative joys of the cooperative.

I started out with the subject of money and I went to the subject of creativity, because I feel that the problem of money is not enough just as I feel that art is not enough and that one must take action in this world, that the life of action exceeds all other lives, and because I am about to emphasize a certain aspect of the money crisis of civilization, I wanted to say that after the battle against money has succeeded, then the struggle for sanctifying the work and making the work creative perhaps begins; or perhaps the two must go on simultaneously.

I have the feeling now that it would be better to make this less talk directed at you and try to open it up more as a dialogue so that, if we can begin to talk to each other, things might flow. QUESTION—Can I ask you to be concrete about certain things? For example you say: We say something on the stage that we believe in truth and we say that we have the right to say it because we not only create it artistically but we live that. Now I would be interested, if you want to describe it, for you to describe anything out of what you're currently doing and the way you got there and the way you think you earned it; and I would also be interested like in practical terms, for you to talk in terms of the group—obviously, you know, without mentioning any names unless you want to. You know how you come to an awareness of the money-shit thing being the strongest barrier, and how in given circumstances you've gotten round it...

BECK—If somebody writes a very beautiful poem or writes a very beautiful play that says something important, that says "revolution now" let us say, and himself leads let us say a very conservative life, it nevertheless is very groovy that he has done it, and that he has said it, that's fine. But that's really not enough. It's really not enough because he, in spite of this moment of revelation in which this person was able to create this thing and say this thing, this moment in which the spirit of joy possessed him and he came out of it, he



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SHOW BIZ *cont.*

had this enlightened moment and this was very great and very grand, but in his own personal life he still continues—is unable to free himself and does not carry on, does not carry his struggle further. And the struggle is our glory, is our pleasure, as the Rabbis say. But he goes on with his own life and one wishes that he could take courage from his own work. And I think for many years we had a theatre and we spoke of many things but did not have the personal strength to try to do anything about it; while we always talked, really, or felt we were talking on the stage, in one way or another, of an eventual free society or a revolution, in our own personal lives and in the running of the theatre itself—though maybe it was always more cooperative than other theatres around in New York City—it was still a system of hired actors and paid actors and hired technicians and paid technicians. And the theatre was closed in New York and we came to Europe and we found ourselves in a situation, in which the situation itself really dictated the terms. We didn't have to accept them, we could have dispersed and disbanded, but we simply felt that we could continue if we could get rid of all the bullshit of: every week every actor in the company has got to have X amount of money, and you pay only the actors that are working, like she's working so she gets paid but there's a cat that she's living with . . . and therefore the two of them must make good on the money that she has because he isn't really in the play. But we felt all of that had to go so that no matter whether it was a play with three people or twenty people or eighteen people or twenty seven or thirty people, no matter how many people there are in the play that is going on, it supports this whole community, the community is based on itself.

When we decided very consciously to function as a community we began to have a kind of new form also at the same time of rehearsals in which someone didn't arrive and say "this is what we do" and kind of guide discussions, but it became a much more free-flowing functioning thing, and everybody simply felt much more relieved about the work. We found it much more difficult—very much more difficult. When you have twenty-five people discussing: "How are we going to make a thing called "Frankenstein" and twenty-five people talk about their personal psyches and their personal dreams and their personal artistic concepts, imaginings, their own notions about acting, their own notions about directing, stage design, lighting, etc., it becomes endlessly boring, one has to go through so much garbage and so much vomit. But this is what we call part of the struggle. And one



finds strangely enough that at the end of going through this, of making this long voyage, that the images all collect. You know, you want to go from here to some other city, and as you travel down the highway your mind is collecting images constantly, one after the other, every second. And when you finally get to this other place, wherever you're at, you get there and you make something or you do something, but what you make or you do is a collection of everything you've gone through. So that the plays we do, like the "Mysteries" or "Frankenstein", or the direction, the mise en scene of "Antigone", is a collection of all of them, horrendous and

ridiculous and absurd—the things that one wishes to discard—but you go through it and it all coheres finally, and it is worth it because when the coherence comes, something hopefully more inclusive comes together than another form of creative work which might be more exclusive, perhaps more pure; I'm not necessarily sure. I don't know if this really in any way answers your question. If on stage, if in "Frankenstein" we say that this is a word that is possessed by demonic images and a constant perversion of the desire to do good; that is, the question is constantly asked, you see, "How can we end human suffering?" and every pope, every prime minister, every head of every business, every head of every family, every priest, every artist, is always asking this question, and never going deep enough, never really being feelingful about it, never really examining the sources of it—while asking these very questions continues to imprison himself in the same myths and the same demonic images that make him into a monster. We create children presumably out of physical love and then we try to make them into beautiful people and we educate them and we lavish our love on them, and we continue to make these same mistakes out of a kind of blindness, and then look up and there's this enormous monster, this great collective monster that destroys itself and recreates itself, destroys itself, and recreates itself. If we collectively decide to make such a play, we then feel that it becomes incumbent on us to stop functioning in this fashion. In fact one is no longer really able to function in that way. We end up doing a scene, as we do in "Frankenstein", where we pour into this monster a daily newspaper and all the Greek myths in a couple of minutes, we then begin to feel that this is something we can't do any longer to ourselves or our own children. And so we kind of decide that in our own community we've got to find some way of teaching the children—there are now seven of them, there will be eight soon—teaching the children the things they need to know in this world without subjecting them to the whole educational violence, for instance, that another solution has to be found. And the work begins to make us free and to give us courage to take action in our own way; and if we have the courage to say to these children, "No, don't go to school," then we take upon ourselves the pleasure and the burden of doing something about it.

QUESTION: Do you have a kind of basic technique . . .

BECK: A basic technique for the work itself? Well this brings us maybe to something which is even more interesting and what I like to talk about, which is what we've become . . . Actors have always been interested in representing the truth. They talk about this all the time. The classic documents of Stanislavsky are certainly all about the pursuit, the understanding, the interpretation and the reproduction of this truth. We have been taking it, or trying to take it, to the point at which what takes place on the stage is essentially the creative moment itself: that what happens there is happening there uniquely for that time, that night, will not happen again, has not happened before.

Each night it is necessary for the actor to take his trip, his voyage into this unknown place about the world, about consciousness, about the body, and to bring back his message simply by the—not the enacting of it on the stage message comes to the audience. That's his heroic trip that the actor takes for the benefit of the spectator to whom he presumably is making love. That is, what we do on the stage is an act of love performed at great sacrifice for the people who have come to this holy place in order to find the ways to salvation—I think that is why people go to the theatre, in the very same sense that people have attended rituals since our dawn, since the dawn of civilization, as people have gone to the temples and the churches. We have been dissatisfied with the representation of life as it is, and we no longer find that interesting to us as actors. And so on the stage we're trying to find another way to go through the ritual of finding the truth, go through the truth-voyage. Therefore our experiments have been very much more linked with the body, with trying to unite the voice with the body. The voice right now is a symbolic organ that flashes sonic images from the brain and it works largely from the brain, and the connection from here through here, from the rest of the body, is lost.

