

The Mother Love Tribe



A 2001b TURKEY IS A WONDEROUS...

WESTPORT TRUCKER VOL.2 NO.4

25¢ Local 35¢ elsewhere

# CAPTAIN CANNABIS



## BATTLES

THE INCREDIBLE POWER OF

# THE WAR

## MACHINE

AND...

## ROOT TOOTIE

VS

## the Day-Glo Dummies

COVER BY PSYCHEDELIC DENNIS N. STEPHENS & A LITTLE HELP FROM THE BEAGELINO

# VOLKER PARK

# PEOPLES PARK



JIMI CRAIGHEAD

It's really funny sometimes thinking about how things grow and develop. Remember the old love-ins? No rock bands or thousands of people, just a few hundred free spirits (and an equal number of onlookers) celebrating life by their sheer state of being. A few people got uptight about the "greasers" and "bikers" but there wasn't much talk about war then, it seemed far away and unreal, unless you were draftable.

1968 came bringing more Sunday gatherings and this time with an occasional rock band. The Amelia Earhart Memorial Flying Band, Marshmellow Monorail, The Mystic Number National Bank, and The New Action Army, all did their thing—adding to the energy level of the park. Then it ended, summer hadn't even come and the last concert was left unfinished. The police stopped Speace, midway through their set, telling them that they were too loud and that they would have to get a permit for amplified music. Paranoia reined and after a few half hearted attempts to find how to go about getting a permit the park almost totally withered. Sure a few people hung around and on Sundays there would may be a few hundred folks if the weather was nice but the spirit that was so evident early in the year had disipated—basically because a freak community was almost non-existent. Many long-hairs doth not a community make. Most freaks simply went into semi-hybernation and got stoned alot. As a matter of fact, many, many people all over town were getting stoned alot. Jimi Hendrix came to town and so did Quicksilver, the "Place in Westport" continued to have local hands every weekend and finally, around Christmas, people tired of inactivity started getting off their tender asses. The Estatic Umbrella, The K.C. Screw (newspaper), Mother Love, the Kansas City Free Press, and other groups started up almost simultaneously and, at first, were almost totally unaware of each others existence.

In the case of Mother Love we got together



NANCY BISHOP

The growing pains were really evident in 1970. The park concerts got off to a slow start and stayed that way for most of the year. Looking back I tend to think that a lot of that was due to me and other Mother Love People centering most of our efforts on Freedom Palace in the Spring, and by Summer on solidifying the Westport Rd. / 39th St. area and on getting the Trucker off the ground—not so much on the park concerts. Coupled with increased hassle from the city and much apathy or over reaction from segments of the community to problems in the park, caused a really hectic summer. Much tear-gas and much love.

soil plus all the trucking around done to the north and west of the fountain has worn those areas pretty thin too. Many people use darkness for their rip-offs.

What do you do about this shit? Some people are still naive enough to think that if they close their eyes the problems will melt away. When they don't the same people usually call the park a "bummer" and split. Listen folks, that park—your lives—are what you make em'. Its our park and it isn't going to keep together if we don't keep it together.

Do you play baseball in the park? If you do, rotate your playing areas so that your not wearing bald spots on the earth. There are trash cans in the park, use them. If you see broken glass PICK IT UP. So far we've had 4 inches less rain than last year and last year was a drought. Mother Love has borrowed sprinklers from the Park and Rec. Dept. and is watering the grass every Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday morning and we've turned all the barren areas and planted grass seed. We need more people to help and even if your not into helping at least don't walk on the freshly planted grounds.

Drinking from a soda pop can? Put the pop-top ring inside the can instead of dropping it on the ground. The Peoples Pop Truck is at the park every Sunday. The pops a dime cheaper than any other truck down there and ALL profits go into a bail fund operated through the Magic Circus. Boxes will be placed at the park on weekends marked "can" and "bottles" because we're going to start re-cycling them. When you truck through the park, pick up whatever popsicle sticks and/or gum wrappers in you path.

Dear rock bands, David sez its bad karma to not drive on the sidewalk when your loading and unloading equipment.

What all this boils down to is simply this; it's your park. Even the word "Volker" translated into its native language, German literally means "peoples."

If you'd like to help us on the park maintenance contact me at the Magic Circus between eleven to one o'clock. It's your park and it's going to be what you make it.

Dennis



JIMI CRAIGHEAD

with the city Park's and Recreation Dept. and received little opposition to our proposed program of music on Sundays. And (surprise! surprise!), we learned that we didn't have to get permits for amplified music. Things were worked out and one fine morning Sixth Chapter rumbled to a start, from that Sunday on if the sun smiled down upon the park—rock'n roll!

The rock groups? Well, they weren't exactly the Grateful Dead but they were our bands and they start giging at the first glimpse of spring, battling the last winter winds with numb fingers and woolen sweaters, through the stifling August heat which made them move to the shade of nearby trees. They brought people together. Johnny Johnson County and Annie Independence would meet in the green fields of Westport and succumb to the evils of the black man's music. Plus, more and more of these people were learning that Westport is a good place to live. The waiting over, a community was being born, and its heart beat loud and clear at Volker.

Now it's 71. The last seven Sundays (as of April 25) have seen over 40,000 people pass through Volker and its environs. The energy level's been high—baby chickens, grape juice, people dancing to the rythmn of the rain.

The energy level is high but lots of hassles are coming if people don't get their shit together about a few basic things. First off Volker is suffering from what can best be described as over population. Easter Sunday 7,000 people were in the park at the afternoon's peak, 20,000 came through the course of the day, and dig it—if Ewing St. hadn't pleaded with the people to pick their shit up as they left that park could have greatly resembled a wind blown garbage-dump. We started taking unofficial tests about 3 years ago on the average life span of a filter cigarettebutts and have come to the conclusion that they last one hell of a long time—like three years, and they just keep piling up week after week. Baseball is far out'n all but it's wearing large areas of the park down to the bare



JIMI CRAIGHEAD



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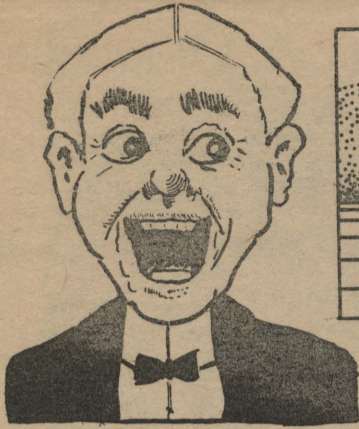
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Mother Love People & Friends:

- |                         |                    |               |
|-------------------------|--------------------|---------------|
| Dennis Giangreco        | Stuart Crick       | Jesus         |
| Dan Siglar              | Molly Brown        | Bonnie        |
| Bungly                  | Eric Menn          | Ellen         |
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| Tag                     | Kathy              |               |
| Karen                   | Stephen            |               |
| Jim Reed                | Kieth              |               |

4  
MANY  
OTHERS





# SHORT STAFF



by Mary Helper, Naugah, and D. Doyle

## WHEELER BOYCOTTS LETTUCE

On Thursday, April 15, Charles Wheeler, mayor of Kansas City for less than a week, announced that the city government was joining the lettuce boycott. In support of Caesar Chavez's efforts to organize the California farm workers, Wheeler said that henceforth the city would only buy union lettuce, the lettuce marked with the black eagle of the Chavez organization.

The city doesn't buy a lot of food (the Kansas City School district does but that's another outfit entirely) so the ruling most directly affects the municipal corrections institution, better known as the city jail.

On Friday, April 1, Wheeler lost his bid to replace City Manager John Taylor by a 9 to 3 vote of the city council.

There must be a lesson there. Don't know what it is though.

## WASTE MAKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE!

Face it. We're all consumers and consumers make waste, especially in America where packaging is a fine art. So you go to the grocery store and come home with tons of paper, cans, glass and plastic containers and you feel disgusted.

Well, you should feel bad about the plastic. It's indestructible and hard to reuse. Don't do it if you can help it.

But cheer up, fellow suffers under the burden of ecology. You can now recycle your cans, papers and at least some of your bottles.

Unlikely as it may seem, the can companies are now into recycling metal. They'll take any kind of can as long as it's been cleaned and the label's been removed—which seems little enough to ask.

You can return the cans to the American Can Company plant at 911 E. 14th Avenue in North Kansas City (right off the Paseo Bridge—10 cents toll each way). They'll give the profits to the United Fund.

Or, starting this week, you can make it a regular Saturday thing to drop your cans off at a recycling machine at the corner of 26th and Grand. Open Saturdays only. Hallmark is funding that somehow or another and the profits there will be used to set up other recycling centers throughout the city.

Now, about the bottles and other glass. Reuse as many of the glass things as possible—store leftovers, make wine and yogurt, etc. But pop bottles are now profitable enough to make it worth your while to pick them up wherever you might find them and return them to the stores. Each bottle is worth 5 cents—which ain't bad—and the cardboard cartons are worth three cents each.

And about the stacks of paper that are slowly driving you out of your house—Dennis says that Mother Love is starting a paper drive and you can always put your old newspapers and magazines in boxes and drop them off at the Trucker Offices in the Magic Circus.

## MAY DAY PARADE

May 1st. at 1:00 P.M. youz' all going to meet at Southwest Tfwy. and Westport Rd. Be there, cuz your gonna be in a parade. No shit! And your going to truck right down Westport Rd. to Main, down Main to 39th and then east to McGee and from there to Hyde Park where you will hear the raunchy sounds of the Kosmic City Boogiety Band.

It seems that someone was able to obtain a parade permit and it would sure be a shame to let it go to waste.

Zabadoo.

## TRUCKER PAPER DRIVE

Don't throw away them old magazines, save em, because you can re-cycle the stuff as well as help the Trucker out of its present financial chaos. Sometime in early June we'll collect all your excess paper and card board in a good, old fashioned, paper drive, Stay tuned for more details.

## PEOPLES POP

From now on the "Peoples Pop Truck" will be parked around the intersection of Locust and 48th, off to the east of Volker Park, on Sundays. The pop will be selling for 15¢, a dime less than the other trucks in the area who have conspired to keep their prices up. All profits will go to a bust fund operated through the Magic Circus so that we can keep at least a few people out of jail.

## MAN ACHIEVES FLIGHT

Westport, Mo. April 22, 1971

At about 3:00 p.m., a wood and plastic glider carried aloft one human passenger, heralding the age of air travel. The glider powered only by human muscle flew at an altitude of 8 feet for several 40 foot hops. The bi-winged vehicle was built by Art Institute students, and flown on the Nelson Gallery lawn. One onlooker prophesied "Someday aircraft will be able to fly to Lawrence Kansas."

## SIGNAL DASH or THE ROOT TOOTIE WADDLE

It was late afternoon, I was heading north on Main Street, stopped for the light on 47th and Main, absent mindedly watching the bank's time-temperature machine flash through it's changes and gunning my motor to catch the light as soon as it changed.

A woman, past social security age and moving a little slow, grabbed my attention as she walked across the street. She was glancing all around her,

looking confused, dislocated and really frightened.

As soon as the question "what's wrong?" crossed my mind, I knew the answer. She was in the middle of the street, the light was about to change and people like me were already revving their engines.

Of course she was scared. The little pedestrian island in the middle of the street had been removed and she didn't have anywhere to go to get out of the traffic which was threatening to come rushing at her.

She's a human being and she was genuinely scared of me and my ego machine.

I'm a human being, too, and that was a real bummer.

I used to think Kansas City was a good city to walk in. I used to believe in Santa Claus, too.

Start looking around you and watch the number of pedestrians, young and old, who actually run across the street. Not just walk rapidly, but run. And it's sad to see a 70 year old man trying to dash across a street.

There used to be pedestrian islands in the middle of Broadway and Main, but they were taken out to make room for left-turn lanes to get the traffic moving smoothly. Now even that protection is gone.

And pedestrians are left to the tender mercies of the drivers—you and me, buddy—who seem to abandon their humanity as soon as they enter their machines.

The streets belong to the people, not to ego machines.

It's a simple concept but if you start to live that way, both while you walk and as you drive, it'll change the mentality that turns our streets into speedways and our city into a drive-in.

If we continue to drive so that people are afraid to walk across streets, it's at best bad manners and at worst bad karma.

## MAN YOUR BRUSHES

Most people know the big fence around the property at the corner of Armour and Main. They know it because they've driven by and been more or less entertained by the big messages that find their way up there—"Carla, I love you," "Where there's dope there's hope," and "Never go anywhere without your papers."

But until last week, they didn't know that the Linwood Bank owned the property. They found that out when the bank repainted it's fence and announced its intention of building there, maybe in the fall.

When they repainted the fence—for the third time—they finally wised up to the fact that people were going to paint on it so they thoughtfully provided a small section labeled community billboard for that purpose.

Now if you have something you want the world to know, you can paint it there and not get arrested, as long as it's very small.



## Biff Rose

ONE WEEK ONLY

Wednesday, April 28 -- Sunday, May 2  
Shows: 8:00 p.m. & 10:00 p.m. on Wed.-Thurs.-Sun.  
plus Midnight shows Friday & Saturday

\$3.00

For reservations call [redacted] or [redacted] between 11 to 6.

THE VANGUARD

43rd. & MAIN

# Craft Coop

Anyone who needs a market  
For Hand-Made Crafts, Bring  
them to

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ASK FOR  
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# The Community is Healing Itself.

## Right On!

by Franklin Martz

Man, I really love our community, and I'm really proud of this community for having put down its cigarette papers long enough to create an answer to the health and medical needs of Westport. Of course we've all heard about the Free Clinic. We know it's a good thing. We know it's a real thing, a thing of the community. That is, it is something the together people of Westport, your friends, your neighbors, fellow freaks, have gotten together rather than being some government form of appeasement for the masses. There is close to one hundred of you who have made use of the Free Clinic's third-world plan of efficient health care for all. The Westport Free Health Clinic at 39th and Baltimore, on the ground floor of the historic Alcazar, is being staffed by volunteer professional help, supervised members of our community, and even interested social-minded others from neighboring areas of the city. It is employing a hospital-community clinic referral system designed to give the maximum health care to all with non-duplication of services, and, for free, man! Sure, we all know that General is free, but it isn't next door. It isn't staffed by your friends, and doctors who have the time to treat you like a human being and who realize that sitting in a waiting room can become a real drag.

