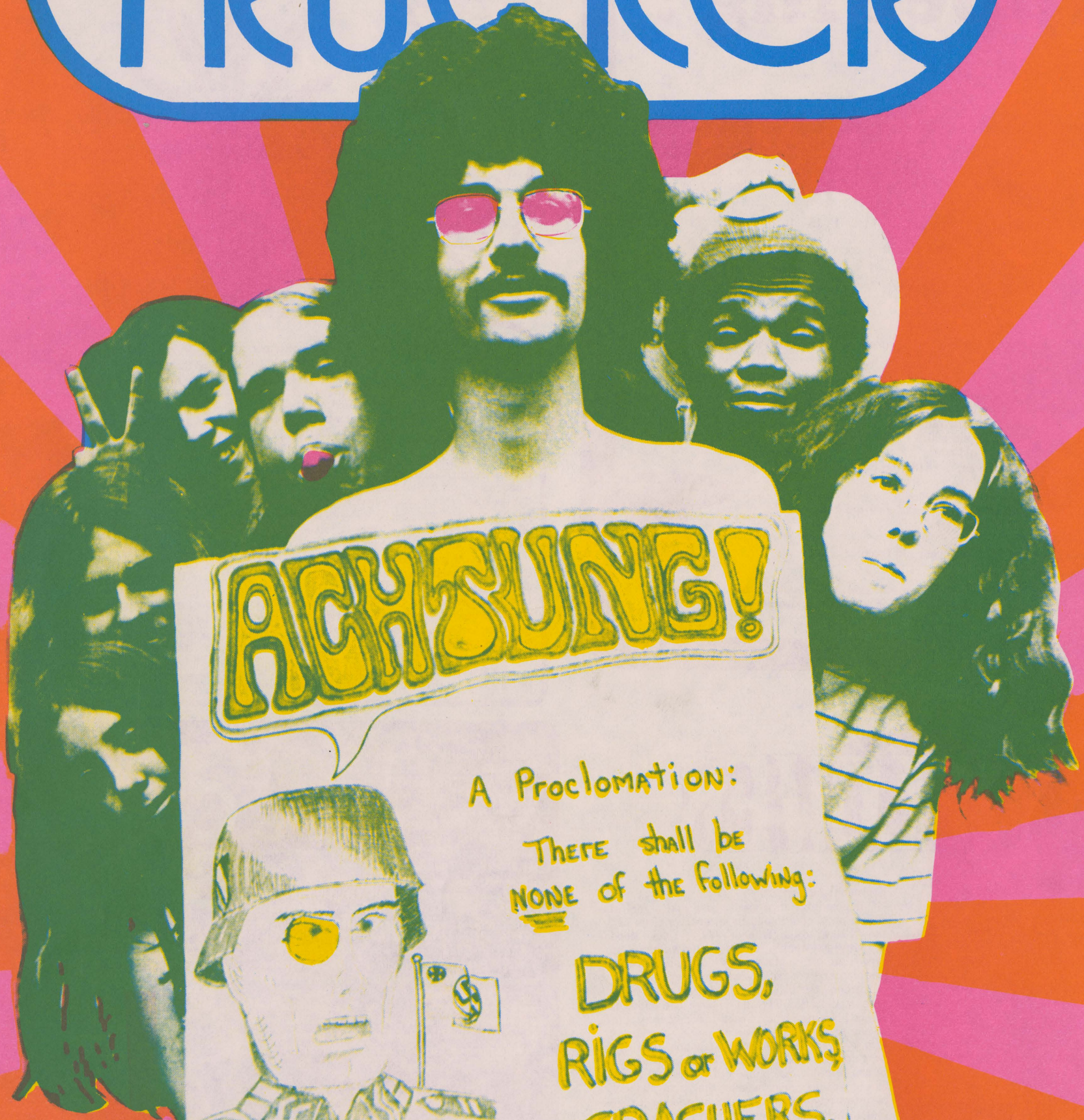
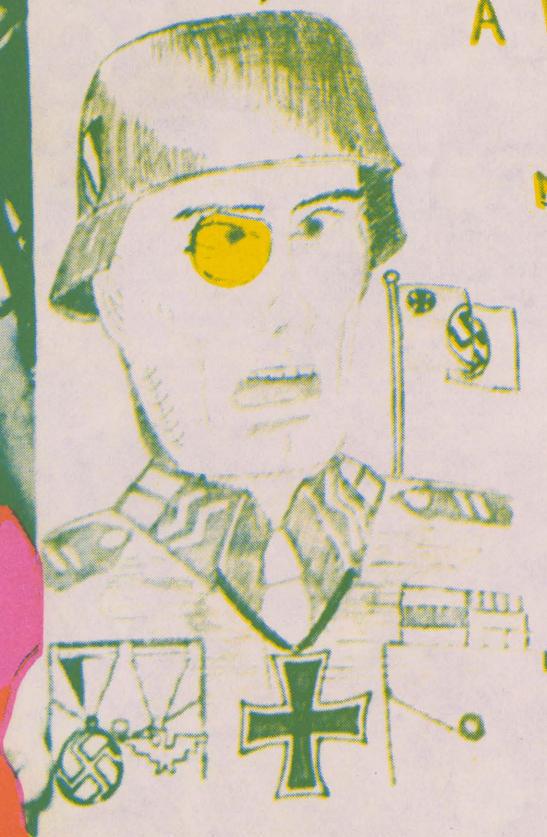


# WESTPORT TRUCKER



**ACHTUNG!**



A Proclamation:

There shall be  
NONE of the following:

DRUGS,  
RIGS or WORKS,  
CRASHERS,  
OR

HAND-OUTS

ON THESE PREMISIS. ← (Period.)  
THIS IS NOT THE SALVATION  
ARMY OR RESCUE MISSION.

**DIG?**

THE  
MOTHER  
LOVE  
TRIBE

VOL. 2, NO. 7 • 25¢

011220116

# the Kangor Poll what's happening?

JOE SCHWIND

Monday, August 9, the Kangor Pollsters were at Metcalf South Shopping Center. The poll was taken to record responses to the question, "What's happening?"

A 17 year old Prairie Village girl, when asked "what's happening?", answered "nothing." 16 year old Overland Park boy replied "Not too much," while his 21 year old friend came up with "Not a lot." Another 17 year old female, who admitted that she was guessing, said "nothing." A girl wearing a Playboy bunny sweatshirt answered "I don't know," while her 19 year old male companion said "Drugs."

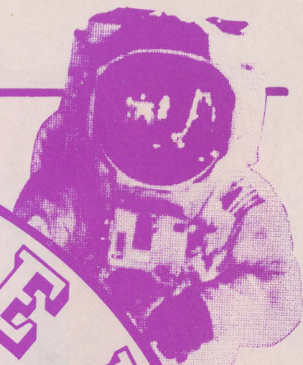
RESPONSE	% USAGE	% MALE	% FEMALE	10-12	13-15	16-18	19-21	21-
nothing	29	10	19	3	6	12	6	2
I don't know	24	11	13	1	8	9	6	-
not much	18	14	4	-	-	6	8	4
not alot	6	15	1	-	-	1	3	2
...I guess	8	2	4	-	3	-	3	2

The remaining 21% (including 6% of the "...I guess" category) came up with more unique responses, such as:

- "We're going down to Katz to get a bomb-pop." (23 year old female)
- "I don't live here." (16 year old male)
- "Man's continuous breakdown of the universe." (17 year old female)
- "Pickups are getting scarce." (14 year old male)
- "Everything's turned on." (16 year old male)
- "I'm breaking my back." (19 year old male)
- "Nothing that I'm allowed to talk about." (18 year old male)
- "Don't ask me." (17 year old female)
- "Anything that goes down." (16 year old female)
- "You mean like getting drunk and all that?" (17 year old male)
- "Sort of boresville." (18 year old female)
- "Stars." (17 year old female)
- "Golly, why do you want to know?" (20 year old female)
- "I don't have time." (3? year old male)



Non verbal responses were given by a 17 year old male, who shook his head; and by an 18 year old female, who gave the pollster a peanut butter and beef sandwich.



# WEEDING OUT THE REASON

an editorial



Thursday, August 5th, was the day that our middle class hero, John Q. Simonize, got up like every other morning but found his wife trembling as she handed him the morning paper. Right there, in this morning's Times, he found out that his pot-smoking daughter would soon be a heroin addict. And he and his paper might be right.

Contrary to leading medical opinion and proven fact, the old bullshit about the eventual climb to harder drugs is being made an eventual reality. What the Times failed to supply, of course, were the reasons. Much to our horror, heroin, cocaine, speed, and downers are being seen more and more often in our community simply because you just can't score a reefer like you used to.

Johnson County parents have Mr. Nixon and the Texas Rangers to thank for making little Johnny a smack freak. The fact is that the Feds, informers, and undercover narcs are hot after the grass dealers, so when the kids go out to get high, the only stuff around is hard stuff. The hottest items to deal is weed cause it's bulky and hard to chew down a pound.

To summarize, I'm sure that Mr. O'Conner, Deputy Regional Director of the U.S. Bureau of

Narcotics and Dangerous drugs, and Sgt. Linhart of the Narcotics Unit would agree marijuana is a no-no due to the fact that kids will want a better high and they make more marijuana busts than any other. Don't they see that when a grass drought strikes that it will make more kids try harder shit??

Thus, it's Nixon and his little helpers who are responsible for any new interest in heroin. I remember in 1967 when the Mafia blew away a couple of the Haight's biggest weed dealers, started their own acid which was cut with strychnine, and made available super fine smack at half the regular street price to win a new market. Since then, they've made their original investment back ten thousand times over.

Hard dope and the community's inability to deal with it when it first appeared destroyed the mellow Haight. Could it be that someone wants to destroy a mellow Westport and the entire counterculture by smacking it to death? "Where have all the happy, pot-smoking flower children gone?" the K.C. Times asks. Well, with less heat on the weed, it sure wouldn't be to smack.

# SUNFLOWER

NAUGAH

Spread throughout the midwest are dozens, perhaps hundreds, of small farm communes struggling for existence. The people on these farms left the security of the city for a multitude of reasons. Many have fled from the police, traffic, pollution, and basic hassles that city living entails. Others have gone to work the land and achieve a better harmony with the Totality of All, ie. God. Some left because they have nothing in particular to do and they figure it would be groovy to live out in the country with a bunch of friends and not have to worry about anything. I guess most people are out there for a combination of all of these.

I, along with most city dwellers, am almost totally ignorant of what's happening on these farms. What are their joys? What are their problems? I've talked with farm people during their brief visits to Kansas City and something that's often mentioned is that even they wished they knew what was going on at other farms, and where they are, so that they could trade grains, farming tips and so on. It seemed apparent that some form of communication among the farms needs to be started, an information exchange from which each farm could share its knowledge and ideas with others and learn from them in turn. A paper that could be written by, and distributed to, all the farms interested. Sun Flower - an inter-

communal farm paper!

Impossible? Not hardly. It's really very simple. Farms could send in letters, as often as they'd like, to the Trucker office. Every Monday the previous week's letters can be gathered up, typed, run off on Mother Love's trusty mimeograph machine and sent off to all the subscribing farms.

Around the end of every week, farms would receive their Sun Flowers. Questions about different planting methods could be asked by a farm in one packet and answered by other farms in future issues. Tips on compost heaps, organic pest control, and even food recipes can be sent in and printed. Exchanges of grains and tools can be set up. Some weeks, the paper may only be a few pages due to few farms getting it together to write in, while other Sun Flowers might be super thick. Plus, extra copies can be given away in organic food stores which opens the way for food co-ops and farms to get in direct contact. We figure that a donation of a dollar should cover the costs of mailing and printing about ten issues so money shouldn't be too much of a problem. The heaviest hassles that would probably develop seem to be getting the information out to the various farming communes that Sun Flower even exists, and then getting them to write.

If you know anyone in a farming commune, or are yourself part of one, please get the news of Sun Flower out. Frigid weather is only a few months away, so we'd like to have the first issue out no later than September. Winter has always been a time when many farms are abandoned. Maybe this year we can help lessen the burden on our brothers and sisters who maybe haven't had a winter in the country yet.

The Mother Love Tribe  
4044 Broadway  
K.C., Mo. 64111

## MENU

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Cover photo of the Kosmic City Boogity Band taken by one very blown Wayne Pycior.

ous noise that zapped everyone in the ballroom. What else can I say? It was a happy concert.

# Cowtown Ballroom

Because of the lack of an airconditioning system and the need for more acoustical work to be done in the ballroom, Good Karma won't be bringing any more groups to Cowtown until mid-September. In the meantime, their concerts will be held at other halls until the ballroom is fully ready. Future shows at Cowtown will be featuring the Steve Miller Band, Hot Tuna, and Frank Zappa & the Mothers of Invention.



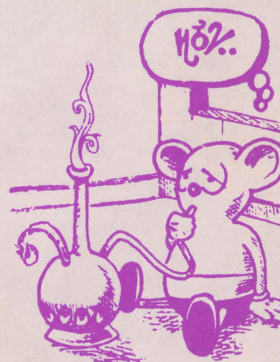
L. HOPE

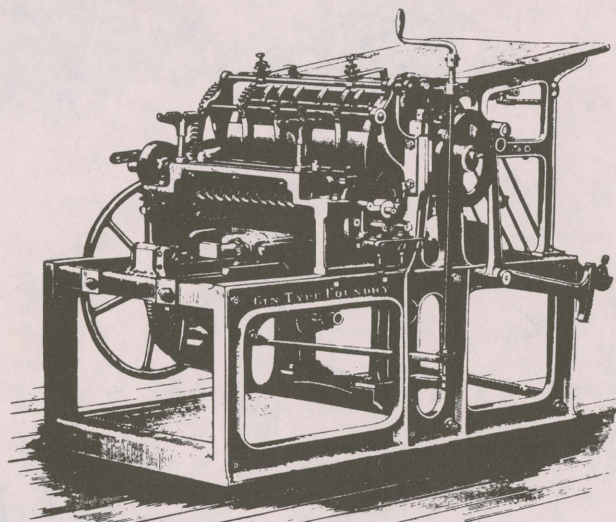
## SUBSCRIBES TO THE TRUCKER?

\$300 FOR 12 ISSUES (LOCAL)  
\$400 FOR 12 ISSUES (DISTANT)



NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
TOWN \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_





The Trucker has reached a point of crisis. Unless something happens soon, we stand only a hair or two away from going under.

