

LOCAL

25¢

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35¢

WHERE

# THE WESTPORT TRUCKER

VOL. 2 NO. 3

WESTPORT, MO.



JML

# Redevelopment

FOR FUN AND PROFIT

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The nice thing about being alive in America today is that no matter how paranoid you are, there is always something going on to justify it. The nice thing about the Broadway Area Association members is that they are always willing to do their part toward that end.

So they started off the month by asking the city to postpone the scheduled City Plan hearing on their plan to "redevelop" the neighborhood from 33rd Street to Valentine road, from Broadway to the Southwest trafficway. The hearing was rescheduled, as they requested, for April Fool's Day at 8:30 a.m. in the council chambers at City Hall. Make it if you can. It ought to be a good show.

Then the Valentine Neighborhood association, made up of the people who live in and to the south of the area the Broadway Area Association wants to own, got to checking the list of properties owned in the Valentine area by Broadway Area Association members. What they found was fairly interesting.

The BAAS have been insisting that the Valentine neighborhood is blighted and should be torn down in the interest of public health

and safety. To substantiate their claim they commissioned a study of the neighborhood and submitted to the city a list of properties considered to be substandard and deteriorating. When the Valentine Neighborhood association checked the owners of the deteriorating property, they found that 23 of them were owned by the Kansas City Life Insurance Company, one of the principals in the BAA's own Penn Valley Redevelopment company.

In effect, Kansas City Life had caused the neighborhood to deteriorate and then told the city that the area was in such bad shape that it should give all the land to them to make nice and pretty and high rise. Kansas City Life wants to make money off the trouble it's caused.

When the Valentine Neighborhood association called this to the city's attention and asked for a code inspection of the properties owned by Kansas City Life, the BAAS countered by asking for a complete inspection of all the properties found in violation of the city's housing codes.

John Taylor, city manager, agreed that it would be unfair to examine the property of only one owner and ordered the general inspection—without specifying whether notices of violation would be given.

Oddly enough, the first houses inspected turned out to be not those of the Kansas City Life Insurance company but those belonging

to the 11 steering committee members of the Valentine Neighborhood association. (!)

Anyhow, in the middle of all of this, Frank Robinson, public relations man and titular president of the Broadway Area association, addressed a meeting of the Westport Community council called to formulate Westport's Community council called to formulate Westport's would be good not only for the investors but for the Westport area as a whole.

"This area will be developed sooner or later anyhow," he said. "Don't you really think it's better for the area to be developed by home town corporations who will be here tomorrow to be responsible and accountable for their actions?"

The community council did not. "In simple language," Joe Shaughnessy, candidate for second district councilman at large, told the meeting, "This is the rape of a neighborhood." Then pausing a moment, he added, "'Rape' seems to be the word that sells these days."

Westport residents weren't much kinder to Mr. Robinson.

"What you have here," one man said, "is \$500 million corporations grinding a neighborhood under their heels."

They passed a resolution opposing the project on ten points:

(Continued on Page 22)

## "Westport Trucker here, get yer' Westport Trucker. Buy a Trucker, fucker!"

Something that continually amazes me is the lack of people selling newspapers on the streets. Every week at least a dozen people come up to me and ask where they can find a job, a few wanting full time work but most simply trying to get by. If I'm hit at the right time I'll know of a dishwashing job open or someone who needs furniture moved but things like that seem to be few and far between so street dealing newspapers is usually suggested.

A look of "You gotta' be kidding. My rent's due in two days!" is returned and, most of the time, I just let it go at that, not wanting to hassle with explaining the "art" of selling newspapers. But it does need explaining because there are always people who need that little bit of bread to get by and the Trucker always needs more dealers.

### 1. PICKING UP THE PAPER...

Tiny Tim's Magic Circus is the distribution office of the Trucker. Open the door. Truck on up to the counter. Slam your money and/or collateral down on the counter. Grab your papers. Split.

Copies can be bought at 15¢ and sold at 25¢. If you have no money, leave collateral such as a guitar, sleeping bag, or some albums. They can be picked up when you return.

### 2. WHERE TO SELL...

Contrary to popular belief, there are other points in the Universe where papers can be sold other than the Plaza, Broadway & Westport and Volker Park. The Downtown area can pretty well take two-three people a day, especially at rush hour. A dealer could easily move 40-50 papers per day, 75 if he's really hot.

39th & Main, for some reason, never seems flooded with people eager to sell papers. A dealer could sell at least 20-40 papers a day there.

Things Unlimited, on Westport Road east of the Southwest Trafficway—open only on weekends from 10:00AM to 5:00PM—is good for 30-50 papers. Sunday is usually the better day.

The Nelson Art Gallery isn't very active during the week (20 papers or less), but two people can sell 50-100 papers on Saturday and 75-150 on Sunday.

The Plaza. Ah, the Plaza! If you can stand being there, two people can move 50 papers each day during the week and on Saturday as many as four people can sell up to 500.

There are dozens of places to sell in one's own neighborhood. All you have to do is find the place, and do it.

### 3. DOING IT...

Now the most important part—getting it to the people. People, regardless of their familiarity with a paper, will usually buy it if you gas 'em a little. Dig? When someone's walking down the street, in a hurry or just tripping along, they're often at what I'd call a medium-energy level. That's where gassing them comes in. When you make up what they may lack in energy, good vibes, etc., you're going to sell a paper. Keep the energy level high. The worst dealers are those that simply stand in one place and chant the name of the paper so low as to be barely audible. People walk by them continually in the 15 minutes to half hour they try to sell papers, the one exception being the people who know the paper. You've got to know when to come on strong and when to cool it down. Following someone doggedly down the street, badgering them to buy a paper is fine on high school kids or other freaks, but on little old ladies, a smile is best. Other dealers run into problems when they let their energy be run down by circumstances like a cold day or few people out. One thing you've got to do is persevere. Sometimes no papers will be sold for an hour or more then BANG-BANG-BANG, if you can get the paper in their hands, 90% of the time, you've made a sale.

### 4. YOU ARE LEGAL...

Newspaper dealers do not need a license or permit to sell newspapers on the streets and sidewalks of Kansas City (Missouri). On private property, such as shopping centers, you can be busted for trespassing so sell at the entrances. If you are told that you're going to be busted for

(Continued on Next Page)

NEXT PAGE



RECIPE:  
10lbs. TRUCKERS  
2cups PERSEVERENCE  
1 ounce INSANITY  
2 tsps. ENDURANCE  
a pinch of DESPERATION

# MAKE BREAD

Mix ingredients with well tempered vocal chords, and bake on the street. Serves the people.

The Westport Trucker is published monthly by the Mother Love Tribe of Westport, 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, 4044 Broadway, Westport, Mo., 64111, or call [phone number]. Opinions expressed in the Trucker are not necessarily held by anyone else contributing to the newspaper. Local subscriptions are \$3.00 for 12 issues, out of town subs are \$4.00. Street dealers get 10¢ a copy.

Vol. 2 - No. 3



Mother Love People & Friends:

Dennis Giangreco	Stuart Crick	Jesus
Dan Siglar	Molly Brown	Bonnie
Bungly	Eric Menn	Ellen
Gary Peterson	David Doyle	David Perkins
Kim Marshall	Jim	Hotsie Totsie
Michael & Karen Lindsay	Danny the Beagel	Kitty Litter
John Arnoldy	Don Harthcock	Bob Hoyes
Bill Ball	Fat Frank	
Bob Sebbo	Bill Philyaw	
Cherie Blankenship	Spiderman De Zeppo	
Tag	Kathy	
Karen	Stephen	
Jim Reed	Kieth	

& many others

# They Knew You Were Comin' So They Baked You a Bust

(OR: I HAD A WET DREAM 'BOUT THE JACKSON COUNTY JAIL)

## Root Tootie ★

'Gather round my children and  
hear my tale  
Of the frights and the horrors of  
Jackson County Jail!

Guess what? Man, you know, like you'd better clean your shit up!!! Because there's an island right here in ol' Westport with a statue on it and that statue is the Statue of Lomax, grand leader of Kosmic City's Vice Squad. Written at the base are the words: "Give me your stoned, your high of spirit and your blown, regardless whether mere possessions, dealers, or hashish smoking grannies. Yes, there's many a dude and chick getting their bread and butter from watching, buying from, and just plain ol' snoopin' on the likes of you. Like man, you're just turning on too many of your frien before they've ever let you into their heads. To be sure, you know if you're busted, you should keep you mouth shut (*don't you?*)? But does you friend? I'm sure if you haven't been there before, you've at least imagined just what a blessed event spending a two or three hour date with Brogher Lomax, Lt. Grasher, or Keith Fieger or the good ol' seventh floor of the downtown police building

CONT.

selling without a license or permit, respond that you've checked with your lawyer and a permit is not necessary, being at all times dutifully respectful, of course.

What if you're told you're going to be busted for vagrancy or loitering if you don't move on? Tell them to go ahead (being respectful and all smiles, of course) because they're dancing right into a lawsuit. In short, YOU'RE LEGAL!

might be. Ah, yes, you could take it, you wouldn't talk. But would your friend? Could he take it? Oh sweet paranoia time. If there's any doubt, you haven't loved him enough. If there's any doubt, it could become pretty scary- You're entrusting him with your freedom, your security. And something must be coming down because a lot of busts are happening and a lot more are planned for the next two months. Of course, man, you might say, Well, what if I sang like a bird. They promised to let me go. They promised to reduce my bond; they said they had so much on me my life was so washed up I'd be singing the penitentiary blues for many moons, so what the fuck was the difference if I ratted on the whole world; besides, they'd rat on me if they had just been busted and it's probably fault that I've been busted anyway so why should I be the only one to suffer?

Well, man, I see it like this. Who says these gentlemen downtown always, or even ever, tell the truth? They see you, irregardless how much they tell you they just want to help you. Yes, they see you... as a menace to a clean society and all they really want to do is send you up the river. Don't be so hung on trusting figures of authority, if Nixon and J. Oger Hoover can lie, believe me brother, so can Lomax. Secondly, sure they can reduce your bond. Sometimes all the way from \$5000 or \$3500 to \$2000 or \$1500; but man, you probably hung yourself to get that reduction. By singing, you probably guaranteed them a conviction—by supplying them with the information they needed to make the charges stick on you and everyone else.

Lastly, if they really had enough evidence to prosecute you, they quite often wouldn't waste the time to hassle with you...Don't ever believe its all over, cause a little money and a fair taste of a lawyer can do wonders. I'm afraid the reason so many young people and even hard core freaks become Feds and informers is because they just couldn't take the shock of having mumsy and ol' red-neck dad discover that Johnny is a commie-doper. Man, if you've got the balls to do dope, you'd better have the balls to take being discovered. ered.

Finally, after tasting this tart morsel, you might say, Ya ha! the age-old paranoids! He's saying: stat saying: stay home, make no friends, meet no new people, become a hermit and start masturbating. But no, that's not the only answer. The only reason Westport doesn't know who all the informers are and who all the long-haired Feds and other uncool people are, is we don't love enough. If we were to become so involved with loving each and every other freak in our community we'd soon become aware of who wasn't loving. Love is awareness, man. If you start loving all your brothers and sisters and they love you in return, you'll be letting them into your head and you'll be able to share your trip and see what makes them tick, poop, and holler. If you love everyone you'll be aware of everyone and the badies will shine in the light like syph sores under ol' Doctor Caca la Rocca's heat lamp. So keep your head. Peace



# Miller Comes Down Kansans Grow Up

by David Perkins

It's a sure sign of Spring: the jails are crowded with dopers.

In Lawrence, Attorney General Vern Miller pulled his big raid on the morning of February 26th. Leading a band of 150 volunteer lawmen from Wichita and points east, followed by a contingent of 'newsmen' fresh from Kansas City barrooms, Vern pulled in 30 hardened criminals, 20 of them not quite twenty years old.

Vern, dutifully recorded by 'newsmen', even pulled raids in a couple of KU dormitories. Naturally enough, he didn't bother to tell the Chancellor about it until afterwards. The Kansas Regents, who last summer were blaming Chancellor Chalmers for everything going on in Lawrence, said the raids had "nothing to do with the University as such."

It was to be expected that the *Star* would splash the raid all over the front page, and it did. It even ran a picture of a kid being shaken down wearing nothing but shorts. In another picture, showing one of the criminals handcuffed behind his back and made to lie on a bed facing the wall, the *Star* caption reported the kid as 'sulking'. But the *Star* is not the only newspaper in the country that has never heard of journalism. The *Phoenix Sun* reported the raid in an eight-column front page headline: Phoenix doesn't have any problems of its own, you see.

Vern obviously meant his two-footed jump on Lawrence to be his first move of the hop, step and jump into the governor's chair. But something went wrong. The people weren't impressed.

The street people were naturally pissed off at Vern, as were Chancellor Chalmers and most of the KU students. But so were a lot of other people. It showed up in editorials and letters

The *Eldorado Times* wrote that Miller is a "zealous" lawman. "He carries along with him his own set of reporters and photographers. In almost every news photo of the raid which has been in print Miller was the central figure."

The *Manhattan Mercury* saw the raid as "glory seeking and harassment, pure and simple—entirely too reminiscent of Nazi Germany."

The *Salina Journal* wrote: "The scenario was straight out of the Prohibition Era. . . is such grandstanding the way to end the abuse and cure the evil?"

It is clear that most Kansans and most Kansas papers still think it's criminal to smoke dope, and that such criminality should be stopped. But it appears they are at least intelligent enough to scorn the idiocy and the infantilism of Vern Miller.

Well, you can't get into the second grade until you pass the first.

to the editor in the *Lawrence Journal-World*, and in other Kansas papers.

The ultra-conservative Dolph Simons of the *Journal-World*, even though an anti-doper, saw the Miller raid as a threat to serious drug abuse programs. Letter writers pointed out the hypocrisy of Miller's "law and order"; busting dope but not illegal lotteries.

The *Wichita Eagle* reported that it was obvious that all of the big dealers in Lawrence were tipped on the raid and got out clean. It also noted that taking 150 lawmen to arrest 30 people made the raid "look a little more like a publicity stunt than anything else."

The *Iola Register* noted that drug traffic in Wichita was much greater than in Lawrence, and wondered if Miller didn't raid Lawrence "because he couldn't hope for the same publicity from raids in Wichita."

## Rock Chalk Closes

PISCES RISING

The ruling structure and their lackeys who imagine they have been enlightened, think they have won a strategic psychological and physical victory by shutting down the old saloon. But the taste of victory may turn to shit in their mouths. For the people do not take insult to their culture lightly. The Chalk, a holy spot for many, will be held in high honor by all.