Health, education, and welfare are appraised as unalienable rights of a "free" man in this glorious country, but health has always been a big business and a major phase of the free enterprise system of our capitalistic nation. The masses have, for the most part, had to buy good health and therefore curative medical attention has become a lower priority commodity and preventive medicine has only belonged to those wealthy enough to secure a private physician.

However, with the conception of a free community clinic the big business of health care is bypassed and some of the myths of medical professionalism and economics are broken down. It is amazing to see at a time when the costs of medicine and hospital care have been greatly inflated, like everything else, free care being handed out with no strings attached.

"Good health, hospital attention, and medicine

are no longer privileges of the rich. They are the rights of all people," related Dr. Lee Pickering, who, along with Doctor Roberto Lopez-Plata, Christopher Jung, and Statish Mehta, is a resident from Menorah Medical Center, one of the "core" hospitals pooling their resources and "own specialties." The Clinic refers those in need of a hospital facilities to Menorah or St. Lukes, whose director of Medical Education, Dr. Ralph Hall, is also staffing the Free Clinic in a shift arrangement with the Menorah doctors for four shifts—1:30 to 4:30 Tuesday, a surgical clinic 1:30 to 4:30 Thursday, 6:30 to 9:30 Thursdays, and 8:00 to 11:00 a.m. on Saturdays. Larry Shector, a psychologist from Western Missouri Mental Health, and Guy Bates, a senior at the Dental College who is trying to recruit more dental volunteer help, will both be scheduling clinics in the future.

Veneral disease is naturally a major concern for the clinic in Westport. And to show its support, the Public Health Department has backed the clinic by recognizing it as an official arm and by supplying it with the needed penicillin and tetracycline. The Lawrence Weed system of problem-oriented medical records will be used at the clinic and so also will follow-ups be made on the VD cases. The magnitude of VD infection among the kids of Westport was impressed upon this writer by John Vogt, a board member and one of the prime energy sources of the clinic. In his friendly, but serious manner, he related, to my surprise, just how "uptight people (even the free-spirited street people) were about saying they had the clap." He told me about one dude who strolled up and down the Alcazar main hallway trying to acquire the guts to report that the ol' VD bug had struck. John said, "I would really like to see each cat have the sense of responsibility and love for community to tell his friends: 'Hey, I've got the clap and you might have it, so you should go to the Free Clinic.'"

John also pointed out that, whereas referrals would be made in serious cases, those needing help should first register at the clinic. Although a lot of the clinic customers come with a friend or a car, transportation can be provided and also two

area ambulance services have offered free assistance. The Family Planning program, each Tuesday night from 6:00 until 9:30 has been aided by Planned Parenthood and will in Westport offer the planning assistance needed, of course, without cost.

Lastly, I feel that besides being a great answer to our community's health needs, the Free Clinic must have the support of all of Westport. Go to the Sign and rap with Alice Richardson; go to the clinic yourself and meet the doctors and nurses; meet Colsie Jones, Joni Feltzin, Andy Sparber, Armond Domingus, Elaine Polsky, and John, all of whom are really beautiful people. The clinic needs your continued support and, as is true with most community-based projects, the clinic will grow and expand with the efforts and interests of involved people. If enough of the Westport mothers express the need by responding with their names, the K.C. department of Health will establish a Well-Baby Clinic at the clinic. Also, a prenatal clinic could open if response is heard. Teach-ins in daily health principles, herbal medicines, organic diets, and a bibliography of the latest drug and drug abuse literature can be realized. All that is needed is your interest. Of course contributions are certainly appreciated. Many local businesses, church groups, and individuals have helped, including the payment of the first few months rent by a couple of the Westport churches. But, besides money, goodies like pens and pencils, another bulletin board, FM radio, a few air conditioners, sheets and blankets and gowns, folding screens, green plants, and a sterilizer would really be appreciated. Also, ordinary toiletries like soap, t.p., and sanitary napkins would help your sisters and brothers help you.

In closing, man, all I can say is that the clinic is one of the reasons Kosmic City is a very mellow place to be. Last Saturday, a father brought in his wife and baby, who had just been brought forth at home; all were well. Amazing things happen everyday at the Clinic, where, also, you can read a list of other free clinics in the U.S. and Canada in case you're planning to truck elsewhere.



# For temporary relief...

Jai Guru Dev.

Temporary relief of symptoms is a terrible, vicious trap Amerika has bought and continues to pay for. You can see it on every level; the straights buy it with medical doctors and billboards about drug abuse, the Panthers and Weathermen buy it with revolution, the government and the poor buy it with Welfare, et cetera, ad nauseum.

Driving down Broadway I caught my attention wandering to a giant billboard of a barbed hook and the words "There's a catch to drug abuse." Yes, yes. But, Do-Gooders of Amerika, The Problem is not drug abuse. No, no. And your reasons for putting that sign there, if they're political or altruistic, echo your ignorance of the fact that drug abuse is merely a symptom of a sick society. You must look deeper and find the cause to effect a cure, people. If you do manage to erase the so-called drug-problem, it will come back just like athlete's foot, because the fungus won't die. And I just can't understand how you even hope to do any good, with these silly posters. Who do you think reads them? Junkies? Forget that. Potential junkies? Right. Reading it and laughing at it. The greatest drug-abuser in the country is the A.M.A., mothers, and the connection is Park-Lilly and Olin-Mathison and all those boys. You don't have to

go to anybody's ghetto to find junkies either; all you have to do is look in your medicine cabinet. YOU MUST FIND THE CAUSE for all this drug-taking, if you want to do something about it, and the first step is to admit that we're all taking drugs. And think about this, if you need some kind of analogy to work with: if you have a painfully sore knee, you might go to your wonderful "doctor" and get some nice prescription junk to make the pain go away...with absolutely no guarantee that it won't come back. But if you had better knowledge for understanding sickness, you might instead go to a real doctor who might tell you that your problem comes from an infection in your tonsils. And then you might go to a truly wonderful chiropractor who might tell you that your rotting tonsils are being affected by some pinched nerve in your poorly-aligned spinal vertebrae. But, no, no, gimme that quick, "respected" M.D. and that fast-acting (maybe toxic) DRUG.

So you're just trading water with these billboards. It's mental masturbation to put those fucking things up and tell people you're doing something about drug abuse.

And you people with your armed revolution bullshit, listen to me. You don't have to bring

the great helpless giant to its knees. Amerika is staggering and puking now, without any help from you. Straighten your own heads, and watch these changes go down, because if you don't stay straight and beautiful, you're just dragging your feet and striking sparks and slowing the spaceship down. "...whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should." The changes you may be able to bring about with force are the same changes the M.D. brings about with his drugs, and bullets and bombs are no better than heroin.

As a Buddhist, I am overjoyed to see people doing something about the suffering in the world. As a disciple of Stephen, I am saddened to see so many people trying to force change, because change that has come through force is impermanent. And treating the symptom of an illness, whether personal or social, produces a change that is merely temporary. Let's straighten ourselves and speak the truth all the time, and watch the changes evolve.

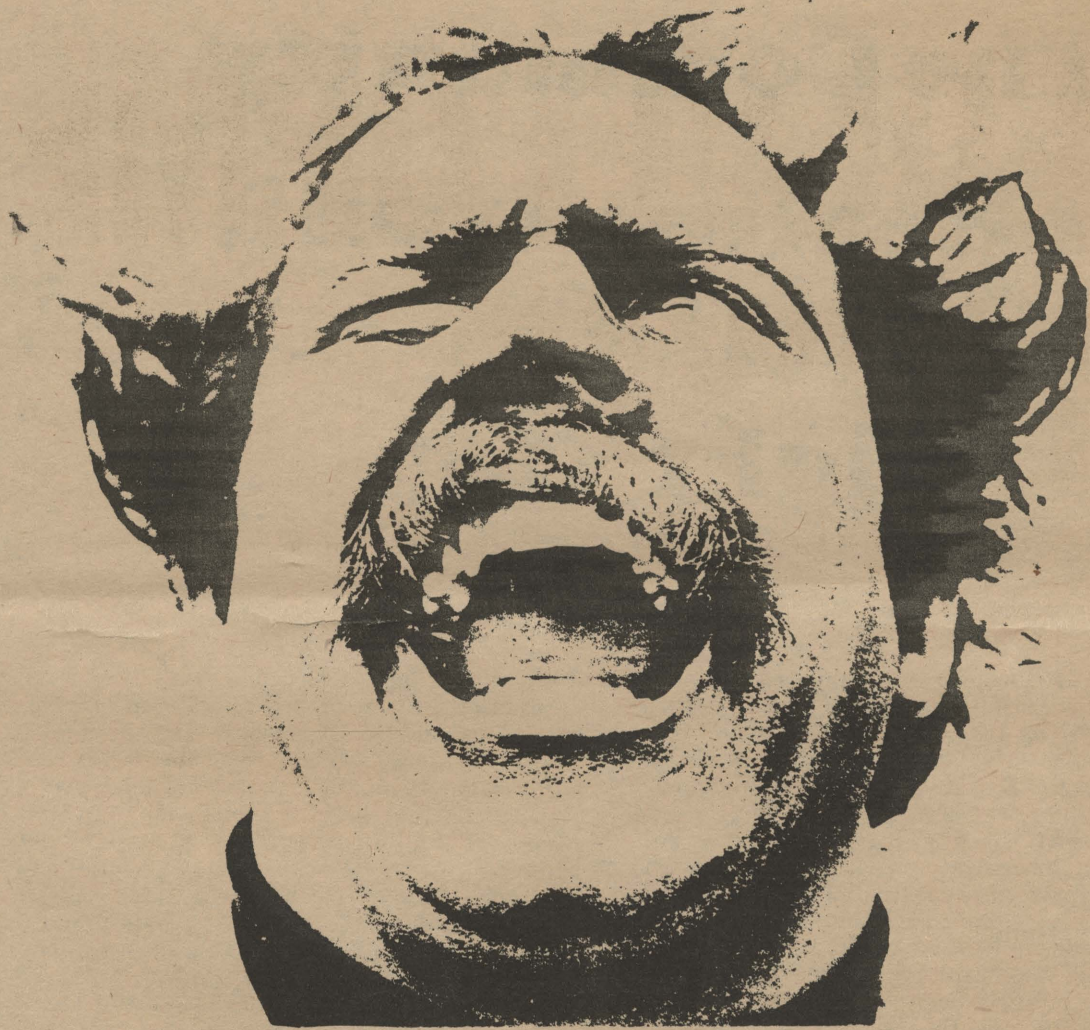
Roosevelt wanted his program of social welfare to go on for just five years, foolish idealist that he was. The welfare problem was like be-

cont. 10

# LNS

## news

### front



#### ECO-GUERRILLA: FIGHTING BACK AGAINST POLLUTORS

LIBERATION News Service

The eco-guerrilla movement is growing, as patience with the "proper channels" wears thin.

The most famous single eco-guerrilla is the Fox of Kane County, Illinois. The delight of conservationists and the scourge of corporations, the Fox takes credit for all of his actions by leaving a sticker at the scene of the crime, saying "Go Fox—Stop Pollution."

Here are some of his "ecotage actions":

—scaling a huge industrial smokestack and sealing off its toxic plume of smoke.

—hanging a 60 foot banner off a railroad bridge proclaiming: WE'RE INVOLVED—IN KILLING LAKE MICHIGAN—U.S. STEEL.

—dumping a large jar of U.S. Steel's own foul-smelling effluent on the plush carpet of their Chicago office. (He afterwards told the Chicago Daily News: "They keep saying that they aren't really polluting our water. If that's right, then it shouldn't hurt their rugs, right?")

—jumping into a sewer pipe and crawling through it to a discharge point to clog up a factory drainage system.

The Fox has been pulling off these stunts for the past two years without getting caught. And he has been inspiring many more people to take up their own guerrilla actions.

Here is the story of a Miami-based group, as given in Clear Creek, a new eco-magazine:

"Last April 6th, a band of young, black-clad Miami locals known as "Eco-Commando Force 70" attacked three sewage treatment plants by depositing dye-filled bombs in the huge waste vats. By daybreak it was clear that the foray, carried off with military precision, had been immediately successful—half the inland canals in the Miami area had turned bright yellow.

Back at their headquarters, the Eco-Commando Force 70 issued Communique No. 1, which declared that they had dyed the waste "to show what happens to sewage dumped into our waterways."

(The "Eco-Commandos" include professional man and women, students, blue-collar workers and a number of people from different scientific branches—all under 30.)

Said a speaker for the Commandos, "Our crimes are miniscule compared to the hundreds of crimes that are being committed daily on our environment. We honestly believe we are fighting for our lives." They have stated that if arrested and brought to trial, they will plead self-defense.

Last July 4th, when throngs of bathers flocked to the beaches to celebrate Independence Day in Miami, they were shocked to find large red signs erected by the Commandos, which warned: *Danger—Polluted. No Swimming, No Fishing, Potentially Dangerous concentrations of Pathogenic Bacteria Have Been Found at or Near This Location.*

This was followed by Communique No. 2 which reported that, although dangerous bacteria concentrations had been found at most local beaches, the

officials would not close the beaches "because it would hurt the tourist trade."

On October 22, the Eco-Commandos dumped 700 sealed bottles into the forty gallons of raw sewage pouring daily from a main Miami outfall pipe. The bottles had postcards inside, asking the finder to mail them in to local newspaper editors and their state governor, saying "this is where Miami's sewage goes."

The aim of this exercise was to show up the lies of Miami officials who claimed the sewage was carried far to sea and diluted there. In fact, the bottles were found washed up along the Northern coast of Florida—the ocean currents were washing the raw sewage back to shore.

Other eco-guerrillas have chosen more direct approaches. A Celgar pulp mill considered by many people to be one of the worst pulp polluters in British Columbia had one of its electrical transformers blown out. The police suspected a group of young eco-activists called "Kootenay Liberation Front", but could find no evidence against them.