That's why we're atrophying, that's why sex is such a disaster in our time. On top of which we're using, as we all know, only about 10% of the brain. So that the rest of the brain is atrophying and we carry about with us the weight and the burden of this unused body and this unused brain; we suffer from this burden all the time. So that while we're trying to evoke the—or provoke the body into action and trying to find ways of expressing the body and the images of feeling, passion, and emotion through the voice and through the body, we are simultaneously trying to find out as best we can, with our own very primitive means, what is happening in the 90% rest of the brain, and trying to find some ways of flashing that out on the stage. The techniques that we have I'm not yet ready to codify. I'm quite ready to disclose them, as much as I know them.

QUESTION: Do you tend to involve the audience . . . or do you always use them as spectators who have come to witness . . .

BECK: We have I think a reputation, almost a hammy reputation, for trying to bridge this gap. I'm very dissatisfied with the measures that we have taken. We have gone as far as our courage will let us and far as we know how in this area, based on the philosophical belief that the actor-priest does not find the answer in himself but in communion

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by Karen and Michael

Do you know that dandruff is caused by too much protein in the diet? In England the number of stomach ulcers dropped during the war, but rose again after the war with the return of rich foods. A cramp is caused by excess acidity. Too much salt causes constipation and pain. Too much liquid does also Body odour, especially under the arms, comes from animal food. This kind of smell is developed only in animals. Itching is caused by too much Yin. These and many other usefull facts and really good recipes, can

be found in *Zen-Macrobiotic Cooking* by Michael Abehe-era. El Molino puts out their best recipes in a handy little book for \$1.00. A must. They show good ways to sprout, too. Many of our recipes are adopted from these books.

SPECIAL SALAD

Lettuce under: ½ avocado creamed with chico-san sesame butter and 1t. sorgum and juice of one clove garlic. Sprinkle sunflower seeds and paprika on top.

LOVE CAKE

1 c. whole wheat flour
 ½ c. buckwheat flour
 ½ c. unbleached white flour
 ½ c. soy flour
 1 c. roasted chestnuts, mashed
 ½ t. sea salt
 2 T. oil
 1 T. sesame butter
 1 t. yeast
 1 egg
 6 T. raisins
 Pinch cinnamon
 Grated orange peel
 Apple juice & water, ½ & ½

Mix flours. Add salt and work oil and sesame butter into flour and chestnut mash until distributed well. Let stand 20 min. Mix 1 t. yeast with ¼ real warm water. Work into flours. Mix in egg and o. peel, then raisins, the apple juice and water until wet and elastic. Flour dough and place into creased pan. Let stand 4-6 hrs. Bake at 375 about 1½ hours.

BREAD PUDDING

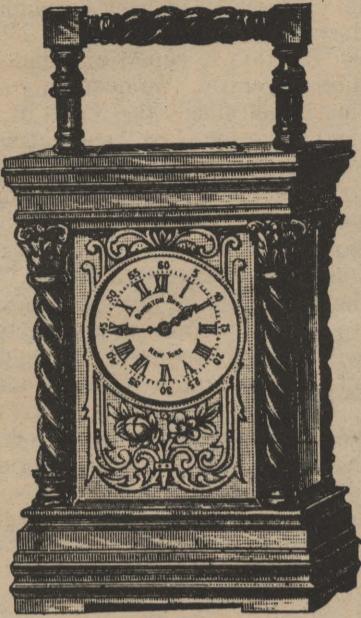
Chop stale bread into small pieces and soak in Mu tea. Add a grated orange rind, raisins, a few chopped nuts, a finely chopped apple, cinnamon and a T. of oil. Let it be for 1 or 2 hrs. Then add 1 beaten egg. If mixture is too runny add a little flour or cooked cereal. Heat a bread pan, oil it, then flour it, then pour in mixture and cook with med. heat till it pulls away from sides of pan.

APPLE SAUCE

Cook sliced, flavorful apples in just enough water to prevent burning—until soft. Strain or mash.

COMMING BACK HOME

after
Two Years
in the
Louisiana State Pen
tag



I've been away. (I guess). Home is the brothers and sisters, the scenes, the new world; away was prison. Now that I'm back I wonder if I am, or if I was—away that is. This is a different city; I fell from New Orleans for dealing weed. Is it weed anymore? Anyway that scene was and is totally freaked-out, so I can't judge "home" by there. One day we're dealing on the street: my partner turns on Peter Fonda just off Bourbon Street during the Mardi Gras (visions of super-dealer). The next day—busted, bars—freak-out. So that was '68—this is '71. I walk down the street—"Aquarius here I am. Finally made it after an unbelievable 4,000 lifetimes in the turd capital of the world."

"So what."
"Listen, man, it's like this. I've seen God and I'm back."
"So what, man?"
"God—hell. It's all the same."
"What a smart aleck answer."

Here's what I mean. Shut up in a prison: (not so tight) there are newspapers, television, new entries. We saw the convention, moratoriums, Woodstock, Chicago 7 trial; we heard of dresses going up, legs spreading wider, smiles getting fuller; listened to the words on the radio: love, cosmic, one, etc., etc. So now I'm here—no one's smiling. Like "together" came into vogue since I've been gone. So what's together. Where.

Frankly, I expected the Age of Aquarius to have a little more zip to it. Not a speed zip or a rip zip or a sniff zip, but—well sort of a smile-zip. Walking down the street is a real drag. What a groove if everyone were smiling—replace neon lights.

Back to the beginning: Here we are in prison—heads—mostly dealers from all over the country—yanks, foreigners, etc. stuck in hell (me from Chicago—wow!) so we put our arms around each other—use each other's eyes and ears—go inside and find our peace. Meditation and strength. Bringing, stirring, seeding peace and love in the most freaked-out paranoid place in the world. And all the while the news, the televisions, the magazines, the free press—free—seems like it's going on. But—oh wow. Lawrence (D.H.) says that love is found after many lifetimes of patient effort; I spent hours, years, this life and others, learning about oneness and now trying to help—teach, show, lend a hand. How was I to know these words are now trademarks: cosmic pants and love shops that sell things—love? Where houses sell love.