Since the beginning of the second volume, the Westport Trucker has lost slightly over \$2,100. Looking at the physical make-up of this paper makes that statement look pretty absurd. After all, the pages are printed on high grade white paper, and there's always a multi-colored cover. Right?

Dig it. Up to about three issues ago, our thirst for good color graphics was bleeding us dry -- eating up an extra \$200 to \$350 PER ISSUE. We've since found a new printer, and that's helped out immensely, giving us a much higher quality job for roughly a fourth less bread than we used to spend on an entire press run. However, we lost money on three of the previous issues ( especially Vol. 2, No. 3, where over 3000 papers did not sell because of a mixture of horrible weather and a lack of street dealers ).

Our main problem has been that we keep getting ripped-off in one form or another. Two hundred dollars was ripped from the office. Four-hundred and seventy dollars remains owed to us on loans we've made for peoples' bonds and rent money, plus an average of 630 papers get ripped off by street dealers per issue. And of course, there was the Trucker bust. We still owe \$170 to our lawyer and to people who loaned bread to get David out of jail.

It doesn't add up to a very pretty picture. We've made up some bread in the last two issues and managed to partially stop the outward flow of money from the paper, but we still owe almost two thousand dollars, and we were forced to cut four pages from the paper. We could probably manage to always borrow enough money to keep the Trucker going, but we're at the point now where a sudden, big money drain could suck us right out of the picture -- maybe permanently.

As much as we would like to breathe and laugh under a barter economy, as much as we'd like to pay the printer with brown rice and bells of our own artisanship, as much as we'd like to be more and more unstructured, we can't yet, and we are, quite literally, up against the wall.

In each of the last few issues, we've considered running a financial statement showing where the paper was at, but we never did because we always felt the paper was basically safe -- and now our very existence as a paper is at stake -- IMMEDIATELY.

After exhausting other methods, we feel our only chance is to appeal directly to our readers.

We realize this is Westport and only some of us have five dollars to spare, and for others, even less is a tight squeeze, but that's what we need, five dollars, or anything.

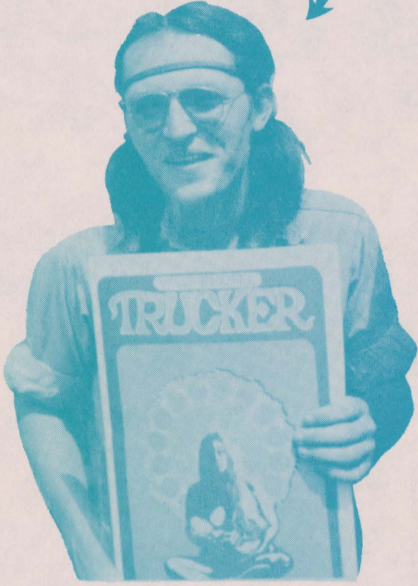
We also realize this is a bad time for everybody. Bail is needed all over. Worthy appeals abound. Movement benefits are needed everywhere. But in order for us to continue to help, as best we can, we now need help ourselves.



The Westport Trucker is published twice monthly by the Mother Love Tribe of Westport Missouri. If you have anything to contribute in the way of art, information, writings, brown rice, etc., bring it down to Tiny Tim's Magic Circus, 4044 Broadway, Westport, Mo., 64111, or call [phone number]. Opinions expressed in the Trucker are not necessarily held by anyone else contributing to the paper. Local subscriptions are \$3.00 for 12 issues, out of town subs. are \$4.00. Street dealers get 10¢ per copy. The Trucker is a member of Liberation News Service.

# DEALER OF THE MONTH

MARK STOKER  
proud dealer of 618 papers in 8 days!



MUNSHKIN & FRIENDS  
paid their house rent by selling  
730 papers in 4 days!

## BEST JOINT EFFORT



I'm 11 Years Old...  
and I Sell \$75.00 to  
\$100.00 a Week  
writes Carl B. Rudd, Jr.  
Exceptional Dealer of Ohio

## SELL THE TRUCKER

Just pick em' up for  
15¢ a copy and go to it.  
Just 4 hours a day and a  
little effort can make you  
up to \$160 a month.

pick'em up at  
4044 Broadway

"America's  
Greatest  
Family  
Newspaper"



Dear Brothers,  
I understand that the Trucker is the underground paper in K.C. I've been on the road now for around two years now, mostly in California, but I came across something in Houston I figure will interest a lot of younger Johnson County freeks.

When I was younger I spent some time as a guest of Johnson County in their Juvenile home in Olathe. It's a shitty place but most of the people who worked there weren't too bad. One was a really cool dude. He was a real fat guy with a big mustache and a bigger smile. His name was Duncan and he was in charge of the home at nights. He was always a cool guy to rap with and he did all sorts special favors, like bringing in his records for us to listen to or buying model cars for some of us to put together. After I got out I used to see him at The Sign or at Volker Park on Sundays and it was always cool rapping with him, never any shit about was I staying out of trouble or any such. I never figured I'd see or hear from him again when I left K.C.

Today a friend asked me if I knew a freek named David Duncan who used to be a juvenile officer in Kansas City. It was the same dude. He came down to Houston about a year ago and went to work for the probation department here. At the same time he became a leader with the Houston Switchboard and the Peace Action Coalition. He got very political and very unpopular with the Pig.

Finally he got framed and busted for dope. He's out on \$6,000 bond and facing 2 years to life in prison. He's teaching at the University of Houston and still organizing. He isn't fat any more but he still has that big stoned smile. Any old friends who might want to get in touch with Duncan can write to him at Switchboard, 1826 Richmond, Houston, Texas. He could use some home town support

Peace,  
Mike



FAR OUT!

### TO THE OPTICAL SHOP:

I was looking through the Westport Trucker and I saw your add about unusual eyeglasses. I'm stationed in Viet Nam and I broke my other pair of wire rims. I was wondering if you could send me a catalog with prices and if you could make me a pair with my perscription? I really miss them a lot,  
Peace & Thanks  
Keith Keller

Dear people,  
I was futzing around the Plaza in K.C. last weekend, and bought a copy of the Westport Trucker. As a former college student in Missouri (Drury '66), back in the days when a mustache was subversive, I often wondered how long it would take before Mo. would catch up with the rest of the country.  
I thoroughly enjoyed the Trucker...keep up the good work.  
Enclosed is some stuff from the Center that

you may find of interest.

Pax,  
Roger Wicker  
CENTER FOR CURRICULUM DESIGN  
Their article "Is the United States a Planetary Disease?" was printed in Vol. 2, No. 5.

Truckers,  
I saw your first edition after the bust and it was beautiful to feel. You know I wish you more such beauty for the future.  
We haven't been publishing during the summer - like it or not, this is still a college town. We have been trying to get it better together for beginning again in the fall.  
In line with this, please place us on your exchange subscription list so I can turn the others into your strength.  
We are also attempting to establish another "bookstore" in this community and yours will definitely be a regular with us. Wish us luck!

Thanks,  
Francis  
The Issue  
Columbia, Mo.

### POLICE DEPARTMENT KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI 64106



CLARENCE M. KELLEY  
Chief of Police

#### BECAUSE OF YOU .....

We now have the Earnings Tax that will insure additional funds to provide the continuation of such projects as the Helicopter Patrols, additional police vehicles, updated equipment and the most important, ADDITIONAL MANPOWER.

We are grateful and we say THANKS for your continued support, however, we need your support and assistance once again.

#### WE NEED MEN !!!!

If you can meet the following requirements, a career in Law Enforcement could be yours:

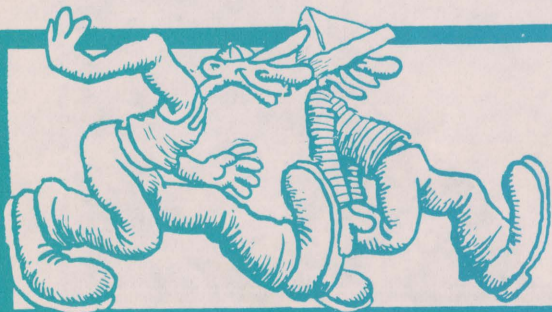
- AGE: 21 to 37 years
- HEIGHT: 5'8" to 6'4"
- WEIGHT: Proportionate to your height (Minimum 140 lbs.)
- VISION: 20/60 each eye uncorrected; 20/40 both eyes uncorrected; 20/20 correctable with glasses
- RESIDENCY: 1 year residency in the state of Missouri prior to appointment; must establish residency in Kansas City, Missouri prior to completion of probationary period.
- POLICE RECORD: Can not have been convicted of a felony nor have an extensive police record.

If you meet these requirements we want to talk to you. We will provide your education in the field of Law Enforcement, and your equipment. Your salary will start as of your date of appointment to our academy.

Call us for additional information at [redacted], Ext. 271, or come in to the Kansas City, Missouri Police Department, Personnel Unit, 306 E. 12th, Suite 942, Kansas City, Missouri.

WE NEED MEN WHO ARE INTERESTED IN HELPING THEIR COMMUNITY TO BECOME A SAFER PLACE IN WHICH TO LIVE.

Clarence M. Kelley  
Chief of Police



# TRUCKING EXPOSITION!!

## THURSDAY AUG. 19 4 P.M.

WESTPORT AND BROADWAY

COME ON OUT  
AND DO YOUR  
STUFF!!

# I Got Them Ol' Lottery Blues



JOHN STADLER

Greetings! December 4, you are hereby ordered to die first. That is, you will be drafted first if Congress decides to let Nixon screw more young men for God, Country, Law, and Order. Right now, Congress is bogged down on whether or not to continue the Asian bloodbath. They need time to consider if it would be more convenient to continue the murder or to put napalm factories out of business. So, for the time being, December 4, you are safe.

1 Dec. 4	65 Dec. 8	129 Apr. 2
2 Jan. 25	66 Oct. 4	130 Feb. 9
3 Dec. 15	67 July 21	131 July 18
4 July 24	68 June 16	132 July 22
5 Sept. 28	69 Oct. 26	133 Mar. 24
6 Oct. 6	70 Sept. 2	134 Oct. 18
7 June 27	71 Oct. 1	135 Dec. 25
8 June 15	72 Jan. 27	136 Feb. 26
9 Jan. 17	73 Dec. 18	137 May 4
10 Oct. 28	74 Jan. 16	138 Oct. 25
11 Aug. 18	75 Oct. 15	139 Apr. 18
12 May 21	76 Oct. 2	140 June 9
13 Feb. 22	77 Mar. 9	141 Dec. 7
14 Nov. 30	78 June 5	142 July 4
15 Feb. 21	79 Oct. 29	143 Aug. 23
16 Sept. 21	80 Oct. 7	144 Oct. 3
17 Nov. 7	81 May 29	145 Sept. 22
18 May 31	82 Aug. 22	146 July 29
19 Dec. 19	83 Feb. 28	147 Sept 5
20 Aug. 15	84 June 8	148 Feb. 6
21 April 24	85 May 18	149 Mar. 7
22 July 9	86 Feb. 20	150 Aug. 19
23 April 16	87 Oct. 30	151 July 23
24 May 25	88 July 15	152 Oct. 23
25 Aug. 10	89 Mar. 23	153 Aug. 9
26 May 26	90 Jan. 11	154 May 1
27 Dec. 9	91 May 28	155 Aug. 6
28 Feb. 2	92 Feb. 4	156 Dec. 22
29 April 30	93 Nov. 22	157 Aug. 8
30 June 20	94 Sept. 13	158 Apr. 4
31 Nov. 28	95 July 20	159 Oct. 16
32 Sept. 4	96 Apr. 1	160 Oct. 31
33 Aug. 21	97 Nov. 25	161 Mar. 31
34 Aug. 11	98 Oct. 27	162 May 15
35 April 8	99 Dec. 2	163 Oct. 19
36 Oct. 14	100 July 19	164 May 22
37 Aug. 28	102 Dec. 29	165 Apr. 12
38 Dec. 1	103 June 18	166 Nov. 4
39 April 20	103 July 3	167 Dec. 30
40 Dec. 3	104 Sept. 18	168 Mar. 18
41 May 5	105 May 13	169 July 12
42 Sept. 7	106 May 7	170 Mar. 3
43 Sept. 8	107 May 11	171 Dec. 23
44 June 19	108 Jan. 22	172 Mar. 5
45 April 26	109 Apr. 29	173 Mar. 13
46 Sept. 10	110 Sept. 6	174 Dec. 28
47 June 13	111 Aug. 31	175 Nov. 18
48 Sept. 29	112 July 30	176 Aug. 3
49 April 19	113 June 14	177 May 3
50 May 6	114 Jan. 26	178 Sept. 17
51 Jan. 18	115 Aug. 20	179 Apr. 23
52 May 12	116 Feb. 23	180 Aug. 1
53 March 19	117 Mar. 17	181 Nov. 23
54 June 3	118 Feb. 13	182 July 17
55 May 19	119 May 20	183 Jan. 13
56 Dec. 11	120 Nov. 16	184 Mar. 2
57 June 28	121 July 25	185 July 6
58 April 7	122 Mar. 26	186 Nov. 6
59 June 22	123 June 30	187 June 4
60 May 24	124 Apr. 27	188 Oct. 18
61 July 2	125 Nov. 20	189 Feb. 18
62 Nov. 25	126 Apr. 22	190 Nov. 2
63 Aug. 5	127 July 28	191 and up are
64 Feb. 14	128 Dec. 16	in the clear!

