

# WESTPORT TRUCKER

25¢



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FARM

BROOKES PAGE BROWNING · Dennis Giangreco

FOR JUNE RICHIE

**Vol. 3 No. 2 Issue No. 51**

**June 30, 1972**



# PARKING COMES FIRST

## ST LUKE'S TO TEAR DOWN MORE DWELLINGS

AMYL NYTRATE

Wedge in between the Plaza and 43rd street, squeezed between St. Luke's hospital and the Southwest Trafficway lies one of Westport's oldest and most endangered neighborhoods.

While not faced by the kind of frontal assault the Kansas City Life Insurance company is making on the Valentine neighborhood, the South Westport neighborhood—home of Westport's black community since the days of the Civil War—is being steadily and quietly eroded by surface parking lots designed to serve the businesses which surround it.

The Board of Zoning Adjustment seems determined to pave the neighborhood. Their latest action granted St. Luke's hospital the right to tear down most of the homes and apartments from 44th Terrace to 45th street between Wornall and Broadway. Excluded were two apartment buildings on the southeast corner of that section. St. Luke's intends to replace the buildings with a 120 car surface parking lot.

The action by the B.Z.A. was taken,

as usual, in secrecy. Mrs. Jean Becker, a Westport resident who makes a point of her eye on the zoning board, was down at city hall for another hearing and just happened to stumble across this one.

Unprepared because the South Westport Action Group of which she is a member had received no advance notice of St. Luke's intentions, she asked the B.Z.A. to hold action until the neighborhood organization could examine St. Luke's plan. No dice.

"We'd been getting regular notice of zoning changes in our area until about a month before this came along," she said. "I don't know if it was collusion or simply human error."

She asked them to consider how many dwelling units they were destroying in order to make room for cars. They didn't care. Parking comes first.

"We've been trying to talk people into building their parking lots up," she said, "instead of tearing homes down to make more surface parking. If the B.Z.A. had granted the delay, we would have had a position to bargain from. But they

left us without any bargaining power." Right now the South Westport neighborhood is at a loss for what to do next. Unless they can talk the B.Z.A. into another hearing on the issue, their only recourse is to take the B.Z.A. to circuit court. But the only evidence the court will hear is that presented at the B.Z.A. hearing-



"And nobody at the hearing presented the true picture of the impact these parking lots have on the neighborhood," Mrs. Becker said.

They are working with the Westport Law Office now.

But it seems only a matter of time until South Westport disappears completely under a sea of concrete and cars.



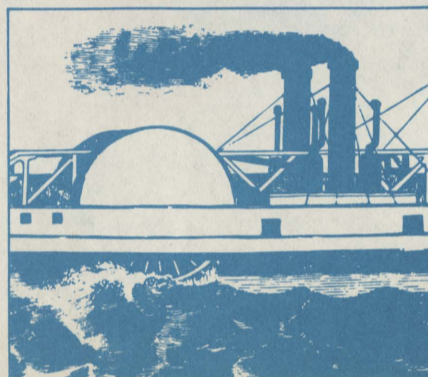
# RIVERFRONT MAKES COMEBACK

DICK ARMSTRONG

River Quay (pronounced either "key" or "kay") is the latest in a series of names that have been used for the settlement that surrounds the present-day City Market, that is from Independence Avenue to Front Street, Wyandotte to Grand. First called Chouteau's Landing early in the nineteenth century, the river port later became Westport Landing, Town of Kansas, and Kansas City.

After the railroads developed into this area's primary mode of transportation about 100 years ago the riverfront

neighborhood began a period of benign atrophy that is only now ending. The landing lost its name to a shopping center at 63rd and Paseo, its freight traffic to Union Station, and watched as Westport, the small community it had outfitted and supplied for decades, matured into the Queen City of mid-America's counter culture. Even the big limestone rock on the river bank that had first prompted the French settlers to come ashore was lifted by some enterprising members of the D.A.R. and removed to a traffic



roundabout in the verdoyant Northeastern section of the city.

The people of River Quay, Inc. are determined to bring the riverfront area back to life. In fact, according to the group's information ombudswoman, Nancy Grove, they "want to revive everything but the muddy streets."

The community, which already includes a saloon, an Italian delicatessen, soup restaurant, antique shop, candle boutique, and the Art Institutes 5th Street gallery, is housed in the old brick store-

fronts along Delaware Street between 3rd and 5th. New concerns like an herb and spice shop, another restaurant, a taxi-drome shop, and an art gallery are busy converting spaces along Walnut, 5th, and Delaware Streets to their needs.

A number of painters now use the old buildings' big lofts as studios, and Stoneface, one of the best jazz groups around, is rehearsing there.

A merchants association consisting of all the residents and proprietors of the area controls neighborhood policy and makes collective decisions as to store hours, exterior decoration, and the like. By limiting investors to those willing to work and live in the immediate vicinity the group hopes to avoid the absentee landlords high prices, chain stores, and quick turn-over of shops that has marred similar old town developments in Chicago, St. Louis, and elsewhere.



ERIC MENN

### PEAK CHECKS SECURITY

Democratic Committeeman Candidate and x-watermelon slicer, Terry Peak, addresses remarks to Spikenard, head of security, at a recent fund raising party held with Democratic Committeewoman Candidate Jacki Polson. The party was held in the spacious back yard of Jacki's home on fashionable Baltimore Avenue. The candidates discussed their programs for the re-vitalization of Democratic Committee positions as information forums, with particular attention to the interests of Westport. The effort was generally termed a success, and future fund raising parties, culminating in a giant block party before the election are planned.

### COPS BUSTED AGAIN

The Temple Sluggers, down 9-11, came back to tie the score 11-11 in the ninth inning of their second game with the K.C. Dispatchers at Volker Park. The score remained tied until the eleventh inning when a base hit by Jimmy Gomaz scored Charlie (Flash) Robie from third to bring home the bacon for the second straight time for the Sluggers. Final score: Temple Sluggers 12-K.C. Dispatchers 11.

### HAVE A PARTY!

Everyone is invited to a party given by Jacki Polson and Terry Peak, candidates for Democratic committeeman and committeewoman of the fourth ward. Refreshments and live entertainment will be provided. Saturday, July 8, at 3684 Pennsylvania. 7:30 PM, 1 dollar donation.

### VOLKER PARK-PEOPLES PARK

The hot summer weather is here and Volker Park with its "more people per sq. inch" than any other park in the city is obviously feeling it. Mother Love is going to start watering the park several mornings a week and is going to need lots of HELP keeping the park from becoming its usual August dust bowl. If you've got some spare energy to lend call [redacted]. Even one morning a week will help.

### FREE YOGA

The Ananda Marga Yoga Society at 5408 Woodland is welcoming anyone to come to the Jagrtii and learn yoga free. Their phone number is [redacted] and this is their schedule:

Sunday 8PM -- Group Meditation - everyone welcome

Monday 7PM -- Philosophy Discussion - everyone welcome

Wednesday 7PM -- Introduction to Yoga - a communiversity class that teaches philosophy, physical exercises, meditation, and vegetarian cooking

Thursday 7PM -- Group Meditation and Asanas - for people that have been doing it for awhile.

### MIGHTY OILY MUDDY

Reporting accidental spills quickly can reduce damage to water quality and aquatic life, the Missouri Clean Water Commission has noted. A poster has been distributed to cooperating agencies giving the emergency phone number and what kind of information is needed. However, agencies can't be everywhere at once, and citizens are asked to help by carrying this number and reporting pollution spills as soon as possible. The number: [redacted]. There must be many polluters of our Blue River; it's grungier than ever this year. Perhaps it's not too late to save it, if the Clean Water Commission could be put hip to who's doing the damage and where. Their address is P.O. Box 154, Jefferson City, Mo. 65101.



# WESTPORT SQUARE

AMYL NYTRATE

The scene at 4:45 p.m. June 22, was the 19th floor of the B.M.A. towers, Over Penn Valley. Windows opened to the north and east. The view was unobstructed. There was the Kaw river valley, bridges and railroad yards clearly visible, and downtown Kansas City with the Liberty Memorial in the foreground. There were two Kemper on the guest register and one former mayor of Kansas City. There were three councilmen and one current mayor. There were the captains of commerce. And there were an exceptional number of tall men.

"My father said," one of them said, "Son, if a man wants to fight you, stand up. If he still wants to fight you, run like hell 'cause he's got some advantage you don't know about."

Also attending were Maureen Maloney and associates and representatives of the Westport Historical Society. There was the president of the Westport Community Council and a member of the Westport Planning Commission. Frank Robinson, president of the Broadway Area Association, was there, too. He regarded the event as the dawn of a new era in the relationship between the Broadway Area Association and the city of Westport.

The event was the joint announcement by the BMA Corporation and Westport Square Development Co. of a new plan for Westport road.

Don Anderson, the 36 year old owner of the Levee, Andy Capps and the Summer whose name was once mentioned in the Whole Earth Catalogue conducted back-to-back briefing sessions—complete with double slide projectors—on the Westport Square concept.

"More than a pocket renaissance for a few blocks," he said, "Westport Square is the cornerstone of a new life-style for Kansas City's inner core with far-reaching effects."

Westport Square is, for sure, the corner of Westport Road and Pennsylvania Street. Anderson and associates will concentrate his first efforts on the south side of Westport Road from Broadway to Mill Street, where the trolley tracks intersect Westport. The first project will be a remarkable restaurant and courtyard drinking establishment and a classic cinema

located in the building north of the alley on the east side of Pennsylvania road-

The buildings between Broadway and Pennsylvania will be retained and refurbished. The parking lot behind the buildings will be converted into a brick pedestrian plaza and some additional building, compatible with existing architecture will be constructed just north of the alley that separates Berbiglia from Wolfburgers.

From Pennsylvania to Mill Street it seems only Mierhoff's will be retained. The others will be torn down and replaced. An off-street parking lot for more than 500 cars is planned for that block, hidden from the street by the new commercial shops.

Anderson plans for the Westport Square complex to house shops for antiques, books, fashions, fabric, handicraft, imports, jewelry, kitchenware and leather goods as well as a cinema, flower stalls art galleries. There will also be a restaurant, a patisserie (pastry shop), a

sports equipment shop, tobacconists and a toy shop.

"The appeal," Anderson said, "is targeted at middle and upper income groups with considerable spendable income and young, educated tastes.

"The idea is distinctly commercial and makes the area a strong and tasteful business district avoiding a plastic exploitation of Westport's history while revealing the area's architectural integrity-

"You can get an inkling of the Westport Square experience," he said, "if you can, in your mind, combine the spontaneity of the Farmers' Market and the elegance of the Plaza, making it exponentially more intense by confining it in an integrated area with subtle, sophisticated control by design."

With funding from BMA, Anderson and his partners, Jack Smith, a lawyer, and Bob Moore, an architect, plan to renovate 12 existing structures and construct several more.



The next issue of the Westport Trucker will contain more facts.



## Boy Guru Spreads Enlightenment

CHERIE BLANKENSHIP

Margaret Dubin: "I had to work like a dog for my own enlightenment. The Saint gives it away, for a slight fee: your soul." - In FLIGHT FOR FANTASY 1971. London.

Did she mean the Satgurudev Shri Ji Maharaj, I wonder? the 14-year-old Buddha from India? Because he has promised to offer enlightenment to everyone on earth. He is the Godhead incarnate, who can open your third eye. He is perfect in every way and he can enlighten on the spot.

I wanted to look around over at the House of Ashram, where his devotees keep a house for him. It is the old Halfway House at 3638 Harrison, where burnt-out junkies and alcoholics used to come to try to sleep it off or get straight and have dinner or just live there. Now, about ten young devotees live there, waiting for their chance to meet the perfect master. They plan to drive to Denver, where he should be the last week in June, perhaps. No one there knew exactly what the master's plans were. They knew he was in New Orleans and they sent him all the money they could get. They have written him, asking him to come to Kansas City. When the Gurudev needs money, he gets it from one of five or six hundred Divine Light Missions in Chicago, Philadelphia, New York, LA, San Francisco, to name just a few in this country. The bulk of his followers live in India.

Maharaj Ji has been touring the world for two years. He was previously in London, where he declared several people Mahatmas. Mahatmas are former devotees gifted by the Holy One with the Knowledge, which they teach to devotees. Rick, at the House of Ashram, told me about his mahatma, and his own life.



He had been a KU student who dropped out and started working in the Vortex and involving himself in political activities in Lawrence. He started taking acid. He told me that he liked it a lot at first and "got into some beautiful religious things" but, later on, as he took more and more of it, he didn't like it any more and began distracting himself with other activities.

A roommate told him about his Mahatma and the Mahatma changed Rick's life. Now he works, devoting himself to keeping the House of Ashram open for the perfect one and his family, his fellow devotees, and people that would like to drop by at 7 every evening to participate in their sat sang, or "holy talks". Leave your shoes on the porch.