So which is home—where is the brotherhood. Maybe the only thing wrong with prison was—no sisters—at least not the kind I was used to enjoying. At least there we know: here we are, we are brothers, our togetherness is good—they will kill us if they can—if we aren't together, if we aren't becoming one. Are we, the generation of seekers and visionaries, now so enamored with the changing American dream cage that we can't see the bars. Have they really destroyed us by absorbing every buck-making fad and word, by us being so concerned with staying stoned that the primary emotion is now paranoia. (Analogous to the greed-survival syn-

drome of the fear oriented establishment.)

They have sectioned us off. Put us in our little cages of fear. Each doing his own thing? Really? But where's the communication—at least they have a tried method of communication—the marketplace. Where is ours—split up we are doomed. And the games go on.

So J.C. said there is only one place where all men's minds can meet; Today it is: we are brothers and sisters—whatever happens this is the hope of man—the alternative is the greed-destruction.

So you start I guess with a smile, skipping down the street and feeling good just once a day for no reason except that today is our day if we're together.



The Week's Melody from the Zither of Hermes

"The answer, my friend, is blowing in the wind." Bob Dylan

Taking the discarded shell of slow moving history, the tortoise shell held in the hands of W.B. Yeats above, and affixing to it the horns of the moon, the dualistic rational of history, we find that the string of time drawn out between these horns can be plucked to create the transcendental now of music out of the dead mechanism of cyclic history. A musical instrument, the playing of which brings order and harmony out of the warring winds of the intellect. With this instrument, Hermes played his mother, Maia, to sleep, and brought peace to the earth.

Indian's Herbal Answer to The Pill

from Mother Earth News

The Shoshone of Nevada are said to be sophisticated in herbal medicines, collecting their own plants in nearby mountains. It was among these people in the 1930's that the use of *Lithospermum ruderale* as a contraceptive was discovered.

The first reports indicated that a cold water infusion from the roots taken daily as a drink for a period of six months would ensure sterility thereafter.

Under U.S. Department of Agriculture auspices, pharmacological research was carried out on this plant, and in 1945 a laboratory study was published confirming the effectiveness of this plant as a contraceptive.

Since 1945 a dozen or more serious laboratory studies on animals have been made, all confirming the contraceptive properties of the plant. The active principle, called Lithospermic Acid (LA), in low concentration acts specifically on the pituitary gland, suppressing the production of gonadotropins (hormones which stimulate the sex glands) and certain pituitary hormones.

This type of "antihormonal" action is said to be pharmacologically unique and the effects of the drug do not seem to be duplicated by other known compounds. LA is highly soluble and may be extracted by cold water. The resulting solutions are usually yellow or brown in color.

The use of *Lithospermum* extract produces suspension of the estrus cycle, (the entire sequence of changes in the female reproductive organism and a diminution or inhibition of the secre-

tion of estrogens and androgens (sex hormones).

In one laboratory test the suspension of the estrus cycle was maintained for eight months. Removal of the animals



Lithospermum canescens - yellow

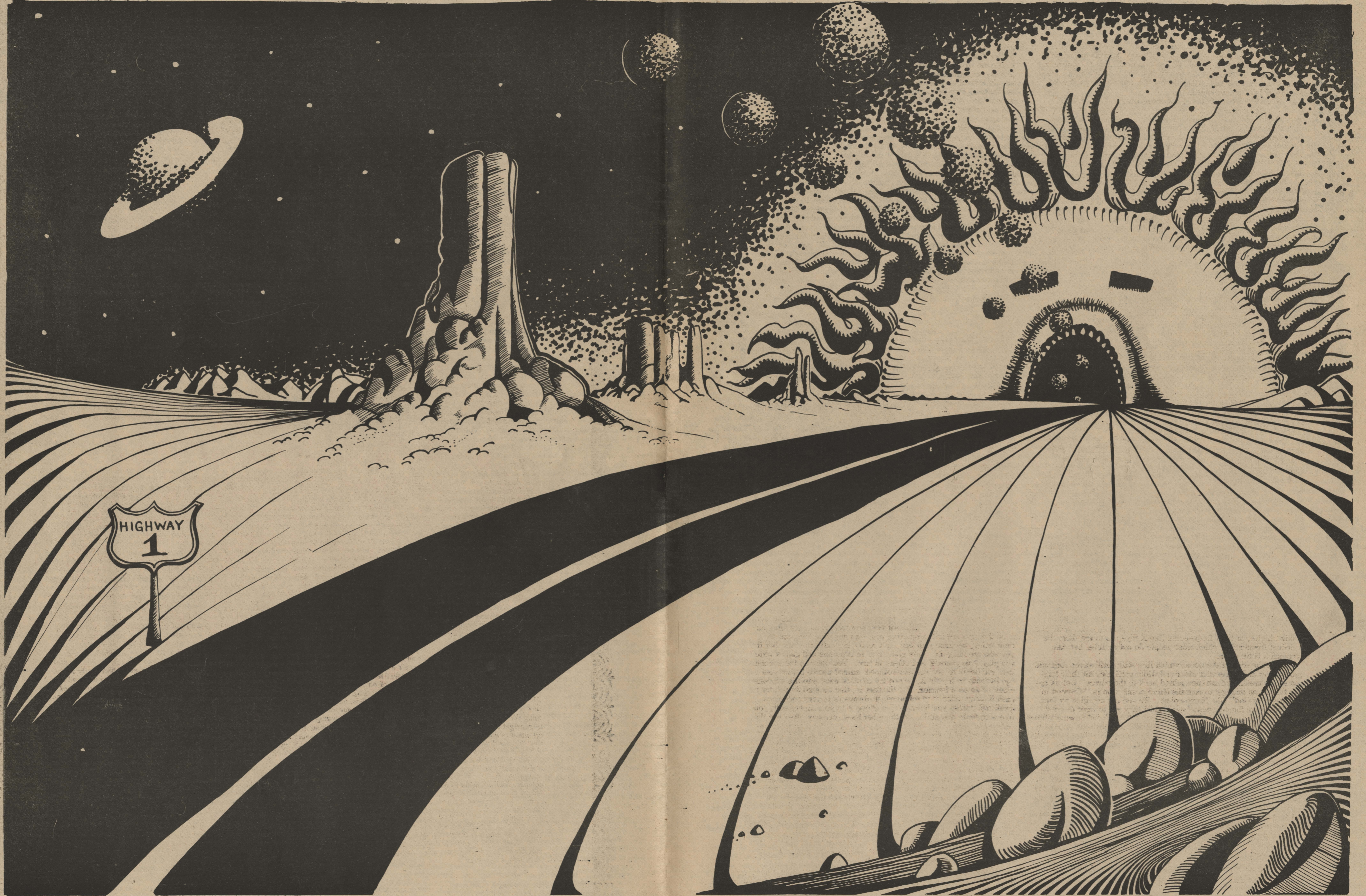
from the *Lithospermum* diet produced an immediate return to relatively normal capacity. The immediate return to normal estrus cycle indicates the *Lithospermum* produces no permanent or irreversible changes within the body, and examination showed no damage to the pituitary gland. Normal animals previously on a regular diet in turn, responded within ninety-six hours to *Lithospermum* extract. Depending upon the type of test animals and the concentration of *Lithospermum* administered with the food succeeded 51% to total effectiveness. The relative abundance of Lithospermic Acid in the various parts of the plant

is as follows: The flowers and seeds contain the maximum concentration; the roots are second and the leaves third; the stems contain very little. The plant tops maintain a more or less constant amount of activity over the growing season; in the roots, the concentration is at its lowest in June and at its highest in September (apparently when the active principle leaves the root the plant begins to grow).