#### WORLD ROMANY CONGRESS: GYPSY POWER

LONDON (LNS) — Gypsies, members of a minority group that has been harassed longer and more persistently than any other by European societies, recently held an international conference here to press for international recognition and a new consciousness of their plight.

The harassment of hyspies — who are mostly dark-skinned Romanies descended from a wandering tribe from India — was the central issue at the World Romany Congress.

It is estimated that there are now about three million gypsies in Europe. Gypsies from 15 European countries were represented at the congress.

#### BATTLE CREEK SNAPS, CRACKLES, AND POPS AS BLACK WORKERS CONFRONT KELLOGG

BATTLE CREEK, Mich. (LNS) — The Kellogg Cereal Company of Battle Creek for years has nurtured an image of Walt Disney-like purity. Nevertheless, on April 10, roughly 150 black workers met with representatives of the Michigan Civil Rights Commission in Battle Creek to level charges of a Kellogg Ceiling on promotions for blacks.

According to the workers, out of 4,500 salaried and hourly employees there are only 30 blacks in any kind of managerial or foreman position, and among nearly 500 skilled trades workers only eight are black.

The American Federation of Grain Millers, which represents most of Kellogg's employees has essentially ignored the black workers' complaints. The 3,400 member Local 3 in Battle Creek is administered by 78 officers, none of whom is black.

"BABY, BABY, CAN'T YOU HEAR MY HEART BEAT?"

#### ROCK MUSIC FOUND HELPFUL IN OPEN HEART SURGERY

PHILADELPHIA, Pa. (LNS) — "I generally play rock music when I perform open-heart operations," says Dr. Gerald LeMole.

"In the first place, the patient is more relaxed if he hears music—usually something slow—playing while he's going under the anesthetic," said the 34 year old surgeon. "His introduction to the operation is better if he hears rock music than if he hears what the team is saying.

"Once the patient is asleep, we tune in a little faster music. It's a long-proven observation that the rhythm of music played in the background will set a tempo for work, and I've found that not only does rock music set a brisk pace, it also helps ease the tension among the operation team."

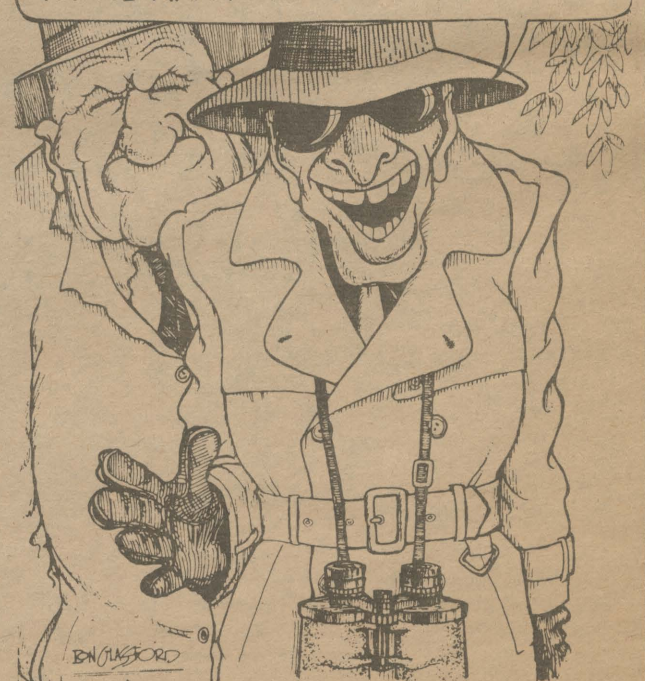
#### U.S. PING PONG PLAYER REQUESTS EXTENDED STAY IN CHINA: "MAYBE FOREVER, BUT PROBABLY NOT"

PEKING, People's Republic of China (LNS) — John Tannehill, a member of the United States table tennis team visiting here, says he has asked his Chinese hosts if he can extend his stay for at least a few weeks.

Mr. Tannehill, who is 18 years old, told those accompanying the team that, in fact, he was toying

with the idea of an extended stay in China — "maybe forever, but probably not." He says he thinks Chairman Mao Tse-tung's philosophy is "beautiful" and asserts that he wants to work with China's workers and peasants.

HI, WE'RE FROM THE TELEPHONE CUMPNY AN' WE WANNA...AH...CHECK YER PHONE.



# REDEVELOPMENT BLOCKED

Mary Helper

You wouldn't have believed it.

Picture if you will, the scene in the city council chambers April 1, for the hearing of the Broadway Area Association's Penn Valley Plaza Redevelopment project.

The room, built to super-human proportions, is filled with people, more than 300 of them residents of the area the BAA's wanted to level, mostly white, mostly middle class, mostly older people. Up in front at a long table were five members of the 8-member City Plan commission. Sitting quietly to one side were the BAA's. Swarming all over the council chambers were news men and area politicians.

The BAA's started off their presentation with their big-guns: Donald L. Thompson, Vice President, Kansas City Life Insurance company; Frank Robinson, BAA's president; Thomas Robinson, Assistant Managing Partner, Black and Veech, Engineering; D. Peter Newquist, Vice President, Commerce bank; William J. Campbell, partner, R. B. Jones, realators; William Drexel, First National Bank; William Barton, BAA's architect; Joe Jennings, traffic expert—all of these people testifying to the effect that the proposed high rise office and apartment complex was in the best interests of the Westport Community and Kansas City.

Then they brought out their engineers, Burns & McDonald Engineering, who talked about the criteria they had used to determine that the area from 33rd to Valentine, Broadway to the Trafficway, was indeed blighted and deserved to be torn down.

They brought maps and statistics and slides. During the slide show, the spokesman, John Salisbury of Burns & McDonald, zeroed in on one house, judged to be dilapidated, and conducted a tour.

The slides showed the outside of the house, stairs needing repair, windows needed replacement, and the inside of the house, walls with holes, outdated and dangerous light fixtures, bad plumbing—the whole bit. He went on and on and on until Wes

Jennings, of the City Plan commission, asked him to name the address and owner of the house.

"The address is 3320 Pennsylvania," the poor man said. "The owner is Kansas City Life Insurance."

As the residents began to shout and applaud, he hastily added, "We choose it because of ease of entry."

You would have had to be there to believe it. The BAA's had put forward as their most horrible example of blight in the neighborhood a house owned by one of their own companies and a prime mover in the whole Penn Valley project. There's no doubt at all that the house was easy for the photographers to get into. There were some who were even so low minded as to suggest in public that Kansas City Life had let that house get in that condition just so the photographers could get in.

Even though the BAA's tried to save face by quickly bringing on their Business Mens Assurance representative, their representative from the Veterans of Foreign Wars and even D.W. Gilmore, president of Kansas City Life, they had just sunk their own ship.

The residents started a rebuttal with their lawyer, Donald Raymond, and an engineer who countered the Burns/McDonald findings, but the ceiling came off when then Mayor Elect Charles Wheeler asked to speak.

He spoke briefly against the project saying that he is a firm believer in the Ralph Nader idea that corporations lack the conscience of a normal human being and that some of the evidence presented by the BAA's had been unconscionable. He said the neighborhood was not blighted and then he addressed a message to the City Plan commission.

He asked them and all other appointees of Mayor Ilus Davis to do him the courtesy of turning in their resignations.

It was all over but the shouting.

The residents presented a good case, including testimony by Paul Edwards, president of the Westport Community Council, Harry Hall, school board member; Joe Shaughnessy, newly elected councilman; a letter from State Representative James Baker, and Joe Cigas, President of the Valentine Neighborhood Association, and other residents of the area.

About this time one of the members of the City Plan commission asked the residents if they intended to hold their organization together and keep working if the plan were not approved.

Yes, sir, they would indeed.

After all the testimony was in and rebuttals were heard, the commission retired to chambers to discuss the matter. They had a lot to think about.

The crowd waited and the announcement came.

The commission was not going to recommend approval of the BAA's plan.

People throughout the room were yelling for joy and hugging each other. Except in the BAA's corner where Frank Robinson sat very red-faced. He said the BAA's were going to fall back and regroup.

I think he meant it.

Because, while the commission had rejected the plan, the official report prepared by Robert A. Kipp, director of city development, was very favorable to the BAA's proposal. And while the defeat put an end to government support of the redevelopment project, it in no way hampered private acquisition and it certainly didn't put a stop to plans for the Pennsylvania Highway, which is the crux of the matter.

The Pennsylvania highway is today as live an issue as it ever was. And the BAA's have by now a well-developed pattern of sticking their heads up in public a while to see how much flack they catch and then retiring for months of hard work behind the scenes with city staff members. And when they stick their heads up again, they've always made some progress.

This time the citizens are working behind the scenes too, trying to find some way of financing rehabilitation of the homes in the area that do need some work.

But the battle of Pennsylvania highway, if you can judge by the past, is still a long way from being won.

## LNS cont.

TEACHER DISMISSED AS BEING "WITCH"

Anne Steward, an English teacher at Flowing Wells High School, has been notified that she will not be rehired next year after she was accused of being a witch. "I surely would have been burned at the stake by now if this had happened in 17th-century Salem," she said.

The whole thing started when an expert on witchcraft and folklore was invited to talk to one of her classes. He talked for a short while about witches, and described their characteristics. Witches supposedly have blonde hair, blue or green eyes, a widow's peak and like to wear devil's green—a color between lime and chartreuse. A positive sign, the speaker said, is a pointed left ear with a node. Mrs. Steward has all those characteristics.

Naturally, her students started joking about her being a witch, and she took it good-naturedly. "I like to get the kids involved," she pointed out, and this was a good way to get into the folklore of early American literature, which she teaches.

Later she was asked to dress up as a witch for another teacher who was also teaching a folklore course. She did so, and soon students started greeting her with, "Hello, witchie."

Mrs. Steward feels that part of the reason for her dismissal may be that she has had conflicts with the conservative administration in the past. The official reasons given for the action were:

—Teaching about witchcraft ("having stated you are a witch") in such a way that it affects students psychologically.

- Causing mental stress for many teachers.
- Being a poor influence on subordinates.
- Being insubordinate.

However, Mrs. Steward denies having ever said she was a witch and the school is unable to show specific examples of occasions when students have been psychologically affected by anything she has said.

She is now suing the school to be rehired, and plans to use "every legal strategem" available.

## CONVICTED MARINE PETITIONS NIXON FOR "CALLEY TREATMENT"

NEW YORK (LNS)—"It is outrageous that Calley, convicted of 22 counts of pre-meditated murder, should now be 'confined' to a four-room apartment on base, while others convicted of crimes of the same or lesser magnitude and currently awaiting the outcome of their appeals, are confined to brigs and stockades," states Marine Private John C. Robinson.

Robinson is doing one year of hard labor at a Navy brig in Portsmouth, N.H. for taking part in a "riot" at the Iwakuni Correctional Facility in Japan. He states that, unlike Calley, there has never been any proof that he injured anyone during the prison rebellion. And also, unlike Calley, he has not been offered thousands for book, magazine and movie contracts. In fact, Robinson has forfeited his pay and allowance since December, 1970.



Review of The Organic Traveler: John and Carol Farley...paperback \$2.00 Published by P. Lion and Co., P. O. Box 416, N. Hollywood Ca 91603

John and Carol Farley logged 12,000 miles on their Volks bus, up and down the mellow West coast to research their mellow new book, a handbook for hippy summer travelers. They ate in organic restaurants, jotted down addresses, critiques of the meal quality, and the behavior of the proprietors and cleanliness of the establishments. They visited head shops, read underground newspapers and chatted with the shopkeepers.

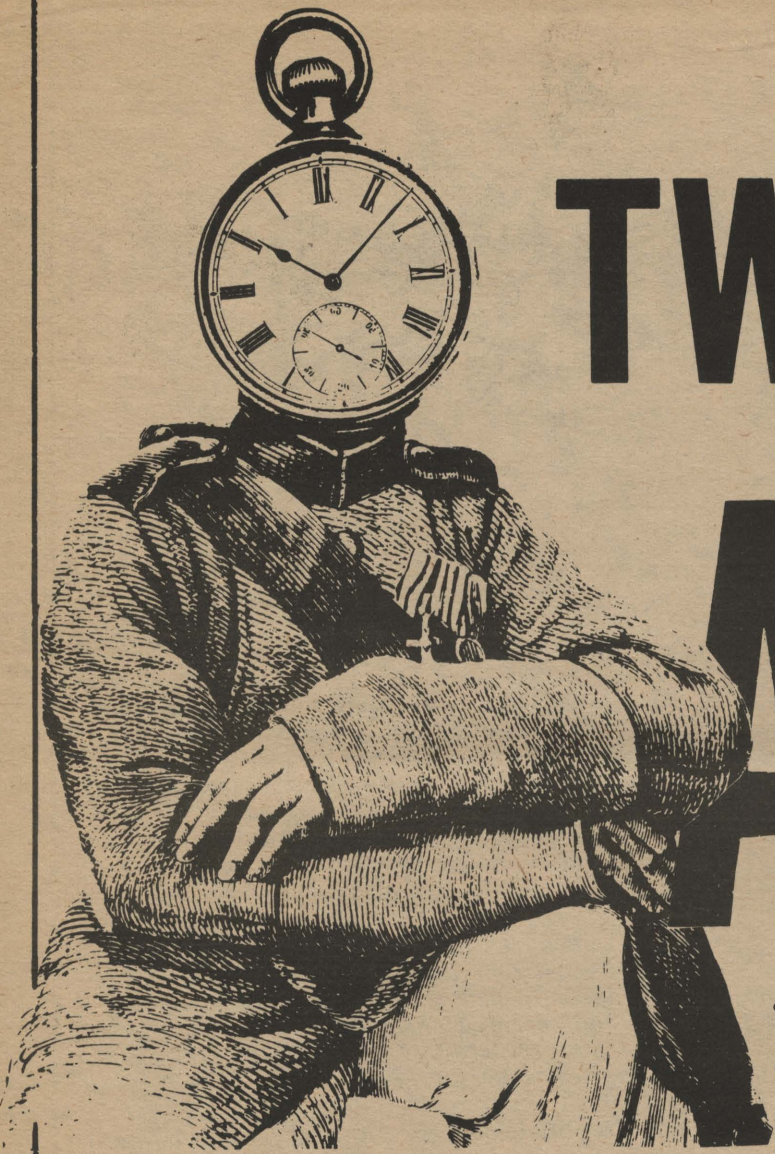
As discriminating consumers and weathered freaks, they visited every town and city from Bellingham, Washington to San Diego, and actually gave full descriptions of highway patrol, city police and sheriff's cars in every locality they visited, a sure sign they were doing it too. They tuned in on dozens of AM and FM radio stations, got telephone numbers of free clinics, and questioned the locals for information about campground regulations.

