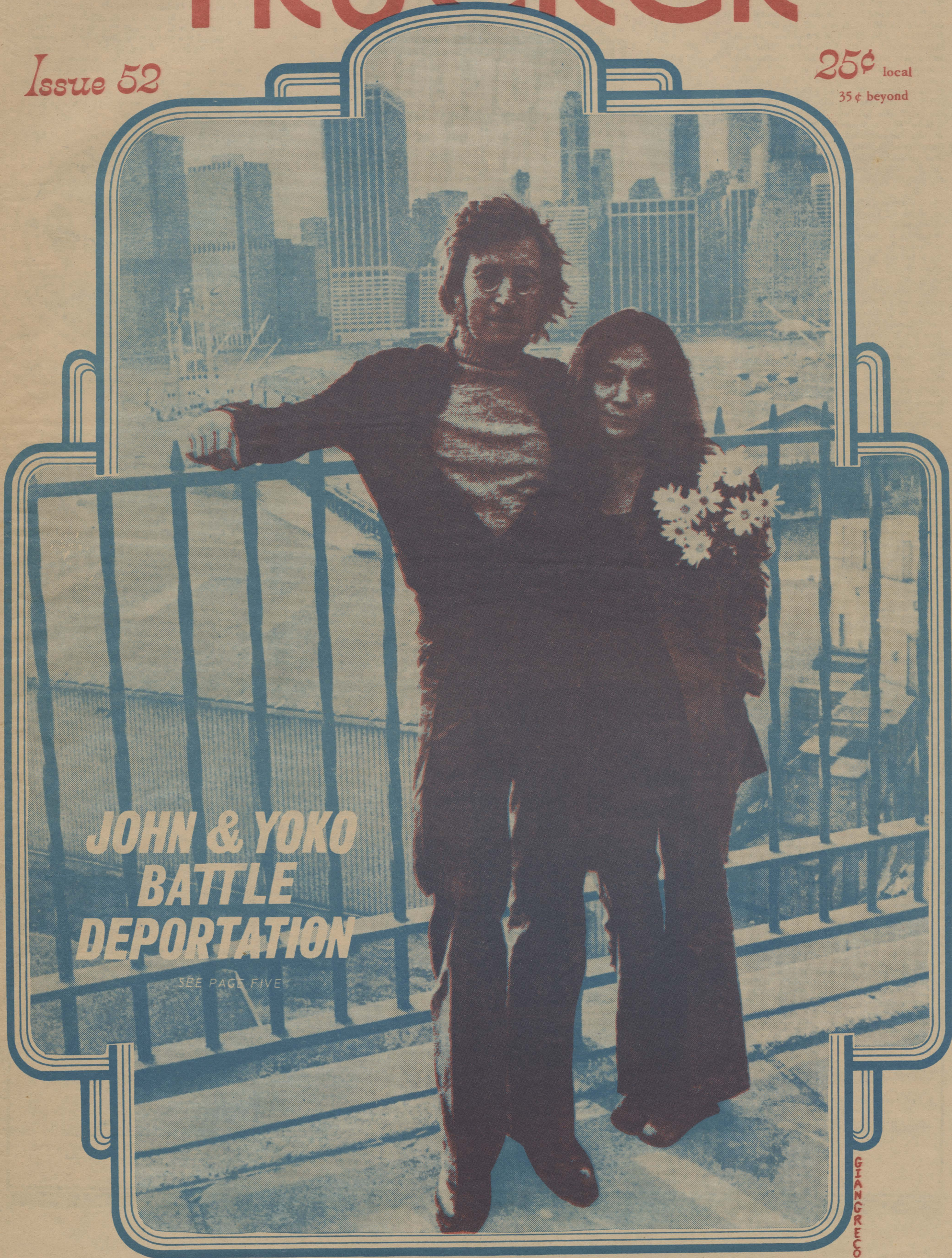


Published by the Mother Love Tribe of Westport

WESTPORT TRUCKER

Issue 52

25¢ local
35¢ beyond



**JOHN & YOKO
BATTLE
DEPORTATION**

SEE PAGE FIVE

SHARON

Sorry there wasn't a Trolley Bones last issue. I find writing slow, tedious work and my two-finger typing isn't terribly conducive to laying out a solid stream of cosmic consciousness. Worse yet, it's four A.M. on a standard Harrison Street night... a cat fight up the block, sirens ripping southward along Troost Street, the slime from some Kraft American cheese I just et making my fingers slip from the keys.

Up until a few minutes ago I was being entertained by a few people talking underneath the street lamp out front. They quietly laughed and smoked a little reefer, talking too low for me to make out any words, then drifted off towards Gillham Park. They were almost out of sight when I heard some more faint laughing and a shout of "the holy sacrament, cannabis sativa!" The day before at the park, a thirteen-year old kid had offered me a righteously filled bowl to take a tok off of while uttering those same words. He grinned a lot too. Ear to ear. He laid a long, fast rap on me (and anyone else within the immediate 15 feet) about the surprising quality of local weed this year and about how he looked forward to mid-August when the female plants start flowering

It never fails to amaze me just how much basic ignorance there still is about marijuana. "Middle America" contains a fantastic number of people with "marijuana leads to heroin addiction" lodged in their brains from over thirty-five years of government propaganda. President's Commission after President's Commission recommends that grass be legalized, the American Medical Association finally states that it is nothing but a harmless substance even the Jackson County Prosecutor's office isn't fucking with marijuana cases, sales as well as possession, any more. Yet, when a guy I know matter-of-factly asks me on the bus, "Say man, I got some pretty decent B grade Mexican and a little local shit. I'm selling both cheap. Know anybody interested?" At least three people gasp and one lady chokes on her doughnut.

Tisk, tisk...

Things are coming along fairly well at Volker Park. Mother Love's watering the grass several mornings a week and it's had a noticeable greening effect. Hippy Hill, the baseball diamond, the treed area west of the fountain, and various other parcels of Volker are going to need almost constant attention if they're to keep from getting burned out by August's heat.

If you've got some spare energy to lend to the park watering, call Even one morning a week will help.

NOTICE TO ROCK BANDS: The Parks and Recreation Dept. of K.C. will now allow bands to LEGALLY drive their equipment on to the park. In a letter to Bruce Ricker, one of Mother Love's law-

yers, they stated that it was cool as long as there was only one equipment vehicle in the park at a time.

In the past six years Mother Love and the rock bands have spent slightly over \$400 on tickets the bands have received transporting their gear.

Got an old desk lying around your house? The Trucker will be more than happy to take it off your hands. Call We'll pick it up.



The TRUCKER will have a tearless reporter at the Republican National Convention in Miami. Watch for more details.

By the way, were you aware that hashish is 100% LEGAL in the state of Virginia?"

Next time you go into the Westport Free Health Clinic, drop whatever change and/or green stuff you can into their donation jar on the little table inside their door. The clinic has been operating on almost no funds since about late June and the soonest a benefit concert can be gotten together is late August. In the meantime...

Something the Berkeley Free Clinic used to do--and I think still does--is re-

cruit street freaks to go out to shopping areas in Berkeley wearing sandwich boards asking for donations to the clinic. The freaks would collect money in jars and keep only 25%, giving the clinic the rest. One weekend night I panhandled approximately \$30 for the Westport clinic, so it CAN be done here too. Maybe some donation jars could be placed in the headshops along 39th Street and Westport Road Road. ???

In a recent letter to police chief, Clarence Kelley, Clay County prosecutor, William S. Brandom, asked for removal of a directive asking police not to file state charges on people busted with less than 35 grams of marijuana. (Lids contain 21 grams although some street lids have as little as 16 per baggie.) The directive was issued by the Jackson County prosecutors office.

The directive, which "shocked" Brandom, does not apply to Clay County which is also patrolled by the K.C.P.D.

Brandom called Jackson County a "sanctuary" for drug users and insisted that his office would continue its repression of grass smokers.

Brandom, if you will remember, is the one who prosecuted Jerry Willis who later got a TWENTY YEAR sentence for his "first offence" possession of the holy weed in 1970. He also busted his son for grass last winter. Uncle Jerry disappeared from the face of the earth" and luckily never served any time. Brandom's son wasn't so lucky.

Have you been noticing a lot of

TRUCKER dealers and head shops (even Quik Trip!) carrying a new paper called the SUN? The SUN is put out by the Rainbow Peoples Party in Ann Arbor, Michigan. Mother Love is distributing the SUN in K.C. and the Rainbow People are getting the TRUCKER to the folks in Ann Arbor. It's more than just a simple exchange of papers. Both the Westport and Ann Arbor communities are going through periods of high energy, cultural advancement. (Cultural advancement!?! Cultural trucking? ...aah, the Rainbow Culture!)

Ann Arbor is a different scene from K.C. The repression level is much higher there than things presently are in Westport. In Michigan, if you don't get heavily organized, you get wiped out--literally! It was there that John Sinclair, chairman of the Rainbow Peoples Party, was sentenced to TEN YEARS for possession of two marijuana cigarettes. It was there that ten thousand people rallied to set him free--AND DID.

Pick up on the SUN. They're at many TRUCKER outlets.



At the Watermelon Festival, K.C. Grits will be unveiling their new hit single, "Good Lord, Bill, look At All Those Spiders."

It's getting on seven o'clock now and my stomach's making food a command performance. It's my morning to water the park, too. So I'll finish up by mentioning that the Harrison Street Review is going to have a gala premier for their new issue at an all night boogie they're throwing Saturday, July 29--ZOOTLAND After Dark. K.C. Grits, Hard Core, Advertisement for a Dream, Joe Ruddick, Ed Toller, and Bob Sebbu will supply the sounds. Anselm Hollo, Seymour Krim, and Dan Propper will read poetry. It should be a pretty strange evening. ZOOTLAND After Dark Saturday, July 29, 512 Delaware (River Quay), 8:30 p.m. till ??? The cost is \$2.00 per person and that includes refreshments.

REMEMBER J DAY
Dennis Giangreco

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Volume 3, Number 3, Issue No. 52

The WESTPORT TRUCKER is published biweekly by the Mother Love Tribe of Westport, Missouri. If you have anything to contribute in the way of art, information, writings, brown rice, etc., bring it down to 4044 Broadway, Kansas City, Missouri, 64111 or call Unsolicited manuscripts and art work that we do not use will be thrown out three weeks after receipt unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Subscription rates are \$5 for 26 issues and \$8 for 52 issues (foreign subscribers should add \$2). The TRUCKER is free to prisoners and overseas servicemen.

Street Dealers can pick up papers at the Silver Cricket, 4044 Broadway, and Love Records, 3909 1/2 Main. TRUCKERS are available to street dealers at 15¢ per copy and/or appropriate collateral. For information regarding retail and wholesale distribution, contact Joint Effort Distribution Co-op, 4419 Harrison, Kansas City, Missouri, 64110.

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"WE CALLZ'EM AS WE SEEZ'EM."

"NOT ANOTHER COSMETIC FACE-LIFT"

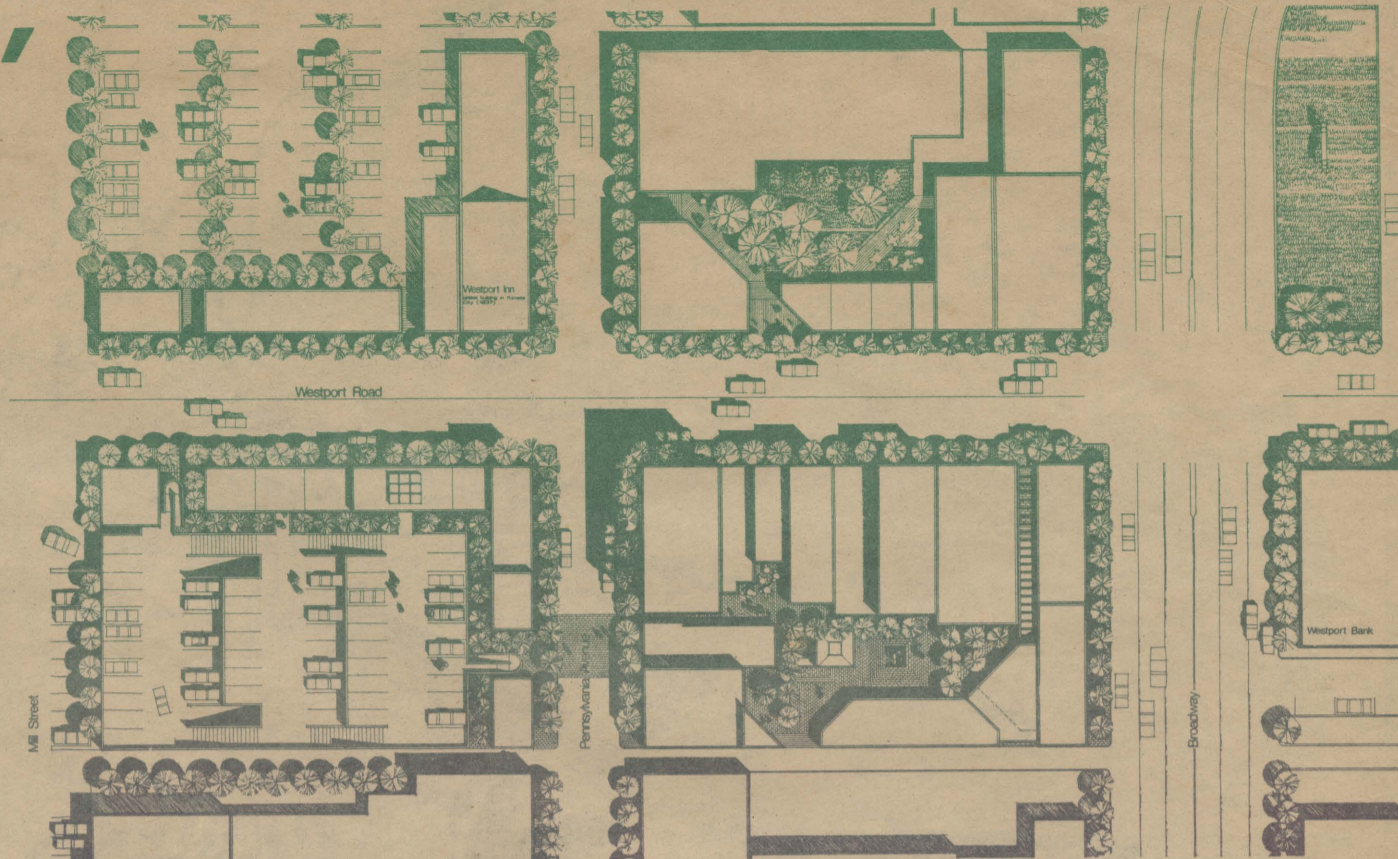
WESTPORT SQUARE

DICK ARMSTRONG

Westport Square, the recently announced commercial cluster situated along Westport Road between Broadway and Mill Street, is not another cosmetic face-lift for Westport. It is a million dollar-plus undertaking aimed at arresting the current demise of the oldest commercial section of Westport and the city.

More, much more, should be gained than lost by the time the project is finished two years hence. The late, beloved Pinball palazzo, presently The Apple, and Red's body shop down the street are in fact the only brick and mortar losses. The Westport Square people, headed by Don Anderson (proprietor of Andy Capp's, The Levee, and Summerdeck), plan to raze The Apple and Red's and clear the back half of the block for a surface parking lot. Although infectious cancers wherever built, this parking lot will be pretty well hidden by a row of shops along Pennsylvania and down Westport Road with Meirhoff's stay-on as a corner keystone.

Workmen have begun the tuck and pointing clean up of the brick storefronts on Pennsylvania and Anderson hopes for an autumnal opening of his "Prospect of Westport" restaurant now a "buildin'" on the east side of Penn. Another opening scheduled for early this fall, is a cinema called the Bijou which will convert a



westport square master plan

space on Westport Rd. now occupied by The Rebel. The Bijou will host 16/35 mm film imports and classics at pre-inflation prices.

Other concerns which will relocate are Comfort Unlimited, Dave's Bar, the Westport Print Shop, the old Berbiglia store

and Bokonon. Most of the displaces will shift to sites further east on Westport across Broadway or up to Main Street. The 1.2.3. leather shop and Birdlamp Co. will continue as tenants in the new square.

The sidewalks on the area's frontage will be replaced by brick paving from the

old stockyards and plane trees, to be planted at luxurious 14 foot intervals. The dismal, Quasi-car lot air of the backyards behind the Broadway-Penn block will be changed as a brick courtyard takes shape there. The stores abutting this court will have front and back entryways.

CONT. ON PAGE 6

FEED BACK

Hey man, what the fuck's happening ???! Everything goes wrong all of a sudden! I sent you Fuckheads a check on March 20 for a renewal of my sub. but I've never recieved any Truckers! Shit! The check went thru March 28 so what's the hassle?

Hacked off!
Janet Stout
K.C.K.

Truckers,

This is my 2nd subscription (really insane) to the Trucker and I think it's really far out-keep up the good work.

Kenan Irwin

P.S. In 1 of the 52 issues would you please send me the old issue with the Badfinger concert advertisement. (My subscription ran out then).

Hello Brothers and Sisters

Reading material that prisoners are able to relate to is hard to find in prisons, so the Westport Trucker was a pleasure to read here in El Reno. As I'm from K.C. and Lawrence it was the first news of what is happening to my friends and home.

I am willing to correspond with anyone interested in hearing about prison life. My other interests are the occult, spiritualism and other cosmic interests.

All letters will be answered as quickly as possible. Pictures and cards can also be sent. I think people on the outside can benefit from communicating with people here as this is the next battleground against the system.

Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness-Free all political Prisoners.

Ron Sircus fl 36645
Box 1500
El Reno, Oklahoma
73036

McGOVERN & MISSOURI

FRANK KUTCHKO

An amazing series of events has transformed Missouri politics into people politics. George McGovern won the Democratic nomination July 12 on the first ballot. The next day he made his choice for Vice-President, Senator Tom Eagleton of Missouri. The vast majority of delegates, the Democratic regulars, and McGovern tried and failed to draft Ted Kennedy. Kennedy said all along he didn't want it for personal reasons but would enthusiastically support a McGovern ticket.

Eagleton describes himself as a moderate-liberal but labels don't hinder his popularity especially around St. Louis. He is a successful campaigner; he has pre-McGovern Democratic support; the black vote in '68 from Kansas City helped win his senate seat and he gets along with organized labor especially the AFL-CIO. One problem is national recognition but Spiro showed that it just takes a little publicity to become a household word. This is not to categorize the two together.

McGovern himself said he was glad he took a little more time with his selection though it meant missing a prime TV audience.

A McGovern-Eagleton victory among other things would mean a vacant senate seat for Governor Hearnes to fill. Since Hearnes' job expires at the end of the year it's possible he might want to be Missouri's next junior senator. Hearnes has opposed McGovern's ideology but then it's been said Missouri politics is peculiar.

But the plot and pot thickens. Kit Bond, state auditor, is running for governor. Bond is a rightish Republican and had a good chance for the Republican nomination in the Primary August 8. But the best laid plans of politicians often... Bus King, another Republican running for Governor, has filed suit against Bond claiming he has not been a state resident for ten years; as required by the Missouri Constitution. If Bond loses in the Courts, as well as

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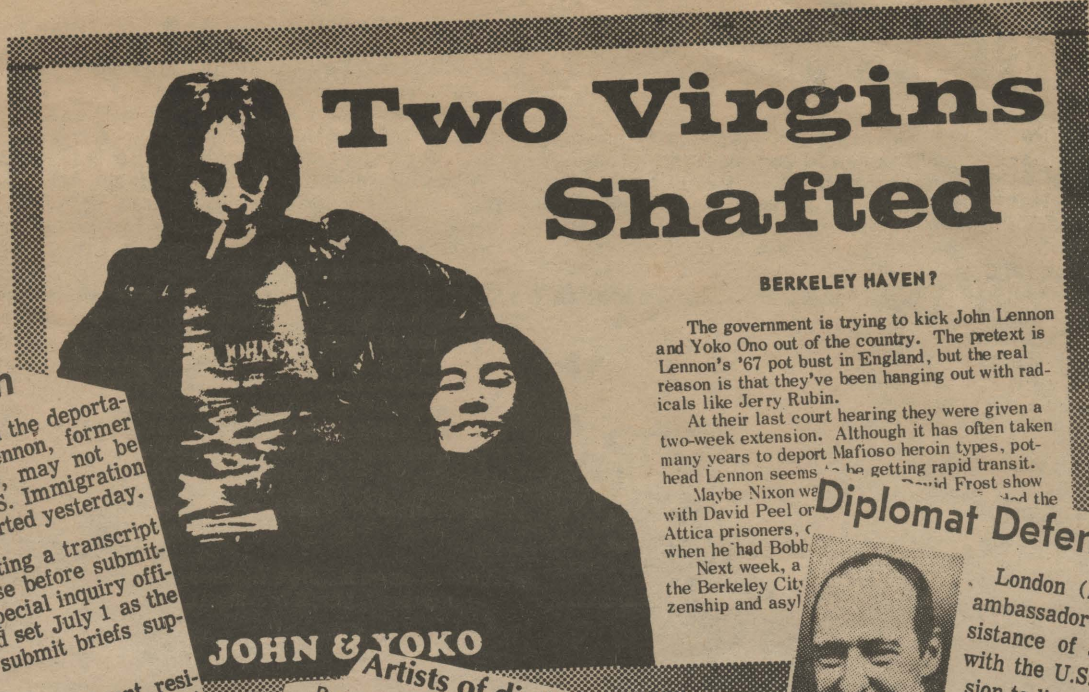
FREE
MARIJUANA

J Day

coming soon



JOHN AND YOKO



Two Virgins Shafted

BERKELEY HAVEN?

The government is trying to kick John Lennon and Yoko Ono out of the country. The pretext is Lennon's '67 pot bust in England, but the real reason is that they've been hanging out with radicals like Jerry Rubin.

At their last court hearing they were given a two-week extension. Although it has often taken many years to deport Mafioso heroin types, pot-head Lennon seems to be getting rapid transit.