Rick showed me innumerable pictures of the perfect one and his holy family: a mother and three brothers, all older than him, and his deceased father's first wife, who lives with them too. His father was the perfect master and on the funeral of his death, Maharaj Ji stood by the casket, eight years old, to announce that there was no need for weeping since "the perfect one is with you always; here I am, my brothers and sisters."

His mother looks proud and happy in these pictures I say. The photo with this article was taken in India. Rick spent some time there visiting the Ashram and seeing the holy master.

I asked Rick if he thought he would spend the rest of his life in service to the Maharaj Ji.

"Before I gained the Knowledge", he said, "I didn't know what I wanted, what I wanted to do, I was unhappy and confused. Now I've got a purpose in life and something to live for." He smiled brightly.



ROLLING STONES AT THE MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM JUNE 22

ERIC MENN



# Judge Rule Against 18-24 Yearolds

In an opinion handed down last week by Circuit Judge Lewis Clymer county legislature candidates Denise Riederer and Charles Shafer III were found ineligible to serve if elected. Clymer held the charter provisions which stipulate different qualifications for the offices of county legislator and those for county executive, sheriff, or prosecutor were not, as alleged by the Riederer-Shafer suit, unconstitutional.

Riederer, age 22, and I, 23, had filed as Democratic candidates in the 1st District-at-large and the 1st District respectively in April only a few days before the filing deadline. We filed in order to challenge what we felt were inconsistent requirements in the charter, namely that by implication (the "registered voter for three years" clause) 18-24 year olds could not run for law-making legislature although they could run for the law-enforcing county sherriff or prosecutor or county executive. Shafer 18 years old and a past president of the Southwest High School student body, filed soon after us as a Democrat in the 4th District-at-Large.

Shafer's father, Charles Shafer II, initiated the petition to the court in order to clarify our ability to assume office should any of the three of survive the August primary and win in November.

The petition cited alleged violations of the Missouri state constitution, Article VII, Sec. 8, which requires one year residency for anyone elected or appointed to any civil or military office in the state. The plaintiffs (Riederer, Shafer, et al.) also mentioned Illinois cases where state legislation had been enacted to change eligibility requirements, an act later declared illegal because it attempted to supercede the state constitution.

Judge Clymer refuted this evidence, "In our situation... the charter provision in question is authorized under the color of the Constitution, rather than a legislative act." He used as an analogous requirement the state provision for representatives to the General Assembly 24 years old, qualified voter for 2 years, and resident of the county wherein lies his district, concluding the

state constitution specifically authorizes such requirements in Article VI, Sec. 18 (a), (b), (c), (d), and (e). "It may be noted that if the 'qualified voter for three years' provision were found to be unconstitutional, then the 'one year residency in the district' requirement would also have to be found unconstitutional in that it exceeds require-

ment of Article VIII, Sec. 8, which requires only that a person be a resident in the state for one year."

Clymer's order added, "It can only be deduced that the language was intended to provide two different results. If the drafters had wanted to accomplish the same purpose they seemingly would have used the same language." The order continued, "The presumptions and conclusions that could result from the previously illustrated discrepancy are in need of clarification. However, this court is not in a position in which to validly consider these matters in that they have not been presented by means of the plaintiffs' petition"

In other words, the Riederer-Shafer petition was addressed to the wrong grievance. Rather than attacking the charter provisions as unconstitutional, it should have been directed at the vari-

ance in implied age restrictions. Unless the case is appealed and the verdict overturned, none of the three "under-age" candidates can assume office next January.

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# Second Chorus:

# I HEAR AMERICA

I hear America Sinking appeared in the Trucker about two months ago, suffering from (1), my own embarrassment at dealing with a subject as vast as "the decline of civilization," and (2), lousy typesetting. Having overcome at least one of those handicaps, I want to add some further notes.

✱

The theme of I HEAR AMERICA SINKING was the confounding alliance between Nixon and all that he represents, and that amorphous group on the left which calls for the destruction of western civilization. The latter's inability to see that western civilization is being destroyed quite adequately by Nixon et al is startling evidence of how successful our political indoctrinators have been in identifying the regime, the government, with the country, and even with civilization.

It is always to the advantage of a particular regime or administration to identify itself with the country and the culture (if this government falls, the country falls; if this government falls, the culture falls). It is a mark of the times that many who oppose the government reveal themselves persuaded by its most self-serving propaganda.

Ortega y Gasset: "Nature is always with us. It is self-supporting. In the forest we can be savage with impunity."

A whole Sears catalogue of consumer goods and services has so conditioned (and created) mass man (mass by virtue of his inertia) that he believes "the civilization into which he has been born is spontaneous and self-supporting as nature. Ipso facto he is changed into primitive man.

For him, civilization is the forest. "The new man wants his motor car and air conditioner and enjoys them, but he believes they are the spontaneous fruit of an Edenic tree. In the depths of his soul he is unaware of the artificial, almost incredible character of civilization, and does not extend his enthusiasm for the instruments to the principles which make them possible."

A popular fear of recent times is the notion that our technology is so adamantly releasing us from the necessity of physical labor that we run the risk of becoming a race of enormously intelligent but slug-like creatures--millions and millions of Arthur Schlisinger Juniors.

Actually, the greater risk is that technology will release a majority not from physical labor, but from intellectual labor, and from the necessity of developing skills for survival. In this case, far from creating super-intellectuals, our technology will create large masses--perhaps a human majority--who know little and can do less--millions and millions of us.

The irony is, of course, that this majority will take their places in the parks and theatres and bars just when the problems facing civilization are most subtle and intricate and demand more complete minds to solve. It is the fundamental flaw in this (and perhaps every other) civilization.

This difficulty is enormously complicated in countries such as our own that operate, albeit erratically, democratically. At precisely the time when the com-



# SINKING

by

David Perkins

plicity of our technology demands subtle minds to control it, we have a dunce in the White House. The crucial point, however, is that he is a representative dunce, he is democracy in action.

The implication of this strains the will to understand of many liberals and radicals, and goes far in explaining their antipathy toward technology. If a complex technology cannot be controlled by a democratically elected average man (which Nixon is, in spades our fundamental democratic and libertarian sentimentality (or perhaps semi-mentality) will not allow us to cast the average man as the villain in the equation.

So what's left? Technology.

In his essay on "The Task of Cultural History" published in 1926, Johan Huizinga noted that our age has a strong need for the concept of rhythm. It is not difficult to imagine that this need for rhythms is a natural enough belief (hope) for people in the kind of straits we are in. Just so, it was hardly surprising that Christians were so successful in making a virtue of suffering, since it was already

an inevitability.

But perhaps we should be surprised to find these concepts or rhythm, cycles, cosmic revolution, cropping up most strongly in the "counter-culture" For all of these concepts are inherently reactionary.

The will to believe that society (as merely a curious extension of the natural world) will heal itself, will exhale, will turn over naturally, is just another expression of civilization as the forest, an expression of (irresponsible) primitivism. It is the ordinary propaganda of do-nothing congresses, Laissez faire administrations, and free enterprise corporations.

These expressions reveal a fundamental tie between many leftists and the ethos of conservative America. As Hannah Arendt has pointed out, the most sought after freedom in America is the freedom from politics, which is ultimately a freedom from involvement in a public world, freedom from responsibility for the forest.

It is possible that freedom from politics is what directs many into the left to begin with. The left is still pariah in America (the serious left, at any rate). Can it have escaped notice that

an advantage of being a pariah is freedom from responsibility for the society that passes the judgement? Regardless of what you say, what you advocate, unless you are in the mainstream, no one really expects you to take care of the riverbed.

Just who is and who is not taking care of the riverbed brings up again the enormous confusion that continually identifies civilization with the most venal institutions among us, for instance, General Motors. For in that General Motors refuses responsibility for the world it occupies it is inimical to civilization: General Motors is nothing but an institutional primitive, and no more represents civilization than does some cretin riding along in a Buick tossing empty beer cans out of a power-driven window.

But many who regard GM as irresponsible also regard THEMSELVES as being in opposition to civilization, because they grow organic foods, make their own clothes, buy and restore used furniture, etc. Of course, it is just exactly such occupations that are the heart of civilization.

Civilization does not demand automobiles or specific instruments of technology. That it does demand, as noted in Ortega's remarks, is a basic principle: the human world will never again be a "forest;" it is a fundamentally artificial world, a garden, and it must be tended.

The objection that eating and growing organic foods, and associated occupations, is "natural," and represents a break with civilization, is only an indication of how much even the critical take their artificial and laboriously developed civilization for granted, how it has become a second nature, easily confused with the first. Rhetorically "dissident," they are trapped again in the conservative American ethos that, in this case, identifies civilization not with the principle of gardening, but with DDT.

From there, it is an easy jump to the conclusion that anything complex is unnatural, as if the natural world in its most fundamental character were not composed of simplicity (the hydrogen atom) and complexity (the neon atom).

With problems of public life growing more intricate, and the number of people equipped to deal with them seriously dwindling, it is no surprise that we are witnessing the reverse of the "suffering as virtue" phenomenon. If what is inevitable can be considered virtuous, than what most of us find impossible can be considered evil.

Enter, with appropriate gusto, the "feel over think" philosophy, as at home in this paper as in the Reader's Digest.

I can't help but think that the apotheosis of this philosophy has been reached with the Nixon administration. They have just been caught trying to bug the offices of the Democratic National Committee. They have spies in every organization of consequence, and in perhaps their most ambitious adventure, have sowed the fields of Southeast Asia with electronic sensors. In short, they've got a feeler into every political Joy box in the world.

And every bit of that incredibly delicate sensory equipment is feeding an enormous amount of stimulus into the solid state mind of Richard M. Nixon. He is feeling up the entire world, but he is still thinking: "I AM the President."





## POT ALMOST FREED IN ANN ARBOR

ANN ARBOR, Mich. (LNS) Possession of marijuana in Ann Arbor city in Michigan is punishable by only a \$5 fine the same as illegal parking.

This advance towards total legalization of the killer weed was made possible by the election victory of two members of the Human Rights Party to Ann Arbor's city council. The two HRP members had originally wanted the maximum fine to be 25 cents but they compromised with four Democratic council members on the \$5 figure. The vote passed by a 6-5 vote with the five Republican council members voting in opposition.



## FUZZ FUDDLE

FUZZ FUDDLE: From the wires of UPI comes this cornucopia of cop confusion: "Police battled a gang of bandits in Southern Thailand Saturday. One bandit was killed. A police spokesman said the battle began when the bandit gang, disguised as policemen, challenged a group of policemen disguised as bandits. Law and Disorder?"



## JUDGE OKs FLAG ON SEAT OF PANTS

BOSTON (LNS) It's no crime to wear a United States flag sewn to the seat of your pants, a US District judge ruled in Boston recently. Judge Levin Campbell said there is such widespread use of the flag on cars, bumpers, jackets, sweaters, coats and elsewhere that it could not be considered a crime to wear it on pants.

Campbell's ruling does not have force of law except in his judicial district. However, there are dozens of similar cases being prosecuted around the country, and Campbell's ruling at least provides a legal precedent for dismissing charges against those who cover their asses with the stars and Stripes.

## ITALIAN PORT CITY WANTS TO BE HAIPHONG'S TWIN

LEGHORN, Italy (LNS) The port of Leghorn wants to become a twin city with the North Vietnamese port of Haiphong to protest US aggression that recently led to the mining of Haiphong's harbor.

A majority of the left-leaning city council voted in late May to ask city of-

officials of Haiphong to agree to a symbolic "twinning" of the two ports.

Many of the world's cities have "twins", most often for ceremonial purposes. Los Angeles has seven, including towns in Africa and Australia.

## "ARE YOU SUFFERING..."

WOULD YOU believe Burt Lancaster doing a telly commercial in which he sits with the six best selling headache tablets and says, "The American Medical Association has found remedies like these to be either irrational, not recommended or unsound." Or Eli Wallach standing next to a hospital saying, "Are you suffering from excess carbon monoxide in your blood or irritation of the upper respiratory system. What are you really suffering from? Car sickness!" Or Rod Serling peeling an apple to the core as he intones, "We've been strip-mining less than 40 years, but we've left a signature on the land that centuries won't erase." Called "counter-commercials", averts like this are being produced by professional plug-makers to be sponsored by protest groups on regular prime-time teevee. So far, the three US networks have refused to accept the efforts for love or money. In return, the



consumers' groups are launching law suits to force the masters of the mass moron machine to run the ads. If they win the commercials could be more informative than the shows.

Which wouldn't be hard!

## THREE YEARS LATER

BERKELEY (UPS) - People's Park is free!

The park officially reopened Monday, May 15, exactly three years after the riots of bloody Thursday in defense of the park. Three years earlier James Rector had been killed; on May 15, the people held a third birthday party.