# CONSPIRACY

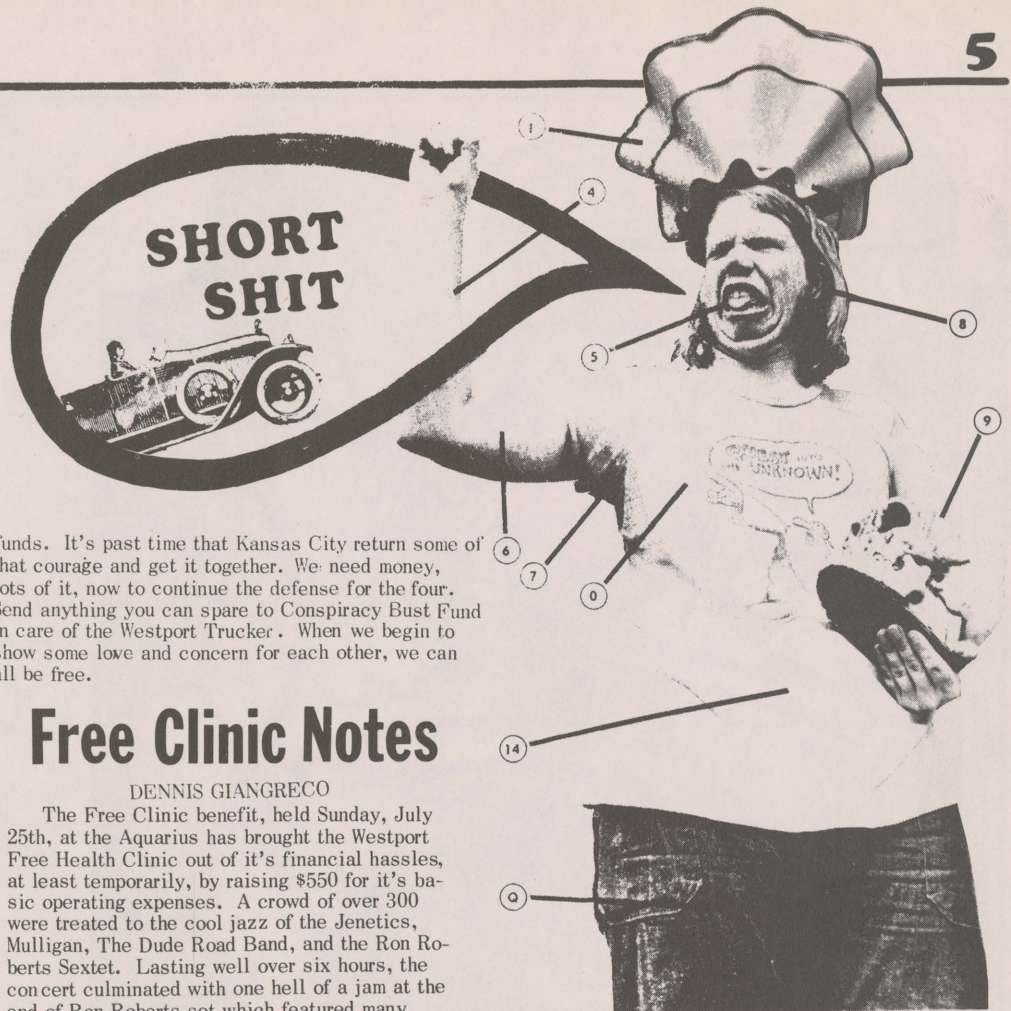
LEILA H. BRUTUS

Wednesday, July 28th, looked like any average morning in downtown Kansas City. However, entering the federal courthouse that morning, you get the impression that an anxious Army was waiting for inspection from Chief Nixon. First floor guards who had never glanced up at visitors before were busy inspecting purses, no doubt hoping to find firearms or other contraband. Upon seeing armed guards at both ends of the courtroom corridor, it was a strain to remember that this was an arraignment of four persons on a conspiracy charge rather than the trial of another Oswald. As the defendants, Marty Baumgarten, Randy Gould, Ken Sandusky, and Rich Stanley stood talking with attorneys, friends and families it was evident the federal government was impressing not anyone but itself with attempts at intimidation.

Cases were rearranged and the so-called conspirators were called first. Tony White, an office-seeking young prosecutor, was reminiscent of a high school debator as he began to read the long list of charges against the four. Judge William Beeker, apparently feeling that this was unnecessary, was able to determine that each defendant and attorney was already familiar with the charges. All defendants entered a plea of not guilty on all counts of the indictment as expected and the transcript of the omnibus hearing was reviewed. The prosecutor, anxious to show that these defendants, a former school teacher, community worker, student and Army inductee, were dangerous criminals, was forced to admit that none of the four had prior felony charges or convictions.

The defense was given until Sept. 7th at which time a trial date will be set to file their motions, most of which deal with the constitutionality of the charges brought against the defendants. Defense attorneys hope to repress evidence gathered under eyeball surveillance and illegal methods of search and seizure. The prosecution claims that no electronic surveillance was used in gathering evidence although many of us hearing the hollow sounds on our phones find this extremely difficult to believe. Previous bond restrictions prohibiting the defendants from any association with each other were lifted. The resulting reunion after almost a year's separation was cause for celebration.

Movement papers around the country are following the case closely and helping solicit funds for the legal defense of the four. The trial will not be ignored. It affects all of us who have doubts as to the sanity and validity of the government's control over our personal lives. These brothers have shown courage in helping innumerable people in Kansas City, patrolling Volker Park, working with anti-war groups, fighting for better education, and helping with bust



funds. It's past time that Kansas City return some of that courage and get it together. We need money, lots of it, now to continue the defense for the four. Send anything you can spare to Conspiracy Bust Fund in care of the Westport Trucker. When we begin to show some love and concern for each other, we can all be free.

# Free Clinic Notes

DENNIS GIANGRECO

The Free Clinic benefit, held Sunday, July 25th, at the Aquarius has brought the Westport Free Health Clinic out of its financial hassles, at least temporarily, by raising \$550 for its basic operating expenses. A crowd of over 300 were treated to the cool jazz of the Jenetics, Mulligan, The Dude Road Band, and the Ron Roberts Sextet. Lasting well over six hours, the concert culminated with one hell of a jam at the end of Ron Roberts set which featured many guest artists.

The Free Clinic now has a dental screening program on Thursday nights from 6:30 to 9:30. Dental students and hygienists will be doing diagnostic work and instruction on tooth care. If you want your teeth checked, come in, and if further checking or work is needed, referrals can be made for a follow-up at the UMKC Dental School for a minimal fee.

The clinic schedule is as follows:  
**MONDAY**  
 Telephone answering and referral, 1 - 10 p.m.  
**TUESDAY**  
 Telephone answering, . . . 1 - 10 p.m.  
 Family planning, 6 - 8 p.m.  
 Medical clinic, 1:30 - 4:30 p.m.  
**WEDNESDAY**  
 Telephone answering, . . . 1 - 10 p.m.  
**THURSDAY**  
 Telephone answering, . . . 1 - 10 p.m.  
 Surgical clinic, 1:30 - 4:30 p.m.  
 Dental screening & medical clinic, 6:30 - 9:30 p.m.  
**FRIDAY**  
 Telephone answering, . . . 1 - 10 p.m.  
**SATURDAY**  
 Telephone answering, . . . 8:30 - 12 noon  
 Medical Clinic, 8:30 - 11:30 a.m.

search warrant which means they can be sued for damages, according to Kansas City lawyer Pat Quinn. Our brothers and sisters got wind of what was happening at their home and, of course, they were pissed. They split for the house and met Gene Darnell, chief cop for Higginsville, who had walked into the commune twice before without a warrant. The last time he made a visit, he promised to come again, "and the next time, I'll find something."

Since the house bust was unsuccessful, Darnell decided he had to bust someone, so he grabbed two of the brothers from the house. Bobby Kennedy and Jerry Hopkins were handcuffed and thrown into the Higginsville jail. The other brothers and sisters followed the cops and stood in front of the jail wondering what to do next. One of the cops stepped back out and told them to "disperse" or they would be busted for "suspicion of possessing marijuana." Later, Bobby and Hoppy were taken to the Lexington jail, which is nearby.

Here is where everything gets real weird. The cops have made no formal charges. According to the local (Higginsville) media, the cops are still "investigating." There is, however, a rumor that Bobby was busted for dealing and possession, while Hoppy's bust was only for possession. According to our brothers and sisters in Higginsville, neither of them were holding. Therefore, the whole thing is another set-up bust.

Twice, so far, attempts have been made to visit Bobby and Hoppy. Neither our brothers and sisters or a minister were allowed to see them which lends credence to the rumor that our brothers were severely beaten after their arrest and that they are being made to feel isolated in the hopes that they will crack and "confess."

The Trucker will be getting more information on the bust, including, if available, an address for a possible bust fund.

# Higginsville Bust

JOHN STADLER

On Friday night, August 6th, you might have heard about a bust on Earth News. It seems that two young people had moved to a small town in Ohio and, evidently, they stood out so much the sheriff decided to get rid of them. He had the neighbors of our brother and sister hassle them for grass constantly. When, finally, our brother and sister sold them five dollars worth, the sheriff busted them. They got 20 to 40 years. Their two-year old son will be in his mid-twenties when they get out.

Everyone will be a little more paranoid than usual for a while, but that happened in Ohio, this is KC. "It can't happen here!"

Bull shit. Fifty miles from K.C., in Higginsville, a bust happened last Friday night. The facts are hard to come by since the police aren't talking, but from what I've been able to find out, a lot of weird shit is happening there. Here, briefly, is what I have pieced together.

The bust had apparently been planned for a long time. Late in the afternoon, 30 to 40 police officers armed with shot guns broke into the only commune in Higginsville. Since no one was home, they left their search warrant lying in the front room, then they proceeded tearing the place apart. They broke out the ceiling in the bathroom, demolished a drum set and none of the upholstery was left unscathed. They were thorough and they found nothing.

The police wrote nothing on the back of the



**GRASS**  
 Panama, 1/2-3/4 oz. lids at \$15-20...mostly tops!!  
 Texas, 1/2-1 oz. lids at \$10-12-15...green with no seeds  
 Columbian, 1/2-3/4 oz. lids at \$15-20...you can find it if your lucky.  
 Mexican, 3/4 oz. lids at \$10-15, pounds \$130, 10 lb. lots at \$800...swept-off-the-floor kilos.  
 Jamaican, full oz. lids \$15...happy trails.  
 Parkville Gold (?), full lids at \$5-10...not to bad.  
 North Town Brown, pounds left over from last year at the same low, low prices.  
 \*\*\*\*\* LOCAL PLANTS ARE FLOWERING \*\*

**HASH**  
 Slate Primo (black), grams at \$5-8, 1/4 oz. at \$35...white mold on it.  
 Temple Hash (fingers & balls), grams at \$5-10  
 Lebanese, grams at \$5-7, 1/4oz. at \$30-35, oz. at \$85-95...dark red  
 Assorted Brown and Green Hashes of varied quality at most of the above prices.

**MESCALINE**  
 Where the fuck is it!?!?

**ACID**  
 White micro-dot, singles \$2-2.50, hundreds \$100-125...very clean.  
 Green Caps, \$1.50 singles...Casperland!!

the **GRAIN EXCHANGE**

THIS IS FRED

HEAD GOODS

610 W. 48

# Banana Finch Records & Crafts

48th. & Harrison  
 561-4319



# New Energy In the Aquarius

DENNIS GIANGRECO

During the month of August, the Aquarius, at 19 W. 39th, will undergo major surgery in order to give the ballroom a more mellow and enjoyable atmosphere. The front of the building is being made into a series of small shops which can be rented on a weekly basis, and at super low rates, so as to give local craftsman a chance to support themselves off their handiwork. A booking agency, operated by the Musicians Co-op Association, will also have an office in the building, and will try to drum up gigs for the groups in the co-op, which now include Grits, Nation, White Lead, and Town. There are many improvements being made in the concert area itself, which will also greatly add to its shows.

The Aquarius operated as a fairly successful hall, opening shortly after the closing of the old "Place", but suffered a drastic reduction in attendance when "Freedom Palace" started booking name acts on an almost weekly basis. Even with the closing of Freedom Palace, people never came back to the Aquarius in large numbers and the hall was barely able to keep its doors open. The lack of people was basically attributed to the over-all greyness of the building, its general lack of excitement, and the low energy feeling that settled upon you as soon as you walked through the door.

The past few months, however, many people in the community have been learning that the Aquarius can be made into one hell of a community hall. Many benefits have been held there to raise bread for various bust funds, the A.A.C.M., the Westport Trucker, the Free Clinic, and other groups. The benefits have generally been well-attended, and the people going to them have been treated to some mighty fine music. (SEE FREE CLINIC NOTES). The musicians Co-op Assn. has taken it upon themselves to re-do the hall, and turn its dull interior into something with life in it, and so far they've been doing a pretty good job of it.

Nation and White Lead have both been putting many hours of work into building walls, hanging tapestries, smoothing out the floors, fixing the ceiling, adding lights and flooring, and pumping energy back into the building—Energy that had been gone from the Aquarius for a long time, but is flowing again.

BABY PRIMO SAYS:

NOW THEN, MY CHILD,  
DOESN'T IT FEEL BETTER SINCE  
WE TOOK OVER?



*Tiny Tim's Magic Circus*  
4044 Broadway

# BUDGET

## TAPES & RECORDS

CONSTANT EVERYDAY PRICES

ALBUMS Reg. 4.98  
2.99 - ALL LABELS

TAPES Reg. 6.98  
4.99 - ALL LABELS

SPECIALS ALL WEEK EVERY WEEK

OPEN.... NOON to NINE

SPECIALIZING IN HEAVY ROCK

4552 Main

## Red's Body Shop

Bodies Banged & Painted



REASONABLE RATES

513 WESTPORT ROAD

PHONE

NEW AGE PERSONAL ASTROLOGY CHARTS WITH PLANETARY LISTINGS, ASTRO-ANALYTIC INTERPRETATION, HOUSE AND PLANETARY DEFINITIONS (illustrated). CALL STEPHEN... FIND YOUR PLACE IN SPACE...

DOG! DOG Candles

GOOD PRICE, SOCK FROM KOSMIC ZITS HYPERBOREAN AGE

THIS COUPON IS WORTH ONE DOZEN CROCIDILLE EGGS, WITH THE PURCHASE OF ANY DOG CANDLE, AT:

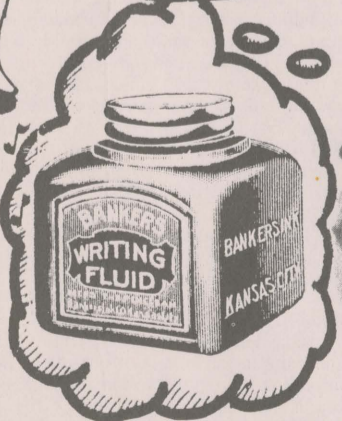
BUDGET RECORDS 4552 MAIN \* J.C. WARTHOG RAYTOWN

GOOD STUFF 43 1/2 OAK

COUPON NO KIDDING

# LOVE

## 3909 1/2 MAIN



"We Buy And Sell...."