Maybe Nixon was with David Peel or Attica prisoners. Next week, a the Berkeley City zenship and asyl

Delay on Lennon Deportation

New York (AP)—A decision in the deportation proceedings against John Lennon, former Beatle, and his wife, Yoko Ono, may not be reached until September, the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service reported yesterday.

The government was awaiting a transcript of a May 17 hearing in the case before submitting its brief. Ira Fieldsteel, special inquiry officer in charge of the case, had set July 1 as the final date for both sides to submit briefs supporting their cases.

The Lennons are seeking permanent residence in the United States but the government has balked over granting residence to Lennon on grounds of a 1968 narcotics conviction in England.



LENNON

JOHN & YOKO

Artists of distinction

Prominent citizens both here and in England have asked Immigration to let them stay. Mayor John V. Lindsay of New York City has termed the deportation proceedings against them an "unusual and harsh action" and stated that "artists of their distinction should be allowed to remain here." Britain's Lord Harlech, ex-amb of fact.

Diplomat Defends John Lennon



LORD HARLECH

London (AP)—Lord Harlech, former British ambassador in Washington, has come to the assistance of John Lennon in his legal wrangle with the U.S. Immigration Service for permission to live in America.

Harlech said recently that he has written to U.S. authorities defending Lennon, the former Beatle. The immigration service has opposed Lennon's application for permanent residence in the U.S. on the grounds of a drug conviction in London in 1968.

Petition For John & Yoko

IN THE BELIEF THAT THE STATURE OF OUR NATION IN INTERNATIONAL OPINION WILL BE ENHANCED BY THE PRESENCE OF JOHN LENNON AND YOKO ONO IN AMERICA;

THAT THE LENNONS MAKE A SINGULAR CULTURAL CONTRIBUTION TO OUR NATION;

THAT IT IS IN THE PUBLIC INTEREST TO HAVE INDIVIDUALS OF INTERNATIONAL ARTISTIC ACCOMPLISHMENT RESIDING IN OUR COUNTRY;

THAT THE HISTORY OF OUR NATION ENCOURAGES INDIVIDUALS CAPABLE OF GREAT CONTRIBUTIONS TO OUR CULTURE TO LIVE AND WORK HERE AND PROMOTES THE FREE EXPRESSION OF THEIR ARTISTRY;

AND IN THE BELIEF THAT THE PRINCIPLES OF OUR CONSTITUTION GUARANTEE AS FUNDAMENTAL PERSONAL RIGHTS THE ENTITLEMENT OF JOHN LENNON AND YOKO ONO TO LIVE AND WORK FREELY IN OUR COUNTRY, I WISH TO PUBLICLY ADD MY NAME TO THOSE WHO OPPOSE THEIR IMPENDING EXPULSION AND WHO SUPPORT THE LEGAL AND LEGISLATIVE STEPS NECESSARY FOR THEIR PERMANENT RESIDENCE IN THE UNITED STATES.

A large rectangular area with horizontal lines for writing names and addresses.

COLLECT AS MANY VALID NAMES AND ADDRESSES AS YOU CAN AND MAIL TO JUSTICE FOR JOHN AND YOKO COMMITTEE 5508 NEOSHO LANE FAIRWAY KANSAS 66205 PETITIONS WILL BE MAILED TO NEW YORK JULY 30.
 AFTER JULY 30, MAIL TO BOX 693 RADIO CITY STA. NEW YORK NY 10019

McGOVERN

CONTINUED.

not being Governor, he may even be dumped out of the Auditor's job. A scandal now may cost the Republicans their only other state office, Attorney General held by Jack Danforth of Ralston-Purina fame.

But Democrat scandals in the last few years have caused a loss of confidence in government among voters. A strong ticket could easily win traditional Democratic Missouri. A weak ticket of special interest hacks could give

Mr. Nixon Missouri again like in '68. Earl Blackwell, running for governor is so conservative he won't endorse McGovern-Eagleton. His only real issue is tax reform and his program is considered nonsense by most people who know anything about it. The Treasurer's office invests state money in banks which often contribute to candidates. Lucky Cantrell, a candidate, has yet to declare he will refuse such contributions. Cantrell also sponsored in 1970 a bill requiring Missouri students to sign a loyalty oath. The Bill-board lobby and the Highway lobby also get their way in one of the worst state legislatures. Corrupt legislators who get away with malfeasance behind closed doors, have also opposed all attempts to make any government meeting open to the public.

But Missouri does have several political stars who could win. Jackson County's Harry Wiggins is one of the most honest politicians around. He ran for Treasurer but dropped out due to lack of funds while refusing contributions from banks. Since then Larry Carp has made the most obvious appeal for the youth vote with the hardest effort to divorce the Treasurer's office from favored banks. Assuming Bond is kicked out of the Auditor's office, a sensitive and important state office needing someone with integrity would be available. Judge Wiggins could be a very strong candidate for it. Jack Schramm is one of the best state legislators anywhere and is running for

Lt. Governor. His specialty has been environmental legislation and he has authorized bills that would help clean up Missouri. Dowd, Morris and Teasdale will be fighting it out for Governor for the Democrats.

A McGovern-Eagleton-Schramm-Carp-Wiggins ticket would be hard to stop, and would perhaps bring Missouri government to the 20th Century. I would suggest another slogan for this campaign rather than "Come Home America". It's not original, catchy or short. The State Motto: The Welfare of the People Shall be the Supreme Law.

FACE - LIFT CONTINUED

Anderson has reiterated that the project is not an attempt to recreate old Westport--"it will not be Williamsburg or Dodge City" he says. Instead, his group intends to use good design to blend old and new in hopes of fostering an interesting rather than preserved quarter.

HOT TOWN - Survival in the City



***It's very hot and there are lots of mosquitoes, so bring suntan lotion and mosquito repellent. The hot sun makes it impossible to walk around barefoot, so bring comfortable sturdy shoes to do a lot of walking/running.

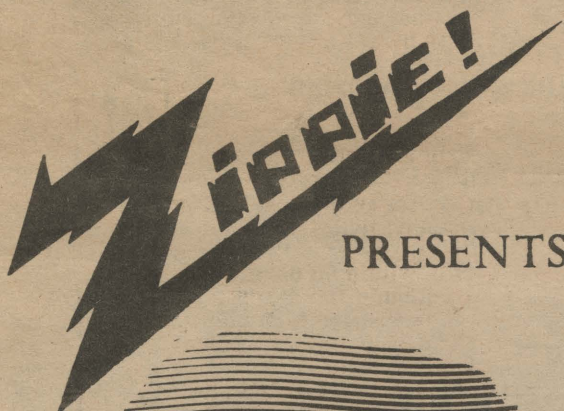
***Bring desalination tablets (commonly known as salt tablets) for cases when you can't get drinking water. Bring enough for your whole stay and enough to give out to people who won't be prepared for the heat.

***Hitchhiking is illegal on the Turnpike that runs north to south through the state--and the law is enforced. So if you're planning to hitch down to Miami, you should probably take other highways down to avoid the Highway Patrol.

***Transportation is a big hassle in Dade County. There are only 378 buses to serve the whole of Miami and the Beach, and exact change--30 cents, plus nickels for extra zones are required in some areas. The city is laid out with a pattern (unlike Atlanta), so it's fairly easy to get around once you learn the major intersections.

***The best public beaches are probably Haulover (about 10 miles north of the Convention Hall in Miami Beach), the ones by Lummus Park, about a mile from the Hall, South Beach just by Lummus, and Crandon Park, on Key Biscayne.

-compiled from Ins the great speckled bird



MIGHTIEST SPECTACLE EVER!

AUG. 21-24



STARRING

BE THERE!

YOU & YOUR FRIENDS

BE THERE!

"ONE OF THE BEST EVER!"
—Justin Gilbert, Mirror

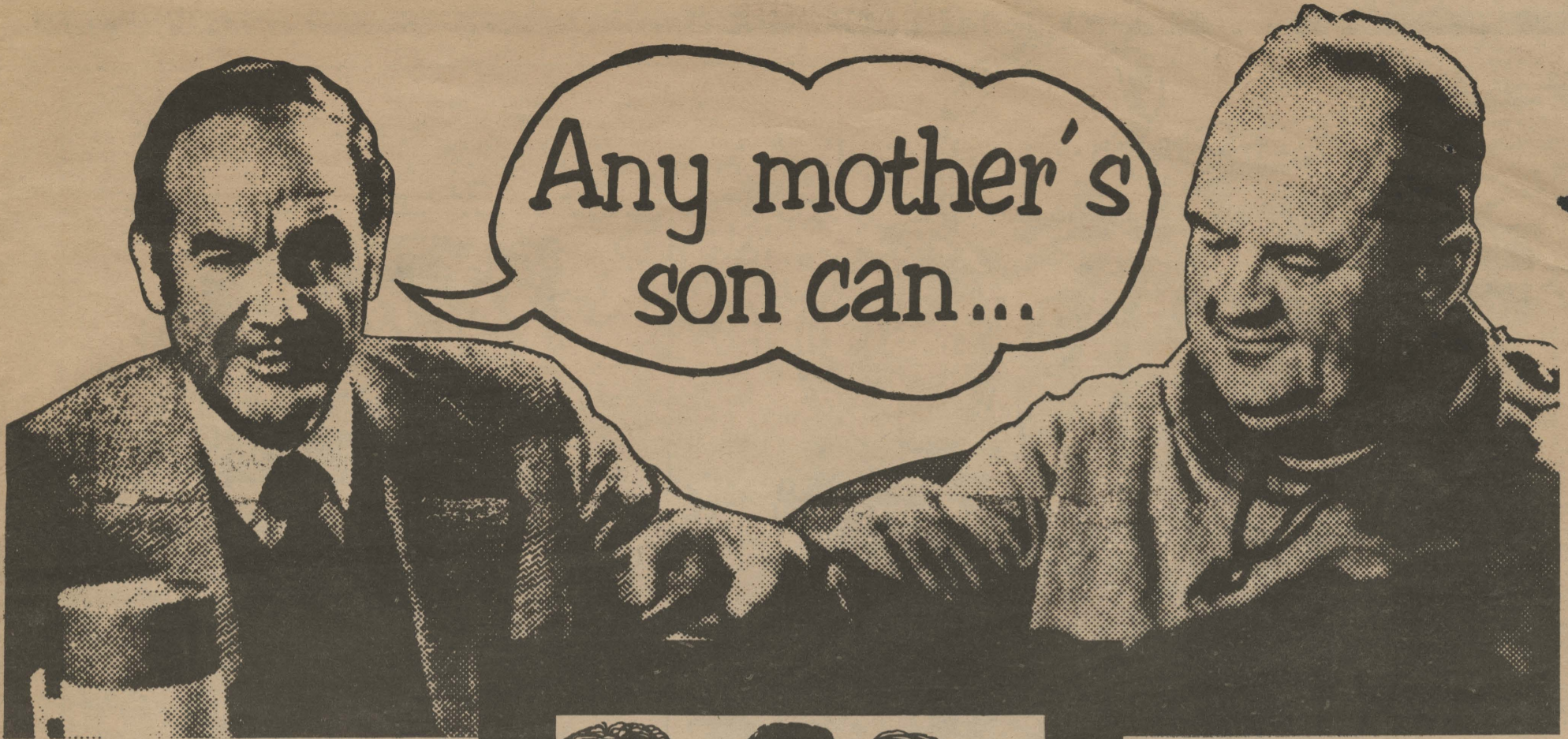
SAVAGE SPECTACLE! DEDICATED LOVE!
All The Sights And Sounds Of The Most Sensational Age The World Has Ever Known!

SPECIAL YOUTH SHOWS!
"A WHALE" THEATRE
—Time Magazine
Experience Of A Lifetime

A BLOCKBUSTER!
—Bosley Crowther, N.Y. Times
"Pictorially Impressive!"
Newsweek
HURRY, HURRY!
SPECIAL YOUTH PERFORMANCE

MIGHTIEST SPECTACLE OF MAMMOTH SPLENDOR
A HEROIC CHAPTER IN JEWISH HISTORY

"MASTERFUL! SUPERIOR! FABULOUS!"
—Christian Science Monitor



Good Times News Service-Miami Beach-

If the Democratic Convention proved anything, it was that the left has more cracks than the San Andreas Fault. And the task facing presidential candidate George McGovern is to somehow shore up these differences before the quake can strike.

Yippies, Zippies, civil righters, women's liberators, gay liberators, liberals, trade unionists, radicals, all got together in varying combinations under the steamy Miami sun to berate and argue and cajole each other. In the end, no one was quite satisfied, but then, given such a wide variation, how could they have been?

The most satisfied, of course, were those who wanted more than anything for McGovern to come out the nominee. They did what they were told, they played the old political games, especially on the curcial parliamen tary question that arose about adding more women to the South Carolina delegation, and they got their man in. And immediately the South Dakota senator started vacillating a little on total withdrawal from S.E. Asia trying to pry a few votes from the center. He found out quickl; his backers wouldn't go for it, so he dropped it.

It was an unconventional convention. Such unprecedented things happened as admitted lesbians and male homosexuals addressing the convention and the nation via TV and speaking up for gay rights. Mayor Daley of Chicago, the villian of the convention 4 years ago, tried to muscle out a rival rad-lib delegation and found he no loneer had the strength. More than 80% of the delegates had never been to a convention before. But you couldn't tell it from the platform, which wound up



McGovern makes secret pact with freaks

being the same pasty liberal document the Democrats have been offering for years. Still, some strong alternative planks were offered, and some received a lot of votes. Change is definitely in the air, if not yet on the ground.

Meanwhile, out in the streets, Miami

took it easy on the demonstrators. There were few arrests. Flamingo Park was provided for camping, with a swimming pool open 24 hours. Pot was openly smoked. The young protesters made good friends with the old retirees, who, after all, are also an oppressed class. Jerry

Rubin and Abbie Hoffman stayed out of sight, while Allen Ginsberg chanted and prayed. Beach mayor Chuck Hall visited the park and rapped casually.

Many of the park campers were just there for a thrill, obviously uninterested in politics. The Yippies and other more politically minded demonstrators warned that for the GOP convention, people there without serious purpose will be asked to leave.

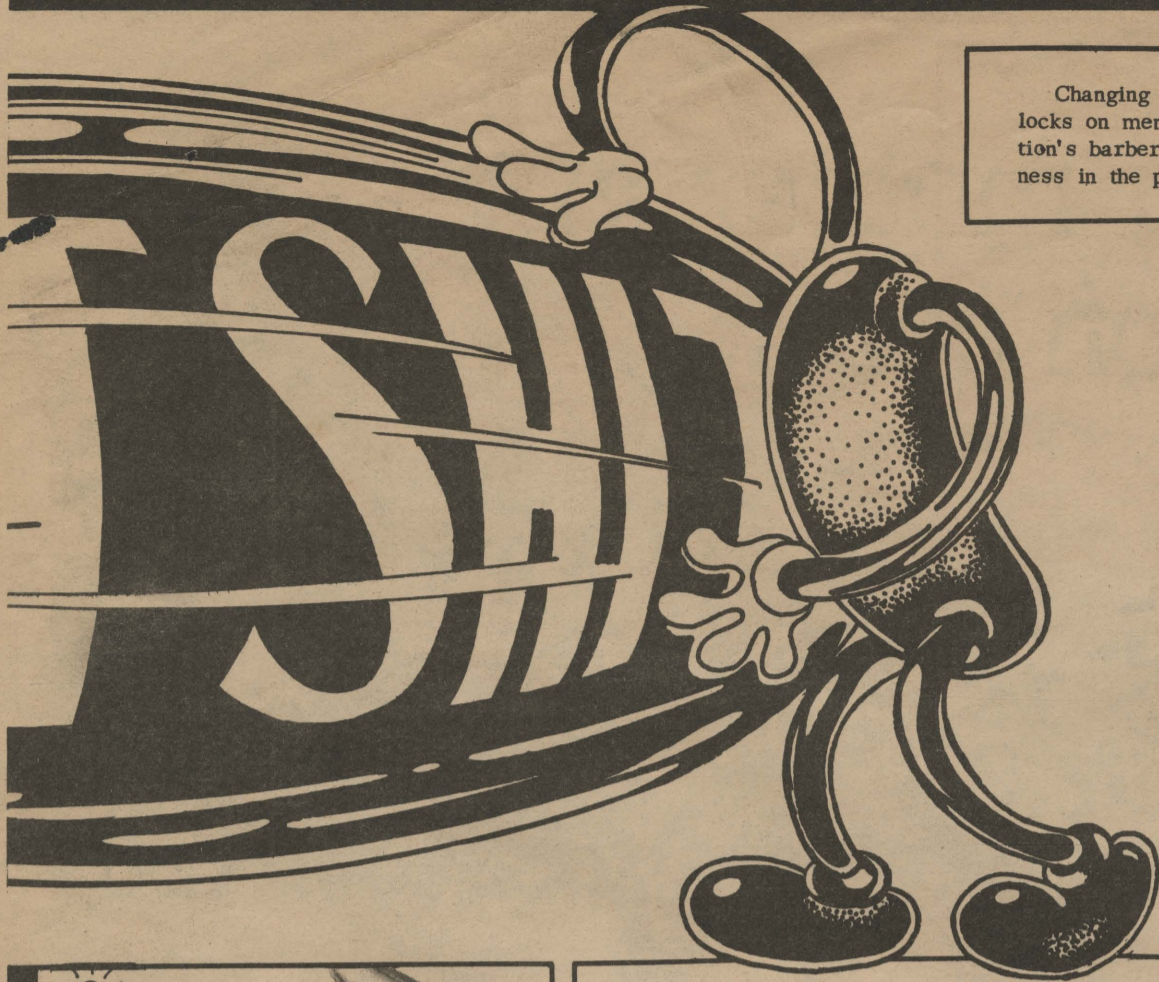
Wednesday night the street people came to see the new candidate. There was a rumor he said he will keep a residual force in Indochina until the P.O.W.s are released. McGovern, in a loud sports shirt finally agreed to come downstairs and the Zippies, SDS, and Vietnam Vets Against the War started booing. He told them he definitely would make a total with drawal, but he refused to endorse "the complete legalization of marijuana." The confrontation didn't go well, but it was a much different type of confrontation than at Chicago 4 years ago.

At places McGovern was actually cheered by the demonstrators, particularly when he renewed his pledge to get all U.S troops, weapons, planes, etc. out of S.E. Asia within 90 days after reaching office.

Rennie Davis, during a rally Tuesday which was the high point of the week for the demonstrators, outlined plans for when the Republicans hit town August 20. He demanded total withdrawals from Vietnam, and a guaranteed annual wage of \$6,500 for a family of four (a plank defeated by the Convention). All the demonstrators were urged to go home and organize to get 100,000 people to come to Miami next month, for a "'nonviolent" confrontation with Nixon.

K.C. Grits





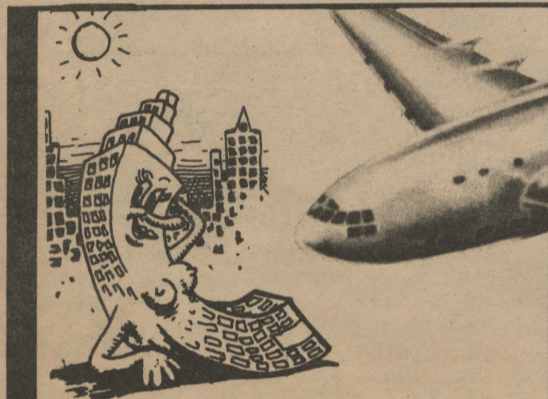
Changing hair styles, particularly long locks on men, have put about 20% of the nation's barbers--over 300,000--out of business in the past five years.

BARBERS OUT OF WORK



Coca-Cola is suing Gemini Rising, Inc., a national poster publisher & the distributor of the "Enjoy Cocaine" poster. The actual poster is in bright red & white & measures 24" x 36". Coke's suit may be complicated by the fact that Gemini Rising copyrighted the poster.

Coca-Cola says the poster "threatens substantial interests" & contends that "many had come to shun the product (Coke? coke?) in the belief that there may be a danger of drug addiction from its use." Coke's suit further says the poster's purpose is to "evoke the image of Coca-Cola in contrast with almost its literal opposite, i.e., a wholesome beverage converted into a potent narcotic. The fact is that Coca-Cola does not contain cocaine."



Mayor Pete Wilson said San Diego would receive \$195,000 in federal aid to help pay costs in preparing for the Republican National Convention, which moved to Miami.

Wilson said a team of auditors from the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration came up with the figure.

SUPER MOUSE

Sources in London reveal that there now exists a super-mouse, capable of eating small cats without hesitation. The rats, which grow to the size of toasters, are reported fearless & eat rat poison like it was candy. Many Londoners have developed a taste for the new rats. Said one, "When we found out that we couldn't poison 'em, we decided to eat 'em."



"THIS MANS NAVY"

(Staff)--Male chauvinism is apparently alive & well in the US Navy.

PO3C Sherie Mattingly, a Wave at the naval station in San Diego, has been ordered to take down from an office wall a magazine centerfold of actor Burt Reynolds in the nude. The request has created a small controversy at the station, with Waves complaining that the order was both "unfair & sexist" since male sailors are permitted to display the centerfolds from Playboy.

The photograph of Reynolds, lounging on a bearskin rug & covered only by a strategically placed arm (not even nude), was featured recently in Cosmopolitan.

A spokesman at the San Diego base stated that "What's sauce for the goose may be too saucy for the gander in this man's Navy."



Mr. Nixon has been honored in Egypt, but he's probably too stupid to consider it an honor. A brand of hashish has been named after him. Egyptian dope smugglers have a habit of naming brands of hashish after infamous figures. One of the most popular brands is Churchill.