There were three birthday cakes and lots of people swinging and gardening. Dick York, who had dedicated the park three years ago, was back again to offer a prayer to "restore our earth household".

The park had been liberated the Monday before by people who poured into the streets in rage at Nixon's latest atrocity. After a torchlight parade thru the city, people converged on the park and tore down the fence that had surrounded it for three years.

When they woke up the next morning and found the fence propped back up, they stormed it again. This time they did the job right. Posts were torn down, the "Property of the Regents" plaque was dug up and the asphalt paving was ripped off the ground.

About 200 people tore up the asphalt with their hands, passing chunks of it into the street. The police showed up after an hour had passed, but the people stood firm and the heavy chunks of as-



MICHAEL MALLY

phalt served as a warning for the cops to split. They did. Finally the city sent out a bulldozer to clear off the street.

Elsewhere that night demonstrators trashed the windows of large corporations around the city. One police car was ov-

ertained and burned and the windows on about a dozen others were broken out.

By the next week a lot of work had been done toward restoring the park. Dozens of small gardens were planted, a speakers' platform was built, a firepit and

a pond were dug, a recycling center set up and a "People's Bell" hung on one of the trees.

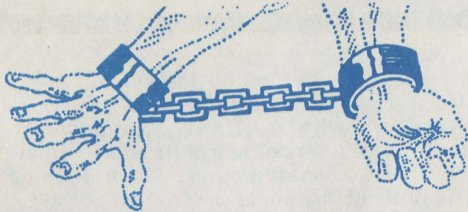
As the Berkeley Barb commented, "It's not just the soil that's blooming these days. It's the spirit too, the soul."



**'HIDDEN COSTS'**

ONE OF the 'hidden costs' of the Angela Davis trial was the several million --\$\$\$ spent by the US Information Agency on a booklet designed to counter charges that she couldn't get a fair trial in America. The counter-propaganda-propaganda was distributed world-wide with special concentration on African countries in the form of a personal tour by its author, USIA Assistant General Council Francis S. Ruddy.

Perversly, one of the themes played on in the book was the way Angela's friends were 'free' to collect up money for her defence!



**SOLEDAD BROTHER TO BE PAROLRD**

SAN QUENTIN, Calif. (UPS) Soledad Brother John Clutchette will be paroled from San Quentin Prison on November 13 in accord with the decision of California's Adult Authority. The Adult Authority makes all decisions concerning the release and parole of prisoners and has a reputation of refusing parole to "political" prisoners. Fortunately, Clutchette had widespread public demonstrations and support for his parole which cast an uncomfortable light on the Authority's normally secretive decisions.

Clutchette, who, along with Fleeta Drumgo and George Jackson, was acquitted earlier this year of charges of murdering a white prison guard.

George Jackson was murdered by prison guards on August 21, last year and Drumgo is still serving a 2-15 year sentence for burglary. He is also facing charges of killing three prison guards following Jackson's murder.



**RAPED WOMEN OUTCAST**

DACCA, Bangladesh (UPS) The Bangladesh government and doctors and health organizations from several foreign countries are attempting to help the over 200,000 women and girls who were systematically raped by Pakistani soldiers during the civil war in Pakistan last year. According to Robert Trumbull of New York Times: "Reports (are) circulating in Dacca that systematic rape was a policy of the occupying army. The object, according to these accounts, was to produce a large number of children with non-Bengali fathers to dilute the prevailing Bengali nationalism." The torture and humiliation of the women did not end with the rapes, but continues today, when the

babies are due and the women are being divorced from their husbands, who are accustomed to live only with women who have never been with another man. Many of the raped women have reportedly committed suicide, others have killed or drowned their babies when they were born those with enough money have gone to Calcutta for abortions and some have come forward for abortions from foreign doctors who are in Bangladesh for that purpose. The doctors say "Almost every rape victim tested had a venereal disease and "The country faces a looming medical problem of huge proportions in coping with venereal disease and the physical damage resulting from village abortions."

**NIXONS' NUTS**



NIXON'S NUTS have been nailed to the wall in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. . . again. The nude, six-foot full-fronter caricature painting by artist John Boase (called The Emperor's New Clothes), had been removed from the New Cloth Art Guild show in reeponse to a hangle of complaints and the resignation of the show's chairwoman. In its place went a sign reading, "In this spot hung an artist's personal statement withdrawn by the actions of a gag-type, unenlightened minority group. (Our sincere apologies to the artist. We like his strength.)" To which thechagrindedchairwoman replied, "We're not a protest group. We're a group trying to raise the standard of local art." To which the guild responded by removing the sign and re-hanging the painting. At last word, re-hanging was still well hung. Which is more than you can say for the original.

**WESTPORT TRUCKER**

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"We callz'em as we seez'em"

**JIM GARRISON FRAMED BY JUSTICE DEPT.**

SAN FRANCISCO—A former investigator for New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison revealed in Vancouver, Canada on May 23 that he had framed Garrison on gambling charges at the direction of the U.S. Justice Department.

P. Gervais said that he has been living in Canada since last July, and since September has been drawing an \$18,000 a year salary for a non-existent job with General Motors in Oshawa, outside Vancouver. The job was given him by the Justice Department, which, according to Gervais, ordered GM to set up the phony job and a false identity for Gervais.

A GM spokesman declined to comment when asked to confirm Gervais' report.

Gervais said he is headed back to the U.S. to "face whatever I have to face."

Jim Garrison, the stormy D.A. who fought the Justice Department's findings in the John Kennedy assassination investigation, was indicted last June, along with two police officers and six other persons, in connection with illegal gambling activities in Louisiana.

Garrison and the others are currently free on bail. Garrison has consistently maintained that he was framed on the gambling charge.

Gervais, Garrison's former aide, admitted in his public confession that he was forced by the Justice Department to trap Garrison. He said that he now is unhappy about his role in the affair and has decided to reveal the truth.

Appearing on a New Orleans TV show, filmed in Vancouver, Gervais stated, "I was forced to work for them—meaning the Justice Department—but more than that I was forced to lie for them."

Asked by the TV interviewer if he "participated in a deliberate frame-up of Jim Garrison" and others "under the direction of the Federal Government," Gervais replied, "Without a doubt—I'm saying that unequivocally."

Gervais then asserted that he would take a polygraph (lie-detector) test to

prove his allegations.

Gervais also said that the Justice Department had guaranteed him \$22,000 a year, tax free, and paid his way to Canada where they had arranged phony employment for him.

In Canada, living under the name of Paul Mason, Gervais was employed as a

field traffic manager for G.M. However, according to Gervais, "I never even had a desk. There was no work involved and I didn't even have to go to the office, but I went in about once a week just because I was bored."

In Vancouver, Les Slimon, zone office manager for G.M., confirmed that a Paul Mason had been employed by the firm and had called recently to announce that he was quitting and returning the company car.

Said Slimon, "He reported in occasionally but there have been a hell of a lot of times when I haven't been able to get hold of him. He hasn't done us a real lot of good here," said Slimon.

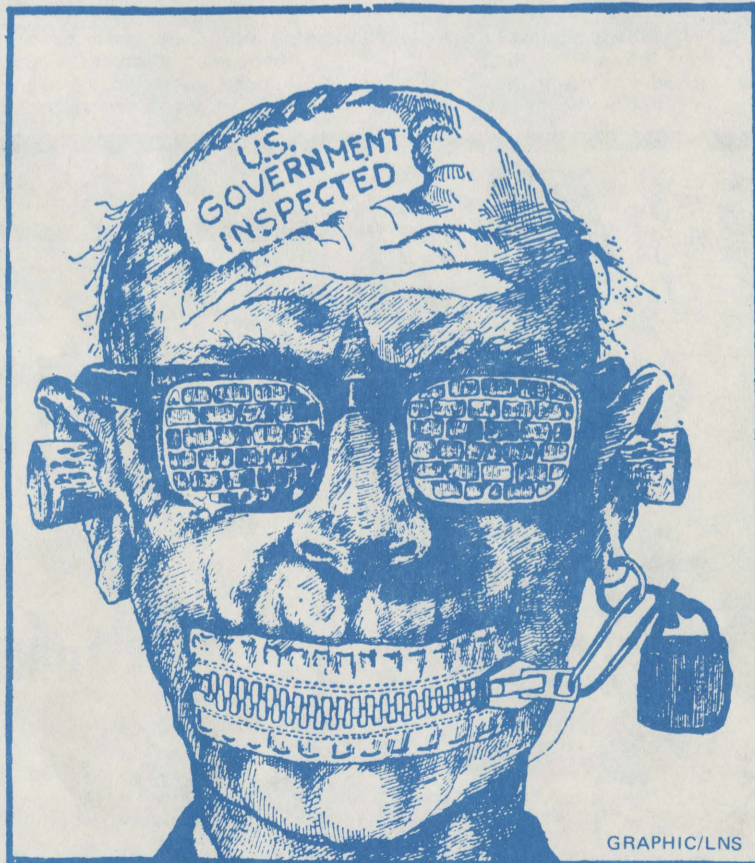
Another G.M. spokesman in Oshawa, R. F. Baker, was asked under what circumstances Gervais had been hired and replied, "I'll have to take the Fifth Amen Amendment on that one."

Gervais said that he received \$4,000 a year tax free from the U.S. Government. He also asserted that the U.S. and Canadian governments had colluded to gain his entry into Canada and to secure his employment at G.M.

The chief spokesman for Garrison in New Orleans told Earth News that Mr. Garrison would make no comment on the incident. "It's a matter between the Justice Department and Mr. Gervais," said the spokesman.

Gervais left Vancouver to travel by car to New Orleans. He was not available for further comment.

—Earth News



GRAPHIC/LNS



# BOOKS \*



CHERIE BLANKENSHIP

## OEDIPUS IN DISNEYLAND

Hercules Molloy.  
Paranoid-Press.  
\$4.95

Hercules Molloy, operating out of Hercules, California, is the Minister of US Propaganda in a department of the international Communist conspiracy. His specific project is to create what he calls

a "homosexual panic" in the lives of millions of American men and women. And reading his seedy expose' of Clark Kents sexual episodes did turn me into a homosexual for the entire time I read the

novel.

He has revealed for the general public that Queen Victoria Regina I wrote ALICE IN WONDERLAND. Not only that, it is a sort of symbolic diary of her innermost sexual secrets. She was so uptight about the populace finding out about her affair with Napoleon III that she cleverly disguised it as ALICE IN WONDERLAND, and had it and later, THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS, published by her son's teacher at a university in Oxford, Charles Dodgson. He agreed to say he wrote it and put a pen name on it (Lewis Carroll) in return for not ever having to worry about a job. The Queen could always get him a fine job.

If all this is true, then the Queen analyzed herself painstakingly and carefully selected symbols like Alice and the Cheshire Cat and the Red Queen to describe her sexual conflicts during the Victorian repression era. She must have also masturbated a great deal. In fact, THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS is about the Queen studying her own cunt in a hand mirror. Is that Victorian?

OEDIPUS IN DISNEYLAND is a novel of Clark Kent's private life, the other side of Superman. He dropped off the Daily Planet, after seeing a psychiatrist for awhile. It is a familiar story. He fled to the Haight during the Summer of Love and got busted and thrown into a Mexican Jail during a dope run. He finds the copy of ALICE there. While his cellmates degrade themselves in the background, Clark carefully analyzes the tale for the studio audience. He had been

freshly stoned for the very first time when he got busted, and he hadn't been fucked for two super-long years, which is why he mistook it for a fuck-book at first.

It is instead a perfect history of Victoria's sexual repressions, anxieties, and guilt. It is a strange lesson for the Victorian girl. Either repress your sexual urges during the "latency period", the ages between six and thirteen, and marry immediately and live morally, or fuck like a madman during those times in childhood while it's still safe. These are the alternatives to getting fucked over by society for unwanted children, etc. Queen Victoria wasn't hip to planned parenthood.

