

WESTPORT  
**TRUCKER**



Vol. 2, No. 6

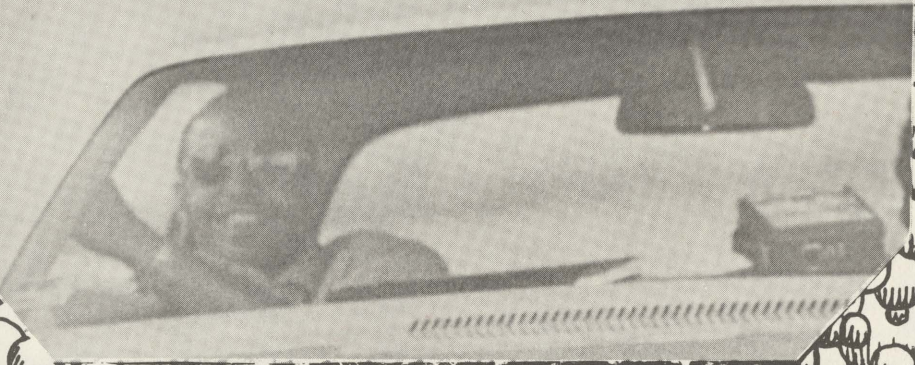
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# CAVALCADE OF COGS

Photos taken over Fourth of July Weekend. COURTESY OF THE VIETNAM VETERANS AGAINST THE WAR.



The Gentleman on the Right is A Vietnam Veteran Against The War And NOT a Nark. -Beagel.



Vol. 2 No. 6

The Westport Trucker is published twice monthly by the Mother Love Tribe of Westport, Mo. If you have

anything to contribute in the way of art, information, writings, brown rice, etc., bring it down to Tiny Tim's Magic Circus, 4044 Broadway, Westport, Mo., 64111, or call . Opinions expressed in the Trucker are not necessarily held by anyone else contributing to the newspaper. Local subscriptions are

\$3.00 for 12 issues, out of town subs. are \$4.00. Street dealers get 10¢ a copy. The Trucker is a member of Liberation News Service.

"Eat your sweetie and your momma will love you, smazoochie!"

Root Tootie, '71





We're back again! After the previous six months of financial chaos and then the Trucker's bust on June 9th, many people (including some of us) figured that the Trucker might never print again. For the first few weeks after the bust, our energy level reached an all-time low with no one feeling like doing much of anything. Those weeks though, gave us time to settle our minds as to what was happening around us. Who we are and how we relate to each other's worlds in this paper, Myself-- I poured over the old Truckers, going back to our mimeographed days, and even farther back to when when many of us breathed life into a rag called the Screw.

I'm not sure I know how to explain what we came up with--what happened during those few weeks, but one thing is definite; this paper is it. It's us, and all of the feedback it the paper generates.

We're coming out every two weeks now; 16 to 20 pages per issue. That's about double the work we're used to doing and we need HELP! Selling papers, correcting copy, writing articles, and any of the dozens of things that need to be done every day.

Drop us a line and let us know what you're thinking about all this shit.

Mother Love People & Friends  
Jan, Mike, Bob, Pat, Sara, Dennis, John, David, Peg, Beagel, Cosmic Cartoonist, Bill, Glenda, Zepo, Sandy, Da Martz, Fat Frank, Wayne Jonathan, Daniel, Bonny, Stephen, Terry, Carol, Ewing St. Times, Grits, Secretion, Ellen, Tag, and Elles Dee.

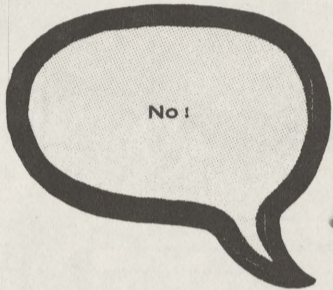
Dear Subscribers: Our sub. lists were ripped off during the Trucker Bust

See Page 12



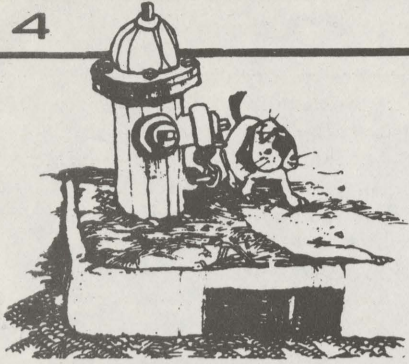
**MAKE BREAD  
SELL THE TRUCKER !**

pick'em up at 4044 Broadway



**Free Clinic BENEFIT  
Concert**  
see page 5 for details !!





## Cashing in on the Youth Market

New York (LNS) By staying abreast of the styles and even adopting some of the counter-culture's own rhetoric, businessmen have been able to buy their way into the "youth market."

According to the Wall St. Journal, the captains of industry feel that for every hippie truckin' on down the street wearing a pair of \$10 boots there are dozens more who are willing to spend \$25-30 a pair. Blue jeans, Army surplus shirts and jackets, rugged work boots and sandals have all become part of the "in" culture and men like E.A. Morric, Chairman of Blue Bell Inc., a blue jeans manufacturer, knows where the profit lies.

"We're very attentive to what the kids do. We're not trying to put them on a couch to find out what

The only disorderly event of the evening was when Police Officer Houx grabbed the flag pole from his hand. Apparently, because Smith's fingers were tightly around the flag pole, Houx charged Smith with interfering with the duties of the police officer. Bond was set at \$500 for desecrating the flag and \$100 for interfering with an officer. The Viet Nam Veterans Against the War believe that the police action was illegal. They contend that the First amendment to the Constitution protects freedom of expression and that the police officers cannot tell a person how to demonstrate or what flag to carry in a demonstration. The argument that a flag in an inverted position might incite others to disorderly conduct is fallacious. Reduced to its basics, that argument seems to say that free speech is OK as long as it is boring. Free speech that stimulates or agitates people is not looked upon with favor by the Police Department, but that is not the law. As long as the speaker does not directly incite people to engage immediately in violence, his speech is protected. Only where there is a clear and present danger, and the burden of proving such such danger is on the City and State, may there be a prior restraint of speech. Certainly on the 4th of July evening there was no such indication of a great danger of urban riots as a result of the flag being carried upside down. If there were indeed a few angry VFW types along Broadway that evening, the police could have controlled them.

On June 30, 1971, twenty-year old Vernon Warmon was sentenced to 90 days at the Municipal

arrested in order to prevent someone else from breaking the law. He was convicted and sentenced before a crime was committed. In fact, the feared crime was never committed and yet Warmon may have to do 90 days.

Over in Kansas City, Kansas the Reverend Robert Sooby, a 47 year old family man, who served with the Army in Korea, was so distressed at continued American involvement in Southeast Asia that he took to flying a small flag upside down from the antenna of his car. Off duty patrolman Gary Genova ordered him to fly it right side up and when the minister refused he was arrested. On July 6, 1971 Rev. Sooby went to trial. The Magistrate Judge in Wyandotte County declared that the statute under which he was charged was unconstitutional and convicted him of violating another section that he had not been charged with. He was sentenced to 90 days in the County Jail and fined \$500. In sentencing him the Judge gave a half an hour speech in which he made clear that the Minister had been convicted for expressing his political beliefs about the war in the manner that upset Patrolman Gary Genova, a Viet Nam Veteran.

The Kansas City flag desecration ordinance is Section 26.125. It makes it illegal to engage in three differing types of acts with regard to the flag.

1. The ordinance makes it illegal to place any representation or mark upon a flag of the United States;

2. The ordinance makes it illegal to use the flag in connection with any advertisement or on any product or merchandise offered for sale, or on



they're thinking. We're just trying to give them what they want." To this end, Blue Bell's engineers quickly figured out how to bleach and tatter jeans before they even left the factory. "We just got a machine that does it. It saves the kids the trouble." It also adds up to \$2 extra on the retail price of a pair of jeans.

In an effort to profit from youthful concern for environment, one company markets "ecology pants,"—white jeans with "ecology flag" patch pockets.

Denim has blossomed as a raw material for high fashion, and many expensive clothes for both men and women are now styled to vaguely resemble work clothes. You can even buy a denim coat with a sable collar for \$2,300.

## Flag Busts



Robert Foxx

In *Alice in Wonderland* the Queen was giving Alice a tour when they happened upon a trial of a defendant on a criminal charge. The Queen explained to Alice that first the defendant was sentenced, and then came the trial. Alice exclaimed, "How strange. I supposed last of all comes the crime."

Such reverse logic has recently been used by the Nixon Administration to advocate preventive detention. Preventive detention is keeping persons who have been arrested and charged with the crime in jail, even though they are presumed to be innocent, in order to keep them from committing further crimes.

Extreme examples of this reverse logic have occurred recently in Kansas City with regard to the flag. On the 4th of July the Viet Nam Veterans Against the War were staging a march from the Liberty Memorial to the Country Club Plaza. Before the march began John R. Smith, of New Haven, Connecticut, was stopped by the Kansas City, Missouri Police Department and told he could not lead the march since he was carrying a flag pole with the United States flag hung in an inverted position. When the police officers were asked why he could not carry it in this manner, they responded that spectators along the parade route might see the flag and become upset and start fights and engage in other illegal conduct; therefore, in order to prevent illegal and criminal acts by other unknown persons, Jack Smith was arrested and charged with desecrating the flag.

Farm by a Jackson County jury for wearing a small flag on the seat of his pants. The same Alice in Wonderland logic was used by the prosecutor in his closing argument. The City Prosecutor argued that many people had served under that flag in Viet Nam and seen their buddies killed and they might get angry at seeing it on the seat of someone's pants and start a fight. Again, Warmon was

any packaging or receptacle containing merchandise offered for sale.

The ordinance then defines the flag as consisting of any substance, and having the colors, stripes and stars in any number thereof. Thus, all the tennis shoes, socks, shirts, lighters, banners, place-mats and napkins, candle holders, and advertisements for 4th of July sales are all

## "Rights are for people who obey the law."

Bob Lucas

On June 21st, my partner Michael and I were sitting in the living room of our home, when Carol Mike's girlfriend, came in and told us that a bunch of policemen just went into the duplex across the street. We went out on our porch to see what was coming down.

The cops (about 8 of them) were searching both apartments plus the grounds. Two of the cops spotted us and came across the street. They checked ID's and went through the usual routine bullshit.

Then officer Cook, badge number 817, started to enter our house. Mike asked for a search warrant.

Cook replied, "I don't need one."

Mike said, "You don't have my permission to enter."

"I don't need it," said Cook as he entered the house. Carol and Mike followed, and Carol said, "We're supposed to have rights, you know."

"Rights are for people who obey the law," he said the man as he searched our house illegally.

After searching and finding nothing, the cops took turns questioning us. It seems that they were looking for two certain people, neither of whom they could find. But since one of the two they were looking for was named Mike, they figured they'd take my partner Mike instead. Mike asked what he was being arrested for, and was told for selling LSD. None of us do or sell acid. I called a lawyer, and Mike was back in an hour.

Later on we filed a complaint against the police department for illegal search and procedure. We had a pretty good case, and some cops began

to sweat.

On June 30, Fred, who has just recently moved in, went to answer the door, to have a badge flashed in his face.

"We have a warrant for Mike Heide's arrest," said the policeman.

Fred, who didn't know that Mike had just gotten home, said, "He's not here."

"He just got out of that car," they said.

"I'll go get him," said Fred. As he turned his back to leave, the cops kicked in the door, and searched Michael's apartment, confiscating a lone branch of mint leaves.

At the arraignment the next morning, the charge sheet read, "...on or about the 3rd of June, 1971, Michael Heide sold a quantity of LSD to Michael Bedord."

None of us have ever seen or heard of Michael Bedord. Why do cops get away with this?

Because when it happens, no one fights back. After the first time they came, we fought back. We are fighting back now. We have a good lawyer and a good case. But we need money. After all, the laws are made to protect those who have money.

We feel that Mike's trumped-up arrest is pure harassment because we filed a complaint. If the cops get away with this, then they will continue to use these tactics. The next time it may be you.

If you would like to help, please give us as much as you can for Mike's legal fees. Send what you can to:

Michael Heide  
633 W 39th Terr.  
Kansas City, Mo. 64111

Also watch for benefits.

Dig! As we were going to press, Michael Heide was indicted by a state grand for the alleged acid sale. His bond was raised to \$5,000 and Michaels back in jail. After expending all other means of raising the additional ransom money, his friends have organized benefit concerts at the Aquarius, 10 W. 39th., on July 29 and 30th. WHITE LEAD and TOWN are among the bands playing. Call [redacted] for more information.



illegal. But the ordinance had never been enforced against Halls, or Jack Henrys, or Macy's, or JPs. It is only enforced against young people with long hair and those who try to use it to express dissenting views. Thus, it is the conclusion that a purchasable or commercial exploitation of the flag is OK, but to use it to express political views, the highest and most noble use of any flag, is illegal.

It is the opinion of Arthur Bensen, the attorney handling these three cases that higher courts will reverse any convictions. The Supreme Court has held that a person cannot be convicted for speaking contemptuously of the flag. In addition, the Supreme Court has held that the wearing of black arm bands by high school students, when no disruptions result, are symbolic acts of expression and are protected by the First Amendment. In addition, several lower federal courts have declared that statutes similar to those in Kansas City, Missouri and the State of Kansas to be unconstitutional.

To help attack these laws and defend those who have already been arrested a Free Flag Fund has been established. Persons wishing to contribute to this effort are asked to send funds to the Free Flag Fund, 1020 Commerce Tower, Kansas City, Missouri 64105. In the meantime the City Prosecutor, Mr. Louis Benecke, should issue citations against Halls and Jack Henry's and other establishments violating this ordinance. Perhaps he would appreciate it if citizens called to his attention such violations.

beginning of a journey toward becoming aware of himself and the society around him. For many parents it has afforded a place where they have had to come to grips with some of the real problems they have created for their child. We are trying to con-

tinue in this venture as an option to detention homes, juvenile courts, churches, schools, ect. where quite often the balance of power in any discussion or action lies with the parent, and the runaway has little voice.



## Free Clinic Benefit

The Westport Free Health Clinic has been open since April 5, 1971, in limited space on the first floor of the Alcazar Hotel. We have certainly grown in the last two months—our patient load has increased from approximately 46 persons to about 84. Total patient visits have totaled 534, including about 160 venereal disease cases, and we are already making plans to provide physicians at additional hours during each week, for our services to continue to be needed at an ever-increasing rate.

Many people have given up their time and effort generously to support the clinic. Furniture, equipment, supplies, and some money have been donated allowing us to get operations well underway. And nothing would have been possible without the hard work and dedication of many who have worked their asses off since last March.

But now that the initial organization of the medical program has been accomplished, we're in trouble, needing cold cash—lots of it and in a hurry

The need for money has put the entire operations of the clinic in jeopardy, including two new programs, the Geriatric Program and the Drug and Personal Counseling Program. Our experience in the past two months have shown that these are two areas of greatest health need in the community.

A benefit jazz concert, sponsored by the A.A.C.M., will be held at the Aquarius, Sunday, July 25, from 3 to 9 P.M., to raise the clinic's basic operating expenses. The performing bands will be the Ron Roberts Sextet, the Dude Road Band, Mulligan, and the Jenetics. Advance tickets can be obtained for one dollar at Banana Finch at 48th and Harrison as well as the Westport Clinic itself. Tickets at the door are \$1.50

Dig it. Even if you're not planning or going to the concert, buy a ticket anyway. In order for the Free Clinic to continue helping, they themselves are going to need a little help.



## Poo House

The House of Pooheil Corners at 3621 Charlotte has embarked on its third year under new houseparents. Steve and Linda Benedict, and Charlene Short make up the new staff-residents of the Runaway House. We are continuing with the same policy and attitude toward the runaways as developed by Jim and Nan Maxfield, and Paul and Abby Bauman before us—that being the provision of food, shelter, and understanding.

The time here is ideal to allow for the runaway to get his head together and see where he is going. One of our functions is to provide a family session whereby parents and runaway can speak honestly on equal terms; our of the parental power block of the home. We hope that through this session the two parties will find a common ground of understanding, or a thread of it. People being people, we don't expect miracles of clear thinking and feeling, but we



do hope for beginnings, regardless of whether they are joined as a family again or not.

In the house, all residents have their responsibilities for the upkeep. The few rules and individual jobs are talked out in the rap sessions and agreed on by all so the house is run by all the residents. In the same type of sessions anyone can raise gripes and problems to work out with the group. This enables the group to respond to the needs of everyone here and enables the Poo House people to grow in understanding. This communicating is extremely important in keeping open relationships with the house.

Eventually, the resident must be looking for a program that will allow him to return to an independent life, whatever that may be (school, volunteer work, a job, etc.). The runaway must decide where he is going, and begin taking steps.