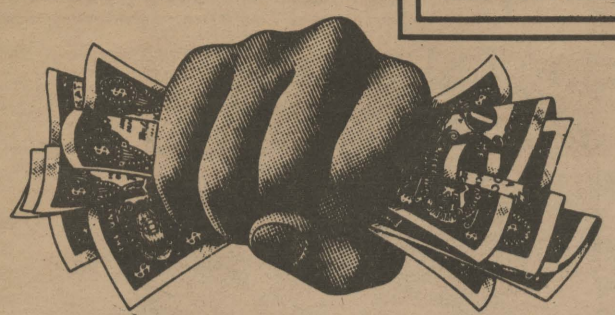
Safecrackers in Toronto escaped with \$400 to \$800 from the strongbox of a Toronto theater a few days after the theater began showing a film named "Catch the Burglars."

Malaysia is buying 100 amphibious armored Cadillacs for patrolling guerrilla-infested areas, defense officials reported. The cars are armor-plated, have bullet-proof tires & are equipped with machine guns & grenade launchers.

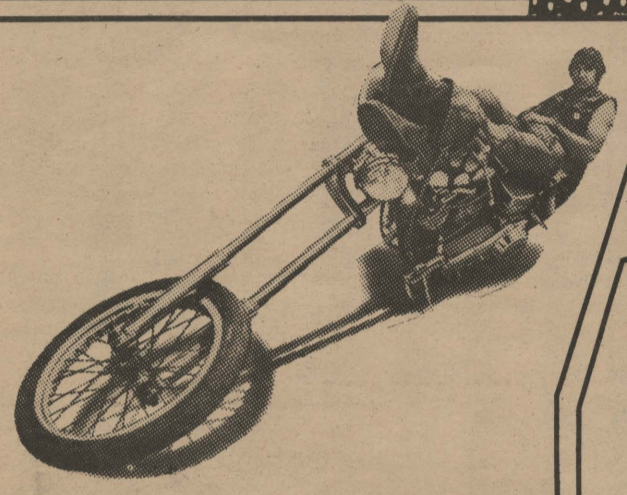
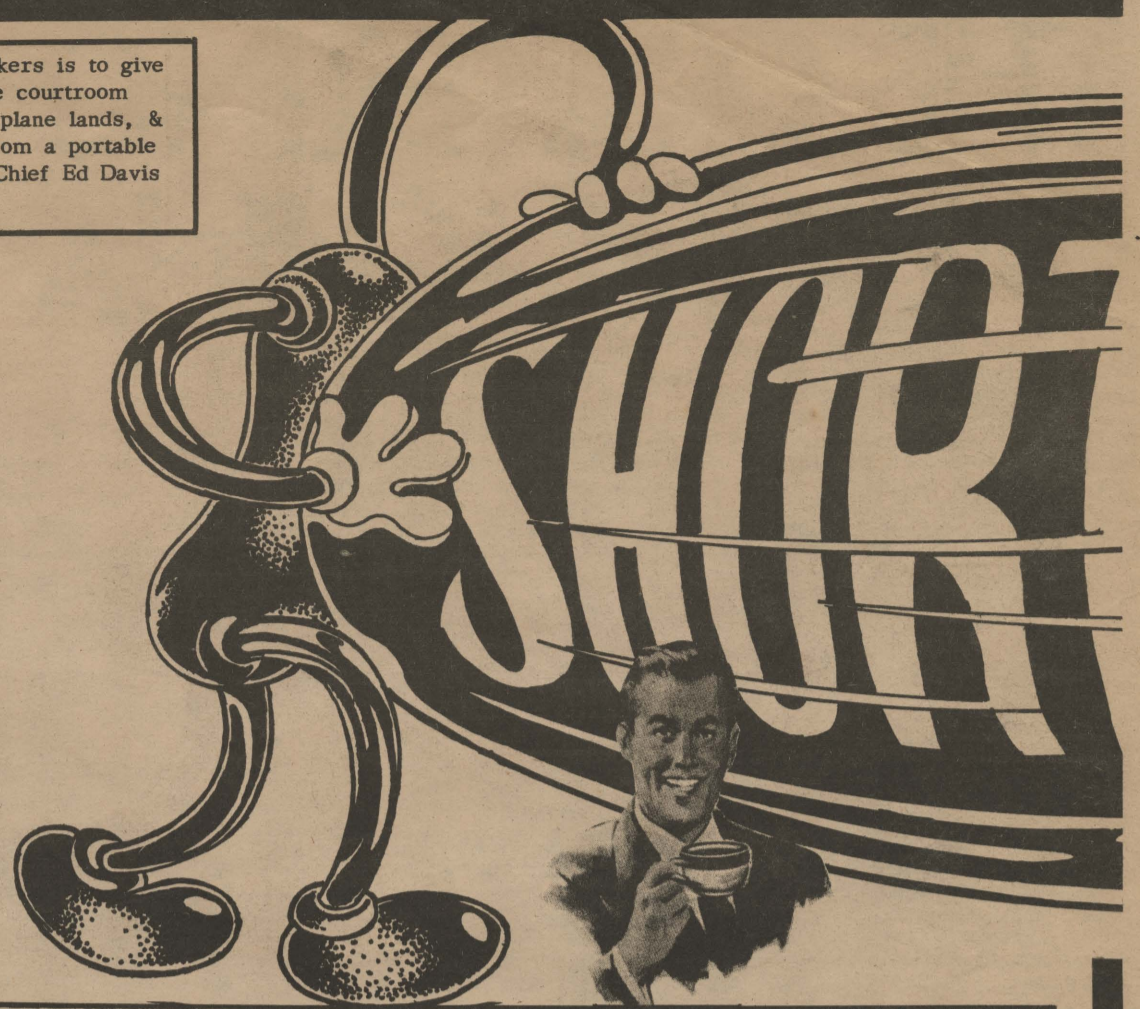


the Short Shit on these pages was compiled from TAKE OVER - Madison Wisc.

The way to deal with hijackers is to give them a swift trial in a mobile courtroom right at the airport when the plane lands, & then hang them on the spot from a portable gallows, Los Angeles Police Chief Ed Davis said last Friday.



George McGovern agreed four weeks ago to assume some of Sen. Edmund Muskie's \$20,000 campaign debt in exchange for Muskie's endorsement for the nomination, the Baltimore Sun reports. The deal fell through when Muskie said the next day that he would stay in the race.



With some 100 Hell's Angels looking on & applauding, a state Senate committee killed a bill sought by the California Highway Patrol to require motorcyclists to wear safety helmets.

It is estimated that one third of the lead in city dwellers comes from auto exhaust, & nearly one third of DC ghetto children have dangerously high blood levels of lead. A biochemist, Daniel Fisher, suggests that lead from car exhaust--not lead based paint--may be the major source of lead poisoning in inner city children. Fisher also says that a car traveling at freeway speeds emits signi-

ficantly higher levels of lead. He says that this is another reason to block future freeways. Another newly discovered problem with freeway driving is infrasound-low frequency sound vibration (undetectable by our ears) made by cars traveling at sustained high speeds.

ASTROLOGICAL POLITICS

(Earth News)--An astrologer in L. A. recently completed the first extensive survey of the relationship between voting patterns & astrological signs. The study by Carl Roles, conducted in Los Angeles County following the recent California primaries, showed that five of the twelve sun-signs accounted for 52% of the total vote. The largest number of votes were cast by Aries & Libra voters, the least by Capricorns & Cancers.

In other findings, the study showed that voters born under the signs Aquarius, Libra, Scorpio & Pisces are most likely to vote Republican, since those four signs accounted for 54% of the Republican vote. Democratic candidates, on the other hand, should appeal to voters born under Aries & Gemini. Voters born under Leo accounted for an incredible 40% of the votes for parties other than Republican or Democrat.

"Obviously," concluded Roles, "candidates should use astrology to get the most votes." Roles hopes to conduct a nationwide survey following the November elections.



(Staff)--Warning! Anyone who has purchased the new Alice Cooper "School's Out" album should be advised that the panties inside the album jacket have failed the Federal Trade Commission's test for flammability.

The album, released a couple of weeks ago, is packaged in a jacket designed to look like a school desk, & contains --aside from the record itself--a piece of simulated chewing gum, a comic book, marbles, & a pair of women's undies. The panties were meant to be used as auto antenna pennants, "in the time-honored school-boy tradition," according to Warner Bros. records.

The panties contained in the album were imported from England & are manufactured of a "non-woven" fabric, unavailable in the U.S. When the FTC, which regulates sale of consumer goods falling under the Flammable Fabric Act (Public Law 88) finally got around to testing the panties in their ovens, they found that they flunked the tests.

A representative of the panty importers pointed out that the disposable surgical apparel worn by doctors is made of the same material. Presumably, a surgeon could wear the Alice Cooper panties on his head during an operation & would not violate any federal statutes.

At the moment, it is uncertain what the FTC will do about the "hot panty" situation, since over a half-million albums are already on the market. Spokesmen at Warner Bros. discounted the possibility that Alice Cooper's panties might be subject to a massive recall. However, the spokesman said, We have had lots of calls from panty manufacturers offering us non-flammable panties as replacements."



For months a fierce debate has raged inside the Mr. Nixon administration between those who want to legalize marijuana & those who favor a crackdown. The crackdown crowd has now won.

The White House is pushing for Congress to pass a bill empowering the Justice Department to control drugs regardless of the medical recommendations from HEW. This would contravene the drug abuse law of 1970 which gave HEW the power to decide which drugs are dangerous.

Mr. Nixon obviously hopes to continue playing on the fears of uninformed amerikans. As John Ingersoll, hard-line chief narc put it: "It is our duty not only to protect the public in the streets from vicious criminals but to protect the public from harmful ideas."



There are 40 stalks of marijuana flourishing in the front yard of the state police post at Romeo, Michigan.

"I'd rather not discuss it," said Lt. Lawrence Miller, post commander. When pressed, he told newsmen, "We figure that someone planted it there as a joke, or that someone under arrest emptied his pockets & it planted itself."

But, Miller is known to be circulating Michigan Marijuana Initiative petitions in the area.



PORKBURGERS



Rumors are flying in Washington, D.C. today that Ronald McDonald has purchased the body of the late J. Edgar Hoover. The McDonald's Hamburger chain in the area has announced the sale of what they call "limited edition" porkburgers for \$1.50 a burger. The Deluxe Superporker costs \$5.00 a burger.

THE CRATERING OF INDOCHINA

The following articles (excised from LNS and SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN) present a disturbing and numbing examination of the ruin of the Vietnamese round of life as a result of the war. Both the urban and rural world of the Vietnamese have been destroyed by, on the one hand, high explosive "landscape management" of the countryside, and on the other hand over-crowding and economic/social trauma in the new Saigon. Saigon was designed by the French to hold three hundred thousand; the city now contains three million-150 persons per acre to Tokyo's 63. The countryside has received twenty-one million craters. These articles reveal the deep and fundamental damage to life that has been the result of American unconcern, fear and healthless ignorance. These facts leave no room for solace, which is fortunate insofar as solace now is most often rationalization that merely perpetuates the folly.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, MAY 72

What are the long-term ecological effects of this massive physical alteration of the terrain likely to be?

The countries of the area

The unprecedented use of herbicides on a massive scale as an instrument of war in Vietnam has prompted several studies of the probable long-term effects of these chemical agents on the land of Indochina. Much less attention has been paid to the effects of the tearing up of the land by bombing and shelling. Yet the released tonnage statistics alone suggest that these effects must be sizable. In the seven-year period from 1965 to 1971 the area of Indochina, a region slightly larger than Texas, was bombarded by a tonnage of munitions amounting to approximately twice the total used by the U.S. in all the theaters of World War II.

During three tours of war zones of Indochina to assess damage done to the environment by herbicides, we became increasingly conscious of the ubiquitous scarring of the landscape by bomb and shell craters. From the air some areas in Vietnam looked like photographs of the moon. How would this cratering of the land affect life and the ecology in Indochina when its people attempted to pick up normal living after the war? It seemed that the physical alteration of the terrain by bombing might have created long-range problems fully as serious as those produced by the defoliation campaign (which had attacked more than five million acres of forest and cropland in Vietnam.) In order to initiate investigation of the crater problems, the two of us went to Vietnam for a preliminary study in behalf of the Scientists' Institute for Public Information in August, 1971. From the U.S. Department of Defense we collected the limited information that was available to the public about the expenditures of munitions in Indochina. Then in the field we surveyed bombed areas on the ground and from the air (in helicopters) and interviewed many people, including farmers, lumbermen and other persons who had observed various effects of the bombing on the land, the economy and various occupations.

In the seven years between 1965 and 1971 the U.S. military forces exploded 26 billion pounds (13 million tons) of munitions in Indochina, half from the air and half from weapons on the ground. This staggering weight of ordnance amounts to the energy of 450 Hiroshima nuclear bombs. For the area and people of Indochina as a whole it represents an average of 142 pounds of explosive per acre of land and 584 pounds per person. It means that over the seven-year period the average rate of detonation was 118 pounds per second. These average figures, however, give no indication of the actual concentration; most of the bombardment was concentrated in time (within the years from 1967 on) and in area. Of the 26 billion pounds, 21 billion were exploded within South Vietnam, one billion in North Vietnam and 2.6 billion in southern Laos. The bombardment in South Vietnam represented an over-all average of 497 pounds per acre and 1,215 pounds per person; the major part, however, was focused on two regions: the five northern provinces and the region around Saigon.

Craters pock every area of South Vietnam: forests, swamps, fields, paddies, roadsides. Certain areas, notably the "free fire," or "specified strike," zones, show severe cratering. We personally observed large areas that had been subjected to intensive transformation of the landscape in Tay Ninh, Long Khanh, Gia Dinh, Hau Nghia and Binh Duong provinces around Saigon and Quang Ngai, Quang Tin and Quang Nam provinces of the northern part of the country. And of course the concentration of craters is particularly marked in areas such as the demilitarized zone (DMZ) between North Vietnam and South Vietnam and the supply trails in southern Laos.

We were able to visit on foot an area in the Mekong Delta that had been until fairly recently a free-fire zone. The area was near the hamlet of Hoi Son about 30 miles south of My Tho. Farmers were being resettled there

on their previously fought-over land because senior officials considered the region fairly secure. (The degree of security became evident during our stay when U.S. aircraft were observed rocketing and strafing only a few miles away.) Several families that had left the area a decade earlier because of fighting were interviewed, and they took us to three craters that they said had been made in 1967. The craters had probably been produced by 500 pound bombs dropped by fighter-bombers. Each crater was about 30 feet in diameter, filled with water, and at the time of our visit was about five feet deep in the center. The entire immediate area had been a rice paddy but during the years when no cultivation had occurred, the rice had been replaced by a very tall reed, genus Phragmites, which surrounded the crater at a distance of 10 to 20 feet. Growing from the sides of the craters and in the reeds was a species of relatively short grass, Brachiaria, and a taller grass, Scirpus. The farmers were growing seed rice near the craters and were plowing under the reeds and grasses in preparation for planting rice. It was obvious that they could not use the cratered areas for rice cultivation because the water was much too deep. The only apparent solution was to bring in soil from elsewhere, but this was obviously not practical.

We later observed at close hand many craters on the flat terrace lands north west of Saigon that had previously supported an evergreen hardwood forest. In this area the craters generally contain no water during the dry season, so that their natural history is considerably different from the history of the craters of the Delta region that are permanently filled with water. The craters were very numerous in this area; there was at least one every 100 feet. Each crater was 20 to 40 feet across and five to 20 feet deep. There were many generations of craters from different air strikes. The most recent ones were bare of vegetation but contained some rainwater. (We observed these craters in the wet season.) In the older craters a few sprigs of grass, probably Imperata, were sprouting in the center. As the craters age grass grows radially, eventually covering the bottom to meet vines trailing down from the peripheral vegetation. There is some filling of old craters with soil washed down from the sides, but this is limited because old craters almost completely covered with grass were still five to 10 feet deep. They thus became permanent features of the landscape.

From the data available to us on the quantity of munitions expended we calculated tentative estimates of the total area affected by cratering and other damage to the land. For these estimates we had to make some very free and general assumptions. For example, we assume that about half (by weight) of the total amount of munitions employed in Indochina consisted of bombs, shells and other missiles that would produce craters. We assume further that on the average each of the crater-producing missiles was equivalent to a 500 pound bomb and formed a crater 30 feet deep, displacing 131 cubic yards of earth. (A large proportion of the cratering has been produced by B-52 bomber raids; each of these big planes typically carries 108 500 pound bombs.) We also estimate that the fragments from each crater-producing missile were spread over an area of 1.25 acres.

On the basis of these assumptions (some of which are supported by actual measurement we estimate that the number of craters produced in Indochina by the bombardments from 1965 to 1971 totaled some 26 million, covering a total area of 423,000 acres and representing a total displacement of about 3.4 billion cubic yards of earth. The area of missile-fragments spread totals 32.6 million acres if we disregard overlap. Again we note that South Vietnam has borne the brunt of this damage. In the period mentioned (through 1971) South Vietnam is estimated to have received about 21 million craters, covering all

together about 345,000 acres. And to have had millions of acres contaminated by missile fragments, even allowing for overlap. The total area of the country is 42.8 million acres. Let us now examine some specific effects, for the present and for the future, of this massive application of "landscape management" by high explosives. There is evidence from previous wars that the effects will be long lasting. A decade after the end of World War II the craters of heavily shelled areas on Okinawa were still barren of vegetation and reddened by rusting shell fragments. On Eniwetok craters were clearly in evidence two decades after the end of the war. Four decades after World War I vegetation in the Negev desert of Israel outlined the craters from that war, and even in France's Verdun area many of the World War I craters are still clearly visible and in some cases to this day are devoid of vegetation.

To begin with, we can see that the displacement and scattering of soil and subsoil from the craters in Indochina have given rise to harmful physical consequences. (Over the seven years the displacement of soil by bombardment in Indochina proceeded at a rate of nearly 1,000 cubic yards of soil per minute.) In hilly terrain the tearing up of the soil promotes erosion. In Indochina, where some of the soil is vulnerable to laterization (hardening to a bricklike state), the removal of vegetation and humus may make the area in and around craters permanently barren. At the least it has resulted in colonization of cratered regions by weedy, worthless grasses and shrubs. Furthermore, the deep craters have made many areas almost impassable for travel.

Many of the craters, particularly in the Delta and coastal regions, have penetrated the water table and remain filled with water during much or all of the year. They have thereby probably become breeding grounds for mosquitoes, greatly increasing the hazards of malaria and dengue fever for the population. Reports by military authorities indeed confirm that "malaria has been causing increasing concern in Vietnam" and has spread to previously unaffected areas.

The impact of cratering on agriculture has been substantial. Farmers in South Vietnam notably in the Mekong Delta, have been reluctant or unable to attempt to reclaim rice paddies or other farmlands that have been pocked by craters. One of the important deterrents is the presence of unexploded munitions buried in the ground. A number of farmers have been killed by the detonation of such shells or bombs by their plows. Moreover, the ubiquitous missile fragments in the ground cut the hooves of the animals, causing infection and death of the animals. The unexploded bombs and shells lying about in the soil of Indochina are known to number several hundred thousand. Bombing has also disrupted rice-growing in Indochina by breaking up many of the intricate irrigation systems, and in some areas near the seacoast it has opened the land to encroachment by salt water.

The timber industry of South Vietnam, potentially one of the most important elements in the region's predominantly agricultural economy has been particularly hard hit by the bombing. It has catastrophically slashed the values of the once prime timberlands northwest and northeast of Saigon, for example. The heavy shelling and bombing have damaged the trees in three ways: outright destruction, ridding of the timber by missile fragments and subsequent weakening of the trees through infection by wood-rotting fungi.

