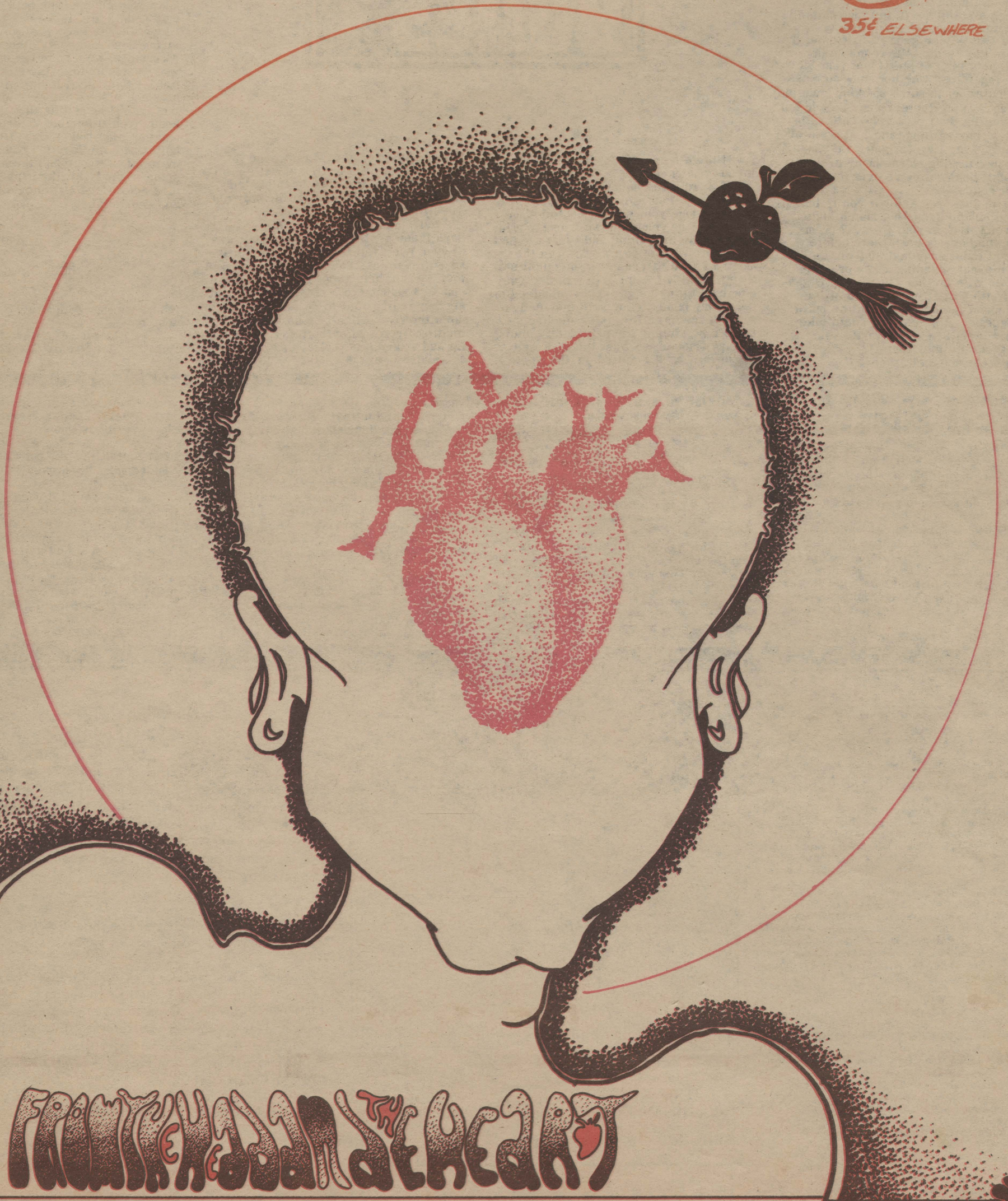


# WESTPORT TRUCKER

Number 53



35¢ ELSEWHERE





In view of last week's primary elections, the recent political ass kissing/biting and the extremely noticeable increase in the harrassment of the rainbow community after the primaries, I'd like to print the words of a Westport street urchin whose wisdom would best be remembered in the months ahead especially by those who deal in the hold weed. It's title is "WE KNEW YOU WERE COMING SO WE BAKED YOU A BUST or: I HAD A WET DREAM 'BOUT THE JACKSON COUNTY JAIL." Get it on, Root Tootie!



'Gather round my children  
and hear my tale  
Of the frights and the horrors  
of the Jackson County Jail

Guess what? Man, you know, like you'd better clean your shit up!! Because there's an island right here in ol' Westport with a statue on it and that statue is the 'Statue of Lomax' grand leader of Kosmic City's vice squad. Written at the base are the words: "Give me your stoned, your high of spirit and your blown blown, regardless whether mere possessions, dealers or hashish smoking grannies." Yes, there's many a dude and chick getting their bread and butter from watching, buying from, and just plain ol' snoopin' on the likes of you. Like man, you're just turning on too many of your "friends" before they've ever let you in to their heads.

To be sure, you know if you're busted, you should keep your mouth shut—don't you? But do your friends? I'm sure if you haven't been there before, you've at least imagined just what a blessed event spending a two or three hour date with brother Lomax, Lt. Grasher, or Keith Fieger on the good ol' seventh floor of the downtown police building might be. Ah, yes, you could take it, you wouldn't talk—but would your friends? Could they take it?  
Oh sweet paranoia time!!!



# TROLLEY BONES

If there's any doubt, you haven't loved them enough.

If there's any doubt, it could become very scary. You're entrusting them with your freedom, your security. And something must be coming down because a lot of busts are happening and I'm sure that more more will be coming down in the months ahead. Of course, you might say, "Well, what if I sang like a bird? They promised to let me go. They promised to reduce my bond. They said they had so much on me, my life was so washed up, that I'd be singing the penitentiary blues for many moons, so what the fuck was the difference if I ratted on the whole

world? Besides, they'd rat on me if they had just been busted and it's probably their fault that I've been busted anyway so why should I be the only one to suffer?"

Well, man, I see it like this. Who says these gentlemen downtown always, or even ever, tell the truth? They see you—irregardless how much they tell you they want to help you— Yes, they see you as a menace to a clean society and all they really want to do is send YOU down the river. Don't be so hung on trusting figures of authority, if Nixon can lie and manipulate, believe me, brothers and sisters, SO CAN LOMAX. Secondly,

Peace,  
Root Tootie



As my momma would say, "words to take by"

REMEMBER J DAY  
Dennis Giangreco

## FEED BACK

Dear People:

Joining Effort Distribution Coop mailed us a copy of your paper, which we got to day & so we have finally seen your paper. Could you put us on your mailing list?

Glad to see that you enjoyed our paper, at least to the extent of printing part of the Wong Truth Conspiracy in your "Short Shit." Glad to know someone else reads the paper. We get the impression that most underground papers don't read all the other papers that come in.

Let us hear from you. Supposedly

Joint Effort is distributing TAKE OVER in Kansas City somewhere.

Anarchistically yours,  
Tim & Marla Wong  
Circulation Managers  
TAKE OVER  
Box 706  
Madison, WI. 53701

Dear Folks:

Walking down 48th Street by Harrison the other day I saw two plainclothes policemen bust three freaks. The cops didn't tell the freaks they were under arrest, but just to get into the plain brown car because they were told to do so. When I walked by the car to get its lic-

ense (Z114) the cops asked what I was doing. Replying that I thought they were denying their captives' civil rights and that I intended to report the incident to the Trucker, they told me to put my hands on the car and threatened me with an interfering charge.