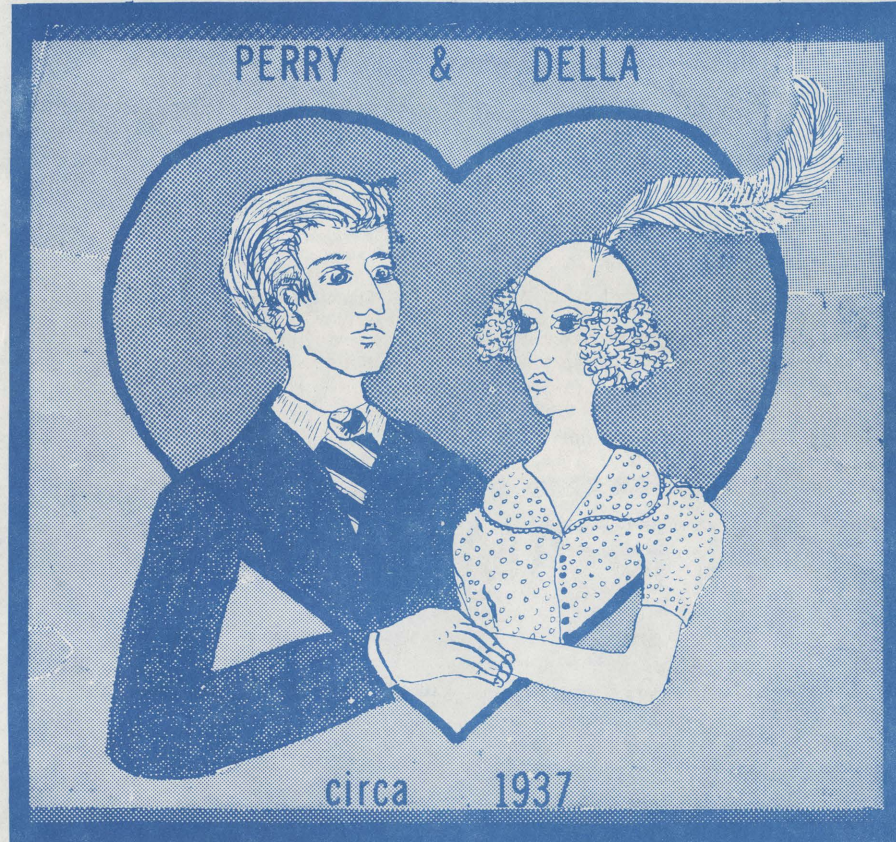
Clark felt very sorry for "Vicky", and when he got thrown out of jail for being insane, he dropped acid and went to Disneyland with Jimmy Olsen. There, in that Donald Duck kiddy dreamland, he discovers the sexual lessons being the lovable Walt Disney characters and the children's stories, which incites him to incite a riot of all the hippies who are hanging around there trying to figure out what happened to the Haight. They murder Micky and Minnie and Donald and the rest and burn down Snow White's fairyland castle and completely trash the rest of the place. Tomorrowland goes up in a puff of smoke, just like tomorrow goes away when you light up a joint.

Maybe the ALICE IN WONDERLAND idea sounds far-fetched or a little sick to you. But Molloy is not the Minister of Propaganda for nothing, and I believe every word of it, even if it was written by a jew commie faggot.

## THE CASE OF THE LAME CANARY

BROCOLLI PRUNE PIT

Undeniably sexist. Definite formula-written mystery novel. Only Erle Stanley Gardner can get away with repeatedly writing such garbage. But there is something about a Perry Mason murder mystery that makes me compulsively read one right after the other. After reading at least thirty, I have yet to find any literary merit. The formula goes thusly: First, a client consults with Perry over some trivial matter that somehow, even though there is yet no mystery connected arouses his interest. Almost always the client is female, has lovely legs, dresses stylishly, and is crying. Usually faithful secretary Della Street scopes out the potential client and informs Perry of her great beauty and shapely legs before he agrees to see her. Perry takes care of the trivial matter for the client, the client leaves and all is well, temporarily. But then, the real guts of the novel begin. This client becomes involved in a murder. At once Perry realizes that the client is going to be charged with the murder and takes appropriate action to keep her away from the police. Sometimes Della plays a role here, by exchanging clothing with the client so she will not be recognized, or offering her apartment as a temporary hide-out. Perry just barely misses being charged with withholding evidence. Next, Paul Drake, private investigator (described as looking "more like a drunken undertaker



than a detective") enters the picture. It is his job to get information for Perry to synthesize in order to clear the client. The only way to clear her is to get a

confession out of the guilty party. This usually happens in a dramatic courtroom witness-stand confession. And the prosecuting attorney is once again humbled

before the genius of Perry.

THE CASE OF THE LAME CANARY first published in 1937, significantly deviates from the above formula. The deviations of the actual mystery plot are not worth mentioning. In fact most of this novel was even worse than other Perry Masons. This is an accomplishment deserving acknowledgement. The anticlimax of LAME CANARY, however, places it right on top of my list of best-loved murder mysteries. After the case was solved, the client free, Perry and Della were embarking on an around the world steamer cruise. During the course of solving the case Della Street came to have some baggage with the initials DM stamped. Della was using this baggage on the cruise. Standing on the steamer's deck, Della and Perry were discussing the improper initials when Della asked if the initials couldn't be erased so that the proper initials, DS, could be substituted. Perry thought that this could not be done easily since the initials were stamped into leather. But never-beaten Perry did come up with a solution. He PROPOSED to Della, because then she would become Della Mason and her new name would fit the initials already on the baggage. Della asked Perry if, as his wife, she could still be his secretary. He said no because he could not give her orders, but said that she wouldn't need to work and could even have her own car. But Della would have no part of Perry hiring another secretary to share with him all the excitement and experiences. She finally stated, "I'd rather share in your life than in your bank room roll." Good for you Della Street.

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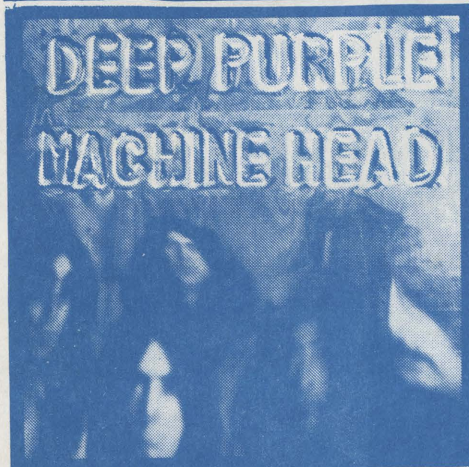
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# SOUNDS \*



## MACHINE HEAD

Deep Purple, Warner Brothers Records, BS 2607

LUTHER GOOSE

It can be said that when Deep Purple kicks ass, they really kick ass. Incredibly DRIVING music, but at the same time they are such fine musicians (especially Blackmore, who must be the most neglected guitarist by the rock press in the solar system) and put such leaping solos over the sheets of energy created by the rest of the band. "Highway Star" is perhaps the all-time Deep Purple song and is absolutely furious. The words should be inscribed on the trunk of a bright orange, jacked up '51 Ford with a 427 and put away in a time capsule for future generations of hot-rod freaks to learn from. Lord's solo does some surprising little bends and turns which constructs a positively SCARY guitar solo

which should go down in history (along with "Machine Gun" by Hendrix and "Jeff's Boogie" by Beck). People who create on this level are pretty crazy.

Unfortunately, Deep Purple does not always manage to maintain this high level; when they play their own style, it can't be beat; but often they let their influences overwhelm them, and you get something like "Maybe I'm a Leo" which sounds like Deep Purple madly trying to sound like Mountain (with a Ray Manzarek piano break)- "Smoke on the Water's" only possible salvation is that the lyrics tell the story of how this album was recorded but; so what? "Never Before" is not quite as bad as the other two just mentioned, but it sure isn't Deep Purple at their best; however, it manages to stay afloat, as does "Space Truckin"

"Lazy," on the other hand, is quite reminiscent of "Hard Road", off the Book of Taliesyn album and can best be described as Deep Purple's interpretation of the blues. They have quite an interesting blues style, and if you overlook the ridiculous words and harp solo, this song is really excellent. They most definitely can play blues but their other influences add quite a unique touch.

"Pictures of Home" is the second best song on the album. It is a very well written song, not quite as good as "Highway Star", but definitely very creative heavy rock, in its own class.

Yes indeed; Deep Purple have definitely got their shit together, but I just wish that they were a bit more consistent. Buy Machine Head, though if you want absolutely the best in heavy rock. I watch for the day when Deep Purple puts out an album with all the cuts on the level of "Highway Star". I think they can do it.



## GOLDEN BUTTER

PAUL BUTTERFIELD BLUES BAND  
Elektra, 7E-2005

LUTHER GOOSE

I really do think that Elektra could have done a bit better on "Golden Butter-The Best of the Paul Butterfield Blues Band", but as it stands now, the album is certainly worth buying. Of course "East-West" is included here, which to me along with "Driftin and Driftin", was the main attraction to buying the album; besides this, however, the whole album stands as a sort of white blues primer.

As to the choice of songs included here, there are some rather bad mistakes the worst being concentrated on side two, which represents the second Butterfield album, "East-West." Instead of "Walking Blues", "Get Out of my Life Woman," and (ugh) "Mary, Mary," Elec-

tra would have been a lot better off to include "The Work Song" and "Two Trains Running," both of which have a lot more quality and presence than the three included here. "Walking Blues" isn't too bad, actually, but it doesn't really cook like it could.

But "East-West" makes up quite easily for what the rest of side two lacks. The guitar playing of Mike Bloomfield on this cut is PERFECT - what else can be said? I would have liked Butterfield to do a bit more than the few simple riffs he threw in here. Not a bad tune for a blues bard from Chicago, to say the least.

The rest of the album manages to hold together fairly well, except I think that "I Got My Mojo Working" off the first album should certainly have been included somewhere. And why in the world should "Love March", which goes absolutely nowhere, be included on a "Best of" album? "Driftin and Driftin" pretty much says it all in the harp department - Butterfield is a master, whatever that means. Nice guitar work in this song too.

If you want a fairly comprehensive look at possibly the best white blues band ever, this album will make you happy. They can, indeed, play the blues.



# Notes of a Dirty Old Man

CHARLES BUKOWSKI

We walked in and our reservation was a nice table over the water and I sat down with her and there were six at the other table and they were all talking at once.

"They've come to see the STONES too," she told me.

The hostess came up. "Look," I said, "can't we get a table to ourselves, I mean, alone? I really don't need the ocean this bad."

"Surely, sir."

Suddenly there was silence at the other table. One of the men at the table made a polite remark about what a son of a bitch I was. The hostess seated us at a table further in the back, but elevated. The ocean was still there.

We had drinks and the lobster dinner. Unlike the people, the lobster dinner was perfect. But we hadn't paid for the people. We finished, got out of there, got in her car and drove toward the ROLLING STONES . . . .

Walking from the parking lot to the auditorium I realized that in order to get the performance down right there were several things I would have to realize. First, that rock had to have its values. It stimulated many people and what stimulated many people could also stimulate me. Just because I preferred classical music needn't make me a classical snob. Areas change, people change. I liked some rock, now and then. I disliked some classical music, now and then. It wasn't the form, then, it was the manner of doing.

Now there was also something else. Seeing a personality or a

world-renowned group could make you accept things as holy and/or arty-worthy, whereas with a less advertised group it might even bore you. Then you have the reverse. Take anybody who has made it to the top. There is always this group of untalented people who affect artistry and who will say, "That's shit, that's shit! I can do better than that!" When, of course, they can't and never will.

To be a good critic is difficult. It would seem to me that it is far more difficult to be a good critic than a good artist . . . .

So I talked in with her and we had seats ten rows from the stage, that's all right, you know, and there I was the oldest person in the building, hahaha. ha. There were little trebles of excitement winging through the air. I tried to grab some of them. I missed.

Four guys in front of us were smoking a joint. There were some attempts at seat-stealing. But it seemed so futile. Every seat was sold. It was the ROLLING STONES.

There was music over the intercom. People had waved at her as we had come in to sit down. Now she had to get up and go a few rows down and talk to some people.

Hell, I thought, don't they know who I am? I am one of the better horseplayers of the world. I almost break even.

She came back. I never worried about her. About other men, about phonecalls, and she got them by the dozens, as I layed in her bed. Or the nights we decided to skip, I didn't worry about them either.

The intercom music was still on. I looked about. There were no empty seats. It was getting hot. Directly over topstage was the upper balcony, which ran all around, but I could view the topstage balcony comfortably, and here was this young blonde in a tight-fitting dress, spangles and beads, she was built like an hourglass, she was sparkling and she was happy and the rhythms fell upon her like a shower of light rain, like blessings, the sound crawled around her and she voluted, but it was not a dance of sex to attract other men, it was a dance of joy, she voluted in joy, and her young man next to her, peering about through a spyglass was also happy, happy with her and with himself and happy with the music . . . .

The front show came on. Three black girls with a definite sense of beat. You had two girls who sang and one girl to fall in love with—the third one, long dark hair, eyes that

threw the searchlights back. You could fall in love with her. I fell in love with her while waiting for the STONES.

Then there was the black strong male type, the garage mechanic type. Might be cruel. Beat his kids. Get drunk on Saturday night. Maybe even Thursday, Smoke shit. Sniff H.

He was all right. He sweated. It was hot under the lights. His best key was a low beat down beat zombie zig. Like a lion trying to roar with his throat cut. But when he got on out he couldn't climb the ladder. He was just a drunken mechanic warbling under an oilchange job. He tried. Being blind didn't help. Maybe it did. He might not have been quite as good seeing everything . . . .

Then he said it: "THE STONES!"