There are six species of *Lithospermum* and all showed marked antigonadotropic activity. Extracts of *Lithospermum latifolium*, *L. croceum* and *L. ruderale* are active at less than 1 mg. dose levels. A test of the root *L. ruderale* after three years storage showed that the active principle was still highly effective. There is no appreciable difference in activity between fresh and dried root extracts. The activity of the root extract, however, rapidly deteriorates.

For those interested in finding this plant, it grows on the high, dry slopes and plains from Placer to Modoc counties in California.

In testing other plants during the early laboratory examination of *Lithospermum* it was found that two others had a comparable amount of activity: the common Borage (*Borago officinalis*) which belongs to the same family as *Lithospermum*, and the leaves of a common Raspberry (*Rubus idaeus*), the dried plant being better than the fresh. The Raspberry proved inactive, however, which is too bad, as you could then enjoy the fruit and gain its side benefits at the same time.



MONDAY NIGHT CLASS

Stephen

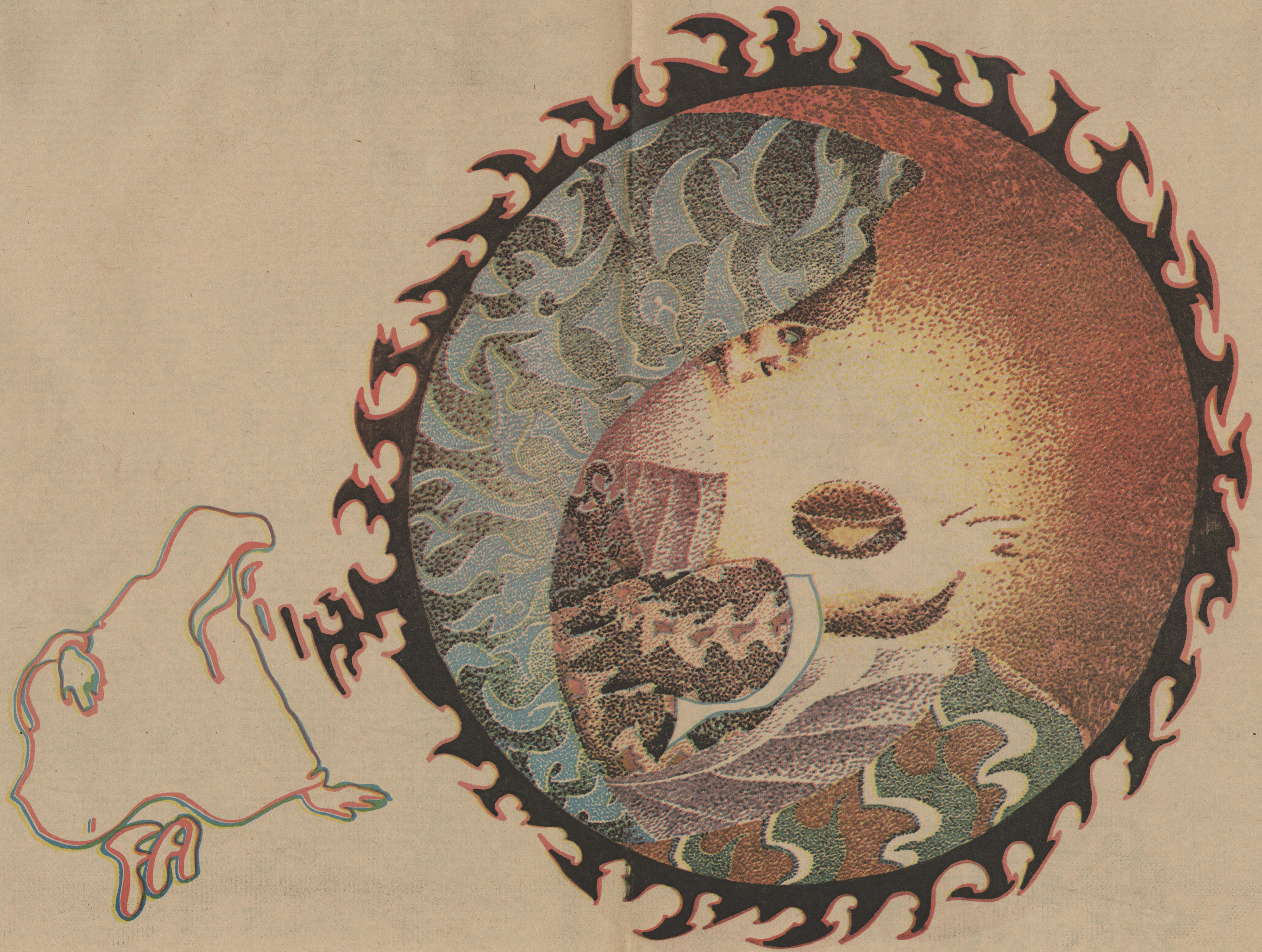
"What if it freaks you every time you look in the mirror while you're tripping? It's probably because you get a little vision into your subconscious that you may not really be wanting. Everyone's subconscious isn't going to look too good to 'em, because all that stuff in your subconscious you rejected once already---that's how it got there, was that you rejected it. See. So you get this little bag and when your subconscious opens up and you get to see it, you look into this bag where you've been stuffing stuff....Yech....but the thing is it'll teach you a good way to be with other people, it'll teach you a lot of humility. Because one of the heaviest things that you can do for someone is to not be freaked out by them, no matter what they look like. No matter what they look like. Because if somebody looks to you for affirmation, and they're looking a little scared, right? That's why they need the affirmation, is cause they are a taste scared. So they look to you for some affirmation, and you look at 'em, and they look scared to you, and a little funny.... you know? So you freak out a little bit on them, because they're funny-looking. And then what they pick up off your face is, O-o-gh.... he doesn't like the way I look, I guess it must be pretty bad. It turns him down a little bit more, and then you go O-o-h, look at that! So you've got to watch that kind of a loop and not get caught in that kind of a trip. And the way to do it is to be able to look at anything....because your liable to see anything. Just flat anything....whatever's imaginable by the mind of God. So if you can look in a mirror when you're tripping, and just be cool behind it, and then look at what you look like, and don't freak out by it, it can really be good for you. And also when you look at someone else, maby you will have seen yourself going through those same gyrations....and you won't be quite so shocked at seeing somebody else get hairy like a werewolf, or get fangy, or turn green or whatever it is that you might think was a funny-looking thing that they might do."