Their book is organized by city, from north to south, with places they recommended as especially counter-cultural in bold type. It could be useful for someone who can afford the trip, in which case they could afford the two dollars for the book.

Cheri Blankenship







# TWO YEARS IN ANGOLA

## Louisiana State Pen.

Walking down the street—tripping and something brings me down and I flash on an intense scene:

Doing a mental trip—concentration on the window I'm sleeping under, the colors of the curtain, the wood casement (a red on white), the glass, the screen, trying to see the green trees growing out there—the grass—the smell—flowers. For a moment the picture holds and I'm tripping then the gate clangs and I open my eyes: stone above and beside—darkness all around. Slowly the stench of amonia comes back, and then all the other foul smells; the sounds return of rustling cockroaches, moans. Gradually I can almost see with the light that comes in thru the cracks around the welded plates. Moans and the sight of other people. We're all three together there in a six by nine concrete cell for five days. Never let out for those five days—no ventilation and the heat, the unsufferable July heat of Louisiana. The discomfort is so intense (rashes, difficult breathing, sweat) that it doesn't bear thinking about, so I trip out a bit. And sometimes at night I can really hear the crickets outside, still feel part of the world like an animal in a cage.

That flash is to a discipline cell—the hole in Angola—Louisiana State Penitentiary. The people running it really dig this type of torture. For so many years they had free reign to beat, torture and even kill convicts that this sentiment still runs the prison. Even after the supposed reforms, men are still tortured and treated like animals as much as possible. The scars just don't show as much and their methods are more devious.

I was there for over two years and I heard a lot of stories—but I saw enough to blow anyone's mind. The only cat I know that the guards actually killed was a young guy from New Orleans. He and about five others were in the hole for five days, they had been tear-gassed and harrassed. Then one of them died and the story was spread that he died of spinal meningitis in the hole. After the bullshit quarantine and all, it finally came down that he was beaten and dragged around because he had been complaining. One hack was charged with manslaughter and a few others suspended. At the end of it a few months ago: cause of death—heat prostration; all the hacks rehired, but one, who was discharged for bestial and unhuman treatment of prisoners. Murder brings a scandal and nothing more.

Aside from the "man" constantly on a repression trip—treating convicts as lesser creatures as much as the law allows, the conditions they create are close to unbearable. One camp there was built fifty years ago—falling apart, roach infest-

ed, unsanitary. Camp H is where they send all the gay boys to get fucked and promote an atmosphere of killing and homosexual behavior.

you're thinking about being away from all the groovy things in life: family, dope, etc., and the bad conditions in prison. It takes awhile to realize that that is only half of it. The second half is learning to live in a totally alien society that functions under a set of the most animalistic rules. Another flash: I got my time—I'm tripping heavy trying to get off to a flying start. An acid thing—the judge pronouncing sentence, the lawyer, my old lady crying—the handcuffs, chains and then a long cavern of cells: doors and arms, heads leaning out of the small cave holes—into a four man cell with eight men in it and the reality begins to hit—this is for real and for a long time. An irrevocable thing—a sinking feeling—look around.

Everyone else is into a pattern, putting down one rap or another—watching television, eating, playing cards or any insane activity to take up time. Too many changes too quickly. A day later someone is holding a knife on me with a proposition—he wants to fuck me or kill me—wow, what a way to come on. I know the cats got the death penalty already—just waiting transfer—my mind reels and I reject everything. Like I see his power-fear trip and I'm less afraid to die than he is, so I tell him and it blows his mind. He thinks I'm insane but he leaves me alone—maybe more insane then he is and from there I realize what a job it's going to be to keep my head cool. I don't want to fuck or be fucked with—so the trip begins.

A friend of mine who's head was somewhat in the same place was rapping to me after I got to Angola from the Parish prison. We rapped about the streets, karma, meditation, future trips—mostly things and ways to keep your head cool. We both dug the peace trip and were willing to try it. He tried it more than I did. Six months later he was found in his bunk with a knife in his chest. Nobody was ever charged—nobody cared. The officials want to keep paranoia high so it is hard to organize. The only way I had as much freedom as I did was because I was into a pill dealing scene and they needed me. That's a bummer.

But there are so many heads coming in there that are really fucked around bad. The red-necks that run the place don't dig them and the old convicts don't understand them so they get hassled. Some organizing now is beginning to occur because of so many heads in prison and the other cons are starting to tune into what's happening and the ways of getting reforms to happen. The old ways are all

It is an accepted fact at Angola that everyone steals from the prison. A convict doing the books for the cafeteria told me that they had kept a double

set of books for years in order to sell out the back door. The tons of eggs and juices and meat that are purchased by the state very rarely make it to the convict's table. They show it to all the senators and investigating committees, but they just go on stealing and the convict starves. They think the slop they feed is too good for convicts anyway—that's a whole trip in itself.

You get time and it's really a bummer because violence and death. I've seen fifteen cats brought down from CCR (closed custody restricted) bleeding because they cut themselves as a protest. They wanted exercise time—just to work in the fields. There have been many other bigger blood baths and the convict gets nothing for his blood. Keep a shiv stash, watch who's walking next to you and keep your business straight. That's prison—or rather that is where the prison's at but there are other things happening. Hours and hours to think, to go into your own head and find out slowly where it's at. Many hours living extremely close to people—sixty-man dormitories—and trying to relate to a strange sort of people—all of us are murderers and rapists—all just people. Trying in small ways to break down the paranoia. Turning people that have been in prison for 10 days or twenty years on to the oneness and brother trip. It is easy to see exactly where repression is at from there—all types. Sometimes it was like being dead and I reviewed my life. The only thing I thought to be stupid was not tripping out—hasseling with things rather than enjoying life. From a place of nothing all things can come into perspective. The whole world is full of prison's trap games and they need to be destroyed.

The convict prison is only the worst: the expression of all that is bad in our society at it's logical extreme. Treating each other like animals locked in a cage just waiting for release.

Any good that comes of it is all in the individual. It does strengthen a lot of heads and really forces them to get their shit together. The cats I did time with that I rap to now seem further out then before. Some in many ways more spiritual thru burning off a lot of karma—others just tripping more.

What else is there to say? There's a lot more to say—a whole life and society that is prison. This is just a small glimpse of a prison—a small glimpse of the world from prison—a small glimpse of prison from the world. Only thru our own feelings of repression can we empathize with prison life. Bars and walls and guards, guns and walls do make a prison. So do chairs and cars, highways and horses, and pigs and guns and fences.

TAG-

### FOR TEMPORARY RELIEF cont.

ginning a novel: once begun, it developed a life of its own. And now the government is giving the bread and the revolutionaries are providing the circus.

Searching again for what is real...and every time the answer appears to be "Nothing is real." But the Nixons and the Reagans and all of them are so caught up in the game of politics and government, really believing that it is necessary and right and Provident - these rules, this organiza-

tion. Every time my mind tells me that we are being manipulated, I fight it with earthly human logic and say it isn't, so, in the end, and later say that it doesn't fucking matter, anyway. Home-spun philosophy infused with thoughts of the Masters. I think sometimes I am just running away from the question when I sigh and say "it doesn't really matter," but then that makes no difference, either. If I'm right or wrong, it makes no difference. Live your life, and that's it. I

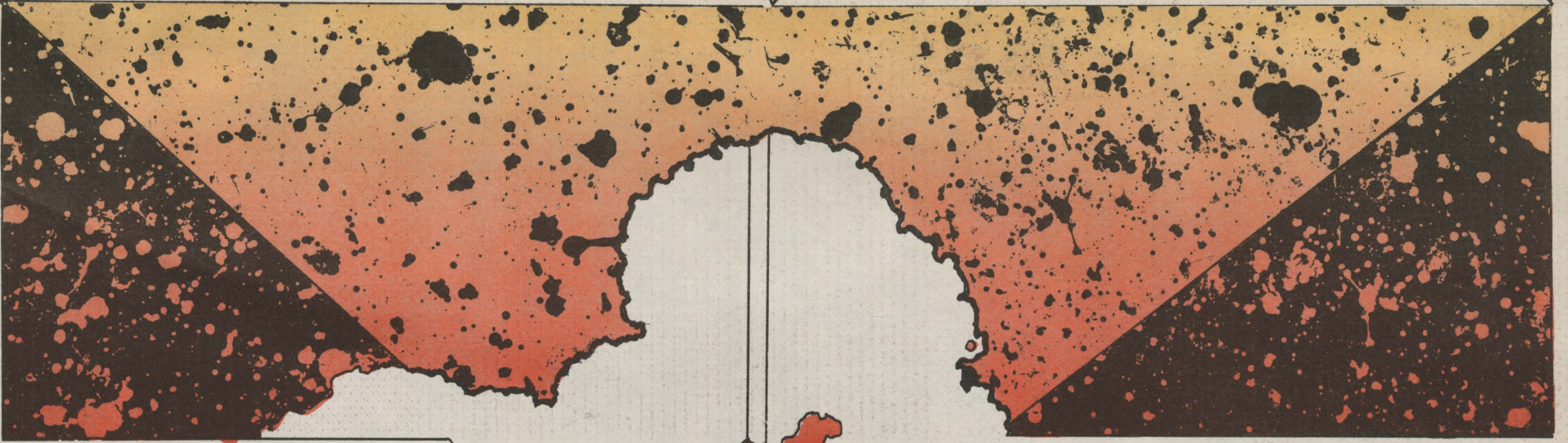
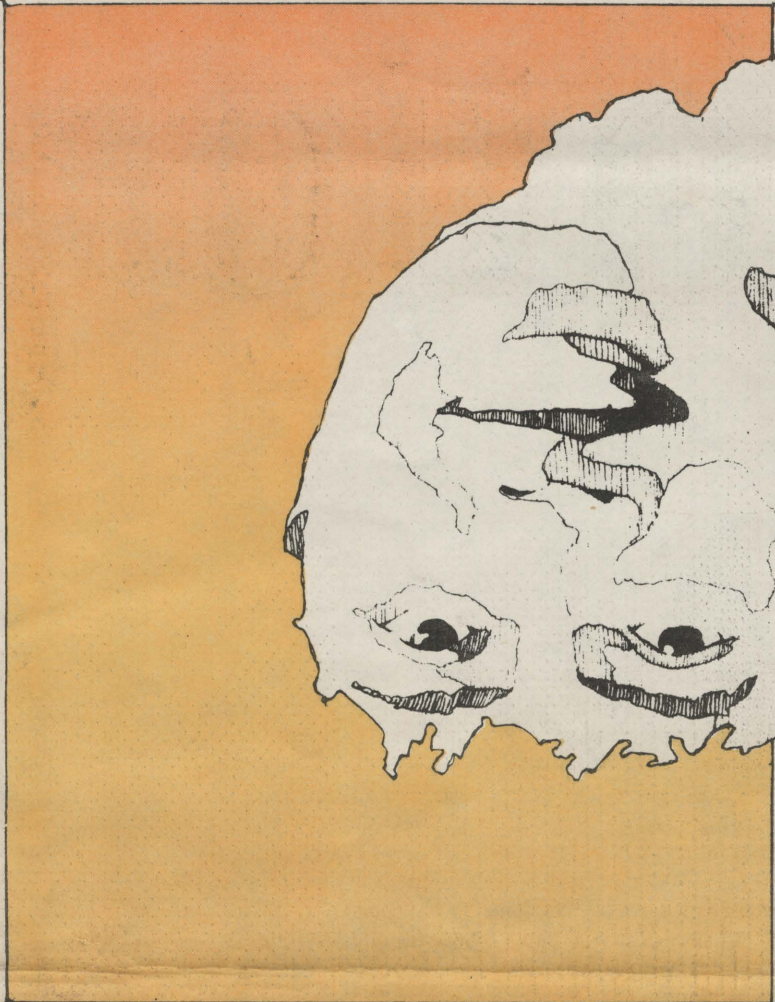
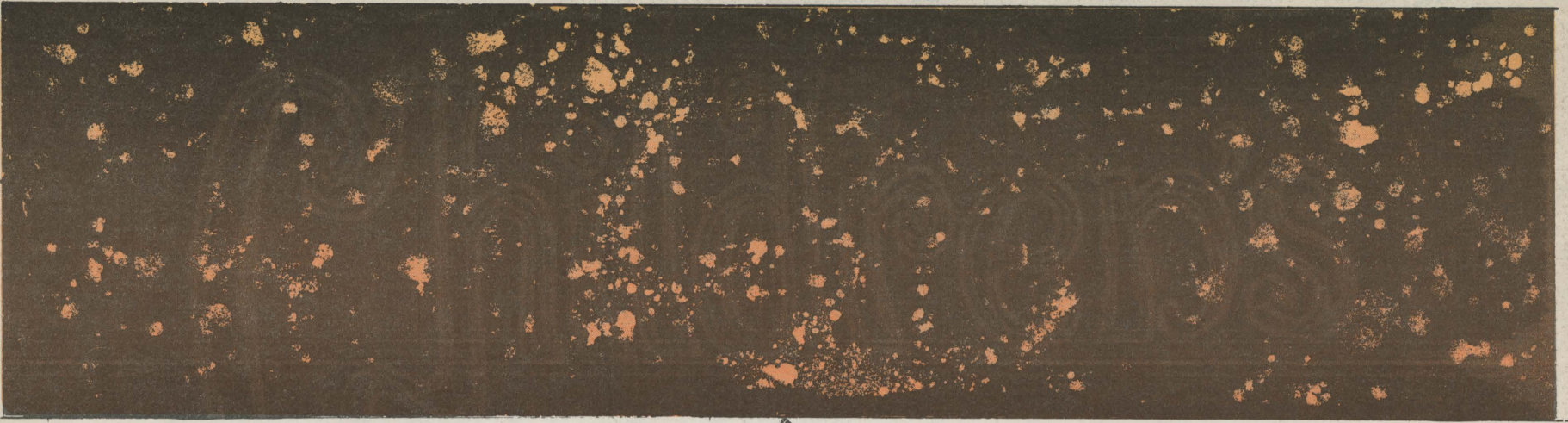
used to think, say, and believe that I was not religious. Now I realize that all that time I was just rejecting the organized religion of my childhood, and not realizing that I was becoming religious; I thought myself just a heretic. There can be no doubt - there is no doubt - that I worship life. And life is the God, the One.