Here he was. Mick Jagger. A little blue star pasted near each eye. An outfit on like your hip spade dude would be wearing tomorrow morning. His joint was showing through his tight hot jism pants, and he was dressed to fuck the world, but basically he had style, the style that

filled with blood, he was the Monster with the inflamed TONSIL, and yet and yet, he was not that much. And I kept telling him do it, do it, kid, it can be done—light us all up I am willing to be lit do it.

He had the energy, this Jagger I had never seen before, he was spartan, he drank little gulps of coke to cool his throat while the U.S.C. football team threw his admirers back up the aisles.

He was good because he still had soul and he was reaching down into what was left of soul and he didn't need Beethoven and he didn't need Bach, he had his own gas and his own leverage and his own way, but he was tiring, it was like a shadow following a shadow to an eternal doom of weariness where it finally didn't matter anymore, and maybe that was wisdom. I kept calling inside for him to come on. I said in-



comes with champions. I liked him right off and at the same time I thought, why does he have to fuck himself up like that?

He was the 'Light, he was the Cross, he was the Cunt and the Cock, he was waves running across snow, the balling in Florida hotels where the sea is pink and green and

side, Mick, forget my delicate little Chopin nocturnes that I listen to in roominghouses while two weeks behind in the rent, with suicide a spider's cunthair away, Mick, show me, show me, show me . . . .

He tried. And he was wonderful. He spilled more blood on that floor than a five thousand man army, but

he didn't make it. He'd been tricked into acceptance, he'd been tricked like they trick every artist. Or almost every artist. The others go into madness or kill themselves.

Mick tried. He tried very well. He did better than anybody watching him could. But it wasn't enough. He was tired. He was too much money in. He was too famous. He sucked at the crowd. He tried to remember how it was when he first worked it. How it was when he was really and purely real. It's difficult, too, it's so difficult. It comes to us and it leaves us. Imagine being the Pied Piper and losing your flute. Yet it happens to all and every. The remainder of us do the best we can. Mick was doing the best he could, which was very good but none of what any of us expected, which was more MIRACLE MIRACLE MIRACLE

He finally took off his leather belt and flogged the floor, playing the sex maniac bit. It wasn't too bad. And at least the words were clear and the meaning it.

(Let's get it all clear. There was only one champion in that place that night and that was Mick Jagger. People like this don't come along easily. Let's give him his money and his fame and his glory, because his glory is our glory no matter how much he laguhs at us in back rooms. You did all right, Mick. I forgive you.)

Then there was the final bit. They were all supposed to go mad and clap. Show biz. The final number.

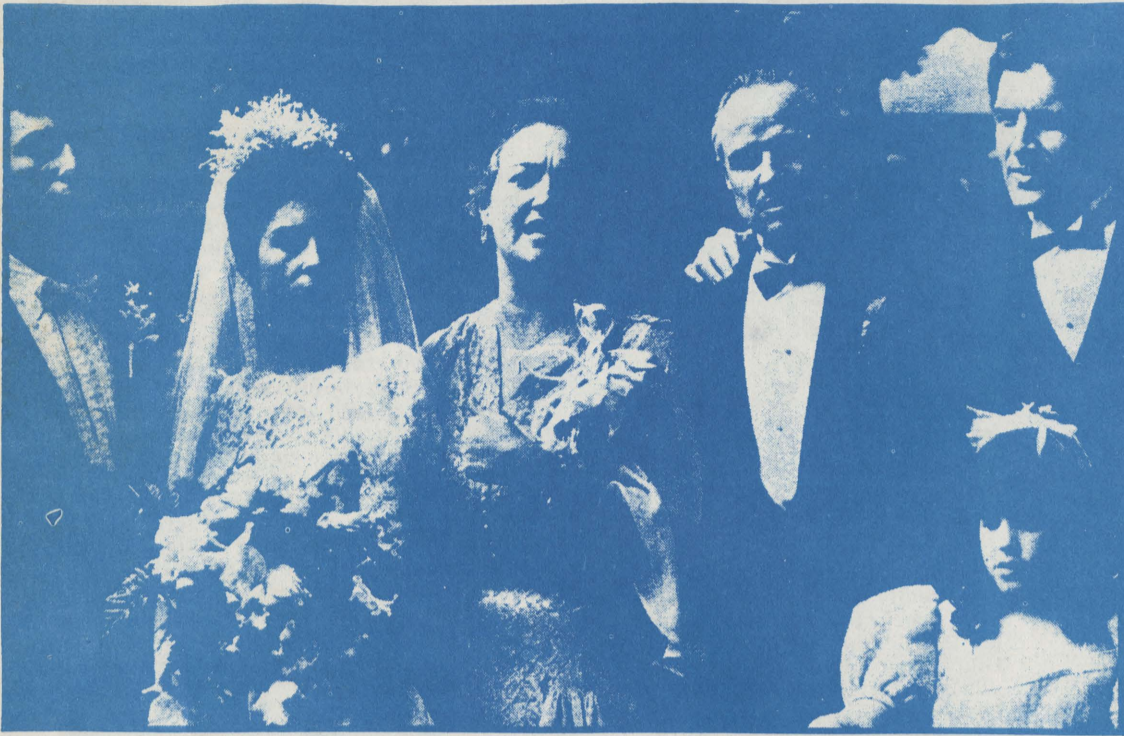
I wanted to be linked to and with all of them. The sound rose like ten thousand motherfucking sparrows masterbating in the dirt. I thought of all the wonderful and terrible things that had happened to me and you and the rest of us, the wars, the sell-outs, the political parties, the old cars rusting and smashed in the junkyards, everything so sad finally unless it's love, unless you can grab a little piece of love, not to say, that's mine but to say, it's nice it's nice it's nice it's nice it's nice . . . .

We went back to the motel and we drank and we talked a long long time, mostly we talked, it was easy. And then she took a shower and I took a shower, and then we made love and then we made love and then me and she made love, and Mick took the next plane out, and we forgot about her and I remembered him and we each remembered many things about our lives, as we will do, and the sea beat up and down against us, and it was really peace at last, and for a classical guy I wanted to tell you what happened the night

Cont. on 13



# FLICKS \*



The Corleone family at the wedding of their daughter (with Brando at the right) in an air of respectability.

Nestled among the car dealerships, artificial lakes, motels and bowling alleys of the heartland, suburban K.C., the Glenwood Theaters have simultaneously served up two of the most bloodsoaked spectacles in this viewer's experience: *The Godfather* and *Macbeth*.

Both flicks ride the crest of the current wave of blood-lust inundating the movie theaters. The super-male fantasies of Shaft, Clint Eastwood, James Bond, James Coburn amuse and appal at first glance. But these two films make some attempts to be taken seriously and should be taken seriously. The problem of violence in the streets is not academic.

Both films are technically outstanding. Slow leisurely pans in *The Godfather* match the bland openness of '50's decor; the big cars, the big board tables, the motel rooms, beige living rooms and *Macbeth* is set where it should be, in a medieval fairy tale Scotland where banners nod sadly over castles and dusk dies in pink and violet. (Hugh F. Hefner, producer, has paid well for authenticity and fine touches.)

The Hollywood producer, however, seldom bets his cash on fine touches alone. The real boxoffice product in both flicks is the detailed technicolor plunge of the knife into vulnerable, terrified flesh.

There are 15 or 20 close-up murders per film. Even Brando's portrayal of the dying lion, Don Vito Corleone, pales beside the incessant murders. Even a youthful energetic interpretation of the warrior, *Macbeth*, just doesn't matter when he straddles the skewered, gurgling Duncan.

Then too, what fun is violence these days without a side order of sex?

The violence in *The Godfather* and *Macbeth* is about the same: male to male conflict based on a stiff code of loyalty and revenge, a code which is always cracking; but the sex is different.

Francis Ford Coppola's *The Godfather* portrays women realistically as servants. (I am falling into the male viewpoint, *Women equal Sex*, because this is the films viewpoint.) Roman Polanski's *Macbeth* portrays women symbolically as nature diseased - Evil. *Daughter of Godfather*

The *Godfather* nonchalantly ignores the possibilities of a feminist interpretation of the Corleone family's violence, (as 99% of the male produced films ignore a feminist interpretation) yet it manages to expose much of the subservience and suffering of women in the Italian-American Patriarchal Family. Thus it gives a beginning of an explanation of the violence tolerated with in "The Family". Friedrich Engels has explained that the origins of class divisions and prejudice begin in the nuclear family where the father has economic, legal, and social control over the mother and children. All of the Corleone women, wives, daughters, daughter-in-law are under near perfect control.

The mother, the Don's "partner" through life appears briefly in just one scene, and is then nearly insensible.

The daughters wedding opens the

movie and is used to highlight a time of peace and prosperity for Corleone. The daughter is the pure, white, virgin bride ignorant of her father's business, her future husband's "interests" and the hollowness of the teenage idol who croons at her wedding.

Later in the film we are treated to the sadistic delight of seeing her, thin and pregnant, being beaten by her husband with his belt. She remains subservient and under the control of her man, and tries to protect him (ineffectively from her brother, Sonny).

The baptism scene is the culmination of the film. Micheal the chosen son, is literally the godfather at the baptism and the director has juxtaposed in a staccato rhythm the "hits" Michael has engineered with the words of the ceremony. The blessing of new life in the dark, organ filled church is contrasted with the carnage committed throughout New York. Perhaps the contrast is not so surprising. The priest is of course a figurehead, totally incapable of impressing his parishioners with the fifth commandment, "Thou shalt not kill." But the church is extremely effective at bringing its women members to church, tucking them into the patriarchal fold of the parish, which can be used to buttress the Patriarchal power of the family and thus effectively rendering the women, the bearers and tenders of the children, totally powerless in family business.

In the last scene Don Micheal Corleone's wife pleads with him to tell her about the family business. Her husband protects her from the facts of drugs, prostitution, and gangland murder. He lies. Women he knows mess up business.

#### Lady Macbeth as Playboy Bunny

The women of the Corleone family may stay uninvolved, but the women in Shakespeare's classic, *Macbeth*, choose to soil their hands.

Lady Macbeth, clear eyed, mature, recourseful, is, in spite of the malignancy of her nature, one of Shakespeare's most powerful women characters. The awe and horror of her complicity in murder is comparable to the child slaying of Medea in Tragic power. Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth is a woman who "unnaturally" possesses a man's determination

## The Godfather & Macbeth

CAROLYN SCINDLER

interpretation are morbidly fascinating.) Remember Judith Anderson's masterly presentation of the pathos of a mind unhinged? Polanski's Lady does the scene in the nude. She looks chilly. Well, she does look nude. Some of Lady Macbeth's most telling lines,

... Come to my woman's breast,  
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers  
... I have given suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,  
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you  
Have done to this.

are cut. Breasts full of milk, the image of Lady Macbeth as: mother as well as mate is not within the scope of Polanski interpretation. He has allowed the character to be cunning. She's a fine little schemer. But she does not frighten, she titillates. Even in death, a cloth tossed over her mangled body, her calves peak out, slim, pink, nubile.

The witches also appear naked. For some reason there is a whole coven of them. Dozens. The weird sisters aren't sexy like Lady Macbeth but are huddled together in a pasty, sweaty, frequently hairless mass that most resembles the underside of a slug. The scene shows a revulsion of female flesh that fits the tone of the entire production. The audience sees nude women as either weak and inviting or old, bitter and disgusting. If Hefner-Polanski-Tynan (Kenneth Tynan of *Oh, Calcutta* co-adapted the script with Polanski) have any awareness of the witch as symbol of women's strength "brewing" outside of a patriarchal society, they obviously show no respect for such a symbol or such rebellion. And consider the addition of a new last scene to the plot. With *Macbeth* slain, or last image is of Donalbain, the new king's brother, approaching the celler of the witches. Presumably he too will be tempted. Polanski's interpretation has the witches cause, rather than foretell, the crimes of *Macbeth*.

continued on following page

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## El Topo

JOHN ARNOLDY

I have just returned from seeing EL TOPO only to read Giles Fowler's menopausely niggling review of it. It is difficult to know how many people still take Fowler seriously (perhaps he is the only one) but it would be a bad joke for anyone to miss the strongest film in town on his TV soaked word.

He claims the film (a first run in Kansas City) is just another New York fad full of borrowed footage from Bunuel and Fellini and much too obscure for any good old KC filmgoer to bother with. Not bothering with EL TOPO, for people who like film, would be like not bothering to fuck for people who want children.