"If you feel uptight and you feel like you're on a high level what you gotta do is take care of the homework on the material plane. You gotta have both ends workin' all the time. It goes back around to the old lady asking if she's gonna get electrocuted if she steps on the streetcar track. And the answer is, no, not unless you put your other foot on the overhead wire. And the same way with getting too ethereal and too spiritual and not hangin' in there a little bit on the material plane. Cause if you get loose from the bottom, you know, you're just flappin' in the breeze, man. You gotta hang on to both ends."

"How to plug up holes in your bucket? Sure. The first thing is to find out where your attention is at. There's lots of reasons you might not know where your attention is: here's one way that a person can lose their attention. If when you were a kid every time you were disciplined it was done by distraction, it was Oh, don't do that, do this. Your attention gets batted around a lot, and when your attention gets batted around a lot you kind of withdraw and say 'I ain't gonna come out unless it's for something neat' and when you find something like that, you see them once in a while turn on really strong, you know, and just blow your mind and then just drop back about forty per cent, and you say, What was that? That was just them paying attention for a minute, man, that's what that was. So plugging up holes in your bucket is like finding right where your attention is, because if you don't know where your attention is you don't know what you are doing. And what you want it doing is getting you high by paying attention to everything that's going on, really digging it, not floating around in your head, not thinking about last week, not thinking about next week, not thinking about anywhere else. Like it's always here and now. You cannot get enlightened tomorrow. You can get enlightened now if your lucky, but not tomorrow. You can't get enlightened yesterday either. Too late....down the tubes, man. Enlightenment is always here and now, that's what the flesh is in some measure is the here-and-nowness of it. So then come to here and now, and then see what distracts you from the here and now. That's a hole in your bucket. One way to practice plugging up some holes in your bucket is to do some tantric balling. It's really neat, tantric lovemaking, tantric yoga. How many people are hip to that? Yeah. Tantric yoga is the yoga of the nervous system, and as a sub-heading of that, is the yoga of sex. Because sex....I don't know what we think sex is, some of it is for babys, some of it is fore manipulating your nervous system. For being able to do to your nervous system what you want done....and you need somebody to help you, because you can't even tell if you are uptight by yourself. See? Because uptight can be zero for you, and you can have a wrong zero at that level. So like tantric loving is, instead of two people in a rush to feel good.... you know, I'm gonna feel good off you and your gonna feel good off me....it is two people sorting out their energy until they're both on. And you sort out the energy by being together, like don't be specifically sexual, just relax at first, and then you'll feel things. As you feel things, loosen them, if you got tight muscles loosen them, if your uncomfortable, get comfortable, keep doing that. You learn to perceive energy when you learn to perceive where energy is. Had a thing happen to me once while I was stoned on acid. I had my arm on the back of a chair and it went to sleep cause I wasn't paying attention. So I brought it back around front, and I looked at it, and I thought mmmmm-boy I don't want to go through this long scene, man....this arm, this stoned, it's gonna feel really weird. So I kinda moved it a little bit, and I could feel the energy, and I knew that there was a thing that I could do, So I moved my hand in a kinda....like that way, I put the energy back on and my arm came awake....all in a piece, without feeling funny or buzzing or any of that jazz. I was sensitive enough to find the thing I had lost, my physical arm was separated from the astral one, but the astral arm, the electrical arm, was over here dangling like this, and the physical one was all lonesome out here feeling funny. Putting it back in was like putting it into a glove, and then my arm got well again. Well, that was a tantric trip actually, because that's the kind of thing you want to be able to do when your doing tantric loving. You want to feel each others field, and know how to feel your way to get right into it, to be one with it, to be right there. And so while your doing that your attention will try to wander because your attention is not impressed by anything....much. It'll try to wander from anywhere until you get it trained. So while your doing that thing and your attention wanders, you'll me making love and all involved in that and then you notice your thinking about the cat who said that funny thing to you yesterday. And then you'll say, what the hell am I doing thinking about that thing now? What am I thinking about that now for, this is much more exciting than that was. And then you'll come back to the here and now....bang! Aahhh, that's good, so here you are....and you find yourself thinking about your mother-in-law. Mother-in-law! %ar out! What am I doing out there? So you grab your attention....and here is the thing. If you just grab your attention and rip it off those wandering things....your attention is like a tentacle, you know it's going looking for something to grab on to. Well, when you rip it loose from one of those attachment places, like take it loose from that one, grab it, and bring it down and involve it in the situation at hand, right? Look around and see which part of your relationship is not getting enough attention in the here and now. Where are you shorting out, where are you touching someone and not knowing it....see? And take that thing and say, well, my-my, here are a couple knee bones that are together and I hadn't noticed they were together. 'nd pay attention to those knee-bones, man, turn them on. And hang on behind that because pretty soon you'll find you're attention wandering again. And you have to snatch that piece of attention and fasten it down. In time you'll get all of you're tentacles grabbed and fastened back into the system that you're working on. Right there....when you get all you're tentacles plugged back into the system, you got the holes plugged in you're bucket, and you and her are going to get off. Well that's one good way to learn about plugging holes in your bucket, because most holes is you're attention wandering."

from Stephen Gaskins book, "Monday Night Class"

"CHEESEBURGER" by Bob Sebo
on following page



kundalini

"During meditation, when you behold divine visions, experience divine smell, divine taste, divine touch, hear divine sounds, receive instructions from God, all these indicate that the Kundalini has become active. When the breath stops without any effort, when suspension of the breath comes by itself without exertion, know that Kundalini has awakened."

"When you feel currents of hot energy rising up your spine, when you experience bliss, when there are no thoughts of the world in your mind, know that Kundalini has been awakened. When you feel vibrations of energy in different parts inside your body, when you experience jerks like the shocks of electricity, know the Kundalini has become active. During meditation when you feel as if there is no body, when eyelids become closed and do not open in spite of your exertion, when electric-like currents flow up and down the nerves, know that the Kundalini has awakened."