Humanity and all the other creations are but rings, concentric circles around the perfect core

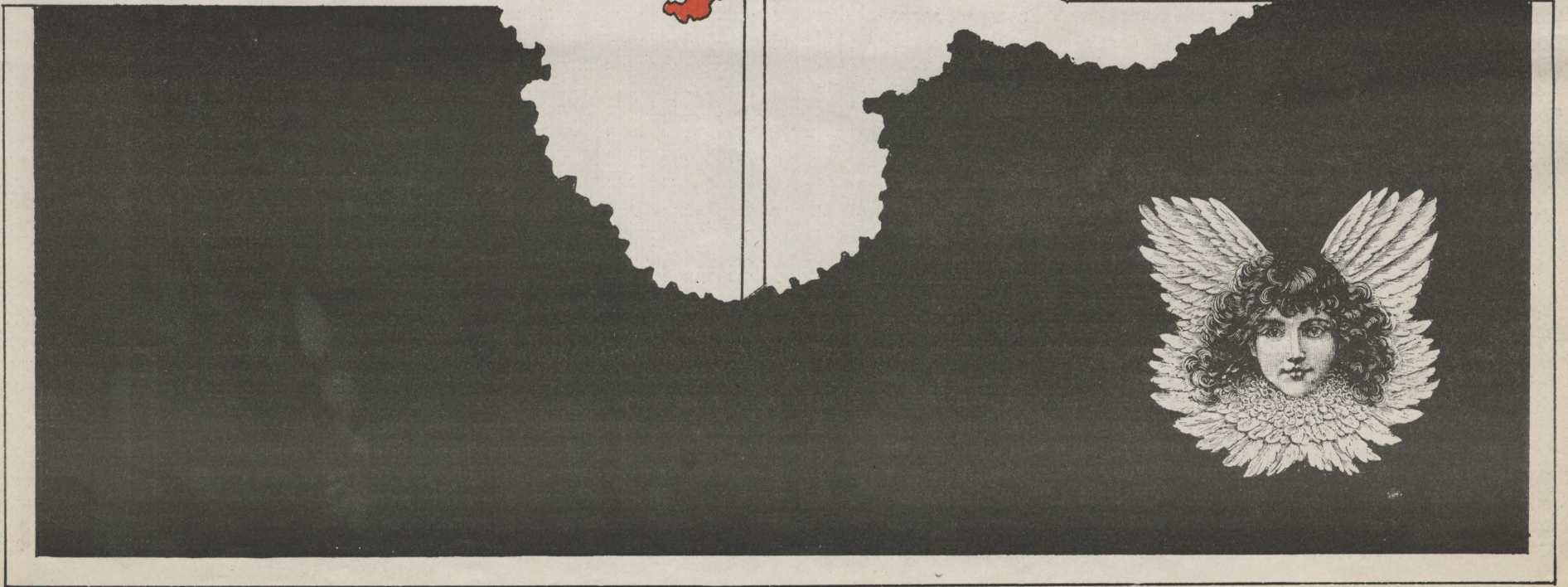
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*Mullins*



# Children's Liberation

from  
Amazing Grace,  
originally from  
the Seed



## Baby as vegetable....

What do you think when you see someone who really seems tuned into himself, oblivious to distractions around him, not saying much, and occasionally smiling or frowning? That's right, he's stoned, having a private high. Well, that's what babies are into about 99% of the time. Glorious, private highs. Trouble is, most people don't realize that. "Does it SEE yet?" "Does it SMILE yet?" Does it RECOGNIZE you?" "Why is it scrunching up its nose like that?" Or--when the baby is about five or six months old--"Gosh, it's becoming human." A baby usually attains the privilege of being referred to as "he" or "she" (instead of "it") at around 8 or 9 months. And it is at about that age that most grown-ups feel comfortable trying to relate to a baby--and by "grown-ups" I include sisters and brothers in the revolution, and even some parents, themselves, who still think of babies as vegetables.

Facts: Babies can distinguish tones in the first week of life. They can focus their eyes on shapes almost from the moment of birth, and get enjoyment from seeing complicated patterns. At four months, they have visual skills comparable to adults. At around three or four months, if properly stimulated, babies can learn to grasp and reach,

and this opens up a whole new world to them.

Babies should be treated as human beings from the moment of birth. When a baby is offered stimuli, he can be turned on to the environment and develop curiosity more easily than a baby who is treated as an invalid in a white-sheet bed all day. From the very beginning, you should talk to a baby, let him hear street noises and party noises and singing. Give him different textures to touch--swatches of material like velvet, wool, burlap, satin, a piece of sponge, tissue paper. Let him feel an ice cube. When he is lying down, make sure he doesn't have to stare at blank walls. You can make really far-out mobiles with just a little cardboard, paint and string.

And most important, don't feel silly doing all these things. Just because a baby doesn't say "thank you" doesn't mean he's not enjoying the stimuli you provide him. Babies are so intensely into their own trip that sometimes grown-ups feel a little paranoid around them because they think they're not responding. Try to remember this next time someone asks you "does the baby see, yet?" Resist your urge to say fuck-off, and try to explain that babies are not vegetables, just stoned.

It might make that person a better parent some day.



## Child as plaything....

"Cutchy-cutchy coo, what a darling child!"  
"Fuck you," says the darling child.

For the most part, children in this society are relegated to an even lower status than women. Women are "attractive, beautiful, smart chicks, good mothers, good cooks, good lays," and some are even "good secretaries," and "good students" (and as for a career woman: "she's a pretty good lawyer--considering she's a woman.") But children are just fat, skinny, tall, short, cute, darling, good, naughty, and "precocious"--whatever that means.

Children over a year or two, and up to age 5 or 6, are no longer considered vegetables--but rather little puppets--playthings to be cooed over and dressed up. SHOW OFF: "Show grandmommy how you can do pata-cake." "Show the people how you can do 'right-on.'" PLEASE OTHERS: "Eat your dinner and make mommy happy." COMPETE: "Look, your brother has finished all his spinach; why can't you be good like him?"

Most parents are truly concerned about bringing up their children to be creative, intelligent people--and that's just the trouble! Children are ALREADY creative, intelligent people. The emphasis in child-care should be to maintain and develop that creativity and intelligence. Even the most loving, well-intentioned parents can unintentionally stifle a child's enthusiasm and growth. It is a very easy trap to fall into, especially for the mother who spends all day at home with her children. If a mother gets overly hassled by household/children chaos, a child's life becomes nothing more than an endless series of do's

and don'ts. All these demands placed on a child (show-off, compete, please others, do this, don't do that) could very well destroy the fresh creativity and search for knowledge which he had to begin with, and make him insecure and resentful.

The way things now stand in our society, it is up to the mother almost exclusively to provide the optimal environment for her children (or, if she works, it is up to the babysitter--read the other article on this page, and hope things change). A mother must always be ready to "cope" with crying, tantrums, fighting among sisters and brothers, etc. by reasonable methods. Too much discipline is bad, and total lack of discipline is bad. Not having situations arise where discipline is needed is best of all--so try your best to be a super-mother. Try to figure out what kind of activities interest your children at different stages of growth, and help them to get involved in those activities.

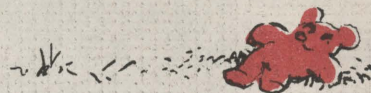
If a child is learning to crawl, give him space. If he's learning to walk, move things out of the way so he won't get hurt. If he's into fitting things together, provide him with lots of boxes and cans and buttons and scraps of wood and paper. Crayons, paint, paste, books, old clothes to dress up in, books, puzzles. . .

A warning: be careful of the toys and books you buy, lest you fill your child's mind with rubbish. Most toys seem innocent enough, but have you ever noticed all the real Amerikan shit on the market? Like complete make-up kits and manicure sets for little girls (pink, of course); or war games for little boys which say in subtle

ways: cowboys = good, Indians = bad, or soldiers = brave, honest-true-good, slant-eyes = bad. I almost bought what I thought was a really nice toy the other day--a miniature VW camper, with lots of moveable parts and little people which fit inside--until I saw that the camper was furnished with a Television set--in color.

Be even more careful with books. Avoid the following: anything having to do with Dick or Jane, or hyping the typical Amerikan family; token integration books in which one or two black friends play with children of the typical Amerikan family. Well-illustrated picture-books are good for very small children. Once they can follow a story-line, try to pick books which have something to do with the concepts and emotions which children experience. Don't be afraid of books which are sad, or "scary." They really help kids to work things out. Two of the farthest-out books I know for children (and for adults) are "Moon Man" and "Where the Wild Things Are."

One final word about how we all relate to children. Just because a child seems lively and playful, don't think the ONLY way you can relate to him is by playing silly, energetic games (tickling, chasing, bouncing, throwing up in the air, etc.) Some of this is fun for both you and the child, but too often grown-ups do it just because it seems to be the easiest way to get along. Just remember that even before children are able to talk, they can understand lots. So try finding out what makes them tick by relating to the ideas that are going on in their minds. You'll find that you can have some of the best natural highs ever by just getting into the world of a child.





# letters

Dear Trucker,

I just finished reading Frank's article on Jesus Freaks. It really kind of freaked me out. You see, I'm one of the first people to live in the House of Agape and I've been accused of being the worst case of "backsliding" to come out of the House of Agape. I kind of thought you might dig on what I had to say about the Jesus thing.

First of all, I don't consider myself a Christian backslider. It's a name that some periodical backsliders have said has been given to me by some of the other Jesus freaks. The reason I have been given this name is because I went back to doing dope, I often use "dirty words," I don't go to Bible studies any more, and I have some different ideas that do not go along with the accepted Christian philosophy. I don't want to get into a thing of cutting down the Agape people or Jesus. To me Jesus means a love far beyond the comprehension of man, that seeks to envelope man. But I guess the best way to say what I want to say is to tell you what happened to me.

I used to dislike Christians very much, because I felt that they were part of an establishment that sought to restrict my freedoms. But my wife started digging on Jesus while I was at work. Since she was into it so much, I started reading the Bible, mostly to make her happy. In reading it, I read it in a different way than I had before. First, I didn't intellectualize, as most people do, because I was just reading it to be reading it. Second, I didn't take the old accepted interpretations and read them into the Bible as so many people do. After a while, it began to dawn on me that the book I was reading was laying down some pretty heavy stuff. I began to understand things about myself, and about God. I wanted to learn more, and I wanted to know God. So I became a Jesus freak. It was about this time when the House of Agape was starting to open, and Blue and I were invited to live there. So we moved in, in the belief that we would learn more about Jesus. I gave up dope (for 2 months) because the elders said I didn't need drugs because Jesus would get me stoned on the Holy Spirit more than any drug would, and because dope was one of the worldly lusts that I should strive to be free of. I figured that the elders knew more than me about Jesus because they had been into the Bible longer than me. I also began to experience the Holy Spirit, which is real, and a very far out thing: I could also dig on the worldly lust thing, because I already thought the world was a pile of shit, yet something didn't seem quite right, and I didn't know what it was. My non-Christian friends were

becoming alienated from me, and I found it harder and harder to resist the dope they kept offering me. After a while I started smoking again.

I was told that I couldn't do dope and Jesus. Yet I dug both and wasn't giving up either. So I read and thought and grew and learned. Although the Christian People say I'm all wrong, these are the beliefs I developed.

It is not important what you do or what you say or how you act. The important thing is: do you love, and what do you love? I believe that Jesus was saying to love God and your fellow man instead of money and other material possessions or your ego. Jesus said that great words would not get you into Heaven and "the Kingdom of Heaven is within you." Jesus said to be like little children and to receive the Holy Spirit of God, "...for God is love." I feel that I should strive to love God and to love other people and to not get hung-up in the world. God created the earth and Satan built a world on it. I feel that organic drugs are of the earth, not of the world.

In the Bible it says, "Ask, and it will be given you." I ask God continually to guide and teach me. If you are a Christian and feel that I am wrong, then you are saying that God is not giving me what I asked, therefore not fulfilling a promise that He made to all men. If you are not a Christian and you put Christians down, I would like to say this to you. Christians are not perfect, nor are they supposed to be. Jesus is the one the Bible says is perfect. If you want to know about Jesus, ask Jesus. If you want to know God, ask God. It isn't important to me if you dig what I say or not. It is important that you find God and through Him find peace and love.

Doing the drugs that God made is not wrong in my mind. But if it is wrong, or for that matter, if anything I do is wrong, I ask God to show me how and why, and I ask God to give me ears to hear Him. Maybe He is showing me through experience. My imperfect mind does not know the answer, so I can't give you an answer. But I will tell you what Jesus once said:

"Ask, and you will be given,  
Seek, and you will find,  
Knock, and the door will open.  
For everyone who asks receives,  
And everyone who seeks will find,  
And to everyone who knocks, the door will be opened."

The Christian people are partly right and partly wrong. I am partly right and partly wrong. Any man who says he is never wrong is the biggest fool of all. You will never find the truth among men. You will only find part truths and lies. To find truth and love, you must go to the one who is truth and love. And that is God.