Our stress is equality and togetherness in honesty. Runaways deal with each other and parents on this basis. Blame is minimized and reconciliation emphasized. For many runaways, Poo House has been the end of a long road of running away and the

HELP! HELP! HELP!

If anyone knows the two girls who played the Vietnamese paasants in the guerilla theatre in front of Putsches' Sidewalk Cafe, 9:00 P.M., on Saturday, July 3rd, please contact the Vietnam Veterans Against the War, 1840 E. 77th Terrace, or call [redacted].

They are needed as witnesses in behalf of the five busted V.V.A.W. people

## May Day Criticized

A group of American revolutionaries active in the anti-war movement recently returned from a trip to Paris, where representatives of the Democratic Republic of North Vietnam and the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam criticized recent anti-war demonstrations.

The Vietnamese at the conference urged the Americans to avoid tactics (like blocking traffic) that might alienate the American people, an incredible majority of whom are opposed to the war. And they urged that the anti-war movement concentrate on pressuring Congress to set a 1971 date for total troop withdrawal from Indochina. This suggestion came as a shock to most of the Americans at the conference.

The Vietnamese said that "our actions should not be alienating to the masses of the American people," explained Bob Greenblatt, who represented the New York People's Peace Treaty office at the conference. The more united the opposition to Nixon's policies, the harder it is for him and the corporations he fronts for to continue their greed-gobbling expedition.

They also voiced disapproval of the May Day slogan "If the Government won't stop the war, we'll stop the Government," saying it was "too military" and an idle threat which the demonstration could not accomplish. And they were disappointed that the mass arrests in Washington diverted attention from the issue of the war to questions of civil liberties.

The Vietnamese also pointed out that because there is no mass-based American revolutionary PARTY at this point only parts of the ruling class can end the war. That's why we have to try to get Congress to pass a resolution cutting off

funds for the war—we can't do it ourselves yet. Once a party exists with mass support the people can move, through the machinery of the Party, to overturn the ruling class and end the war.

Ann Arbor Sun

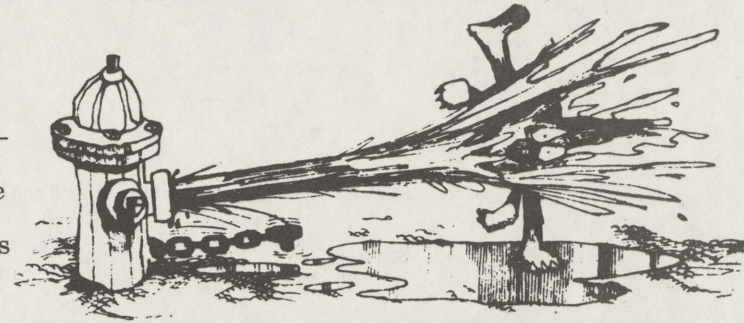
## Bert Parks Next?

DAR-ES-SALAAM, Tanzania (LNS)—Saying "A society which annually parades its women like cattle to award them prizes is alien to our culture..." President Julius Nyerere banned beauty contest from this East African nation of 13 million people.

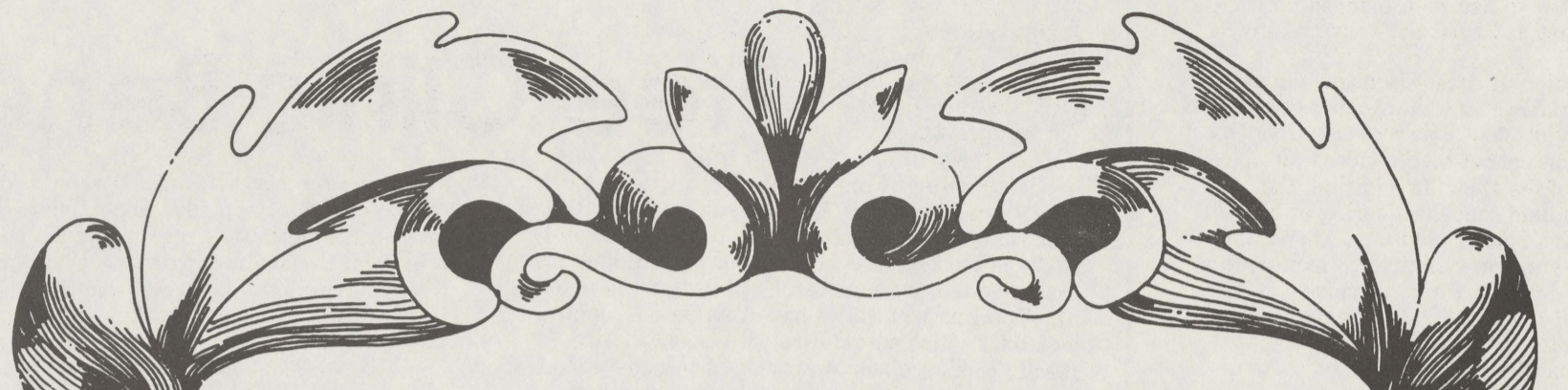
## Communiversality

Communiversality is the free university sponsored and funded by the All Student Association at UMKC. It has been in operation for a year now—offering opportunities for teachers and learners to become sharers and equals, offering opportunities for anyone to share talents, skills, or knowledge with others. In the past it has offered such courses as Nonviolence, Consumer Action, Weaving, Guitar, Yoga, Dialogue on Film, and over one hundred others.

Now Communiversality is looking for teachers for the Fall semester. Our schedule is this; August 17th is the deadline for course proposals. The brochure will be out September 3rd. Communiversality registration will be September 15-18 and classes will begin the week of September 20th. If you are at all interested in convening a class this Fall, or helping in any way with the Communiversality, please call [redacted] or [redacted] or come by the Communiversality office at the University Center at U.M.K.C. (5100 Rockhill Rd., Kansas City, Missouri 64110)







**Cowtown Ballroom**  
**presents**

**EWING ST. TIMES**

**Chet Nichols**  
**Sound Farm**

*July 23-24*

8:30

**\$2** AT THE DOOR

**DITTY CRITTY**  
**DIRT BAND**

**Ted Anderson**

*Aug. 1-2*

8:30

**\$3.00** ADVANCE  
**3.50** AT THE DOOR

**3109 Gillham Plaza**

**551-8400**



**TICKETS**

WESTPORT

Magic Circus, 4044 Broadway  
Bananna Finch Records, 48th & Harrison  
The Optical Shop, 314 Westport Road

PLAZA

Grain Exchange, 610 West 48th St.

NORTH KANSAS CITY

North Country Faire,

PRAIRIE VILLAGE

Darnaby & Sons, on the Mall

LAWRENCE, KANSAS

Kief's,

**A GOOD KARMA PRODUCTION**



# A WALKER IN THE CITY

## JOHN ARNOLDY

On the Monday after the fourth of July, I decided to walk over to her place. It was a cool afternoon and a strong, cloudy breeze swept the paper cups and trash along the streets I walked down. I stepped into a cold, dark bar for a drink. Just a few people sitting there on the shiny legs of bar stools, cold beers in front of them. The radio weathercaster, his voice tingling out from behind a stack of shot glasses, announced, "84 degrees in Kansas City this afternoon under partly cloudy skies on this holiday following the anniversary of our Independence. . . ." The old guy on the next stool looked over at me with eyes the color of TV screens that broadcast ballgames into every bar in town. He slapped me meekly on the back, "Hell, it's not so bad, what the hell'd ya expect young fella, a ball?" An accusation came into his expression for a moment, then he looked away.

I continued down the streets toward her place. Along the way I saw guys sitting on their front porches in undershirts, or holding hosestreams of water on their banged up cars, old women bent over the burnt grass in dresses covered with flowers, a squadron of black kids gliding down the street as silent as knives on stripped down bicycles with high bars.

I went up the shabby back stairs to her apartment. All of her stuff had been shoved out the back door, and finally, off the back porch itself onto the ground where a pile of rain-destroyed furniture and clothing lay. She answered the door naked. We sat on the wood floor of her vacant living room in the glare of a brilliant grey cloud bank that stood out her window above a pastel billboard where the words UNCOVER SUMMER were printed beneath a chorus line of stripping 7 UP bottles. She fixed me a cup of coffee by running steaming tap water into a jar of FOLGERS INSTANT that had a slight volcanic crust of coffee in the bottom of it. I set the jar down on an overturned copy of LIFE magazine that lay on the floor. Somewhere in the building a record kept playing over and over again, distant and difficult to hear and firecrackers could still be heard, too, going off all around the neighborhood. "I like holidays like this," she said, "because then everybody is out of work like you. I mean the world is the way we are, nothing to do." Her eyes were the same color of pastel blue like the billboard that stood over her white shoulder. "I don't think things will ever change," she said picking a Camel cigarette out of her pack and lighting it with a silver cigarette lighter, "All that stuff about outer space and cities of the future, you know that stuff?, it won't be any different. Things will always be kind of junky and people will always be sort of tired, I think." I noticed her nipples and her lips had the same color

and the same texture, slightly bumpy but soft. The smoke drifted away from her head like hair. "Listen to those firecrackers out there," she said excitedly, "I've been listening to them since yesterday. It sounds like gunfire doesn't it? What if it were gunfire. Wouldn't that be kind of neat. Wouldn't it be neat if everything were wrecked, not torn down or anything, I don't mean that, just messed up so people wouldn't have to do anything." The bright grey light made all the little blond hairs on her long legs stand up. I thought about a rule I heard once that says you can tell what a person's pubic hair is like by looking at their eyebrows. But her eyebrows were faint and wispy and the lush hair between her pale legs was rich and dark. "Maybe," I said. She tried to light another Camel but the sparks just danced off the metal and nothing happened. She stood up and walked over to the window sill. Her naked feet made a sticky sound on the wood floor. The cheeks of her ass had bright red marks on them from where she had been sitting. She sat down in front of me again with a dusty bottle of BRUT aftershave that must have been rotting in the window sill for a long time. She dripped a few drops of the perfume on the wick of her cigarette lighter and struck sparks against it until a dull blue flame wavered up. I noticed a little brown mark on her ear lobe when she craned her cigarette into the fire. "I haven't got a damn thing anymore," she said smiling shyly. "I threw it all out the back door. There's something else too," she said showing me a strange smile just with her lips. "I don't think I want to fuck people anymore." She looked down at her self and brushed her hand quickly over her public hair, "Ashes on my cunt," she said and laughed a little bit. "How come," I said. "I guess because it always gets ruined somehow. Or it doesn't work right or something... Work out right. Remember, she said, "when you were small how people seemed so tall?" Just then I recognized the song that was playing over and over again somewhere in the building. A terrible banging slammed at the front door. She put her arms around me and pressed her mouth against my ear. "Don't answer that or make any noise until they're gone, ok?" she said. It sounded like somebody banging the door with a rifle butt. Finally I heard footsteps going down the hall and the front door slam. "Listen," she said, "It's like the last days of the Earth out there. Like maybe all around the city huge spaceships are standing on their launch pads loading on passengers and everybody that can is going to blast off with fires and gunsmoke all around the city. In all the cities on Earth, I want to stay after they've all gone."

We fucked right after that. It went on for a long, long time. Sometimes she was on top or me, sometimes I was on top of her. It went on through moments when we didn't move, through violence, through strange distracted, memory-eaten moments, through times when someone I didn't know seemed to be waking up and struggling under me, through times when it was like I was a ward attendant holding down an inmate who had lost control, or a swimmer grappling with a drowning girl, or times when we seemed to be trying to tear ourselves away from each other like siamese twins united at

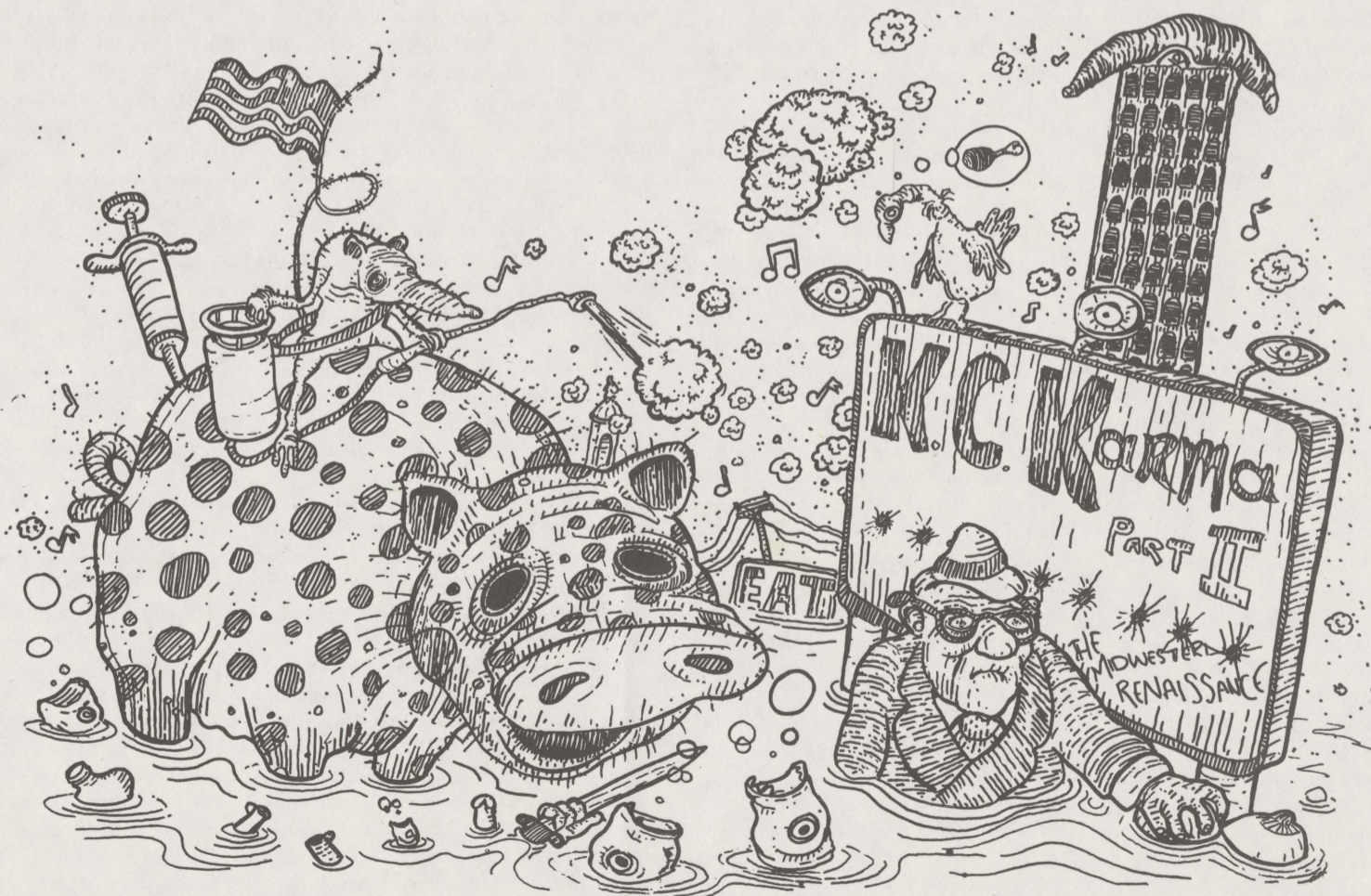
the genitals, times when she grabbed me and saved me like a man who had slipped off a ledge, or grabbed me like a cop, or held me like I was wounded, times when I was still and just watched the slow expressions change on her face that was covered with clear sweat like clean rain.

We sat together while evening came. It took a long time. Just before I left she showed me the pack of Camels. "If it were raining on this desert," she said, "Where would you hide?" I looked at the little picture. "Under those palm trees," I said though I knew the answer. "Not me," she said, turning over the pack, "I'd go around the corner and stay in this hotel?" She put her finger against the yellow mosque that lay out of reach beneath the cellophane. I picked up my coffee for a last sip. It had been sitting right on the face of a girl in an L&M ad on the back of LIFE. Her lips stuck to the bottom of the jar and the word MONEY appeared from the previous page just where her mouth had been.

It was very dark by the time I was back on the side walk and I went along slowly, watching the faces of people photographed for an instant in dark yards by the sparks and flashes of buzz bombs and bottle rockets. I was on my way to see a pal of mine who worked as the night attendant in an animal hospital. I turned a corner once and two girls riding bicycles slipped past me on the sound of oiled chains. "Jesus loves you brother," they sang out to me. When they were gone a car load of young guys rumbled and backfired around the corner, beer bottles dropping out of the car like shit and one headlight busted out.