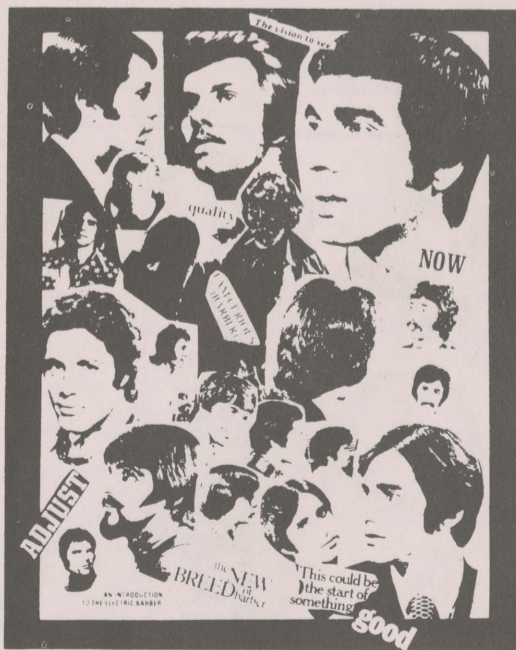


New And Used Records"

The NEW BREED of Barber

## RON'S

HIS AND HERS SHAG LAYER CUTS



HEADQUARTERS

4028 Broadway

# LIBERATION NEWS SERVICE

## Southern Fried Chicken, Japanese Style

Tokyo (LNS)

FRANK RODERICK

Twenty-five years after World War 11, the U.S. fast food industry has launched an all-out assault on the eating habits of the Japanese with the prospect of profits for the U.S. companies and indigestion for the Japanese.

The McDonald Corporation, which recently gave up trying to keep track of the number of millions of hamburgers it has sold stateside and now reports billions sold, has entered into a partnership with Fujita & Co. and Daiichiya Baking Co. to develop a nationwide hamburger chain. McDonald's is putting up 50% of the initial capital, and selling its managerial and design talents to its partners on a non-capital basis. In an ambitious five year expansion plan, they expect to open five shops before the end of this year, in Tokyo, Osaka, and Nagoya. McDonald's currently has over 1300 pairs of "Golden Arches" across the U.S., and the market potential in Japan promises equally fertile ground.

Another U.S.-based company, General Foods Burger Chef Division, is opening a shop in the Shonan district of Tokyo and plans five additional units to be added in the next year. Semi-cooked burgers will be taken to the five "satellites," cooked to perfection there, and sold as fast as they can be made. Ownership of the chain rests with two wholly-owned subsidiaries of General Foods; Burger Chef Systems of Indianapolis and General Foods, Ltd. of Tokyo. Current plans call for 250 such shops to be built throughout Japan in the next ten years.

Six-foot high plastic statues of Colonel Sanders will soon appear on the streets of Tokyo when the Kentucky Fried Chicken Corporation joins with Japan's Mitsubishi Shoji Kaisha to form Kentucky Fried Chicken Japan, Ltd. The new partnership is starting out with five restaurants in Tokyo this year to see whether or not to go ahead with a proposed chain of 70 additional outlets in major Japanese cities.

Until recently, the Tokyo government has been wary in allowing U.S. investment in Japan, but some loosening of tariff regulations in the last few months has encouraged foreign investors. And the food market seems a good place to invest.

In addition to the above mentioned firms, the Howard Johnson Co. will open 100 orange roadside restaurants with Royal Foods Corporation of Kyushu in western Japan, and is negotiating with another Japanese firm for access to Japan's eastern regions. International Dairy Queen, Inc. of Minneapolis has made a tentative agreement with another Japanese firm, the Marbeni-lida Co. for a fast-food chain. Dunkin' Donuts, Inc. based in Quincy, Mass. leased its production and sales know-how to Restaurant Seibu of Tokyo, which will open a nation-wide donut shop network under franchise agreements.

Entry into the gastronomic world is not limited to restaurants. U.S. manufacturers are also flooding Japan with frozen foods, bakery goods, dairy products, confections, and canned goods. Morton Frozen Foods of chicken pie fame, a subsidiary of International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, is a leader in the new market. Japanese frozen food sales currently at 160 million dollars a year, are expected to top a billion a year shortly. Both National Biscuit and Sun-

shine Biscuits, Inc. have signed a multi-million dollar contract for the manufacture of baked goods, some under the U.S. firm's trademarks.

Dairy products are also being "Americanized". Kraft's "American" cheese, Velveeta, is now being distributed through Japan's second-largest dairy concern, Morinaga Milk Industry. Foremost-Mckesson Inc. of San Francisco, which enjoys overseas sales of \$32 million annually, is licensing its American ice-cream making technology to the Japan Dairies Company. (Some 60% of Foremost's overseas trade is from the U.S. military; Foremost has branches in Okinawa, Saigon, Bangkok, and Taiwan.)

Soon "made in Japan" labels will be seen on boxes of Crackerjacks, because Borden Inc., New York is joining up with Japan's Kabaya Confectionary Company. William Wrigley Junior Company, which makes 60% of the world's chewing gum, is planning to double its pleasure, fun, and hopefully, profits, by entering what they est-

imate to be the world's second largest chewing gum market, Japan.

And even Japanese cats and dogs will soon be dining on Purina Taiyo Pet Chow, the product of a 50-50 venture between the Ralston Purina Co. of St. Louis and the Taiyo Fishery Co. of Japan.

## Chewy Chewy Chocolate

Washington (LNS)

The Federal Food and Drug Administration disclosed on July 16, that more than 200,000 candy bars and 7,100 boxes of candy were found to be contaminated with rodents and insects. Most of the bars and all of the boxes, FDA said, have already been sold and, presumably, eaten.

## No Weed No Birds

S.F. Good Times

Birds are going to suffer more than pot smokers as the result of the government's drive to destroy wild marijuana in the midwest. The government is paying farmers in certain test counties to spray the wild growing weed with 2-4-D, a highly toxic herbicide.

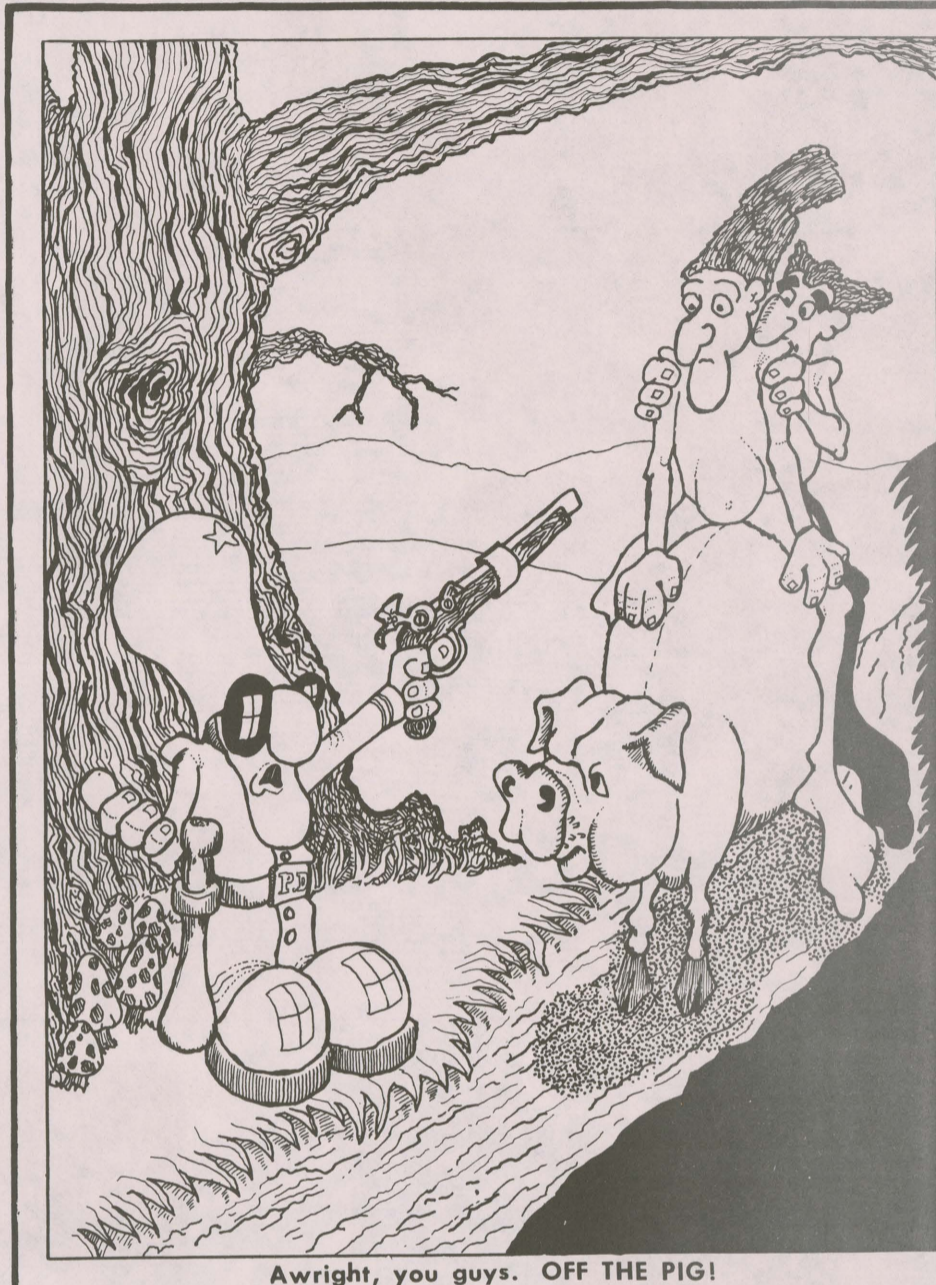
During World War II, the government paid farmers to grow marijuana (Indian hemp it was called then) as a source of fiber for rope and twine. Since then the weed has been planting itself along fence lines and in uncultivated fields. During the time since the war, the local birds have gotten hooked on the pot seed.

Now marijuana seed is the preferred food of quails, doves, pheasants, and many song birds, according to a study by the University of Nebraska. And because 2-4-D also destroys nettle, rag-weed, and other broadleafed plants, it wipes out many of the native birdfood producing plants as well as those which provide cover needed by such birds for nesting.

Up until the 1950's, a high percentage of the content of commercial bird feed was made up of marijuana seed. When the bird seed companies were forced by the government to discontinue including it in their fare, the popularity of canaries as pet birds dropped drastically. Canaries don't sing as much or as well when denied pot.

Under the government's eradication program, farmers in 10 counties are paid between \$5 and \$20 an acre to spray fields where pot plants grow wild. If it is successful, the program will be expanded next year.

The eradication program was authorized by Congress last October when it enacted Public Law 91513. The law instructs the Justice Department to eradicate the growth of hemp, peyote, mushrooms, and other plants that yield mind-altering drugs.



Awright, you guys. OFF THE PIG!



Next time you're stuck in the rain in Juarez, and it's zastertime, too, you might want to try the tracks. Jumping boxcars isn't always easy. It can be physically demanding and dangerous, too. But if the weather is nice, a boxcar can't be beat.

The best way to learn is to travel with someone who's done it. With good health, common sense, and lots of nerve, you can pick up on it by yourself.

Travel light. The less you carry, the better because you are going to run alongside moving trains, toss your pack into open boxcars, and dive in after it. You have to be in good physi-

cal shape: a boxcar floor is about five feet off the ground and you may have to run the length of the train to find one that's open.

Now, there's just one thing you really have to worry about with boxcars. And you do have to worry. A boxcar door cannot be opened from the inside. If a door closes on you, it's curtains. Who knows when they'll open it up and find out what's inside?

Trains are always slamming around. Check your door. Get to know your door. If it's stiff, wedge a piece of wood in it so it can't close. Be sure the wood doesn't shake out from all the rattling. If the door slides easily, I sit there

## Next time you're stuck in the rain in Juarez...

and stay awake all night.

At larger yards, trains are broken up and re-made. A string of cars is pushed to the top of a hill and rolled down the other side onto various spurs and slammed into other strings to make up new trains. It's called humping, and aside from being an acutely unpleasant experience from the inside, it'll slam your door shut for sure. Always get off before the humping begins.

Don't get the idea that boxcars are a bad bet. If you watch out for the door, they're the best bet of all - you're well sheltered and well concealed. But if the boxcars are all closed and the train is picking up steam, catch what you can, a gondola, a flatcar, whatever.

Each car has a handle and a small ladder at both ends. If you don't know what I'm talking about, go look at a train. Grab the handle on the forward end of the car, the end in the direction the car is moving. Grab for all you're worth and then haul yourself up after. Make sure you've got a good grip before you put your foot on the iron rung of the ladder.

The reason for climbing on at the front end is that if you miss and swing back, you'll slam into the body of the boxcar, and hopefully, fall away from the train. If you try this number on the end, and miss, you go right into the wheel of the next car.

If you get on a string of open gondolas, (the kind they use to carry coal in), you can work your way forward to the first one. A boxcar in

front of a gondola will act as a windbreak come nightfall. If you have to ride a gondola, make sure it's empty. Trains slam around and loads shift. Don't get mashed.

Piggyback truck carriers - flatcars with truck trailers on top - are good in a pinch. Curl up by the tires and pretend you're not there. It works sometimes. Just make sure the trailer unit isn't refrigerated or you may wind up poisoned by odorless exhaust fumes.

One time I rode in the last engine in a string of diesels. It was just too cold out. The fireman came by to take readings for his watch, and he didn't even bother to kick me out.

There are a few cars common sense should keep you away from. Don't fool around with cars marked with purple warnings of radioactivity and

death.

Once you're in a train and moving out, you've got it made. Your worst enemies will be fatigue and exposure. Carrying lots of high-energy food and a good supply of water will keep your body going, but sometimes you just can't keep out of the weather. A warm lightweight sleeping bag can save you no end of pain.

Freight trains have a particular grime about them that will turn your clothes black and your skin filthy in just a day. Carry soap. A good idea is always to carry all your things with you. If you jump off for a minute to run to that corner grocery store, your boxcar may not be there when you return.

It takes a bit of practice to sleep on a bouncing, jiggling boxcar floor. Freight trains always stop way out in the boondocks to let passenger trains by. Some of the places they stop are perfect for camping. You know you can take advantage of their mechanical regularity and always catch the next freight that stops there. Incidentally, if you're not tired, you can use these stops to walk up and down the length of the train looking for an open boxcar or at least a better ride.