The forests have been bombarded by ordnance so intensively that the trees are filled with metal shards; one millowner told us that four out of five logs he receives have metal in them. Although the sawmill operators make laborious efforts to chop out the pieces of metal, they are only partly successful, with the result that they have a high rate of destruction of their saw blades by still embed-

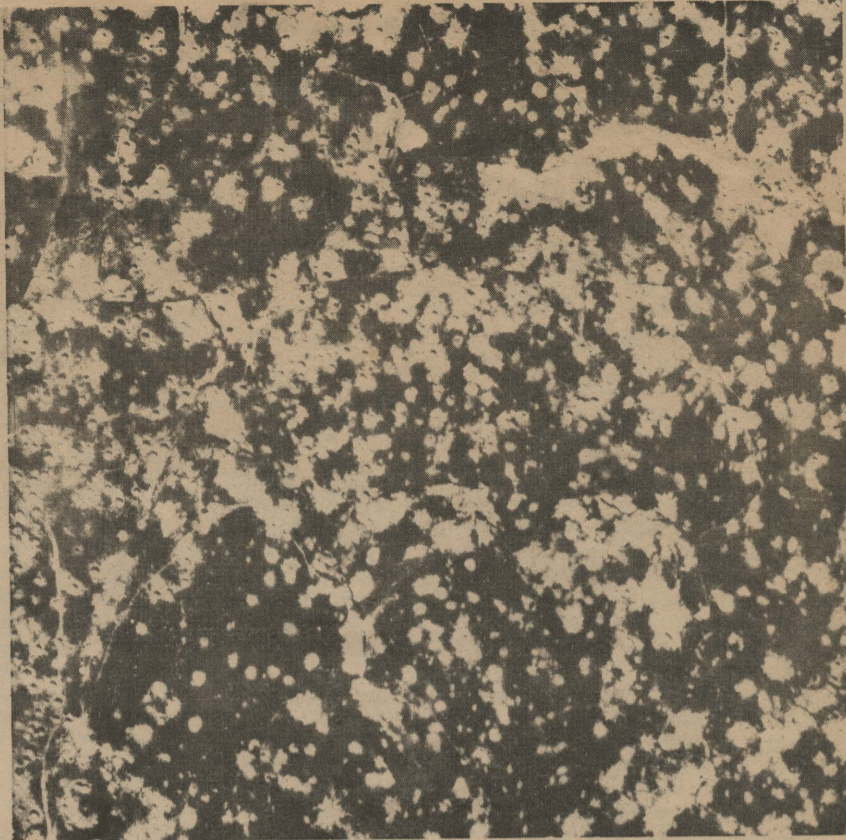
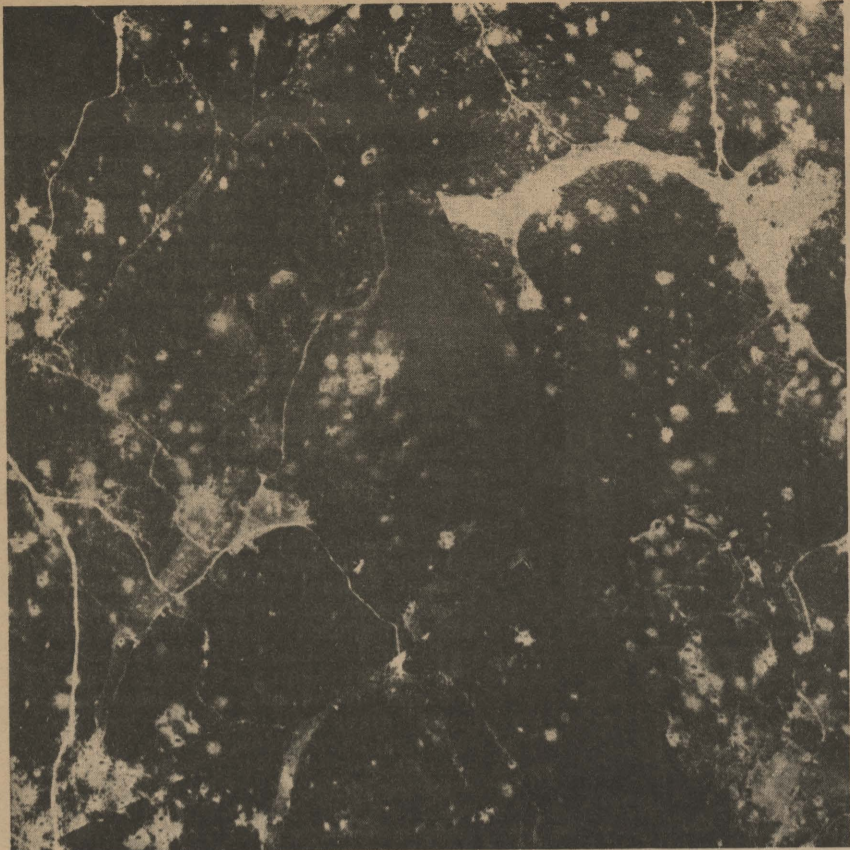
ded metal. In trees left standing the missile fragment wounds provide ready entry for fungal rot. In some tree species the rot progresses so rapidly that if they are not harvested immediately after the metal attack they soon become almost worthless. Apparently the main South Vietnamese timber trees lose about 50 percent of their value in two or three years from this cause. Rubber trees are particularly susceptible to the fungal rot initiated by missile fragment wounds; they become so weakened that they are felled by any high wind. A French official of a rubber plantation told us he had lost 80 percent of his trees within two years after a bombardment of his plantation.

Loggers in the battle zones of South Vietnam find that the damaging of timber by munitions is causing them a loss of more than 30 percent in the price received for the logs (although the severance tax remains the same). In addition the profusion of craters impedes the hauling of their logs to the mill. Often they must cut the logs to a short length (instead of the desirable 90 feet that is possible under normal circumstances) to allow sufficient maneuverability to skid them around the craters. During a survey in a high-flying helicopter of a mountain forest near DaNang we saw many craters on the mountainside and along the ridges with severe accompanying erosion; they had been produced by a single B-52 raid about a year and a half earlier. We also observed another significant type of damage: large areas of the forest had been burned out, apparently by incendiary attacks with napalm, white phosphorus and flares.

Bombardment and defoliation are by no means the only methods used by the U.S. military in its struggle with vegetation in Indochina. Beginning in the mid 1960's a vast program of systematic forest bulldozing has been developed. The employment of massed tractors organized into companies for extensive forest clearing had apparently replaced the use of herbicides to deny forest cover and sanctuary to the other side. The effectiveness of the tractors, called Rome plows in some ways clearly superior to that of chemicals and is probably more destructive to the environment. When we visited a land clearing operation in August, 1971, we watched about 30 such plows (20 ton Caterpillar tractors fitted with massive 11-foot-wide, 2.5 ton plow blades and with 14 tons of armor plate) scrape clean the remaining few areas of the Boi Loi Woods northwest of Saigon. We learned that in the 26 days prior to our visit the company had cleared 6,037 acres. Four other companies were also in operation and these five units had cleared a total of 750,000 acres as of August 1971. We visited an area that had been plowed several years previously and it had regrown to cogon grass (Imperata), making further successional stages to the original hardwood forest very unlikely.

A study by U.S. agents has determined that about 10 percent of the agricultural land of South Vietnam has had to be abandoned because of the destruction wrought by bombardment and other weapons used in this war. It has been a war against the land as much as against armies. Indeed, it appears that one of the main strategies of our military effort has been to disrupt and destroy the social and economic fabric of rural agricultural Vietnam in order to drive the peasant population into areas under central control and to deprive the guerrilla enemy of a power base.

Only about 5 to 8 percent of the U.S. bombing missions in Indochina have been directed at tactical military targets, that is, in direct support of troops. The rest of the bombing missions are described as "harassing" or "interdiction" attacks. They are also referred to as strategic bombing missions. Whereas the targets of strategic bombing in World War II were the factories, port cities, railroads and so forth of the enemy, in the Indochina war the strategic targets are the land



HIGH-ALTITUDE PHOTOGRAPHIC MOSAICS of an area in the demilitarized zone between North Vietnam and South Vietnam show the scene before (top) and after (bottom)

a period of intense B-52 and tactical air strikes in 1967. The photographs were made by the U.S. Air Force. The larger bomb craters measure between 20 and 40 feet in diameter.

are pitted with an estimated 26 million bomb and shell craters.

and forests of Indochina because they give cover and sanctuary to the other side. It is important to note here that whereas factories, ports and other man-made sources of production can be rapidly rebuilt, as demonstrated in Europe and Japan, it is doubtful that many of the forests and lands of Indochina can be rehabilitated in the foreseeable future.

From 1966 on the B-52's carried out incessant attacks on a schedule of almost daily missions. From an altitude of 30,000 feet, where they are usually unheard and unseen from the ground, they have been sowing systematic destruction. A typical B-52 mission, comprising seven planes on the average, delivers 756,500-pound bombs in a pattern that saturates an area about half a mile wide and three miles long, that is, nearly 1,000 acres. Thus on a schedule of four or five missions per day, of seven sorties each, such as was followed during 1971, the B-52's alone were creating about 100,000 new craters each month. Unfortunately the release of air data is now severely restricted.

Senator Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin has introduced in the Senate a bill to provide for a study by the National Academy of Sciences "to assess the extent of the damage done to the environment of South Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia as the result of the operations of the Armed Forces of the United States . . . and to consider plans for effectively rectifying such damage."

Senator Nelson declared:

"There is nothing in the history of warfare to compare with (what we have done in Indochina). A 'scorched earth' policy has been a tactic of warfare throughout history, but never before has a land been so massively altered and mutilated that vast areas can never be used again or even inhabited by man or animal. . . These programs should be halted immediately before further permanent damage is done to the landscape.

"Our program of defoliation, carpet bombing with B-52's and bulldozing . . . did not protect our soldiers; or defeat the enemy, and it has done far greater damage to our ally than

to the enemy.

"The cold, hard and cruel irony of it all is that South Vietnam would have been better off losing to Hanoi than winning with us. Now she faces the worst of all possible worlds with much of her land destroyed and her chances of independent survival after we leave in grave doubt at best."

The cumulative impact of the munitions attack on the land has to be seen to be grasped fully. Reports by military observers speak of the landscape's being "torn as if by an angry giant," and of areas of the green delta land's being pulverized into a "grey porridge". Our brief survey has only suggested some of the grim consequences for the present and future life of the inhabitants of Indochina. Still to be assessed are the effects of the persisting bombardment on the peoples' habitations; on the animal life and general ecology of the region. The damage caused by the large-scale disorganization of the environment may be felt for centuries.

Meanwhile the steady bombardment and

shattering of the land, shielded from the Western world's view and concern by the wide Pacific Ocean and the supposed "winding down" of the war, goes on with no end in sight.



Apparently made by a U.S. Army bulldozer, the peace symbol stands out in the landscape near Camp Eagle, site of the 101st Airborne Division Headquarters in northern South Vietnam.

PHOTO BY WIDE WORLD

AMERICANIZING SAIGON

(LNS)
CHICAGO JOURNALISM REVIEW

SAIGON--Picture this scene: miles of uninterrupted beach with fine white sand. In the summer the ocean is almost warm. Barbecue grills dot the beach at frequent intervals; piles of beer and soda cans are scattered carelessly nearby. On a rock are the letters NIX painted tall and white, maybe the start of the name Nixon.

A group of men stand around grinning. Most of them are overweight, loose flesh spilling over the tops of their bathing suits. One of them examines the sunburn on his shoulders.

Women in bathing suits recline at the edge of the surf. They are lying on a camouflage tarp, watching a motor boat pull a water skier. The women have long dark hair held back in braids for swimming.

California? No, the beach is in South Vietnam, the women are Vietnamese, and the men are American G.I's. The beach is littered with Budweiser, Coca Cola cans, and Pall Mall Packs.

Picture this scene: Saigon from the back of a Honda. High above the sidewalk is a poster of a bunny girl--half go-go girl, half stripper. Words in Vietnamese, with one English word screaming out "SEXY!"

Behind a bust of a "student heroine" located in the main square of Saigon is an American-looking Mr. Atlas figure with bulging biceps posing for a body-building advertisement.

"SERVICING"

Advertisements alternate with police watch towers. LIP toothpaste, Eagle LONG LIFE batteries. Saigon is a city of three and a half million with very little industry.

What substitutes for industry is the "servicing" of Americans. "Servicing" is a degrading occupation, but only by hustling can most Vietnamese in the cities get enough money to buy food.

There is a serious food shortage and many people starve. Most of the refugees in Saigon --about two million--were formerly peasants; a money-based society is alien to them. And the money daily depreciates in value.

Saigon means consumerism. There is a conscious attempt being made by Americans to replace the traditional values of the village with new values--like owning a TV set. Saigon has received millions of tons of U.S. merchandise, while production in South Vietnam itself has been reduced to nothing.

The basic daily products--rice, sugar, and fabrics--have become scarce, yet the market is always full of American and Japanese-made luxuries. In the last few years, prices of TVs, clothes, cosmetics, and liquor have become relatively low, while food prices have soared. Free rock concerts have been sponsored in Saigon by Madame Thieu; while the medical needs of thousands of refugees have been neglected.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21



"Make Them An Offer They Can't Refuse"

"We're Going Take Care Of You After The Convention"

FRANK KUTCHKO

Four months ago George McGovern was not considered a serious candidate by the Democratic Party leadership, paper and media journalists, Big Labor and Jimmy the Greek. The theory was Ed Muskie had the political center and McGovern had only one issue—the Vietnam War. The McGovern people all along considered Hubert Humphrey the real competition because he had the support of Mayor Daley's Illinois delegation and George Meany's four hundred man delegation assuming Kennedy didn't want it. This bloc was ABM (anyone but McGovern) all the way. McGovern's grass roots strength turned out to be considerable everywhere from liberal California to conservative Nebraska as he won primary after primary. Guerilla tactics in the non-primary states won delegates in just about every state including Missouri and Kansas. It took some razzle-dazzle on the convention floor, but the crucial California credentials challenge gave McGovern enough delegate votes to win the Democratic nomination on the first ballot in Miami Beach, July 12.

At the Missouri State Democratic Convention June 10, the old polls uncommitted to anyone but Governor Hearnes, selected eighteen more "uncommitted" delegates. McGovern people making up about a third of the thousand member convention got nothing in a winner-take-all system. Although Hearnes won this time, a month would show what a hollow victory it was. Kansas City politics was also represented at this gathering.

A young McGovern delegate was photographing a powerful K.C. Committee-woman who was passing out delegate and alternate badges on her own authority. The delegate was surrounded by a group of people and forcefully led out of the hall. This was happening under the eyes of Missouri television and Tom Liston, a longtime McGovern supporter. A larger crowd immediately gathered and the potential fracas fizzled out. If this seems strange, one of the sergeant-at-arms was a convicted felon who was not eligible to be a delegate though his wife had been picked as one. Stranger still, he went to the McGovern camera bug a few minutes later to ask for a match and "he wanted us to work for Jasper Brancato

against Herman Johnson in a state senate race." This was after a faction lawyer had made a not very subtle threat: "We're going to take care of you after the convention."

The Fifth District caucus, May 23 was downtown, on the second floor at the Courthouse. Six Democratic delegates would be selected again by winner-take-all between the "uncommitteds" or McGovern people. The black political organization Freedom Inc. sided with the factions and got two delegates who later voted for McGovern. At first it appeared McGovern delegates might have a majority but delaying tactics and recessing gave the uncommitteds enough time to find delegates who were not seated at the start. One of these late arrivals was under two Federal indictments, one for theft and one for attempted murder of a witness in the first case. The uncommitted slate won by two votes and McGovern delegates, in a show of generosity, were made alternates.

All the delegates selected to the state convention and district caucuses were selected at Ward and Township meetings April 18. This was the grass-roots and like everywhere McGovern delegates won decisively in the independent Wards. In the Seventh Ward (now Sixth) McGovern people elected Joe Downs chairman and elected the McGovern slate by a vote of 350 to 18. It was closer some places. In the Fifth Ward (now Fourth) McGovern delegates lost by about thirty votes. They accused the chairman, Dutch Newman, of locking people out, ignoring Parliamentary procedure and breaking the Party rules. They lost the challenge and Dutch Newman later went to Miami Beach as a delegate.

Warren Hearnes went to the Democratic convention controlling one of the largest blocs of votes of any governor there. McGovern people only had about ten solidly committed votes with another ten possible, while about fifty belonged to the Governor. He was not a kingmaker because his candidates, first Muskie then Jackson, could not stop McGovern on the first or any ballot. Just before the convention two McGovern votes were taken from Missouri's delegation through a procedural trick. In defense of this Hearnes said, "It all depends on which side wins. The side that wins calls it 'a democratic process

at work', and the side that loses calls it 'ramrodding' or a 'powerplay'. That is descriptive of Missouri politics at work. But maybe our Governor knows what it's like being excluded from the decision making process.

The critical vote at the national convention was the California challenge whether to seat 271 McGovern delegates or to divide 150 among other candidates. McGovern people had just barely a ma-



jority to win the challenge but the problem was a procedural one. If the vote was a majority but less than 1509 the decision could be appealed on a technicality and the chairman, Larry O'Brien would have to rule. Appeals on the ruling could have stalemated everyone and would have permitted the back rooms to make the decision. To test vote was a South Carolina challenge to seat additional women. It turned into a power play with the ABM trying to get a majority below 1509. McGovern people adroitly and deliberately lost the challenge. The choice between principle meant George Meany selecting the nominee. The second night issues were discussed and a platform approved. Only two amendments were added despite challenges on bussing, abortion, welfare

Tax reform and others. An amendment was passed giving Indians surplus Federal lands and another guaranteed a stronger defense of Israel. Wednesday McGovern was nominated on the first ballot. Selecting Tom Eagleton as the vice-presidential nominee slowed the next night by an insurgent movement to open that choice to the convention. But committed McGovern people wanted Eagleton and even George Wallace supported McGovern choosing a running mate with a similar political philosophy. The squabbles were resolved and the only thing lost was prime time TV. Kennedy, Eagleton and McGovern made speeches with Humphrey, Muskie, Jackson and Chisolm appearing together on the podium for a unity of sorts.

McGovern has run a strongly issue-oriented campaign while Nixon's campaign so far has been a PR effort to create a Make-no-mistake-about-it-I-am-the-President image. McGovern's big issues now are the war, tax reform, quality of life, defense spending and open government. Nixon has always been playing the Statesman but his most important issue has always been anti-Communism while smearing his opponents as Reds. He has used this tactic against every opponent he has had and will use it against McGovern.

With forty million dollars, Nixon can give away bumper stickers and set up plenty of secret committees to channel Corporate loot. He can also bribe, intimidate and blackmail to his heart's content.

If that doesn't worry you, consider Nixon's puppet Thieu who always wins his elections in South Vietnam because he puts his opponents in jail. Republicans have already claimed they will make raids on Democrats. What they don't make perfectly clear is whether these are like the hundreds of daily raids on civilians in Indochina.

Whether you agree with McGovern's opinions on issues, he should be respected for his courage to challenge the most powerful madman on earth. McGovern is fighting an uphill battle against the gangsters and thugs in the Republican party. Whether he wins or not depends on the twenty-five million young people who can Register and Vote. Their choice will decide November 7 whether it's McGovern-Eagleton or Nixon-Agnew.

FREE MARIJUANA!



J Day coming soon

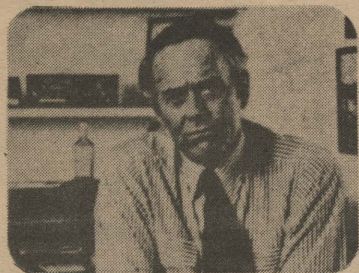


EYEWEAR BY

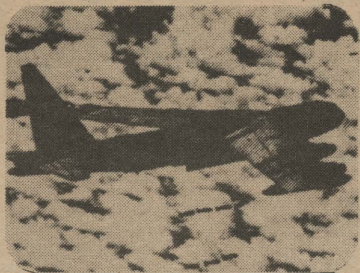
Optique

4053 Broadway 931-6941



**1. CITIZEN :60**

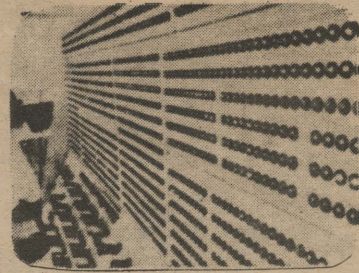
Video: Testimonial by Henry Fonda
Audio: When I was a kid, I used to be really proud of this country. I thought that this was a country that cared about people, no matter who they were or where they came from. But now, when I see my country engaged in an endless war, a pushbutton war in which American pilots and electronic technicians are killing thousands of Asians, without even seeing who they kill . . . when I see each week stepping up the tonnage of bombs dropped on Indochina . . . then I don't feel so proud any more. Because I thought that was what the bad countries did . . . not my country. What can you do about it? Well, this is still a democracy, isn't it?

**2. PEACE PLAN :30**

Video: Footage of approaching aircraft, bombs falling, exploding on the ground.
Audio: The ground war was ending. Our troops were coming home. However, there was one thing we were leaving behind . . . an air war worse than ever. Even before we hit Hanoi and Haiphong, our airplanes were dropping over 50,000 tons of bombs in Laos, Cambodia and Vietnam. This was more than 2½ Hiroshimas every month. And now it has exploded into more and more and more. It seems our government's peace plan is a bomb.

**3. THANK GOD :30**

Video: Words on screen with quick flashes of still photos.
Audio: The American Government has brought 450,000 of our men back from Vietnam. Thank God for that. The American casualties have fallen from 1,400 a month to less than 100. Thank God for that. But the American Government is still dropping 1,500 tons of bombs every day on the men, women and children of Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia. God help us.

**4. COMPUTER :30**

Video: Shots of a computer's rotating reels and print-out sheets.
Audio: In background, voices of pilot and ground control operator, relaying messages about bombing raid: "We have target lock-in . . ." "Roger, final for full ordnance delivery . . ." "we have delivery . . ." "looks like a jackpot . . ." "system recycle . . ." Annr. (VO): They keep finding new ways to end the war. Yet somehow the killing goes on and on.

Public Service Announcements for Television.

Unselling The War



THOMAS BROM
 (AFS) — Woolen Shawl wrapped about her shoulders, a round-faced older woman sits in her living room and stares directly into the camera. "Our Air Force has developed a new kind of bomb," she begins. "It's called the Mother Bomb." As the camera slowly moves to closeup, her eyes well with tears.

"Each Mother Bomb contains 640 Baby Bombs, which are full of hard, steel pellets. The Mother Bombs release the Baby Bombs, which explode and scatter the pellets over an area the size of 10 football fields . . ." Her face begins to quiver with emotion, and her chin trembles with each word now.

" . . . with enough force to puncture the head, chest, or stomach of a North Vietnamese soldier, or a water buffalo, or a baby." With these last words, the woman's throat visibly constricts. She takes a small gasp of air before attempting to begin again. "We're dropping thousands and thousands of these Mother Bombs on the people of Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos."

Her eyes are filled with tears, but her close, intimate gaze into the camera remains unbroken. At the edge of a sob, she blurts out with more bitterness than sorrow, "Let's hear it for Motherhood and the flag."

The Mother Bomb is a public service television commercial, a 60-second spot announcement designed to help Unsell the War. There are 11 others like it, plus 11 radio spots, 18 print ads, and billboards, all designed and produced by West Coast advertising

agencies at their own expense. Released this week, they are available free to television and radio stations, magazines, newspapers and community groups. Distribution is handled by Help Unsell the War, at 637 West 125th Street, N.Y.C., and Post Office Box 4453 in San Francisco.

"It took eight years to convince a majority of Americans that the war was wrong," says West Coast Unsell coordinator Frank Greer. "Now we have the means to bring back the teach-in concept on a mass scale. We have to reach millions."

Unsell is a project of Clergy and Laymen Concerned, a New York-based ecumenical peace group that began as an ad hoc committee against the Vietnam War in 1965. CALC now has 42 local chapters, publishes the weekly newsletter AMERICAN REPORT, and sponsors a daily four-minute radio program syndicated nationally. People requesting further information in response to the new ads will receive a full packet of organizing material and a list of alternatives for action. They range from electoral support for peace candidates to instructions for teach-ins and local demonstrations.

The idea of using Madison Avenue techniques for counter-administration messages on the war began with the showing of the CBS documentary "The Selling of the Pentagon" in February, 1971. Amid the furor following that broadcast, Yale student Ira Nerken headed a group that approached David McCall, president of the La Roche,

McCaffrey, McCall agency in New York. The group wanted agency help to "unsell" the American people on the Indochina war, and they wanted the advertising companies to accept the expense for the campaign as their contribution to the anti-war movement.