The basis for this article has to do with Vern Miller. He's an up and coming Spiro Agnew who seems to be more into his power and control trip than people realize. In his attempted tyranny and dictatorship of Kansas, he already controls Topeka, Lawrence and Wichita. Miller wants trouble because of his action. The people of River City are pissed and Miller is happy. He needs trouble to prove the efficiency of his law and order campaign in order to win his quest for governor or wherever he assumes his power trip will take him in '72. There are people in Lawrence who say "cool it", but there are even more people who are associating that phrase with the devastation caused by the pacifistic attitude of the German people while the Jews were being murdered in their midst.

Miller's action in shutting down the Chalk doesn't solve any problems of drugs, congestion or whatever. The people will still be in

that general area more together for the spring struggle. The people of River City will turn every bar into a Rock Chalk Cafe. The closing of the Chalk is a symbol and actual fact of repression on the whole freak community. Vern Miller may think he was smart, but the Rock Chalk will be in the streets this spring.

The notorious Rock Chalk Cafe (get your Velvet Freeze ice cream) is closed. As some of you may know, Lawrence street dealers were busted last month by the Attorney General, Vern Miller. Miller with his Gestapo Midnight Raiders, busted 30 people, most of whom dealt out of the Chalk.

So this month Miller or some of his Agents (his own security detail) told (or forced?) Virgil, the owner, to cancel Don's lease. The Lawrence city council refused to stand up to Miller as they're scared shitless. Don is out his daily bread, the street people have to move on down the street and Miller gloats as the Chalk is shut down. The people of Kansas will hail Miller as their newest Saviour and the street freaks are more repressed.

The Chalk went out with a party that will be retold as the Last Night Party. Kegs of beer were tapped in the street, and River City citizens partied into the dawn. This is the same block, where last July, people massed and Nick Rice was gunned in Oread Street.

### JESUS FREAKS cont. from page 15

explanation: "The world is like a room that is really burning up fast and there are twenty doors but only one of these really leads out- We're really into telling others about this door because we love them. The world really is burning up fast and the door, of course, is Jesus. We just want to save others and there's so little time!"

Finally, as an objective reporter I only related what I saw and heard. Do your thing, and if it feels good keep on doing it. So as a closing taste of what fruit my search has shown me, I feel I must share a few of Bonnie Russell's words which seem to express an honesty I felt rewarding- "Haven't you ever wondered where the love, the joy, and the peace of childhood was lost as you grew. I feel that when you're a child with a fresh clean mind you were dependent on someone's love and care. You trusted someone bigger than you. As an adult reality blows your mind with wars, hate, and death- But that need not be the adult's

reality. He can trust in Jesus. Jesus can give you that child-like love, joy, and peace."



i have known you in shadow  
i have known you in sunlight,  
go in beauty,  
find what you want  
find what you need,  
i love you.

THE HUMAN BEINGS

by

*Attila*

the ways of old  
lie hidden in sand.  
the reeds whistle  
and the elks know  
go in beauty,  
search for the word.  
listen to the reeds  
whisper to the elks.  
we have known  
we shall know  
we touch the land  
without holding  
and the land gives love.  
go in beauty  
own nothing  
touch everything  
i have loved you  
and love you still  
my people- ancient  
will be the sands- eternal  
will be the mountains- immobile  
will be the earth- you will never own.  
go in beauty  
weave with old brown hands  
a starblanket  
for the child growing,  
the child who is the future  
weave the ancient—a starblanket  
walk in beauty.  
barefoot in the snow  
walk softly on the stars

we are brothers growing up together  
go in beauty, dakota



## Kim-Bo Oriental

### JEWELRY

### LANTERNS

### DECORATIVE ITEMS

PLUS The store at 39th. & Main also carries  
Brown Rice, Egg Noodles, Bean Sprouts, and  
other Organic Foods.

# 金寶商社

119 E. 12th. Downtown

3955 Main, Westport

# GOLD RUSH IN S.E. ASIA

## Oil & Indochina: Why the U.S. Holds On

LIBERATION NEWS SERVICE

A major reason for the recent invasion of Laos by South Vietnamese and American military personnel is the destruction of a petroleum products pipeline running out of North Vietnam just north of the DMZ into Southern Laos, according to recently de-classified Air Force testimony before the Electronic Battlefield Subcommittee of the Senate Armed Services Committee.

The existence of the pipeline was disclosed in Senate testimony before the Committee on November 18, 1970 by Brig. Gen. William John Evans, though the details of the diameter and length were not revealed. This pipeline would appear to have played an important part in the North Vietnamese troop movements along the Ho Chi Minh Trail, supplying an estimated 3,000 six-wheel heavy Russian trucks with fuel. The Air Force disclosed that within the last two and one-half years the portion of the trail open to trucks in the dry season has been extended from 350 to 1,550 miles.

The terminal point for the pipeline lies somewhere in the vicinity of Tchepone, a key depot along the diverse network of roads and supply routes running from North Vietnam into South Vietnam and Cambodia. Repeated bombing over the past four years has failed to halt the flow of material through these Laotian "sanctuaries."

While oil may be important for understanding the motivation of the invasion of Laos, it also appears to be assuming greater importance in the formation of overall war policy for Southeast Asia.

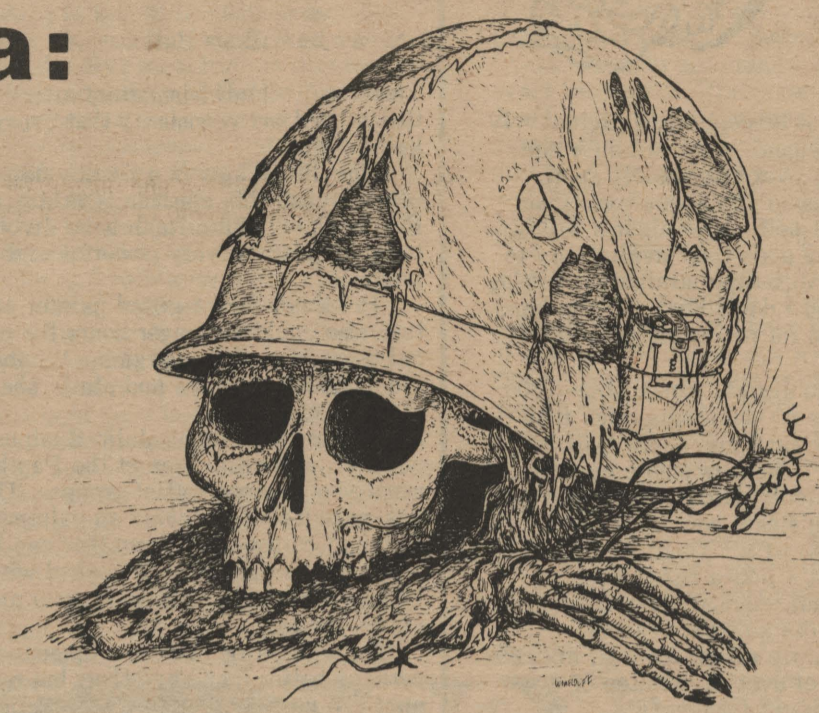
"One of the world's richest areas is open to the winner in Indochina," wrote U.S. News and World Report just before Dienbienphu, on April 16, 1954. "Tin, rubber, rice, key strategic raw materials are what the war is really about. The U.S. sees it as a place to hold - at any cost."

Speaking in Boston in 1965, LBJ's ambassador to Vietnam, Henry Cabot Lodge, went a step further: "He who holds or has influence in Vietnam can affect the future of the Philippines and Formosa to the east, Thailand and Burma with their huge rice surpluses to the west, and Malaysia and Indonesia with their rubber, oil, and tin to the south. Vietnam thus does not exist in a geographical vacuum-- from its large storehouses of wealth and population can be influenced and undermined."

The American oil giants' stampede to Southeast Asia began after the 1965 coup in Indonesia by pro-American generals which left a half million communists dead but opened the door wide to foreign investment. Southeast Asian oil's importance was heightened by the Six Day War in 1967 which cut off the Suez Canal to important Middle Eastern oil shipments. "Major companies are eager to diversify their sources of petroleum because of political uncertainty in the Middle East, the world's major source of crude (oil) today," wrote Fortune magazine in March, 1970.

Now the oil rush in Southeast Asia has reached the shores of South Vietnam, where exploration for long-suspected offshore oil reserves has been underway since 1969. Currently, sixteen American oil companies along with two Japanese firms and one Canadian company, expect to begin negotiations with the Thieu-Ky regime in late February or early March for seventeen major oil concessions. The oil companies clearly have a real interest in having Nixon hold on to Indochina at any cost.

To some observers, the oil companies' quick action for Vietnamese concessions indicates that they have received a clear message from the President. Jacques Decornoy, the Southeast Asia editor of the French daily, Le Monde, wondered in that paper's January 8 issue, "Have the oil companies perhaps received some solid assurances from Washington concerning the United States willingness to 'hold' Indochina, and South Vietnam in particular?"



"In view of such haste, one is tempted to think so," he concludes. "The companies have already begun to invest, even though President Nixon has begun using the slogan of 'Vietnamization.'"

The importance of Southeast Asian oil stems from predictions that within the next ten years the industrial world will consume as much petroleum as was produced in the entire previous history of oil. A U.S. oil expert with fifteen years experience in Southeast Asia has said that in five years "the off-shore oil fields of Thailand, Cambodia, Malaysia, South Vietnam, and Indonesia will be ready to produce. . . more than is now produced in the whole Western world."

The Vietnamese oil discovery has been made the more significant by the attempt of OPEC, the international consortium of oil-producing countries, to force the oil companies to grant them a larger cut of Middle Eastern oil revenues. The OPEC action will cost American oil companies at least \$1.2 billion annually.

But with the "friendly" governments of Indochina, the possibility is much higher for American oil companies to negotiate contracts on much better terms. The Vietnamese leases will give American companies a 45/55 split with the government, much higher than the 32 1/2/67 1/2 split they get now from Indonesia.

But the ultimate reason for the American companies' passionate interest in the Vietnamese and

other Southeast Asian oil fields is not simple profit, but control of vital oil reserves. As has been the case since WW II, American economic influence in Asia rests on the American ability to control Japan's supply of raw materials and its available markets. An independent, socialist Southeast Asia would pull Japan into expanded trade both with itself and China and end its reliance on the U.S.

Such a shift in the Pacific balance of power could deal a shattering blow to the American big business strategy to keep and extend its position in the world economy.

As the major source of the world's usable energy, oil has an importance in international politics far out of proportion to its dollar volume. Emphasizing the link between oil and international relations, a Department of State Bulletin in October stated "Our inventory are predominant in world petroleum, and petroleum is by far the largest single commodity in world commerce."

For many underdeveloped countries, American control of their energy sources is a major obstacle to industrialization. To develop these sources for themselves is made even more difficult by the oil giants' stranglehold on exploration and drilling technology, shipping, refining, and distribution.

What frightens the major international oil companies is the prospect of an independent Southeast Asia, developing its own resources for the needs of its own people. As Southeast Asia's



Doo-wah  
Doo-wah

by

Don Harthcock



This column will not be concerned exclusively with reviewing new albums. A lot of us for one reason or another pass over some really good stuff, and I want to remind you about some that were terrific but didn't sell. New albums will also be reviewed, depending upon their availability to this reviewer. This will be the straightest writing I've done in years, and I don't know if I can handle it. Albums supplied for reviewing from LOVE.

MUNGO JERRY (Mungo Jerry), Janus, JXS-7000  
This album credits no musicians other than the four group members: Paul King, Colin Earl, Mike Cole, and Ray Dorset. There is ample evidence of heavy influence from Geoff Muldaur and Jim Kweskin, of that famous Jug Band, and Jerry Lee Lewis peeps through the piano riffs. There is no imitation of these people; it's just a case of letting your influences hang out. Mungo Jerry understand their music, and I dig the shit out of them.

This is a British-style album; that is, six cuts per side, with a total of over 41 minutes of dynamite music, original except for two cuts.

Side One starts with an excellent parody of Elvis — sounds like what in the fifties was "recorded in an echo chamber." Johnny B. Badde is good jug band music and is followed by the classic San Francisco Bay Blues, which they do almost better than anybody, except Jesse Fuller. Sad Eyed Joe and Maggie, with kazoos and blues harps are very good, and the closer, Peace In The Country, just soars. It sounds like an old cartoon in places, and it's really a knockout. This side is very similar to amyI nitrite.

Side Two is mixed louder than Side One, probably because it starts with the group's hit, In The Summertime. As funky as you remember this song to be, it is actually slick compared to the rest of the album. See Me reminds me of Rick von Schmidt, for some reason, and Movin' On is another knockout. This one has some beautiful fiddle, and the changes in it are perhaps indicative of where these people are really at. My Friend is about the best offering on the album, and Mother\*!#!\*! Boogie is an O.K. instrumental. The ending song is called Tramp and is very nice. It sounds like a Bertold Brecht song — very different from the general charisma of the album. Buy this one, but not at Katz.

WONDERWALL MUSIC BY GEORGE HARRISON  
Apple, ST-3350

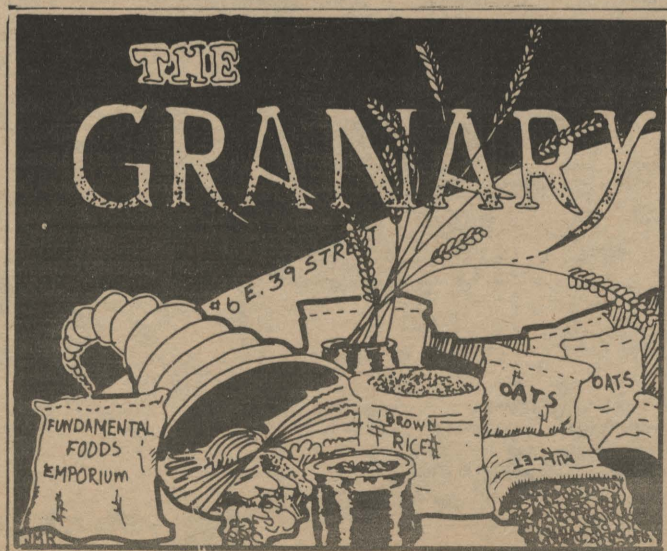
This is my all-time-number-one album. It was recorded in Bombay and is almost entirely instrumental. The music is published by Maclen Music Ltd., BMI. Written, arranged and produced by George Harrison for Apple Records. Recorded in India, December, 1967.

The back cover looks suspiciously like the Berlin Wall. The front is a surrealist painting of a British-looking gentleman standing on one side of a brick wall (with one brick missing), and ten Indian maidens bathing on the other side. I visualize the old guy taking a peek through the brick-hole and being transported, like Alice, falling into another world.