Hogs, mutants, flabby death-whores, slit throats, bullet-riddled bodies, mangled animals and fly covered corpses splash and drop from the screen in a bloody vomit of wretchedness and grace. The film is a Christian myth of torture, self-mutilation, revenge, extreme cruelty and sainthood. Even Bunuel's brutal LAND WITHOUT BREAD and VIRIDIANA present mild imagery compared to the extreme excesses of EL TOPO. EL TOPO is the perfect Mexican (shot in Mexico) hallucination of machismo and the self-tortured Christ. It is a film of manhood produced in a society driven by the sadism of the bull ring and the masochism of the cross. Picasso once noted that the perfect day for a Spanish man consists of Miss in the morning, bull fights in the afternoon and whore houses all night. EL TOPO was hammered together out of these dirt-blunt crucifixions. It is a grisly, Mexican, bone-broken, psychotic Christianity that staggers on mean crutches; furious, murderous and pathetic. Not the flowery catholicism of the French cathedrals or the merciful Lady of the Italian Pieta -EL TOPO is the Christianity of the Auto-de-fe and of Goya. It is also the Christianity of peyote deliriums filled with paranoia, damnation and atonement.

The Miracle of Russian Roulette in EL TOPO ranks with Bunuels most fantastic portraits of fevered spirituality. The film is obscure only in the way that visions witnessed in flames are obscure. It is a trance of meaning so obvious and roaring that it is painful to look at. It is, rather than faddish, ancient.

Maybe Fowler was only pretending to be blind to the film's outrageous importance in order to add a little irony to the dull round of life in Kansas City. After all the film has been around for three or four years and has been extensively reviewed. One advantage of seeing it in Kansas City is the price. EL TOPO played all winter and spring in San Francisco for three and a half bucks. The Vanguard deserves some credit for having the guts to book it in a town that actually produced protestors against HAIR and to charge so little for it. As a last note, the film is also incredibly funny. Everyone who has the nerve (if the movie hadn't been about courage most of the audience would have run into the streets after the first thirty minutes) ought to go down to the Vanguard and throw themselves on the ALTAR OF FUCKED UP.



### CONTINUED

Of all the different types of movies made, it is particularly easy to find distorted and unsympathetic portrayals of women in the he-man movies of violence. But it is still to be hoped that;

(1) women stop being used as sexual sugar frosting films that do not deal with women. (Lawrence of Arabia's all male cast is a notable exception.)

(2) women caught up in subservient roles be treated sympathetically.

(3) and most importantly the sexist roots of violence be at long last exposed. This, I suspect, will not happen until women's involvement in the making of films progresses beyond script girl and starlet.



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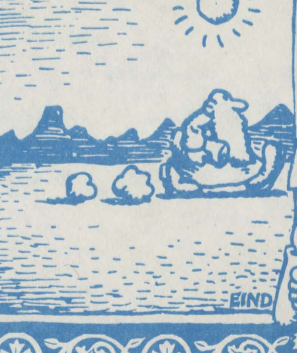
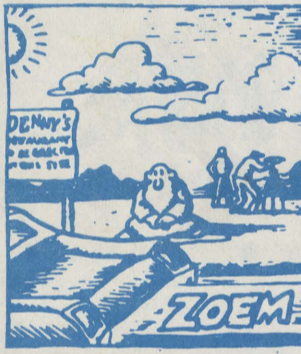
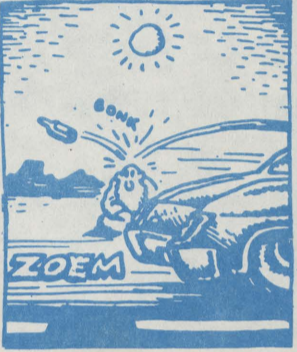
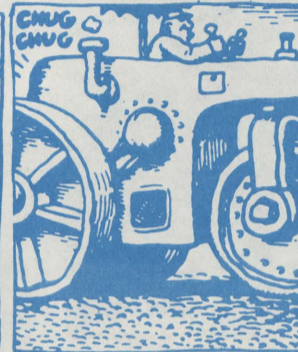


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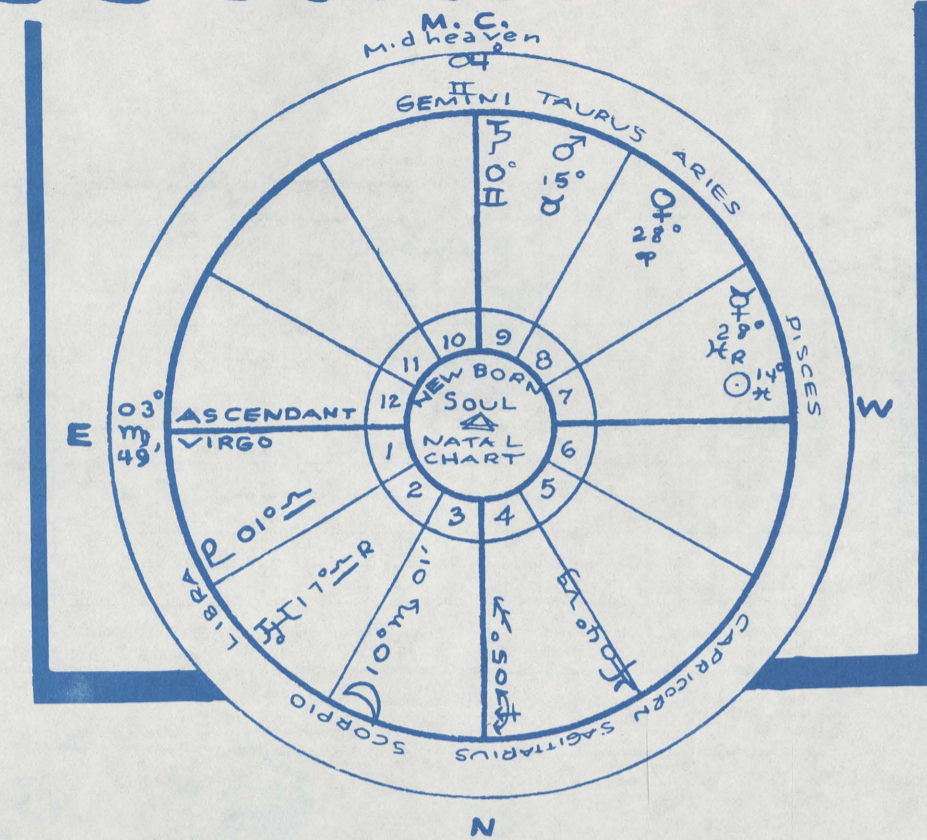
# Celestial NAVIGATION

**WHAT DOES A birthchart reveal?**  
 Most astrologers will claim that the 'shape of the heavens' at the time one enters this plane of consciousness tells something about the qualities and character traits (both positive and tension-producing) that an individual entity will have at his disposal. Viewed in a humanistic and progressive sense even the tension-producing factors between the planets and angles in a nativity are the tools a person will use to adjust to planetary and environmental circumstances later in his or her development.

We have, in this column, a chance to evaluate the nativity of a new baby born in March of this year. It may be important to note that the conditions on the day of birth also reveal a correlation between the stars and world events. Nevertheless, the new-born infant, while reflecting these conditions, will INTERNALIZE them and present them as inner struggle and triumph through the medium of the 'rising sign', in this case, Virgo! Perhaps we might expect a critical attitude toward the body or Self which refines what the entity comes to learn through the inner processes. This is characteristic of 'Virgo ascending' in most cases; also, there will be a tendency to find fault and to psycho-analyze the merit in something. Later we'll discuss EACH rising sign, in depth. Often, 'Virgo ascending' will be a bit on the 'hypochondriac' side: Particular also about what is consumed in the area of nutrition; particular about the clothes and appearance.

In our example chart, we have a baby and nothing more or less than a blank page, so we can't tell where it will go with its celestial endowments. Looking at the birthmap visually for important planetary placements, we see an elevated Saturn (♄) in the first degree of Gemini, the literary and vocal sign; this is a strong indication of a later tendency to be on top of things (Saturn) in the area of relations and communications, and the native's predisposition for expressing the EGO may be through a mental activity. This is confirmed, or repeated in the chart, through the mercurial 'Virgo Ascendant'. But communication won't perhaps, be easy for the entity, in that Saturn is SQUARE or in 90 degree, DIFFICULT relation to the angle mentioned!

There isn't enough space to analyze this entire chart and to include questions from our readers. The Sun is the INDIVIDUALITY which, in this case, shines in the 7th house of relationships, indicating



that the individual can be somewhat 'partnership oriented' in his unfolding. The Sun is in the mutable water-sign, Pisces, along with Mercury (☿), indicating a possible later difficulty in finding SOLIDITY with another; the individual is capable, it would seem, of great intrigue, but deep friendship will be of importance to him, nevertheless.

MUTABILITY is strong in our example chart because each of the subject's angular houses (1st, 4th, 7th, 10th,) is emphasized. While uncertainty is indicated in the entity's progress, there is also the definite POSSIBILITY of religious or spiritual IDEALISM, as noted by the generational placement of 'Neptune in Sagittarius' (♆). The subject's other luminary (Moon) is in Scorpio, in TRINE or 120 degree, favorable aspect to the Sun. The Moon in the 3rd house emphasizes brothers and sisters, and the individual may be jealous of them initially. The tendency in the chart is to be somewhat reserved as a general rule, but the entity will be attuned to himself, knowing his need for partnership of a spiritual kind and, also, his need to find a voice in communications!

QUESTION: "Isn't the moment of CONCEPTION more important than the

moment of actual birth"--M.K.

We wish to thank our readers for showing interest in this fashion. My answer is perhaps far less evaluative than it

could be, and I don't claim to be an authority, but it would seem to me that the child, before birth, has an environment inside the mother's body. While, after birth, the individual comes DIRECTLY under the vibrations of the Sun-force, which is the life-giving principle, not only in astrological theory, but as a matter taken for granted by intelligent life on this planet. Nevertheless, the moment of conception is undoubtedly important in some way. Scientific researchers will use the position of the transiting Moon in its cyclic ratio to the woman's natal Moon to determine fertility, giving us the opportunity of determining a 'moment of conception'.

QUESTION: "Are opposite signs compatible?"--D.B.

Opposite signs, according to my experience, attract!

They may even supplement one another and a compatible ELEMENT is present (Earth-Water/Fire-Air). It probably depends on the quadruplicity the signs represent. For instance, two FIXED signs in opposition may be too 'inflexible' with one another; while two MUTABLE signs could carry the relationship off through 'adjustment' to each other. Nevertheless, this might show as tremendous vasillation and uncertainty in some cases. Traditionally, No!

Please give your enquiries to the WESTPORT TRUCKER!

Stephen

## Notes continued

the STONES came to Long Beach, and after doing her in, in, in, I felt my piece in her mouth and they heard me all along the shore:

"I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU!"

But I wasn't sure whether I was saying it to her or to all the women I've loved, or maybe to all the women I will love or should have loved, how can you tell?

Thanks for coming by, Mick. I admire you. And I admire you for everything you are or could have been. 90,000 temples ring for love or hope or kindness or realism. All our lives are set down to a singing that can never come true.

You sang us some good songs. This is my song back to you.

I get 20 dollars for your, Mick. You mustn't expect too much.

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# June 30 - July 16

**FRI.**

**JUNE 30**  
 New Riders of the Purple Sage and Loggins & Messina-Mem. Hall 7th & Barnett, KCK-8pm-4.50 adv  
 Antigone-Bell Road Barn, Pell Road & Parkville-8pm-2.50  
 Discussion: Property Tax Relief for the Elderly-Main Library, 1211 McGee, Brd. of Ed. Off 1-3pm  
 Murder In the Cathedral-UMKC Playhouse-8:30pm-4.25  
 Film-Action Art Center, 111 W. 5th-9:30pm  
 El Topo and Trash-Vanguard Theater, 4305 Main-7:30 & 12pm 9:45 & 11:50-Both showing through July 4  
 Paintings & Photographs by Barbara Frets and Carter Hamilton Jewish Community Center, 8201 Holmes-through July 2  
 Photos & Paintings by Robert Hayden and Jeanne Ramlow-The Source, 4546 Main-last day  
 Cara Stiles-Nexus Coffee House, 8401 Wornall-8pm-7pm  
 Grand Opening of River Quay-500 Baltimore-7pm

**SAT.**

**JULY 1**  
 Antigone-see June 30  
 Art Exhibit opening-Wild birds in Chinese ink & colors on rice paper-Unity Village Gallery, E. 50 Hwy at Bannister-through July 31  
 Folk Opry-The Foolkiller Theater, 809 E. 31st-8pm  
 River Quay-artists exhibit, 111 W. 5th-through July 23  
 Stoneface-Ebenezer's, 309 Delaware-50¢  
 Cara Stiles-see June 30

**SUN.**

**JULY 2**  
 What the Ensemble-jazz-Maiden America, 18 E. 39th-8pm-1\$  
 Free Bands-Volker Park  
 Murder In The Cathedral-see June 30  
 White Eyes-Nexus Coffee House, 8401 Wornall-8-12pm  
 A Turning Point In Time-KC Museum Planetarium, 3218 Gladstone-1:30, 2:30 & 3:30 thru July 16, Sat & Sun only  
 Opening of Japanese Prints & Screens-Nelson Art Gallery, Main Floor-thru July  
 Norman Vincent Peale-Mun. Aud. 13th & Wyandotte-8pm