I rang the emergency buzzer on the hospital door. The door opened and a strip of yellow light jumped out covering my shoes like an animal that had been hiding there. "How you doin'," my friend said, "Come on in and have a beer." He jammed his skinny hands into the ripped up pockets of his ratty lab jacket and I followed him down a corridor past darkened operating and recovery rooms. He paused at the door of one black-dark room and threw a lit cherry bomb in it. A migraine-headache inducing explosion rang and rattled agonizingly through every metal object in the building and I saw the terrified faces of dogs in cages illuminated in the flash. Insane animal screechings eclipsed the dull pain of the explosion that still echoed in the hall. "Fuck those dogs," he said, "It's the Fourth of July and they'll just have to fake it." When we got to the little room the Vet had given him to sleep in he took two Millers from a waist-high refrigerator he had dragged in. There was also a TV in there, a bunk bed, a transistor record player, and a hot plate. TV DINNER aluminum trays lay around with flies on them. He sat on the lower bunk and sipped his beer. "You been into any pussy lately, man?" he asked? "I can't get any cunts to ball me down here. They hate this fuckin' place. It's the animals, I guess. I had a nurse down here from St. Luke's last week

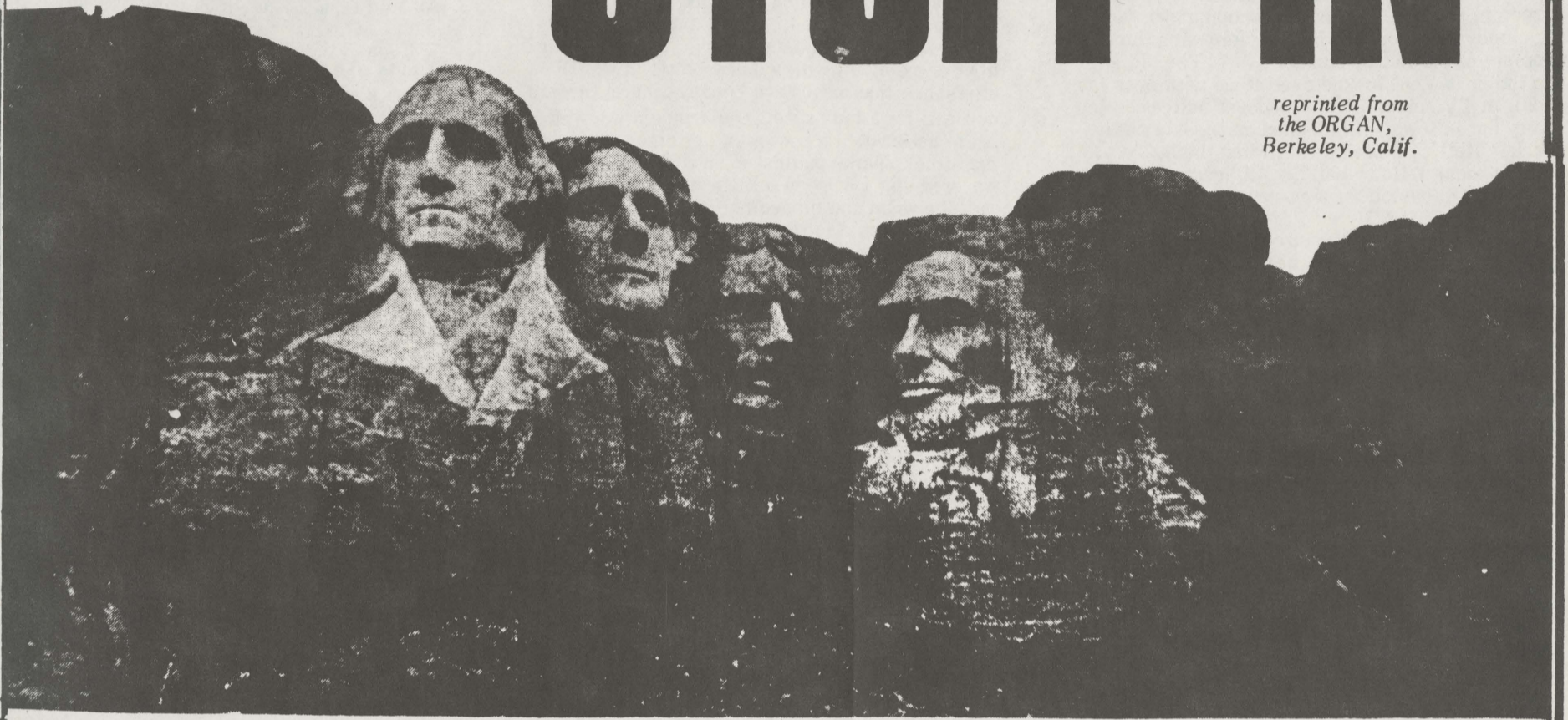
with real big tits. She was ready to fuck, too, but just as I was about to get into her, this fuckin' cop comes by with his fuckin' siren on and all the dogs start howling. She bumbled out and left."





# THE GREAT MT. RUSHMORE STUFF-IN

reprinted from  
the ORGAN,  
Berkeley, Calif.



## WHAT MYSTERIES LURK IN THE RECESSES OF TOP SECURITY GOVERNMENT INSTALLATIONS? Q-BOMBS? NERVE GASSES? A PAIR OF CLOWNS WITH AN UNFORTUNATE SENSE OF HUMOR?

*The following was brought in to our offices by two men who said they had been researching the subject for months. One claimed to be the missing fourth member of the guerilla crew, the other a recently-discharged member of the military whose security-guard duties had brought him into contact with the principals of the adventure. Their comment was "You're probably the only people in the country who would run this." We probably are.*

Henrietta Silverstein, who lives in Queens, hasn't seen her son Mark in over 3 years. Give or take a few months, no one has, save for a few select members of the military who hold Top Secret Clearance. Mark presents a threat to the gravity of the United States, no longer by his actions, but by his existence. He cannot be freed, for fear of publicity about his guerilla venture...he cannot be tried for the same reason. Mark was a prime mover in what came to be known by the security guard in his Nevada desert prison as "The Great Mt. Rushmore Stuff-In."

Gerald Adams has been a friend of Mark's since they met on the historic Selma March. Gerald had been working with SNCC in Alabama since he'd split from his military family in Pensacola six months before. Gerry is back in another military family, and it is assumed that he and Mark are

closer than ever, since they have been illegally imprisoned together since August '68.

Morgan Butler, the third member of Mark's Guerilla Theater Presentation, has been in hiding since that fateful summer, the only member of the active expedition to escape. It is presumed that he is still alive and free.

All the above is prefatory to the exposure of what may have been the most ambitious (and abortive) attempt at Revolutionary Theatre since Philadelphia's RAM made efforts to blow up the Statue of Liberty—and the subject of the greatest security clampdown since Adlai Stevenson had a heart attack. (*Editor's note: the authors apparently believe the late Mr. Stevenson was an assassination victim. We are unaware of any facts to substantiate this opinion.*)

Let us begin at the beginning:

In October of 1964, a soon-to-be Ex-Teamster ingested a quantity of LSD in an apartment on Alcatraz Ave. in Berkeley. During the course of a random forage in the kitchen, he discovered a box of Sunkist Raisins (as we all know, there are no accidents on acid...destiny was waiting), which prompted a massive freakout culminating in:

"Y'know what I'm going to do? I'm going to take a huge block of granite out to Golden Gate Park and sculpt a giant raisin to take to Mt. Rushmore

and stuff up George Washington's nose. And people will come by and ask, 'What're you doing?' and I'll say, 'I'm sculpting a giant raisin to take to Mt. Rushmore and stuff up George Washington's nose!'"

Raisin? OK...another acid fantasy, and our tripper never followed up on it—how many do? But there were other people present, specifically a couple the imaginative dooper had invited to watch, prior to taking the drug themselves. (For the benefit of Mr. Kite, there will be a show tonight... on trampoline.) The male member of the couple was strongly impressed by the raisin soliloquy.

One of the points over which he mused most strongly for the next few years was that, had it been done at the time, it might have been just freaky enough to throw America (it was spelled with a "c" in those innocent days, remember?) back on course.

Well, things being what they were in the days of the San Francisco Mecca, one joint led to another and all of a sudden it was 1968 and plans were being laid for the Pig City Democratic Convention. Our long-remembered friend brought it up one evening. It was decided that the copyright on acid fantasies was 3 years, making the plan available, not to mention it being a perfect counterpoint to the festivities planned for Czechago. (*Actually, the copyright length for acid fantasy is 7 years, but since it was among friends...*) Mark Silverstein and Gerry Adams were two of the people to whom the plan was mentioned, and they took it for their own.

Preparations began. Total secrecy until the moment of unveiling was decided upon, and Silverstein rented a ranch in Sebastapol, where the work could be done away from curious eyes. The original idea of using granite proved impractical and Mark replaced it with wood and paper ma-

che. The projected size was to measure 16 feet across the horizontal axis by 22 feet vertically. (The completed raisin measured only 8 1/2 x 14"). The specifications were calculated by Silverstein based on an old copy of National Geographic dating from the unveiling of Gutzon Borglum's great work. It proudly boasted all the monumental data, including the size of Washington's nostrils. (The National Geographic was found in a pile of same stored in one corner of the barn on the Sebastapol Ranch. Everyone was sure it was Kismet.)

Silverstein went into Guerneville one day, as was his custom, to have potato pancakes at Mom's Place on the main highway. While there, he met Morgan Butler, a black poet from Monterey who was hitching into Santa Rosa. Mark gave him a lift, joints were passed, attitudes compared, and Butler was invited into the project. He immediately accepted. It was Butler who contrived the method for placement.

The raisin was to be hoisted by ropes attached to two A-frame block and tackle rigs. They were to be placed, one on the cliff edge, and the other on top of Lincoln's head. Butler was to man the Lincoln frame, feeling it strongly symbolic, while Adams took the other. Silverstein was supervising from below where he would commandeer the raisin, smearing it liberally with epoxy just before the raising. (No pun intended.)

Silverstein combined the principle of the egg cup with the design of the Hula Hoop and made a length of flexible copper tubing into a ring to which the ropes would be attached, and in which the raisin would sit during its elevation.

On July 5, 1968, the monument was completed. It had been originally intended for the 4th as a patriotic gesture, but the first coat of paint took longer than expected to dry and



the lacquer could not be applied till the next day. The color used was Mahogany. (Silverstein had originally favored a tone called Havana Gold, because of the name, but finally decided that brown was a more traditional color for raisins. "The translucent ones", he said when deciding, "always strike me as being sort of imitations. Besides, as a protest against this fascist state, Mahogany is very Brechtian." He always mispronounced the title of the Brecht musical, Mahagonny).

The finished piece weighed 92 pounds and it was estimated that 145 tubes of epoxy would be ample, allowing for deviations between the irregular convex shape and the concave nostril. (The fourth member of the group, and co-author of this article, suggested using Dentu-Cream as a result of having watched many of their commercials. It was meant as a joke, but was part of the unconscious attitude that later insured his freedom, and caused his exclusion from the actual installation. In his own words. "There wasn't any hostility about it. I had wanted not to go for a long time. I always fuck up in danger situations—just one of those people, I guess. I sometimes wonder if my vibes. I sometimes wonder, you know, part of the fuckup." That's one of those things that can't be known, however. Just something to ponder while practicing the Japanese art of mountain-watching.)

By July 22, the equipment (ropes, pulleys, frames, epoxy, etc.) was in order, and Silverstein had secured a flatbed truck on which he had built a frame, covered with canvas, within which to secretly transport the show. The truck, complete with tentlike covering, was affectionately known as 'The Big Top'. ("Step right up, ladies and gents . . . The Greatest Show on Earth awaits . . .").

With all the work completed, Silverstein, Butler and Adams took off to Humboldt County to camp out, cool out, and drop lots of acid amongst the trees. The fourth member of the party took off south for Mexico. It was the last he saw of any of them. The plan was to return in a couple of weeks and leave for South Dakota on August 21st, allowing time to arrive at Mount Rushmore and install the device on August 25th, the day of the actual nomination for President. It is assumed they did. There is no verified information between that time and the moment of the actual bust, except for information given to the other co-author, a security guard for the prisoners, who was filled in by them. It was Adams and Silverstein who gave the 4th member's name to him, requesting that he find him, piece together the story, and make it public, which is the purpose of this piece.

Everything apparently went off on schedule, and the three were a day's drive from the monument on August 23rd. They stopped for the night at the Ranger Motel in Lusk, Wyoming, and this was their downfall. The manager became suspicious. He was curious as to why three hippies would stay in a motel when they had what appeared to be a camper setup on their flatbed truck. *Bullshit.* He was, and is, a hippie-hating snoop. This was verified on a later trip by the authors. Anyway, he was all uptight at the bullshit in the media about Chicago. The three arrived, remember, the night of the nationally televised riots. Anyway, he called the local police who called the security people at Ellsworth AFB near Rapid City, and alerted them to some sort of devious communist/yippie/anarchist plot soon to

come off at the Monument, as it is called up there. He knew, of course, that that's where they were headed. His standard greeting to anyone who checks in with out-of-state tags (other than Wyoming, South Dakota or Nebraska) is "Going to see the Monument?" They never had a chance.

Pacing themselves, they arrived at the campgrounds near the great stone heads the evening of the 24th. They got out their sleeping bags and gear, and after waiting till everyone around them was asleep, silently moved the gear into place . . . the raisin to the base of the monument, and the tackle equipment to the top. It took almost till dawn to get everything ready.

Dawn must have come as quite a surprise to the camping tourists seeking deep country quiet at Mount Rushmore. As the sun rose, the tiny squeak of the pulleys raising the postscript to Borglum's work was drowned out in the clatter of warning shots, followed by screams of "Don't Shoot!" There was a brief moment of silence, and then a pop not unlike the sound of a giant egg dropped on contact with the ground, and the ropes

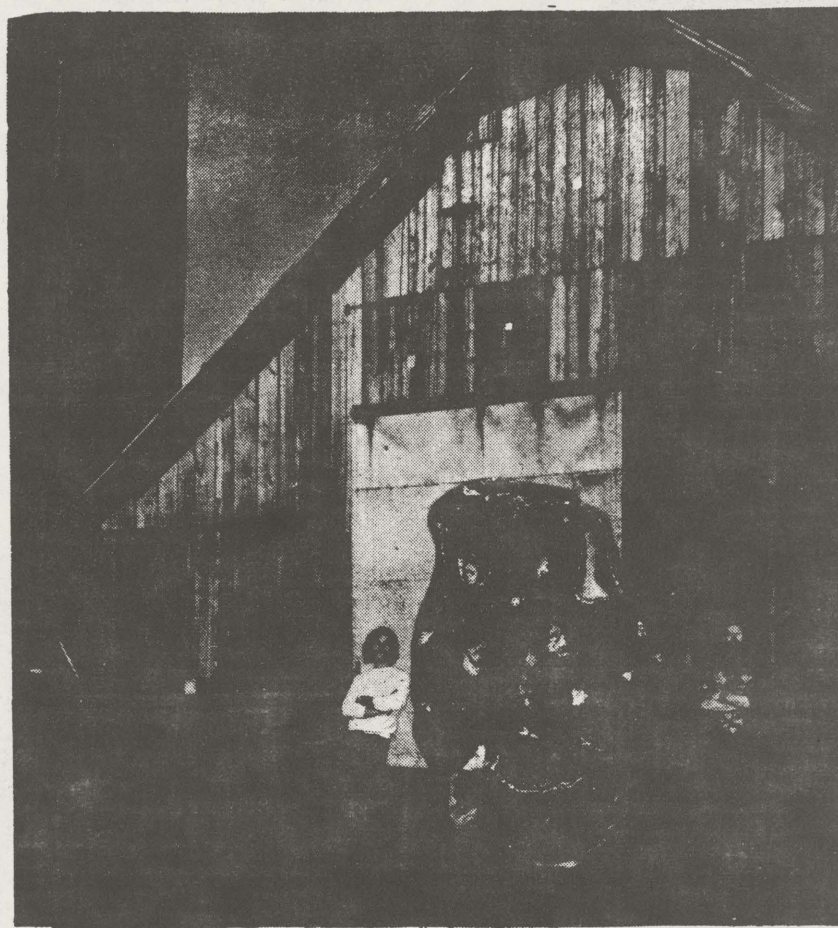


Mark Silverstein



Gerald Adams

on the pulleys ran free when both Butler and Adams threw their hands up into the air. MP's from Ellsworth were waiting for them, about 30 of them. The MP's (unfortunately for them) had not assumed that anyone would climb the mountain at night, and so were circling the base, around Silverstein. On top, Butler realized he was several steps from safety, and disappeared (in line of vision) from the pigs on the ground by running back away from Lincoln's forehead. The MP's saw it, too late, as far as Butler was concerned, but they fired a few shots over Adams' head to prevent him from acting on the same idea. Adams froze. (He probably wouldn't have made it anyway, even though the initial steps would have taken him out of the line of fire. Adams was a heavy smoker and doper, and overly fond of such things as Vernor's, donuts, potato chips and Borden's sweetened condensed milk. He was in terrible shape, and it's a



Above: The Unveiling

Left: The Dynamic Duo as unsuspecting High School Seniors

marvel he made it up the mountain at all. Butler on the other hand was in great shape, a black Nimrod who's greatest desire was to someday be able to run down a deer, the way the Mexicans do. By the time the troops got to the top, he was long gone. (The voice of Stepin Fetchit rang thru the hills that day, calling 'Feets, do your stuff.')