Some of the passages evoke memories of the film "Yellow Submarine," especially Dream Scene, which has vocals and knocks me out. It's not right to say it "knocks me out." Rather, it stonies me entirely, every time I play it. This album is a joy, a multiple joy, to trip to (to which to trip?).

Harrison is not credited for playing on the album, so I don't know what he plays, but some of the guitar sounds like him. The musicians listed are mostly Indian, and even Lilly Tomlin would agree that they're all very tasteful.

Play this one at your next gathering of friends and see what happens. It is a soothing, spiritual



## The TV Babies & Advertisement For a Dream

by William Ball

There are two new, important artistic groups in action around our community that everyone should know about.

*The TV Babies* is a freak video tape group that occur around this community at any moment. John Puscheck and Julie Rush have divorced themselves to pick up on the very powerful medium of video tape.

Puscheck was a gifted painter at the Art Institute who could no longer honor the canvas as a focal point of mythic energies. He abandoned the ole symbols of colors and static shapes for the new medium of medium or video tape. Julie Rush used to be an activist, a familiar face at the Panther rallies, a member of various leftist groups. This combination has made *The TV Babies* an extremely effective, roaming, on-top-of-it group that can be at the right place at the right time to control with integrity and insight the brutally realistic eyes and ears of television unit.

The television speaks a language we all know, perhaps better than any other, but rarely does it speak to us or with eloquence. Julie and John can make it do both, and eventually they may be able to make cassettes of their work so that more people can view it. For now, it is necessary to catch them at the events they are recording and wait for them to do a playback.

Video tape works like simple audio tape; playback is immediate and does not require processing. They did this at Steve Baer's lecture here on Drop City and the science of domes and more recently they covered Bruce Ricker's Harrison Street Review benefit. The benefit lasted until dawn. They did an excellent job of capturing on of Sound Farm's most inspired concerts and a sensitive treatment of the unique performance by *Advertisement for a Dream*.

*Advertisement for a Dream* is one of the most advanced, hard working groups of young musicians playing in our community, as anyone who has heard their Sunday afternoon work at the Sign can tell you. Their music is extremely unusual for a Kansas City group and deserved a close listening. The quartet features Dave Lorenz on electric guitar, Joe Ridding on electric piano and bass, Arny Young on drums and Jack Blacket on tenor and alto saxes. Their music is terse, purposely lopsided, quick, drum-engulfed, fluid, largely improvisational and at times sarcastic. An attempt to put this

album which becomes a cartoon at will. Parts of Side One remind me of Van Dyke Parks, and that stonies me, too.

SONG-CYCLE Van Dyke Parks, Warner Bros., WS-1727

Warner Brothers has almost all my favorite people recording for them, and they show continued good faith in beautiful people who don't always sell a million. Van Dyke Parks' Song Cycle is/has been WB's biggest saddest commercial failure. This album hasn't sold very well since its release in (I believe) 1967, but they continue to tell people about it. They should. It is superb.

If you have an old Song Cycle, I am told, you can send it in to WB along with a penny and get two fresh ones, one for a friend.

This is an indefinable album, which is part of what makes it brilliant. Side One begins with Randy Newman's Vine Street, produced by Newman. It is followed by Parks' things, the rest of the way, and all of it is good, good. He makes use of "sound effects" (it says on the back) which sounds like synthesized music. The Moog was becoming very popular about the time of this album's release, and the Beatles were using it secretly then. I know Van Dyke has done a lot of synthesized commercials

music in historical context would probably have to mention the influence of John Coltrane, to a lesser extent that of Ornette Coleman and Albert Ayler (found dead this year floating in New York's East River), and, oddly, just a touch of Lester Young. If Charlie Parker's music could be analogized to modern sculpture as standing for the work and school of Brancusi then this music would be like that of Henry Moore; broad, thick, flat, iron-like tenor forms as opposed to slender, nimble, delicate, silver alto forms.

These influences reveal themselves in different ways. Most of *Advertisement for a Dream's* up-tempo pieces are relatively short and very dense during the ensemble. In this mood the group comes off as particularly biting, rocking and blunt, with Blacket favoring the un sentimental lower register of his tenor. This fast, grinding movement, with its tenacious grip on the listeners' sensibilities, is usually followed by the traditional spaces for individual soloists. Occasionally so much white space is allotted during this period of the piece that one feels he has just left the floor of Grand Central and is probably the group's only flaw. The enormous, compelling power of the introductory statements is sometimes off balance in relationship to the solo phase. When they're really hot, however, no power is lost in the transition; every voice rises, in turn, to authentic, articulate passion. Often toward the end of the up-tempo pieces they enter for a moment the strange domain discovered by Coltrane near the end of his life and also extensively explored by Albert Ayler: an atonal cacophony, a primitive, haunted jungle of terrified animal sounds.

Advertise

*Advertisement for a Dream* can produce several textures and moods, but one of their most memorable is evoked during the very slow pieces. These long, well balanced, thoughtful inquiries often feature Blacket's upper register tenor work which is distinctly lyrical and fresh. This Lyricism given greater depth by Dave Lorenz' strange, clipped style of short, interlocking phrases, Jew Riddig's almost harp-like statements and Arny Young's ceaselessly conversant drum work. Sometimes when these long, slow, elegant lines of thought run uninterrupted for long minutes the music dissolves away and the experience becomes like a silent inner movie. A movie you'll never see in any theatre.

and there is almost no doubt that a lot of this album is Moog work.

The assisting musicians are too many to list, but include such notables as Hal Blaine, Randy Newman, Dick Rosmini, and Red Rhodes. Producer was Lenny Waronker, who's still doing good things for WB:R.

Van Dyke's lyrics are just as far out as his music although sometimes they are difficult to understand (WB will send you the lyrics to this album if you write their copyright department). The difficulty in understanding the words comes almost entirely from Van Dyke's method of recording, i.e., his voice is just another one of many instruments, but from time to time these little gems charge out and stonies you, like his dry "What's up Laurel Canyon must even eventually come down," doubtless directed at Papa Denny. This is an innovative album, considered radical (technically, not politically) when first released.

IF YOU HAVE A COPY OF WORD JAZZ BY KEN NORDINE, PLEASE LET ME KNOW WHERE YOU GOT IT.

OIL & INDOCHINA cont.

important natural resources include not only oil, but also tin, tungsten, iron, bauxite, copper, nickel, and rubber. Southeast Asia development is not only possible, but likely, if current independence movements achieve victory.

But America's great oil families, who stand to lose most if Southeast Asian oil comes under Southeast Asian control, have a strong ally in the White House. The Mellons (Gulf), the Rockefellers (who have large interests in all oil companies that grew out of the Standard Oil trust), and other oil families contributed some \$600,000 to Nixon's 1968 presidential campaign. They need only remind him that his political fortunes rest upon the continued expansion of American corporate capitalism, an expansion fueled by Asian oil and Asian oil revenues.

The reasons for the U.S. presence in Indochina go much deeper than the control of raw materials in Southeast Asia. The extent of the petroleum reserves is really not yet known. The disproportionate influence that the oil industry has over U.S. foreign policy, however, should make it clear that "black gold" will be an important factor in the U.S. decision to escalate or accept defeat.



# Hey Joe!

# You Got Gum?



Bernadette Devlin, Irish international Socialist and member of British Parliament, spoke Friday night, March 5, to a full house at UMKC. It was a windy, chilly night and outside of Pierson Hall a couple of middle-aged guys stood posted with flags and placards denouncing her. During the sixties the show was stolen from this familiar type of midwestern protester but now, as the long evening of the 1970's advances, they come out again like moons. Inside, the audience (not even any standing room left) is divided into two camps: the longhairs and Middle America. Miss Devlin, conservatively dressed and, as they say, "neat in appearance," stands barely a foot above the podium. From this focal point of attention she begins her weighty but succinct, intelligent, Irish intoned articulation of a world crisis in which the have-nots everywhere are gathering power and solidarity for an ultimate confrontation with an oppressiveworld order, an order over which the Amerikan and Russian powers are presented to brood like sullen cops in ominous helicopters on the alert for illegal assembly. It would have been impossible to forget that, at the very moment she was presenting her analysis to our well behaved Midwestern audience, the petrol bombs were being made ready for early morning attacks in Northern Ireland (reported the next day by AP and placed at the foot of the STAR story reporting Miss Devlin's talk), the cease fire was drawing to a close in the Middle East, the men at air bases in South Vietnam were loading warmed napalm into the jets while others dragged away the mangled, chitinous bodies of downed helicopters in Laos, the Maoists were preparing for new action in Ceylon, the QLF licking its wounds angrily in Montreal, the Tupumaro planning more outrages in Montevideo while everywhere else sonar listens to the oceans and radar watches the skies. Against this backdrop of world terror Miss Devlin's entrancing, poetically rational voice incongruously announces an anger and a commitment to action that is startling for such a plain, commonly dressed, slightly plump 23 year old girl with mild blue-green eyes.

She states that the strife in Northern Ireland is not a provincial religious conflict but another world theatre of confrontation between classes. She makes her identification with the American Black Revolution obvious. Referring to police slayings of such Black Panther leaders as Fred Hampton she says, "All of these justifiable homicides, it runs a bit thin doesn't it?" She voices her personal horror at the war in Vietnam and the violent suppression in Amerika. She makes her support of all dissent in the United States clear. Presumably the audience has paid to sit and hear countless such denunciations of this country in the past but not denunciations that so closely linked us with the Soviet Union and, most likely, they usually came from Oriental faces, Black faces, Brown faces and not from smiling Irish eyes. She states that she believes no Socialist government can exist in a capitalist world economy and that she considers herself a member of the forces of international Socialist revolution. She declaims the USSR as a form of state capitalism and she says she would like to redefine the working class as anyone who has to work for a living, discarding the traditional Marxian concept of the proletariat. A question and answer period follows and the seeming passivity of the audience evaporates. An older Irish woman with an accent to rival Miss Devlin's stands up and accuses her of betraying the Irish people and of coming to this country to stir up trouble. Her lilting condemnation ends with the comment, "...I'm proud to be an American God

love 'em." Miss Devlin lights up a cigarette and shouts down at her, "And just what trouble am I stirrin up Mrs. ? I'm tellin' the truth and I don't see it stirrin' up any trouble." A man stands up on the other side of the crowded, over-hot auditorium and with a cigarette smoldering between his fingers takes the floor-mike and announces, "I've heard you criticize this country enough but I haven't heard you say you wanted out from under British rule." "Some things," she answers "said outright are crimes, sir, but you understand what we want." The cigarette smokes between her fingers like a miniature of all the tear gas bombs that fell in Bogside and the cigarette in his hand smokes like a sliver of the phosphorus that fell over Normandy on D Day. Back again on the other side of the auditorium, a young guy this time, states that she herself is exploiting this audience by charging money. She retorts, "I'm up here earnin' it. I would have talked off campus if I could have but they told me the policy was to go through a speakers bureau. Evidently they tell the students this, evidently the students believe them. The bureau takes thirty percent of my money. I would speak off campus for less and take home the same amount." When asked what the money would be used for she explains that it will go to fund a Socialist research center in Ireland whose purpose would be to educate Irish people in the matters of Government/Industry corruption. Another girl asks her if she really thinks the usual educational processes are so bad, "we're being liberalized, aren't we?" Miss Devlin glances at her, "You're being taught to carry on and that's all." Another young guy, "Then why are you a Member of Parliament?" "I'm a Member of Parliament because I believe it has no authentic power. I joined something in the manner your CIA people infiltrate peace groups. At home I denounce Parliament every day." An older man in a suit asks if she thinks Socialism seeks to destroy the family. She replies, "Capitalism is destroying the family right here in your own country, can't you see that? Socialism supports the family because it does not teach competition and exploitation." When questioned about Northern Irish terrorist groups she said, "There is a very small group, fifty or so, extremely militant Catholics who bomb. But when they blow up a television mast or some such thing all they do is inflict heavier taxes on the neighboring people who must pay for it. As for the IRA (Irish Republic Army) no one in Bogside appreciated them until the English soldiers came and then they were the only ones who knew how to shoot." She is stopping further questions. Her parting shot, "We WILL win." She leaves the stage slowly, beleaguereadly. I was able to get through the crowd to the circle around her just as her escorts were easing her toward the swinging doors which would cloister her. She was backing away from a conversation with a young girl whose eyebrows were arched in the pleading expression of someone who had been trying to make a point stick. Miss Devlin was saying to her, "... wait till they put a hole through your head and you can die in peace too." Paul Erlich writes on page 74 of the *Population Bomb*, "Scenario 11. In 1979, the last non-communist government in Latin America, that of Mexico, is replaced by a Chinese supported military junta. The change occurs at the end of a decade of failure and frustration for the United States. Famine has swept repeatedly across Asia, Africa and South America. Food riots have often become anti-American riots. . . ." Hey Joe you got gum? Hey Joe you got gum?

William Ball

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9  
8

# YELLOW

## a quartet

by Hotsie Totsie

That winter the same bulldyke came into the cafe every morning. Steam all over the windows of the place, the shitty red-colored CAFE sign blinking frosty through the dripping glass, nobody in the place but me and a couple of truckers shooting their mouths off at the counter and she would walk in wearing a sweat shirt, baggy bowling pants, dirty white socks with little soiled blue bunnies embroidered on them and shoes that looked like the sidewalk, would be invisible if they were placed on the sidewalk. She always had a LUCKY or a CAMEL smoldering between her stained fingers when she walked up to the pinball machine and she always sauntered up to it like it was a dyke lover of hers that had cheated on her with a man: full of reproach, anger, tenderness, humiliation, victory and bitterness. She slammed the cold nickels into the cold chrome coin slot like the slugs in an M16 and all the sexy cowgirls would light up. Jerking the spring lever like some guy's cock, she pumped the ball bearings into it. They rolled, bounced, bumped, collided, stuttered and jiggled over the flashing internal organs of the machine that sparked and buzzed until the shiny foreign particles slipped through the bottom flippers flapping like the valves of a heart in illness or flight. The scoreboard unraveled its numbers like a nervous breakdown in the mind of the Manned Space Craft Center. Her hands slapped and punched the machine. Feeding it more ball bearings, more nickels, the cowgirls would dance like her—lassos blinking on and off above their perfect faces. Both a vampire and a docoor of the machine, she make it sicker and sicker until the whole scoreboard glowed in the colors of a fever but always avoided the death-tilt with her loving, desperate body english. Then the businessmen would start coming in, their grizzled necks hanging like turkey throats over their stiff white collars, to order their bacon and eggs. Used to gogo dancers and topless waitresses at night they would not look at the dancer in the back of the cafe. Rush hour traffic would jam the street outside and the heat and exhaust of the new day would erase the fog on the inside of the cafe window. There would be a line at the cash register, coffee steaming in cups on every table and police sirens opening in the street like fresh switch blades, bright and shiny in the sunlight. Finally the noise of the day would rise up and drown out her performance so that she danced completely unnoticed in the back, connected to the machine by her wrinkled hands, the ashes of LUCKYS or CAMELS dropping from her fingers like gnarled fruit in winter. At that hour every morning the same big bus, as yellow as a lemon, would eclipse the window and drown us all in a wave of yellow light that lasted about as long as it took to strike a match.