Kundalini Yoga is that Yoga which treats of the Kundalini fire, the six centers of spiritual energy (Chakras), and the divine energies obtained from proper Yogic breathing techniques. Kundalini Yoga has never before been taught to Western man, primarily because never before was he ready for the teachings. Now, however, with such a highly developed technology enveloping us, we are much more of nature's higher energies and laws; thus, we must become aware of the energies within us so that we may be able to correctly use technology instead of it using us. Our environment is merely a projection of our consciousness, and if we do not know how we ourselves function, then obviously we are not going to have any idea of how to properly control our projection, the environment. Through Yoga, one becomes aware of his inner-most self, he taps in on that vast warehouse of the mind, the subconscious. He becomes aware of all his most subtle motives and thus learns to control his thoughts (which is merely what the environment is), and overcome inhibitions.

Kundalini Yoga differs from other Yogas in that it is an intense Yoga which incorporates angles, tensions, and breathing methods not normally used in other Yogic disciplines. Thus, through proper application of these, in three minutes one can achieve the same results that it normally takes three hours to achieve in Hatha Yoga.

See your body as a receiver of external vibrations and a transmitter of inner vibrations, with antennae adapted for various forms of energy, which we use as tools to attain higher states of consciousness. Your eyes as antennae receiving and transmitting visual vibrations, your ears as audio-receivers, and the senses of touch, taste, and smell all having the potential of receiving subtle energies not known to most persons. Western science, through centuries of exoteric exploration and experiments into nature's laws is finally coming to this conclusion. An example of this would be that just recently was it discovered that persons can distinguish colors through their skin; yet this is an old occult law which was well known among the ancients whom through esoteric exploration of their inner-being, became aware of the unlimited human potential.

We can better understand how the ancients managed to obtain these psychic powers through yoga, by visualizing our bodies as great powerplants with electric impulses flowing about at the speed of light. These nervous, or electrical impulses are vibrations as is everything in the universe. The average person's nervous impulses manifest on the physical plane, which is to say that these impulses are vibrating much slower than the vibrations or impulses which manifest on the mental or spiritual planes. The spirit planes, themselves, vibrate at an infinitely faster frequency than the mental, being so rapid a frequency that they seem to be still, like an airplane propeller gets spinning so fast that it seems to be still. This is the unchanging, timeless formlessness that the devoted Yogi merges with upon raising his physical vibration, or nervous impulses to that frequency. Like the radio, we tune-in to the different channels, or frequencies on the celestial dial; and the higher we tune ourselves into, the closer we get to the source. Just as there are sounds of high frequencies which most persons are not able to pick-up, like those from a dog-whistle, or light frequencies like X-rays; so there are the spiritual frequencies which most people do not receive, but can through a little effort.

Take the idea of the ocean which lies still until waves form and grow larger and larger and wider and wider until they hit their largest state, break, and are then pulled back to the source. Let us apply this as an analogy to man (the Micro-cosm) who is "Created in the image of God" (the Macro-cosm). We see our energies as form involving from formlessness (spirit) until they get to their densest state, physical. In this dense state they "break" and begin evolving back to the source. Following this analogy, in Yoga, one strives to pull these dense, slow vibrations, the waves, or nervous energies to a higher frequency until they merge with the cosmic sea, the peaceful, formless ocean from where they originated.

From these higher realms, energy is constantly descending in our bodies to denser and denser states. To become aware of these involving energies before they manifest physically, that is, while they are still in their more subtle forms, like the newly formed wave, one can increase the rate of their vibration by channeling them up the spinal cord; so that one's consciousness is lifted up to a higher rate, until he passes through all the material, astral (emotional) and mental realms, thus uniting his being with the Universal-Self.

In Kundalini Yoga we tap in on these various forms of energies. Take for instance those on the physical planes, the average person wastes large amounts of sexual energies, and also large amounts through over-eating, smoking, drinking and taking dope. In Yoga we draw these dispersed, uncontrolled energies to certain "terminals" like the Solar Plexus, where millions of nerves converge. We create heat which causes expansion, and channel the newly released energy up the spine and increase the frequency of their vibration, which in turn increases our awareness. If on the physical

plane sex energy can create life, imagine what it can do on the higher planes, namely create a new self. This is where the tradition came from that religious persons should be celibates; however, they do not transmute this energy thus their abstinence is to no avail. In Kundalini Yoga we do not practice celibacy, as we feel it is unnatural even harmful to the spirit, we believe in balance and moderation. Also, we tap the more subtle energies on the astral and mental planes, such as fear, lust, anger, pride, envy and hatred and transmute them to a higher, unlimited love vibration.

So through magnetizing certain parts of the body more than other parts, and through the application of tensions, we draw these energies through the spine to a point above and between the eyes which is known as the "Third Eye", or "Philosopher's Stone". By drawing these energies to this point the Pituitary gland begins to secrete fully together with the Pineal gland, thus causing the Third Eye to open, which gives great spiritual illumination, peace, and truth.

On statues of the ancient Egyptians one will often see a snake protruding from the foreheads or Third Eye points; this is the symbol of the Kundalini Serpent, which when awoken from being coiled at the base of the spine, rises upward and opens the Third Eye. The Kundalini serpent is the essence of all the energies we have been speaking of in this article, and it is the heat we create which causes it to uncoil and rise. We also call it the "Serpent Fire", or "Kundalini Fire" because of the great heat it generates as it rises up the spine. The Holy Bible, being very symbolic and mystical refers to the Third Eye in the passage, "When thine Eye is single, thy whole body also is full of light. . . Take heed, therefore, that the light which is in thee be not darkness." (Luke 11:34-35). Jesus, the great master, often referred to Kundalini, the latent potential of all men, by saying, "Be Ye Wise as The Serpent".

When one has his energy centered at the Third Eye, vibrating at an infinite rate of speed, he can function on all planes as he chooses, and his vibrations have transcended the confines of the "Space-Time Continuum" which enables him to project his being anywhere he wishes. He is above the vibrations of the environment, thus can not be manipulated by negative situations. Having transcended all the lower vibrations, he is very sensitive to them, making him very high and aware. His Aura, or energy field (The pure halo seen around Saint's heads in holy pictures) becomes very pure, and he becomes a channel for the truth to flow through him. He is aware of all other person's energies and thus is not manipulated by them, and is able to offer them the energies they need to find peace and higher consciousness. He no longer manipulates others through fears, pride, or other uncontrolled emotions, and becomes so aware of the Universal Consciousness he can never be insulted or disturbed from his inner-peace and truth.

On acid one triggers open these higher nerve centers that the Kundalini opens and sometimes persons tripping often feel a ball of fire ascending through their spine and bursting at the top of the head, giving rise to visions and feelings of intense bliss. Others often feel their spine get very hot, and electric currents climbing it. These are some of those higher, more subtle energies being unnaturally released, and in doing so, destroying the cerebro-spinal fluid which is important for nourishing the memory and other nerves.