Adams and Silverstein were taken under guard to Ellsworth Air Force Base, while the balance of the detachment removed every trace of the attempt and convinced sightseers that, in the name of national security and a hell of a fine and jail sentence, they had seen nothing. The prisoners were held there for 2 days, and then flown, under cover of darkness, to Grand Forks Air Force Base in North Dakota, intersecting with the arrival of a Washington Wheel who had been flown out for the occasion in one of the Presidential jets. It was his problem to figure out what to do with the two.

Apparently he solved it, as the prisoners were placed, under Top Secret security in the SAC base for 2 months, until completion of detention facilities in the first of the homes the government would provide for them during the following years. (In the ensuing 3 years, they have been moved a total of 4 times, for no apparent reason, which tends to suggest that Butler is still free, or that the military feared a leak in security.) Most of the prisons, although they don't look like the classical ones, have been in various parts of Nevada and California. One was in North Dakota, in the winter of 1969-70, perhaps as punishment since Adams and Silverstein seemed to have started, if not enjoying it, at least getting behind their fate. It's cold in North Dakota in winter.

Not to condemn the U.S. Government as completely inhumane, the prisoners are allowed most of the comforts of life . . . radio, books, some records. We've even managed on several occasions, to smuggle acid in to them. When I scored, I scored for them also. I was not taking acid when in the military. All in all, it was as mellow a scene as one could expect a political prisoner to have. At least in the Nevada base where I was present.

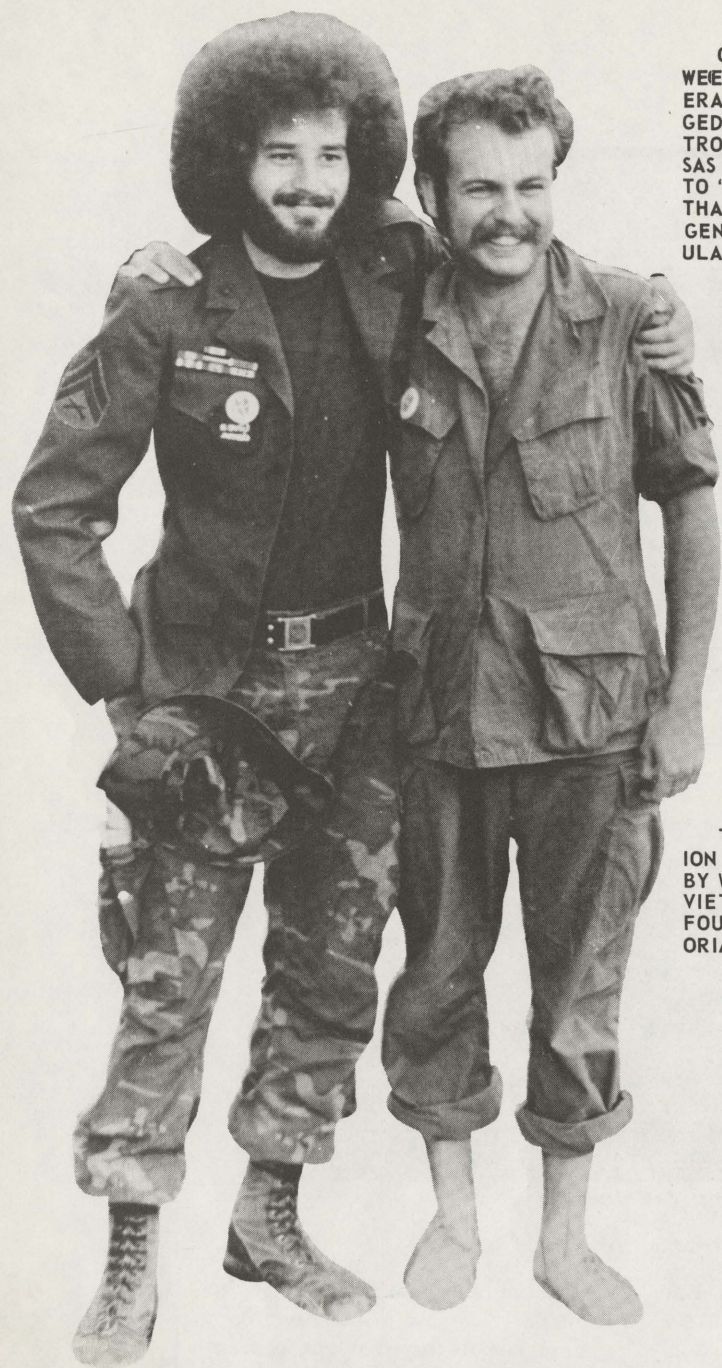
Most of the guards assigned to them in the past years have been sympathetic to the trip. The concept is pretty coprophilic in the first place, but with enough sense of humor and ballsy-ness to appeal to the macho situation, most guards are in. It's also a relief. Being a guard, especially in the middle of the Nevada desert, is one of the most boring fucking things in the world, and this guard at least, found that long nights on the desert and the whole military bind in general were much easier to take when I would think of just what it was I was guarding.

And this is why the chance of release for Mark Silverstein and Gerry Adams is dim. Capones can be coped with . . . Dillingers can be coped with. But this caper is too ludicrous to ever let out. It would (at least that's how it's viewed by Washington) bring down the so-called traditions of this country in a wave of laughter if revealed, and would destroy the judicial system even better than Judge Hoffman's attempt in Chicago if ever brought to court. Even Walter Cronkite couldn't announce it with a straight face, and Howard K. Smith would fall off his seat in that idiotic laughter one senses just below the surface of his Stan Laurel smile.

It's obvious that the flash early in the project was true . . . it would throw the country back on course, and the present administration at least wants no part of that, any more than the Johnson Administration did. istration did.

But this is why we are endangering our own freedom to expose this story. Only recognition of their cosmic sense of humor and acceptance of it can save what, perhaps, it is too late to save. Even if it has no effect at all, the story is out. It's public. Many of the facts have been withheld or changed to allow us some protection, but the trip is essentially the same, and any government people reading this who are familiar with the case know it. It's to them that we address it. IT'S OUT! There's no more reason to detain the prisoners! The secret's blown, Big Brother, so let them go. You can't save face any longer—so let them go. Free Mark Silverstein! Free Gerry Adams! Amnesty for Morgan Butler! Let the court jesters free . . . it was you they were trying to save.



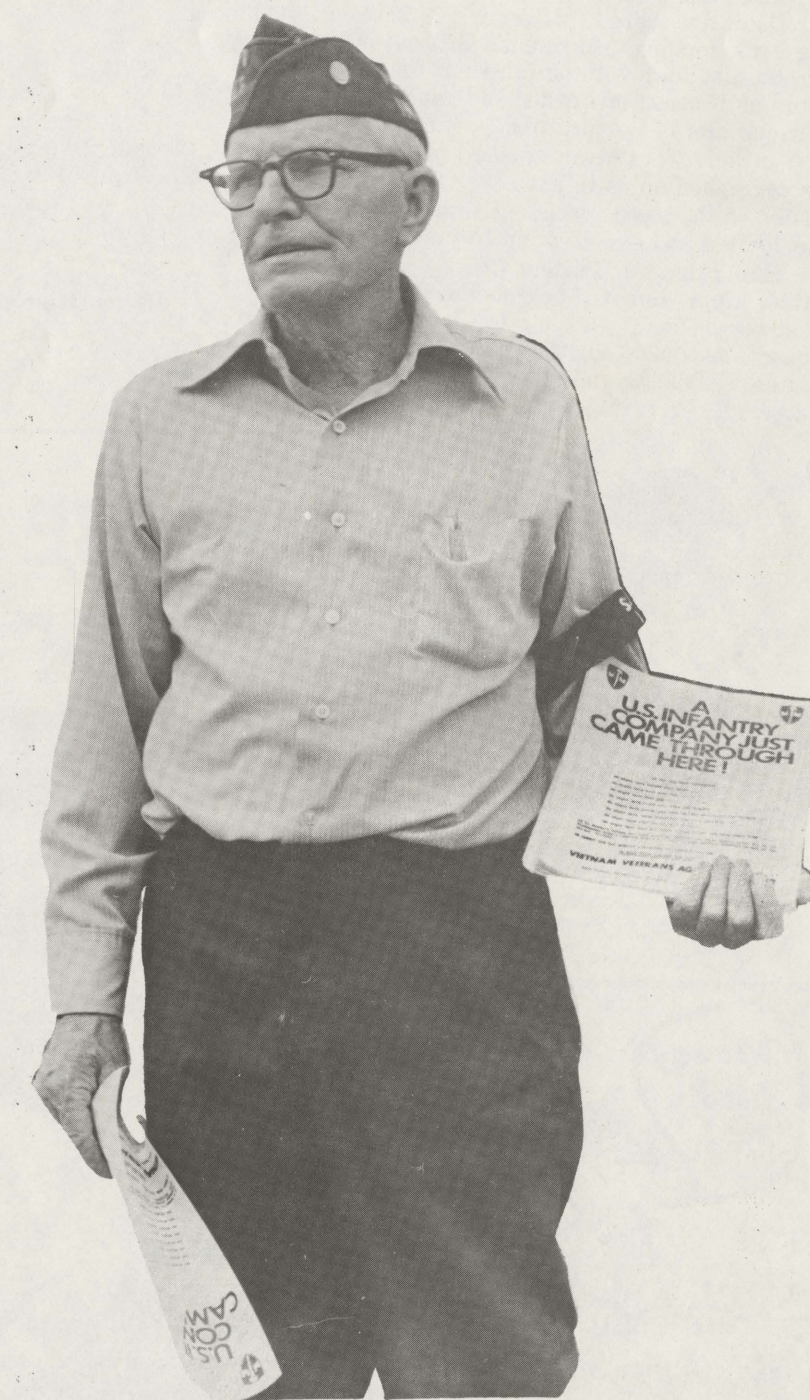


OVER THE FOURTH OF JULY WEEKEND, THE VIETNAM VETERANS AGAINST THE WAR STAGED MOCK SEARCH AND DESTROY OPERATIONS IN THE KANSAS CITY AREA IN AN EFFORT TO "MAKE PEOPLE REALIZE THAT THE U.S. IS PRACTICING GENOCIDE ON THE CIVILIAN POPULATION OF SOUTH VIETNAM"

THE FOLLOWING IS A SELECTION OF PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY WAYNE PYCIOR, HIMSELF A VIETNAM VETERAN, ON JULY FOURTH AT THE LIBERTY MEMORIAL AND SWOPE PARK.



**Fire Base Cairo: "... bringing it all home."** "MY LAI WAS NOT AN ISOLATED INCIDENT, IT HAPPENS EVERY DAY. I KNOW BECAUSE I WAS INVOLVED IN ALMOST TWO DOZEN SIMILAR OPERATIONS."





# "fuck you, i'm god"

Naugah Hyde

Late Thursday afternoon as Mark Stoker and Dennis Giangreco were "assisting in Dan Siglar's meditation" and Bill Wendt was taking a piss, a fat man with fuzzy blonde mutton chop sideburns came in through the front door of the Trucker offices.

Dennis (thinking): "Hmmm. Shiny black shoes."

Man with black shoes:

"Everyone stay seated, this is a raid!"

About thid time Daniel began to perceive that something was amiss and started shouting, "Oh, it's God. I see God."

The officer, James W. Eapmon, number 222, was slightly freaked at being called God, and took a step back, placing his hand on his gun handle.

Detective Lomax: "What's the matter with your friend? Is he on drugs?"

Dennis: "Who, him? No, he doesn't do dope. He's meditating. Spiritual, ya know?"

Mark: "Oh Shit!"

Detective Lomax: "Are you sure? We can take him to a hospital."

Dennis: "He'll be fine, you just interrupted his meditation,"

Daniel: "One, one, one, one, one, one, one, I'm God, I am the totality of all. I am one. One, one, one, one, one."

Detective Eapmon: "O.K., God. You just sit there and don't cause any trouble"

Daniel: "Fuck you I'm God."

The procession of vice squad officers that came through the front door was sprinkled with TV reporters and cameras.

Detective Alfred C. Lomax had come in through the back door and had rousted Bill out of the john. He sat him down with the others at the dining room table as Eapmon proceeded to them their rights. Various bits of "contraband" such as water pipes pocket knives, etc. were placed on the table and photographed so as to have the faces of those arrested in the same frames. Everyone was then handcuffed and escorted out to the paddy wagon.

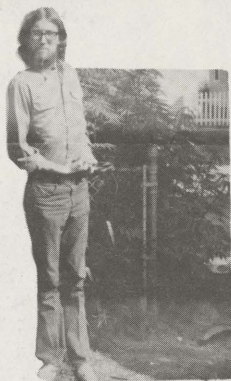
Being that the Trucker Offices are located in a rather hippie infested neighborhood, news of the bust spread fast. Within a few minutes of the Vice Squad's entrance, about two dozen freaks, including eight Trucker and other Mother Love folks had gathered. From inside the wagon, Dennis was di-

recting the forces of freakdom through the view slits. He worked at positioning people so that photographs could be gotten of any newspapers or machines that might be taken. The Trucker photographers were intimidated from taking any close-up photos of the vice-squad officers by threats of having their cameras smashed. Nevertheless, their sheer presence around the house kept Vol. 2

He then told the officers in the room and the two outside that if they so much as heard a shutter click they were to arrest Peg.

Peg left but soon after she got out the door she stopped.—She had a press card and decided if they stopped her she'd sue their asses. She turned up the driveway and headed towards the backyard, taking pictures of anything that moved, including freaks and TV crews.

## The Trucker Bust



Unidentified hippie posing next to noxious weed.

No. 5, of the TRucker and equipment valued at roughly \$2,700 from being confiscated.

Trucker people kept going into the house, risk ing arrest, making sure that the offices weren't getting torn apart. It became apparent, though, that if any more people went into the house and "interfered" with "the law" they'd get busted too. People kept watch from outside instead.

About this time Peg McMahon, armed with a Kansas City Star-Times press card, and a fully loaded camera came pedaling up the street on her bicycle with several more freaks on along the street behind her. After a short conference at the paddy wagon, she headed up to the house.

As she entered the hoose she saw the police scraping the table like you would bread crumbs, only putting them in a plastic bag.

Detective Eapman(looking up): "What do you want?"

Peg: "I came to find out what's happening to the equipment."

Detective Eapman: "There's no occupational license up there. Does Dennis have one?"

Peg: "I don't know anything about that."

Detective Eapman: "We're going to confiscate the equipment and if you take one picture I'll arrest you."

In the backyard the police were chopping down every plant over six inches tall with their miniature hatchets. Peg moved in for some nice action shots. The officer up and said, "You are very close to interfering with me." She was on the other side of the fence at the time, and she was again told to take no more photographs of faces. "If I wanted my picture on the front of the Kansas City Star or the Westport Trucker, I'd have put it there. ...they (the Trucker) have caused us a lot of trouble. They don't like us and we don't like them."

Returning to the front of the house, Peg started taking photos of Lomax standing next to a pile of marijuana plants taken from the backyard. He also had a yellow bucket in his hand, along with a few pipes, cigarette papers, a small bag of seeds two baggies of marijuana, a can of powdered milk (thought to have been heroin at the time) and several bottles of yeast pills, and vitamin B-12. Earlier, Lomax had been hassled by Trucker people who wanted to see what was in the bucket. Peg, with her camera, made him less than happy. A K.C. Times reporter arrived along with another

A K.C. Times reporter arrived along with another TV crew. As Peg and the Times reporter stood and talked, Eapman stepped out of the house with a potted grass plant in one hand and back issues of the Trucker in the other. Peg snapped his picture. He told her that she was quite slow to learn and that she should give him the film. When she wouldn't, he replied, "Fine! Then you'll come down to the station."

Peg: "Am I under arrest?"

Eapman: "No, but if you don't come, I will arrest you."