The sky warned him first. His shadow and the shadow of the suitcase he carried had disappeared an hour ago. Earlier the sky just over his head had been smoothly clouded with the sun low and orange in the west. Now the clouds above him were shaped like the bottoms of egg cartons and instead of the sun a monumental explosion of white cloud boiled upward like a giant flower unfolding in a time lapse film. Behind him, to the south, the sky was the color of a bruise turning to gangrene. Black birds flew against it. On his right in the east, a mountain range of flint colored clouds stood motionless just above the horizon. He could see sheets of lightning flicker deep in the gorges and crevasses and sometimes shoot out in blinding chromium flashes the shapes of veins in leaves, down into the bluish air at their feet. But no thunder. The wind was strong. He made his way along the last hill toward the address he knew so well. There wasn't a person in any of the front yards and not a car on the street. It looked very bad and he tried to hurry but the heavy suitcase would not permit real flight. As he entered the familiar front yard he

could hear sirens starting to wind up. But the wind, he told himself as he rushed for the front door, the wind is still high. He pushed the carved oak door shut against the wind and set his suitcase, in the comparative silence of the hallway, on the marble floor. He could hear the voice of a television weatherman speaking with urgency but he could not make out the words. He stepped quickly into the breakfast room toward the sound. There sat his friend of many years at a glass table upon which stood a bright yellow telephone, a transistor TV, a tiny ashtray with a cigarette smoking in it and a piece of colored paper that held a pile of white powder. Beyond the glass table and the back of his friend's head, French doors lead to a walled patio and offered a view of the blinding white thunderhead that mushroomed slowly upward on the western horizon. "Jim," he said, "Jim, it's me." Jim turned abruptly, his jagged rock face breaking into a smile. "Long time no see," Jim said and turned to pick up his cigarette and blow a long column of smoke into the blue light of the television set. He took a seat quickly at the table with his friend. A test pattern hummed on the screen of the set with the words, "United States Weather Bureau Tornado Alert. Take Shelter." He looked into the face of his friend for a reaction, possibly a nod in the direction of the door that lead to the basement. He only stared smoking at the screen. "A funnel cloud has been sighted in northwestern Johnson County five miles east of Olathe, Kansas and is moving, possibly on the ground, in a south-southwesterly direction at approximately fifteen miles an hour. Residents of eastern Johnson County, southern Douglas County and western Jackson County are advised to take immediate precautions. This sighting has been confirmed by the official Johnson County Sheriff's office. Another sighting on the outskirts of Harrisonville in northern Cass County has just come to our attention. Residents of Harrisonville are advised..." "Jim," he said, "I've come back because I'm scared. I'm scared I might be going crazy. Jim" he said, "Jim," Jim was rolling the ripped away cover of a match flap into a slim cylinder. "No you aren't," Jim said. "you're all right." He stuck the cylinder into one nostril, poked it into the white powder and snorted deeply. He repeated the operation in his other nostril. "What is that?" "Coke" Jim said. The wind was dying outside. He saw through the French doors that the leaves of the trees barely moved. The patio was overcast with a greenish tint. Jim picked up the receiver and punched out a number on the yellow panel of the phone. "Hello," he said, "This is the Telephone Company. How many phones do you have in your home.....well we have received a disturbance on our meters that suggests a short circuit in one of them that may cause a fire.....you'll have to pull the cords out until we find the trouble.....yes there is nothing else to do.....evidently that was not the phone you'll have to try another one.....no there may not be a great deal of time.....we are receiving the same disturbance you must try the one we are speaking on....." Outside the leaves were as still as sculpture. In the street a police car passed very slowly sounding its siren.

Leaves crackled under our boots. Innumerable things splintered or broke apart as we walked. The woods were still. Once, maybe, a bird's shrill noise, once a squirrel chattering from a bare limb, walnut skin dropping from his dry hands. We stood at the edge of a clearing.

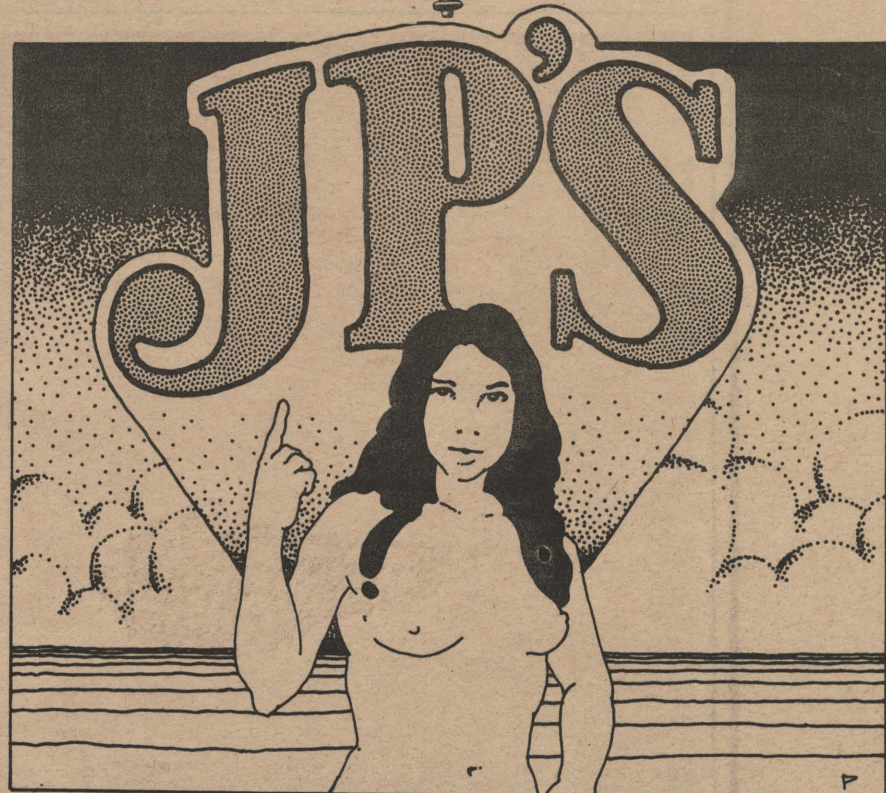
A half mile of brittle tree tops rose up several hills ahead of us and touched the milky blue sky. While where the first branches touched the sky a flock of birds rose and fell like black tickertape in the wind. Nothing moved in the clearing. Wrinkled green hedge apples lay in the dead grass near a log. Pale orange mushrooms stuck out of the log like ears. All around them the bark had blistered and fallen to the ground. We crossed the



clearing and started down a small incline that lead to a creek. It was necessary to grip the bark of the trees on the way down. Even so a great many things loosened and rolled on ahead of us to the bed of stones that stretched out to the creek. Hedge apples lay among the stones too, and on some of the slimmer branches of small trees persimmons drooped down. I slipped within a few feet of the water and went down with the weight of my body on my outstretched hand striking a stone as though the stone had been hurled into my palm by a powerful sling. A red thermometer line of blood ran down my palm and my hand shook very slightly at the wrist. We sat on the rocks near the water. He wiped his glasses with his shirt tail. We scraped matches over the stones and lit our cigarettes. The stones were scratched and pitted, full of jagged circles, broken triangles, interrupted stars, and irregular spirals, etched with fossils, perforated by tiny clusters of holes and engraved with shiny bits of mica. Some were smooth and dense as lead. Some were too light to throw and crumbled in my fingers. Piles of black walnut scraps stood among the stones left by the squirrels. I scooted closer to the still water. A hedge apple poked out of the shallow. The surface of it full of creases and convolutions like a green brain. I picked up a stick shaped like a long, curved claw and turned the hedge apple with it. The lower hemisphere of the apple had softened in the water. Leaves on the bottom made a speckled bed under the clear water like the skin of a lizard or snake.

The reflection of milky clouds mixed on the surface of the water like liquid marble. The surface was speckled with patches of blue like an egg that was a mirror. I pushed the hedge apple so that it rolled down the bank and hit the bottom. Mud swirled upward more slowly than smoke or brown ink. A bird appeared on the surface. Its image passed into the shadow of a rock and disappeared. We crushed our cigarettes against the stones and went on. We disturbed the stillness for miles. At our backs near the horizon, the milky blue was spotted with white puffs of cloud. When we reached the shack we found only these things: a wind chime on the front porch that had five bamboo fingers in which wasps had laid their eggs (the fingers casting a shadow on a window like an open hand), a window sill inside filled with dry dead insects (a broken spider's web hanging over them) and a pillow on which the imprint of a human head lay like a fossil. At the door I turned to look into the face of my friend. A tiny yellow spider was crawling up the pocket of his shirt and when I looked for his eyes behind his glasses I could see only the reflection of puffy clouds in the round, bright lenses and for a moment, the image of a bird.

As gray and glaring as steel, a solid blanket of cloud, steel wool, pressed over the countryside that he drove along. The highway rolled toward him like a ribbon of steel. He passed cows eating in a field to the foot of a huge billboard bearing a Senator's face that gazed out over the meadow. Dilapidated barns, a speed limit sign that had been hit by a shotgun, a few roadhouses, a few towns, the signs advertising QUAKER STATE and TOMCO GENETIC GIANT tractors now and then by the side of the road. Sunday. The little towns empty Hamburger stands and bars closed up. Kansas City had been empty too when he left. The streets deserted like his hotel lobby. Not even anyone watching pay TV at that hour in the morning. Just her behind the desk, watching. "Where are you going at this hour. You, Mr. Connections." He had told her things like, "The lobby of this place is like a crypt under the pyramids. See those guys watching the set? They're like the dead pharaohs." "Really?" She would say sarcastically with her deep cancer of the larynx voice, "and who am I, King Tut?" Or he would say, "That dress you got on is like summertime. Fall is coming and all of those flowers are going to fall off." Or he would say, "See those little spots all over your hands. They're like the periods of invisible sentences. If you could see the sentences they would tell you why you should have never come to Kansas City." And she would say, "Always making some wise ass connection between things aren't you. Why don't you connect the fact that you live here with fact that your rent is two weeks due, Mr. Connections." She stood behind the cash register at all hours with one hand in a sack of Fritos and one hand on a Coke. She had Frito breath and salty Frito fingers. He might walk to Twelfth Street Recreation and in the mahogany light of the cue racks and shine chairs, shoot the one-pocket geezers who hung out there smelling like cigars and the powder they lubricated their sticks with. He might take the quarters he won from the pockets of their Good Will suits, buy a bottle and walk along Twelfth drinking from a sack to WONDERLAND, "the world's finest arcade." He played Skee Ball and sometimes traded the things he won for cigarettes with the kids who hung around outside. Sometimes he would work the lever of the machine that make I-D coins. Stamping "want to fuck me?" on them and leaving them around as tips at lunch counters. Sometimes he might go to the back and watch the scratchy films of girls playing with their tits. Or turn the crane around trying to drop its flimsy jaws on a watch or a cigarette lighter. Or he might take the bus out to Fairyland and drive the bumper cars or sit in the Electric Chair. And on Sundays he gave The Greek five bucks and a carton of cigarettes to borrow his car and drive down to see his old man. He took the pressure off the gas at the Nevada speed limit sign. Radar controlled, it said. A light rain started to pepper the windshield. He worked the wiper knob. The wipers licked across the glass and spread the rain smooth. He passed the John Deere store at the entrance to the town, the silhouette of a deer in flight on a sign over the showroom, the gravel lot in front tangled with the metal arms of tractors. The car rattled down the main drag strewn in the gray light with gas stations, body shops, motels, bowling alleys, bait shops, wooden churches and grocery stores. Two fat women crossed an intersection in the wind, gray overcoats, gray hair. He passed the drive-in theatre on the outskirts of town, a field of poles stretching up to the pink screen that pressed against the dull sky. It was pouring by the time he drove into the visitors' lot and parked. The desk nurse and the attendants always nodded to him when he came in. He said to the desk nurse, "This nut house is like a cathedral in a bombed out sector of some European city where everybody sits around praying for the coming of the Third World War." She said nothing, her hand working a pen over some form, her eyes wandering the deserted hallway. His father was seated at the window of his room in a bathrobe. He sat down next to him. Without looking at him, his father took his hand and pointed out the window with his free hand. "Look," he said, "here it comes. The Dark Ages. The Dark Ages." Out the window a big yellow semi loaded with yellow tractors was storming down the highway blowing up a wave of muddy water that flew at its side like a sail. "No shit," he said, "The Dark Ages."



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Now, my brothers and sisters, as you strain toward the floor grasping for your melted brain, gasping from the shock "Jesus" has rent upon your oh so sophisticated "open mind", I wish you to know that this writer is not a christian (How could a Christian be objective), but due to the miraculous spread of the Jesus movement throughout the Freak communities of the world this writer felt that to remain a well-informed lover of all he should check-out just where so many of his Jesus-Freak friends' heads were at.

On a very physical level, they believe they're unit with God, filled with the very real Holy Spirit, and perfectly secure and totally happy with the love of a living and loving Jesus. Like "Wowy-Zowy" you say, and that is what they'd say, and smilingly you'll say you've heard all this before: from mums and dadums, from granny gruncakes, and most emphatically from literally hundreds of holy holy holy Churches. Right on! But the product isn't same, and the Jesus freaks are the first to tell you and that is why this writer asks you to keep on reading this rap, since it's a new trip instead of the old bull-line the churches are selling.


This writer does not plan to start waving cute bibbled quotes as that's not my trip; rather, first, I will leave that to those who are walking Jesus and his word up and down the street and relate a little "here's where and what's happenening" song and dance, and second, I will introduce you to some of our brother and sisters who so openly shared their trip with me. Lastly this writer will comment on the gut-level feeling I felt amidst the Jesus-happenings, prayer meetings, and spiritfilled rap sessions which I've witnessed these last two weeks.