The New York agencies came through with a million dollars in donated resources, and produced the first series of Unsell spots in April, 1971. The campaign became a project of Clergy and Laymen Concerned in September. Through their efforts, the ads were used by 450 radio and 133 television stations.

Louis Honig, chairman of one of the ad agencies backing "Unsell," explains the campaign's intent as supporting "Republicans, Democrats, and Independents who believe we should get out of Vietnam now and leave the political settlement to the Vietnamese."

The Mother Bomb and many of the others in the current series are much less polite and restrained than the first set of ads. Then the message was "Write your Congressman," and the focus was the death and suffering of American GIs. But since last year the nature of the war changed, with a much more intense and sophisticated bombing campaign replacing U.S. combat units. Clergy and Laymen also grew a year older in anti-war organizing experience, and the nation finally moved to majority opposition to government policies in Indochina. The net result was a perspective much more in sympathy with the Vietnamese, a more critical line on

U.S. policies, and an open-ended approach in suggesting public action.

The unrestrained spring bombing campaign in Vietnam dictated that the focus of the series be the air war, and the moral issue, U.S. genocide committed against the Asian rural population.

That position required some political education among the Hollywood talent Unsell wanted. Armed with stacks of documentation on the bombing of Indochina, Frank Greer spent an afternoon at Henry Fonda's ranch. Talking across the 67-year old actor's pool table for what seemed hours with little noticeable impact, Greer sweated through the afternoon. Suddenly Fonda banged his fist on the table and said, "Well fuck, if all this is true, even these ads aren't enough! What MORE can I do?"

Fonda talks on camera about his lost sense of Patriotism in one spot, and narrates another about bombing tonnage that ends, "God help us."

James Whitmore and several other actors donated their talents to Unsell, including Mrs. Monty Margetts, the British actress who lived through the London blitz, and broke down during every take of the Mother Bomb sequence.

Much of the footage in each of these spots is color film of B-52 raids, scenes that are rarely shown on U.S. television. Purchased and donated from a variety of sources, the film is shocking beyond words. The earth shudders under the impact of the huge explosions, one blotting our sight of the other as the bombs fall in a mile-long corridor.

5. JUNGLE :60

Video: Newsman standing in jungle, demonstrating electronic sensor.
Audio: Reporting from the Ho Chi Minh Trail to show you one of the new developments here in Southeast Asia. This may look like an ordinary plant. Actually, it's a sensor device. When a warm body comes near this weapon, the information is transmitted to a computer, then to aircraft and drones who drop the bombs. The only drawback is that sometimes what comes near it is an animal, a child, a woman. . . . Sound of a bomb falling as screen goes to black. Annr. (VO): Our policy in Vietnam is a bomb.

**6. CHARLIE SUTTON :60**

Video: An ordinary citizen is seen walking his dog on a small town street.
Audio: Annr. (VO): Charlie Sutton is the foreman of a packing plant in Wilkesville, Ohio, belongs to the All-City Bowling League, and likes to walk his dog on Sunday morning. He contributes regularly to the United Crusade, The Salvation Army, and the Seventh Street Congregational Church. He also contributes regularly to the new war in Southeast Asia: the air war. Just last week, Charlie helped pay for the bombing of about seven villages, about 200 farms, about 3,000 men, women and children. What can he do about it? Well, this is still a democracy, isn't it?

**7. MOTHER BOMB :60**

Video: An older woman sitting in her living room.
Audio: Our Air Force has developed a new kind of bomb. It's called the Mother Bomb. Each Mother Bomb contains 640 baby bombs, which are full of hard, steel pellets. The Mother Bombs release the Baby Bombs, which explode and scatter the pellets over an area the size of ten football fields . . . with enough force to puncture the head, or chest or stomach of a North Vietnamese soldier, or a water buffalo . . . or a baby. We're dropping thousands and thousands of these Mother Bombs on the people of Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos. Let's hear it for Motherhood and the flag.

**8. I AM WAR :30**

Video: Man in a dark suit, dramatically lit against a black background.
Audio: I am war. Help me kill. All you have to do . . . is do nothing. Don't protest. Don't write your congressman. In fact, you can do me a favor. Don't even think about me. I am war. Help me kill.

**9. UNCLE SAM :60**

Video: Uncle Sam describes an electronic sensor.
Audio: If you're wondering about your war in Southeast Asia, well, it's going just fine. We've figured out ways to keep on killing lots of them, without them killing lots of us. This thing that looks like a jungle plant is an electronic device that we drop from an airplane. Whenever a warm body comes near it on the ground, it sends out a signal and we send out our bombers and zap that target good and proper! The only drawback is we're never really sure whether we killed an enemy or a friend, or a child, or even a water buffalo. But whatever it is, we kill 'em good and dead, and we never even get our hands dirty. Makes you kind of proud, doesn't it? What can you do about it? Well, this is still a democracy, isn't it?

**10. SHRINKING AMERICAN :60**

Video: Man standing next to a bomb, holding a dollar bill, getting smaller and smaller as the spot progresses.
Audio: You and this dollar bill have a lot in common. Look at it this way: You've written your Congressman to end the war. But the bombs keep on falling. You've protested and signed petitions. But the bombs keep on falling. So if you think the government values you and your opinion, I've got news for you: The American dollar isn't the only thing that's shrinking.

sort'em out an'

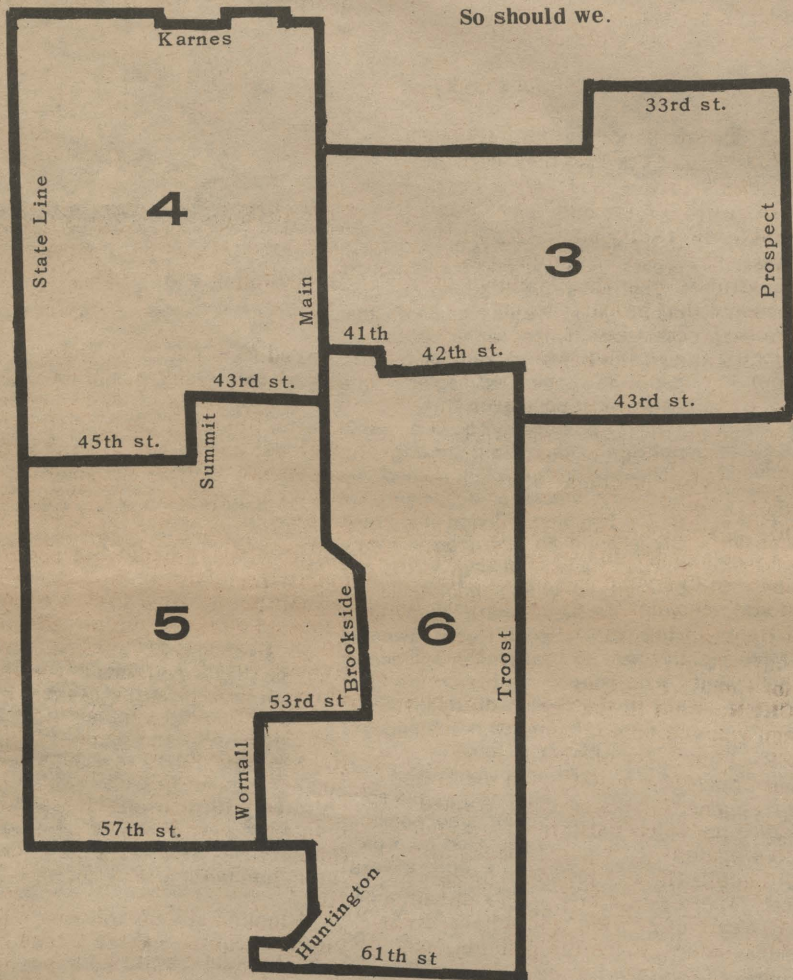
If you are the average voter, and we all are, untangling which ward, precinct, state assembly district, state senate district, county legislature district, etc. you live in has taken on the proportions of a part-time job.

You've probably been soft-talked, gladhanded, and promised earthly nirvanas by candidates for every office up for grabs. You may remember some of them as the same people who two months ago yelled "dirty hippy" at you and your friends while passing by in their chartrouse Imperial convertibles. Some of the "dirty hippies" are candidates themselves. We are all sought after now, but don't worry the friendships are seasonal and should cool about the time of the first frost.

This is a special election section of Westport Trucker aimed at helping you sort out a few things. We tried to cover a few of the candidates for offices representing the Westport district. It is by no means a complete list. And even though we interviewed mostly candidates with proven ties to the community and/or positions of interest to the counter-culture, this section should not be taken as endorsements. What follows are plain interviews, no more.

Westport residents will be voting for a state representative in the 27th district, a state senator in the 11th district, and all the other major statewide offices. In the county races, you vote for prosecutor and sheriff, and the 2nd district candidates in the new county legislature. There will be four county districts-at-large, all county residents vote for four candidates. Committeemen and women are elected by each ward. Most of Westport is in the 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th wards--look at the map below to locate yourself.

You can't vote unless you're registered. And if you're not registered yet you can't vote in the August 8 primary, although you're OK for November. Your vote is important, no matter who tells you that. Democracy usually turns out to be us against them, and they register and vote.



JACKI POLSON DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEEWOMAN 4TH WARD

TRUCKER: What is a committee-woman responsible for?
JACKI: My job is to influence people in the area to vote for democratic candidates. This is a payola job.

TRUCKER: What's a payola job?
JACKI: You know, the committeewoman backs candidates that will support her and she supports them. We want to expand the office and circulate redevelopment information. We have ties with the Westport Planning Commission. We will try to inspire people to go to Westport Community Council meetings, get involved. We tried to get people to go to the convention in Miami. We support McGovern, although we are not really democrats. We're just people who want to see things changed. We won't get any money for this job; we just want to get the office out of the hands of Dutch Newman, who is trying, with many others, to keep young people out of politics. We want to inform people of candidates and issues, not just tell them how to vote.

TRUCKER: How did you first get involved with all this?
JACKI: We went to the 5th Ward meeting (now the 4th Ward), April 26. The meeting was run illegally and Terry Peak, my running mate, was locked out. That's when we decided to get Dutch Newman out of office.

TRUCKER: Who is the present committeeman?
JACKI: Jerry Murphy, Dutch Newman's do-nothing side-kick.

TRUCKER: What are your ambitions?
JACKI: We want to inspire others to take over the wards, unseat the incumbents, take over the city council, and start changing Kansas City. It's either get involved or get out the guns.

TRUCKER: Do you think you'll win?
JACKI: Yes. But whether we're elected or not, the movement has been started, it is like a gas burner that's on, one spark will whoosh!

(While we were talking, Jim Shockey and brother walked in. Jim has been filling in for Joseph Teasdale as prosecutor while Teasdale was out of town. Jim is responsible for the non-prosecution of marijuana busts. He is currently running for prosecutor on the democratic ticket).

JACKI: This whole thing really got started when Ken Kesey was here and we had a big town meeting. Our involvement grew out of that. But Dutch was prepared for us when we showed up at the 5th Ward meeting. She got 190 of her people to show up where there were usually 20 or 30. She even brought in a lot of non-ward people. They all go to her church. She has circulated many lies about us to halt our progress.

TRUCKER: What, for instance?
JACKI: Like that I'm a six month pregnant hippie chick who lives with men and that Terry Peak is a transient drug addict and that Joe Shaughnessy paid for our filing fees. All lies. Dutch is just afraid of losing her \$36,000 a year job if she loses her political influence.
 Jacki sipped her beer, smiling and confident. Later on that evening, George McGovern won the nomination. The gas is on high and I think it's time to light the match.

LAURA BERKOWITZ DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEEWOMAN, 3RD WARD

TRUCKER: What does a Democratic Committeewoman do?
LAURA: A Democratic Committeewoman has credentials for insuring against vote fraud by checking eligible voters at polling places. She should inform the Ward of all political meetings and issues concerning them. She represents the Ward to the Democratic County Committee and helps elect the County Chairman. She should also hold public meetings to get feedback from area residents. The term of committeewoman is two years and during a Presidential election year the Committeewoman helps chair the Ward meeting.

TRUCKER: Why is the Committeewoman important considering it is the lowest elected office, last on the ballot and non-paying?
LAURA: This is a community having a lot of young people and older residents who are not organized politically. As a group they can influence an election. Everyone is familiar with Kansas City Life Insurance trying to blight the Westport area. A bill was introduced in the State Legislature to stop this. That is because a couple thousand people put pressure on their state representative. I would hold meetings and get people together and get them to vote heavily. They'll soon have a voting block. If people have a problem and they want to take care of it, they can come to me for help.

TRUCKER: What's the difference between you and the incumbent?
LAURA: I'm not anti-Semitic and I'm not racist.

TRUCKER: Would you compromise with the factions?
LAURA: I wouldn't have to because I'll be outnumbered anyway. There's sixty people on the County Committee and only about twenty-five what you would call liberal are running.

TRUCKER: Is it true that some Wards go to the highest bidder?
LAURA: Not in Kansas City. In St. Louis Wards make endorsements and turn out votes more heavily than here. Big politicians pay \$1,000 to \$2,500 for one of these endorsements.

TRUCKER: What's the difference between a Committeeman and Committeewoman?
LAURA: Heritage has it that the woman takes care of all the phoning and the Committeeman goes to all the important meetings. I would suggest that the County Committee assign jobs regardless of sex. A man is always chairman and a woman, secretary. There's so many battles to be fought. Some people worry about length of hair but there are bigger and better problems. Whoever the Committeeman is, I'm not doing the shit work.

TRUCKER: How's your campaign being run?
LAURA: Cheaply.

TRUCKER: What goes into a campaign?
LAURA: Knocking on doors. Putting up signs. Being nice to people. Smiling at people you don't like. Telling people who you are and what you want to do. The first time around you just have a bunch of friends helping you.

TRUCKER: Tell me about issues that people in the Ward are interested in.
LAURA: Hyde Park people don't want trash put out before six o'clock. Homeowners are worried about renting places to young people who are careless about trash. Same thing with dogs. People are con-

cerned about adequate lighting in parks. City streets should have wastebaskets. Houses broken into apartments should have adequate trash disposal like dumpsters.

TRUCKER: Does Westport have a political future?
LAURA: It could be a unique community. It has aesthetic history. It has diverse people, old established people and young people. It has a lot of opportunities if it doesn't get dilapidated. The basic issue is to mobilize the community.

TRUCKER: How do you not become corrupted?
LAURA: If you start out wanting to be a big politician with lots of money you become corrupted. My goals don't need money to be furthered. It is simply to involve the voters in the democratic process. There's no way to be corrupted with that goal. It is also a function of how many people become involved, the more people the less corruption.

TRUCKER: Are women the equal of men in politics?
LAURA: Women are as equal as they want to be. You don't have to put on your tiger stripes right away. You can make sweet sounds to get what you want.

TERRY PEAK DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEEWOMAN, 4TH WARD

TRUCKER: Why do you consider yourself a qualified candidate?
TERRY: I am a resident of and I care about the area. My own interest in ward politics stems from being locked out of the April meeting of the 5th ward (recently redistricted and now called the 4th ward). I wasn't too politically minded before that. I got the girl (Jacki Polson) across the street to go down and file with me. We've organized, done door-to-door work, in eight of the ten precincts in the ward.

TRUCKER: What are your chances of winning?
TERRY: Well, when you consider Dutch Newman won by only 670 votes last time, I think our chances are good. We've done precinct work and we've registered people. You've got to remember it is mainly an area of older people, an average age of 50-60, so we're aiming at everyone in the ward. We all need something to build a community around. Nobody tells each other what's going on the way it is now.

TRUCKER: Can you explain what the committeeman and woman do?

TERRY: They're the lowest rung of the political hierarchy and are responsible for organizing wards at the precinct level. Each ward has 6,000 people. Right now the committee people are in charge of "delivering" the vote. But instead of a power position, I'd use the office to bring the community together as a political unit. I'd be available to everyone and I'd want to tell everyone about the things that are going on. I am community conscious. For instance if an area were to be re-zoned, as is happening over at 43rd street by St. Luke's Hospital, and there was community opposition, as there is now, I'd go downtown and fight the rezoning proposal.



JACKI POLSON & TERRY PEAK

run'em through

DENISE RIEDERER DEMOCRAT 1ST DISTRICT AT LARGE, COUNTY LEGISLATURE

TRUCKER: What do you think is the single most important issue of the campaign?

DENISE: The single most important issue is the government itself. The old form--the county court system-- was shrouded in mystery. Few people, if any, knew how that government ran. If the charter is to be effective we must protect it from the politicians. We're involved in an experiment of home rule county government, and who we elect to run that government is very important. What we can expect to be accomplished depends on who we choose. I think we should elect people instead of politicians.

TRUCKER: Do you support an immediate amendment to the county charter permitting 18 year old legislators?

DENISE: Yes. That was my original motive for entering the race. I don't know if the age limit is unfair, unconstitutional, illegal or what, I don't like it. (Ed. note: One of the requirements for legislators under the new charter is that the candidate be a qualified voter for three years prior to his or hers nomination-- in effect banning those under 24 from candidacy).

TRUCKER: Are you satisfied with the present county tax structure?

DENISE: No. The fact that personal and real property tax are the county's main revenue sources means that everyone is affected or should be affected by county taxes, but inequitable taxation is one of my concerns. Some people pay a fair share others pay too much or too little. Tax relief for elderly home owners and others on fixed incomes is imperative.

TRUCKER: Do you have a seasoned opinion of sports complexes, chariot races and circuses in general?

DENISE: Well, the sports complex is an accomplished fact. I'm against using public money for private buildings. In the future, we've all got to watch more closely what's happening--so similar things don't occur again.

TRUCKER: Any ideas on pollution?

DENISE: I'm a hard core anti-pollutionist. For starters how about a county-wide paper and metal recycling system? as long as we don't duplicate recycling efforts by the individual municipalities in the county I think the county could make a really major impact here.

I haven't travelled the whole county, but if we admit automobiles are among the worst polluters I'd say maintain the roads we have and then let's work on other transportation systems. We need better, not more roads.

Stricter land use and zoning laws for the county are important in eliminating pollution, too.

You see, I don't have any specific programs to offer. It's easy to offer quick solutions. But until you've studied the county government and compare that with what the people need, there's no sense talking about specifics. I intend to examine the government, look around me, talk to people and get the results aligned

TRUCKER: Does the prospect of a strong county executive trouble you?

DENISE: We need people like me to counter balance his professionalism.

SONDRA SMALLEY SECOND DISTRICT JACKSON COUNTY LEGISLATURE

Smalley is 37 years old, the wife of Clayton Smalley, a law professor and the mother of three children. She has extensive experience in civic activities, working with the League of Women Voters and the Crippled Children's Nursery, serving on the board of directors of the American Civil Liberties Union and the Kansas City Committee for UNICEF. She was also a member of the White House Conference on Aging.



DENISE RIEDERER

TRUCKER: What are the differences between you and Kelleman?

SMALLEY: That's really tough to answer and I'll tell you why. Mike is a very sincere, good person. He's a child psychologist and very dedicated to what he does. But I think he is not committed to running. I think his commitment is a partial commitment only and I'm afraid if he's elected, he'll be a partially committed legislator. He's got a very interesting life without politics. I have good feelings about him as a person.

TRUCKER: What issues do you differ on?

SMALLEY: I don't think Mike has too many issues developed.

TRUCKER: How about you?

SMALLEY: That's my thing issues. I am for open government, including open committee meetings and public record of all legislative votes. I'm for citizen participation in government and better management of the tax dollar. I'm for tax relief for the elderly and a county-wide system of pollution control. I'd like to see a county-wide system of health protection and ordinances establishing guidelines for quality in a day care and pre-schools. None of my opponents have ever attacked me on the issues.

TRUCKER: What do you consider the first order of business if you're elected?

SMALLEY: Passing all the ordinances it will take to make county charter government a fact. It's a lifeless body now and we need to put blood into it. The way blood is injected will determine how the county will run for the next 20 years. A large part of their work will be very unexciting, extremely tedious but it will probably be the most vital months in the county's history. We'll have to start right

TRUCKER: Who do you see as your major opponent in your race for second district representative to the county legislature?

SMALLEY: Mike Kelleman. The others have never shown at any candidate meeting and have no literature. Margaret Tvedten is campaigning but she started very late.

after the November 8 election even though we don't take office until January. There will be department heads without salaries, commissions to appoint--it will be a monstrous job.

TRUCKER: What endorsements have you received?

SMALLEY: I've been endorsed by the C.C.P., Freedom, Inc., and the New Democratic Coalition. I don't know of any others. I doubt that I'll be on any factional ballots.

JAMES BAKER STATE REPRESENTATIVE TWENTY SEVENTH DISTRICT

Jim Baker is an incumbent as is his opponent Frank L O'Gara. Revision for the district lines for the Missouri General Assembly threw them into the same district.

O'Gara is a veteran state legislator Baker is completing his freshman term in office and was honored by Rutgers University as one of the 50 outstanding state representatives in the nation. Baker has consistently worked for the Westport neighborhoods. He was active on behalf of the Valentine neighborhood in its battle with Kansas City Life. He introduced a bill in the state legislature to tighten the redevelopment laws under which the Kansas City Life company sought to get the Valentine neighborhood declared blighted and razed. The bill was passed by the legislature, opposed by redevelopment interest all over the state and vetoed by the governor.

Baker is 30 years old and a lawyer.

TRUCKER: Who has endorsed Frank O'Gara?

BAKER: That's really not clear. I assume he'll be endorsed by what they call the Regular Democratic Clubs. He's been active in politics for a long time, was a constable for awhile and has worked on campaigns for Sal Capra and Phillip Scaglia. He's a long time resident of his ward and that probably counts for more than endorsement.

TRUCKER: What's the basis of your strength?

BAKER: People are disillusioned with politics and politicians. Support by a Democratic club doesn't mean what it used to. On that basis our principal effort has been door-to-door.

This is a unique campaign in that both my opponent and myself are incumbents, so everyone can look at the record and see what we did away from the bright lights of the campaign trail.