She then removed the film from the camera and gave it to the reporter. At that point, Eapman told the reporter that he was coming, too. Peg took the film back, to avoid having him taken down, and placed the film in her pocket, close to her body so that they couldn't legally get it from her. Eapman then put her in the detective's car where she and Lomax drove downtown. She arrived shortly after

cont. on page 17

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★ FROM ★

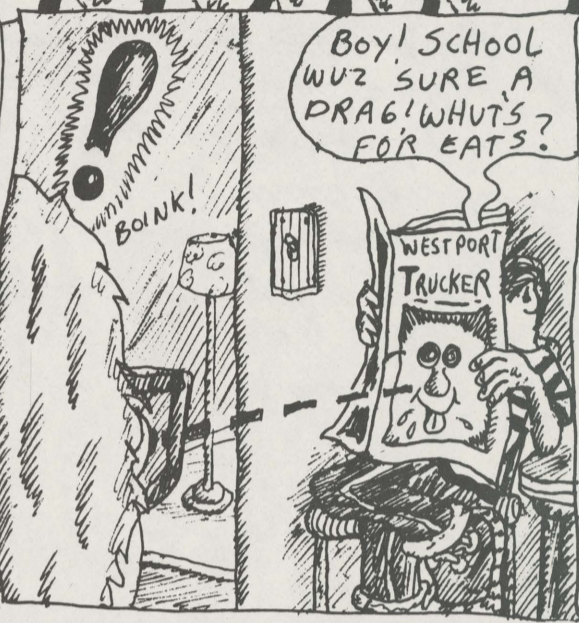
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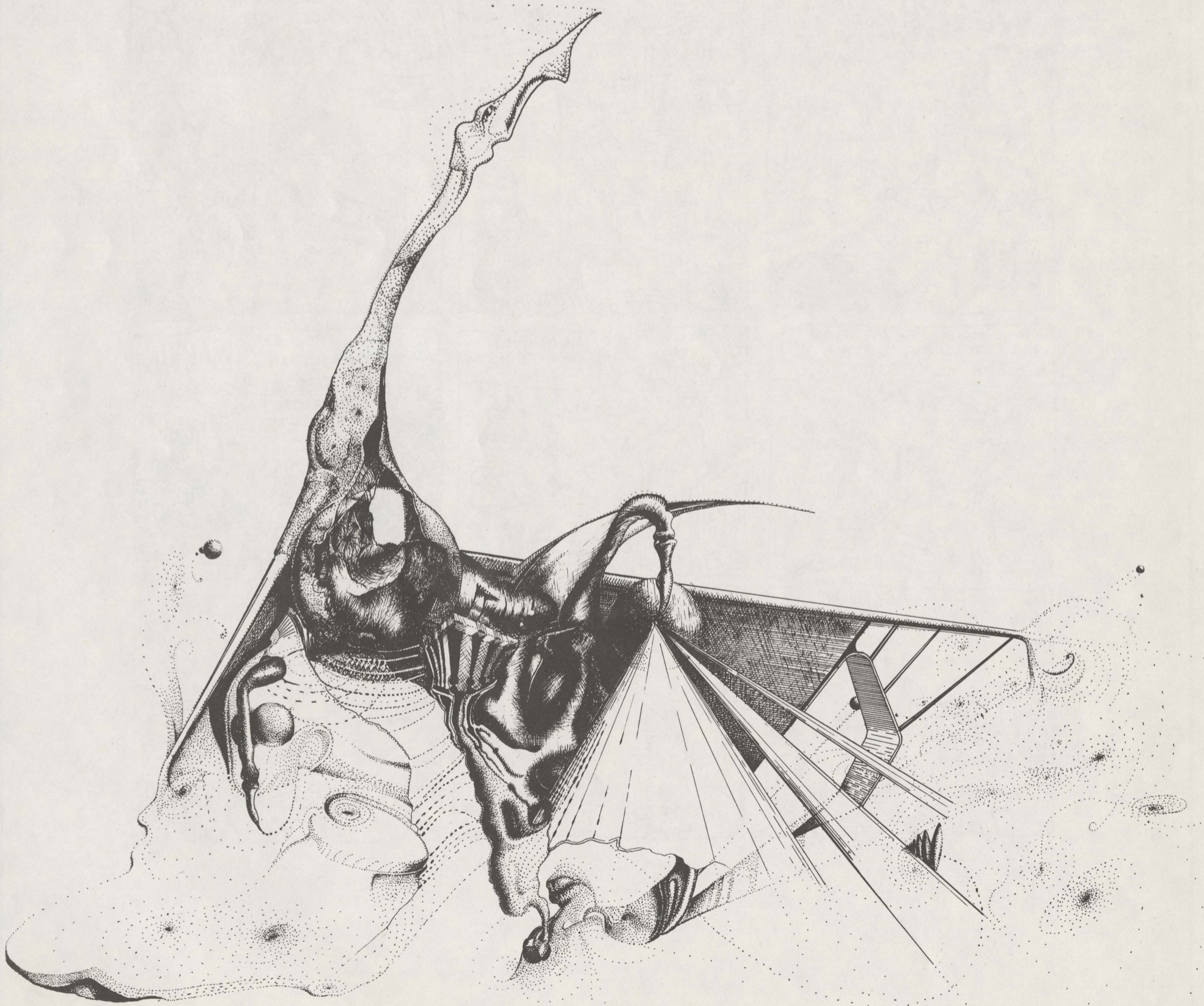
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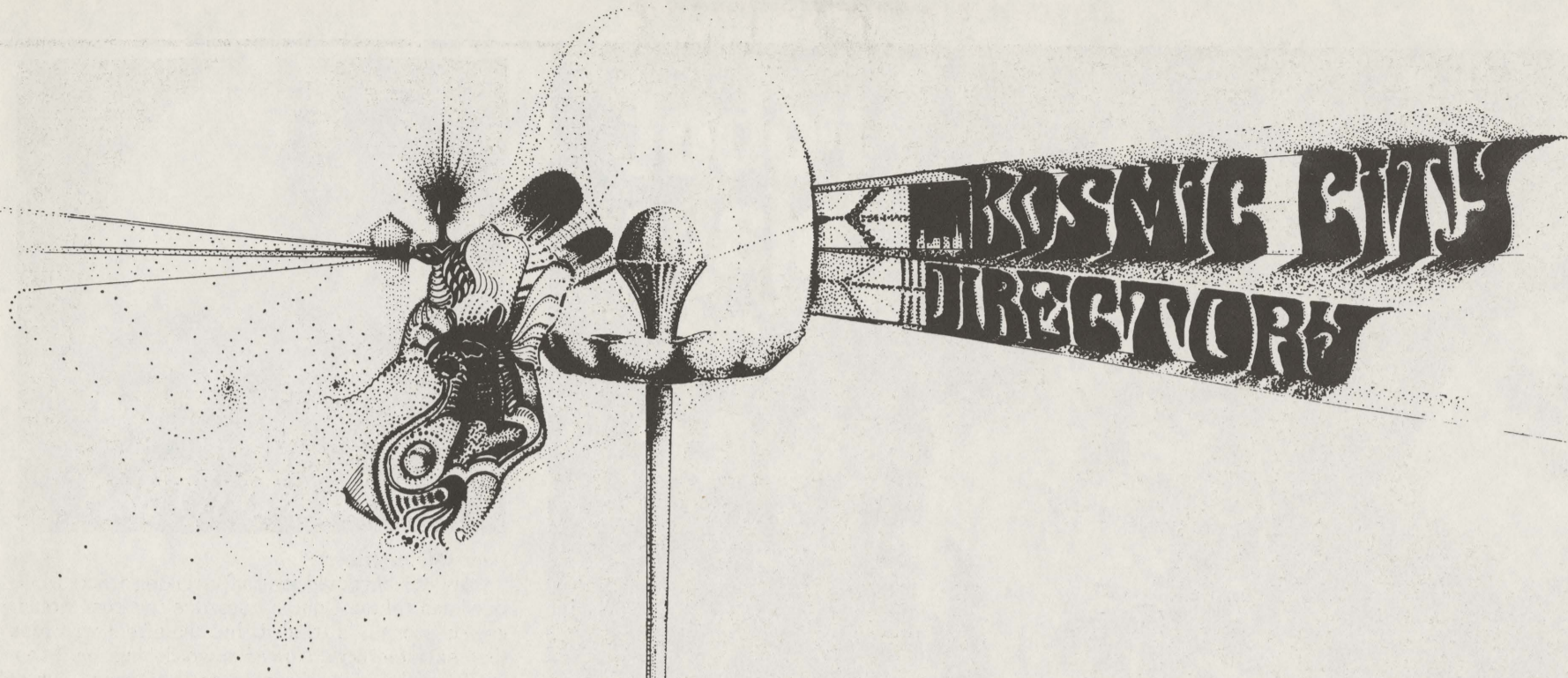


## Jerry Riley / A Rainbow In Curved Air

And then all wars ended / Arms of every kind were outlawed & the masses gladly  
contributed them to giant foundries in which they were melted down &  
the metal poured back into the earth / The Pentagon was turned on its side and  
painted purple, yellow, & green / All boundaries were dissolved / The slaughter of  
animals was forbidden / The whole of lower Manhattan became a meadow in which  
unfortunates from the Bowery were allowed to live out their fantasies in  
the sunshine and were cured / People swam in the sparkling rivers  
under blue skies streaked only with incense pouring from new factories  
The energy from dismantled nuclear weapons provided free heat & light  
World health was restored / An abundance of organic vegetables, fruits & grains was  
growing wild along the disordered highways / National flags were sewn  
together into brightly colored circus tents under which politicians were allowed  
to perform harmless theatrical games / The concept of work was forgotten







## ORGANS

**ART RESEARCH CENTER**  
4808 Troost

**ASSN. For The ADVANCEMENT Of CREATIVE MUSICIANS**  
(musicians coop)  
922 E. 48th.

**WOMANS LIBERATION**  
3800 McGee

**MOTHER LOVE**  
(Volker Park maintenance & concerts)  
4044 Broadway

**VIETNAM VETERANS AGAINST THE WAR, INC.**  
1840 E. 77th Terrace  
(temp. phone)

## COMMUNICATION

**WESTPORT TRUCKER**  
4044 Broadway

**GIMME SHELTER**  
(newspaper)  
3800 McGee

**BAN DOG**  
(newspaper)  
contact through the New Earth Bookstore, 1106 E. 47th.

**COMMUNIVERSITY**  
(free university)  
University Center, U.M.K.C.

**WESTPORT FREE SCHOOL**  
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**KANSAS KEY PRESS**  
(printing)  
710 Mass.  
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## LEGAL AIDS

**VIETNAM INFORMATION CENTER**  
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**WELFARE RIGHTS ORGANIZATION**  
1821 E. 12th.

**BLACK ACTION TRAINING, INC.**  
(draft counseling)  
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**LEGAL AIDS**  
1029 Oak (main office)

**COMMON GROUND**  
(draft counseling)  
3950 Rainbow



**THE WHOMPER**  
(recycling center, glass, cans, etc.)  
226 E. 26th  
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4500 Warwick

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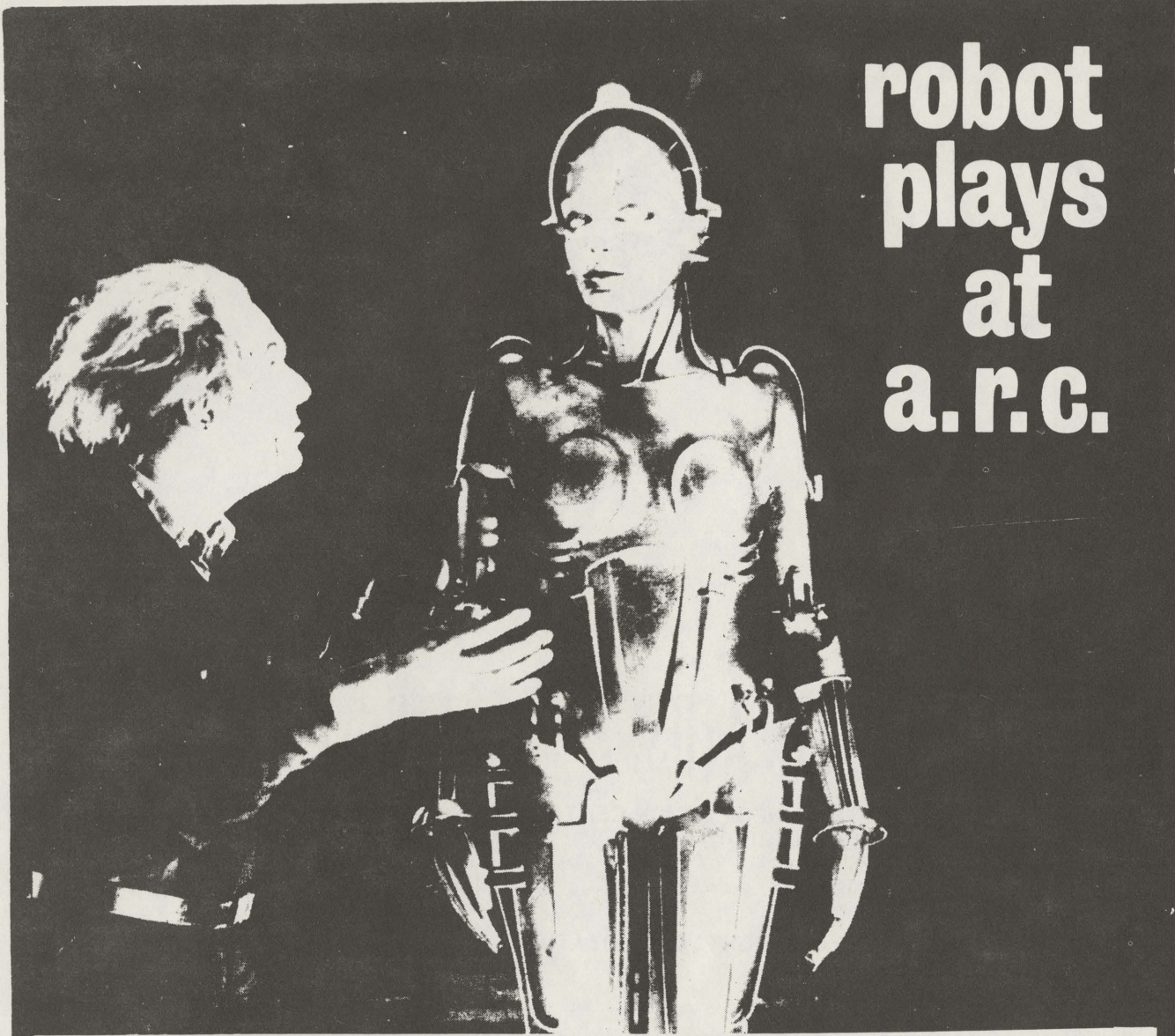
**TOGETHER**  
(switchboard, crashpads, referrals)  
18 E. 32nd.

**PHOENIX HOUSE**  
(counseling, crisis intervension)  
3519 Troost

**GRAINERY**  
(earth foods)  
6 E. 39th

**MOTHER TRUCKERS UNLIMITED**  
(hauling)





# robot plays at a.r.c.

The Art Research Center has been threatened with eviction recently from their building at 4808 Troost. However, at the moment of this writing, the Nichols company has not acted formally to oust them; Mike Stephens informed the TRUCKER that he intends to continue with his plans to present four Robot Plays this summer, hoping that a delay in the eviction will give him the time he needs. Stephens feels the Robot Plays will be very entertaining and imaginative expressions of the aesthetics the Art Research Center has been developing for several years. Briefly put, the concept is that machines and technology can be a lot of fun, very life supporting, and that technology does not have to be the death-oriented, totalitarianist tool of enslavement and execution that 1984 and Brave New World presented. Stephens said the Art Research Center has been moving toward theatre for some time as a way of involving people in the exciting and aesthetic qualities of technology. It was toward this end that ARC constructed the Mechanical Revue, a bizarre mechanized theatre that was first shown to the public on May,31, and was first performed on July 5.

The Mechanical Revue will be the "stage set" that the Robot performances will be presented in. The first set of two Robot Events will take place at the end of this month, and the final set of Robot Events will take place at the end of August, if ARC still has a building to present them in. The Robot scenarios will be multi-media performances that involve video tape, movies, the mechanized theatre, slide shows, live actors, and electronic music. The events will not be dramas, but occurrences of a fantasy nature that reveal man's relationships to machines. They will be like electronic fairy tales or myths that will be executed in the direct style of Goddard skits. An integral part of these performances will be a slide show documentary tracing the history of the mythological GOLEM or synthetic man. Traditionally, the Golem has been imagined as a terrifying challenger to humanity, but the ARC Robot Myths will alter this concept showing the Golem as ally. All of the plays will be introduced and integrated by a live and simultaneously video tape performance of an eighteenth century myth, THE MASK.