B. L.



The article in the last issue of the Trucker on the Free Clinic by Cherie Blankenship was undoubtedly one of the most absurd things I have ever read. It is obvious that she knows absolutely nothing about the clinic. The opening line was "After Terry Nelson became involved in hassles with the FBI, he was fired from VISTA. What in the world does this have to do with the clinic? Neither Terry Nelson, the FBI, nor VISTA have a thing to do with the Free Clinic. The rest of the article was written with a negative outlook on the clinic relating none of the good points at all, and

it was done in editorial form which gives one the impression that the Trucker is against the projects of the clinic. The clinic is a good thing and it makes me wonder why the Trucker is attacking the only real, tangible, free, helpful project within the community. If the Trucker and Cherie would get behind the project rather than condemn it, maybe the problems and hassles would be worked out, but nothing pisses me and lots of other people off more than those who are willing to criticize, but not willing to help improve. Where were you, Westport Trucker, and Cherie, when the clinic was needing help?

The irony of it all is that your paper has often printed things about how the community should come together and help one another on projects and not fall apart on one's own apathetic little trips. Through this article the Westport Trucker itself may have taken one giant step in community polarization. Good luck bringing it together. I hope this letter will make you probe this matter a little further.

Ralph Mathey

Good Ralph:

The Westport Trucker gratefully thanks your concern, as it has thanked our many sisters and brothers in our community for their concern. We hope to make clear than no one article is ever the opinion of the Trucker staff as a whole (although sometimes one'll come pretty damn close). We printed your letter since each of us always hopes criticism never becomes grounds for polarization in a community which daily strives to better itself.

Love,

The Trucker



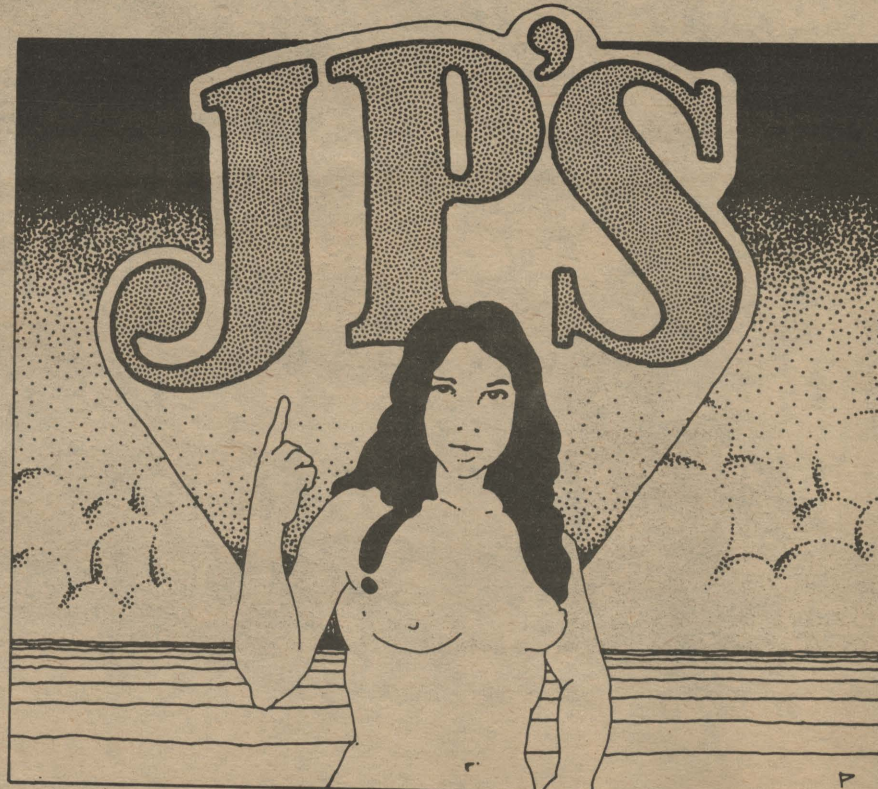
Dear Dennis:

Thank you for sending the six back copies of "Westport Trucker", to us. I feel that it is important that copies be in the Museum archives to represent the Counter Culture ideas years from now. This will also be excellent exhibit material. We now have some Arte Nouveau magazines on display. Enclosed is three dollars for a subscription for the Museum.

Thanks again,

Jim Ryan

Kansas City Museum of History and Science  
3218 Gladstone Boulevard  
Kansas City, Missouri 64123



BROADWAY AT WESTPORT

STEPHEN cont.

the same work that your husband is supposed to be doing. That's what they do here in these places.

Q. And he does it, too.

That's groovy. I'm really glad. So if you're doing the work, it doesn't matter about uniform, or wages, or fringe benefits, or insurance, or any of that jazz, it's all for the same company, anyway.

Q. Every once in a while you stop talking. What are you doing when you do that?

I'm doing Kundalini yoga and Kria (?) yoga. And Kria yoga is breath control, and Kundalini yoga is getting the energy arranged. So I start talking, and it's like dropping the clutch on my equipment, and I just run it so far, and what I'm doing is like I'm squeezing in on my bubble to make energy. To project it. But then when I get my bubble squeezed down so far, I've got to stop and take a deep breath and fill it back up again. And then I can come on strong again for another few sentences and run that juice. And it's just like I'm pumping the energy back and forth with you; we're making love. All of us here right now, we're doing Tantric yoga. Because we're exchanging energy. Like talking is just one of the ways to put energy out. And like your attention puts energy back in, so I'm just stopping and pumping the juice back around the cycle then.

Q. Is that connected with telling the truth somehow?

Yeah. I think if everybody's been paying attention, that the truth level goes along like on a continuum thing like that, and if I say something that's like really on the money, like it's not only true now but it's true for a lot of other cases, and something like that, it gets real loud and real clear, and everybody can hear it good. And if it's more local and not quite so universal, it don't travel as far. And that truth is natural amplification.

Q. Will you talk about astrology?

Talk about astrology some. The thing I like to say about astrology is that, you know Stonehenge in England, where they have a big rock set up and the sun comes up over it on Easter morning and all that. Stonehenge is a computer. Stonehenge is a computer, and the phenomena that it's marking are in the sky. Well, astrology is a computer. And the markers are in the sky, and the phenomenon is right there. You know, in us. And that's just a computer set-up. Like you have to realize how old mankind is. Mankind is so old that somebody already worked out theories of personality, type and stuff like that, and assigned mythical values to the stars, and all that stuff, to transmit all that information of future generations, when you had the text that every-

body could look at. Just look at the sky. That's where astrology is. . . . And then it's like the electro-spiritual, the electro-astral, the electro-telepathic, magnetic reality that surrounds us, that when the sun is shining, it's a lot different from when the sun is not shining. That means when the sun is on the other side of the earth from us, when we're not being affected by its field so much, that all those things have fields around them. And all those fields, like all the planets, and all the stars, all have fields, and they're all moving in like regular patterns, and it makes like a giant kaleidoscope pattern of vibrations. Which is the totality of astrology. In astrology there are certain regularities in the pattern. And astrology tries to talk about those regularities, that at certain times of the year it seems a little nuttier than at other times of the year, man. Have you noticed that? They say, "Yeah, let's say that star is the nutty one." Because that's the one that's up while we act this way.

Q. What do you think about the inter-relation of opposites?

The inter-relation of opposites. Well, here's the thing about opposites. People think a lot of times that opposites are separate from each other. And they say, "Oh, love and hate are opposite." But they aren't really, because they're the same thing in different degrees, on a continuum. And that's what you do about opposites, like it starts off. . . it's hot here, and it's cold here, and it's luke warm in the middle. Like what we do about opposites is remember that everything's related, and if everything's related then you've got to be able to get there from here. And if you can get there from here, there's a continuum, and it's not opposite; it's just the same thing in degrees. So, then, the universe is made out of positive and negative. That means the universe follows the laws of probability and chance, normal Bell curve of distribution of events. . . got spaced on that one. Now, Jesus said, "There must need to be offences, but woe unto him by whom the offences come." Well, he meant that way that there's going to be things happen that ain't cool. Statistical probability of it. However, even though there was a pre-ordained statistical probability that there was going to be some things happen that weren't cool, that's no excuse and does not get you off the karma, if you bring down something that's not cool. Because that's also part of the law. And so that's how stuff can happen, and does happen. Right? You want anything more on that, anything more specific?

Q. If you start relating to something like, "That's beautiful," does that mean automatically that that would be something ugly?

Ah-ha. . .right, to a degree. If you become too hung up in the beauty of something, you're pre-supposing ugliness to the same extreme. That's about

being conservative, in a way.

Q. What's an astral conservative?

Yeah, what's an astral conservative. That falls right out of it, doesn't it? First I've got to talk about what astral is, then conservative. Astral covers everything from telepathic to almost. . . Like, I saw a car that was painted black with white doors, and had a couple of spotlights on the side and a big aerial coming off the back. And almost looked like a cop. And I said, "That cat was an astral cop." And that was because people were going to telepathically flash that on him and then have to take a second look. So in the astral plane he was a cop. Because he got treated with that flash. So he's like an astral cop.

Also telepathy, the continuum from thing to nothing is the astral plane. That's where communication, that kind of thing is also astral. Now a conservative is somebody who is conservative about that kind of stuff rather than this kind of stuff. Or you might say an astral conservative is somebody who is picky about his hallucinations. And also an astral conservative is somebody who keeps track at the level of who did what to whom, who seems to have dominance, you know, all that kind of stuff. Subtle communicational stuff. Astral conservatives keep very close track of all that jazz. And that's what's really important to them.

You can tell an astral conservative sometimes by their house might be really sloppy, but they have super-high critical standards about how everybody ought to be around them. And that's an astral conservative. An astral liberal, on the other hand, is somebody who will allow just any kind of crap to go down in their area and they'll never raise an eyebrow at it. They'll let people subtle-plane power-trips each other; somebody bullies somebody in a certain place, and not cop to a thing. Just like look away from that kind of thing and never notice it, if they're astral liberal. Whereas an astral conservative would freak out over something like that happening around him. "Did you see what went on?" That kind of place. Astral conservatives also tend to be very picky in the sense that when they try to be religious they try to go sometimes to such a bloodless, etherial place that there's no juice in it. And the idea of course is to balance on all those. That gives you all an idea of what that's like a little? O.K.

Q. Could the criterion for getting along with fellow people be you're not making that person uptight?

Not quite. You ought to gas them some, too.

Q. Yeah. I mean where I am right now like that's all I can see, at this level. O.K., what you said about Goss and Robb; that doesn't occur to me to be superb fluid (?) that I. . .

cont. 19



# DOWN THE MIDDLE BLUES BY BEAGEL

FEATURING "AIRPORT" THE PINBALL!

DEDICATED TO COWBOY CROCKETT

OUR STORY OPENS AT THE CIRCUS...

3605

CHUNK  
PING PING  
CLONG  
BANKO BANKO  
CHUNK CHUNK

C'MON, YOU PIECE A SHIT!

HEY, WHO'S NEXT ON THE MACHINE?

WELL, THERE'S 8 REPLAYS ON IT NOW, AND ABOUT \$3.50 ON THE GLASS.

LONG BANG

AIRPORT 401 254

NO GOOD STINKIN GODDAMN MUTHA FUCKIN ASS LICKIN SON OF A BITCH!

BAM BAM BAM BAM

GODDNESS

BEA-GUL!

KNOCK THAT SHIT OFF, YER GONNA BREAK THE GLASS!

OH MAN! I NEVER HIT IT THAT HARD.

SHOOORE!

FAT MAN IS PERTURBED

RELAX, FOLKS! I HAS ARRIVED!

IT-IT'S THE REPLAY KID!

FREE THE

I CAME HERE FOR THE EXPRESS PURPOSE OF KILLING AN AFTERNOON AND A CERTAIN PINBALL GAME!

CHANGE!? ZEPPO?

DUM TE DUM

10¢ 25¢

SHOULD WE TELL HIM THE GAME GOT FIXED?

HELL, NO! I GOTTA SEE THIS ACTION!

NEAR FLASH + THE INMATES

TAKE IT OVER, BEEG, I RILLY DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY...

I'M IN NO CONDITION TO HAS-SLE AT A TIGHT GAME TODAY!

DOWN THE MIDDLE BLUES STRIKES AGAIN

GO TUCK YOURSELF IN

SUDDENLY!

IT'S HONEYBUNCH!

USE TRUCKER WANT ADS, FAST RESULTS AND YOU CAN USE YOUR COSMOS CARD

HULLO PEOPLE...

NOT EVEN A HUG?

BOO-WAH...

The Game Nears ITS CLIMAX!!

4TH BALL AND ONLY 1208 POINTS?

GOINK

OH WELL, MATCH GAME, DENNIS? YER FIRST BALL...

WHY, SHOOORE!

AIRPORT 0000 0000

BONG CHUNKA CLANG BING OPING CHUNKA

DANG CLONG

SPING

ANNN! IT KEEPS RIPPIN' ME OFF OF MY RIPPED OFF REPLAYS.

LOOK OUT!

NO NO NO NO NO NO

BAM BAM BAM

FLASH!

HEH... UM, UH... YEAH.

LATER... PINBALL'S FIXED, NO THANX, WANNA HIT?

I'M GOIN STRAIGHT

BETTER TO END WITH SHITTY FUN THAN NONE - OLAF

UNCLE GILBERT'S PUZZLE PAGE!

BELOW IS THE NAME OF A FAMOUS AND WELL LOVED PERSONALITY... UNSCRAMBLE THE LETTERS AND SEE WHO THIS LOVABLE DUMPLING IS!

**MAXLO**

MYSTERY PICTURE!

NAME THIS OBJECT?

TO INSURE HONESTY THE ANSWER WILL BE HELD IN A SEALED ENVELOPE BY FRANKLIN H. MARTZ, Beagel

THE FIRST PERSON WHO CORRECTLY IDENTIFIES THE OBJECT PICTURED ABOVE WILL WIN A CASH PRIZE OF 00.25¢! SEND ENTRIES TO BEAGEL'S CONTEST, 4037 CENTRAL ST., K.C.MO. 64111

HEAVY RESISTANCE

SPRING IS HERE

BOLD

# EARTH FOOD



Everything is food. Is there any creature, animal or 'vegetal' that can function without air, H<sub>2</sub>O, or the light? Can anyone deny that even our activities, including thought, are food or fuel for our existence? If the quality and quantity of all these essential life-factors doesn't determine the quality and quantity of our individual life-force, or existence, or consciousness, then I would like to know what does!