The center of activity as well as the primary bastion of faith for all who need to "grow in the Lord" is the House of Agape at 4310 Harrison (agape means the love of God for mankind). At Agape, much of the early work of the Westport Jesus people began last summer with the bible study classes gathering

# "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst for righteousness: for they shall be filled"

or  
An objective taste, a tiny morsel of the Jesus trip.

by Franklin Martz

ten to fifteen freaks together under the eldership of David Rose who still maintains the God-directed stewardship of elder with two assistants in Tom Barlow and Jim Keech. Now, however, their search for reality through the discovery of a real and living God rather than a worldly philosophy or man-created deity has expanded to a bible study happening of a thousand or more hungry souls and now takes place each Sunday evening at 6:30 in rooms towered by the 2nd Presbyterian Church at 55th and Oak. This church as well as the Grand Avenue Temple at 9th and Grand espouse a small amount of token verbal endorsement to the Jesus freak scene and its amazing fresh taste of zeal although the head-pastors of each, no matter how ecumenical they are personally, find it difficult to openly sanction such flagrant nondenominationalism. However, the Grand Avenue Temple possessing a pair of fairly Jesus-minded Pastors has made available their facilities to a Jesus rock group, the Hallelujah Joy Band, which plays well and gives all glory to God from whom all their talent and inspiration came from." Rick Kupecki, Rob Brennan, Mike Burhart, Steve Glick, and Rick Colton combined with Jesus, spirit-written praises, and biblical passages produce a soundsomewherebetween Credence and Free, if you can dig on what that's supposed to mean. Some of their songs, such as "Jesus Warms My Heart," "Open Passage Ways," "Over and Over," and "Song of Praise," lead you to believe that they've been together a lot longer than merely two and a half months. Praise the Lord! They practice in the Temple basement and plan another Rock festival, in combination with other Jesus folk rock musicians such as Pat Cullen, Debbie Burel, and Dennis Kraus for the 28th of March in the church proper of the Temple.  15

## FREE Health Clinic

After Terry Nelson became involved in hassles with the FBI, he was fired by Vista. He had previously supervised the Umbrella at 3800 McGee, funded by Young Adult Projects, Inc. Vista then placed John Vogt in the Umbrella to carry on the switchboard, & drug analysis, the principal activities of the house. When he began to sense that more could be done with less, John and his girl friend Joni Feltzin closed down the switchboard and began co-ordinating plans for a more needed service, free medical care for the Westport area.

The clinic opens April 5 on the main floor of the Alcazar Hotel at 39th and Baltimore under the medical supervision of Dr. Lee Pickering, following an open house April 3rd and 4th, at which time donations are called for from the community itself. The clinic will be staffed with volunteers every day from 2PM until 10PM and doctors will be available only three days a week. However the clinic does have power to refer seriously ill patients to co-operating hospitals for free surgery and outpatient care on a limited basis, not more than seven cases a week. A planned parenthood clinic on Tuesday evenings from 6:30 to 9:30 will be staffed by Public Health employees. The clinic is also interested in giving physicals to young men in preparation for their eventual battles with their induction boards.

In the inimitable style of tentacles of Young Adult Projects, John and Joni asked me not to include the names of the board of directors or the area doctors who will be involved in the project, for reasons I could not ascertain. I can only conclude that the cloistered elitism which has long been the trademark of Umbrella projects has not been dropped for a more honest approach to the community. In fact, the air of secrecy surrounding their community attempts is somewhat justified since the principal funding source for Young Adult Projects and Vista is the federal government. However, one wonders whether the information it wants rather than risk alienation of the people, thereby planting the seeds of destruction within the cornerstones of their own "Alternative institutions"

Cherie Blankenship

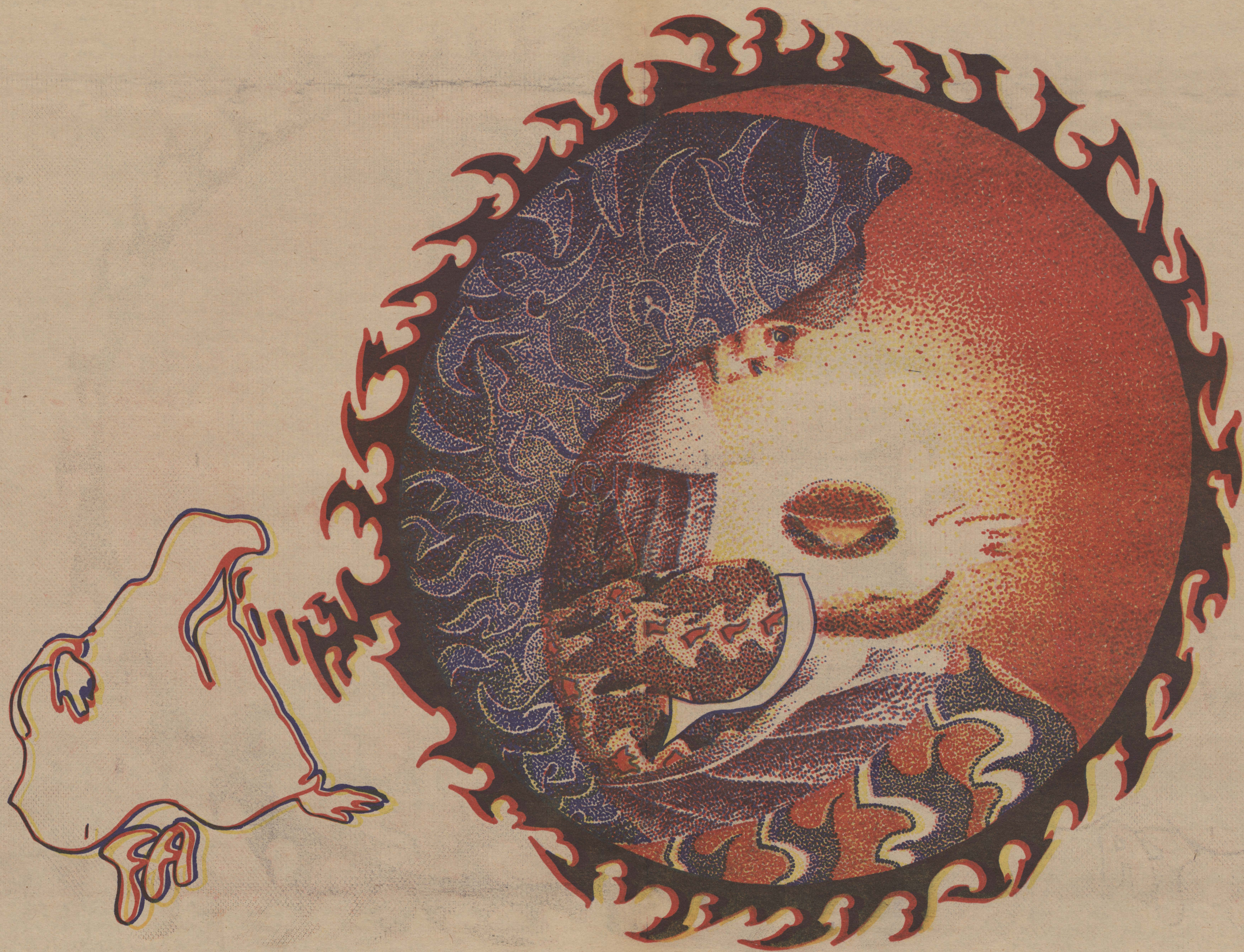
RICHARD NOTKIN, CERAMIC PIPES, NOVELTIES, SCULPTURE  
AND HIS LADY, CHARLEE DEATON, WATERCOLORS AND DRAWINGS  
AN EXHIBITION AND SALE  
APRIL 2, 3, 4 10 AM - 6 PM  
OPENING THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 7 - 10 PM  
AT "GOOD STUFF", 4160 OAK ST., KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI  
JUST BEHIND OAK HILL SUNDRIES

The Sign  
coffee house  
16 Westport  
rd.



OPEN CITY MEMORIAL  
Support the second conference  
for the determination  
of the ultimate fetish.

the LAST 22 EAST 39  
10-6 EDITION



From the Astral Projection

## Apples?

(Some medical Opinions on their importance.)

"Only the entire apple is a whole, an integral food. The throwing away of the peelings and the core involves a loss of food factors (vitamins and mineral substances) of high nutritional value, and at the same time a disturbance of the natural balance. For instance, the core contains twenty times as much iodine as the whole of the rest of the apple, a fact which in goitrous countries is of some importance. Even during my own childhood it was still reckoned a sin among the peasants not to eat the core of an apple. Today, almost everyone peels the apple and removes the core. Children copy their elders' example. Further mistaken conceptions of medicine have spread the notion that peel and core are difficult to digest by reason of their rich cellulose content, and are thus dangerous for the digestive organs. This idea has today been proven to be entirely without foundation. A healthy child requires the whole apple if it is to enjoy good health." --M. Bircher-Benner, M.D. in CHILDREN'S DIET.

To make eating the whole fruit both possible and palatable for very young children or adults with poor teeth, the apple may be grated after removing the stem and calyx. All kinds of gadgets are available for this purpose: a flat tin grater, or an upright one, wire graters, hand operated graters may be had for as little as \$2.50, the fine disc on the various salad makers, and there are electric shredders in which the whole salad may be ground so that those who can't chew may get their share of the important greens as well.

The grated apple is an important ingredient in Muesli, the cereal dish widely used in Europe for many years which is becoming popular in this country. For Muesli soak 1 tablespoon freshly ground grain--oats, rye, wheat, buckwheat, etc. in 2 tablespoons of water for 12 hours (for each serving) with a little dried fruit--raisins, dates, or figs--for sweetening, and when ready to eat add the juice of half a lemon, 1 tablespoon cream, one or two grated apples and stir altogether. Top with one tablespoon of any finely ground-nut. This makes a delicious and satisfying meal. EH

"One of the few normal jaws that I have seen was that of a man who comes from Devonshire. It was absolutely perfect, such as you would find in the primitive Australian. He was 58 years of age and did not have a decayed tooth, and had lost only one. As a young man he 'almost lived on apples.'" Dr. Harry Campbell, Manchester conference on the Prevention of Diseases of the Teeth.

"Apples contain phosphorus, sulphur, iron, magnesia, and calcium. Life cannot exist without phosphorus, and there is a full dose of this excellent tonic in its most soluble form, phosphoric acid, in an apple. For just the right dose of iron, eat apples. The iron found in the apple is more easily taken into the blood stream in this form than in any other. Apples are good for the complexion, as the sulphur in them has an especially beneficial

effect upon the skin and skin diseases. Children with the rickets should have plenty of apples to eat. They form nourishment for the bones and teeth. The lime and phosphoric acid contents of apples are so beautifully combined that they make an ideal dose for this sort of trouble. To aid digestion, clear the voice, obtain a beautiful complexion, relieve insomnia and reduce the high cost of living depend upon the apple." J.H. Tilden, M.D.

---Thanks to Ella Hanford  
Natural Foods, Santa Fe

## Millet--Of Course!

Nutrition experts and followers of macrobiotics have long argued that brown rice is the only food in which a perfect blend of alkalinity and acidity are found and that one can live in good health on a diet of brown rice alone.

Recent experiments at Yale University have demonstrated that there is another food which supplies all the essential vitamins, amino acids, and proteins needed for perfect health and can maintain perfect health if it is eaten exclusively. The new "wonder food" is actually one of the most ancient foods known to man--millet.

Doctors Osborne and Mendel of Yale tested the effects of millet on a number of laboratory animals and the results, published in the Rocky Mountain Organic Survey, demonstrate an exclusive diet of millet kept the animals in perfect health. They concluded that millet "is the only grain capable of supplying all vitamins needed for nutrition."

Millet, also rich in lecithin, amino acids, and proteins, is believed to be superior in value to flesh foods and other cereals.

Because of its easy digestibility and its slight alkaline effect, millet is excellent for post-operative diets, and for people suffering from such diseases as ulcers and colitis.

Millet is as yang as brown rice and is especially rich in riboflavin. Since it cooks in about one-third the time it takes brown rice to cook, it should be prepared in every way you prepare brown rice. The yellow grain may also be added in flour form to every sort of bread, muffins, and cakes. That's millet!

## FOOD

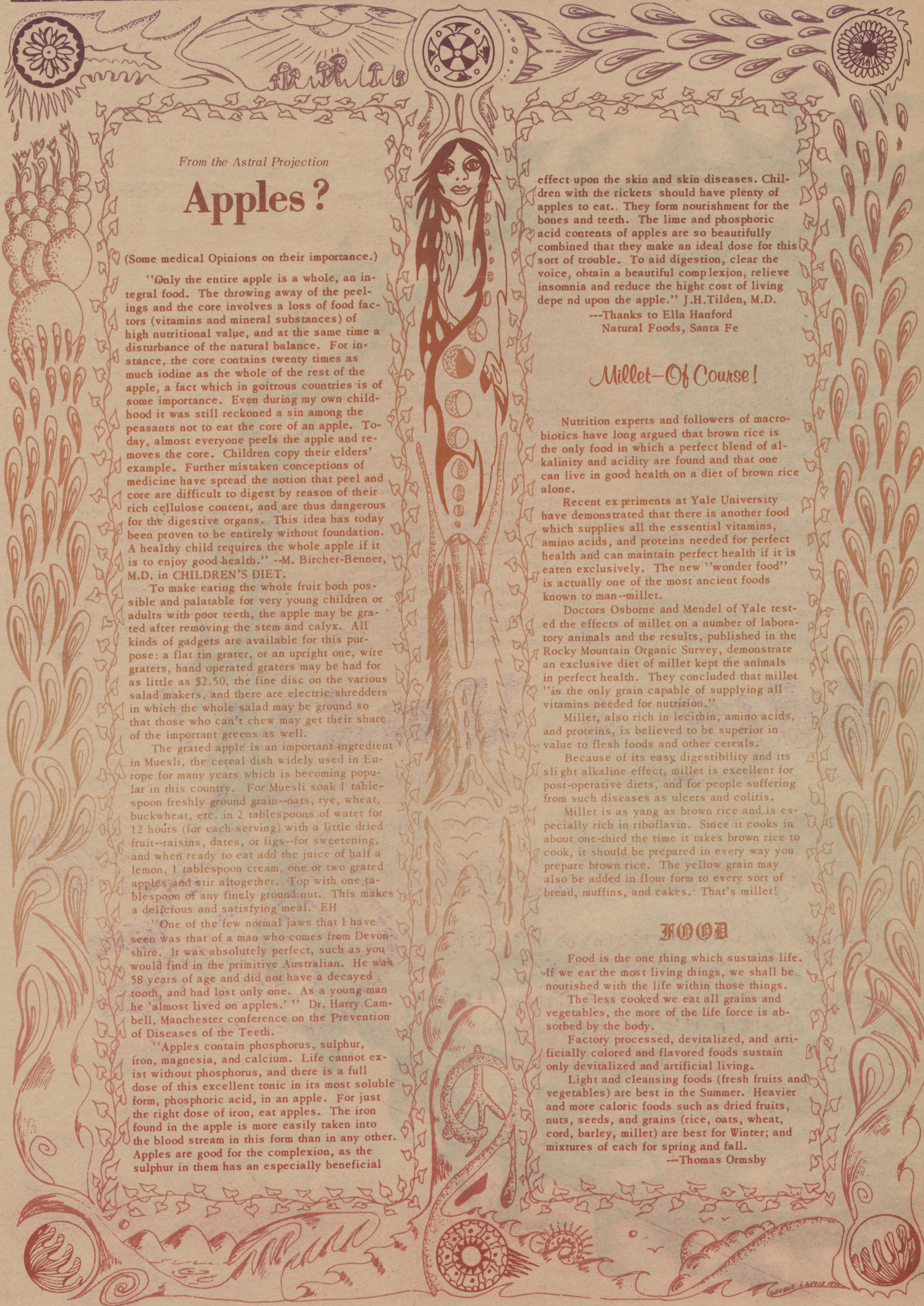
Food is the one thing which sustains life. If we eat the most living things, we shall be nourished with the life within those things.