The second cop came over as I was being searched and asked where I live.

They didn't bust me because there were already three people in the back of the car and because no charge could stick.

What's to be done?

The Peoples' Police Watcher

Sisters & Brothers:

According to our mailing service

your bundle went out with the rest for last issue. If for any reason it doesn't show up, let us know.

I'm also sending a package of two back copies and one copy of Damoja Venceremos, the organ of the Venceremos Party.

We hope you'll dig our paper. I for one think that the forming of distribution cooperatives is the next step in building a together inter-communal info network. I think our papers and others need to have more demands placed on them by the movement as it exists in places such as the Midwest—it would help break down the kind of ego-trips which keep cropping up here in the hip mecca. Your cooperation is appreciated.  
CONTINUED on page 18

Mother Love People & Friends:

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City Editors: Peg McMahon, Dick Armstrong  
Reporters: Cherie Blankenship, Naugah Hyde, Frank Kutchko, Kitty Litter, Dee Lux, Uncle Bubbles  
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Volum 3, No. 4 Issue No. 53

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.

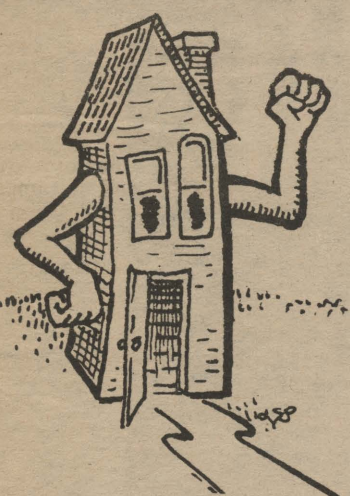
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"WE CALLZ'EM AS WE SEEZ'EM."





THIRD ANNUAL DOWN HOME WATERMELON FESTIVAL



## BIG SQUEESE ON BEACON HILL

housing program and an overhaul of its citizens participation methods. Without HUD approval the local urban renewal plans are without money.

Since June the Beacon Hill group has merged with another group of area residents to form the Beacon Hill-Hospital Hill PAC. The merged association will concern itself with community problems in the area bounded on the east and west by Charlotte and West Paseo, and 18th and 27th streets on the north and south.

The complaint was based on three major dissatisfactions with the present programs:

- (1) Code Enforcement: We advocate a program of local code enforcement with grants and assistance available to help people in fixing their homes and preventing deterioration of the area.
- (2) Relocation: Thousands of persons are being moved by current urban

renewal projects and the new South Mid-Town highway. No organized plan exists for their relocation. Black families being forced out of their present homes are being moved into only certain areas of town causing sharp increases in housing costs, especially in the Southeast district. We consider this planned segregation.

(3) Citizens Participation: The present involvement of citizens in Kansas City's programs is puppet tokenism at best. Poor people who live in the affected areas are not involved at all. Federal guidelines require citizen participation at the decision-making level. We call for the establishment of a new body to handle the development and implementation of a workable program.

HUD has not responded to the complaint. It is only through coordinated community pressure that the city's housing plans will be remade with the needs and interests of local communities as a first priority. Did you know that in 1971 the city urban renewal program spent \$4 million on acquiring downtown land for a convention center, while only \$200,000 was spent on rehabilitation grants for people to fix up their homes?

The Beacon Hill-Hospital Hill PAC asks anyone interested in joining our struggle to contact us at:  
St. Andrews Methodist Church  
2400 Troost  
or phone : \_\_\_\_\_ or \_\_\_\_\_

RON FINLEY

Every two years the city government must get certification from the Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD) that Kansas City's plans for redevelopment of specified blighted areas are acceptable. Two months ago while the city was in the process of the bi-annual HUD review the Beacon Hill community association and two other community associations filed an administrative complaint with the local HUD office. Their complaint called for a change in the policies of the city's



## ZIPPIE KAZOO CORPS

PEOPLES BAND—August 20-24 in Miami. An urgent notice to all musicians ex- and would-be, to join the people's band.

The streets of Miami Beach during the Republican Convention will be the stage for numerous groups, individuals, and coalitions to express disagreement with and expose the fascist Nixon Regime. The creation of music and theatre in the streets will be a powerful unifying force in carrying out this action.

The PEOPLE'S BAND will accompany the marches, rallies, and theatre to be staged at the site of the Republican Convention by MCC (Miami Conventions Coalition), YIP, Zippie, and other movement groups.

There is a great need for trombones, tubas, saxophones, drums, flutes, trumpets, and other musical instruments that

can move and project in marches and rallies without an electrical cord.

The Society for the Advancement of Non-verbal Communication (SANC) has 50 kazoos and other instruments and is in need of people to play them in the PEOPLE'S BAND KAZOO CORPS.

Rehearsals for the PEOPLE'S BAND will be held daily on the land area when it becomes available. Until that time rehearsals will be carried out in areas in Miami and Miami Beach.

If the government is to belong to the people, then the people must do it. If the music is to belong to the people then the people must make it. Come to Miami and get into the act of making music in defiance of the Nixon death-culture.

For information call: YIP (Zippie) \_\_\_\_\_ or write: SANC 3174 \_\_\_\_\_  
Bird Avenue, Miami, Florida 33133.

## The TRUCKER Will Have Two Fearless Reporters At The Republican Convention



Reporting by  
**REX WEINER**

Graven Images  
by  
**BOB WIRTH**



# JAIL HOUSE BOOGIE WITH THE FAT MAN

"Frank! I thought I'd never see you again! How are you, brother?"

Thus I was reunited with the Fat Man on a cold rainy day in February in the most unlikely of places, the Jackson County Jail.

Frank's bemused countenance beamed up at me, his mind undoubtedly feasting on the savory memory of the "old days" of a mere two months before when we were both joyously celebrating life and smoking the exotic elixirs of the East. The irony of our mutual plight caromed through my mind like the ball in a pinball machine. Here we were, Frank and I, and we're in jail. The more things change.....

I had five months left to do on a parole violation, so I wasn't too worried about anything. On the other hand, Frank faced (at that time) a minimum of two concurrent five year sentences all the way to a life sentence plus five years. No sirree, things didn't look too rosy for Westport's resident fatman.

Maybe some of you people have forgotten Frank, but you know, he hasn't forgotten you. No. Fatman's as God-like as ever, although he is somewhat emaciated as a result of the nutritionally deficient diet (although very enriching for Sheriff Carnes, as he gets to keep what isn't spent on prisoner's food), offered by the loving folks there at the courthouse. Incidentally, 95% of the 400-odd inmates are there for the simple reason that they could not afford to post bond, so, being innocent until proven guilty, they must remain an average of six months it takes to go to trial.

Well, Frank was facing a goddamn heap of time but when the inevitable deal was offered, not once but repeatedly, by Douglas Pim, Probation head (or should we say pig), Frank didn't bite. How many of you wouldn't trade a life

sentence for the names of three dealers? Frank's courage in this matter should serve as an example for all of us. We can be together, children. But it takes guts. Franklin's memory is enhanced by the knowledge that when everything was against him and all there was to sustain him was hope, he didn't sell us out. Let his conscience be our guide.

All of you know someone in jail on a drug bust. Support them. Send money. Letters. Pictures. Subscriptions to magazines. But above all, write them if you are at all able because when you're locked up, mail is your only claim to being alive.