Also, on acid you experience telepathy and other extra-sensory powers. You feel colors and sounds, you see taste and feelings, you may even hear odors and smell sounds. All this indicates your psychic centers opening up, but yet you have no control over them, which is what makes acid a challenge and groovy to some. However, if you wish to acquire clairvoyance and mental powers, you won't go very far with acid. On acid you are opening up your ego to great celestial illuminations and visions, and unless you are aware of all your deepest subconscious motives, you won't be able to tell if a situation is really happening, or if your unconscious drives are creating it in your mind. For example, often on acid you feel you know everybody's deepest thoughts and motives; however, it usually turns out to be that you are just projecting your own negative hang-ups to their being, because your ego isn't ready to handle the fact that it is you who are hung-up. This gives rise to illusions and games which you play with yourself and others in turn. You open up the subconscious and begin to see the undeveloped, animal nature before your ego is ready to handle it, so you try to stick back into the subconscious or go on a bumper. But the fact is, that as hard as you try to push it away, once it is released, it always is in your conscious mind, and unless you learn to rise above it to your higher self, you live with fears and guilt. On the other hand, persons often see the God within themselves and the beauty they possess, but being unaware that God is present in all things, they often go on power or ego-trips. Some persons now and then come down thinking they are Gods-aren't we all? There are also persons who take acid and have really together trips. They don't get hung-up or go on ego-trips, and all they see is beauty, but even though everything is groovy for them, they won't be able to go far on the spiritual path. For on acid, even though all one may experience is bliss, which is very rare; it is still the ego perceiving, the ego relating to the visions and forms. He is still in the world of "MAYA", or illusion, because he cannot loose his ego. Very rarely will it happen that one goes through the period of "Ego-Loss" on acid, and actually merges with the infinite, yet even though he attains this state, he always has to come back down to the world of form and illusion, back down to the ego, a bit more bewildered than before, at not knowing how to relate to his having disappeared while he was up there.

After taking acid, for a day or two you're really in a daze at having burnt-out all your nerve centers, and after awhile, if you keep taking acid you'll be much less sensitive to the vibrations and beauty around you and thus you may feel you have to go out and get stoned to get back up to where things are really groovy.

REVOLUTIONARY TRIBALISM cont.

rades. This will not be simple for it will mean constant confrontation and constant support, and it flies in the face of everything the old culture was. We can say that tribalism means the abolition of institutionalized monogamy and the socialization of children.

Of course our culture must be radical in a second way as well. Ultimately men and women become fighters—become 'valorized' in Magri's words—to protect and extend not systems but their sense of what they are—their culture. If we cannot go back to the old culture, and if we continue to build a new one that is precious to us, then we are in fact at war with the entirety of capitalism. Some of our brothers and sisters, who think they can avoid this by building their tribes in Taos, rather than in capitalism's urban gut, will find this out the hard way. There can be no peaceful coexistence between the two cultures. We are forced to carry our revolution through all its potential stages, from a cultural sense through to a social, political, and economic conclusion. Tom Hayden suggests this scenario: the tribes will form together into networks, and the networks will begin to see themselves as 'Free Territories', existing in the heart of capitalist culture and political economy only at the price of constant combat. In fact, we ought to begin to see ourselves as a Red Militia, our tribes as the nuclei of the American Red Army that will finish capitalism off.

Its not just that the cops will vamp on us. That will happen. What will also happen is that the corporations and the media will try to buy us up, or buy into us. And that, in plain language, will mean the desexualizing and re-abstracting of our new culture. We ought to take seriously, now that we understand capitalism's interior history, Norman Mailer's idea that cancer is destroying America: as the physical disease thrives by eating body tissue, so the psychosocial disease thrives by eating the tissues of culture, by feasting on the connection between mind and body. It is no accident that the Yanqui corporations, by polluting the Amazon, kill both the fish and the culture of fishermen.

In Vietnam, where capitalism's face is most sadistic and cruel, Americans know that their only chance for victory is through what they call "rooting out the infrastructure of the Vietcong," meaning the revolutionary culture of the Vietnamese people. This is a very aware cancer we are discussing. Since it is, and since the resistance of Vietnamese culture has given our own time to grow, all wars of liberation are our wars too.

Of course, it is your war as well. They have been after your "infrastructure" for a long time, and getting it. Unless you come over to our side soon there may be very little left of you for us to retrieve. And

we are not talking now about leaping flames or barricades in the streets or any of the usual paraphernalia of apocalypse. A few years ago some sociolomercenaries reported to Madison Avenue on some remaining pockets of old-culture resistance:

... Pictures of babies will have a special attention-getting value for working-class women, ever and above any direct relationship between the product and her role as a mother. Because she thinks of people as the only important matter in the world, she attends more to advertising which has a human feeling and she is more inclined to ignore it when it lacks this. (Rainwater, Coleman, and Handel, "Workingman's Wife".)

This kind of thing, which has become so omnipresent it no longer annoys, it what Marcuse calls "repressive desublimation," the transformation of Eros into Commodity. It is, without hyperbole, cultural genocide, and it is what capitalism is all about. So although we irritate your sensibilities, though you are torn between killing and fucking us, you had better choose the latter. We will not attack you. But capitalism is already doing it. And when eventually we go poking through the ruins of the old culture looking for the corpses, we would rather not bury a table lamp.

**FIRE cont.**

is what they use to make candles burn," the policeman said, kindly, you know, and really concerned.

"Yeah, I know," (Oh God, I know) I said. "When did you find out?"

"2043," he said.

"What?"

"We got the call at 2043," he repeated.

I walked towards the shop slowly figuring that 2043 means 10:43 p.m. in civilian language and that it couldn't have been burning long before they discovered it and I didn't see any flames so, you know how hope works, so maybe it wasn't too bad. And I saw a bartender outside the side door of Kelly's and he said they had had lots of smoke damage because Creative Candles is connected to Kelly's both in the basement and on the second floor.

And then a fireman pushed his way out of the building, gasping for breath, his coat wet, his eyes tearing profusely and covered with sweat. Our eyes met, we looked at each other and it wasn't a bad dream anymore. He was real, he was hurting and it suddenly wasn't just a pleasant outing or a bit of excitement. Real. Reality. With sweat and smoke

and tears running down a man's face.

And down by the front of the candle shop two other firemen were coming out and I stopped them and asked them how it was going (with my city, with Dwayne) and they said they had been all through the building and through the basement and they thought they had got it all.