The less cooked we eat all grains and vegetables, the more of the life force is absorbed by the body.

Factory processed, devitalized, and artificially colored and flavored foods sustain only devitalized and artificial living.

Light and cleansing foods (fresh fruits and vegetables) are best in the Summer. Heavier and more caloric foods such as dried fruits, nuts, seeds, and grains (rice, oats, wheat, cord, barley, millet) are best for Winter; and mixtures of each for spring and fall.

---Thomas Ormsby



cont. from p. 11

Sprouting from the parent post of spirit-guided wisdom in Agape, other Christian houses such as Resurrection House at 4012 McGee have blossomed around Westport, Johnson County, and one in Kansas City, Kansas, to further administer to the needs of a devil-ruled world. Resurrection House made up of four ex-Agapeites, hopes someday to become a Christian distribution house and is working on forming another Jesus band called Glorious Resurrection.

This writer was shown how the House of Agape was the basic training camp for new Christians who after they had "grown in the Lord" were usually moved by the Spirit to spread the ministry of Jesus. Elsewhere and there by allow others to study under the eldership of David Rose and his wife. Never have I seen such a smooth running commune as Agape. Beyond the instantly apparent atmosphere of genuine love, respect, and trust, one is further amazed by the lack of verbal hassles, undone chores, and the usual vintage hippy-filth seen with a measure of universality from the Haight to the Village. Also striving to introduce Jesus to Westport is Truth for Youth at 3715 Forest and an inner-city encampment at 13th and Washington run by a 30 year veteran of Jesus' love by the name of Thor.

The following raps are short testimonies and witnesses gathered from David Rose and some of the other followers of Jesus. These rap sessions were not brain picking trips but merely collections of awarenesses given in a spirit of love by a people whose own happiness and security in the love of Jesus prompted them to speak truthfully about the changes they had been through. So secure are they that I feel even if I were to accidentally misrepresent where their heads are at they would not take offense but rather praise the Lord in the spirit of humility.

Thusly, since the majority of the Jesus people I rapped with are ex-dopers, were burnt out on the hypo critical love trip most freaks had to offer, and sometimes had been associated with witchcraft, David Rose, and Independence-freak turned California trucker in search of truth, later to be busted in Kansas City for dealing, is a prime example of the hippy (tasting; the world, despairing of its unreality, and finding rest and growth in the love of the Lord. David longed all his life for a com-

munication with God but since the Church seemed to be the only phone company in town he ran away from God's ringing. From early childhood, his ability to prophecy, understand dreams, and learn quickly had been seen as gifts from above but he couldn't relate to Jesus until he received Jesus personally and became his own church. Dave always seemed to dig God, but not the church's God; he wanted the peace God could offer but he was prideful in thinking he could make it on his own. That is, until he asked Jesus into his heart he'd taken the glory of God in life and assigned some to his own powers. "I found that real reality is in Jesus, Jesus the God." And David continued, "I've felt dope and I've felt the love of the world, but now I know of the love of Jesus, and there's no comparison, sincerely." Praise the Lord.

Next I found an equally sincere and honest an energetic statement from Tom Barlow, another elder: "All my life I was just naturally empty and I always tried to fill this empty void. It was kind of an excitement or an emotional involvement. I used to shoot BB guns at dogs and break windows. As I grew older these attempts at excitement changed and eventually I ended up running bricks in Arizona. But like everytime when I was happy something ended it. It went away. Then I met Jesus and I found out that knowing the love of Jesus is what I wanted. And I just didn't know how simple it was to receive it. God is love, man, that's all I can say. You don't stand still in Jesus. It's a very exciting life knowing Jesus." Jim Keech presented a very similar story as did the thirty or so freaks I interviewed; however he made a point to illuminate the fact that his trip was a "now" trip (sort of a Gaskinian ring to it), that Jesus helped him each day on a day to day basis.

Good Sister Blue, who certainly is no new face to Westport, always knew God must have been connected in someway to the freak-hippy peace and love scene but like so many of her brothers and sisters she really had been turned off by the church. She really couldn't fathom her trip and those of her friends who preached love, balled all the time, and even tried doing for others but always with a self-satisfying goal attached. Finally, sometime after her Free store trip and as she continued to be made more aware of a need for something better, she began studying about Jesus with a friend. "One night, even without asking for him, Jesus entered my heart and lit up the

whole room, and my friend and I laughed and hugged and prayed for the baptism of the Holy Spirit with another friend and finally I was really zapped by God! Oh, wow, what can you say when you meet God?"

Rick Kupeki, a guitar picker, with the Hallelujah Joy Band who got sick of being paranoid while in the drug scene was suprised when he went to his first bible study to find so many of his old friends praying and praising the Lord. "You should've heard how bad my music was before I started writing and playing with Jesus." He went on to relate how recently at a Jesus concert given at Shawnee Mission North the Joy Band really played poor but since they were doing the Lord's work the Lord made it sound better than ever. Rick stayed at Agape, "because the Lord wanted me to stay until I was so filled with the spirit that I could live else where and keep my eyes on the Lord. Praise the Lord!"

I received words and love from many others such as Volker Veteran Nancy Richardson, ex-Wichita greaser Steven Morris, John Bozarth who has plans to do the Lord's work through a Christian Coffee house, "George" Scott a female Indian from a reservation who, with the help of the Lord removing many of her prejudices toward the white man, and Chuck Sharp, one of the founders of Resurrection House, who related how he used to pray only when he needed help in a bad way. Bonnie Russell, another Resurrectionite and Chuck pointed out how: "the Bible is more up to date than tomorrow's newspaper. Even George Harrison said, 'All things must pass' and that's from the bible."

In summation, my brothers and sisters, I must point out that this writer is not trying to recruit new Jesus freaks, but I will say this, of all the Flower (Children of our generation these kids really have their shit together. I felt love. Not the intellectual love one knows after he meditates or the physical love most men share so little, but I felt a peaceful, all encompassing love which shook me, almost startled me, each time I visited a Jesus gathering.

Lastly, I know many brothers and sisters who are really freaked by the somewhat aggressive zeal to convert many Jesus people have. I must admit, to be fair, that the sidewalk, the scene of the crime, usually isn't the most mellow place for a conversation attempt. However Tom Barlow offered this

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### WESTPORT

AND PICK UP ON AN ALICE IN WONDERLAND POSTER (ONLY A DOLLAR) AND COLOR IT ANY WAY YOU LIKE, THEN BRING IT BACK ON

**JUDGEMENT DAY!** (APRIL 30)  
YOU GET A FREE BALLOON WITH EVERY POSTER

## ALZO

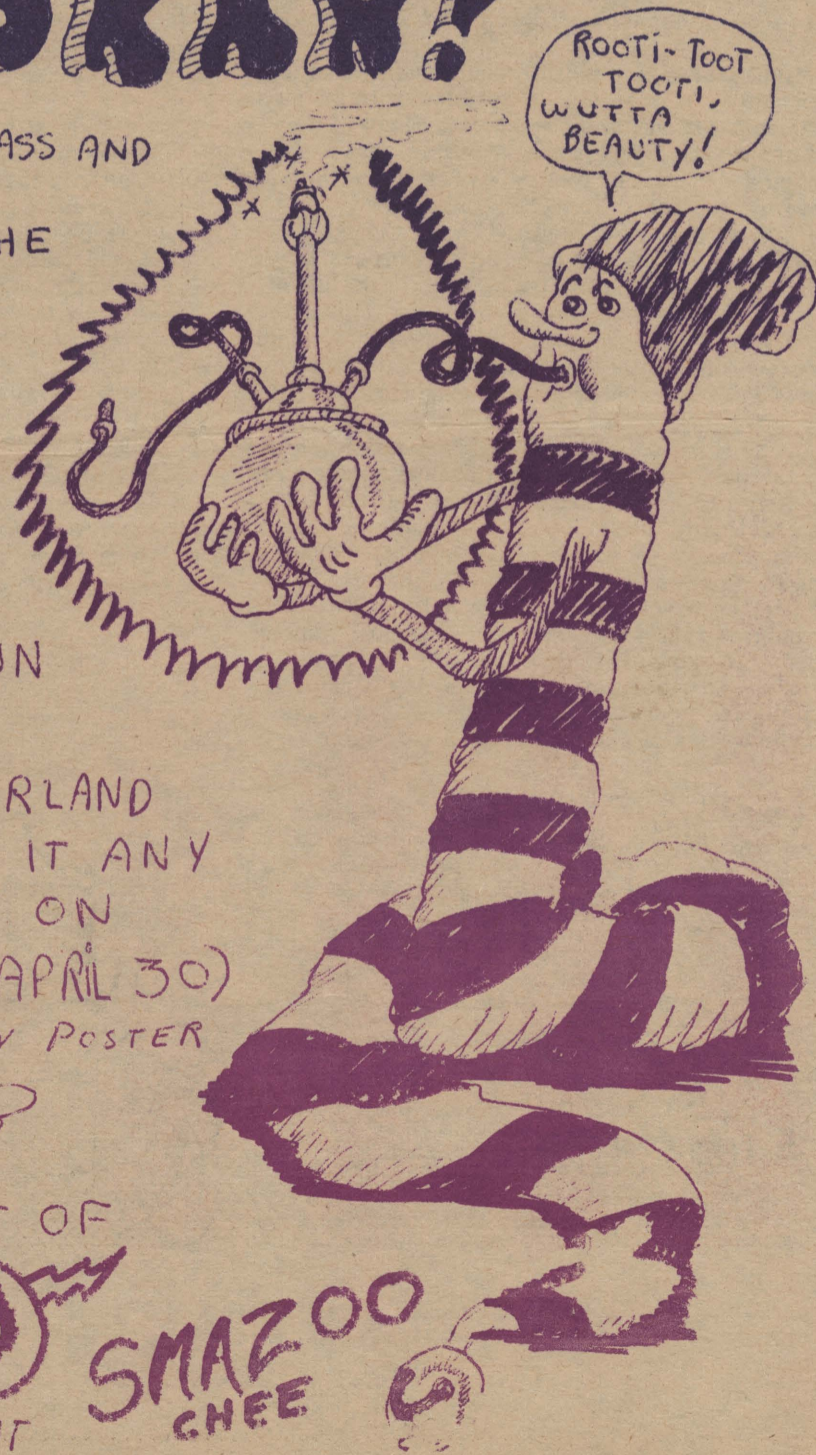
CHECK THE BRAND NEW SHIPMENT OF

RABBIT PELTS

AND

AFRO COMBS

AND REMEMBER KIDS, SIXTY DIFFERENT ROLLING PAPERS



SMAZOO CHEE



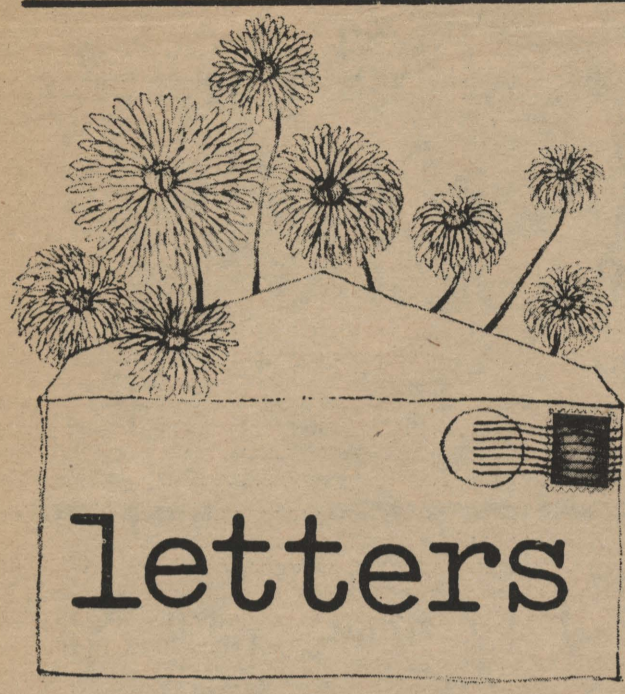


Eric Menin

“My feet are tired, my legs they ache, my heart is weak, and my stomach is empty.  
This mucky Italian Government is fucked...”

*Maria di Roma*





TO THE MOTHER LOVE TRIBE

I wandered into Head Imports here in Chicago and by chance found some free copies of the February edition of the Trucker. Interested in what was happening in different places of Amerika, I settled down to scan this alien publication. To my surprise, I found a very good, very personal and together paper that rivals the quality of our own Chicago Seed. As I read, I wondered if things are really all that together down there. After living in the gigantic plop of Chicago for 19 yrs., anything so homey seems weird. No articles on Guns, or Offing Pigs, or people getting shot in their sleep. Just articles on togetherness, meditation, food co-ops, free schools, love and all other things that are so scarce in the Chicago struggle.

I could dig it if more copies of the Trucker found their way out this way. I'd subscribe, but I'm on strike, out of a job, and all that. The usual big-city hassles.

My spirit goes out to the people of Westport, and the Trucker. Carry it on!

Love and Peace  
Chuck Kozak


Dear Trucker,  
Who the FUCK is Big Brother?  
In regard to the article "I'm Fulfilled,"  
pg. 19, Feb. issue:  
This also is my first summer in K.C., and I want to know if you've banned heads from your community?

I consider myself a HEAD, because of the experiences I've gone through, and in my opinion and where I come from, there is a big difference between heads and freaks, and either there ain't no heads in K.C. or they're tight clanned!! Cause I ain't seen or met any heads! And as Steppenwolf put it, "I've popped a lot of pills and I've smoked a lot of grass." But baby that don't make you no head. And if you "FREAKS" think you can live and love without any worries, play like children, and are so fuckin' stupid to think someone is watching over you all the time, you're full of shit! That's all we need to help straighten out the fuck-in mess our elders put on us: a bunch of children beating their dongs off in a bed of flowers!!

I'd like to ask you what exactly have you learned from YOUR stoned sessions, because you sound like a fuckin neurotic idiot! And I dare you motherfuckers to print this!!