Amazingly enough, prison life with the attendant mind-fucks isn't wearing our Fatboy down. I don't know where he gets the strength to carry on as well as he does. Face it, prison is a supremely depressing place. An unending study in sensory deprivation for any intelligent person.

I spent three weeks in Jefferson City (the Bloody 47 Acres) with him, and was astounded at his high spirits. Although we didn't get to cell together, I managed to arrange for us to eat at the same time, so we maintained contact in the dining hall. Many times we were forced to resort to the simple expedient of yelling to one another cell-to-cell, discussing such matters as Zen consciousness, Leary, mutual friends, the System, music, and favorite acid revelations with 200 illiterate convicts listening to every word. Very existential, this jail-house reality.



by MUSKRAT

Prison life is fraught with subtle irony. For example, the man who had first turned me on to smoke was in the cell next to me. And it just happened that this man's grown children weren't sending him any money, so it was my tum to repay his generosity with cigarettes and other essentials.

**THROBBING RAPPORT THRUSTING US INTO THE HIGHEST REALM OF ORGANIC CONSCIOUSNESS AND THOSE MOTHERFUCKING IRON BARS KEEPING US CAGED FOR THE CRIME OF PROMOTING THE PSYCHEDELIC VISION.** Well, in the interests of objectivity, I can see where the System has to bust us

as a matter of self-defense. After all, the threat we present to the Machine is obvious. And if you're reading this, you can bet your roach clip that you're on somebody's list. BEWARE, Children. Don't be the next victim—and remember that paranoia pays.

This is all I can write now, but pretty soon we're going to attempt to muster some support for our domestic POW brethren. We'll keep you posted on further details as our ideas make the transition to reality—and we'll need all the help and assistance you can lend. For right now, attune your thoughts to include the plight of those of us who are incarcerated.

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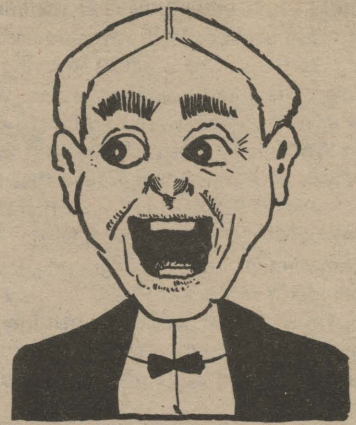
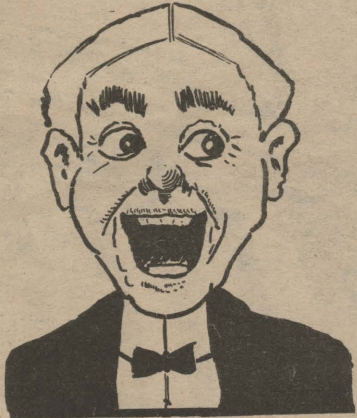
Choosey Beggar, Temple Slug.



# LOVE AND POLITICS IN MIAMI

# A DELEGATE SITUATION

by REX WEINER



That politics "ain't beanbags" we know, if only through the curious affection many newspapermen have for American hayseed wisdom. However, knowing what something "ain't" surely is not the same as knowing what something is, and when it comes to politics, well, most languages have a precise definition for that sort of activity. In fact, the root word for it is probably most ancient.

But why spell it out? Better to illustrate with a true story from very recent history, a story that can now be told only because the event from which it derives is history.

On the evening previous to the opening of the Democratic National convention, myself and a companion stood in the lobby of the Doral Hotel. This was, of course, McGovern Headquarters, and we amused ourselves watching the flow of the Newpolitic: a swirl around Gloria Steinem over there, an eddy forming around Bella Abzug over here. A man in a beret, whose name, upon inquiry, proved to be Pedro "Tuffy" Sanchez (delegate from Puerto Rico) held vocal sway near the spiral staircase. Young campaigners streamed beneath the crystal chandelier, peppered with older party hacks and an occasional journalist. Dark-featured Adam Walinsky, once an aide to the late Robert Kennedy, strode over to us, knowing my companion. He was, he said, working on an acceptance speech for McGovern then he slipped away to confer with Ms. Steinem. The mood of the place was pre-battle.

Through the crowd came a harried-looking young man, identified by my companion as a regional director for the McGovern campaign. This young man (whom I shall call Bert) could not have been past his early thirties. As he approached where we were standing my companion greeted him and Bert joined us. All did not look well with Bert and indeed, to our inquiry as to how things were going, he replied that he was having a terrible problem with the delegation from a certain state.

Well, not exactly the whole delegation, he said, staring around at the lobby full of people, but just this rather pretty eighteen year old delegate, and... Suddenly his distracted gaze passed through some interior lens and he focused directly on the two of us for the first time, evidently wondering if he should trust us with this sort of information. His glance measured my companion (who has won a Pulitzer in the past year for puncturing official silence on a major news story), and then myself, editor of a rather quirky New York journal (not exactly "underground" but certainly with as much altitude as circulation, which is to say, not much). Perhaps the urge to confess was upon him, for I can think of no other reason why he launched into this story for our benefit.

It seemed, continued Bert in a slightly agitated tone, this particular delegation, in keeping with the Party's new reforms, included an eighteen year old girl, a delegate-at-large, who happened to be quite attractive. She had come to Miami with her delegation and she was committed to the nomination of Congressman Wilbur Mills. Her roommate was a twenty-eight year old fellow, a party regular, likewise committed to Wilbur Mills. The whole delegation, in fact, was solidly for Mills.

In the mad scramble to garner votes for their candidate, the McGovern staff had with missionary zeal been approaching every single delegate as soon as they arrived in Miami Beach. Barely had she unpacked her bathing suit than a McGovern staff aide had reached the eighteen year old delegate-at-large and an appointment for a meeting was set. God knows what arguments he used: perhaps he convinced her, over a game of tennis, that McGovern people had more fun. Or, with a pair of tickets to the Rolling Stones, she was persuaded that the McGovern side was more hip. But more likely, considering the serious tone of the convention, they discussed the issues. In any case, the girl was soon a convert to the McGovern camp.

The next step was her roommate: could she, in turn, win this fellow over? The McGovern staffer worked hard on her: this one additional vote could prove to be a decisive one in the crucial floor fights to come. It could mean, for George McGovern, the very difference between win or lose, and the young girl was urged to do her best to convince her friend. After spending much time in their hotel room discussing the issues, the fellow turned up at McGovern staff headquarters and promised to throw his vote in with the McGovern bloc.

At this point in the story, the regional director's youthful face briefly flashed with pride. After all, he was directing a good part of this effort, and each small victory, each individual vote won, would add up (as we, in retrospect, can see) to the ultimate victory of McGovern's nomination.

So what was the problem?

Well, said Bert (and now he knit his brows again), the staff aide had been a little overzealous with the young delegate-at-large. For he had not only won her vote, but as it happened, her eighteen year old heart as well. It had become quite obvious, too, from the way they had been showing up together at caucuses all weekend.

This did not sit well with her roommate. As soon as this new development became apparent, the fellow had come storming into the McGovern Headquarters threatening to take his vote back to Mills if that aide did not

cease his attentions to the girl immediately.

Faced with the prospect of either breaking upon romance or losing a vote, the McGovern people with professional dispatch called in the amorous aide and attempting the former. The aide, of course, refused all inducements to quit the lady (perhaps even turning down an ambassadorship), and was adamant on continuing the dalliance.