Jumping off a rolling train can be fun, too. I was knocked cold in Oklahoma because I tried it while the train was still going pretty fast, so wait until it slows down. Then lean out and down as far as you can, again from the forward end. Step out and away and let go. You got to do it smooth and fast, and look before you leap!

One other thing you've got to know about is yards. The big yard is where you'll run into the most trouble. Watch out for office-looking-types (white shirts or blue uniforms, clipboards). They won't help you. Railroad cops will rust you out and maybe give you some static, but usually they just kick you out of the yards. The answer to that is either to go back on a highway or run down the tracks past the yards and catch your train as it rolls out.

That can get hairy. If the train is going too fast when you try to jump, you may wind up rather bloody. You should know what your own body is capable of doing. If the train is going faster than you feel comfortable with, forget it.

You can also find your best friends in a yard. Most of the railroad workers like switchmen and

the guys who go around bleeding the airbrakes are friendly, I've found, and not a bit fazed by long hair. Don't be afraid to approach them and ask about "hot shot" trains going your way. Hot shots are trains that don't make too many stops, and the workers will usually tell you when they'll be coming along. You may even find that many of them will knock off work just to help find you a good car. Their advice is priceless and precise, so pay it mind, and save yourself a lot of grief. If you are timid dealing with moving trains, these people can give you the extra boost you need.

When your train pulls through the yard, watch out for the yard tower. Stay out of their sight if you can. Keep your gear in a corner and stand against the wall. At night they'll have big lights burning. Inspectors stand there and examine the train as it rolls by. They're worried mostly about theft, so if they do catch you, they'll probably let you off with a scowl, but if you force yourself into their field of vision, they may stop the train, or radio ahead. You may want to avoid Union Pacific and Santa Fe altogether - two companies that bust everybody they can.

One more word of warning. Trains is trains. Tons and tons of heartless metal. If you get

cont. on page 13

ABOVE



W

N

S

E

BELOW

Jan 68



remember

# THE GREAT MOUNT RUSHMORE STUFF-IN

Don't take a chance on your own insanity. Subscribe to ours!

IN THE LAST ISSUE OF THE WESTPORT TRUCKER



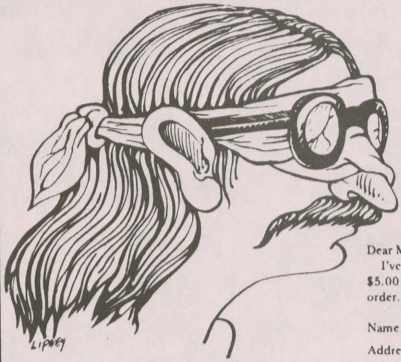
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Dear Mustang Sally, I've lost my mind. Please send me 12 issues of THE ORGAN for \$5.00 or 26 issues for \$10.00. I've enclosed cash, check, or money order. Thank you and good night.

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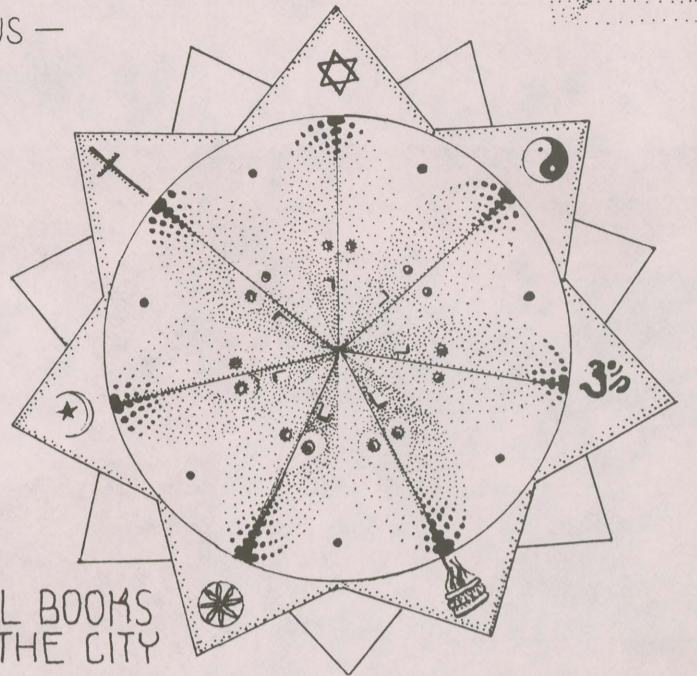


# THE ORGAN

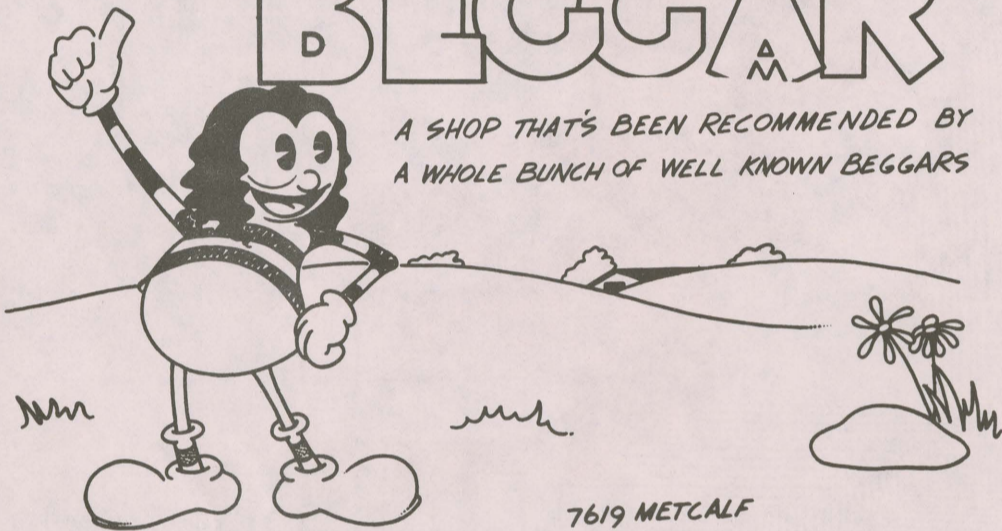
- NEXT DOOR TO MAGIC CIRCUS -  
4042 BROADWAY K.C.MO.

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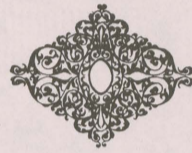
# CHOOSEY BEGGAR



A SHOP THAT'S BEEN RECOMMENDED BY  
A WHOLE BUNCH OF WELL KNOWN BEGGARS

7619 METCALF

To All Who Would Know

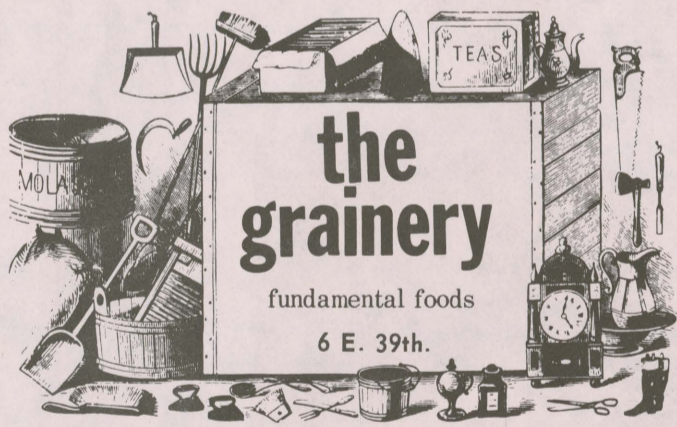


the  
*Silver Cricket*  
will be closed till  
LATE SEPTEMBER

Tom and Joyce have gone to  
Europe to bring back  
cosmic goodies for you all



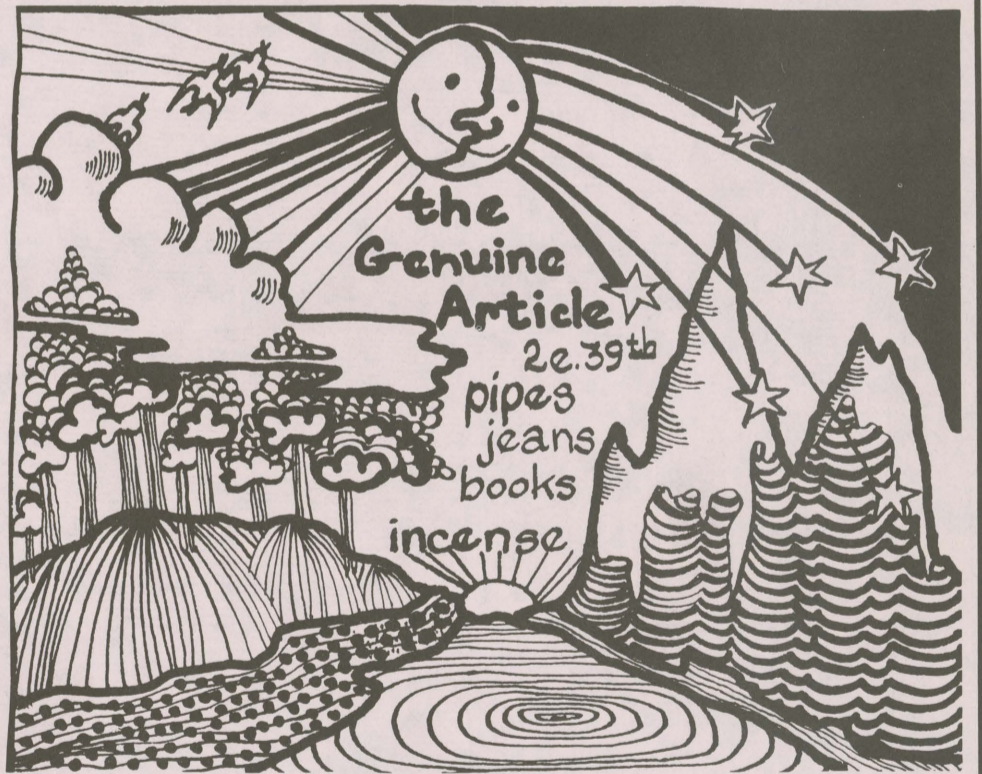
13 South 18th. in Kansas City, Kansas



## the grainery

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### the Genuine Article

2 e. 39th

pipes  
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# IMPULSIVE WATERBEDS

guaranteed 5 years

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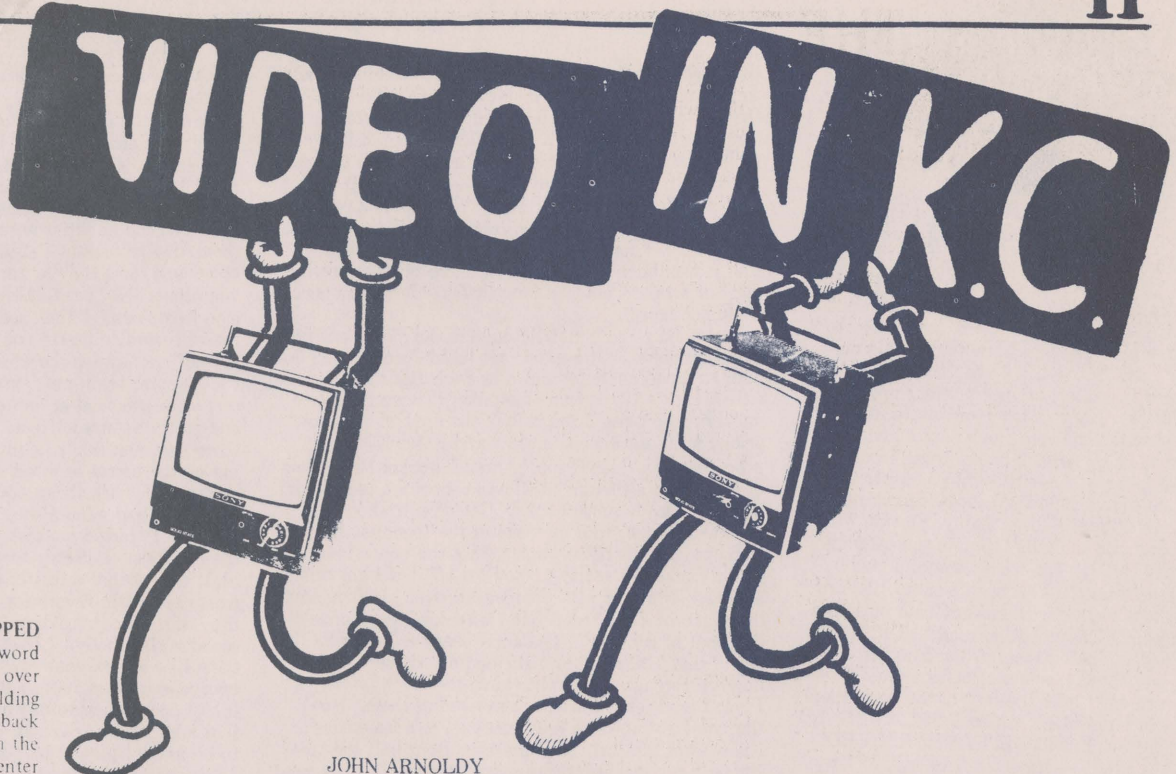
Custom Framing

I HAD A VISION, I SAW A WAVE OF BLUE WATER LIKE A BREAKER. ON THE WAVE WAS WRITTEN: "THE WORLD WANTS WATER-BEDS!"