Anyway, the reason for this peculiar introduction is for the next scathingly brilliant observation: If our city is geographically situated so that the smog (polluted air) doesn't hang around too bad, then greater Kansas City and cities in a similar situation are in a bad way. The people living in these windy little cities aren't going to know how bad the whole thing is until it's all over. (you can take that either way). Of course, I could have it ass-backwards; people in greater L.A. and New York City either don't know or don't care. In fact, we met some seemingly very intelligent people who lived in the greater L.A. area for many years, and they didn't think it was a very badly fucked up bunch of air there. Like they thought it was okay and it was real nice when a breeze from the ocean would come in and blow some of the crap away—away from Santa Monica to downtown L.A. Of course, they lived in Santa Monica next to the sea where it's not so thick. Well, I don't mean to be bad-rapping, but I'm just laying a foundation. On the ground floor are people who leave to deal with this situation. Some people deal with it by

trying to ignore it, some people might be trying to avoid it, and some of us are obviously trying to cooperate with nature to some extent and help in our way.

For reasons that I don't fully comprehend or perceive, I feel like I have not been as useful as I could've or can. Lately I pray that we get more understanding and loving so we can be more useful. Now, I'm doing a gig in the old Ozarks with Shiloh Farms, but when and if I ever get back to residing in K.C. again, and there is still no effective ecology action program in K.C., maybe I'll be able to get it on.

Did you know that you can get fresh whole wheat berries, fresh ground whole corn meal, fresh soy beans and soy flour, cracked wheat, and fine ground whole wheat flour, all of which has been grown naturally only twenty five miles from here? (The local aspect is cool because it keeps us from feeling superior and gives us a deeper understanding, perhaps because it is attuned to our regional vibration). Also from Fertile Hills Farm: good pork and beef, eggs, milk, vegetables, and a few other essentials. Their products and other whole foods, from Chico-san or Spiral, etc., can be procured through K.C.'s co-op, the Organic Food Exchange, 4820 Campbell, 931-8735. Their prices are, naturally, as low as is possible, being a co-op.

## TEMPURA

This is delicious, it is Japanese style deep fried vegetables, fruit or fish covered with batter. The easiest way is to chop whatever you would like (almost anything tastes good by this method) and add to this batter:

1 c. whole wheat flour  
1-1/4 c. cold water  
1/2 t. sea salt

Heat 2 inches of oil to about 350 degrees. Drop spoonfuls of batter (should be thin) into hot oil, turn only twice and remove when golden and drain on paper towel. Should be crisp. Serve with soy sauce. Oil may be strained and reused.

## CABBAGE PINEAPPLE SALAD

Chop finely or shred cabbage. Add chopped fresh pineapple and raisins to your own taste. Mix well with mayonnaise. It is best to let stand for an hour or two before serving.

## BEAN SAUER KRAUT SALAD

Soak black beans overnight. (Obtainable at health store or local supermarket). Rinse. They need to cook on low heat nearly five hours in four times amount of water (do not salt until after cooking). These beans are very mellow and sweet. Add two parts sauerkraut (health store) to one part beans. Add chopped celery and onions. Cooked green beans

or chick peas or other such things may be added. Kraut juice makes a good dressing. Serve on crisp lettuce leaf.

## SHERBERT

1 c. fruit (strawberries, bananas, peaches, etc.)  
2 hp. tbs. non fat milk or soy powder  
(fearn makes both - health store)  
Honey to taste  
2 ice cubes  
1/2 c. water

I made peach sherbert and omitted powder and ice. Blend ingredients and put in freezer tray. It may be removed when almost hard to be stirred and placed back to continue freezing until hard.

Doo-wah  
Doo-wah

by

Don Harthcock



**SIT DOWN YOUNG STRANGER** (Gordon Lightfoot), Warner: Reprise, RS-6392, produced by Lenny Waronker and Joe Wissert.

There are still some people who have never heard of Gordon Lightfoot. He had a hit single recently, and I was gassed to hear (7\$) talk about him like he was something new. This man was a phenomenon in Canada, like Dylan was here, Beatles in England, etc., and his influence has spread almost as far.

This album is just a little above average for him, which means it's exceptional. The only thing I don't like about it is the absence of John Stockfish, who has accompanied Lightfoot on bass for years. Rick Haynes is bass man on this one, and he's extremely unobtrusive, which doesn't suit my taste in bass. Other assisting personnell include Red Shea, Randy Newman, Ry Cooder, John Sebastian, Van Dyke Parks, and Nick DeDaro.

Gordon Lightfoot is a master song writer, as opposed to, say, Phil Ochs, who is just one of the masturbators. I finally learned to hate Early Morning Rain, after singing it every night for two years, but even that one is still a good song.

All the songs on this album are good, and the musicianship is superb (except I'd like the bass to be more out front). The outstanding cuts are not the two that were pulled as singles (Approaching Lavender, and, If You Could Read My Mind), but that's common. I liked Cobwebs and Dust (with out-of-sight backing by Van Dyke Parks on harmonium and Ry Cooder on mandolin) and Sit Down Young Stranger, a song in the best tradition of what folk music is supposed to be.

Dandruff  
disappears  
SO  
quickly



GENUINE ARTICLE  
2 E. 39th.

OPEN 10 A.M. to 8:30 P.M.



STEPHEN cont.

You ought to gas them some. Like the way you ought to be with other people is you should not only put them uptight, but you ought to spot them a little extra energy to help them get on with. And if you do that, you're going to get it all back anyway. If you put it out, it will come back. That's a faith place. Like you say, "Wow, I only got so much energy, what am I going to do with it?" Put it out, and it will come back. If you say you're going to hang onto it, that's the off-button.

Q. You should put it out without wanting, or caring.

Oh, you don't care when it comes back. You just put it out. I mentioned also that it does come back. I was driving down the highway one time and cleaned some grass and threw the seeds out the window, and a car came up beside us and handed us a lid in the window. As you sow, so shall you reap.

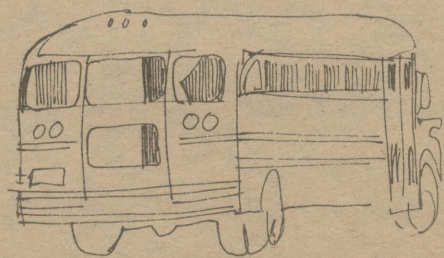
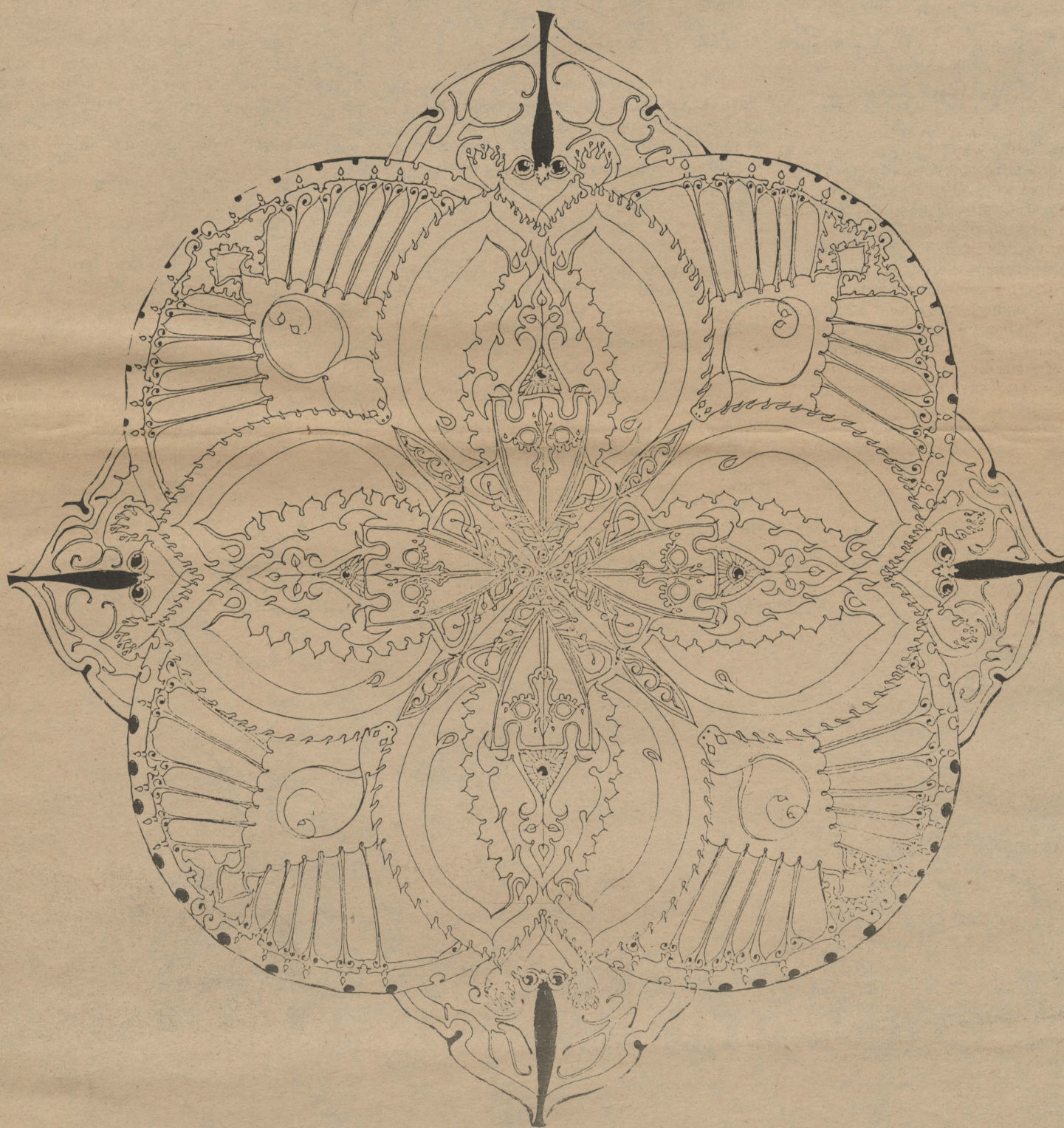
Hey, I think I'd like to let us go, here. Because we really all know where it's at just like I said when I first got here. So, we really did. So like I'm really glad to get to be here. Thanks to your husband for that. And God bless you all, and thank you all for coming and being here. And I'll come back to Kansas City someday. I'd really like to. Good night, and God bless you.

FOR TEMPORARY RELIEF cont.

which is God. This is true, and creation of life was not happenstance. The Ten Commandments and suchlike must indeed come from God...the non-thinking animals do not need rules; they function on instinct. But man, the thinking animal, is unique in many ways - because of this unique basis of "thinking." Man is mortal, and thinks mortal thoughts. Mortals are imperfect, so it follows that their thoughts must sometimes be imperfect, creating occasional faulty decisions, if left entirely free. So man was given rules, because he needed them for basic survival.

There is no right and wrong. There is only what is. No mortal can be objective enough to decide right and wrong. Each contributes to the other. Both, obviously, are necessary, or at least they appear to be complementary. If there were no "wrong," then "right" would not exist, and so we must deduce that someone at some time set himself up as judge and jury. Then we got man-made rules. Then the rules got broken, naturally, and "wrong" was born. So fuck the judges and fuck rules. Each man must take it upon himself to be the Messiah. That was a clear-light revelation, and it is surprisingly simple. Most of the great Truths are simple - men have complicated them and qualified them.

Imagine a tomato. Memorize this image, and then concentrate on what I am about to say. Most all of you have pictured merely the outside skin of the tomato, and some of you really civilized folk have imagined tomato wedges - think about that - but hardly any of you will have considered the many parts which make up the total oneness of the tomato. It has a skin, it grows on a vine, there is a pulp which usually is cut out, resulting in having the first few slices have "holes" in them, it has juice, it has seeds, and all these parts can be broken down minutely into cells, ad infinitum. Now picture the planet Earth in this same context. It is ONE thing; the planet Earth. Within the planet are millions of insects, herbivorous plants, animals of every sort, minerals, and other things, all of which have their subspecies, et cetera. The human animal is a part of this planet Earth, and there are different kinds of human animals, and within these particular life-forms there are blood vessels, down to the cells, DNA, RNA, etc. So you are part of ONE Galaxy, which is part of ONE UNIVERSE, which is everything, or rather, the idea of "universe" is the limit of our ability to imagine things. Dwell now on the fact that you are part of this ONE UNIVERSE. Think continually of your oneness with the Universe, and it will fill your heart with love and give you peace.



# ROLLING THUNDER

by JACB

Kansas City, April 20

I'm in a banged up blue Mustang driving back toward town from Municipal Airport with Rolling Thunder, medicine man and spokesman for the chief of Shoshone Nation. He wears an old, stained hat the color of hallway walls in bad apartment buildings with a couple of feathers stuck in the band. He's got on a comfortable-looking, wrinkled brown suit that looks about twenty years old and a bright loose-fitting shirt under that with an Indian design on the front of it. He's thanking me for taking him to the airport so he could determine what time his flight would leave the next day. "You can accomplish nothing on telephones," he tells me. I've been with him for a couple of days and we have some things to discuss so we drive and talk.

"A lot of people come up to my country for my medicine," he says, "a rich man came there in his own jet offering me ten thousand dollars to cure a disease he picked up in Africa that he can't get rid of. These rich people don't know how to protect themselves and they're always getting sick. I told him to come back in a year and not to offer me money next time and I would think on it."