And at this moment, as we stood there in the lobby with but twelve hours to go before the convention's opening cupid and the devil fought it out in the regional director's mind as he sought for a solution to the ticklish situation. Just as I was suggesting that this extraordinary young girl might enjoy a tour of Flamingo Park with myself as guide, the regional director spotted someone across the lobby, excused himself and disappeared.

Now, it was never revealed just how this triangle was resolved, but later, when the role was called on the vote for the nomination, I listened carefully when this particular state took its turn. Only one vote was cast for McGovern.

So perhaps the hayseed was wise in not saying what American politics is. No other culture, with maybe the exception of certain cargo cults in New Guinea puts so much distance between reality of leadership dynamics and the comprehension of them. Our presidents are still born in log cabins, and anybody who says they are not is a Jack Anderson. Belief in saints and the New Politics is central, but New Politics, of course, are Old Politics and they are older than anybody knows.

Standing beneath the myriad windows of the Doral Hotel later on that hot night of the miraculous nomination, one could conceivably have been hit on the head with a beanbag, or two.

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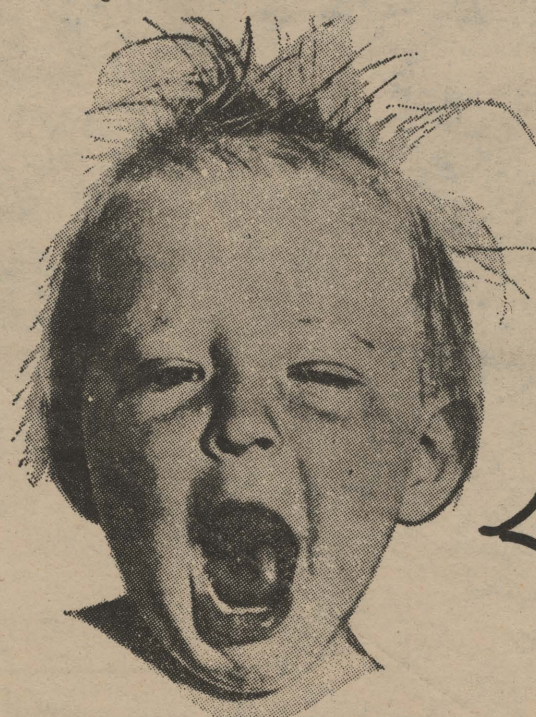
A group of four underground artists has been stopped by a federal court order from selling comic books depicting Walt Disney characters smoking dope and making love. The 4 San Francisco artists—who publish "Air Pirates" comic—were told by US District Judge Albert Wollenberg that their works violate US copyright laws. The artists had argued that their comic were "satire" and "parody"—and therefore were not covered by the copyright laws. Disney Productions had complained "that the degrading, lewd and offensive manner" of the Air Pirate Comic Heroes destroyed the "image of innocent delightfulness" for which Disney is famous. Judge Wollenberg, in his Mickey Mouse decision, agreed with Disney Productions.

Officials at the Navy Medical dispensary in Norfolk, Va., have put all their medical knowledge together to prove a connection between long hair and laziness. According to them, failure to follow the Naval hair standards "carries connotations of laziness, inattention to details, recalcitrance, or a lack of personal pride, real or affected."

A classified study undertaken by the Dept. of Defense has found that smokers get higher on thin marijuana joints than on fat ones. According to the study taken by the Battelle Memorial Institute in Columbus, Ohio, researchers found that less "THC" escapes into the air if the joint is thin; and thus smokers can actually get more stoned if they use less dope. Amorphia, the "Cannabis Cooperative" which is pushing for the repeal of all marijuana prohibitions, reports it has obtained a Xerox copy of the classified study which was described in an unpublished article by Edward B. Trutt, Jr. Amorphia reports that the name of Trutt's article on fat and skinny joints is "The Biologic Disposition of Tetra-Hydro-Cannabinols." THC is, of course, the psycho-active ingredient in grass and hashish.

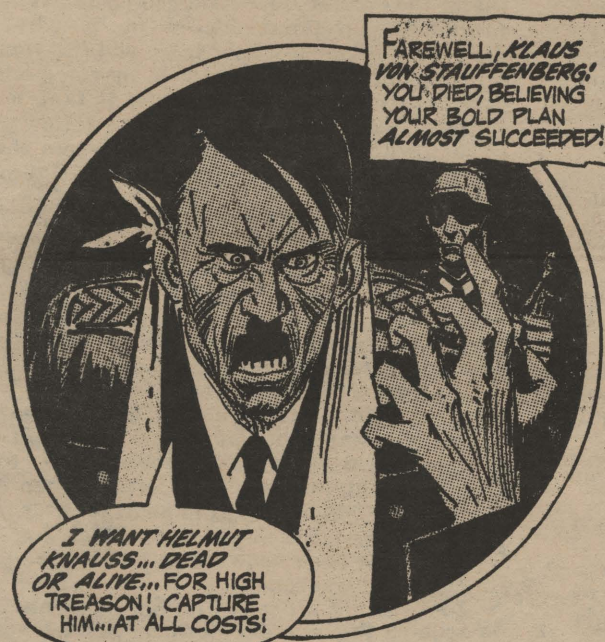
Hitchhikers, a group which claims to be continually hassled by various law enforcement agencies, have now encountered an even more formidable opponent—Howard Johnson's Restaurants. The Howard Johnson chain of eateries has supplied each and every one of its restaurants along the New Jersey turnpike with new placemats which gravely warn motorists against picking up hitchhikers. The colorful mat tells of a recent study of hitchhikers "apprehended" on the New Jersey Turnpike. That study, says Howard Johnson's, "revealed 501 [hitchhikers] had criminal records, 162 were runaways, 98 AWOL servicemen, 7 escapees from mental institutions and 5 escaped convicts—one serving a life term for murder!" And just to emphasize the point, the placemat displays a small drawing of a long-haired hippie-type being passed up by a careful of scowling travelers; just below, another illustration shows a car of happy people waving to a grinning cop.

A student recruitment ad appears in the current issue of Space City, one of Houston's underground newspapers. The ad reads: Southwest Texas "seeks more radical students to attend Southwest Texas State at San Marcos." Illustrating the ad is a drawing of a long-haired youth throwing a molotov cocktail (one of the most often used graphics in the underground press). The ad concludes: "just elected student radical to city council. Good grass." The ad was sponsored by the college's student liberation front.



DON'T FORGET J DAY

"Short Shit" this issue is compiled from the FIFTH ESTATE from Detroit.



Progress? dept.: Two Cherokee brothers, James and Chandler Cooper, of Cherokee, N. Carolina, have been granted a Holiday Inn franchise for the Indian reservation at Cherokee. The Inn will be staffed completely by Cherokee Indians wearing Indian dress. Traditional customs will be observed at the Inn wherever possible.