-Michael Valentine Zamoro

## 22 E. 39th. & 90th. & Roe

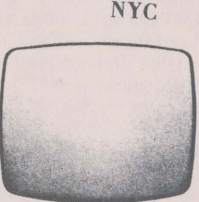
THE MEDIA MUST BE LIBERATED, MUST BE REMOVED FROM PRIVATE OWNERSHIP AND COMMERCIAL SPONSORSHIP, MUST BE PLACED IN THE SERVICE OF ALL HUMANITY. WE MUST MAKE THE MEDIA BELIEVABLE. WE MUST ASSUME CONSCIOUS CONTROL OVER THE VIDEOSPHERE. WE MUST WRENCH THE INTERMEDIA NETWORK FREE FROM THE ARCHAIC AND CORRUPT INTELLIGENCE THAT NOW DOMINATES IT. GENE YOUNGBLOOD *The Videosphere*



**PAUL RYAN**

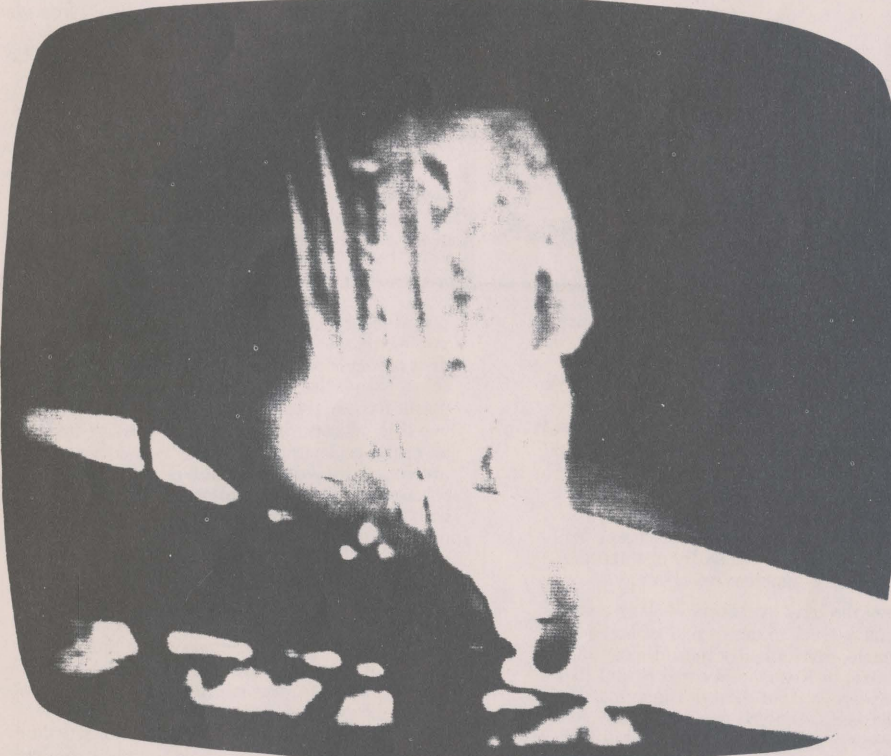
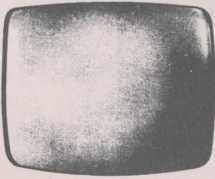
**VT is not TV. Videotape is TV flipped into itself. Television has to do with transmitting information over a distance. Videotape has to do with infolding information—feedback.**

VT IS NOT TV. IF ANYTHING IT'S TV FLIPPED INTO ITSELF. Television, as the root of the word implies, has to do with transmitting information over distance. Videotape has to do with unfolding information. Instant replay offers a living feedback that creates a topology of awareness other than the tic-tac-toe grid. Anthropologist Edmund Carpenter tells a story about two Eskimos who went on solo trips around an island. Their maps were quite good replicas of the island yet they both differed in one significant aspect. Each had camped and hunted near a certain cove and that area on their maps was larger according to the length of time each had stayed there. Videotape creates a kind of Eskimo awareness of time-space. Especially with the 1/2" battery operated portables one can sculpt time-space in accord with the contours of experience. Information can be infolded to enrich experience.



**ERIC SIEGEL**  
SAN FRANCISCO

"I'll reject anything that's shoved down my throat even if it's going to save my life."  
... Fuller, on the other hand, observes that we are what we eat and insists that a fundamental reorganization of the physical environment will result in a new human consciousness.



The tube is heavy. Electrons whip through a vacuum and fall in waves on a sensitized screen, where the human animal reads them as patterns, as meaning. Just like in real life, where the stuff of existence bops about, doing its subatomic thing, and lo and behold, vortices of consciousness appear to ham their way across the screen. No illusion of movement, as in film. What you see is the stuff of energy doing its dance, and the dance seems strangely familiar.

When the image on the tube turns out to be you, seen through the eyes of someone who knows you well, or who knows how to look, catching you in an unguarded moment, when you see all the intimations you have had about yourself in electronically impacted reality, objectified, then your mind expands.

That's right, kiddies, just like with grass. Only different, and in some ways, more. When the technology really gets sophisticated, it will definitely be more. And for full effect, combine the electric and the chemical inputs.

What is tape? Tape is metatheatric. Tape is understanding the metaphor of life-as-theatre in a more than intellectual manner. There you are, on the screen, doing what you just did ten minutes ago. Reality has been recorded. And you are watching the recording. But you are reality, now. And it doesn't take too long before you make the jump to the awareness of reality watching the recording of reality. And if you have a hip cameraman around, he will tape you watching tape, and then play that back, using a technique which allows you to see yourself in an infinity of television screens, one inside the other forever. Space disappearing into space as time laps upon time.

But the direction of the future is clear in this regard at least. Videotape is more than just another medium—it is a whole new definition of culture. Where our fathers defined their culture in objects to be sold at auction and shown in museums, we today see the only meaningful definition of culture as all the things that connect one mind with another, as openness to new ideas, as communication itself. And videotape is culture because tape is communication.

**JOHN ARNOLDY**

That a great many of the most profound changes affecting individuals and society are the result of processes so slow as to be nearly imperceptible is an observation most of us have made time and again. When we go to see a film like CARNAL KNOWLEDGE where twenty years are presented in fifty-four hundred seconds, we are allowed to see these processes speeded up, allowed to witness their often shattering effects, and we are reminded that our worlds, too, are being slowly, radically altered. Whenever we have the opportunity to gain insight into the nineteen fifties we can see processes at work in which we are now trapped. We, freaks, The Other People, The Other World. The years following the Second World War were the years in which the Pentagon, the Media, The CIA, The Nova Criminals of Total Consumption Robot Control Techniques, congealed like a new plastic that was poured over America and left to set and harden during the Fifties. Most of us were sitting in classrooms when Diem was killed, and though we may have been made aware of his death, it would not have occurred to us that our generation would be offered up for slaughter in his homeland and that for some of us years would be spent-up fighting the draft, in exile, or in bitter and dangerous public protest. Nor for that matter, when the Beatles first appeared in our corny livingrooms on the Ed Sullivan Show, could we have imagined ourselves, all these dope-weary years later, sitting around in the ashes of numberless joints, listening to John Lennon's shelled-out voice drooping that the dream is over.

We can see that the evil stupidity of planned obsolescence, the folly of "harnessing nature", the hysteria of containing the "Reds", the psychosis of armaments competition, the delusions of Foreign "Aid", have become like magic ball-bearings rolling from the bewildered fingers of some mickey mouse sorcerer's apprentice igniting every real thing in their path. The media kept Tinker Bell's wand between everybody's legs while the oil ran out, the fumes gathered over the cities, the CIA hooked up to Bell Telephone and more people than marched under Caesar went broke and spent their last buck on a TV never to become an army.

In his essay on LIBERATION, Herbert Marcuse has written "The need for possessing, consuming, handling, and constantly renewing the gadgets, devices, instruments, engines, offered to and imposed on people, for using these wares even at the danger of one's own destruction has become a "biological" need... The needs generated by this system are thus eminently stabilizing, conservative needs: the counterrevolution anchored in the instinctual structure."

Most Americans fundamental dependence on this hopeless situation in which all of our energy and resources are wasted is directly controlled by the media. And it can be altered by media also. When fat Max Scherr was tramping around Telegraph Ave. pushing a cheap newsheet called

the Berkeley Barb to his few beatnik friends, no one could have guessed the part the Underground Press Movement would play including hundreds of thousands of people in the streets of Washington.

Television itself is the medium that must now be broken into, and in fact, is being broken into by independent video tape groups around the country who have realized that organized community efforts can be put through TV fresher and

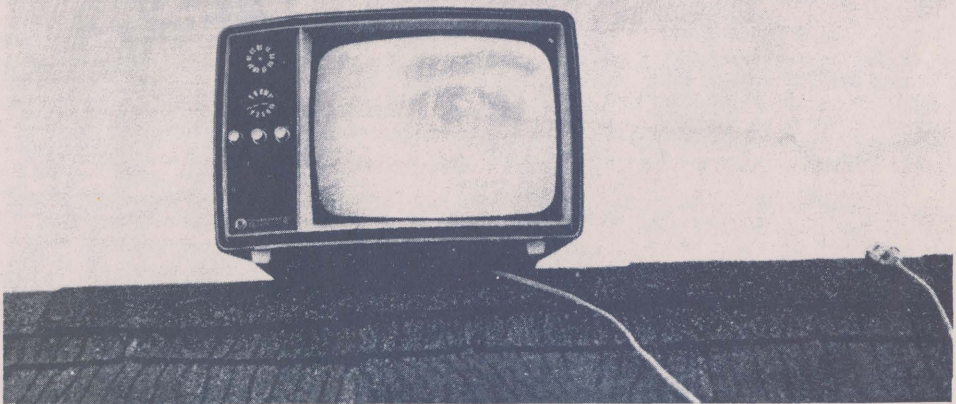
hotter than they can put through newspapers alone. And these, as the controllers have learned, both working together, are very effective. When those people whose values are not tied to death and control, gain entry to, or influence over television, some of the weight put on this all but lost age by the irresponsible and greedy may be lifted a little. Already, networks for the exchange of significant Video Tapes produced by the Other People exist, and Kansas City needs to be a part of this network.

A Community Video Center here could take on projects like the following: extensive video documentation with personal interviews, case histories, and professional analysis dramatizing the need for free legal abortion here. It would be impossible to assemble all of the cases where free abortion could have avoided personal disaster in the office of some official on any given afternoon, and written reports are very easily ignored.

Also, the reactions of the officials to the presentation could itself be video taped and shown later to everyone concerned. The Westport Free Health Clinic and cooperative doctors and psychiatrists could help in the production of tapes that would disseminate vital medical information free. The same for lawyers, electricians, plumbers. Free information. How to survive a grand jury, how to re-wire apartments when the landlords won't answer the phone or fix the plumbing. The realities behind the struggle to halt the Pennsylvania Freeway could be very effectively dramatized on video tape. Paul Schowalter of Gimme Shelter is currently being prosecuted for alleged acts of violence against the police during the recent Veteran's March here. If a good video group had been on the scene as they should be at marches, hard visual evidence would be available. If this city had tapes to exchange with other communities around the country, the influx of data and ideas on community problems best dealt with through video would be amazing and stimulating.

A few tapes have been made here and the rudiments of a Video Center exists. Different community events, like the lectures on dome building at ARC were taped and shown to limited audiences, but facilities are lacking at the present to put this medium to full use. Future articles will explore in detail the problems faced by the struggling video center here, how we can all help it grow and use its potential to the fullest.

Television, like the computer, is a sleeping giant. But those who are beginning to use it in revolutionary new ways are very much awake. The first generation of television babies has reached maturity having watched 15,000 hours of television while completing only 10,000 hours of formal education through high school. Yet television itself still has not left the breast of commercial sponsorship. Just as cinema had imitated theater for seventy years, television has imitated cinema imitating theater for twenty years. But the new generation with its transnational interplanetary video consciousness will not tolerate the miniaturized vaudeville that is television as presently employed. We will liberate the media.



# A WALKER IN THE CITY

## JOHN ARNOLODY

When I was offered the attic I didn't ask any questions. It was so hot up there that even on the first day I could not bear to stay longer than it took to drag my few belongings up the steep staircase and drop them in a corner. In order to reach the door that led to the attic, it was necessary to go through her apartment. With nothing to do during the long days but wait for evening to come and make the attic liveable I started hanging around her small place. None of her rooms were air conditioned, but still they were much cooler and besides, there were paperback books lying around, (The Isle of Lesbos, Case Histories of Medical Oddities, Louisville Saturday), some magazines, National Geographic, Nudity Today, Female Wrestling, and some old tabloids. One of the tabloids was called EVENTS. The front showed a chubby girl in her late twenties sitting in a motel-like arm chair, wearing a blouse with cowboy hats on it and a long dark skirt. The headline read "HORNY HOUSEWIVES". The bottom left hand corner of the newspaper presented a scene of bums seated around a pile of tin cans. Under the feet of the bums there was a quote in large black letters: "I GANG BANG HOBOS BECAUSE THEIR DIRTY STINKING BODIES TURN ME ON." — Raylette Ricker, Tiff City New York.

The apartment only had three rooms. The kitchen, where an electric coffee pot was left on twenty four hours a day, (the shower and toilet were at the rear of the kitchen), a bedroom and a livingroom. I never saw the bedroom, but the livingroom contained two thick beige chairs that were made of a puffy, coarse fiber into which strands of tinsel had been woven and an old divan covered with a stained bedspread. The chairs looked like they might have been smoother, sleeker chairs at one time, but that some apartment fire in the past had bloated and browned them like marshmallows. An orange crate sprayed black and gold stood next to one of the chairs. A lamp rested on the orange crate (it's base was a cylindrical mural showing the Highlights of the Ozarks) and a little black fan with a bullet shaped back like a big wasp's abdomen stood next to the lamp.

The two chairs stood against a wall, the divan facing them, venetian blinds hung from the windows throwing alternate slats of light and dark against the wall behind the chairs, an electric HAMM'S BEER sign hung from the wall above one of the chairs, one-half the sign painted black, only the carefully counterfieted illusion of a canoe trip in the land of the sky blue waters being visible. The water "rippled", the waterfall "poured", the smoke from the campfire "rose", the trees "shimmered" in the "breeze".

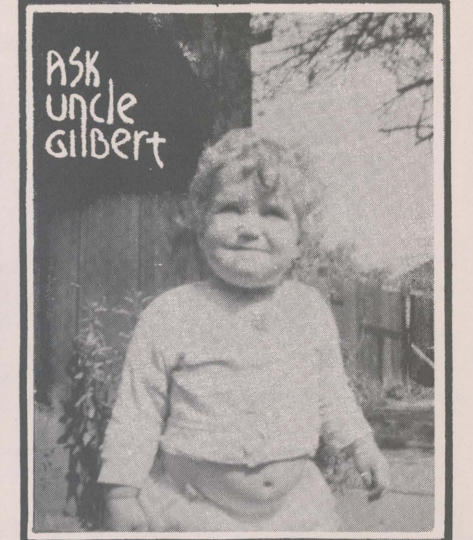
Usually when I heard her car pull up outside at the end of the day, I would leave by the back door and not return until I was sure she was in bed and I could slip quietly into the attic. A few times I just kept my seat on the divan as she came through the front door in her white uniform. She did not seem surprised to see me sitting there, I guess I must have left plenty of evidence that I was there during the day. These times that I did not leave, these were the times when she presented me with the long conversations. She would go briskly to the kitchen grab something to eat with one hand, take a seat in the chair by the lamp, and start talking. The first time it happened, hours went by before I realized that she had no intention of pausing, and that she was prepared to talk all night though I hardly said a word back to her. As the afternoon advanced and

the room grew darker and darker, she made no move to turn on the lamp at her side. Instead she flipped the switch on the fan. It moved through a slow circle like the head of a tiny black person making an emphatic, silent denial or refusal. Where there had been black stripes against the bright wall all day, now faint bands of light fell across her. The illusion of the canoe trip grew more brilliant above her head, her long face with a mouth that looked like it was been stolen from the face of a fat person and her straight nose, a face that is often nicknamed "hatchet-face".