"Lot of hippies come up there?" I ask him. "Yeah, in the summer. Not the winter, it's too rugged for them in the winter. I like them though. I like to talk to them when I have time. But I don't have a lot of time now I'm out on the reservation a lot. I can't have them camping out around my place all the time. My sons have been leading them down to a ghost town called Palisades. I think they like that better anyway." We stop at a red light and I push in the cigarette lighter for the cigarettes that are waiting in our mouths. He glances out the window at the Kansas City Carnival Supply on our right. "The local rednecks pick them up hitchhiking," he says, "and then drop them at the edge of the desert where they can't get another ride. They're cruel people but those hippies shouldn't be helpless like that. No blankets, no bed rolls, no canteens of water, nothing. No rations of any kind. The Indians help them when we can."

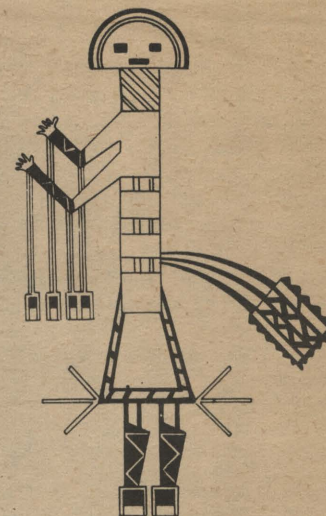
The light changes and the lighter pops out. We stick the hot little coil to the cigarettes as I move through the gears and the traffic. "Long-haired kids," I say to him, "who want to go to reservations to meet with Indians, you know, how should they handle themselves?" "Well, first off," he says, "I wouldn't want to encourage it at all because Indians are very poor now days. They don't have much to eat themselves. But if some were to come to the reservation itself I'd advise them to bring plenty of camping gear. And be prepared to take care of themselves. Also they should be very patient and not intrude on Indian land until they are invited, camp off the Indian land and make their presence known. Until the Indians come to meet with them. Then some of them would probably be invited. It's much better that way."

We drive over a bridge on Broadway and white birds fly up out of the railroad yards and over the car. The Armed Forces Induction Center stands at the foot of the bridge and I point it out to him. "Ever any demonstrations down here?" He asks me. "Now and then," I say and point out ghosts of peace symbols that remain on the buildings east facade despite many military scrubbing. "When my sons go to those places," he says, "I tell them what to do and they always end up in front of the Army psychiatrist who looks at them funny and sends them home. We are a sovereign people, we are not to be drafted." We're heading up toward Penn Valley Park and I think of the Indian on his horse up there staring down at the smog and traffic. I ask the living Indian next to me, "Ever help any longhairs with peyote?" "Yeah," he says, "when it is appropriate. Peyote is not the only medicine, there are hundreds. Besides each medicine man must develop his own medicine also. The whites worry about Indian medicine. There are some things that are suppose to be incurable though that is not the case. Whites have called us quacks," he bursts out laughing and tosses his cigarette out the window, "in other times if the

medicine failed the medicine man could be killed by the family. Not much room for mistakes. They were rocked to death." "Rocked?" I ask.

"Stoned, I mean," he says. He chuckles and rolls up the window. "There is big money in doctoring but very little money in curing. Whites only want to doctor. Psychiatrists too. I met many of them at the meeting in Council Grove last week. They flew us in from everywhere. There was even a man there from Iceland. He knew the ancient ways. A very powerful man with long blond hair, a healer. People from Japan, India, everywhere. They wanted to pick our brains but they failed. I told them some things are not for free. Not for just anyone. I don't mean money I mean free, without effort. But there are things about meetings like that I don't like besides. There is often too much jealousy among the spiritual people. I've felt it and it's not right, it's a low emotion. We don't feel any religion is better than another we have always said that many trails lead to the great spirit. But at those meetings sometimes there is too much jealousy. The psychiatrists are a funny bunch. They don't know how to protect themselves. If you are driving out evil spirits you must realize that they will seek a new place. Many find their way into the psychiatrist. I have seen them enter other people and even animals." He makes a motion with his hand like a slow Karate chop. "That's why I do not heal in my home." "What about Casteneda's book, The Teachings of Don Juan, you ever read it?" I ask him grinding a little in third gear. "I read it," he says, "he's a good writer but he got himself in trouble down there. There is some danger in a book like that. Those who are not prepared run a great risk taking certain medicines, they are not for everyone."

We are driving under the billboard above Jack Frost Donuts that shows the long hook and the words, DRUG ABUSE HAS A CATCH TO IT, a phoney billboard representing phoney information if I ever saw one. "Ever meet Casteneda?" I ask.



ALAN KATOWITZ

# EARTH DAY pentagon style



by David Perkins

Since the American oil companies are now dickering with the Saigon government for drilling rights off South Vietnam's shore, it is clear that their employee in the White House has no intention of "withdrawing" from Vietnam.

Yet public pressure (73% of the American public wants all troops out by December) has forced a reduction in troop strength. Mr. Dick can pull out troops and still keep his job with Standard Oil because he is shifting the burden of the war from men to machines.

The Pentagon—in cooperation with our centers of "higher" education—has developed STANO: Surveillance, Target Acquisition, and Night Observation. STANO was developed by MASSTER (Mobile Army Sensor Systems Test and Evaluation Resources), and what it amounts to is a computerized, miniaturized, transistorized machine for sensing out and destroying human life. It is the machine come to power.

Ambrose Bierce's Devil's Dictionary is out of date: here are a few new entries from STANO.

ACOUBOUY: an acoustic sensor dropped by parachute into heavy jungle and meant to catch in the trees, picking up life noises. As with the rest of the sensors, the signal is telegraphed to aircraft or artillery bases and saturation bombing is directed in instantly.

ACOUSID: this is an acoustic and seismic device that is parachuted in to the ground where it buries itself. It can be activated remotely.

ADSID: this is a form of ACOUSID, but has an antenna disguised as a jungle plant. The antenna can be varied, of course, depending upon the local vegetation. This one self-destructs if tampered with.

MINISID: a smaller device emplaced by hand and meant to pick up vibrations from passing trucks, etc. They were doubtless planted throughout Laos.

When the sensors pick up vibrations from passing trucks, soldiers, farmers, or wild animals, the signals are relayed by high-altitude drones to the Infiltration Surveillance Center. There a computer

and/or an officer "reads" the signals and notifies F-4 fighters or B-52 bombers. The pilot feeds the information into his own on-board computer, and the plane is flown to and the bombs released over the proper point.

There are very few people involved in all of this, except, of course, at the proper point.

MASSTER is General Westmoreland's priority project, and it is the culmination not only of the Pentagon's machine-over-life philosophy, but of the American sensibility on the war.

What upsets most people about the Vietnam War is not that we have killed nearly a million Vietnamese, poisoned the land with defoliants, etc., but that doing it has cost 50,000 Americans and 150 billion dollars.

MASSTER is meant to reduce drastically the number of first and second degree killers required to implement American foreign policy, thereby reducing the number of American casualties, thereby

reducing the American objection to that foreign policy.

ADSID is really the symbol become fact of the American government. Here is an incredibly sensitive device, but all that sensitivity is only in the service of death. And the antenna is disguised as a plant.

Dig it, boys and girls, it's disguised as a plant.



## ROLLING THUNDER

"No," he says, "but I would like to. I usually don't seek people out. If it's meant to be we run into each other. I haven't run into him." "You know," I say, "There was an Indian meeting here recently called Indians Conference on Self Determination." "I know," he says, "but it was not authentic. Those were all government Indians. They can sign papers and then the government can say you see, this is what the Indians want. But it never is. There is a blackout on true Indian news. Few people realize how horrible conditions on reservations are. Or the many incidents. They never hear of the atrocities or of our self defense either. And they don't realize the extent of the Indian underground, how well organized we are. But that's for the better anyway. Back in my country we went down to the Ruby Valley and ran the hunters out with guns, there was some publicity."

"Didn't you have a lot to do with the disruption of the Columbus Day celebration in San Francisco last year?" I ask him. "They were enacting a landing of Columbus that day," he says, "they found this scow somewhere and decorated it up to look like Columbus' flagship. It looked fairly good so they loaded it up with dignitaries and a man dressed as Columbus was put right on the front of the thing. So here it comes down there by Fisherman's Wharf for the landing. They even had a party of government Indians standing there to greet Columbus. To give him a kiss on both cheeks. They were about to do just that when we jumped across the ropes that had been set up to keep the crowd back. About thirty of us from many different tribes, we came across the ropes with a huge drum and war chants. In the confusion the government Indian knocked Columbus' wig off. Columbus toppled and almost let himself fall in the water.

The police couldn't decide whether we were part of the show or not. So we were able to completely disrupt it, stop it actually, and get away without getting caught. We wanted it made known that there was Indian resistance to this kind of thing. We shouted for Columbus to go home and he looked scared enough to go home when we came over the ropes cracking down on that drum. Many cheered for us and they had not cheered for Columbus." "What about Alcatraz?" I asked, "we hear very little about it." "Unfortunately," he said, "I cannot talk about it to anyone. But we will stay there, I can say that much, nothing else."

We stopped again for the light at the Broadway/Westport intersection. The night before I had seen Luis Bunuel's Nazarin and Ray's Devi with Rolling Thunder. Both films about religious healers. Bunuel's about a Christ-like priest in Mexico and Ravi

about the reincarnation of the goddess Kali in India. The light changes and I pull through the traffic. Rolling Thunder looks out the window and says with the purest incredulity, "Wolf Burgers?" "What did you think of Bunuel's film?" I ask him. "There are some priests like that I suppose," he says, "but not many." "What about Devi?" "I'm very interested in Hindu things," he says "it was a good movie. When it was known that the girl was a goddess, her husband should have been kept away from her. Then he couldn't have tempted her out of her

powers by sleeping with her like that. That's when she lost her powers, when she let him sleep with

her. She was the goddess before that. They should have given him another woman, her sister perhaps. Indians (American) know how to do that without arousing jealousy. It is permitted for Indians (Americans) to have sex if they are healers. A healer wants to go into abstinence before a spiritual act however. That is something that is desired, not imposed. No sex, no food, no water. But in the movie Kali was to have been a goddess all the time, so her powers were destroyed by sex. The truth of the film was that her husband was responsible for the death of the child she could not heal after he slept with her."

We pulled into the Plaza. He looked around. "What about the whites Rolling Thunder, what do you think the future holds?" I turned the car toward the Art Gallery. "I know some things about that," he says, "Years ago the Indians had no friends at all. One afternoon in San Francisco I saw young people with long hair and the spirit told me they will have no greed. The first ones I went to meet

were not the ones. Neither were the second ones. Just Gangs. Then in the Haight Ashbury I met a few that were the ones. That were true and had a good

heart. I knew I could communicate with them. I invited them up to my country. They met with my people and we had long talks telling them our legends and prophecies. Some of them went on to Hopi country where the prophecies are also well kept. These young people understood because they had become strangers in this country. They thought life should have a higher motive as we think. They did not believe in mass war, genocide that began with Indians and then spread to other peoples. The whites are destroying the Earth. The Earth is like a living organism, if you are injected with poison it will spread throughout the whole body. We have known it would happen. They keep ex-

ploding atomic bombs under the Earth in my country. They keep poisoning everything. The Earth will be destroyed again and it is predicted that toward the last days many Indians will turn back to the Great Spirit and that some whites will turn to the Great Spiritual Way also. The prophecies say the Indians will be spared and the areas where traditional Indians are living will be safe. Many white survivors will come there and try to buy their way in. But we will know who is true and who is not. We will help only the whites who are true and have a good heart." We drove on past the Nelson Gallery.





# 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.

Freelance silk screen printing-- anything. Contact Jack 3628 Charlotte

Prayers are needed for Root Tootie who is going through moo-juice withdrawals as his diet soars into its first week.

Jobs: Telephone soliciting 6-9 nights, 10-4 Sat. \$1.65 per hr. 809 W. 39th St. Suite 10.

Donate plasma twice weekly 10pt. \$5 per donation. Doctor in attendance. Blood plasma donor center. 2021 Main

Get your shit together and we'll truck it. Mike or Bob.

## 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: old license plates. See Ron at Toedman Cab or call . Come see the House of License Plates at 4147 Locust, Apt. 2.-5.

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.

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 Coffe houses. Ramshackle Jam

Alan Gallas. ask for

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

BEAGEL SEZ: know your ABC's. Always Be Careful, Don't Ever Fuck-around.

Apartment wanted--I would like to share an apartment and split expenses with a straight avy of about 18-20. Call Dave at and leave your name & phone number if I'm not home.

A.A.C.M. Anyone interested in music. Association for the Advancement of creative musicians meetings every other Sunday at Banana-Finch 922 E. 48th. Call for further information, ask for Ron Roberts

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.

## 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.

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

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

For Sale--LP's - Symphonies and Concertos by Bach, Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, Stravinsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, Dvorak, Grofe, Many More. Cheap--good condition. Contact D. Doyle thru Westport Trucker.

I need a ride to Boulder Colo. by May 6. Contact Pam, 14 E. 32 St. Apt. 5.

Big huge warm furry coat for sale. Best bid. Leave message for Charlene at the Sign.

Looking for top hat and/or a fiddle. Maria at night.

De Beezo is coming!

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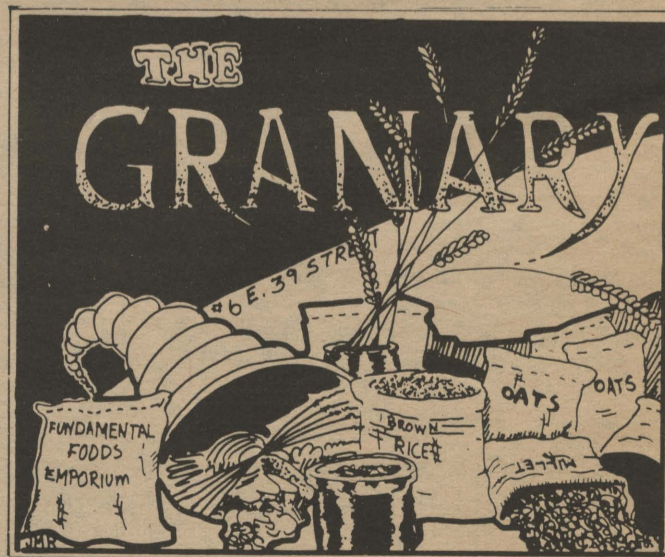
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