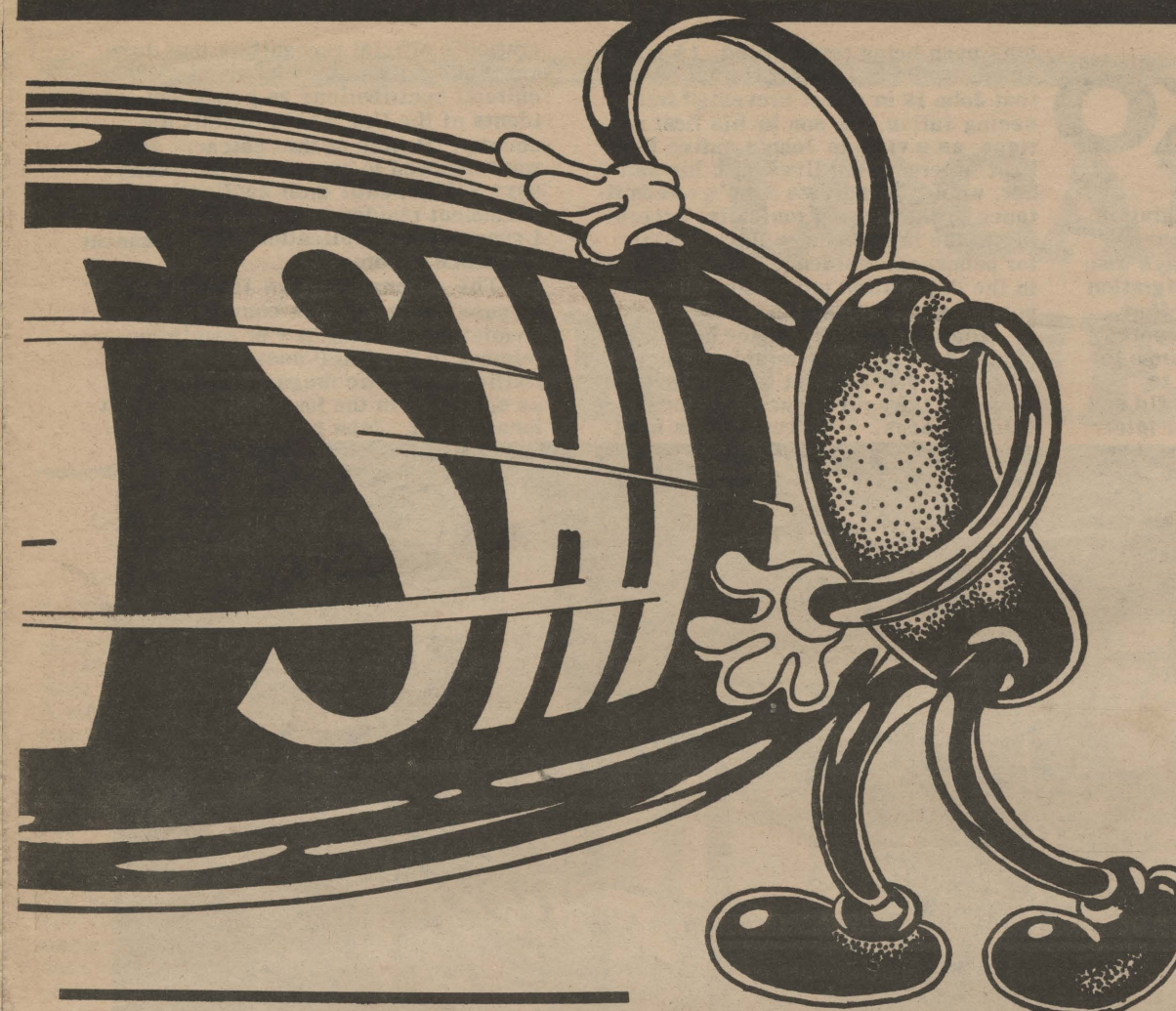
De-compoz, anyone? Over-the-counter sleeping pills if taken in sufficient quantity can produce schizophrenic-like states (Missouri?). The June issue of Psychology Today reports on a study of 36 cases of sleeping-pill overdoses which produced symptoms similar to an "acute schizophrenic reaction." One woman who had taken the pills was found listening to cracks in the floor (KBEY?) and handling imaginary objects in space (Jim Sites?). The chemical compound which is responsible for such reactions appears to be a belladonna-like substance called scopolamine. Scopolamine is an ingredient in such commonly available sleeping pills as Compoz, Sominex, Sleep-Eze and this newspaper column.

Shortly after Angela Davis was found innocent, a huge bouquet of roses arrived with a message to her reading, "We all feel your love and strength." It was signed "The Rolling Stones."

Is nothing sacred? Believe it or not, it now appears that Johnson & Johnson baby powder just might cause cancer. The N.Y. State Environmental Protection Admn. said that it has found the famous baby powder, along with one other—Lander's—has heavy levels of asbestos-fibers. The New York EPA warned that these fibers might contribute to lung cancer years after a person has inhaled their dust.



If some American politicians think that the "hippie problem" is bad in the US, they should chat with their counterparts in Bulgaria. The Communist Part newspaper in Bulgaria complains that Bulgarian youth "lack patriotic feelings." The party paper reports that 30,000 young Bulgarians are neither working nor attending school; but they hold orgies, read pornographic literature and listen to foreign radio stations. The party warns: "(The youth) would betray the fatherland for the promise of a car or a beautiful woman." The Bulgarian government has ordered these "do-nothings" to get a job or enroll in school. And the state has opened a barber shop in Sofia to provide compulsory you-know-whats for those who appearances "demonstrate arrogance and hostility to the life and standards of the socialist fatherland."



By riding out on the top of a tour bus, a baboon escaped the World of Animals compound in Mesquite, Texas. But after taking a look around at what was going on outside, he scaled a 17-foot fence and swam a moat to get back in.

Modern riddle: The father was killed, but the son was rushed to the hospital. As the boy was wheeled into the emergency room, the operating-room doctor looked down and said, "My God, that's my son!" What relationship was the doctor to the injured boy? Only sexual chauvinists will have to look at the end of the column for the answer.

Americans will eat their way thru an astonishing 7 million gallons of ice cream this year. This is enough ice cream to make a mountain 400 ft. sq. and as high as the Empire State Building. Ice cream manufacturers are not required by law to list the additives used in ice cream. Today, most of it is synthetic from start to finish. Some of the additives used are: Dithyl Glucon, an emulsifier instead of eggs, also used in anti-freeze and paint remover; Pepronale, used instead of vanilla, and also used to kill lice; and Amyl Acetate, used for its banana flavor, and also used as an oil paint solvent.

Rock & Roll history dept.: The expression, "Rock & Roll" was actually owned by a record company shortly after the term became popular. "We copyrighted the term," explained Morris Levy, head of Roulette, "And we actually collected royalties from record companies for its use. But then we couldn't protect it after a while, about two weeks, because it would have meant filing a thousand lawsuits."

Business was slow recently at the Electric Fetus, a record and head shop in Minneapolis, so the owners decided to have a special promotion to drum up a few extra customers. One Saturday afternoon, the Electric Fetus offered a \$4 record and hash pipe free to any one who would come in, take off all their clothes in the back of the store, pick out their record and hash pipe and then walk up to the cash register. Dave Edwards, one of the co-owners, reports that the place was jammed—and more than 50 people of both sexes went home with the free goodies.

Since the massive troop build-up in 1965, the United States Government, Inc. has hit Vietnam with the equivalent of 22 Minuteman warheads, or—if you want a figure with a horror quotient you can get a grip on—450 Hiroshima bombs.

Answer to the riddle: the doctor was the boy's mother.

Times they are a changin' dept.: The California Assembly voted recently to repeal a state law "making it illegal to import Chinese or Japanese women for sale as slaves." The bill was passed 67 to 0 and sent to the state senate.