Signed:  
P.M.F.D. (Paid My Fuckin Dues)

Dear P.M.F.D. (Paid My Fuckin Dues),  
You're still paying them, brother. But you don't have to. Cool your own head, and watch the changes go down.  
Paraphrasing Stephen, "If you don't like the country's politics, go clean your house." Either do that, or burn the motherfucker down; I don't care. I'll just sit here and watch you and the motherfucker and the changes go down.

Big Brother 

AN OPEN LETTER TO BAAS

The people of Kansas City recently were informed of your plan to use Urban Renewal to condemn (and with its various ramifications aid you in purchasing) the land bounded by 33rd Street to Valentine Road and Penn Ave. to Summit Street.

You represent, along with the City National Bank and Miller Nichols-your associates, one of the biggest power blocks in this City.

Apparently, you have decided, like King David did with another man's wife, that you should have, at any loss of principal and in violation of all that is ethical and moral in our society, the land that you desire.

Two large insurance companies who callously take part in the ruthless tearing apart of the lives of those who do not want to lose their homes (I hope you don't claim to be ignorant of published facts on the mortality rates of people who have been up-rooted from their homes and neighbors.) Companies whose balance sheets total millions who do not choose to pay the price that some of the most valuable land in Kansas City should demand, but use a legal framework to condemn and pay as little to the homeowners as they possible can.

The Veterans of Foreign Wars fought for human rights and values on foreign soil. Here in Kansas City they contribute to the rape of a neighborhood.

All this to build office buildings that are not needed and high priced apartments that would exclude the people who want to live in this area. A project ostensibly presented for "the good of the City".

In 1968 the same BAAS told the homeowners in the area between 31st Street to 33rd Street and Summit to Broadway that they were sitting on a gold mine. The BAAS said that they would pay \$6 a square foot for their property and asked the homeowners to fight the Metropolitan Junior College. They took a vote to see how many wanted the BAAS to fight the Metropolitan Junior College to help them. That vote was a most affirmative, "Yes, we want you to help us keep Jr. College out." But, when the time came such help was trivial and of short duration. Later BAAS claimed that the people had not desired its help.

It was learned recently that BAAS decided to accomodate the Board of MJC—once described by a minister "as worse than the Viet Cong."

The MJC board taught the BAAS some tricks, how to get what you want and pay one-third to one-half the price for it and to throw away all human values when it comes to the lives of the homeowners involved.

The BAAS could be used as an example of Capitalism at its worst. When you question why the demonstrations and the bombings of our time, you should look in your mirrors.

by Frances Storm



TALKING VIETNAM

Alone they came  
And singly stood  
By where she lay,  
At the cold place where she lay.  
Guiltless they were  
And alone at dawn,  
When death stalked the silent jungle wood,  
And death spoke gently  
And smoke-filled grass  
And dew of morning  
Stood watch and mourned.  
Sounds arose and winds  
Of Moaning Jets passed and ever  
Spoke in soothing, flowing  
Love caresses saying,  
"Look not to this place,  
For here lies Solitude  
And peaceful, resting  
Aloneness."  
A linnet sneezed;  
Awakened were the leaves  
And curling toward the skies.  
Came the dawn, and with it  
Weeping men.  
At the marketplace of doom  
A peddler sold death  
At reasonable prices  
A special bargain  
(Thursdays only).  
Bits and pieces,  
Cats and Mieces,  
All around,  
Through the town  
There they go, helter-skelter,  
Looking for food, looking for shelter,  
Begging, stealing, shuffling, dealing,  
Gypsies, roving; looking for bread.  
A breeze that stirred up.  
A cloud of dust,  
And before that caressed  
Two young lovers,  
Hovered over a pond and drank  
And tried to remember  
That only yesterday  
It was unborn.  
On your way, oh Zionites,  
And don't forget your crosses,  
And don't forget your swords.  
For ours is the time for love  
And the moment, as still as the kiss  
That lingers through passion  
And bright eyes,  
And ours is the instant for understanding,  
That all is not seen,  
That all is not said,  
That men are unkind through fear.  
A man died,  
And his eyes went blank  
And the shirt was sucked up  
Into the blue hole that oozed,  
And the blood was slimy,  
And they said,  
"Who did it, Carlos?"  
And they already knew who did it.  
But that was long ago,  
And things have changed,  
And men still die,  
Though no one asks,  
"Who did it, who?"  
And times are not so bad,  
Providing strength remains  
To rip from young bodies young lives,  
But when a leech just crawls away,  
You know a man is dead.

S. Sgt. Don Harthcock  
Trabzon, Turkey  
1965



The Vanguard presents:  
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NOTE: DENNIS SEZ THAT HE DOESNT APPROVE OF THE RIG BUT, THEN AGAIN...

NEWEST LIST PRICES MAR. 27 - APRIL 15



THIS IS AN 'S'

DATELINE - WESTPORT AND SURROUNDING AREAS - BYORCH

HEAT RESISTANT

"FREIGHT CAR LOAD OF AIRPLANE GLUE DERAILED IN COFFEEVILLE, KS."



## Antung Cabbage

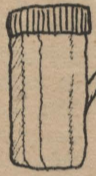
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STAINED FINGERS, SWEET SMOKEY

~panda Red-wet Looking-\$145-\$150 per POUND~\$15-\$20 OZ.  
Cambodian Red-\$20-\$25 OZ. STAR TREK QUALITY  
VIET BLACK-\$15 OZ. Pie in de Sky!  
Some Jamaican Boo~personal stashes  
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EXTRA CONDENSED

## WASHAROONIE

EUPHORIA, INCOHERANCE

THE TYPISITOR PHOTO

## Diagram of a drug abuser



BOINK

Profuse perspiration and body odor - amphetamines

SPACEMATIC



DILATED PUPILS, GIDDINESS

MANUFACTURED UNDER UNITED STATES PATENT 3,013,917

GREEN BLOTTER - VERY CLEAN - \$1.25-\$2.00

GOLD DOT - SAME AS ABOVE BUT 2-WAY

ORANGE ACID - SOME SOLD AS SUNSHINE, NO SPEED - \$1.50 HUNDREDS - 2.50 3.00 SINGLES

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DESIGNED FOR VISUAL

Chocolate - \$1.00-2.00 - SEVERAL BATCHES, SOME CLEAN, SOME SPEEDY, SOME UGH.

ORGANIC - A LITTLE OLD, VERY GOOD AND CLEAN, SOME SOLD AS PSILOCYBIN

INTERNATIONAL AWARD WINNING CANNIBINOL (THC)

Sold in dime lots - Real THC is TOO EXPENSIVE TO SYNTHESIZE (\$40,000 PER THOUSAND LOT) SOLD ON THE STREET IS EITHER MISCELLANEOUS PSYCHEDELICS OR ANIMAL TRANX, SUCH AS SERNYL, WHICH IS VERY DANGEROUS AND COULD MAKE YOU STOP BREATHING



DIG?

Lebanese BLOND AND Red - \$75-\$100 OZ. - \$6-\$10 grams - Good

Temple Balls - Hand pressed - Nepalese, similar to PRIMO Opiated - \$95-\$110 OZ. - \$7-\$10gms AND WORTH IT!

HOME-MADE HASH - Green - \$6gm. MILD BUZZ, HO HUM

MDA \$2-2.50 SINGLES SUM SPEEDY SUM MELLOW

AND A NEW PSYCHEDELIC IN TOWN, HAWAIIAN WOOD ROSE, BROWN, CUT WITH Buckwheat, VERY PURE AND MELLOW?

PSILOVIN - BROWN TABS, INCONSISTENT, some Real and Righteous, OTHERS Belladonnaish AND MIGHT BE TRANX - \$2.00

PCPA + PCP - A PSYCHEDELIC DRUG ON AN AMPETAMINE BASE (I.E. MDA, TMA, DMA, DMMDA, MMDA, ETC.) NOT A BAD TRIP BUT NOT AS GOOD AS SUCH STUFF AS ACID. OFTEN SOLD AS LSD, Mescaline AND CANNIBINOL (THC)

THIS WAS ORIGINALLY DESIGNED FOR USE ON SATURDAY, MARCH TWENTY-SEVENTH



GOUDY LOMBARDIC

32-14-CLN

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BOLD

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There's still some POUNDS left, kids! A steak at ONLY \$38.00-45.00! GOTHIC HEAT \$\$\$

PA

HELVETICA MED. 14 T

ANY QUESTIONS, CORRECTIONS, OR HASSLES WELCOME

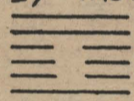
## POPS, DAW, AND MORGAN

TIP \$00.00

LETTERING HEAT

I'M A POOR WRITER; REGULAR TRUCKER READERS ARE PROBABLY SORELY AWARE OF THIS FACT. HOWEVER, DUE TO THE USUAL RUSH - NO-THE UNUSUAL RUSH TO GET THE TRUCKER OUT BEFORE THE LOCAL ELECTION PRIMARIES, THE EARTH FOOD RAP I DID IN THE LAST ISSUE WASN'T PROOF-READ OR EDITED; SO IT WAS PRETTY GARBLED. ALL I HAVE TO SAY IN RELATION TO THIS TRIP (I-CHING = BOOK OF CHANGES) IS THAT IT IS VERY LIKELY THAT JESUS, THE CHRIST, MUST'VE STUDIED I-CHING WHILE SO-JOURNING FOR THOSE 16 YEARS OF HIS LIFE THAT SEEM TO BE UNRECORDED BY "CHRISTIANS"; WHICH SEEMS STRANGE FOR A POPULAR RELIGION. AND SINCE I-CHING OR A PROTOTYPE HAS BEEN IN PRACTICAL USE BY THE MAJORITY OF THE SAGES, AND OTHER LEADERS, OF MAN, AND WOMAN, INCLUDING STEPHEN GASKIN, IT IS OBVIOUSLY A VALUABLE TOOL FOR ANYBODY WANTING TO GET BACK TO THAT KIND OF AWARENESS. I SAID GET BACK, BECAUSE ITS LIKE THE AWARENESS VERY OFTEN FOUND AMONG CHILDREN AND SO CALLED PRIMITIVE PEOPLE. YOU DON'T HAVE TO WANT YOUR FORTUNE READ, AND YOU DON'T NEED TO BE A SCHOLAR; TO UNDERSTAND THIS WISDOM IS AS SIMPLE AS BEING FREE.

I / INCREASE

 ABOVE THE GENTLE, WIND  
 BELOW THE AROUSING, THUNDER  
 THE IDEA OF INCREASE IS EXPRESSED IN THE FACT THAT THE STRONG LOWEST LINE OF THE UPPER TRIGRAM HAS SUNK DOWN AND TAKEN ITS PLACE UNDER THE LOWER TRIGRAM. THIS CONCEPTION ALSO EXPRESSES THE FUNDAMENTAL IDEA ON WHICH THE BOOK OF CHANGES IS BASED. TO RULE TRULY IS TO SERVE.

A SACRIFICE OF THE HIGHER ELEMENT THAT PRODUCES AN INCREASE OF THE LOWER IS CALLED AN OUT-AND-OUT INCREASE: IT INDICATES THE SPIRIT THAT ALONE HAS POWER TO HELP THE WORLD.

THE JUDGEMENT INCREASE. IT FURTHERS ONE TO UNDERTAKE SOMETHING.  
 IT FURTHERS ONE TO CROSS THE GREAT WATER.

SACRIFICE ON THE PART OF THOSE ABOVE FOR THE INCREASE OF THOSE BELOW FILLS THE PEOPLE WITH A SENSE OF JOY AND GRATITUDE THAT IS EXTREMELY VALUABLE FOR THE FLOWERING OF THE COMMONWEALTH. WHEN PEOPLE ARE THUS DEVOTED TO THEIR LEADERS, UNDERTAKINGS ARE POSSIBLE, AND EVEN VERY DIFFICULT AND DANGEROUS ENTERPRIZES WILL SUCCEED. THEREFORE IN SUCH TIMES OF PROGRESS AND SUCCESSFUL DEVEL-



OPEMENT IT IS NECESSARY TO WORK AND MAKE THE BEST USE OF THE TIME. THIS TIME RESEMBLES THAT OF THE MARRIAGE OF HEAVEN AND EARTH, WHEN THE EARTH PARTAKES OF THE CREATIVE POWER OF HEAVEN, FORMING AND BRINGING FORTH LIVING BEINGS. THE TIME OF INCREASE DOES NOT ENDURE, THEREFORE IT MUST BE UTILIZED WHILE IT LASTS.

THE IMAGE.

WIND AND THUNDER: THE IMAGE OF INCREASE. THUS THE SUPERIOR MAN: IF HE SEES GOOD, HE IMITATES IT; IF HE HAS FAULTS, HE RIDS HIMSELF OF THEM.

WHILE OBSERVING HOW THUNDER AND WIND INCREASE AND STRENGTHEN EACH OTHER, A MAN CAN NOTE THE WAY TO SELF-INCREASE AND SELF-IMPROVEMENT. WHEN HE DISCOVERS GOOD IN OTHERS, HE SHOULD IMITATE IT AND THUS MAKE EVERYTHING ON EARTH HIS OWN. IF HE PERCEIVES SOMETHING BAD IN HIMSELF, LET HIM RID HIMSELF OF IT. IN THIS WAY HE BECOMES FREE OF EVIL. THIS ETHICAL CHANGE REPRESENTS THE MOST IMPORTANT INCREASE OF PERSONALITY.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES

THE HEXAGRAMS OF DECREASE AND INCREASE ARE THE BEGINNING OF FLOWERING AND DECLINE. ALSO IN NATURE, THE SUN AND MOON MOVE IN THIS SEQUENCE.

SO BE IT. OM NAMAH GURU DEV NAMAH SHANTI SAT NAM SHANTI.

YOURS INCREASINGLY,  
 MICHAEL

WILL CODY OR GAVINDA OR A FRIEND GET RITES AND SYMBOLS OF INITIATION TO THE LIBRARY IMMEDIATELY IF POSSIBLE? THANK



# EARTH

## SOUR DOUGH-CARAWAY-RYE

Mix whole rye, soy and wheat flour together; 1r, 1s, and 2w. Add salt, caraway and sesame seeds with honey or sorghum, and oil. Add water till dough is earlobe consistency. Knead for as long as you like. Let stand, covered with a wet towel overnight. Knead it again, and let stand for a while (for two hours on top of warm stove). Oil the dough and a bread pan or cooky sheet, flour and bake at 350° for an hour or until brown.

## SWEET OAT BREAD

Mix oat, soy, carob, and wheat flour; 1o, 1s, 1c, and 1w; salt, raw sugar, sunflower seeds, raisins, cinnamon, and oil. Add water and knead to earlobe consistency. Oil the dough and pan or sheet. Bake as usual.