I have been endorsed by the Committee for County Progress.

TRUCKER: What is the major difference between you and your opponent?

BAKER: I voted for openness in government, open committee, open meetings and my opponent opposed them. I voted to strengthen the water pollution laws and he voted against it. I voted for the 18 year old vote. He was present but abstained. There was a bill proposed which after 10 years of service would have given state legislators twice the pension benefits of other state employees. He was for it; I was against it.

The other level of difference is philosophy. My thought is that our primary concern should be supporting the neighborhoods so the city will have a central core. I worked actively with the Valentine neighborhood while O'Gara, who represented most of it, didn't choose to get involved. I think preservation of neighborhoods is a critical issue.

Another issue is the political independence of our neighborhoods. For years, Westport was thought of as a political extension of the area north. The attitude was: Westport can be delivered. I'd like to see the time when people no longer make some kind of a deal with the bosses to get Westport's support. To get support from the people of Westport, they're going to have to take into account the needs of the people of Westport. Metropolitan, for example, repeatedly showed a six lane highway through Westport on Pennsylvania. That's government without taking the people into account.

TRUCKER: If you're elected what do you see as the first order of business?

BAKER: One thing is getting away from using the property tax to support our schools. And, going along with it, getting a fair share of state money into urban education. The cities haven't been getting their fair share.

Reform of the penal institutions is another important issue. I'd like to see,

first of all, the \$9 million proposed for a maximum security prison in Steele, Mo. spent to build medium security institutions in the urban areas where most of the prisoners come from. In urban areas, they would be exposed to job training which had some meaning for them--not stamping license plates and growing potatoes. I don't see this as a humanitarian issue. To me the issue is society's interest to protect itself from crime. The statistics say that 60 to 80 per cent of the people committed to prison under the present system are back in prison within four years after their release.

Completing the reorganization of state government is a priority. And a top priority would be implementing the tax relief program for the elderly which will be on the ballot in November.

TRUCKER: Right now, what do you think your chances are for winning?

BAKER: I think we're reaching the people with the issue. If we can just get them out to vote, we'll win. If there's a low turn-out, if only people with some connection to a political club vote, then I'll get beat.

TED NEWMAN, FIRST DISTRICT AT LARGE, JACKSON COUNTY LEGISLATURE

Ted Newman is 39 years old, the father of four children and an executive with National Starch and Chemical. He has the financial backing to conduct a 'serious' campaign. He and Jim Baker and Sondra Smalley are running a cooperative campaign. Ted Newman has a mustache.

TRUCKER: How did you come to run for county legislature?

NEWMAN: It goes back a number of years. I have two children with learning disabilities and got involved with the Kansas City organization for parents of children with learning disabilities. There was a leadership vacuum there and I became president and began to approach the Kansas City Board of Education to get some programs in public schools for children with learning disabilities. We didn't get very far but I found out that the only way you get things done is through people with some kind of authority.

I looked around and saw a lot of people in authority making things happen that I didn't think should be happening. So I decided to try for the authority to make the things happen that I think should happen.

TRUCKER: What would you like to see happen in the county legislature?

NEWMAN: I'd like, first of all, to keep the western part of the county from being sort of a step-child. And I'd like to make a county-wide mechanism for comprehensive planning. I think urban neighborhoods are vital to the county and I saw neighborhoods being dissolved because people aren't sure what things are going to look like in 10, 20, 30 years. I think good planning could encourage people back into urban areas.

Housing, a comprehensive county-wide emphasis on housing, is a part of it. But I'm also strong on education, transportation and health care. These things are usually considered separately but people have to learn to think of them together since they're all part of the fabric of urban living.

TRUCKER: Why did you run at-large instead of in your neighborhood?

NEWMAN: I see the role of an at-large candidate as an advocacy role. Even without the full authority to implement a proposal, an at-large legislator has a county-wide constituency and can advocate certain positions on behalf of the county to the state legislature, the congress--any place the county needs a voice. I see the advocacy role as very important.

august 8th primary

TRUCKER: Who are your chief opponents?

NEWMAN: I guess Tom Gialde.

TRUCKER: How do you differ.

NEWMAN: I don't know because I've never heard his stand on the issues. He's head of the American Sons of Columbus. He's got backing from the regular democrats, Harvey Jones, Dutch Newman, Scaglia....

But it's very hard to tell where he stands because he hasn't made any stands or any appearances at candidates forums.

TRUCKER: What is your basic commitment?

NEWMAN: My basic commitment is to the neighborhood concept--government has to reinforce and work through the neighborhood groups.

TRUCKER: What do you think the political clubs are after?

children children schools for I'd sure people separately they're NEWMAN:

Columbus Harvey neighbor-

NEWMAN: The political clubs want to maintain their own prerogatives and to maintain their own power. I think there is an alternative to that. I think there is another way to go.

TRUCKER: Who have you been endorsed by?

NEWMAN: The C.C.P.--I got the endorsement there in a floor fight with the C.C.P. executive committee--it was the first time the C.C.P.'s board of directors have ever voted against the executive committee. I've also been endorsed by the West Side Citizen's Association, Freedom, Inc. and C.O.P.E., the council on political education of the central labor council.

CHARLES SHAFFER III DEMOCRAT LEGISLATURE 4TH DISTRICT AT LARGE

TRUCKER: Do you support an immediate amendment to the charter permitting 18 year old legislators?

SHAFFER: I don't think we need one. We're contending that I am qualified to serve. If I'm elected, out to determine whether or not we need an amendment. (Ed. note: If either Shafer or Denise Riederer were elected it is expected that a legal challenge would be offered meaning that the implied age restriction would be clarified by a court).

TRUCKER: What is your most important concern in the campaign?

SHAFFER: That most people don't know about the new county government, about the legislature. They don't remember the charter. We have to educate them about how this thing will run. After that I am most concerned about tax reform.

TRUCKER: What kind of tax reform?

SHAFFER: Personal property tax. There hasn't been a general re-assessment of county in 31 years. Industries, some of them, are underpaying. Some people are paying too much. Some large landholders in the county are paying very little. A county-wide re-assessment would cost \$2-4 million, but it would increase county revenue by as much as \$10 million. The old county court could not borrow money against anticipated tax returns, but the county legislature can and I think it should get the money needed to start a re-assessment immediately.

TRUCKER: Do you favor some kind of tax relief for elderly home owners?

SHAFFER: Yes, definitely.

TRUCKER: What about a county transportation plan?

SHAFFER: We should expand the ATA (the bus system). I was one of the two witnesses the other week at a state hearing on reduced fares for students. I think students and older people should get free I D passes, and be able to ride at reduced fares anytime day or night, anywhere.

TRUCKER: Are you content with the present county health system?

SHAFFER: Well, I think too many times in the past the attitude has been that anyone using a county facility was begging--and that's wrong. The hospitals now are understaffed and using old equipment. I'd hope they could be modernized and that mobile health units for preventive care could be sent all over the county.

TRUCKER: Do you favor public expenditures for sports complexes?

SHAFFER: I just think we should stop and consider these things before we spend money on them in the future.

TRUCKER: Does the proposed county merit system satisfy you?

SHAFFER: No, I think it's very anti-union. There's no bargaining power for the employees and the personnel director is made too authoritarian.

FRANK L. O'GARA REPRESENTATIVE GENERAL ASSEMBLY TWENTY-SEVENTH DISTRICT

Frank O'Gara has served two terms in the state legislature and in running against James Baker in the August 8 primary to secure his third term. He is a life-long resident of his district.

TRUCKER: Who is supporting Jim Baker?

O'GARA: I think the C.C.P. is endorsing him.

TRUCKER: What is your basis of strength

O'GARA: I've lived all my life in the district. I'm a life-long resident here and I've been active in politics for years. I was elected a constable of this district in 1958 and I'm seeking my third term in the state legislature.

TRUCKER: What differences do you see between you and Baker?

O'GARA: I think a basic difference is from whence we came. I was educated at Rockhurst and St. Benedict's because that's all I could afford. And I'm glad of it, don't get me wrong. But he's a Harvard man. We're from different environments.

I'm supported by labor and he's been endorsed by the chamber of commerce. You could actually call him a conservative because he's supported by the money interests. I'm a labor man.

TRUCKER: Jim Baker has insisted that this is a campaign on the legislative record. What are your feelings on that?

O'GARA: When you take the record out of context, you can prove anything. If you take a bill that runs 29-some pages and reduce it to a paragraph, you can prove anything. Baker sponsored, for example, a bill to reduce the house membership to 120 representatives and it was laughed off the floor--it was unworkable with no provision for a tie. Some of the bills were just lawyer's bills and I voted against them.

TRUCKER: What about the bill to get up open committee meetings? Why did you oppose that?

O'GARA: Actually, the bill was a boondoggle. The same people who are for open committee votes say that they're against lobbyists but having open committee votes would give the lobbyists a whip to use against us.

And there are 1800 bills introduced each year. What would happen if a senator found out you voted against his bill in committee? What would be yours? We're only human.

The way I see that bill, it would put newspaper men in control of the legislature; newspaper men and lobbyists. I'm just telling you my true feelings. The lobbyists don't know what goes on in the committee rooms. There's a gentlemen's agreement among legislators not to tell them and I think the system works very well.

TRUCKER: If elected, what would be your first order of business?

O'GARA: I'd continue to work for the same bills I worked so hard on during the last session. I want to see the abolishment of the Sunday blue laws and I want to abolish sales tax on food and medicine. I think the sales tax is a regressive tax.

TRUCKER: Who have you been en-

dorsed by?

O'GARA: I've been endorsed by the regular democratic organizations. I don't know who else. I don't think all the endorsements are final.

TRUCKER: There are those who think endorsement by the regular democratic clubs is tantamount to admitting that you're a crooked politician.

O'GARA: I don't think so. I think it's a matter of philosophy. Look, I'm Irish and my father was a Pendergast man--a lot of Irish were, that's how they rose above themselves and the discrimination against them.

Being a faction man doesn't mean you're corrupt. I've seen goody-goodies and so-called clean-up groups that in time become just as corrupt as you can imagine.

I think the faction's philosophy goes along with Thomas Jefferson's--work for the small man and the people who need help.

TRUCKER: What about the Valentine neighborhood redevelopment? Why didn't you get involved there? They were small men who needed help.

O'GARA: We're all preaching localism and not practicing it. I live at 33rd and Karnes and I've lived there a long time. I'm not going to blow myself out of a neighborhood. But we're state officials and that was a council problem. I had no vote and no power really. I didn't refuse to help, I'm very concerned. I live in the neighborhood and have four children in Redemptorist school. If I didn't like the neighborhood I would have moved years ago. But that was a matter for the local government, not the state. Those are my true feelings. I can't change them.

TRUCKER: How is your campaign going?

O'GARA: I really won't know until election day. A train doesn't run on its whistle.



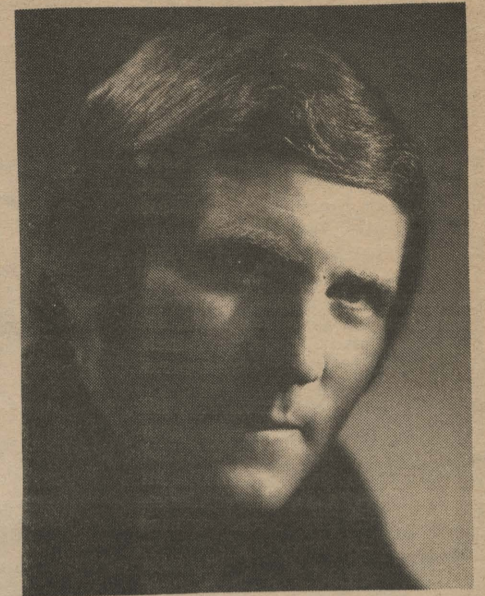
REPRESENTATIVE, GENERAL ASSEMBLY TWENTY-THIRD DISTRICT

Politics not only makes strange bed-fellows, it makes strange enemies: case in point, the 23rd district. There's a four-way race in a district containing the West Side, the North End and the Wayne Minor projects and other ghettos: In that race, Jesse Mora, Jr., is getting the regular democratic-North End strength and Kenneth Helman hasn't made much noise. It's strange, then, and more than passing sad that in that district Paul G. Rojas and Mrs. Doretta Henderson should wind up opponents.

Paul G. Rojas is a son of the West Side and a friend of the West Side, which, God knows, has had few enough friends in government. He's a Chicano and can speak for the Chicanos who, until now, have been so little regarded by governments that their neighborhood has been the dumping ground for suburban expressways. Rojas in the city council election ran a good race against the non-campaigner Sal Capra but Capra won anyhow. Now he's trying for a voice in the General Assembly.

So is Mrs. Doretta Henderson, a strong champion of the black and the poor. She spent most of her life as a maid and welfare mother until four years ago she got plain fed-up. She formed Mothers for Adequate Welfare which grew into the Kansas City Welfare Rights Organization. She got busy, too, working with the Wayne Minor Tenants' Association, St. Mark's church, the Jackson County and Missouri state welfare advisory boards, Model Cities, Human Resources Commission, the Black Economic Union and any other group that seemed to her to be working for the people's interests.

Mora's comfort is probably in the adage "Divide and Conquer."



James Shockey, Democratic candidate for Jackson County prosecutor, is a very different kind of politician. He's not out buying faction support, and he isn't running all over the county talking about that nebulous nothing called "law and order." In fact, he's being so reasonable about his candidacy he might not win.

Shockey, part of prosecutor Joe Teasdale's staff for the last five years, is going one step beyond his boss' no prosecution for first-time marijuana users: Shockey will not prosecute anyone for possession, sale, or transfer of the weed.

"In view of all the evidence that marijuana is neither physically nor mentally addictive, and does not have either short or long term ill effects, I consider it a grave injustice to prosecute and imprison people for the possession and sale of this harmless substance. We do not prosecute and imprison people for the possession and sale of alcohol, even though there are some nine million alcoholics in the United States", he says. And that's a mouthful for any candidate for any public office anywhere in the country.

"For these reasons, if elected Prosecuting Attorney of Jackson County, I will not prosecute anyone for the use or transfer of marijuana, except when it is given to minors. I will also propose legislation for the legalization of marijuana to regulate its use in the same manner as the use of alcohol."

Shockey thinks that, like the prohibition laws, marijuana restrictions are creating "disrespect for laws and law enforcement agencies." He wants to concentrate the limited facilities and resources of criminal justice on "hard core problems."

"The main thrust of prosecution efforts must be directed towards 1) violently dangerous individuals, 2) organized criminal groups specializing in dangerous and addictive drugs, murder, burglary, robbery and thefts, 3) white collar criminals engaged in tax fraud and systematic extortion."

"Our entire system of criminal justice," he continued, "and our concepts of crime and punishment must be revised immediately."

"It's a fraud to say that I'm gonna be tough on crime--that doesn't mean a damn thing. At present, we have neither the

Temple Slug

PIPE PARTS
Bowls Stems Chambers

WATER PIPE KITS

and lots of other Doobies to make it easier to puff



43rd & Jefferson

DEAR READERS

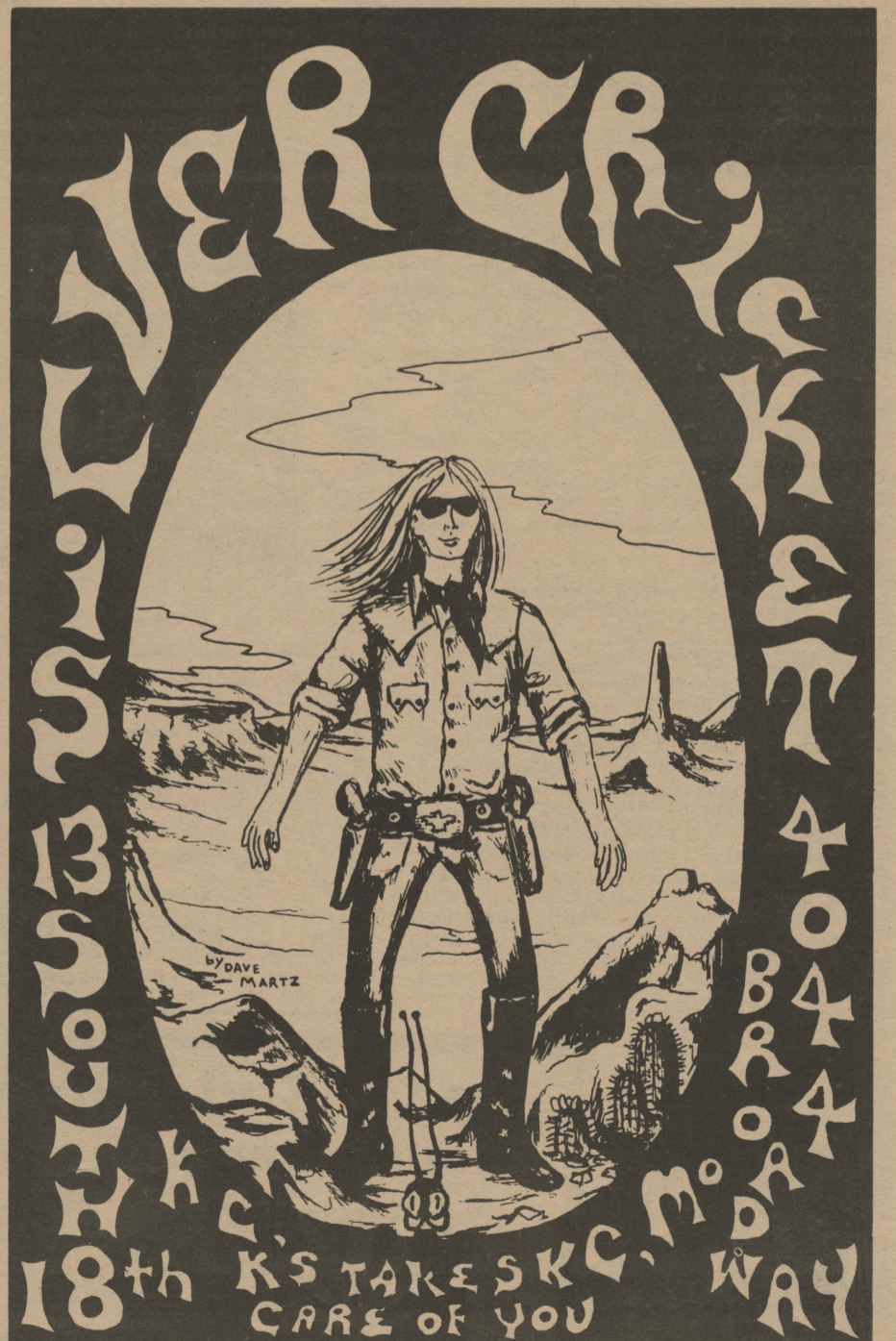
Readers might consider forgiving the errors in typesetting and the lack of a calendar this issue in place of having to forgive the paper not coming out.

Which is easier to overlook?

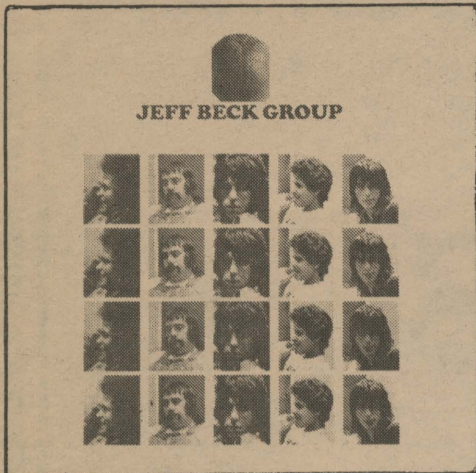
Who knows, this isn't exactly Websters International, you know.



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SOUNDS *



JEFF BECK GROUP

EPIC KE31331

LOOTER GOOSE

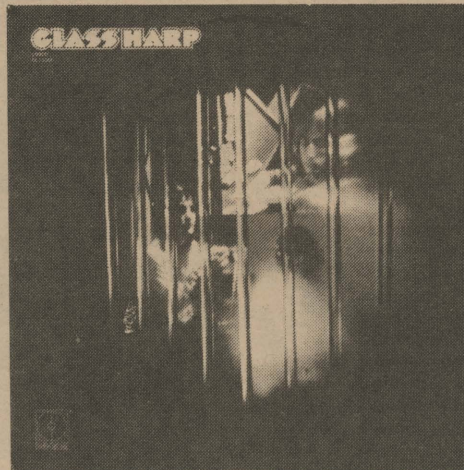
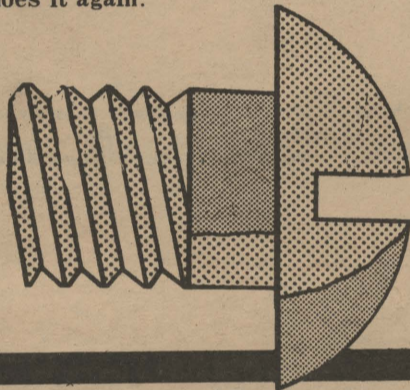
Here I was, all set to give Beck's new album a horseshit review, but I thought why not give it one or two more listens, and I did and the damn thing is actually growing on me, by God. Don't get me wrong it is definitely, all things taken into consideration, not up to the level which Beck is capable of (except, of course, that looney guitar playing) although in every way it is superior to his "Rough and Ready" album, which certainly stands as the low point of his career. The new album is produced much better, and luckily, someone made Beck stay out of the control room which was one of the main negative points of "Rough & Ready". Also the material is a step or two above "R&R", although most of the songs are lacking that something and have a tendency to sort of run together. Beck's guitar, however, is outstanding on most of the tracks. My favorites are the Hendrix influenced "Going Down", "Definitely Maybe", which only Beck would think of, and "Highway", which shows a bit of Eric Clapton influence.

Besides the not up to par material which can best be described as "nice" or "inoffensive", the band suffers from Bob Tench's singing and a sort of overall held back feeling, which is probably Beck's doing. If Tench can find himself, then his contribution to

the group will markedly increase, but for now he is just sort of there, and is definitely not on Beck's level. Max Middleton is a very fine pianist, but his solo work manages to all sound the same. He does do some very nice things behind the group ("Going Down", "I Got to Have a Song") and has the technique to do much more. He could develop very nicely in the future. As for the drums and bass, they seem competent enough, but they suffer from underproduction, and they don't quite cook like they could. Let's give them a little more time.