"One point I do want to emphasize about South Vietnam," explained Spiro Agnew in his May 19 report, "this was a different South Vietnam than what I found in my other two visits. There is a sense of confidence in the representatives of the government. As I choppered over Saigon, I have never seen it look as relaxed as I did this time." [Emphasis ours].

The chauffeurs of a congressman and a businessman in the Philippines shot and killed each other recently in what police suspect was the aftermath of a quarrel over a parking space.

Republican Party officials in California's 10th Assembly District are more than a little upset with one of their candidates. George Dye, a 66-year-old ex-gas station owner, is running on a platform that calls for the involuntary castration of all homosexual criminals. Mr. Dye proposed in campaign literature that "One nurse with a needle and one old cowhand with a castrating knife can in one hour reform more criminals than all of the world's psychiatrists could reform in a century." Elsewhere in his literature Dye charged that "These homos are devoid of self-respect and character. Sending them to prison," he added, "is as frightening to them as sending a herd of monkeys to a banana plantation." Dye claims that homosexuals consider prison a kind of paradise.

To avoid the problem of having cops entrapping cops, New York City's Police Department daily changes the secret color of headbands to be worn by hippy-narcs.

A study by Housewives Involved in Pollution Solutions disclosed that the McDonald's hamburger people have used up three billion kilowatt hours and 890 square miles of forest just to make paper cups, bags, wrappers, napkins, etc. necessary for eight billion shitburgers.

A San Jose maternity ward has come up with a novel method of easing labor—a waterbed. The specially-made \$1000 waterbed is used by expectant mothers just prior to being wheeled into the delivery room. Many women report that the warm-water mattresses are very comfortable and relaxing as labor sets in.



Is this the most intelligent, best-informed generation in American history? A survey of 436 Arizona State University students disclosed that a fourth of them could not identify North or South Vietnam on an unlabeled map; a third could not name a single ally fighting with the United States; fewer than one in ten could name a single North Vietnamese leader; and a fourth, didn't know the name of the capitol of South Vietnam.



# 8 John & Yoko

John Lennon and Yoko Ono Lennon are still waiting for the decision on their U.S. deportation case. Briefs were filed on their behalf by attorney Leon Wildes and the New York Civil Liberties Union.

Vincent Schiano, chief prosecutor for the Immigration and Naturalization Service, who will file the government's brief, would not predict when a decision might be reached. The case has aroused the indignation of people from all walks of life throughout the country, according to the National Committee for John and Yoko, which has received many thousands of petitions and letters supporting the Lennons. It is possible that special inquiry officer Ira G. Fieldsteel will not have time to read the briefs and review testimony submitted at hearings before his August vacation. In that event a decision may not be made until September.

Wildes' brief charges that the Immigration Service has violated its own "invariable agency practice" in cases with "humanitarian aspects" and "should be prevented from continuing such violation." The Lennons are still looking for Kyoko, Yoko's 8 year old daughter by a previous marriage, whose custody they have been awarded on the condition that she be reared in the U.S. "Kyoko, an American citizen is being held incommunicado by her natural father in contempt of two court o-

rders. His only ally is the Immigration Service in this contemptuous behavior," states Wildes in his brief. He says also that it is the practice of the Immigration Service to make every possible effort not to separate families. Yet, deportation would prevent the Lennons from following court orders with respect to Kyoko, depriving them of their child and Kyoko of her parents, without her inter-

ests even being represented. (Another consequence of the deportation case is that John is in effect prevented from seeing Julian, his son by his first marriage, as a visit to John's native England, where Julian lives with his mother, would jeopardize John's re-admittance to the U.S.) Ironically, according to the brief Yoko is fully eligible for permanent residence but is included in the deportation proceedings in order not to separate husband and wife.

The Immigration Service has also violated its own "invariable agency practice" with respect to "those with approved third preference petitions", Wildes claims. This category is Immi-

gration's official recognition that John and Yoko are outstanding artists whose cultural contributions as permanent residents of the U.S. would benefit the country. People in this category are always allowed to remain in the country, says Wildes, until their applications for permanent residence are ruled on. The Lennons have applications for permanent residence pending.

The government says John must go because he is an alien convicted of "violation of... any law or regulation relating to the illicit possession of, or traffic in narcotic drugs or marijuana," as specified in the Immigration and Nationality Act. John pleaded guilty and



## "I Am Attica" - The Trials of Herbert X. Blyden

Brother Herb, a veteran of the revolt in the infamous Tombs, is holding the single small microphone in the glare of a flood lamp; like most of the inmates he is wearing a prison blanket cut like a poncho. Bull-shouldered and hoarse, with the remarkable eloquence that characterizes most of the inmate speakers, Herb has told the visitors in an earlier daylight visit: "I am Attica."

Now laying down the prisoners' demands to loud cheering and shouts of "Right on" Herb is skillfully heightening his brothers' morale; what the visitors are hearing, he says, is "but the sound before the fury of those who are oppressed. When you are the anvil, you bend, but when you are the hammer, you strike."

-Tom Wicker  
The New York Times  
September 14, 1971

Among the 200,000 prison inmates in the United States, Brother Herb is a legend. When the filthy, overcrowded Tombs erupted in 1970, the inmates picked Brother Herb to escort the hostages to freedom and negotiate with Mayor Lindsay for their demands. When the 1,200 citizens of D Block at Attica took over the yard in September, 1971, they elected Brother Herb to be their spokesman. When Manhattan District Attorney Frank Hogan indicted seven men for "leading" the Tombs riot Brother Herb was one of them. When George Jackson's mother came to New York last month: the first person she asked to see was Brother Herb.

Brother Herb is Herbert X. Blyden, who describes himself as "a Muslim, a socialist and a Leo." But Blyden is not unique. There are hundreds of Blydens in America's prisons-black, furious, eloquent, and probably doomed. Walk into any prison yard and in the sea of young black faces there will be Blydens and George Jacksons among them. Blyden at 35 is not very different from Elliott Barkley, who died in the Attica massacre at the age of 21. Barkley, in Attica only for violation of parole, was a brilliant leader among the inmates. Today, nobody even remembers his name. The Harlem Four became wise men during the eight years they were held without bail in the Tombs. Folsom Prison has produced more important black writers-George Jackson, Larry West, Eldridge Cleaver-than the New York public school system. So I write about Brother Herb only because I know him, and I know his story. He is not some special mutation. He is a representative product of our courts and prisons.

Brother Herb is an impressive man-six feet, 205 pounds. His manner is dignified, almost formal, coupled with a sense of power not used. His career in the Vir-

gin Islands school system was over at the of fourteen, but he has read all of B.F. Skinner and Hermann Hesse. He's an enthusiastic advocate of feminist liberation and the gay-rights movement. (Blyden himself is not gay. A Muslim, he has never taken hard drugs.) He loves music especially Carole King and James Taylor.

("That song 'Fire and Rain'-it's my life, man.") He reads the Law Journal every day and has developed a sophisticated knowledge of the law reminiscent of Len-ny Bruce's.

Because his mind is so active, Blyden doesn't do time very well. He gets moody and depressed for long periods and sometimes he talks about his own death. "I just can't adjust to prison," he says. "The anxiety, the noise, the celibacy, the lack of sleep, knowing I'm innocent-it drives me crazy." He depends on music and a rich fantasy-life to ease the maddening monotony of endless time in limited space.