And I turned and looked for the first time into the black face of the shop. Funny about details. The clippings around the doorway were gone. The walls black and charred. The big wax vats overturned and empty but not destroyed. Not destroyed. Not destroyed. A fireman dashed out of the building with the cash drawer in his hand and thrust it into the arms of Nancy Benton, Dwayne's wife, who had just arrived. I hugged her hard. She cried just a bit. The money was not damaged but in the face of the damage to the shop that seemed trivial and almost funny.

The fire was out, the building was safe and I turned away from the aftermath. An efficacious fire captain in a white coat and hat was running around being useless as far as I could see, trying to give the illusion that he was in charge of the situation and getting every place a little late. Star reporters were starting to arrive, more anxious (and rightly so) to get to a phone than to learn details. And so I went down to Dave's 423.

The jukebox was playing modified country and western. Two pool games were in progress. People were drinking quietly at the bar. The whole thing seemed very far away. I smelled of smoke.



The day after the fire a man from Empire Candle Manufacturing lent the Bentons his equipment. So Creative Candles is making candles again. And they're in the process of getting city permission to relocate at 3954 Central Avenue. It's going well.

COMMUNIVERSITY cont.

Hinduism, Buddhism, Confucianism, Taoism, Zoroastrianism, Islam, Judaism, and Christianity.

MILITARY HISTORY OF THE U.S.—A study of the causes of war, strategy and tactics of military operations, and case histories upon which the art of war is developed.

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Kosmic City Boogity Band

Picture in your mind 4 typical Trucker street dealers. The first is kind of a short chubby kid with long blond hair to his shoulders and a mustash you might miss if you don't look close. He picks his nose every once in awhile. Next is a skinny guy with short curly black hair who follows you up the block if you don't buy a paper on his initial request, and proceeds to give you 318 reasons why you should buy a

Trucker. You normally wouldn't buy something from someone that obnoxious, but something about the way his eyes bulge every time his mouth opens makes you figure that maybe you ought to buy a paper so as to get rid of him as fast as possible. Then let your mind's eye perceive a rather mild-mannered giant, wearing a long trench coat and a head of hair that looks like a massive, freaked-out brillo pad, who leans over, (down to eye level) and softly says, "Buy a Trucker, Fucker?" Finally, there is a rather cosmic individual who has developed the knack of bouncing from customer to customer, and off buildings and across intersections, all the while yelling "Westport Trucker here, get yer' Westport Trucker! See Raquel Welch with three tits—Elvis Presly in his BVD's!"

Now, if you can, picture these fame four freaks forming a rock 'n roll group called the Kosmic City Boogity Band. Musically speaking, they are not what you would call a super heavy, fab, neatsie-keen-o, run of the mill group. They are funky. They're all friends. And they have a lot of fun when they play. What else can I say except see them soon.

The Kosmic City Boogity Band says:

SMAZOOCHIE!!

D.G.

Biff Rose

OK, let's approach the new Biff Rose LP on two levels. We must talk to the Biff Rose Buffs—those familiar with the man and his work—and then the majority who have never heard of Biff or maybe saw him once on Johnny Carson.

To the neophytes: Biff Rose is a musical poet, creator, minstrel, genius—who also happens to be totally different and refreshing from anything you've ever been exposed to. He sort of talksingalonghums all about everything, accompanied by his organic piano. His new album is excellent, another enjoyable honest work of art from a sincere artist.

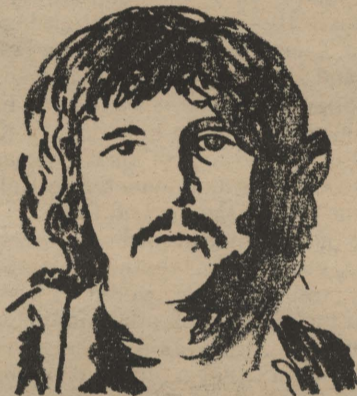
If you're just turning on to Biff Rose, this LP and every other one that he's made is highly recommended.

Hi Biff Buffs. . . you may criticize his use of orchestration—which our editor disliked three times in one short conversation—his singing style may be a little strange to you—and the material may surprise you.

Yes, it's true, our Biff may not please your exact taste. And let's hope an artist such as Biff Rose never pleases the exact taste of his general public.

His use of orchestration is delightful, intricate and functional. The voice of Biff couldn't be better—the style reflects even more the emotion of each word. As for the material—he finally becomes human—he shows that he too, the happy Biff Rose can cry, feel, fuck, and be lonely. He's not only reflecting life itself but the intimacy of his own life. You'll love it.

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I'm Fulfilled

I'm fulfilled. I have just listened to the Moody Blues communicate "Nights in White Satin." Thus, I am fulfilled by the Moody Blues. But what are the Moody Blues, but a group to communicate "Nights in White Satin." And then, just what is "Nights in White Satin?"

Nights in white satin can be different for everyone. But officially, "Nights in White Satin" is a song. "Nights in White Satin" is a song communicating a message of love. So I am fulfilled by "Nights in White Satin." I am fulfilled by a message of love. I am in love. I am fulfilled. . .

Nights in white satin,
never reaching the end.
Letters I've written,
never meaning to send.
Beauty I'd always missed
with these eyes before.
Just what truth is!
I can't say any more,
'cause I love you.

Love is everything. Love is life. If love is not life, it is at least, or should be, the basis behind life, love, in essence, makes the world go 'round.

Last summer, I spent my first summer as a "freak" in the Midwest. It was really a new experience for me; a lovely experience. I first saw Westport through a stranger's eyes, my own. As I was a stranger, I didn't know anyone. In a period of only a few months, I went from a state of not knowing anyone, to one of being acquainted with innumerable people.

This could not have happened just anywhere. In fact, I'm proud to say that the only place it has ever happened to me is right here in Westport. It happened right here in Westport, because we are a community of "Freaks."

As we are "Freaks," we are united. We are united, not from choice, but from necessity. It is necessary for us to be united, because we are "Freaks."

What are "Freaks?" "Freaks" is a label we accept in noting that we are different from the expectations and aspirations of the society which is responsible for our development to this present state.

In the movie, "Woodstock," some dude with long hair said that the word "Freak" is a label which does not necessarily include Bad Connotations. It is only a label noting something different. So without that label, we are not "Freaks," we are only something different.

We are something different. We are something different from the society which has raised us. We are something different from the society which has raised us; because sometime back in 1964 or 1965, some people started the "Flower Children" cult.

The "Flower Children" cult was the result of "Flower Children." "Flower Children" were adults who couldn't see the use in adulthood, so they rejected it. They chose to remain children.

Children are really where it's at. Children can play without any worries. Children can play without any worries, because someone is always watching over them.

And just as "children" children can play without any worries, "You" children can play without any worries too. "We" children can play without any worries, because someone is always watching over us.

Big Brother is watching!



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