Ah, but the guitar playing. Although Beck is one of the few temporary guitarists to possess all of the best qualities rolled into one, in my opinion his ideas are the one outstanding feature of his playing to separate him from the others. Except for the now retired Randy California, of Spirit, hardly anyone else can think of such unique things to play and do this consistently, time and time again. He always surprises me - always has, probably always will. (The new album could be subtitled "King of the Bizarre Guitar"). Suffice it to say that many strange things happen on this album. I would like to go on and on but words are a poor substitute for such incredible playing. I remember the first time I heard the new album after it was over we put on a Harvey Mandel album, and just kind of looked at each other and smiled and said "Gee, that's nice, but, you know..." (and Mandel can play, that's no lie). Buy the album, and see for yourself, you turkeys.

Yes, indeed, it is very nice to see Beck in such good form again. If he can only get his group together, or find some other people who are a bit better, it will please me greatly. The man who almost singlehandedly set the course of contemporary guitar playing does it again.



GLASS HARP

DECCA DL75261

LOOTER GOOSE

All in all, we have here a very excellent first album by Glass Harp; but even as fine as it is, there are a few things they need to get together in the future. They are a three piece band--Don Pecchio on bass, John Sferra on drums, and Phil Keaggy on guitar. (It seems that Keaggy is quite highly thought of: for instance, Ted Nugent thinks that he is better than Jeff Beck--interesting? However, on this first album their sound is sometimes swallowed by a massive army of strings, which perhaps could have been used tastefully to augment the basic sound, but instead becomes quite cumbersome and only serves to load the band down. The orchestration itself reminds me of the Moody Blues. Faulty production also gives the band a somewhat empty sound at times, but not much is lost because of it.

Glass Harp does seem to know what they want to do, and most of their songs have a certain underlying feeling or quality which gives the whole album a kind of dark, wistful feeling; one song is quite an exception though. "Village Queen" is quite bright and sort of country oriented funk, and I would almost say it is the best song on the album. It makes no pretensions; it is just very easy to get into, and a lot of fun. Song Writing is the one area where

Glass Harp is sure to make improvement in the future. Although they are good songwriters generally, they could deviate from their basic semi-heavy rock style more often; no big deal though. Their words (does anyone out there listen to words?) are generally sort of trite and try to be profound in a simple way! Their singing makes up for it, though, if you just picture their voices as another instrument. The vocals are quite good; they sound almost childlike, but that's not quite the word. What I mean to say is that the vocals are not harsh, they are very lyrical, and quite enjoyable to listen to.

Then there is the guitar playing. Keaggy is pretty damn good, to say the least. He has absorbed a lot of contemporary influences, but is definitely his own man. His playing is effortless and is usually very lyrical, besides being so INTENSE and original. Nothing at all trite about his breaks! although you hear familiar runs or patterns, their use by Keaggy is quite inventive and fresh. And I think he'll develop more in the future.

The drums and bass aren't quite as solid as they could be, but seem to work together quite well - they know each other, it seems, and are funky at all times. Sferra reminds me a bit of Keith Moon in the way that he manages to lay a lot down behind the song, but not drag it down - he is quite good.



"SURPRISES" AT VOLKER




NANCY BALL

Jazz enthusiasts had the rare opportunity to hear some truly improvisational music at Volker, Sunday, July 23. The musicians had never played together as a group before, although they had jammed in various combinations. The event was put together by Jack Deaton guitarist for the group, and long-time park freak.

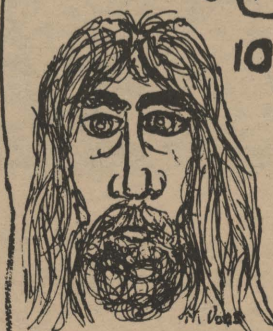
When pinned down, Deaton said the combo could be called "Surprises", although he stressed that they were really not an organized band. Besides Deaton on guitar, the group was made up of Steve Scott on organ and vocals (now appearing as a soloist at the Colony Bar), John Hatton (of the noted Pete Eye Trio, and the K.C. Philharmonic) on both stand-up and electric bass, and Dave Gordon on drums. Later they were joined by an unidentified conga player.

After a rock set by Possee from Kansas, the jazz group did some fine jamming. Though spontaneous, the sound was coherent and fairly tight, an unusual trait in much improvisational jazz. The group wound up with a rock-influenced number that showed off each member's considerable talents to best advantage. The people got into it, and so did the musicians. Hopefully, they'll get something going together. The quartet is tentatively scheduled to play for the August 20th J-day festivities. Come along and enjoy!



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PHONE

SCARECROW IN A GARDEN OF CUCUMBERS

DICK ARMSTRONG

When quivering virginal Eve Harrington (Holly Woodlawn) leaves her parents and Topeka for life as a New York actress she admits, "I'm gonna suffer," so, unfortunately, does the audience. Scarecrow in a Cucumber Patch is a very long flop, despite a steller performance by Holly Woodlawn.

The script is a compendium of chiches delivered in an exasperating, muddled fashion that thwarts efforts to hear the dialogue, a mixed blessing considering the tediousness of most of what is said. Even complementing the lackluster cast on a self-reflexive parody is more than any of them deserves. Worse than just bad screen

Her personality and its every man-players, they are dull.

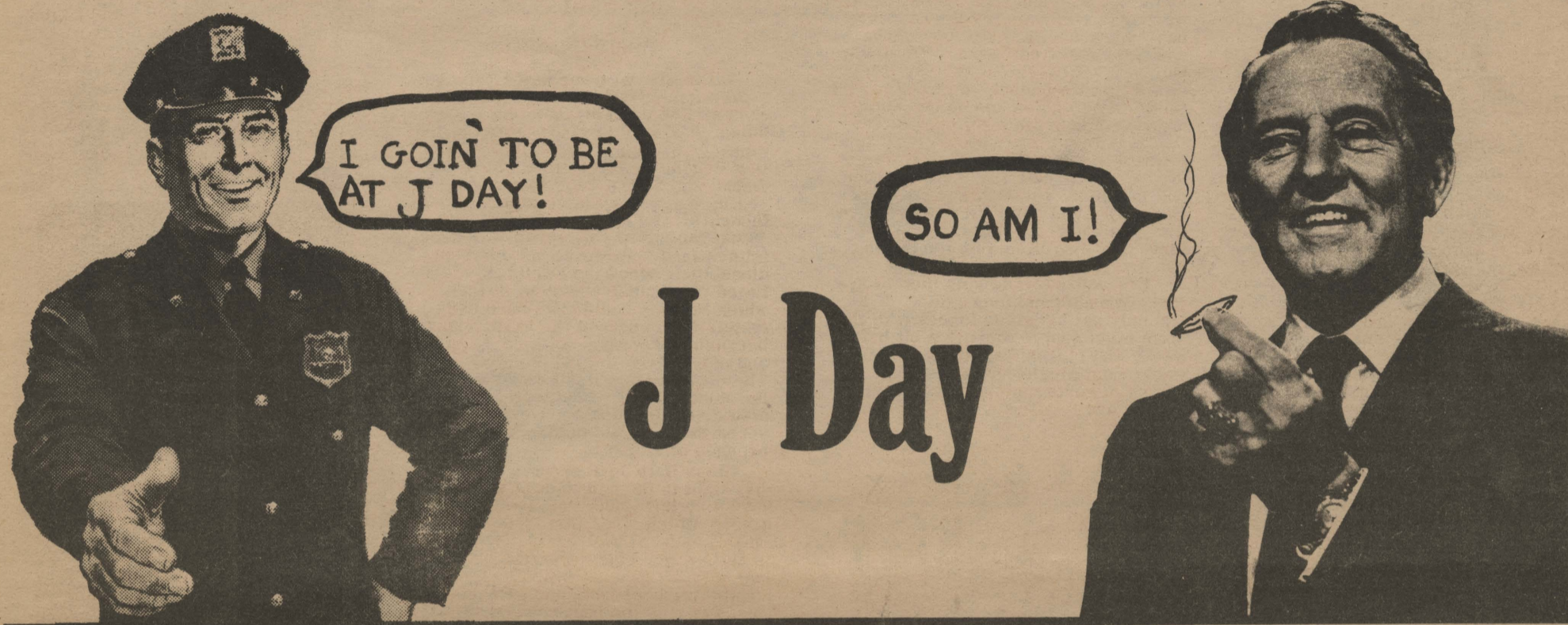
Scarecrow's music is one of its technical graces all the same. So with the photography, which, besides a number of excellent shots of New York, reveals Holly Woodlawn as one of cinema's most talented entertainers.

Miss Woodlawn never falters. Nearly as charismatic as Garland, more comic than Gracie Allen, she is a child and vicin of her times like so many great actresses of the past. Holly is a star, an unassailable one. She can do no wrong, cannot harm her career. She is a double inversion of any contemporary standard and

and for beyond reproach. Her helplessness and ceaseless flutterings are reminders that Holly is not "just a woman", but a very feminine creature.

Miss Woodlawn's style is comic, inimitable so. But the humor she creates and masters is sympathetic and devoid of derision. Holly is no dizzy broad; to the contrary, sensing the vacuity of today she has opted for other-worldliness and pursued "life" past anything admissible in society.

Her claims "I just want to be real" are heart-wrenching wails. Her "womanhood" is a burden; a more talented pariah is not to be found.



I GOIN' TO BE AT J DAY!

SO AM I!

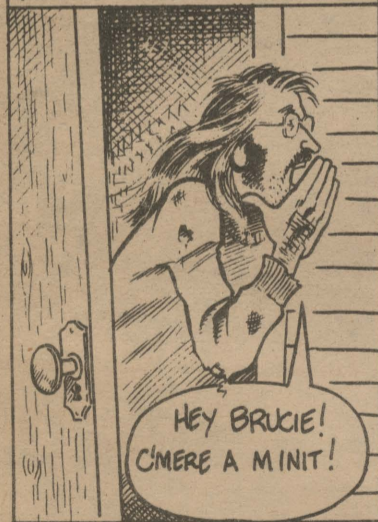
J Day

THE CONTINUING ADVENTURES OF....

HAROLD HEDD

WRITTEN AND DRAWN FOR YEW BY... Rand Holmes

FEATURING THAT LOVABLE NEIGHBORHOOD URCHIN... BRUCIE THE FERRET!



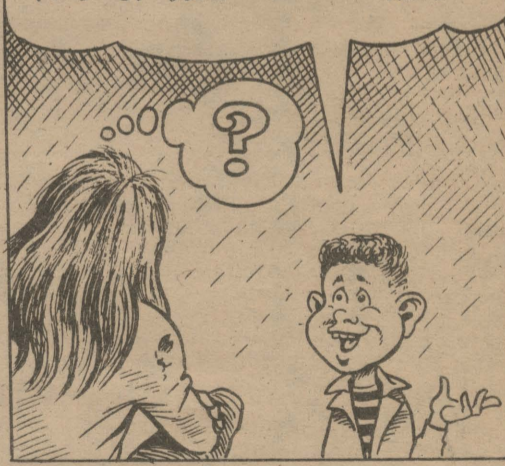
HI MR. HEDD... LOVELY DAY ISN'T IT..?



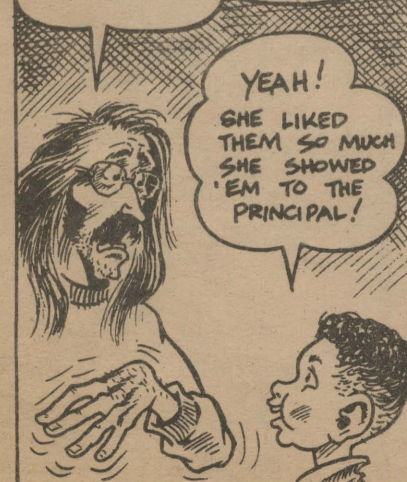
... IS THE FACT THAT I SAW YOU IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING CUTTING LEAVES OFF THAT BIG GREEN PLANT OVER THERE AN I WANNA KNOW HOWCUM?



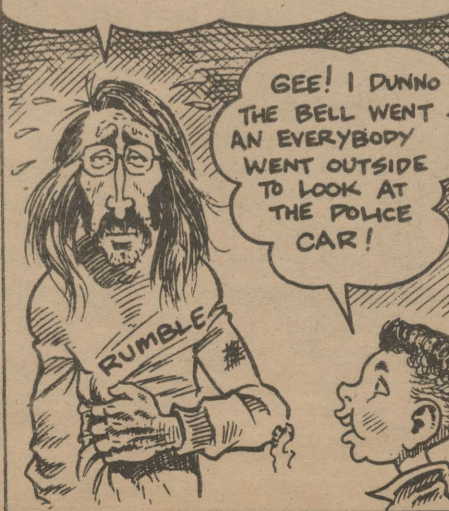
OH YEAH THAT... WELL SEE... IT'S FALL... AN OUR TEACHER WANTED ALL US KIDS TO BRING A DIFFERENT KIND OF LEAF TO CLASS... SEE?



WHAT!?!... YOU SHOWED THOSE LEAVES TO YOUR TEACHER?!



SHOWER... THEM... TO... THE... PRINCIPAL... UH HUNH!... WHAT HAPPENED THEN?



GAAAA... POLICE CAR... SWOON...



WAIT!... UM... HEH HEH BRUCIE... DEAR LITTLE FRIEND... NO NEED TO RUSH OFF... I FIND THE SUBJECT OF YOUR STUDIES FASCINATING



HEH HEH... FIVE BUCKS TO FORGET WHERE I GOT THOSE LEAVES

HAROLD SURE IS PARANOID



AMERICANIZATION

Saigon means people living in graveyards, in any available space. Homes are made of cardboard, discarded C-ration boxes, bits of tin, old rotten cloth, anything people can salvage from the colossal amount of garbage the Americans have produced in Vietnam.

WASTE

Saigon means waste. Traditional Vietnamese society allows for no waste of any kind; even human excrement goes back into the soil or into the family fish pond to feed the fish. Now, discarded useless military equipment collects in huge stockpiles. Scrap metal is now South Vietnam's largest export item accounting for 90% of its total exports.

Even ordinary garbage and trash is now sold to Vietnamese garbage "contractors" who sell it to the poor. Formerly children examined the contents of garbage dumps and some families made a living salvaging the debris. The work was dangerous since GIs sometimes booby-trapped the piles of garbage to keep the Vietnamese children from taking it.

Economic conditions around the cities and near American bases make it necessary to steal simply to live. In a culture where the children are traditionally honest, they have organized into pickpocket gangs.

Saigon means heroin. Vietnamese men and teenage boys increasingly are turning to heroin as their lives become more hopeless and degraded. The government the Americans are fighting to preserve pushes heroin on its own people. Huge profits from opium sales are going into the pockets of the highest government and military officials in the Thieu regime.

This is the nature of life in South Vietnam cities. It is a slow form of American-sponsored death: the destruction of Vietnamese values.

The razing of villages, saturation bombing defoliation of vast areas have caused what some U.S. social planners have called "forced urbanization". Three to six million refugees have been moved into the cities or into relocation camps. The upbeat phrase, "Vietnam is on the move," was the way U.S. officials used to describe the process. Vietnamese families are uprooted and dispersed.

WOMEN

At the root of this situation is the dehumanization of Vietnamese women. Each morning they sit on the ground outside American bases, waiting to serve the soldiers as laundry maids or prostitutes.

Nearly 500,000 women have been forced into prostitution. The salary of an ARVN soldier or a Vietnamese worker is not enough to support a small family, and so wives and daughters have had to sell themselves to live "Little Country Inn. Country and Western Welcome." The women outside the "no limit" bars have their hair dyed brown or done up in western style hair-dos. They wear heavy makeup. Plunging necklines reveal breasts pushed up and outward to make the women look more voluptuous.

Vietnam war veterans say that many women have had their breasts injected with silicone so that they more closely resemble the American "ideal". Girls too young to be bedmates for GIs sell girlie pictures on the sidewalk.

Competing with prostitution is the "mate matchers" industry, employing cultural and legal "experts". Pimps procure Vietnamese brides-to-be. These women are taught English from "Love Dictionaries"--bedroom English. The marriage ceremony is performed at a marriage office.

DOLL

Most American-Vietnamese marriages are outright slavery. In exchange for a monthly allowance from her American "husband" the Vietnamese woman must be his servant. She

is an entertaining doll, a sexual object; the certificate of marriage is simply used to justify her exploitation.

When her "husband" leaves Vietnam, she is usually left behind to be transferred to a newcomer. The women forced into degrading roles are held in contempt by the men who pimp for them.

The cultural destruction and the imposition of U.S. materialistic values in Vietnam has produced intense anti-Americanism awakened even some of the conservative Catholic population. American cars and trucks, civilian and military, are constantly vandalized and destroyed on the streets of Saigon by Vietnamese youth.

The Women's Committee for the Right to Live, part of the urban opposition, issued a 4-point declaration in 1971, stating:

- (1) the dignity of Vietnamese in general, and the dignity of Vietnamese women in particular, should be respected and protected,
- (2) women will struggle for peace and the right to live,
- (3) all American soldiers must be withdrawn from Vietnam and
- (3) a Coalition government should be formed to represent the Vietnamese people.

Ngo Ba Tjanh, president of the Women's Committee, was subsequently arrested and jailed by the Thieu regime for demonstrating against the government. She was brought to trial but fell ill in court and almost died. Her trial was postponed and she is still in prison.

ASSAULT

The cultural assault by the United States is cultural neo-colonialism a policy designed to make South Vietnam a permanent part of the U.S. empire. U.S. AID programs describe these policies as "psychological

Anti-communism no longer arouses Vietnamese to fight Vietnamese. A new type of "hero" has to be created. He fights not for a cause, but because he is paid.

The popular culture -- magazines, movies, films -- in South Vietnam now promotes a model soldier stripped of all human values or political understanding. He never talks about Vietnam in patriotic terms. He kills to survive, then seeks pleasure afterwards through sex.

An integral part of this culture is the glorification of American "natural instincts": sex, violence, and the desire for money.

Alienation, absurdism, and other Western cultural concepts, are also encouraged. VAN a CIA-funded magazine, asks, "What is happiness? no such thing exists/ only acceptance is real." To accept U.S. domination is the message behind these words.

CONTINUED

U.S. troops can be withdrawn to a residual force. Even the frequency and intensity of bombing raids could be greatly reduced. But U.S. policies of economic penetration and cultural domination are likely to continue for many years.

The air war, the ever-present threat of intensified bombing, especially of the cities, buys time while the U.S. intensifies cultural and psychological warfare in South Vietnam.

INTERVIEWS

CONTINUED

legislative means nor the physical correctional facilities to distinguish between those who are a threat to society and those who can be rehabilitated into society. The result of this lack of resources is that people kill themselves in penal institutions, they go through physical abuses, etc and then they are returned to society after an arbitrary time in worse shape than when they went in, back to a society not ready to accept them. We are re-enforcing, perpetuating criminal behavior."

"The prosecutor has incredible powers over the liberty of the people, almost awesome powers," Shockey contends. The job, as he sees it, is nothing short of determining justice, and requires enormous powers of judgement and discretion. The prosecutor has to take into consideration the value to the community of prosecuting someone. Injustices, like convictions for grass, are tragic. Once considered a "criminal" you are branded. Shockey added, "You are unable to get or keep a job and so forth, when you're not doing anything injurious to yourself or community."

"The evidence is so overwhelming (for lessening marijuana laws) that I find it hard to believe there's as little understanding of marijuana as there is. But I say the same things in Westport or in front of a police group, regardless of the ages of the audience because I am asking people to place powers in my hands and they're entitled to know how I would enforce the laws. Often people in their 40's 50's, and 60's come up and thank me for a rational stand."

Only one group, the New Democratic Coalition, has endorsed Shockey in the primary campaign. "It's extremely important to get people to inform themselves -- I find it astonishing that they would make judgements on the basis of a billboard or bumper sticker."



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THE GRANARY

fundamental foods

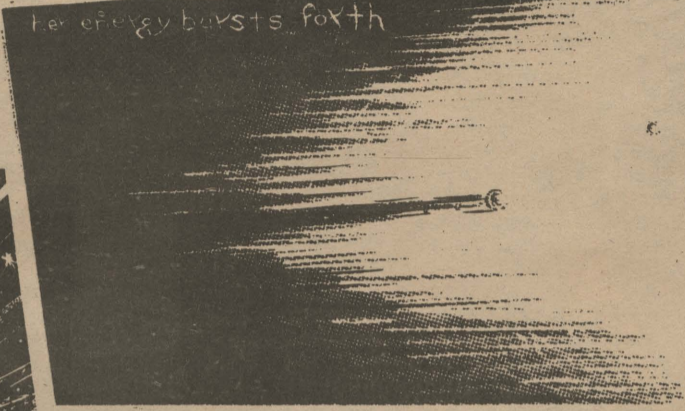
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YOU KNOW KIM and AGAIN

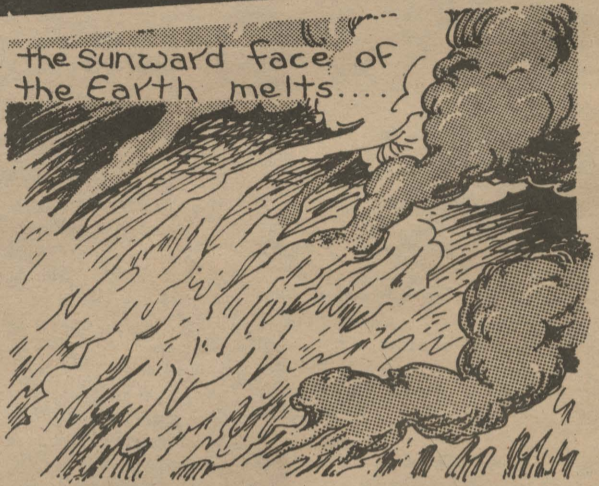
The life-carrying pod Arlon Keep vanishes into safety and continuity.....