But it is not, finally, Blyden's intelligence or his personality that is significant. It is his actual experience inside the system of criminal justice that is the story worth telling. It is a case history that suggests there is one law in this country for the powerful-for I.T.T. and the President's friends in San Diego-and another law for the powerless-for Herb Blyden for the Harlem Four, and for the 500 men who are in the Tombs tonight for no other reason than they are men of so little property that they can't raise \$100 cash bail.

On August 19, 1965, Blyden was arrested by New York police on a charge of armed robbery. He is now serving a fifteen-to-twenty-year sentence on that charge although there is substantial evidence that he is innocent.

Blyden was accused of participating in the stickup of an Alexander's Rent-a-Car agent at 903 Sheridan Avenue in the Bronx for \$600. Blyden was charged with driving the getaway car. The actual gunman was never caught, and the money was never recovered.

Blyden's trial began in the Bronx on November 3, 1965. There was only one witness against Blyden, a gas station attendant named Dominick Maffucci, who testified he saw the driver of the getaway car "maybe four or five seconds...from the side but not the front...he was colored and had a goatee." On the afternoon of Blyden's arrest, Maffucci went to the 42nd Precinct and the police allowed him to view Blyden through a one-way mirror-Blyden couldn't see him but Maffucci could see Blyden. Blyden was being questioned by two detectives. Maffucci said Blyden was the guy in the car. On the witness stand Maffucci identified Blyden as the "colored guy with a goatee." On cross-examination Maffucci ad-

mitted: "I didn't observe, I mean, I don't remember, actually, to tell the truth, I don't remember whether it was a full beard or what."

No other evidence was presented by the state identifying Blyden or placing him at the scene of the robbery. Blyden's black girl friend, Greta Jude, testified he was with her at the time of the robbery. An all-white jury--although Bronx County was 35 per cent black and Puerto Rican at the time--convicted Blyden. The judge gave him fifteen-to-twenty years--the maximum.

The sentence was so stiff because it was Blyden's second offense. Eight years before, when he was twenty, Blyden stole \$96 from a gas station partly owned by his father and where he worked part-time. ("I did it. I was stupid.") His court-appointed lawyer at the time (who is now a judge) advised him to plead guilty, that he would be treated as a youthful offender and paroled. Instead, the judge sentenced Blyden as an adult to five years in the Elmira reformatory. With this on his record, Blyden was given the maximum.

Last month I visited Dominick Maffucci, who now owns a garage on Sherman Avenue, only a few blocks from the Bronx House of Detention. During our twenty-minute conversation Maffucci contradicted most of the original facts he testified to at Blyden's trial.

He claimed he observed Blyden for "fifteen minutes" not four or five seconds. He described Blyden as "140, no 160 pounds; no make that 170 pounds." Blyden weighed over 200 pounds in 1965. Maffucci said he identified Blyden by recalling the license plate number of his car; he never mentioned the license plate during the trial. Maffucci also said he picked Blyden out of a lineup with "five or six other colored guys." Blyden says he was never in a lineup. Police records back him up.

I asked Maffucci what made him notice Blyden that hot August afternoon in 1965. "I always notice colored guys when they're just hanging around," he replied. "You never know when they're going to pull a knife on you, or something. I've helped the police catch a lot of the colored muggers. Blyden isn't the only one. I help the cops a lot."

A petition for a writ of habeas corpus in this case is now before Judge Dudley Bonsal. The writ argues that Blyden was denied due process by the "unnecessarily suggestive" one-man show-up, and that he was denied effective counsel.

In October of 1970 there were 1,450 men jammed into 875 cells in the Men's House of Detention on White Street in Manhattan. Among them was Blyden,

whose presence in the Tombs that week was an accident of history. Attica had been Blyden's graduate school. He had begun to read voluminously--everything from Marx to Marcus Garvey. He studied law and began to write his own briefs and petitions. He happened to be down from Attica because one of his hand-written appeals was due for a hearing in court. Complaints of brutality by guards were increasing. Men were waiting eight, ten, and twelve months for trials. The food had glass and hairs in it. The doctors were indifferent to inmate complaints of pain and sickness. The junkies were kicking cold turkey in their overcrowded cells. On October 1 a riot exploded spontaneously. It ended on October 5 when the inmates voted to release eighteen hostages in exchange for an immediate meeting with Mayor Lindsay. Blyden helped escort the hostages to safety and was chosen to be one of eleven prisoner-negotiators to meet with Lindsay to discuss grievances. This is how Blyden recalls the 2 a.m. meeting with the Mayor.

"We wanted the press there to see what promises Lindsay made to us. But no reporters were allowed in. There was not even a stenographer present. Lindsay was Lindsay. Lots of promises and lots of rhetoric. I tried to explain that our problem was not the correction officers, but the system--the judicial system, the Legal Aid lawyers who tell us to plead guilty without asking if we are guilty, the bail system, the long wait for trials..."

"Then we asked Lindsay for a promise of no reprisals. He tried to pass the buck to McGrath, and McGrath wouldn't give it. But the warden promised no physical reprisals, and he kept his word. There never were any beatings in the Tombs. At the end Lindsay finally guaranteed us no reprisals."

But in January of 1971 there was reprisal. Blyden and six other inmates were indicted on 50 separate counts of first-degree kidnapping. They were indicted even though none of the hostages were hurt and even though almost no one disputed the legitimacy of their demands.

There was a strange scene in the courtroom--Part 30 at 100 Centre Street--when the Tombs indictments were announced. First, the story was already on the street in The New York Post, even though grand jury proceedings are supposed to be secret. And second, Al Castro, the press aide to Correction Commissioner McGrath, was in the courtroom, feeding background information on the seven defendants to reporters. Again, this seemed a violation of the traditional separation of the D.A.'s office from the Correction Department.

Hundreds of inmates participated in the revolt. No one has ever suggested the revolt was planned in advance. How, then, could seven men be singled out for such heavy indictments? Why was Blyden indicted?

The full answer will have to wait until the trial, but clearly involved is the dubious obsession of Frank Hogan, Manhattan's District Attorney, with locking up militant blacks. The Panther Thirteen



was convicted and fined in England in 1968 for possession of "cannabis resin" found during a search of the apartment in which he was staying. John has said that he pleaded guilty so that Yoko, who was pregnant at the time would be spared the strain and hoopla of a trial. He has testified that he was not aware of the contents of a binocular case which had been in the possession of others for the previous six months and

"Under British law," states the brief, "innocent possession of a package or substance which later proved to be a narcotic substance was held sufficient to result in a conviction, despite the fact that the accused had no knowledge or reason to know the contents of the package, nor the nature of the substance it contained."

In addition, Dr. Lester Grinspoon, outstanding American medical authority and writer on the subject of marijuana, testified at the deportation hearing that in his opinion as an expert whose qualifications were conceded by the government, "cannabis resin" was neither a narcotic drug nor marijuana as specified in the Immigration and Nationality Act. No evidence to the contrary was produced at the hearing. The brief further notes that the statute also was obviously aimed at excluding dealers in narcotics "with serious convictions in our own courts; its use in this case would flagrantly expand its application beyond its necessary scope"

In an "amicus curiae" brief filed by the New York Civil Liberties Union, attorneys Eve Cary and Burt Newborne argue for John & Yoko's civil liberties,

CONTINUED on page 18

# After The Primaries...

DICK ARMSTRONG

For all the fuss and lightning that went into his winning it, Edward Dowd's nomination as the Democratic candidate for governor of Missouri is just about worth the proverbial glass of warm spit.

Kit Bond, the rich young Republican from Mexico, won his party's nomination with ease. Eight years of Warren Hearnes has the state in so foul a mood that Bond's victory in November looks like a sure thing.