J. A.

## The Rebirth (Afterbirth?) of Human Relations

OR

**BROTHER CHARLIE: THIS IS THE FIRST DAY OF THE REST OF YOUR LIFE**

Root Tootie

Isn't it great to be living in America? Aren't you proud of our purple mountains and fruity plains? Where else could citizens petition their rulers and see such response as has Westport? Where else would a Department of Human Relations be so endowed with a sense of fair play that it would hire a young man who has been a YSA worker for close to a year, especially when the benevolent director of that delightful reconciliatory bureau was

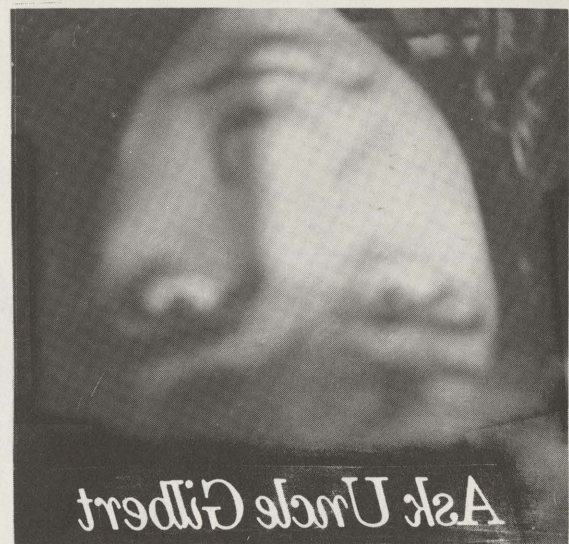
a cop for over ten years? Why doesn't Mr. Brooks plan for his new worker, Charles Dell, conflict with the fact that I smoked a reefer with Charlie four years ago on a farm east of the city with SDS people from six states and a host of the Chicago Area Draft Resistor (CADRE)? Is Brooks trying to win the graces of our liberal mayor by mainlining a little taste of hip into the jungle of community passification?

All of the above question might have answers. The trip is that Westport (and three other communities) are now skon to enjoy the services of Charlie Dell, a thin, zealous (almost nervous), and dedicated worker who has wanted to work for Human Relations for a long time. Next, it just so happens that some people think that Charlie is a narc. Well, that's cool. A little, or even a lot of fear and suspicion can't hurt a divided community. In fact, it can bring a divided people together because only love can cure fear and resolve suspicion. And a little more love is something Westport could use. Any dooper better suspect anyone he doesn't know or love, Charlie Dell included.

Even if I knew Charlie to be a narc, I would advise Westport not to reject him as its worker from Human Relations since it might be our last chance to maintain a form of communication with City Hall. It seems, that since the removal of Maureen Maloney, that Mr. Brooks has acquired the feeling that Westport deserves a second, and final, chance to work with his department. For Westport's own good, of course. Were ol' Trickey Dickie himself Brooks' new appointee I would feel Westport should, for its own gain, use such a worker.

Thus, I feel everyone should get to know Charlie. Call him up; invite him over for dinner, and let him know what problems exist in our community. Force him to respond to Westport's needs. If anyone's uptight about Brother Charlie maybe being a narc, they should keep him so busy resolving the ills and problems of Westport that he wouldn't have any time to go narcing about. If he can't find time to serve the people of Westport, well...

Charlie says he never has and never will be an informer. You can help Charlie prove this by putting him to work.



Dear Uncle Gilbert:

My old lady told me that drinking Rooti Root Beer and taking Contac capsules together would get me stoned. I tried it, but the effect was less than satisfactory. Now, I'm wondering, am I too far down the road to get wasted any more? The last time I really got off was with a can of Bac-tine and a rag and that was way back in '68. Is it too late?

Signed,

Overdue and Worried  
North Kansas City

Dear O.&W.,

I really need to know more about you, like your whole address and where you get your dope and how you feel about Mel Laird's last routine, and stuff like that, but on the surface, I'd say no, it's not too late, but you must go on to the "harder stuff" (as we reprobates say), Try wearing a car wheel on your head a few days and then take it off. What a rush!

Dear Uncle Gil,

I heard that you don't use real letters, but just make them up. Is this true?

Signed,

R. H.  
Hickman Mills

Dear R. H.  
Next.

Dear Uncle Gilbert:

What's the best on-ramp to hitchhike at in Barstow, California?

Signed

Rambler  
Oklahoma City

Dear Rambler:

Ha Ha. The best thing to do would be investing in desert real estate.

Dearest Gil:

Where were you? I waited for two hours! You know how horny I get this time of month! I'll be back tomorrow. Why are you ~~XXXXXX~~ ~~XXXXXX~~ ~~XXXXXX~~

Signed,

Fatima

Dear uncle Gilbert:

I've been dropping acid for about five years now, and in that time, I've come to a few conclusions, most of which I've lived by for some time. I'm chucking window pane now about every two days. My only real hassle is ol' man. One day I was doing my favorite trip thing, intarsia, and suddenly he came in and started asking all manner of pointless questions, really ruining the whole scene, you know? I freaked and the rest of the day was Gack City. Now, what can I do to keep this from happening again?

Signed,

Lu Ann C-Note  
Tuscon, Arizona

Dear Lu Ann:

Off him. Chop up the stiff and grind it up with the hamburger. With the shit they pass for meat these days, who'd notice?

Dear Uncle Gilbert

Ever since going vegetarian, I'm having trouble thinking up main dishes for dinner. Any ideas?

Signed,

Ira Lupino  
Kansas City, Kansas





Dear Ira:  
Here's a favorite of mine:  
OAT GROAT SOUFFLE

ingredients:  
2 C. soy bean oil  
1 1/2 Tblsp. clover root  
3 Oz. chopped walnuts  
1 meas. rose petal tea  
2 1/4 lb. oat groats  
1 lb. Velveeta  
1 qt. Ambergis

Mix ingredients well in a square pan. Put in oven at 350 degrees for twenty minutes. Get a funnel, put small end in mouth and pour souffle in large end. Enjoy.

Dear Uncle Gilbert:

I've got the hots for this chick but she don't give a shit for me no how. I've got the grooviest line in my class, namely "You kin toot MY horn, Bernadine Dohrn!", but she just walks through me anyway. I'm gettin' mighty horny, man, what am I gonna do?

Signed,

Darryl Harmonica  
Prairie Village, Kansas

Dear Darryl:

There's some great vibrator buys at the Kimo Bookstore. Why not check it out?

Dear Uncle Gilbert:

This morning the sun hit my eyes through a hole in the shade. I looked around and watched the little dust hairs float in drifts down the thick sticks of orange that hit the wall and the old magazines. My first thought was what to wear that day. It usually is. My next thought was a combination of many at once. The dream I had just hit me again. That meant I really didn't have the \$20.00 I had found. I was thirsty. My mouth felt as if I had licked pool tables all night. The hissing in my sleep was the T.V. I'd left on. I grabbed the switch and the grey flecks slowly left the big eye. After trying to think of a reason to get up, I finally sluffed out anyway and cake-walked to the kitchen. My gums were getting used to the brush, and as I surveyed the dead roaches, guts half out in various positions on the cracked two-tone tiles, the screen door rattled its age as a signal that someone wanted in. I wiped the grease off my nose with a dishrag and undid the tin latch that gave when you leaned on it. A small girl with a long shag and big eyes stuck a pack of Silva-Thins out to me. "Thanks," I said. "Courtesy of the new people," she grinned. "This leaflet..." She trailed off and clopped down the driveway. I lit one and scanned the yellow paper with high disinterest. It contained the usual riffs about getting together and other such sentimental things, and I mumbled, "The old new people," as it sailed into the can with the milk cartons and eggshells. I put three records on the turnaroo; "Something Else" by the Kinks, side one of "Uncle Meat" by the Mothers, and "Good-bye" by the Cream. Morning music is my favorite. The shoe sat gleaming with wet leather except for the back which had been repaired where my friend's dog had chewed it up. It and its mate cost \$20.00 The left one was in L.A. The right one was in front of me. I decided against sending it back to him today, because he hadn't sent me the shirt I asked for yet. He hated to mail things to me. When I last saw him, he was heading to a Dairy Queen in San Bernardino with his new lady and I was headed for the on-ramp to Neddes. A great parting. The music played and I fished the Tricia Nixon Rolling Stone out of the cavern behind the sticky couch and continued where it said "...imagine her with...messed up hair." It was about the time I started looking for good pictures to cut out that I decided I was hungry, and, because it was Sunday, moaned about having to go to you-know-whore to eat or else buy it in a grocery store which I also hated or else just scarf what there was in the house which didn't hit at all because I think what was left was bug fodder by now and I remembered the gaily colored mold that appeared on the potato salad, tightly sealed, in the refrigerator. I conceded to the loaf of bread and anemic beer that lay sideways in back where I couldn't see it unless I knelt down

## Grand Jury Indicts 4

Leila H. Brutus

It's another Kansas City summer and people are still trying to get it together. Freaks are coming and leaving, trying for a change and not knowing quite how to go about it.

Last summer was an angry one for Westport now we're consoling ourselves with attempts to maintain brotherhood. It's getting harder. How many brothers have we lost to the jails and the courts? How many more will we lose next year to paranoia and the system?

Last summer Arnold A. Stead was an angry brother; now he's serving five years in Sandstone Federal prison in Minnesota. June 30, 1970 he was arrested carrying a bomb on the Plaza. Arnold was never recieved too well in Westport of Kansas City. Those who never knew him like to remember him from firey speeches and bursts of temper. Arnold's friends can tell of his honesty and love for people - peer people, hungry people, and oppressed people. Although Arnold Stead wasn't always the most tactful, peaceful person, knowing him taught a few of us about love and brotherhood which seems to be what this whole mess is all about.

This summer four friends are paying for knowing and loving Arnold. Marty Baumgarten, Randy Gould, Ken Sandusky, and Rich Stanley have been indicted by the federal grand jury on charges of conspiracy and aiding and abetting. The charges look weak, wordy, and full of bullshit. Lifestyle and association would seemingly be stronger charges, but are probably illegal and wouldn't make such exciting copy for the Kansas City Star. No one, especially the four charged, is quite sure why these particular friends were singled out for conspiracy.

Although this looks like the perfect opportunity for a family reunion, the four defendants are not allowed to associate or correspond with each other. Marty has been working (until the indictment) in Kansas City as a community worker, Randy has been living in Lawrence and going to school, Ken has been living in Denver, going to school and has recently married, and Rich had been in the Army in Ft. Leonard Wood and has also recently married and has two new step-children. Regardless of the outcome of the conspiracy charge the four and their families will undoubtedly go through some change in personal plans due to the government's passion for witchhunts.

Presently, Marty who is represented by attorney Dennis Goodden, is suspended from his job, and freed on \$7,500 bond. Rich, represented by attorney Glenn McFarland, is also out on \$7,500 bond

and I only did that when there was nothing else, so it had been safe for a while. They complimented one another beautifully.

Later, I headed up Main Street and my air fantasy came rushing back about being back in the '30s and wearing a big fedora, seeing all these old cars brand new, walking into a diner and having a burger deluxe for a quarter. Dr. Pepper in the old bottle. Outrageous hair-dos. Blue and white movies. When I saw the uncensored King-Kong, the parts that were cut were so new they were pale blue, bright white, and had no grains or lines. I dug that. Down the hill a car covered with air-horns passed by, honking out the State Farm Insurance jingle. A grinning hick in a bejeweled red fez piloted the device. He's made it. If I had that car I would press all the horns at once and drive down quiet, residential streets at night. I got an icecream sandwich at the tacky van with the perennial puddle underneath. It was too hard and the wafer part got stuck to the back of my teeth so I had to scrape it off every bite. A couple eyed me suspiciously as I approached and, sure enough I smelled the local they had fired up. I went and sat under the trees amid the pop cans, dead pine needles and discarded plastic rigs and lit a Silva-Thin. The band was loud and that was good enough for free. Several girls giggled behind me and I gues'd it was maybe either just



Ken, as far as anyone can ascertain, has been in jail in Denver for a week and will be released on a bond of \$15,000 which hopefully will be lowered. The jailers of Jackson County and Douglas County are playing tug of war with Randy and no one is entirely sure of his whereabouts. His lawyer, Bruce Simon undoubtedly will soon have him released on \$7,500 bond.

Good people, if you believe in brotherhood and justice the way you say you do, now is the time to lend moral and financial support to some good brothers who need all the help we can give them. Lawyers can be beautiful people, but they cost cold hard cash. If you can contribute, send what you can spare to Conspiracy Bust Fund in care of the Westport Trucker. Now seems to be a good time to put politics and ideology aside and put our energies together to work on a Community Legal Defense Fund for Westport. The price of justice is daily growing.

This summer Arnold Stead has mellowed and is apparently adjusting to his time in prison. He's been through more hassles with the government than most of us can fantasize, but his concern is still with the welfare of his friends, particularly the four charged with the conspiracy. Regardless of the opinion of Kansas City mass media, Arnold's an honest brother. Send him your love and don't forget to recognize your brothers and sisters. We can make it through together.

'FUCK YOU' cont.

the paddy wagon.

The five prisoners that took an elevator to the seventh floor Vice Squad Unit, escorted by their unsmiling captors.

Mark, Daniel, Dennis, and Bill were fingerprinted, questioned for basic information such as close relatives, etc., and finally locked up on the eighth floor where they spent the duration of the night.

In another seventh floor room, the police were still hassling over Peg's film. The bullshit was approaching knee deep. At one point, she was even told that they would be so kind as to develop the film for her and return it all, minus the ones with the faces. When it became evident that Peg would not compromise her film, she was allowed to leave. She brought her film to the Times for developing, and as yet, has not been able to even see the photographs she took.

The following morning the Trucker's lawyer, Arthur Bensen, was able to get charges dropped

giggling or else it was the dog emptying its bladder on a motorcycle helmet upturned by the trashcan. An ant trespassing into my territory and I flicked it into oblivion while the animated Jesus freaks approached in a mob of three, which is enough. I had no snappy comebacks or patience, so moving was a necessity. Ambling over to the fountain, I watched the dogs struggle to get out of the pool while little girls rubbed the slime on each other. A faltering version of "Gimme Shelter" caught my attention and my distaste, which I declined to make evident. My half circle ended where some brothers were hunched over by the dead tree, either toking or casing the area for later, I guessed. No one I knew was in my line of sight, so I pointed back towards the gallery. I got a good look at the motto on a discarded Pall Mall pack on the grass. It read "In Hoc Signo Vinces." I asked myself, "Uncle Gilbert, am I a good writer?"

Signed

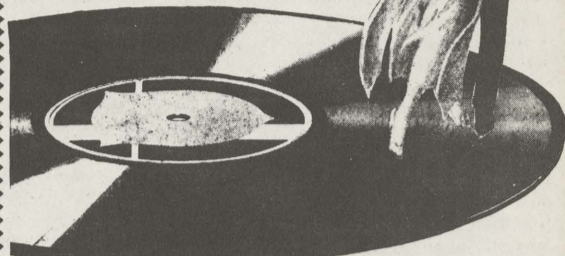
J. A.  
Westport

Dear J. A.:

What did Bennet Cerf say when you took the famous writers course?

## RECORDS

by Apostle Bill & St. Mike



MUDSLIDE SLIM—James Taylor—Warner Bros. Records

With James around, you can still find hope in the present state of popular music. I especially like "Hey, Mister, That's me up there on the Juke Box." It's a number about the popularity of his song "Fire and Rain." Buy it and enjoy the music of James Taylor.

SURVIVAL—Grand Funk Railroad—Capitol Records

After one listening, I have come to the conclusion that if there is ever a shortage of the material used to make records, this album should be sent back for recycling.

WAYFARING STRANGER by Jeremy Stein on Blue Note Records

Once again Jeremy and his sidemen have produced a pleasing record to listen to. It contains some of the best and freshest playing I have heard recently. Jeremy is my favorite flute player and he never ceases to amaze me. His style and technique on the flute is very original. There are no attempts to copy other known flute players such as Roland Kirk and James Moody. Jeremy is his own man.

The sidemen on the album are excellent also. Eddie Gomez plays one of the nicest sounding

cont. on next page

on all four people on their possession and cultivation charge. Lack of evidence was the prosecutor's verdict.