## SELF RISING BREAD

Mix 1½ lb. whole wheat pastry flour, salt, ¼c sesame seeds, 1 T. brewers yeast, ¼ c. honey and ¼ c. oil in large bowl. Add enough water to give dough earlobe consistency. Knead 300 times

or 20 minutes. Shape dough into ball and place in oiled bowl. Place bowl, covered with damp towel, in a warm place to rise overnight. Knead 100 times, split into two balls and let rise one hour. Bake at 350 for 1-1½ hours or until brown.

## TORTILLA (Macro-Burrito)

Dump 4 parts whole wheat flour to 1 part soy flour in bowl. Add salt, sage, thyme to taste. Mix with enough water to create medium batter Poo. Pour batter on hot, lightly oiled large skillet or grill. Spread batter to 9" diameter and 1/8" thick. Brown on both sides.

## FILLING FOR TORTILLA

Cook split peas or beans with parsley, sage, rosemary, thyme, oregano, paprika and oil. Add salt when done. Spread onto tortillas, sprinkle with chopped onions, grated cheese and sprouts.

by káren, michael, & karen

# FOOD

## REDEVELOPEMENT cont.

1. The Valentine neighborhood is by no reasonable definition blighted.

2. The Kansas City Life Insurance is responsible for a good part of the blight in the neighborhood. To allow them to be a blighting landlord while granting them the power of condemnation and the privilege of tax abatement is to allow a corporation to profit by its own wrongs.

3. Approval of the project will result in neglect of the property within the project area as well as in adjacent areas which would be affected by the increased traffic congestion, noise and on-street parking.

4. The first thing to be constructed in the project area would be the Pennsylvania "boulevard" which the community council is unalterably opposed to.

5. The Penn Valley Redevelopment project would over-burden the existing storm sewer system and, because the sewers run from there east, the cost of new sewers would be passed on to adjacent homeowners causing them to subsidize the cost of the redevelopment.

6. According to the Metropolitan Planning commission, Kansas City is approaching an acute housing shortage. The redevelopment would tear down existing homes without replacing them with similarly-priced family housing.

7. Tax abatement of the type that the Penn Valley Redevelopment corporation is asking is not necessary to induce investment in the Westport area.

8. Tax abatement would reduce the tax

base of the school district by more than 8 million dollars and that of all taxing agencies by about 15 million dollars.

9. The redevelopment would necessitate additional city service to the area with paying for them.

10. The Gladstone report, done for the Land Clearance for Redevelopment authority in connection with its downtown proposal, estimates that by 1985, Kansas City will need approximately 12.5 million square feet on additional office space. Current development around the Kansas City International airport, in the Central Business district and in Crown Center will provide 13.4 million square feet of additional office space. Therefore the Penn Valley project will have, at best, marginal chance of success.

The three major points in the community council's argument concern the Pennsylvania highway, the tax abatement proposal and the Gladstone study.

On March 22 and 23, the BAAS paid more than \$4,000 to place full-page 2-color advertisements in the Kansas City Star and Times asking, and supposedly answering, the question: Is the Penn Valley Project good for Kansas City.

In their ad, they maintain that the development they propose would provide housing for approximately 750 persons in the project area; that by attracting new firms to Kansas City the project would generate annual payrolls totaling \$40 million; that the Pennsylvania highway is necessary to serve the needs of the city, and that during the 25 year tax abatement period the project will still provide \$7.5 in additional taxes.

The facts are that the housing in the Penn Valley proposal would not begin to be constructed until the second phase, about 1975—certainly not early enough to house the fam-

ilies that would be moved for the first phase in 1975—and even then the projected rental would run from \$150 to \$400 a month, much more than existing rentals and obviously more than older persons on fixed income could afford to pay.

Further, regarding the \$40 million annual payroll they intend to provide and the \$7.5 in additional property taxes, the best financial estimates now available indicate that the earnings tax on their payroll figures and the property tax money taken together would not compensate the city for the money they stand to lose if they approve the tax abatement provision.

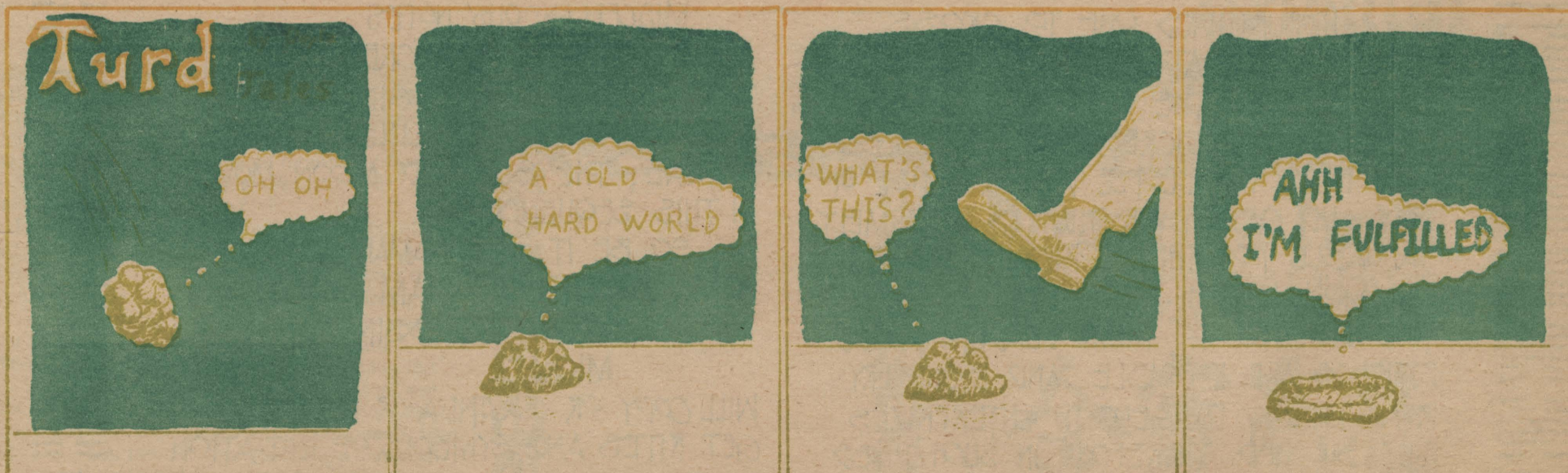
Understanding that takes a little effort but it's worth it. The tax abatement that the BAAS are asking for provides that they shall pay taxes on the land value alone—without regard to the value of buildings—for the first ten years of the project. The BAAS have modified this by volunteering to pay the current rate of property tax on land and buildings in the area. Then for the next 15 years, they would pay taxes on 50 per cent of the value of the new buildings they intend to construct.

Assuming that there were no increase in the tax rate and no increase in the tax valuation on the current buildings, the BAAS claim that they would lay in the next 25 years \$7.5 million over the existing rate is correct.

But, taking into account an increasing tax rate, the best figures indicate that the school district alone would lose more than \$8 million in taxes and all the taxing agencies—city, county, state, junior college, library and school district—stand to lose at least \$15 million. And that's taking into account the earnings tax revenue that the project would generate if it could fulfill its claim to add \$40 million a year in additional salaries.

Then there's the small matter of the Pennsylvania highway, better known to its friends as the Miller-Nichols freeway.

The BAAS are right in saying the city has



# Classifieds

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

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

Illegible ads will not be accepted.

If mailing in an ad, please send check or money order.

Chick needs ride to Boston in April--Will share expenses. Contact thru Dennis at the Magic Circus.

Singer sewing machine--Model 29k71, for sale or trade. \$40.00 120 E 43rd no. 2 Bill Phillyaw

Sculptor needs large logs to sculpt with. Contact Mike, 3337 Wyandotte.

Car troubles? Bring them to Zepo, Experienced mechanic tune-ups, oil changes and repairs. Contact Zepo at Magic Circus.

Used records wanted to buy or trade. Love Records, 3909 Main.

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

BABY SITTING--I am a young mother and am dependable. Brenda Thompson, 3937 Wyandotte, Apt. 2.

Ecology action! Anyone interested in buying or selling excellent non-polluting cleaning products--call Michael or Karen

Art, craftwork, marriages, funerals, suppers, advice. call Rev. Michael and Karen

1956 Ford Pickup--clean super-cosmic machine--could become your home--Call:

Need love? Have a doggie which is clean, house-trained, and mentally stable. Have had for 3 yrs. but now must give up. She'll be forever faithful and is a mellow watch dog. Call Dona at

Wanted! (pant-hiss-pant). Groovy chick approx 10 to 15 feet long for

live in arrangements, light cage work, and not opposed to long range family plans. If interested call and ask for Tiny. Tim

Sleeping bag wanted. Leave word for Dennis at the Magic Circus.

**BEAGEL SEZ**  
For a sure bummer any day, take the Plaza.

Wanted: 12 volt car radio that works, preferably FM. must be cheap. Contact Little Steve at the Magic Circus

Good Rock band with reasonable rates. Have the latest sounds at your next party. Also available for Coffee houses. Ramshackle Jam ask for Alan Gallas.

For Sale: used VW sedan 1965 needs work best offer Jim after 7:00 pm

## SUPPORT OUR BROTHERS IN PRISON

Two ex-dealers in Louisiana State Prison wish more or less unattached chicks to correspond with. No obligations -- Just letters. Contact Fat Frank at the Magic Circus. peace

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

**HAULING**  
Get your shit together & we'll haul it. Trash, furniture, band equipment, anything!

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

Tarot readings, \$5.00. Send description and birthdate to STAR at Magic Circus. Questions concerning occult sciences, black arts, etc., discussed on request. Immediate response guaranteed.

Wanted: small kitten, preferably black. Leave message for Ronnie or Dennis at Magic Circus.

Keith, please come home right away. Grandma Saugus is quite ill. Her ESP keeps her worrying about you all the time. She must not worry. We can't keep the truth from her much longer. Please come home.

Used VW wanted, preferably stick shift. Virginia

Lead singer wanted for K.C. area rock group. Robert Nicoll, 222 S. Claremont, Sugar Creek, Mo. 64054

**EMBROIDERY** done on pants, shirts, anything, your choice of colors, you can design your own patterns to be embroidered. Contact Shirley at 807 E. 41st.

**WHOLE EARTH CATALOGUES**  
last Edition Bookstore, 22 E. 39th.

Wanted: Reflex camera, 35mm. Price must be cheap.

Wanted: old license plates. See Ron at Toedman Cab or call . Come see the House of License Plates at 4147 Locust, Apt. 2-S.

I need 600 skins. Will do anything No charity. Call Marshall

Wanted: Classical Records, out of print and hard to find. Must be in good condition. Will pay fair price. Symphony No. 8 (Bruckner), Epic, conducted by Edward Van Beinum, Concertgebow Orchestra of Amsterdam. Symphony No. 5 (Shostakovich), Angel, conducted by C. Silverstri, Vienna Philharmonic Orc. Rozsa Conducts Rozsa (Rozsa), RCA, Italiana Orc., conducted by M. Rozsa. Contact Anne at Magic Circus.

Any extra furniture you want to get rid of free or cheap? See Sue at the Genuine Article.

Buy your nifty old shit at booth 7 and 8. Things Unlimited.

Wanted: used or new tools of all sorts leave at the Magic Circus for Cortez

Getcher glass and china at booths 25 and 26. Things Unlimited.

## LOVE 3909 1/2 MAIN RECORDS

CONT.

just said we could park right there and go hang out all night. "We used to have a cop but he got fired last week." And he gave us the town, and could do it, because everybody respected him enough that he could do that thing. Well, that's because he'd been there, sitting there being pure in that place long enough that everybody respected him enough that when he did move, he could move with confidence and power. Because he had agreement. Because the people knew where he was at. And that was because he went to a place, got cool coll with himself. It reminds me of when you're crossing the desert, you'll see a little farm. It will be desert going along, and you see a little water-wheel derick, you know, a little windmill. And then a round the base of the windmill there will be a few acres of green. And you realize that it just pumps that water out of the ground, and stores it in those plants. And the plants are holding his water stash for him. And that's how we be. We bring down Holy Spirit, and we store it in the people around us, and it makes like an oasis. And when there are enough of them, the oases, they start overlapping and get to be a green world.

Is there a God, and if so, what is He?

(CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE)



The Optical Shop  
unusual eyeglasses

314 Westport Road □ Kansas City, Missouri 64111 □

planned on the Pennsylvania freeway but only because they for some reason feel the need for another north-south freeway in addition to the South Mid-Town freeway (Which has not even been completed yet) and they haven't the financing available to build it where they want it--which is running down Wyandotte street and connection at the Plaza with the old street car lines and moving south into Waldo.

The BAAS have offered to pay for the Pennsylvania freeway from 33rd to Valentine road and to share the costs with the city for tunneling it under 31st street into Penn Valley park. The way it looks now, Metropolitan Junior College will lay the cost of putting it in a depression through their Penn Calley Community College site, 31st to 33rd street.

With that much of it paid for, the city has for all practical purposes accepted the BAAS Pennsylvania highway plan. It is even drawn in to the Park department's proposal for improvements in Penn Valley park.

Furthermore, there are very reliable indications that sometime within the next month a new redevelopment project will be filed with the city, this one for the area north of the Plaza to 43rd street, from Broadway to the Southwest trafficway. This one will be filed by St. Luke's hospital, a doctor's association--the 44th and Wornall corporation--and the J. C. Nichols company, the BAAS silent partner. And, surprise, surprise, surprise, it will include plans for a highway north from the Plaza along Jefferson--the south link in the Westport area of the Pennsylvania road.

The BAAS Penn Valley project calls for the construction of the Pennsylvania road the very first thing so unless something is done to stop it we'll be living with an 80 foot "boulevard" through the middle of the old town of Westport within the very near future. No shit!

And, more joy if you think you can stant it, there are also good indications that one of the big invertors in the Broadway Area association is none other than the beloved and very, very rich owner of the Kansas City Chiefs, our friend Lamar Hunt.

The only really cheerful thing I have to say is that the Parks department has set aside 183 trees, paid for with earnings tax money, to be planted in the old city of Westport from Baltimore to Central, 39th to 43rd. There will be trees along Westport road if the business men there can come up with the money to pay for cutting away the sidewalk and making planters. Maybe we can help them out.

**SUBSCRIBE**

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_  
COUNTRY \_\_\_\_\_  
ZIP \_\_\_\_\_  
PLANET \_\_\_\_\_

"Chapin's A Cap. A Good Hook" -GIL WEBB



# EASTER SUNDAY

AT VOOKER PARK



Ewing St. Times  
Stone Wall

BRING  
FOOD TO  
SHARE

Grits

BRING  
LOVE TO  
SHARE

MUSIC  
STARTS AT 12:00