**MON.**

**JULY 3**  
 Smokey Robinson & The Miracles Arena at Mun. Aud., 13th & Wyandotte-8pm-\$4.5 & \$6  
 The Bible As The Light And Hope of the World-Imperial Ballroom, Muehlebach Hotel, 12th & Baltimore-1:45-2:45pm  
 Seminar: Thou Shalt Love The Lord Thy God etc.-Imperial Ballroom-3-4pm  
 Seminar: Psycho-Cybernetics-Creative Living-Imperial Ballroom-4:30-5:30

**TUES.**

**JULY 4**  
 What On Earth & The Persistent

Seed-free films-KC Public Library, 311 E. 12th-11:45 & 12:45

Workshop: The Phenomenon of Man-Imperial Ballroom, Muehlebach Hotel, 12th & Baltimore 1:45-1:45  
 1:45-2:45  
 Symposium-Imperial Ballroom-3-4pm  
 Seminar: Depth Methods for New Thought-Imperial Ballroom-4:30-5:30pm

**WED.**

**JULY 5**  
 The Clowns & The Original Dracula-Vanguard Theatre  
 Orientation to the Women's Movement-3800 McGee-7-10pm

Film Action Art Center, 111 W. 5th-9:30pm

**SAT.**

**JULY 8**  
 Folk Opry-see July 1  
 Cat Among the Pigeons-see July 6-4.25  
 Weaving Demonstration-Action Art Ctr., 111 W. 5th-11-2pm

**SUN.**

**JULY 9**  
 Joe Ruddick: Solo-jazz-Maiden America, 18 E. 39th-8pm-1\$  
 Shi-Lites-Music Hall at Mun Aud 13th & Wyandotte-8pm  
 Free Bands-Volker Park

## CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Murder In The Cathedral-see June 30-3.25

John Arnoldy's 27th birthday - cash donations accepted c/o The Trucker  
 Workshop: Brain Wave Training, Creativity & Self-Healing-Imperial Ballroom, Muehlebach Hotel-1:45-2:45pm  
 Special Techniques for Ministers Imperial Ballroom-3pm  
 Symposium-Imperial Ballroom-3-4pm  
 God Loves As Us Today-Imperial Ballroom-4:30-5:30pm

**THURS.**

**JULY 6**  
 Seminar: Women & Work-3800 McGee-7:30-child care provided  
 Cat Among the Pigeons-UMKC Playhouse-8:30pm-3.25  
 Art Show-Jewish Comm. Center, 8201 Holmes-thru Aug. 3  
 What of the Church of Tomorrow Imperial Ballroom Muehlebach Hotel-1:45-2:45pm  
 Symposium-Imperial Ballroom-3-4pm  
 Seminar: Love or Perish-Imperial Ballroom-4:30-5:30pm

**FRI.**

**JULY 7**  
 Rare Earth-Arena at Mun. Aud., 13th & Wyandotte-8pm  
 Uriah Heep and White Trash-Mem Hall, 7th & Barnett, KCK-8pm 4.00 adv.  
 Cat Among the Pigeons-see July 6-4.25

**MON.**

**JULY 10**  
 New Earth Bookstore is having a July sale-1106 E. 47th-used books-10¢

**TUES.**

**JULY 11**  
 Story Hour at Junior Gallery-Nelson Gallery Basement-1-2pm  
 Cat Among the Pigeons-see July 6-3.25  
 Carnes Theatre-freefilms-Main Library, 311 E. 12th-2pm  
 Casablanca-Embassy Theatre  
 Film Series-Plaza-10am-1.50

**WED.**

**JULY 12**  
 Scarecrow In a Garden of Cucumbers-Vanguard Theater  
 Orientation to the Women's Movement-3800 McGee-7-10pm

**THURS.**

**JULY 13**  
 Sonny & Cher-Mun. Aud., 13th & Wyandotte-8pm-\$5.6 & 7  
 Barefoot In the Park-UMKC Playhouse-8:30 pm-3.25

**FRI.**

**JULY 14**  
 Barefoot In the Park-see July 13 4.25

Film-Action Art Center, 111 W. 5th-9:30 pm

**SAT.**

**JULY 15**  
 Badfinger and Cactus & Kindred-Mem. Hall, KCK 8pm-4.50 adv. 5.50 door  
 Folk Opry-see July 1  
 Barefoot In the Park-see July 13 4.25  
 Crafts Demonstration-Action Art Center, 111 W. 5th-1 lam

**SUN.**

**JULY 16**  
 Jazz-Maiden America, 18 E. 39th 8 pm-1\$  
 Barefoot In the Park-UMKC Playhouse 2pm & 8:30 pm-4.25

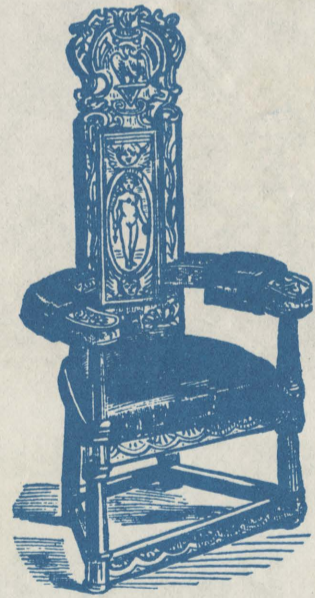
### EXHIBITS

Jewish Community Center, 8201 Holmes: Paintings & Photographs by Barbara Frets and Carter Hamilton-June 30-July 2  
 Unity Village Gallery, E. 50 Hwy at Bannister: Helen Franklin-Wild birds in Chinese ink and colors on rice paper-June 30-July 31  
 River Quay Artists Exhibit, 111 W. 5th, July 1-July 23  
 Nelson Art Gallery: Japanese Prints & Screens-July 2-July 31  
 Jewish Community Center, 8201 Holmes: Art Show-July 6-Aug. 3

### THEATRE

Vanguard Theatre, 4305 Main-El Topo and Trash-June 30-July 4  
 Dracula and The Clowns-July 5-July 12; Scarecrow In a Garden of Cucumbers starts July 12 reg. 1.75 student 1.25  
 The Foolkiller Theater, 809 E. 31-Folk Opry Sat. nights reg. 1.50 children .75 under 6 free

Special advance notice: issue 5 of Harrison Street Review will be on sale July 29 at an all night freak-out in Trozzolo Land (512 Delaware).



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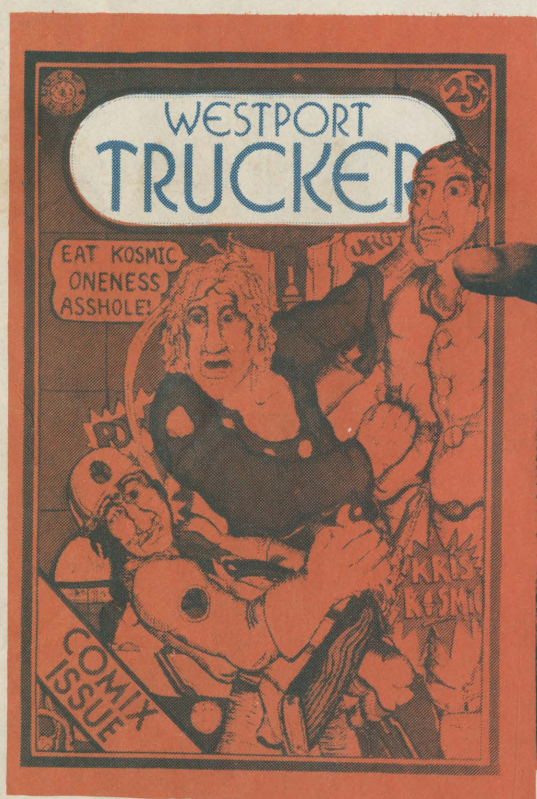
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Arts & Amusement

Volume 3, Number 2, Issue No. 51 of the WESTPORT TRUCKER

PHILYAW



# BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Dan Propper

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

Most people lose control of their bowels when they are struck by bullets. War Heroes and presidents, however, never do.

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

On January 2nd, 1920, 5000 people were arrested by the Department Of Justice "Red Raiders" under the direction of the then Attorney General A. MITCHELL PALMER.

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

A short male elephant can impregnate a tall female elephant by masturbating and then using his trunk as a substitute penis.

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

In 1926 a 17-week general strike by 12000 New York Jewish Furrier Workers began. They formed an unbeatable coalition with Black and Greek workers, and became the first American union to win a five-day, 40-hour week.

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

James Cagney and Errol Flynn both studied at the Bauhaus in their youth.

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

Eleanor Roosevelt and J. Edgar Hoover were secretly Married after the death of F.D.R.

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

On August 17th 1790, George Washington said:

"The government of the United States gives to bigotry no sanction, to persecution no assistance"

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

Silver fish adorn the mountain roads

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

We're not our skin of grime, we're not our dread bleak dusty imageless sunflower, we're beautiful golden sunflowers inside, were blessed by our own seed, and golden hairy naked accomplishment-bodies grow wing into mad black formal sunflowers in the sunset, spied on by our eyes, under the shadow of the Mad Locomotive riverbank sunset 'Frisco hilly tincan evening sitdown vision

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

I am suffering because I am a radical and indeed I AM a radical; I am suffering because I am Italian and indeed I AM Italian I am so convinced to be right, that if you could execute me two times, and if I could be reborn two times, I would live again to do what I have done already

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

Dennis The Menace is really a 32-year-old woman.

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

The Kwakiutl Indians consider spinach-noodles with red hot-sauce, a delicacy.

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

African slaves, chained up in the hold of the slave-ship "Amistad", broke free and seized the ship, and sailed to Montauk Point, New York, in 1839. They were granted freedom by the United States Supreme Court

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

"America The Beautiful" was actually written by

Alexander The Great, but was suppressed for 3000 years.

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

Male Giraffes are born with fully-descended testicles, and in addition, are born with full erections. Also, male rhinoceri are born with fully-descended testicles, male rhinoceri hit the ground running

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

On Columbus Day 1898, striking miners in Illinois drove a trainload of scabs out of the state in a rifle-and-machine-gun battle. No one scabbed in an Illinois miner's strike for the next 25 years

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

In the year 1321, the Duc du Loochitty-Pooch designed and built a submarine constructed entirely of stone, which he subsequently sailed across the Danube River

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

In Dracula's household, Thanksgiving dinner consists of Roast Vulture

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

## THE DOOR

Cherie Blankenship

An old man, your father, awakes from a dream and clicks on the blue nite-lite. He scratches his calf and picks at a long scab on his ankle. The old man is going to die tonight, after he falls back to sleep. The yellow moonlight through the waves of blue Will wash his skin green. There will be no night light in his long death dream: Only pure, blinding blackness.



# A Double Shot of My Baby's Love

David Perkins

For the last six months everything I turned in a review of A CLOCKWORK ORANGE, and every person I talked to was transformed into an exiled New Yorker rhapsodizing over EL TOPO.

I finally got to see both of these "great" movies: EL TOPO on Tuesday night, and A CLOCKWORK ORANGE the next day. I expected it to be the end of the world in stereo. What a surprise to find out that EL TOPO was merely a worthy film, and that the even more highly touted ("brilliant," "best picture of the year," "will shake your deepest convictions," "a real horrorshow") A CLOCKWORK ORANGE was just an entertaining cartoon, right up there with--but no better than--an average Bugs Bunny and Yosemite Sam adventure. Tremendously enjoyable and relaxing, particularly after seeing EL TOPO. Just the thing to get you in the mood for a good meal.

After seeing Clockwork I went home and tried to dig out all those reviews that took it so seriously. I found Fowler's review in the Star, and a review in Atlantic by David Denby. Denby was sensible enough to ridicule the media hype overestimation of the film, but he joined Fowler (or, since his piece was written much earlier, I suspect Fowler joined him) in taking the "nihilism" of the film seriously.

This is really inexplicable. Kubrick is not a serious thinker; he's an incorrigible prankster, a jokester, a one-line ad-libber. CLOCKWORK ORANGE is jammed with outrageous sight jokes and puns and the most incredible coincidences--the stuff of burlesque. Kubrick's tone, and the acting of McDowell as Alex, make it ridiculous to take any "message" in the film seriously.

Really, what a joke. A media hype/multi-million dollar profit fun film like this has critics worrying over their typewriters about NIHILISM. Wow!

Nietzsche must really be groaning. If that isn't evidence of generational degeneration I don't know what is. People have become so goddamn stupid and stuffed with consumer crap that they can't even tell the difference between something as serious (and virtually impossible) as nihilism and something as trivial and commonplace as a wide-screen street punk like Alex.