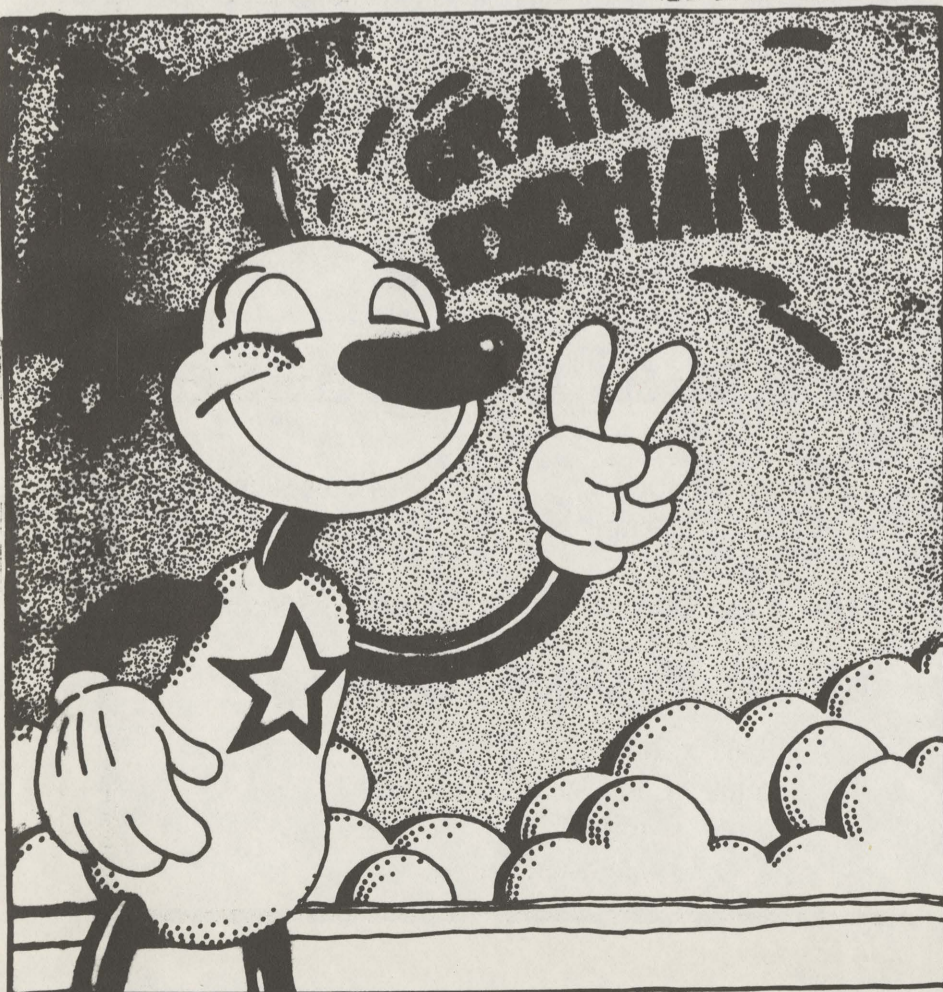
Lomax and the other vice squad officers, however, HAD to nail SOMEONE after all of the previous nights publicity on the bust. By noon, a warrant for the arrest of David C. Doyle was issued on the same charges of the original four. Lomax, escorted by another officer, returned to the house twice that day, and on the second try, apprehended the vile dope fiend in the midst of his efforts to roast a batch of unsalted peanuts.

David was arrested shortly after 11P.M. on the night of June 10th and it took till Saturday, June 12th to raise the \$350 ransom.

The following night a benefit concert at the Vanguard by the Ewing Street Times raised \$120 towards paying the Mother Love people who fronted the bread to get David out. The "Up Against the Wall Ball" at the Aquarius on the 25th and 26th of June raised an additional \$90 as 300 people turned out for the multi-purpose benefit. David eventually got "prosecutor's probation" for a year, which basically means that if he keeps his nose clean and doesn't get any felony convictions on dope-related charges for a year, he won't go to trial on the June 9th bust.

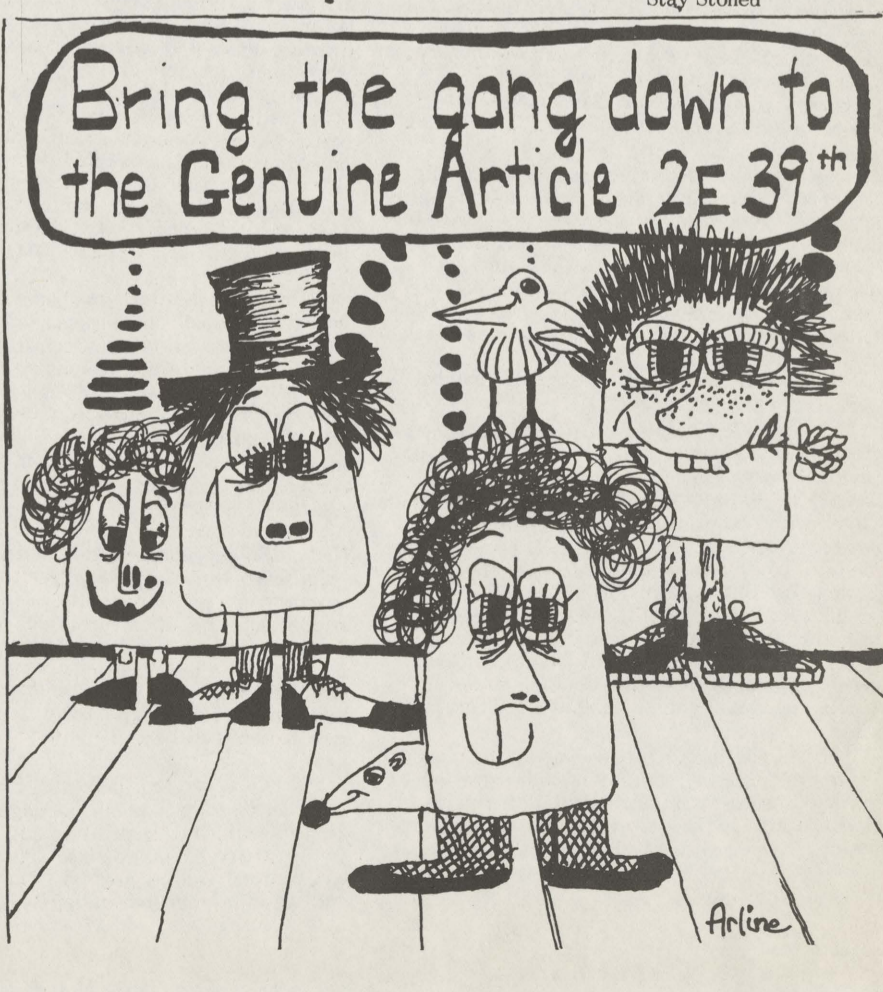
Luckily the vice squad was unable to confiscate any paper bundles or equipment, but we blew and only had one copy of our subscription list which was ripped off. If you weren't already on one of their lists, you are now—in triplicate. We'd like you back on our list, too, so write us and be sure and let us know how many papers you've received through your subscription so far.

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Arline



# our alienable rights:

David Perkins

If there is anything on which everyone from Abbie Hoffman to William Buckley can agree, it is that one of society's most persistent problems is alienation.

Buckley can agree because the word is no longer a property of Marxism. It has been enlarged by Fromm and Company to refer to any and all political impoverishment, economic exploitation, and dehumanizing isolation. The agreement of the left is evident in the urgent calls for community *esprit*, whether in classroom, neighborhood, or—what else?—commune. This spirit is an understood good; only tactics for arousing this natural inclination are debatable. It is assumed to be in opposition to the oppression of civilization, at least western civilization, and in the service of human development, of making one "more fully human."

It is really amazing that we all believe this, for nothing could be more false. Nothing more clearly marks human growth than estrangement; the *sine qua non* of human development is loneliness.

Geza Rohein, one of the leftist Freudians, would argue that complaints against alienation and the search for community have the same motivation as civilization itself. The great event in man's life is his separation from the mother; our adult enterprises are colossal efforts to protect ourselves from further object loss. Our community, and the culture itself, is a grandiose substitutive gratification for the mother. Alan Watt's "cosmic consciousness" is nothing but the universe as tit.

The paradox of civilization is that man becomes civilized—forms communities—only in order to remain an infant.

Ortega Gasset reminds us that it is quite erroneous to imagine that human beings are first aware of themselves as individuals and then "grow up" into associations. On the contrary, he writes, "The 'we' comes first and then the 'I'. I mean by this that man proceeds to discover his individuality in proportion to the development of his conscious hostility to communism and opposition to tradition. Individualism and anti-traditionalism are one and the same psychological force."

Ortega writes in *The Modern Theme* that the "birth of individuality involves a negation of the world. But the subjective personality, in repudiating the traditional, finds itself obliged to reconstruct the universe through its own resources, i.e., its reason."

Predictions and threats that the world is coming to an end can frighten only children. For a-

## growing up is growing out

dults, the world has already come to an end, and their "adulthood" is nothing but the continual constitution of new worlds. This enterprise is engaged in *in extremis* by the creator, the artist. The Christian mystic Nicolas Berdyaev has noted that "Creative power anticipates the transformation of the world." All creative power possessed an eschatological element: the worth of art is in what it brings to an end.

Berdyaev notes, however, that the greater the artist, the greater his failure. "The creative activity of Beethoven ought to have led to the whole world's breaking into sound like a symphony." It is a scandal that it did not. The creative acts which are forever flaming are cooled down by the world. It is not the world which comes to an end, but the creation.

In Berdyaev's view only the mediocre (the child) succeeds in the world. "What a triumph is accorded just to the talents of mediocrity, day to day routine and the readiness to adapt oneself." His view is very close to that of Nietzsche, who expressed contempt for the vanity of "the survival of the fittest." He noted first that the struggle was not for existence, but for power. "The species do not grow in perfection; the weak prevail over the strong again and again" through numbers. The community spirit is the will to the triumph of mediocrity.

The horror of alienation is that it frustrates our attempts at community, our adult infantilism; it throws each of us back upon ourselves. We postulate the absurd notion of a civilization "alienating" individuals precisely because we wish to deny the reality of our individuality, our "natural solitude." We wish to objectify man, and relieve ourselves of the responsibility of "I."

In *The Heresy of Self-Love*, Paul Zweig notes that the Greek word for "everyone," *hekastos*, is derived from *hekas*, meaning far-off. He notes that

the Greeks were preparing themselves (and us) for their cultural adulthood, when we would no longer need our community-mothers, when we would be strong enough to acknowledge our individuality and our singularity.

It is remarkable to what degree Christianity has been perverted by our flight from ego, our will to dissolution in community. (Berdyaev considers Christianity the pre-eminent creative failure.) For Christ demanded the heroism of isolation, not only for himself in Gethsemane, but for every man. He instructed his apostles, "Think not I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword."

Not only are the Jesus freaks metaphysical ghouls, religious body-snatchers, for their digging up of Christ, but buffoons also, Igor in a room of mirrors. For they did not dig up Christ at all, but his ridiculous sob-sister parody, which was better off buried.

It might be suggested that the "natural isolation" spoken of here is made to order for tyranny. As Zweig noted, "Montesquieu realized that the outstanding characteristic of tyranny was that it rested on isolation—the isolation of the tyrant from his subjects and the isolation of the subjects from each other through mutual fear and suspicion."

But the isolation recommended here does not support tyranny; it derails it. The tyranny of Naziism was not founded on the lunacy of Hitler, but on the infantilism, the fear of self, of the German mass. Nixon is not the creator of the American death machine; he is merely its conductor.

Just as the prevalence of optimistic philosophies is evidence of human suffering, complaints of alienation are evidence of human "growing pains." Completely unexpectedly, society no longer protects us from ourselves. Our technocra-

cy, far from creating alienation, has merely exposed it as the human condition.

The urge to community on the left is revealed as both a contradiction and an anachronism. The creation of community to combat "oppressive civilization" is on a par with killing for peace. Leftists who clamor for community and "getting together" are often not libertarian or individualist at all, but traditionalist. They are not opposed to bureaucracy; they are merely ashamed of it, as an adolescent is ashamed of his recurrent fascination with toys.

Alienation is not to be *complained* of. It is to be *claimed*, literally, as a birthright.

**RECORDS cont.**  
basses today. Currently he works with pianist Bill Evans who always has been known to pick excellent musicians for sidemen. Eddie's playing is just right for Jeremy. He gives several nice solos on the album and all of them are tasteful. Don Alias, the drummer on the album provides just the right beat for the album. When Jeremy is improvising (which he does a lot), Don is right there playing along with him. Added on guitar on one track is Sam Brown. He is rapidly becoming one of the top guitarists in the country. His playing on that one track makes you wish he was on all of them.

When you add all these things up you get one hell of a record. There are a total of six pieces on the album and none of them are bad takes. Outside of a few dull moments (and only a few) this record is one to get. Buy this one if you like nice flute playing.

**JACK JOHNSON**--Miles Davis--Columbia Records

Miles is playing here again in his new bag. It is an improvement over his Fillmore album, but not as good as "Bitch's Brew." Although his sidemen are not listed, I am sure it is John McLaughlin doing the excellent guitar work with Miles on this album. If you like Miles' new style, you shouldn't pass this one up.

# The President's Little Helpers

*Editor's Note: The following article is by a newsman who attended the Nixon conference with editors in Kansas City last week. It contains some observations antipathetic to his own editor, and is presented here pseudonymously.*

Benjamin Harris

Whenever things get a little uncomfortable in Washington, or when his policies are doing badly, Nixon packs up for the midwest, where, regardless of his faults and failures, The President is sure to be applauded.

But even here nowadays, the applause is likely to turn into boos, as Nixon discovered quite unexpectedly in Des Moines some months ago. But Nixon knows there is still one city where he can go to be applauded: Cowtown, U.S.A.

I saw that crowd outside of the ebulliently ugly Holiday Inn straining over one another to touch The President and I could only wonder: Don't these people read the papers, such as they are? Don't they understand from the Pentagon Papers what fools they were made over the war, a war that Nixon, for all his "withdrawals," still supports? But no one wants to admit he's been taken for a fool. It's much easier to go on being one.

At the conference of newsmen I was doubly shocked. When the President walked in the entire group of "free press" representatives jumped to their feet and applauded stormily. I nudged the man next to me, a prominent local editor, and asked, "Why are you giving him a standing ovation? Wasn't it Nixon who just last week sought to apply prior restraint to the newspaper stories on the Pentagon Papers?"

He shrugged and said, "He's the President." And he continued applauding.

The President's speech to us was wholly predictable and uniformly dull. It was Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops doing *Bolero* for the millionth time. (The entire speech is recorded in the *Kansas City Times*, July 7, 1971.) I could only think: who does he think he's talking to, a bunch of Boy Scouts? Doesn't he realize that we're the informed, hard-bitten, cynical Humphrey Bogart Deadline U.S.A. boys of the plains? Doesn't he know that at the next hopeless high school speech cliché about the decadence of Greece and Rome we're all going to burst into derisive howls?

But he went right on. And we sat there, nodding.

The fact is that Mr. Nixon was not the least embarrassed to face a roomful of midwestern editors and newsmen only a week after attempting prior restraint on the *New York Times* and *Washington Post*. Nor was he the least embarrassed in asking to help sell his ideas about a "great America" to their readers.

With only rare exception have modern American newspapers been anything but government mouthpieces. Even the stately *New York Times* was willing to abet the secret invasion of Cuba. Nearly every major American paper supported the government's war policy in Vietnam, even though any cub reporter could have assembled the data necessary to discredit that policy. In 1968, the *Boston Globe* survey of 39 major papers revealed that not a single one supported American withdrawal. It was only after the radical and underground papers, and leftist groups, had swung a majority of Americans against the war that the establishment press came around.

The intellectual bankruptcy of the major press is, of course, only an also-ran to that of the papers in smaller communities throughout the midwest. Here the Pentagon press release is the news staple, and the editorials read like something out of a time capsule. Many of these editors may like to imagine themselves "progressive" or even "liberal," they are more likely to fit Alvin Hansen's definition of a conservative: one who warmly and heartily approves of a reform measure ten years after it has gone into effect.

The government reaction to the CBS program "The Selling of the Pentagon" (a show that revealed nothing spectacular and might have been crusading journalism in 1955), is explainable only if you keep in mind the normal Cold War relationship between government and the press. While the first provided economic privilege for the second, the second provided a propaganda outlet for the first.

The recent Failing Newspaper Act conveniently exempts selected newspapers from anti-trust law. And the press's support of the government war policy in Vietnam is only the sod above the landfill. The free press rendered the same service during the Guatemala invasion, during the Dominican Republic invasion, and, of course, during the Korean War. An excellent review of this service can be had in James Aronson's *The Press and the Cold War*.

This is not to say that the newsmen at the Nixon conference are entirely venal. Their principal failure is even worse. The trouble is, those newsmen are not Humphrey Bogart. They are not hard-bitten, cynical, or even tolerably well-informed. Like any pubescent spelling bee champion atremble in the Blue Room, they are impressed with The President. They are enormously proud that The President is talking to them, is asking them to help build a great nation by telling little lies.

The *Post* and the *Times* and CBS's Selling of the Pentagon is not yet the average in establishment journalism; it is still the best.