"I used to be a Betty Bonne model," her conversation rambled. "I served that fuckin' coffee and donuts to those assholes down at Jack Boring's and Albert Bell's till it made me puke. Those hopeless suckers who came down to buy the special low, low priced TV's during the moon walks. Jesus. I ran a booth at Fairyland, too. Another sucker deal. One of those shoot-the-ducks-win-your-honey-a-teddy-bear booths. I made some bucks. Got myself shot at a couple of times, too, by some of the looneys. Some Army guy out there one time. Shot the bears instead of the ducks. It really pissed me off, but I got reimbursed. A fat kid with pimples all over his face shot the place up once, too. Blew a fuckin' snow cone right out of my hand. The cops beat the holy piss out of that kid, and his girlfriend stood there and laughed through the whole thing, the little bitch. Damn these jobs, I'm sick and tired of them. Boy, the one I got now's a real honey. I'm a masseuse. Know what that is? Rub downs. 'Bout half the time I'm only rubbing one thing down, though. I don't mind givin' some guy a hand job or even a blow job if the prick's willing to shell out the tip. I'd rather get tipped for that than shoving dishes of food in the faces of some family of loud mouths who can't make up their minds what they want to order. But half the time, these guys look at you like they think getting jacked-off is part of my job. I'm paid by the hour, and there's no little box on that check marked jerk-offs for the week of— Those other girls down there are so dumb, too, they'd pull off the mayor of Kansas City and never even realize it until it was too late. Every time one of them gets caught giving out hand jobs we all get docked. I'm tired of paying for their carelessness. Oh well, live and learn. I need to find a new game, anyway. Or a way to live without money. But I haven't figured that one out yet. I watched you types move in around here. I thought you had it figured out. But I see you haven't. Besides, you're all on drugs, too, aren't you? and I know that's not free. Don't take it wrong, you can stay in that attic as long as I live in this dump if you can stand it. You can finish off that Velveta, too, if you want-I notice you've been working on it. I hate that shitty stuff myself. It tastes like the wrapper they put it in. I just buy it 'cause I used to watch the Kraft Hour and it takes me back every time I see the label. Besides, I ran around a lot. I lived loose for a long time. I mean really loose I ran into some King Nuts, too. Emperors of Insanity the Dauphins of Dingbatsville. And not in Steepy Hol-

low here either, in cities where you pay for your mistakes. Somehow I always got to thinking it was me who took it in the ass for their squirrely schemes, though That's not entirely true. I guess I handed out some first rate shit myself. Art farts, geniuses, just creeps. But I started out with them; it was the ones I ended up with that were the Monarchs of Madness. The art farts and the novelist wierdies were easy, you just tell them they're fuckin' Pablo Picasso and their flies bust open; tell them they're zero and they'd run off and you alone. No, I'm talkin' about the idiot savants, the men from mars. I don't mean those I'll-tell-you-your-future losers, either. You know, you find a bunch of these I'm-on-the-verge-of-suicide-every-second-because-I'm-so-cute; brain-nuts, music studs, it doesn't matter, sitting around at one of their Tupperware parties and pretty soon you figure out that there's some guys there that just don't fit in. They're just there. Soaking up the booze or weed. Well, if you hang around, yousee that it's these oddballs that the other ones talk about the minute they leave or when they're not around. I started hanging around with them instead of the arteests. But they were just mooches, nothing special, except that a few of them hung out with the men from mars. Did favors for them, although they thought they were mooching them. The men from mars hung a round with nobody. Loners. I still remember one of them like it was yesterday. That was in Mexico. They'd, everyone of them be in nut houses or jails in this country. I guess they were what you'd call free. But I'm just a good old American Girl and I wasn't brought up to be free. I picked up something off one of them. Like a disease or something. I picked up a lot of bugs in Mexico. But I still got this one, sort of. He called it the Hallucination of Sorrow. Illusion de Dolor. We'd be sitting around in some crummy bar, a cafe maybe, or one of those fly-trap roadside stands and there would be a stranger, just some nobody, sitting there next to thié guy I was with, next to the man from mars. And all of a sudden, out of nowhere, King Nut would put his hand on this stranger's shoulder like a padre or something. "Que tienes?" he would say. This guy would look up at him, "No tengo nada, señor. No te importa." The man from mars would mumble "Lo siento," and look back to me as he always did, have some more to drink or something, shake his head saying, "Illusion de dolor." It got into me. When I was leading my ordinary life back here, I'd be sitting next to some lady at a lunch counter or somewhere; I'd see this look cross her face, and all of a sudden I'd find myself saying, "Whatsa matter, honey?" She'd give me the get-outa-here-nut- look and say "Nothing is the matter."

I don't remember falling asleep. I have never been able to remember that part. Just waking up. She'd be sitting there in front of me. I could not quite see her face, just her hands on the arms of the chair in the bands of light the venetian blinds let in. Her fingers softly drumming. The fan whirring. The canoe trip above her head would make me dizzy, make me feel for a second like I was moving. It was impossible not to look at it.



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First, we have a happy ending to the somewhat sad tale exposed last ish...

Dear Uncle Gilbert,  
I followed your advice and checked out that bookstore. Wow! They got stuff in there I never dreamed existed! I finally got a "Flapdoodle Wobbler" (brand) home entertainment device (pistol grip model) and, hot damn, my chick and I are as happy as two roaches in a broken toilet! Heres a picture of us. Thanks a million, Uncle

Darryl Harmonica N.K.C.



Dear Uncle Gilbert:  
I heard the Stones were coming to town and I gotta question. Where's the best place to sit during the concert?  
D.W.  
Pittsburg, Mo.

Dear D.W.  
There are many choices here. You could lounge in back, but the spare-changers and red freaks would drive you patty. Nix on the aisles cause the Jesus freaks hold them by spiritual force (and you know what kind of mood they'd be in at a Stone's show.) In the middle of the crowd is O.K. if you could stand the screaming and tobacco fumes. Back stage is uh-uh - too much heat, and te-bo. Final advice - sit up front next to me.  
\*\*\*

Hey, Uncle Gilbert -  
Did you know that if your record player doesn't reject and you put side two of "The Who Sell Out" *cont. on following page*



# VETERANS VOICE

VIETNAM VETERANS AGAINST THE WAR



As a veterans group, the VVAW is vitally concerned with problems faced by Vietnam Veterans. The VVAW understands that these veterans encounter problems never confronted by veterans of former wars.

One of our objectives (number 7 if you have a program) is "to support all military personnel refusing to serve in wars of aggression at home and abroad..." In accordance with this objective, the KC VVAW recently composed a letter of support for 1st Lt. John Vequist, a native Kansan. Lt. Vequist was an honors graduate of West Point stationed in Germany. In order to refuse Army orders for a Vietnam tour, Lt. Vequist, along with his wife and child, left Germany for Sweden.

The letter, which was signed by each member of the local chapter, is being sent to Senators Dole and Pearson, Rep. Skubitz, and Lt. Vequist's parents.

Are you having a difficult time locating employment because of your less than honorable discharge? John Upton, KC VVAW coordinator is in contact with at least one businessman in K.C. who is hiring people regardless of separation conditions. Efforts are continuing to open new channels through which employment may be obtained.

Recently the Deputy Defense Secretary reported that those people who had received less than honorable discharges because of drug use were encouraged to seek amnesty through a congressman and that these requests would be considered on a case by case basis by the Pentagon. Any-one fitting this description is urged to write his

representative or senator giving a complete account of the circumstances surrounding his separation. VVAW members will aid in composing such letters, if requested. The VVAW would like to know of any problems on getting these discharges processed

### VA HOSPITAL PROJECT

We are encouraged by the cooperative attitudes of local VA hospital administrators in our effort to develop a joint program of improved services for our disabled brothers. Soon we will submit proposals to the VA staff covering VVAW-VA relationships, VVAW activities within the hospital, and posting a VVAW member on the hospital board in order to relate to the new breed of veteran.

### FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED

After the July 4 action, the KC chapter finds itself urgently in need of funds. The loan of \$500 from the national office must be repaid as well as private loans used for bail. The donations received throughout the weekend, while very much appreciated, were just a drop in the bucket.

### A WINTER ARMY

The staggering legislation aimed to admonish the hawks, and, of late, some lion-hearted diplomatic attempts on the part of our feeble leaders have caused some query on the relevance of an organization called "VIETNAM VETERANS AGAINST THE WAR." "If the war is stopped, what will the

vets do?" is an irrelevant question considering the war isn't over - the war in Indochina, that is. Just by concerning ourselves with the Vietnam issue, our eyes have opened to the way in which policy makers operate - in their own interests - whether in Vietnam, in Jordan (King Hussein's oil in Canada (stealing their water, controlling their industry), or the Phillipines, or Puerto Rico, or Harlem. It's not likely that the revolutions in these places will cease just because the U.S. couldn't justify its presence on Vietnamese soil. The policy makers will continually obscure the real reason for their suppressive strategy.

Meantime, the ugly symptoms of their course will incessantly erupt in our own neighborhoods. Little Vietnams, conveniently tucked away in Appalachia, Cairo, or Kansas City will reveal themselves in cancerous riots through the screams of the bloodened poor. And you can expect the vets to be front rank bringing more of these realities to the attention of anyone who would dare credit himself with allegiance to such policies.

The vets do not claim to be an elitist vanguard of fierce crusaders. In fact, they are late on the scene. But their credentials are impeccable, a battlefield with real bullets - nothing more close to death itself. Now with an affirmation of life great enough to overcome their hatred of regimentation, the vets have disciplined themselves into a solid force ready to confront irresponsible authority where it lies. They did not join the VFW of the Americana Legion simply because in concentrating primarily on stag parties and raffles, these organizations have contributed to our social diseases. Furthermore, we regret having fought to suppress another people, while the VFW revel in their patriotism. Sure, we get together like the VFW, and we even tell war stories - but we do it for a reason - to correct the mistakes we have made rather than protect our egos by justifying some dispicable act we were involved in.

On the other hand, we bear no resemblance to some elitist groups who are fascinated with agitating every community but their own; VVAW recognizes that our friends and neighbors - on whose political syndrome we feel qualified to comment - are ultimately responsible for the course of American policy, that until we can convince people who are more likely to trust us than some other revolutionary force, everything will be drowned in distrust. Our effort is the achievement of a democracy long lost in the mad shuffle of competition and achievement, of getting into power before dealing with social problems. We feel that

people hold the only real power though it is not yet legitimate. Our role is to reinforce the budding recognition of power in the people in order to establish the most effective check on the renegade forces (primarily military) which have driven this country to a suicide course - by instilling an empty pride in the might of this country and overlooking the deterioration of its life-giving functions - by physically polluting the environment with their oil and atomic feces and overlooking our descendants who will have no resources except waste.

These renegade forces exist not only on the battlefield. Their agents peddle contracts to vacuum cleaner manufacturers to produce a more profitable gun - their agents compile lengthy documents in order to prosecute their critics (an effort to rob us of our country) - their agents create images of manhood defined as the death dealer and scorn peace as the desire of cowards - their agents sell narcotics for pocket change and bust grass dealers to gain promotions - their agents are unscrupulous and exist only to maintain their own power. To destroy this menace is the role of the VVAW and the direction - straight ahead!

### OPERATION CAIRO

The situation in Cairo, Illinois is bad, if not worse than any of us would expect in an American town. It differs from Vietnam only by the fact that it is 12,999 miles away. It is, in fact, a small Vietnam set in our south US. *cont. on following page*

## Vietnam Veterans Against the War

1840 E. 77th. Terr., K. C., Mo., 64132

- I am a Vietnam Veteran and I would like to join your group.
- I am a concerned citizen and enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ to support your program.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

# Uncle Gilbert

on and the needle goes all the way over to the track next to the label and just sits there that there's a chant there that goes on and on until you lift the needle and that the same thing happens on the British "Sgt. Pepper".

Louie Louis  
St. Louis

Dear Louie,  
Yes.

\*\*\*

Uncle -

Within your column you espouse a philosophy of non-committal, ennui, and general know-nothingness. One questions the merits of this stream of unconcern and wonders at the reasons behind publication of such stuvell and poo-bah. I, therefore, would suggest that you either readjust the purpose of your "work" or else replace it with Society news or obits., both of which are easily of more value.

Respectfully,  
F.M.  
Westport

Dear F.M.,  
PTLTLTTL.

\*\*\*

Hey Gil!

Quick! What do you get when you mix seconal with a good jugga ol' Jack Daniels?! Hyuk!  
Lem Dawson  
Lake of the Ozarks

Dear Lem:

Recent scientific studies indicate that the mixture of seconal (a barbituate) and alcohol (a depressant) in sufficient quantities produces the grand and exalted gateway to the netherworld. Some fine people mow the lawns around those parts. You die.

\*\*\*

Dear Uncle Gilbert,

Who has made the most money from recording?

A.F.L.  
North K.C.

Dear A.F.L.,

According to the Guinness Book of records, Bing Crosby. His latest album, "Whiskey Stills" was said to be recorded in back of a Rambler Nash, his voice sounding much as it did when he was Young.

\*\*\*

Dear Uncle Gilbert:

The House of Agape needs a theme song. Any ideas?

J.C.  
Westport

# Vets. Voice

is lush and green, the air - Delta hot, the poverty amongst our black brothers and sisters is extreme. The tempo of white and black conflict there has been rising steadily for the last four years. During that time there has been an obviously improved organization of the black community. Concurrently there has been evidenced a new determination of the white city leaders to take a stand against the black militants.