We are told to marvel at Stanley Kubrick's ability to make us side with Alex against totalitarian conditioning. After all, they say, he is a thug. To state that Kubrick "has forced us into a corner where to stand for humanity (human freedom and moral choice) is to opt for the devil"--Fowler, is to expose the director and the critic as morons. For the impasse of that idea has been the fundamental problem of liberty for as long as man has been civilized. If you have to have that idea forced upon you in a technicolor movie in 1972, it doesn't mean that the movie is brilliant; it means that you're an idiot.

But anyway, except for those realizations (mainly about the movie critics) the movie was a lot of fun. But, really, Stanley, rape in an eighteenth century hall to the tune of Rossini: what does that MEAN? Is it supposed to be ironic? But what do you imagine went on in that hall in the eighteenth century? And do you imagine that the creation of great music (I am thinking more of Beethoven) is somehow compromised by chronic human maliciousness? Really, Stanley, will you never get over the discovery that even your mother had to take a dump once in a while?

\* \* \* \*

While CLOCKWORK ORANGE played to a crowded theatre (even at the 5 o'clock cheapskate twilight hour) EL TOPO flashed and spurted before about ten of us at the Vanguard. A mathematical elitist might suggest that the small audience was testament to the superiority of the film. An unreliable indicator, of course.

EL TOPO is a triptych: EL TOPO as the avenging gunslinger and father-instructor; EL Topo as the fool challenging and "defeating" masters in order to please a woman he has rescued from a Mexican bandit; EL Topo as a reincarnated saint dedicated to freeing a village

of cripples from the prison of their care, only to see them murdered by the nearby townspeople he hoped to unite them with in peace.

There's no use going into the details of the "plot". What might be worth noting, however, are the flaws in the work. EL TOPO is an exhausting film, and about halfway through you realize that your consciousness of the cliché elements in the film, and concentrate and what you came to some--something profound. (There is a comparable exhaustion in watching THE GARDEN OF THE FINZI-CONTINIS, though with that movie there is no payoff.)

From the bullet-drilling stigmata to the literal flight from Egypt with the dwarf on a mule, from the black leather clothes to the low-slung holsters, from the desert S&M trip between the two women following El Topo, to the blood wiped on a pair (they could be anyone's) of tits, it was numbing and unrelenting. Jacob Brackman noted in Esquire that "the film represented a high water mark in Chutzpah." The film's strangeness, of course, rescues it from these cliché symbols and representations. Its eeriness brings TRISTANA to mind, though the lengths to which Jodorowsky has to go to rival Bunuel must be noted.

Occasionally Jodorowsky seems to forget the panels in his triptych, and loses himself in a point, a message. In the scene where the cripples rush down to the town only to be slaughtered, Jodorowsky, as director and as El Topo, rushes after them in a vain effort at interception. He is "tragically" late.

El Topo and the cripples leave the cave at the same time, and with them (so very graphically) crawling and staggering down the road, and El Topo (so bravely and tirelessly) running, it is absurd that the cripples should arrive first.

But El Topo is late only for the sake of the director's point, only for the director's desire to have his audience moan, "Aw, gee, ain't life awful?"

Later in the film, Jodorowsky shows El Topo's son and El Topo's wife, holding the son born to her while El Topo was gushingly dispatching the entire town before expiring himself, mount up to ride away. End of film.

It's remarkable that Jodorowsky was unable to resist this kind of ending, with everyone wiped out but the one; two or three people riding away. It's surprising that he can believe that one CAN merely ride away. And this "the section of the film he called The Apocalypse. NO ONE is going to ride away from that.

But perhaps the central flaw in the movie is the volume of jet-action blood.

One hesitates to bring it up because devotees are apt to say, "See, you're hung up on violence; you only respond to what is superficial about the film."

Well, exactly the opposite is true.

If I can lapse into mind-body dualism for a moment, I tried very hard to see the underlying significance of the film, but my ignorant eyes kept seeing spurting blood. And surely it is absurd to say that precisely what is the identification of the film medium, namely visual impact, is something we are supposed to get beyond. So why is it there? I don't know.

Whatever the reason, it's an artistic failing. And not because of his or mine or anyone else's attitude toward violence. It is simply a matter of wearying--really, becoming de-sensitized--to anything that is witlessly repeated.

But for all its faults, EL TOPO cannot be dismissed; it would be stupid to suggest that it be avoided. As Brackman noted, "I'm a lot more hospitable to flawed, ambitious work--even if it gets incoherent at times--than I am to perfect, inconsequential work."

The incoherence itself is part of the reason I can't dismiss it. I am convinced that Jodorowsky meant something with every scene, every trapping, in his film.

It may be that his images are more interesting than the ideas they are supposed to represent, but the uncomfortable fact is that I don't understand most of the symbolism in EL TOPO.

So Jodorowsky has it over me. His "victory" is one that any intelligent person can have over any other: obscure allusionism is always an easy out. And perhaps his victory is really only the kind that El Topo had over the fourth master in the desert, after which the master could still say, "You lost."



## BLANK O'CLOCK BLUES

Michael Horovitz

...25 past 11  
or 5 to 5? ? ? -

makes little diff  
if you're only 1/2 a-live

- is this jazz  
or is it jive?

i dunno - guess  
i gotta go scive

...someday I'll know -  
guess that day'll come

when I'm good an' dead  
when I'm off the bum

- when I'm really gone  
sounds like this  
'll be my swan-song

- talk 'n singin' the blues  
like Langston Hughes

- adoptin' that tone  
- cheery preach 'n moan

- brush aside pain  
like a trickle o' rain

that cries a stain  
'cross your windowpane

- sing it  
low as it comes  
an' high when it goes

in front a' their eyes  
gettin' higher than highs

an' deeper than spaces  
behind our eyes

- inside our minds  
when we let up the blinds

see it all without fear  
- sing it out to each ear

...25 past 11? -  
i thot it was night

but i couldn' git me  
a bite to sleep

so i kep' right on writin'  
an' writhin' an' ridin' -

a- zoomin' thru clouds like a ZAPoline  
- jumpin' the stars on ma trampoline

of blank-time blues that cain't be seen  
- turnin' grey to sunshine an' old to green

if you're drivin'  
make sure you have  
a car

or you'll find yo'self wonderin'  
jes' where you are

- think you've landed in  
blank-time heaven

- where it's 5 to 5 at  
25 past 11...



# pinball

Magazine is the Westport Trucker's second section of small amusements. James Bateman writes from Iowa City. Dan Proper is author of Fable of the Final Hour. Mike Finley lives in New Mexico, Cherie Blankenship lives in Kansas City, so does David Perkins and Michael Horovitz edits New Departures in London. John Arnoldy edits Pinball

# catalogue

James Bateman

Harry's hand had been resting on the catalogue all along but till now he hadn't really noticed it. When he picked it up Billy turned on the overhead light and Harry read, in big black letters, Hunk's Garments, and beneath that, in smaller letters, Serving You Since 1914. Aside from these few black words, the cover of the catalogue was not black it was brown. There were no pictures or illustrations unless they were brown and then it was brown on brown and so it was just plain brown. It was not the catalogue at all you would have around the house and pick up once in a while and dream about buying things. It was cold and uninviting and it was brown.

Harry turned to the first page. There was a black and white picture of a man sitting at a desk. It was pretty much like any other picture you might see of a man sitting at a desk in a catalogue. The man looked like he'd just said some thing very important, and in one hand he held a pen. He had a round, bald head, frowned with the sincerity, the understanding of a laxative salesman. Beneath this picture said "To Our Customers" and was a message from the president of Hunk's Garments, L. Julius Hunk, the man at the desk. The message, divided into two columns, was subdivided into ten points President Hunk wanted to make very clear. Some of the points made were that the people at Hunk's understood their customers needs and respected them highly, that the people at Hunk's worked hard to give you, the customer, real craftsmanship and that, if you were not one hundred percent satisfied with the quality of your goods, which you had bought from them, your money would be refunded with a smile. The message ended with L. Julius Hunk's signature, the letters L, J, H, bellowing lyrical with ulius and unk scribbled small off the J and H. The only thing that really struck Harry about the picture was that President Hunk was a negro, and it seemed strange to him to see a negro sitting at a desk like that and to read a message that a negro sitting at a desk like that had written.

Harry began leafing through the catalogue, the pages of men women and children modeling Hunk's garments. It seemed odd to him there was something odd about the pictures and, looking at a picture of a man in white shoes modeling a black three-piece suit, he found what it was. It was the way the man's picture seemed developed wrong, the way the man's back looked like it came up over his shoulder.

Harry leafed back over the other pictures in the catalogue, it became obvious that nothing was wrong, it became obvious that each of the models had this. It became obvious too these outfits had been custom made to contour this bulb on the wearer's back. Now these models being different had humps being different. For

instance, there was a little boy modeling a checkered suit with a hump hardly noticeable. The huge humped hunter's in khadis and thermal suits. Most of the pictures fell between. These included women modeling lingerie and outfits for bowling and golf, most of the pictures in men and women's formal wear, and back-to-school wear (kids playing records dancing, drinking Coke).

There was something else wrong with the models, there was something wrong with their faces. They weren't happy. They wore the faces of "before" pictures for scalp disease medication. In the black and white picture of the platter party, they bend down their heads and seem to be squinting from the photographer's light. Over the wall where a record-player was set up you could see humped shadows.

Harry went to the back of the catalogue and found a diagram with a chart on how to take his own measurements. The diagram was male, but the instructions said the same method could be applied to females. Only state your name, sex, custom measurement, and the catalogue number of your order.

Along with the diagram and chart was a strong, recommendation for Hunk's Garments from Dr. Amos Hill, a specialist in abnormal spine development. Like President Hunk, Dr. Hill was a negro, but unlike President Hunk, he played with a stethoscope instead of a pen.

When Harry set the catalogue back down, Billy spoke. Still he wouldn't take his eyes off the road so it was becoming difficult for Harry seeing only that side of his face, to remember what exactly this fellah looked like. Harry wondered if this fellah had even once looked at him. It was like all the Indian wanted to keep in touch with was something just beyond the headlights as they reached out over the plains. "I will be taking them to Los Angeles," Said Billy, "All nine hundred and ninety-nine of them." He paused for a long time but the headlights uncovered nothing new. "Nine hundred and ninety-nine suits," he said "for a bunch of goddamned hunchbacks."

\* \* \* \* \*

They drove on a long time without a word. Harry didn't feel so good, he needed something in his stomach, it was rolling over and over and he thought he was going to be sick. Besides that, he was tired. He curled against the door of the cab with the wheels whirring beneath him, fell to sleep.

He dreamed. He was still on the plain, flat on his back, and Billy Ten-Squat-A-Way had not come along and picked him up. Even though it was dark now and now his face and chest were cold and far above he could see the sky was full of stars, more stars and brighter stars than he'd ever seen, even with that he was full of pain. It came from his

back, like a point had drawn in the sun's head. The sharp sand beneath had slashed open the skin. It started at that point in the center and radiated in delicate stripes to the base of his neck and his shoulders and down to his waist. The stripes went through one layer of his skin at a time and when the skin had been cut through completely, the stripes puckered open and the muscle bloomed out of the wounds like the petals of a huge rose that couldn't be stopped.

His back lifted a little and he turned his head to look around. People had gathered around him, but he couldn't open his mouth. Under the stars, more and brighter than ever, he could make out only a few things about these people. There were women. He couldn't see their faces and he could make out their shapes. Some of them wore gowns and he could see the lines of breasts and thighs. Out of their backs grew glorious flowers which could just barely be seen pressing out against the light fabric of their gowns. Other women dressed as though on their way to very good restaurants, they wore corsages and their humps rose white and round as moons in their silk dresses.

Then there were children, dressed like little sailors or like on their way to Sunday school. Out of their backs poured waterfalls and lily pads. One little girl had a goldfish leaping through her waterfall.

The men stood in tuxedos in the outer ring of the crowd, but Harry could see no more of their humps than the numbers and shapes---spheres, triangles, squares---floating up behind their shoulders from time to time.

\* \* \* \* \*

Somebody was yelling Out the window! Out the window! But Harry couldn't get that window down fast enough, couldn't hold it in, was real sick, even with his hand tight on his mouth it was spraying all over his coat. He let it go through where he cracked the window a little and it flashed out hitting the wind and spraying back over the glass. Real sick, real sick, but better now he thought, you always are you get rid of it.

"Sorry. Maybe if we could stop, get something to eat, I think that's what caused it, not eatin for so long."

He searched his pockets, found a handkerchief, and was wiping off his hands and the front of his coat. Wondered just what the hell he'd eaten last any way, he couldn't remember. Brown, kind of saucy. He pinched a piece of maybe hamburger off his tie and hid it away in the handkerchief.

## JERSEY

Mike Finley

Candy like it break  
it break like candy

candy fur  
too

peppermint and sugar  
candy fur

candy dirt like candy  
break fur