Or, if you're one of Nixon's new little helpers, excitedly telling your wife how The President called you by your first name, it's the worst.

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9:30 AM to 5:00 PM





The Fucking Degenerates Union Local #69 needs new members. If you wish to join up, just contact Brophie, Sally, or Lyn, or any of the other members. And remember...there are lots of degenerates, but there's only ONE Fucking Degenerates Union--Keep on Truckin'.

**GARDENING:** I am looking for a plot of ground in the area, (hopefully near Gillham Rd.) on which I can grow an organic garden thru the summer. Need to plant soon. Leave message for John at [redacted]

**Wanted:** One working typewriter. Have all kinds if shit to trade, kitchen appliances and utensils, artwork, etc. We'll talk it over. Call Stephen [redacted]

**Help!** I need a desk- the Free Clinic

Looking for top hat and/or a fiddle. Maria, [redacted] at nite

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

**PIANO!** Any kind to sell? Give away, or sumpin'? For the right price, I WANT IT! I WANT IT! (maybe) Please help Masters re-incarnate. Doop Doop Di Di Doop I love you. Call [redacted] and ask for Roger or Tim, but talk to anybody there.

**Wanted:** Old license plates. See Ron at Toedman Cab, or call [redacted]. Come see the House of License Plates at 4147 Locust, Apt. 2-5.

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

**Wanted:** Manager for the Kosmic City Boogity Band. Call [redacted]

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

**Wanted:** used or new tools of all sorts. Leave at the Magic Circus for Cortez.

## BADS

**Wanted:** One to three female roomates. Large furnished apt., may have pets, need immediately; Call Debbi at [redacted]. Rent is as follows per month: for me and one girl--\$60.00, two girls, \$40.00 three girls, \$30.00. Utilities paid and phone in lobby.

I need someone to share an apt. and split rent. (Roomate just got married) Girl, 21-25. Call [redacted], all day Sat&Sun., week days at night.

**STREET DOG NEEDS A PLACE TO CRASH!!!** Female (may be pregnant) named Bonzo. Kinda weird lookin', little, two or three years old. Black and brown. Housebroken (loves kids). Contact Mikkee at Pooh House, 3621 Charlotte St., [redacted]. Please help poor ol' Bonzo out. I love her muchly, but dogs can't hitch hike very well and we are leaving K.C. real soon.

Need roommate. No straight chicks. After noon, [redacted]. Will consider moving to another apartment. Ask for Neutrella.



Need home with lots of land for large dog to run free. Call Becky [redacted]



**HIRES**  
ROOT BEER  
THE GREAT HEALTH DRINK  
Package makes 6 gallons.  
Delicious, sparkling, and  
appetizing. Sold by all  
dealers. FREE a beautiful  
Picture Book and cards  
sent to any one addressing  
C. E. HIRES & CO.,  
Philadelphia

# Bulletin Board



## WHEELS

1947 Plymouth for sale. PLUTO Special deluxe rebuilt engine, good interior, fair paint. A lot of work put into it; would like enough money to pay off debts and go out west. Inquire at 4332 Troost next to Indian Herbs.

For sale: '64 VW bus, \$550 Call Larry Y. [redacted]

'48 Ford School Bus Camper, also garage sale at 6205 Jackson St.

1965 650cc Norton, 1951 Harley-Davidson 74(f) FOR SALE. Brookfield, Mo. Call [redacted]

For sale: 1957 Cadillac hearse. Black good rubber, only 4,000 miles on tires. Outside nice; inside is something else. New curtains, thick carpet, nice for parties. \$400.00 or [redacted]



## FOR SALE

Want to sell Honeywell Pentex HIA \$100.00 Will bargain. Russ. 4106 Mcgee. wanna get to coast.

For sale: Rickenbacker electric guitar, twin stereo pickups, vibrato arm, double-cutaway absolutely mint condition. Must sell immediately. Originally \$495 with new case only \$135.00 Contact Rex at [redacted]. See at 323 Highland.

\$50 Acoustic Stella Guitar for \$20, six months old. 2835 Harrison

For sale: Used Rickenbacker electric guitar, case, two cords, straps, fender bender fuzz tone (new), all for \$200.00. See at 4006 Oak Apt. # 2

1 aquarium with everything- \$40.00

For sale: Fender Bassman Amp. Three 12" speakers, solid state amplifier and Harmony hollow-body bass guitar-- flat wounds \$375.00 both. Will bargain. JE-1-0427. [redacted] after midnite.

guitar, excellent tone and condition- \$40.00 Contact Mrs. or Mr. Sox, Magic Circus

For sale: One used portable stereo, 50 watt with walnut speakers, good condition, used by one freak only. \$45.00. Call [redacted]

Fantastic Buy: Acoustic Amplifier for sale at less than half of original price. Equipped with two 15" Lansings, projecting horn, reverb, fuzz, tremolo, etc. Will throw in wah-wah peddle. Call: [redacted]

For sale: Shiny black 5-piece Rogers Drums and cymbals, only two months old. Must sell to pay abundant debts. Make offer Ask for Joe at [redacted]

One Goga Classical or Standard guitar-- \$75.00. cost \$350.00 new. Call [redacted], ask for K.

Bass amp: Ampeg B-18 with brand-new 18 inch speaker. \$125. Call Nick at [redacted]

Water Beds for Sale. King size Bed-\$60.00 Water Proof liners-\$10.00 Call [redacted], ask for Sammy

Bass amp, Ampeg- 18 in. speaker for sale. \$125.00 Call [redacted]

Telecaster--Great condition must sacrifice at \$150.00. Sandy Yeddis, 4130 Warwick, Windgate Apts., #7

Hammond Organ, C 100 series in good condition. See at 2411 Denver, K.C., Mo., after six P.M. Ask for Terry or call [redacted], Ottawa, Kansas. Will sell cheap.

220 Volt ELECTRIC STOVE for sale, in excelent shape, call David at [redacted]

## truckin'



I need a ride to Colfax, Calif. which is a few miles off of Sacramento on Hiway 80. Will share expenses. Would like to leave between July 16 - 24. Call Bill, at [redacted]

Rider wanted for trip to California. Leaving Aug. 20th. Call [redacted]

Two riders in need of a ride to San Francisco July 16-25. We will pay \$40.00 towards gas and expenses. Contact Grant at Apt. six, 4397 Walnut St.

Need rider to go west on Route 66. Leaving August 2nd. Call [redacted], ask for Sage. Help an x-pences would be appreciated

Need ride to Ohio. (destination is Columbus) on or around Aug.18. Going is one female, age 22. Have driver's license and gas money--wil share driving responsibilities. Call Jacky any time, [redacted]

**Wanted:** Ride to Denver. Would consider companion for backpacking trip in Rockies. Straight Ad!! Perverts need not apply. Contact Mary Rose, 4348 Rockhill Rd., Apt. #3

I am driving to L.A. and would appreciate any helpful information regarding places to crash, etc. Please call [redacted]



## JOBS

Flower Power--sell carnations this summer! Good money, lots of sunshine!! 4211 Troost, 10 A.M.- 5 P.M. Vending permits supplied.

Beeh colony help needed. Learn the earth's most healthful business. Call Clyde after 5:00 at [redacted]

## Jams



Conga and Timbales: Conga player wants to jam with or join a group of serious musicians who dig Latin-jazz-rock, Santana, Eric Burdon, War, etc. Am union and have all my own equipment. Call anytime [redacted]

Guitarist needs serious gig. Prefer original matter. Hard or not so hard rock. Call [redacted] and leave message for Rich.

**MINDFUCK! - BAND:** anyone who may be interested in forming a Mindfuck! - Band call [redacted] and ask for Larry.

Bass Player looking for work Draft free, own equipment, ready to travel on road. Play jazzy, rock, blues, and even club stuff if I have to. Contact John, Park Central Hotel, 300 E Armour Blvd room 701, [redacted]



## OTHER

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.

Guitar lessons, Westport School of Folk Music. Daniel Sankin, 3724 Bellevue, [redacted]

Brothers and Sisters: We have seven cats and five dogs. We have to lessen our number of pets as our family has grown. There are two cats we would like to find homes for. Both Males. BUSTER is seven years old. He's grey all over. His eyes, too. JEROME is one year old. He's black and white with green eyes. Call us or come by-2835 Harrison [redacted]. Free--just love them like we do.

Video Center now forming. Contact John Puscheck, 4155 Warwick.

Guitar lessons, private, folk, jazz classical, and popular. I have studied guitar six years and music nine years. Can teach theory along with guitar. \$3.00 per half hour or less if you can't pay it. Phone [redacted], leave message for John.

**HAULING-** Get your shit together and we'll truck it. [redacted]

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

Freelance silk screening- print everything. Contact Jack, 3628 Charlotte

Fourth year art student needs employment working with 1/2 in. video equipment. Experienced...Call [redacted] between 5:00-7:00 P.M. John Puscheck

Students/Artists-consignment work (25%) wanted for booth in Things Unlimited. If you need outlet, contact Bob, [redacted] or Jesse,

K.C. Fantasy & Comics Society now forming. For info, contact Clint at Clint's Bookstore, 3943 Main, or Gary, [redacted]

**Reward!! Lost Dog!! Reward!!** Description: Saint-Bernard, lt. brown and white, weighs about 80 pounds. He's still a pup! Has collar with rabies tag from Raytown, Missouri. Also, flea collar around his neck. Name: Brandy-Buck...he's very gentle. Lost or stolen: Vicinity of 42nd or 43rd and Locust. Please, if you see this dog contact Steve and Cindy Arkisson, 4226 Locust, Apt 1 N, [redacted]

The weekend of July, 4th proved exciting in many ways. It proved to be a rip-off of an expensive car as a cat was repairing at Art Madsen Sports Car Repair on Truman Road a gray bathtub Porsche with a black top was stolen from the lot, supposedly by some freaks. If any one has any information concerning the car, or has seen it, they are asked to please call [redacted]. No questions will be asked. All the cat wants is the car back.

To the Asshole(s) who stole my Rolling Stones poster while I was away: Could you find it in to return it? I value it greatly and will pay for it if you want. Anything! If you do not want to return it, may you burn in Hell. Beagel

Lost: One dog, answers to name of waxhead. White or cream colored standard sized poodle-type. Shaggy head and paws. Was trimmed but is partly grown out. If found, please take to Creative Candles, Union Station. Reward.

## Personals

Mike B.: You will not be sent to BIS. Please call. Love, Mom

MARY CRAMER! If you have Bob Pruitt's glasses, write him at: 709 W 3rd St. Maryville, Mo. 64468

If anyone knows where Bruce Keys is, please contact Sue at [redacted], or Ginny at [redacted]. We lost Bruce about a year ago. Thanks.

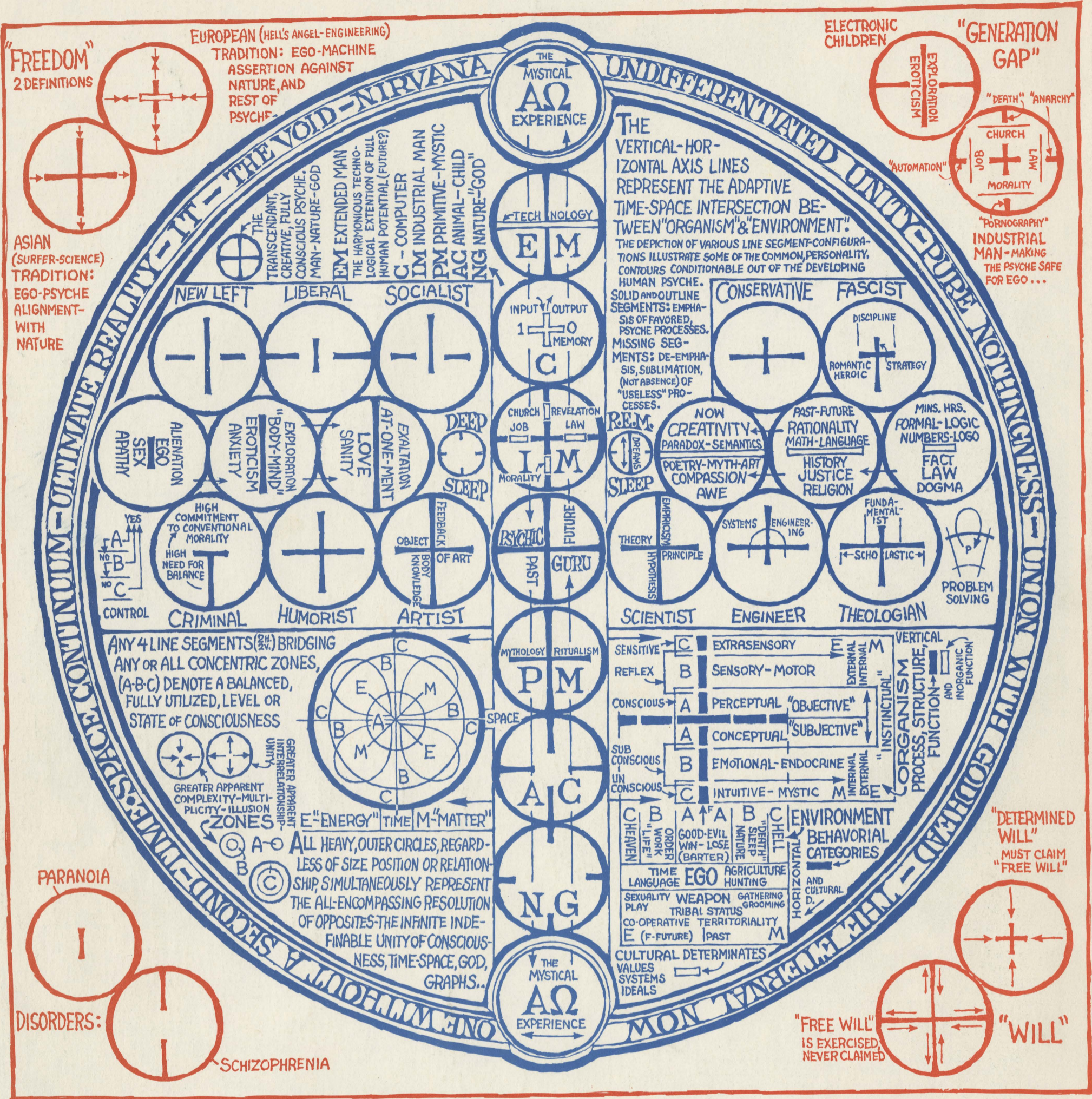
I would like to find a person willing to let me privately foster their child. The child will get good love and care. Prefer little girl infant to seven years old, any race. Loyd Gene Charlow, [redacted]

Pooh Bare, Come back! K.W.

## THE END

This is a community bulletin board, not a classified ad section. This service is free, but we accept donations. We've tried to eliminate rip-offs, legal turn-ons, model ads, dating services, hip capitalist crap, and sexist ads. We still cannot vouch for the sincerity or legitimacy of ads, and if you still get ripped-off let us know. Not all notices can be run for the upcoming issue if they're sent in too late. If your ad is dated, send it in about one month before the deadline, so as to assure its appearance. Ads aren't accepted over the phone--bring them in or mail them. When you give us the ad, include a phone number and/or address where we can reach you if there's a question.

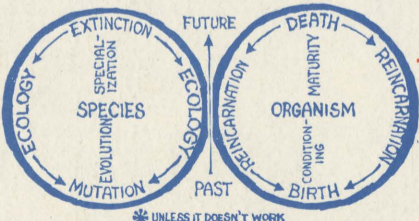




A GREAT DEAL OF THE IRRATIONAL COMPLEXITY EVIDENT IN THE MANDALA IS DUE TO THE FACT THAT THE SAME, UNIVERSALLY UNDERSTOOD, (AMONG PRIMITIVES AND AGRICULTURAL-NON INDUSTRIAL PEOPLES) SIMPLE-MINDED PRINCIPLE IS BEING DESCRIBED 29 TIMES IN 26 DIFFERENT TERMINOLOGIES.

# THE SELF ACTUALIZING MIXED MEDIA MANDALA

**GUARANTEED\***  
 TO LIBERATE THE ALIENATED  
 "WORD-JUNKY" EGO FROM ITS WORK-A-DAY  
 CIRCULAR ABSURDITIES AND ASSORTED LAW ABIDING  
 TYRANNIES: MEDIA AS ENVIRONMENT AND "EVIL" AS THE PER-



-PETUAL PRODUCT OF  
 "GOOD"-THROUGH THE UNSCIENTIFIC  
 USE OF REVERSE CONDITIONING, PARADOX BAITING,  
 AND CREATIVE DESPAIR- RESULTING IN REALITY CONSCIOUS-  
 NESS, MULTI-MEDIA MASTERY AND RUGGED INDIVIDUATION.