Most of the houses in Cairo have not been painted for years, and many are falling down. Pyramid Courts is one of six housing projects which are subsidized by the state. Four of the six are black, one is white and one mixed (about three elderly blacks.) Pyramid Courts is only a few blocks from the office of the black action organization called The United Front, and it is six or seven blocks from the police station. The po-

Dear J.C.,

Here's one I used to sing in Sunday School. I don't know who wrote it.

Jesus and Others and You  
What a wonderful way to spell joy  
Jesus and others and you,  
In the life of each girl and each boy,  
J is for Jesus for he has first place.  
O is for Others you meet face to face.  
Y is for You and whatever you do,  
Put yourself last and spell JOY

\*\*\*

Dear Uncle Gil:

Did you know that rats live on no evil star?

Bob Oxo  
Momom, Ks.

Dear Bob,

No, it is opposition.

\*\*\*

Dear Uncle Gilbert:

On a recent trip to L.A., I saw so many people with these weird clothes on. Like, man! One dude I saw was wearing these two-tone wet leather shoes with plaid laces, red courierly belts with pleats, and a shirt that said "Jett's Petting Zoo" on the back! What do you think of nuts that go around looking like that?

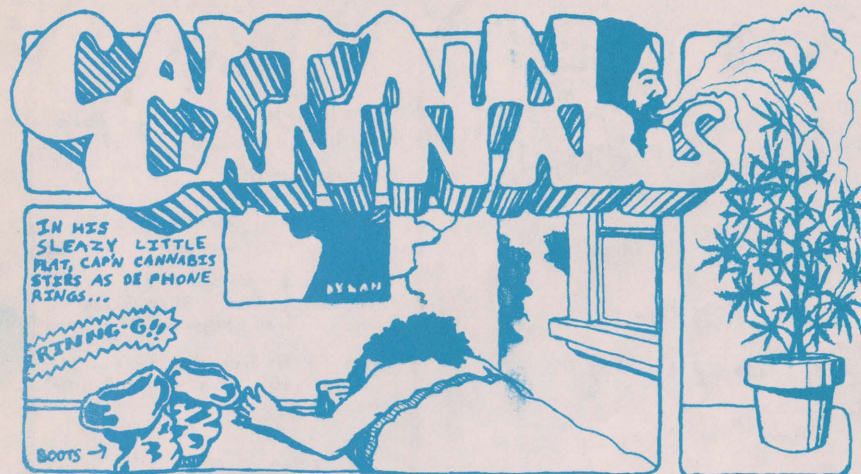
J.O.  
Burbank

Dear J.O.

I think there should be some sort of "Junior Mafia" designed to keep goofballs like that from getting out of line. All they need is to be "learned on" a little bit.

In closing, folks, let me convey to you a wise thought once passed on to me by my grandfather who was a dear soul: "If you fart, belch, and sneeze at the same time, you will die."

Send all correspondence to Uncle Gilbert, 4044 Broadway, Westport, Mo. 64111



STREET DEALERS GET LOC A COPP SELLING TRUCKERS

## EARTH ONION GRAVY

This sauce does not take long to prepare, and is excellent on rice, noodles, bread and most any cooked vegetable.

To 1 pint boiling water, add 2 T. whole or unbleached flour previously diluted in 1/2 cup water. Add 1 T. sesame butter (diluted also in small amount water) and keep stirring. Add one chopped onion, then salt and tamari soy sauce. Cook for 10 minutes. Add chopped parsley when finished if desired.

- 1 C. whole wheat flour
- 1 C. corn meal
- 1/2 C. soy flour
- 1/2 C. whole rye flour
- 1/2 C. rolled oats
- 1 t. salt
- 3 T cold pressed oil

All ingredients available at health food store on 51st street. Combine ingredients except oil. If desired add small amounts of wheat germ and bran, rice polish, brewer's yeast and sweetener (honey, molasses, raw brown sugar). Put some water in a cup then add oil in cup also. Add this to dry mixture, stir until mixed evenly. Add water gradually until you can pick it up and shape dough (a little on the moist side) Place in oiled AND floured bread pan. 7 by 3 1/2 by 2 is ideal size for this loaf. With wet hands, smooth loaf. Bake in 350 degree oven about one hour and twenty minutes Remove from pan immediately.

This bread has a very pleasing taste with all the above ingredients added. It goes well with honey, butter, nut butters, cheese, and is excellent with miso spread.

lice station is about the tallest building in town - five stories. Now, there is a direct firing line from there to the black community. Before, there were old buildings in the way which were torn down by the city for that purpose. The black community in Cairo has been fired on about 174 times in the past 26 months. The last major fire fight was May 29 and lasted about four hours. Sometimes the community returns the fire and sometimes not, depending on the amount. Since the fire fights began, four people have been killed. Almost all of the attacks are from the police and vigilantes (white hats) - they are one and the same at night and consist of strafing with automatic weapons and other types of firearms. It is thought that the police have a .50 cal., but this has not been confirmed. They do, however, have a machine gun.. Weapons specialists have heard tapes of the firing and say it could be .50 cal. or .30 cal. Lately, the police have been firing tear gas rockets into homes. Fairly recently one of these hit a church containing a large amount of clothing that had been shipped in, destroying most of them. The United Front has organized a boycott of about 70% of the white-owned stores which has been 90% effective.

A real sense of solidarity pervades the community. With this solidarity there is still a deep fear among many of the population. Being highly religious (especially amongst the old), many have been reluctant to move from the position that "God will take care of everything eventually". The United Front has been very successful in showing the community, step-by-step, how to help themselves, but the road has been obviously hard.

The United Front has asked Vietnam Veterans Against the War, Inc. to assist them in Cairo. In turn, we are now appealing to the Kansas City community for the following things: (1) to inform friends and groups about Cairo (2) to collect medical supplies, canned foods non-perishables, and dried, clothing, gas masks and money. The target date is July 30, 1971. As the leader of The United Front, Rev. Charles Koen put it, "United we must stand, for survival is at hand"

Forward all inquiries, supplies, etc., to: VIETNAM VETERANS AGAINST THE WAR, Inc. 1840 E 77 Terr., K.C., Mo.,

# Next Time...

squished one way or another, don't expect the train to bat an eye. You gotta look out for yourself. Think through every move and don't try to be what you aren't. If two inches is all you can jump, two inches is all you can jump. Moving boxcars are not for you.

But if you do hop a freight, you'll get to see America from a unique perspective honored in fable and song. I've hitchhiked and rode freight trains all over the country for a few years now, and if it's a long haul, I'd rather grab a boxcar than walk that lonesome mile.

# Wanted

WANTED-- one small, spiffy, light, girls bicycle. Will consider one with mudflaps & raccoon tail. call

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

Used records 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 reincarnate. Doop Doop Di Di Doop I love you. Call and ask for Roger or Tim, but talk to anybody there.

Wanted: Old license plates. See Ron at Toedman Cab, or call. 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 Boogie Band. Call

# Truckin'

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

Couple needs ride to San Francisco. Will help pay expenses, call Robin at

Two people need ride to Montana or Colo. Will share expenses. Call Craig or Jan at

Ride needed to Florida, will share expenses. Call Louie at

Need ride to Cheyenne or Bolder. Kathy,

Male in Southeast Independence needs ride to and from Volker on Sundays. Call after 7pm, ask for young Doug.

# Jobs

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

Bee colony help needed. Learn the earth's most healthful business. Call Clyde after 5:00 at

Sell this paper and earn a dime per copy. Regular dealers sell 500 to 700 Truckers every two weeks. Call or come by 4044 Broadway for more information.

One guy for all-round HANDY-MAN & CLEANUP, 3 hrs. a day, 5 days a week.  
One guy or chick to work 5-7 hrs. a day in RETAIL SALES. Come by the Genuine Article, 2 E. 39th. and ask for Ralph.

# For Sale

Gibson Electric Guitar, priced new at \$500, used very little, will sell cheap,

GUITAR WOOD, maple sides & backs, walnut & ebony fingerboards, well aged, will sell cheap, only \$15. Call, ask for Roger.

EKD BASS guitar, excellent condition, must sell immediately, call Bill at

CLASSICAL guitar, new, \$35. BIRD CAGE, \$2, call Joe at

VIOLIN for sale, \$75, pretty good shape, fine case, call or come by 3621 Charlotte.

DRUM SET, inc. base, high hat, high tom, floor tom, snare, 18" cymbal attached to base, BLUE color, \$150,

GIBSON LES PAUL DELUX, one year old, excellent condition, \$324, Danny,

48" blacklight & fixture for \$15--they're \$25 in most stores. Gibson Fuztone for \$10 they're \$35 new.

Am splitting town soon and need the bread, Joe,

# Bulletin Board

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.

RICKENBACKER Guitar, case, 2 cords, strap, Fender Bender fuzz tone, \$200,

Sofa, Chair, chest draws, stero, and silver ware for sale. All very reasonable,

DRUM SET with standing tom, has everything,

GIBSON S-G STANDARD guitar with hardshell case for sale. Paid \$400 - wants \$250. Call John at

1 aquarium with everything- \$40.00

Anyone who taped the Leon Russell Concert, I would like to have a copy. I have no phone, so please write Curt Roscher, 1016 Ann, K.C., Kans. Have a nice day.

Far out KITTENS for free, 312 E. 40th. Ask for Shelly.

TATOOING, 3409 Troost, 1 to 8 pm. Ask for Jim Hart.

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 Belleview.

HAULING- Get your shit together and we'll truck it.

The wind blows over the mountain. It's here and then it's gone. Trouble not your soul; there are no excuses. The reasons of the insane are in the realm of their delusion. David Darkstranger

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, leave message for John.

Lost Cat, short haired, one yr. old, last around 518 W. 39th. want her back very much,

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.



CROCHETED GOODS - purses, pillows, stash bags, money holders, belts, all kinds of stuff. Give'em to your friends any ole time! Contact Patty at

Gibson Guitar for sale. Bought new for \$500. Will sell cheap,

# Pads

People wanted to share furnished house, utilities inc. 4319 Campbell.

Apt. for rent, \$150 a month, utilities paid, call

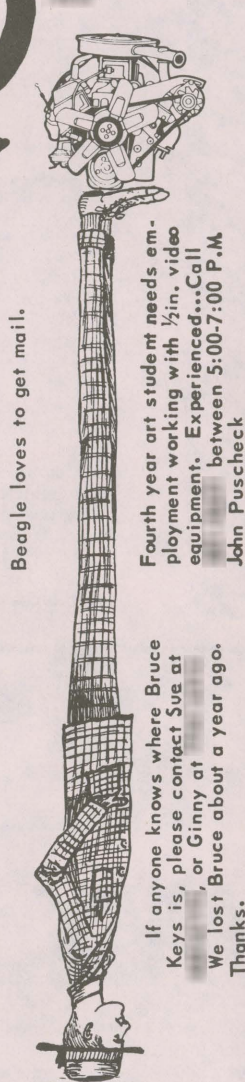
# Brodit-Oixt

Moving and Hauling done, reasonable rates. Dave Jackson, 4014 Baltimore,

Girl needed to help keep house clean, wash clothes, etc. in exchange for room in house, no obligations. Call, ask for Steven.

HAULING, Get your shit together and we'll truck it. Furniture, trash, anything. Call Bob or Mike at

DISCOVERY DAY SCHOOL opens Sept. 7. Two sessions daily, 9-12, & 1-4. Full day sessions available. 4500 Warwick,



Beagle loves to get mail.

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

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

# Wheels

TRIUMPH TR3, just overhalled, everything works, call

1947 DODGE, needs engine work, nice lo king car, \$100, call, or come by 5735 Virginia anytime.

1961 TR 3 sports car--engine recently overhalled, transmission & clutch in fine shape.

1963 VW Bus Window Van for sale at \$400. New motor, 6 good tires, fair body.

1955 CHEVY, 4 door, 6 cyl., good body, \$150. Call

1947 PLYMOUTH, rebuilt engine, recent paint, good interior, tape player, \$1,300, 4332 Troost, ask for Scott.

# Jams

Drummer wants to play blues, or old rythm & blues (Muddy Waters, Bobby Bland). Call Anthony after 6,

Alto Sax & Flute Player wants to join or start rock group. Call Bill at

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

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

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

Bass Player looking for work Draft free, own equipment, ready to traaveo 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,

Bassman & Drummer looking to join or form band, have equipment, can sing, call after 4:30 weekdays,



The Optical Shop is not the average optician's store. We have the largest selection of mind-boggling frames in gold-filled wire and plastic you've ever treated your head to. Frames you can touch and feel. Frames you can try on and love.

At The Optical Shop you will find sunglasses or funglasses or have your ophthalmologist's prescription filled with flawless accuracy.

# The Optical Shop

## unusual eyeglasses

314 Westport Road  
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931-4303  
11:00 AM to 8:00 PM

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**TO JP's**

**WESTPORT & BROADWAY**



NANCY BISHOP

## 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)

## LEGAL AIDS

**VIETNAM INFORMATION CENTER**  
(draft counseling)  
4723 1/2 Troost

**WELFARE RIGHTS ORGANIZATION**  
1821 E. 12th.

**BLACK ACTION TRAINING, INC.**  
(draft counseling)  
2532 Troost Avenue

**LEGAL AIDS**  
1029 Oak (main office)

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

## AID & COMFORT

**WESTPORT FREE CLINIC**  
39th. & Baltimore (Alcazar Hotel)

**BANANA FINCH**  
(craft co-op)  
48th & Harrison

**ABORTION REFERRAL**

**HUMAN RESCUE**  
(crisis intervention service)

**HOUSE OF POOHNEIL CORNERS**  
(runaway home)  
3621 Charlotte

**COMMUNITY FOOD CONSPIRACY**  
3800 McGee

**PLANNED PARENTHOOD**  
3222 Troost

**AZTLAN CENTER**  
2314 Summit

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

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

**MOTHER TRUCKERS UNLIMITED**  
(hauling)

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

## COMMUNICATION

**WESTPORT TRUCKER**  
4044 Broadway

**GIMME SHELTER**  
(newspaper)  
3800 McGee

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

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

**WESTPORT FREE SCHOOL**  
4061 McGee

**KANSAS KEY PRESS**  
(printing)  
710 Mass.  
Lawrence, Kansas



**THE WHOMPER**  
(recycling center, glass, cans, etc.)  
226 E. 26th  
(open Sat. and Tues. only)

**CITIZENS ENVIRONMENTAL  
COUNCIL**  
4500 Warwick

**PAPER RECYCLING**  
4044 Broadway