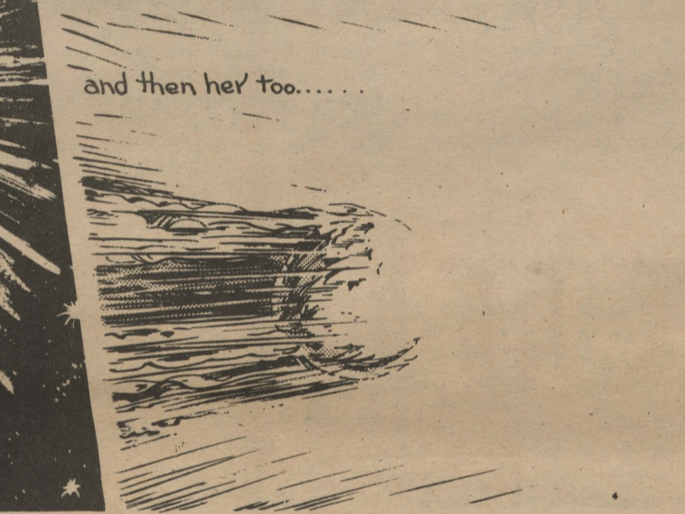
While behind...
NOVA! the unsteady
mother star
detonates!!



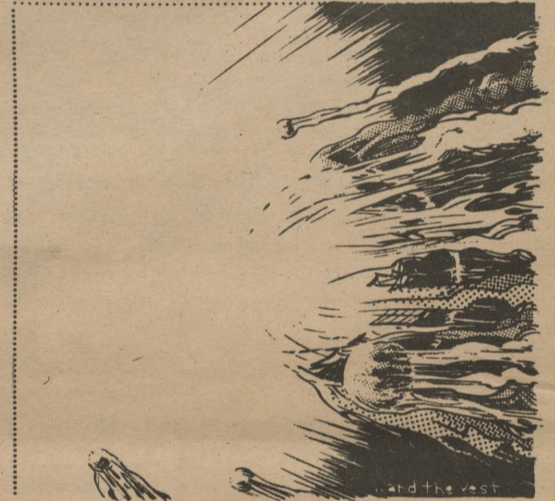
The energy bursts forth



the sunward face of
the Earth melts....



and then her too.....



and the vest

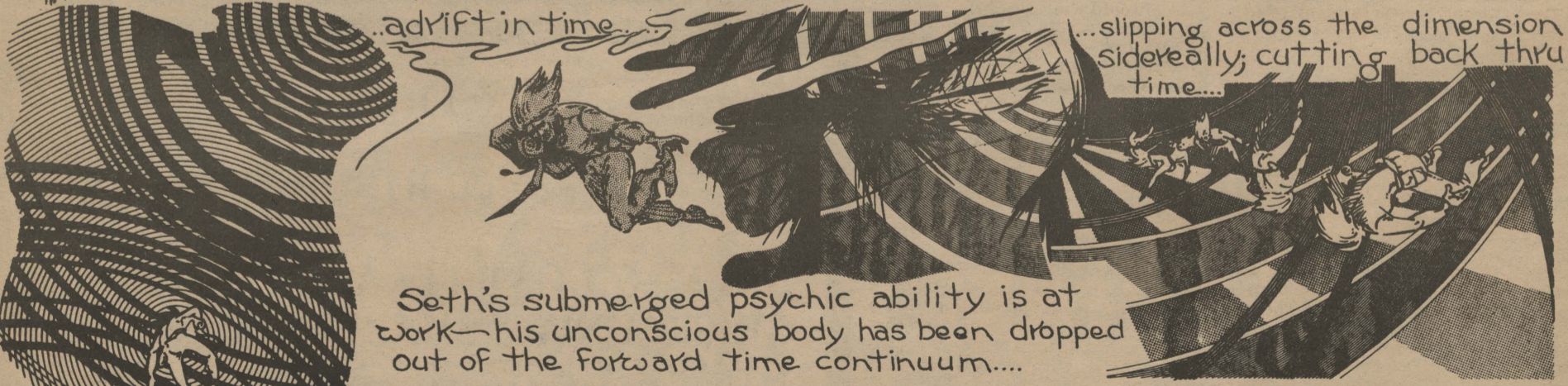


SNAP

Finished...



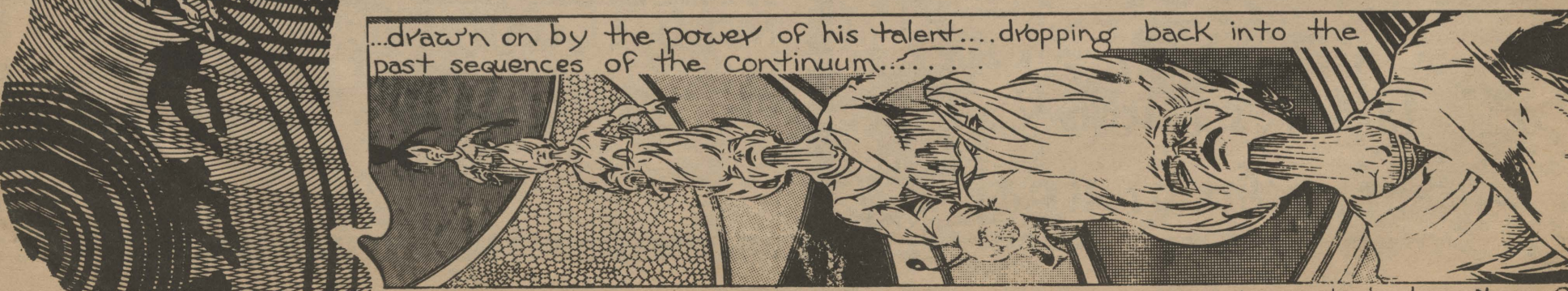
but where is Seth?



...adrift in time...

...slipping across the dimension
sidereally; cutting back thru
time...

Seth's submerged psychic ability is at
work—his unconscious body has been dropped
out of the forward time continuum....



...drawn on by the power of his talent... dropping back into the
past sequences of the continuum.....

but guided to where?

pinball



On the Sausalito ferry

JUJITSU

Robert Scott

Bruno had not been very happy to go looking for Simone at Pauley's Tumbledown, since Pauley's Tumbledown was reputed to be one of the toughest bars in Kansas City. It was reputed to be the hangout of bikers, cowboys, sledgehammer wielding, sunburnt muscular young bloods with pale blue eyes, and calloused hands, and their women; loonish-voiced, dole-faced, fatassed women in tight jeans who'd fight at the drop of a wisecrack with fists and long, red painted face-slashing fingernails. Bruno would have been the first to admit, as he entered the bar, that there were a lot of tough looking people wandering around in the smoke filled interior, beer bottles in hand flashing mean sharp-toothed smiles and bellowing at friends, but he told himself there was no reason to be alarmed. There was no reason to become alarmed since he had not been threatened, and to become alarmed would be prejudicial, he felt, would as a matter of fact demean the human dignity of his fellow human beings, who were basically no different than him, with basically the same dreams and desires.

And yet Bruno felt a tremor as he looked around for Simone in the dimness. The air vibrated with the noise of the hill-billy band, and people were stomping hard enough to make the sawdust rise off the pine floor. Two men at the bar were swatting each other backhand across the face in turn, and Bruno gathered from what he overheard that there was a beer at stake, depending on which of the two men knocked the other off his bar stool first. This sort of thing of course, appalled Bruno, since he detested violence, and for a moment he felt a sensation of fear so intense that he was afraid his legs would fold and dump him on the sawdust covered floor where he'd lie for the rest of the night quivering helplessly and being trod upon by the patrons of the bar as though he were nothing more than a larger than usual chip of sawdust.

This kind of fear is unreasonable, Bruno told himself. He walked casually to the bar and climbed onto a bar stool. He leaned forward on the bar, his face expressionless, because, as he reminded

himself, the worst thing he could do would be show fear. Since the instant he showed fear, he was convinced, some psychopathic bully would notice him and challenge him to a fight. Jesus, Bruno thought miserably, why didn't he just admit he was a coward, and had always been a coward. All that talk, he realized, about the dignity of man was all a sort of intellectual dodge, which he, Bruno, employed because he was scared stiff of violence, and thus would not admit that life was a savage contest of man versus man, a jungle, where the weak did not only not survive, but did not even deserve to survive. Might as well admit it, he thought gloomily, as he listened to the thudding smack of hand smashing face from down the bar, and wished silently that one of them would win, for Christ sake, and stop that racket. To hell with it, he thought suddenly, I'm such a coward I deserve to be beat up. Tears blurred his vision for a moment, so that he did not immediately see the bartender, an old man with a face as kindly as the face of an old country doctor, who was asking him in a soft voice what it would be. "A beer," Bruno said. What it would be, he told himself, would be karate, boxing lessons, knife fighting and target practice. It would be french foot fighting and jujitsu. The medicine ball and barbells to build up his puny muscles. The'll be some changes, he thought grimly. He gritted his teeth and smiled thin lipped and narrow eyed at himself in the mirror over the bar. People should realize, he told himself, better realize, whether they were friends or enemies, that he, Bruno, was sick and tired of being walked on. Yes, he felt, better to spend years patiently and meticulously learning the arts of killing with one's bare hands, then to cringe cravenly whenever one was threatened by psychopathic bullies who took it in mind to push one around. Enough cravenness, he told himself, and felt a sweet rush of adrenalin into his system. He knew at that instant that nobody would mess with him, Bruno, not then, because they'd be messing with a new Bruno. He imagined some bully picking on him, not knowing he was international black belt

karate champion, and he, Bruno, side fending the cowardly bully half to death. At that instant the bartender, with that kindly face of an old country doctor, arrived with his beer, set the mug on the bar, and said to Bruno, "young man, I'd get out of here if I were you. You're in a pretty tough place, and I'd hate to see a decent looking young man like you get hurt."

Bruno nodded dumbly, but the bartender had already gone. He drunk his beer quickly and stood up, his legs slightly wobbly, and started for the door. The mark of a wise man, he told himself, is that the wise man never ignores good advice. But before he could get to the door a hand reached out of a booth, gripped his arm, and yanked him up to the booth. He found himself in the grip of a burley man whose face he could not see under the brim of his cowboy hat, a man in a checkered shirt, the shirt sleeves rolled up on his biceps. "Hey," the man said, "where you going in such an all fired hurry, pardnor. Sit down and have a drink."

Bruno sat down. "Name's Jackson," the man said. Bruno's attention was caught by the woman sitting next to Jackson, who seemed impossibly small next to the man's bulk. Her face was small and hard-chiseled, her small jaw set in a viselike smile. It was her eyes that impressed him. For someone so small, with such a bony, gumless face, she had surprisingly fleshy folds of eyelid over her eyes, as though she hadn't slept in days.

Bruno ordered a shot. The tired eyed woman beside the man in the checkered shirt said, "no fights, Joe, please. For Christ sake, Joe, no fights."

"Go ahead," Joe said, when the drinks arrived. "Enjoy it. God knows life is short, palley. And you're going to die and I'm going to die. And that's the way it is, and anybody don't like it can kiss my rosy red ass." He chuckled.

"He can't help it," the woman said. "Have your drink," he said, "and have another. And don't worry. She worries too much. She worries all the goddam time. She worries about the goddam kids. She worries about the goddam ford, because

the sonofabitch won't get second gear.

She gives me the elbow and asks me, Joe, do you think that baby is helpless and starving. Joe, don't you wish we could move into a better neighborhood. Me," he said, thick voiced, "I don't worry about a fucking thing. You got that?"

Bruno sipped his drink. For the first time since he'd sat down, he focused his eyes, in order to get a good look at the man in the checkered shirt, to see his face under the brim on his cowboy hat. He had a large, muscular face, his scarred crooked mouth grinning, his nose broken. His grin exposed several dark gaps where he had teeth gone, and Bruno noticed he spoke in a light southern accent with a gentle lisp.

"Oh yeah. She wakes up in the middle of the night," he said. "She won't give me no peace because she's worried. She's worried about the future. She's worried about the little kids who don't get enough to eat. You're nothing but a young chickenshit punk, so you wouldn't believe none of it. You wouldn't believe how she worries about the people in the middle of the night, fighting like cats and dogs, the women and the kids screaming. Young chickenshit punks like you, you know nothing," he said.

She tugged at his sleeve, the small tired faced, droop eyed woman. "No fights," she said, "I don't want no goddam fights."

His scarred eyebrows lifted. "Honey, he said. I ain't going to fight no man." He grinned at Bruno knowingly, his face hard, muscular, his crooked grin exposing his missing front teeth. "I ain't going to fight," he said, "I don't want to ruin your good time."

"You ruined everything else," she muttered.

Bruno got up to leave. "Well," he said, "It's been good to meet you, and don't think I haven't enjoyed hearing your opinions, but I've been having trouble finding someone tonight that I have to find, so I think I'd better get moving."

The big, heavy shouldered man gave him that crooked scarred mouthed grin, and said, "I can understand, pardnor. Now

JUJITSU

you be careful. Me and the wife, we'll be all right. I can take care of the wife, and the kids any day of the week. But you take care of yourself. The reason I say that," he said, offering Bruno a hard calloused palm to shake, "is because I like you, you chicken, pukey faced little shit. Now tell me one thing, pardnor, where you from?"

"Here," Bruno said.

"Well I ain't from here," Jackson said his eyes squinting beadily. "I'm from southern Missouri, and my folks is related to them Youngers, who rode with Jesse James, and killed yankees?"

Bruno smiled and mumbled. The small woman with the tired eyes watched them as she thoughtfully sipped her drink.

"All I got to say," said Jackson, "is good luck. I can't say I even want to lay eyes on you again, but I still say good luck."

Bruno, as he walked through the parking lot toward his car, felt deep inside himself that his meeting with Jackson was a good omen, since for a while, at least they'd bridged the abyss between one person and another. He felt his idealism returning, the sense he'd always had that people were at heart better than they seemed. They'd labor from day to day at endless, greivous, gloomily monotonous tasks, but for what end, Bruno reminded himself, except that of providing for those whom they loved. It was sacrifice, Bruno thought, that distinguished the human being from a bestial creature, that willingness to suffer for the sake of others. For a moment he regretted he'd ever thought of studying karate, so that he might thus destroy whomever he chose. He felt a love for all humanity. Humanity would not only endure, he thought, but also pre-

vail, as somebody had once said in a famous speech.

Bruno was thinking he'd sure like to make speeches like that when suddenly a car shrieked rubber across the parking lot, raised a cloud of dusty asphalt, and broke suddenly in Bruno's path. The man beside the driver spoke through the open window in a soft, smooth voice. The brim of his dacron, rain proof, sportman's hat was so low over his eyes that all Bruno could see of his face was a receding chin, and the largest mouth he'd ever seen, nothing but enormous, grinning, rubbery lips.

"Hey," the man said, "whatcha doing out so late?"

The question seemed friendly enough to Bruno. He stood without moving be-

side the dented, paint scratched, and fender crushed old chevy.

"I've been looking for someone," he said. "Unfortunately she ain't here where she said she'd be."

The head in the sportman's hat nodded the huge rubbery lips grinning. "Well," said the voice, which was soft as velvet, "you really oughtn't to be out this late, buddy."

Bruno gulped dryly. The man in the car leaned on his elbow out the window, peering up at him, his face hidden by the brim of his sportman's hat. "You better get inside," he said.

"Why?" Bruno asked.

The man grinned for a moment before he answered. "Because the moon's out, motherfucker."

night praises

He lies naked on the bed.
The moon approaches, bulging
as though it carried
everybody's eyes.
He is happy to be seen.

He has stopped thinking of beautiful women now.
He has stopped thinking of hot dark cinemas and barns.
He thinks of nothing

except that secret he holds,
yet dares not name aloud,
swelling in the clarity
of the sheet, his skin on the sheet, the moon
filling the river with a tremulous light

as a sightseeing boat
rounds the tip of Manhattan
and all the passengers stand on deck
waving to him, smiling, forgiving him everything.

Jack Anderson

entrance ode

The aging but still firm
woman bedded, removes her
wooden leg, winks her glass eye
like a vagary of Fate and plants
her wig askew on a lampshade:
an old story to disgust the young
hitchhiker thumbing in whale-stew America.

'Knickers down boy, I foun' she were
a gaddamn man, with a dong on 'er
like you'n me.'

There is another, so lovely
her hair is bridge cable;
tits, fog.

Near the chicken neck
you dangle in that abyss,
Elpenor's spine cracks your glasses;
mother, smiling, weaves your shroud
and more than you ever knew
about song pulls on your boots.

JD Reed



Mort



KITCHEN

Pat Schubert

The kitchen was a rectangular room roughly eight by twelve feet in size. In fact, by counting the off-white foot-square ceiling tiles, she determined it was exactly eight and a half by thirteen. The walls were painted institutional green. The linoleum floor was patterned of various sized brick-red and tan squares and rectangles separated by even black and white speckled lines imitating mortar. To her right as she stood in the doorway, stretched the white metal sink flanked by drainboards and the gas stove on which only one burner fired up when it was turned on. The faint smell of gas always permeated the kitchen although the landlord insisted the gas company could find no leaks in the stove. Directly across from the door stood the Kelvinator, its empty racks thick with corrosion and rust. Wooden cabinets ran along the wall perpendicular to the door, and neatly fitted into the far corner between two windows stood a white enamelled kitchen table with chrome piping and two matching chairs.

She stood in the door a moment as she always did, looking for cockroaches. Seeing none, she turned to the broom closet next to the door and opened the cabinet directly above it. Reaching behind a yellow plastic squeeze bottle of powdered insecticide, she pulled out a bundle wrapped in a soft tan cloth, placed the bundle on her left hand and with

her right, peeled back the corners of the cloth. A .32 caliber Smith and Wesson revolver lay nestled in her hand. She wiggled the cylinder with her right thumb and carried the pistol to the kitchen table where she set it down, cloth and all, and returned to the cabinet above the broom closet for a four by twelve inch plastic box. Closing the cabinet, she set the box on the table next to the revolver, pulled a chair between the table and stove and sat down. She sat facing the wooden cabinets, legs out-stretched hands on her thighs, her back touching the chair, shoulders rounded forward. She glanced at a five-gallon can of white latex paint on the drainboard nearest the door. A roller, a pan, and a three-inch brush, all new, lay next to it.

Turning to the table, she picked up the gun and revolved the cylinder, emptying the chamber of its cartridges. She stood the shells in a neat row at the back of the table. Opening the plastic box, she removed a long metal rod with an eye like a sewing needle on one end, a small piece of white cloth, which she threaded through the eye, a bottle of cleaning solution, and a can of oil. Quietly and methodically, she disassembled, cleaned, oiled and reassembled the pistol, replacing the various items in the plastic case, closing it, and returning it to the cabinet. Seating herself before the table and pistol again, she flipped open, newly-oiled

cylinder until it spun freely. Then she reached for the cartridge on the right end of the row and inserted it in the chamber. Looking through the kitchen door into the hallway beyond, she again spun the cylinder, several times, and snapped it into place. She looked down at the .32, pointing the barrel directly at her eye. Moving it toward her face until the end of the barrel rested on the bridge of her nose, she pulled the trigger. It clicked.

Lowering the revolver to her lap, she let it rest on her right thigh for a full minute before flipping the cylinder open to look for the loaded chamber. The bullet was in the number three spot in the cylinder, a safe distance from the hammer. She tipped the gun up so that the bullet slid out into the palm of her hand. With her left hand, she lifted it to her mouth and licked the circular back of the copper casing where the hammer would strike. Polishing it above the right breast of her white shirt she reinserted the cartridge in the chamber, spun the cylinder, again gazing into the hallway and snapped it shut. Without looking at the gun, she raised it horizontally until the barrel was sticking into her right ear. She pulled the trigger. Click.

Lowering the pistol to her lap, she opened the cylinder immediately. The charge was only one spot away from the

hammer. She looked at the copper disk, pursed her lips, and whistled by sucking air and saliva through her front teeth. Exhaling heavily through her mouth, she looked back out into the hall again. Her mouth stretched into a thin, tight line across her teeth, the corners pulled into near dimples. She spun the cylinder, snapped it shut, and placed the barrel deep in her mouth. Staring at the opposite wall, she pulled the trigger. She continued to stare at the wall for a long time after it clicked. Then she reached for the remaining cartridges and without regard to the already loaded chamber, proceeded to slip the shells into the empty chambers in the cylinder. She laid the fully loaded revolver on the tan cloth and folded each corner over the gun before putting it back in the cabinet above the broom closet.

Recrossing the kitchen, she pulled the white enamelled table into the center of the room. On it she placed the five-gallon can of white latex the paint roller, pan, and brush. From a drawer to the right and under the sink, she removed a six-inch can opener, she pried the lid off the paint can and poured the white latex into the pan. When the paint was evenly distributed over the roller, she began rolling it from the ceiling down the wall in the corner where the kitchen table had been.

NAME

The end of the world just walked in the door. Don't give him your name.

Would you like a drink? Here, take this one; it's always full. The clock doesn't stop here anymore.

What is that stain there?

It's hard to breathe, isn't it? The sun from that window has stirred up the letters from all these books. Please, don't open any more. I can't stand looking in the closet, dust jackets hanging like bats from every hook. These pants and this shirt in this chair will have to do.

But what's that stain there? Can't you see it?

I Haven't taken a bath in weeks. The idea of stroking your own skin...

But that stain there?

Thanks for dropping by say hello to the gang. Their faces must look like 6:30 now. And here, don't forget your name.

David Perkins



ONE NIGHT ONLY

glenn walters

Glenn Walters, formerly lead singer with the Mystic Number National Bank and currently a Capitol recording star with the San Francisco Hoodoo Rhythm Devils will perform Saturday night July 29 at 512 Delaware with an extremely powerful rock group for the Harrison Street Review all night benefit-Zootland after dark.

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WATERMELON FESTIVAL**

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Ronda Bold
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