Two things helped Dowd. One, he talked against Hearnes, a popular tack all across the state. My own sentiment is that the Hearnes group (especially Morris) should be retired en masse to Leavenworth on charges of 8 years of sustained grand larceny. Second, Dowd comes from St. Louis and that city and county combined hold one-third of the state's population. The people down there want all the favoritism of a home-town governor is capable of bestowing, just like Jackson County folks were supposed to vote for home-town Bill Morris for the same reasons. Morris did pretty well in his home county, although he lost wards 4-10, and ward 22, the Westport, Southwest, and Red Bridge areas to his home-town competitor Joe

Teasdale and his out state margins could make up for.

It is not surprising that Teasdale did well in the wealthy and liberal south part of the county. Westport's support stemmed in part from Teasdale's enlightened marijuana arrest policy as county prosecutor.

The Teasdale campaign made no inroads anywhere else which is not surprising either. As a reform candidate his pose was about as worn thin as the shoes he'd been wearing in those cross-state walks. He was constantly talking about a "new day" in Missouri politics but, with his campaign promises, Teasdale dated from the day before yesterday.

Not to say he was a total flop: I will always cherish two particularly candid admissions by candidate Joe. The first came when his opponents were charging that he was neglecting his job as prosecuting attorney by campaigning day and night and he retorted by saying his office was running more smoothly and doing a better job since he was gone. (Funny that nobody should mention Morris' absenteeism from Lt. Governorship—except when you try to think what the Lt. Governor does). Joe dropped another naked



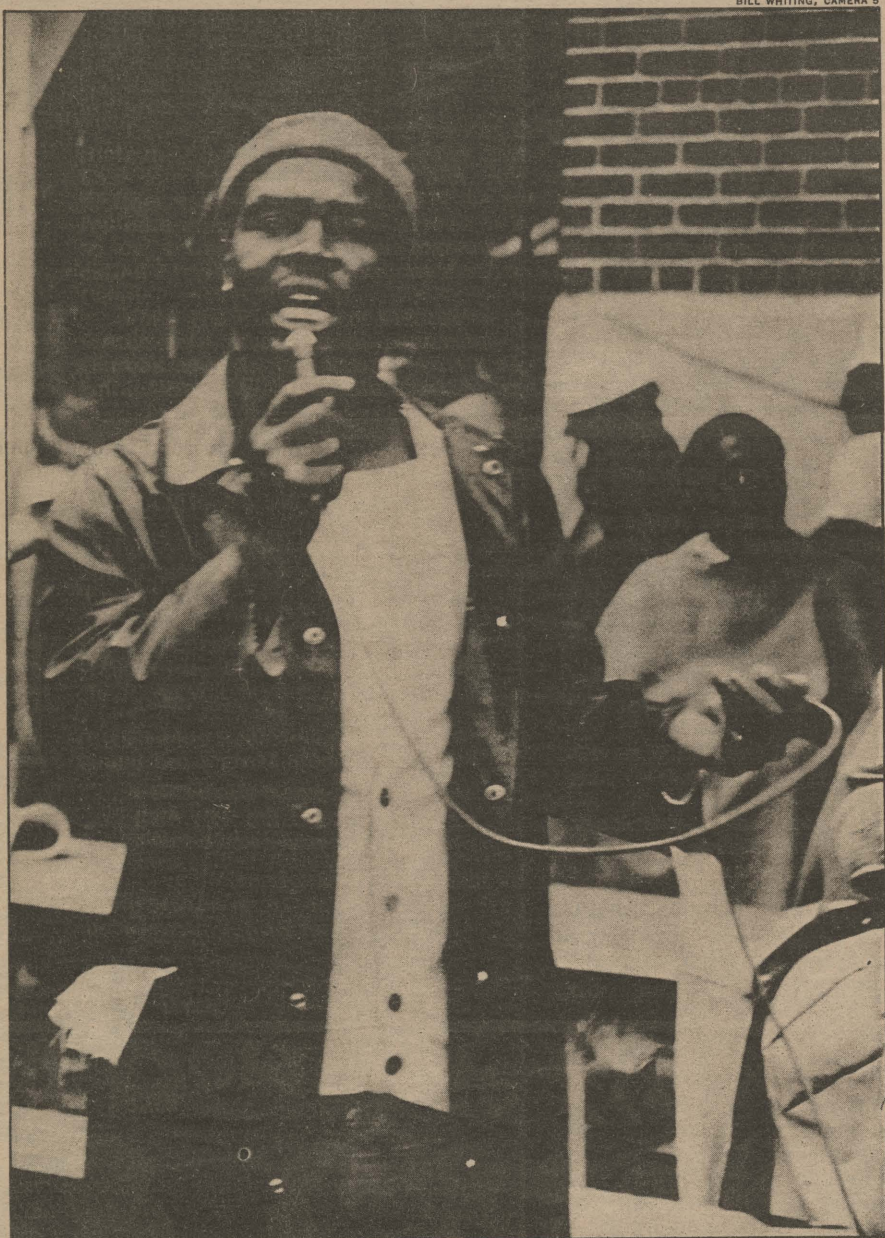
pearl primary night after he conceded the er the only thing that bothered him was being forced to find a real job.

Jack Schramm, a state representative from University City, will run as the Democrat's Lt. Gov. candidate. His very good record in the General Assembly puts him miles ahead of Dowd in accomplishments and suggests a unique ticket split that would salve any conscience: Bond for governor, Schramm for Lieutenant governor.

In other local contests the city's factions turned back challenges from right and left. Jim Baker defeated Frank O'Gara for state assemblyman from Westport but it was about the only bright spot for local reformers. In every other state senate and assembly battle old-line people pulled through, including Jasper Brancato who will continue as Westport's state senator.

The prosecutor's race was an especially bad loss for Westport. The only candidate who talked sense on every problem from street crime to pushers, Jim Shockey, lost. Ralph Martin, the victor, grumbled about Teasdale's len-

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Brother Herb at Attica: "I don't want to die. I want to live with dignity."

were rounded up, jailed for two years on unattainable bail, tried on bombing conspiracy indictments, and then acquitted. The Harlem Four were incarcerated for eight years and put through three trials before finally being granted lower bail over Hogan's objections. Prosecutors in Brooklyn and Queens are not prosecuting inmates who rioted in jails in those boroughs at the same time the Tombs uprising occurred. District Attorneys Thomas Mackell and Eugene Gold have dropped, or plea-bargained, all charges against 35 inmates indicted on charges similar to those against the Tombs Seven. Only Hogan's office has insisted on bringing rebel inmates to trial.

This shows as well as anything the arbitrary and capricious nature of the law. Blyden faces 115 years for the Tombs riot because it occurred in Manhattan, while the inmates who rebelled in Queens face no added time. This is why no one can convince the Blydens of this world that the law is even rational, much less

fair.

Clearly, the city's correction bureaucracy has it in for Blyden. Former Commissioner McGrath has talked openly to Bill vanden Heuvel, the Mayor's prison watchdog, as well as his own staff--of his personal dislike of Blyden as an agitator and troublemaker. And Mike Dontzin, the Mayor's assistant for correction, still seems to hold a special grudge against Blyden. I have visited Blyden frequently at the Bronx House of Detention. One morning I was told I couldn't see him because there was a "strip search" going on of every prisoner. As I was about to leave, Dontzin and Bronx District Attorney Burton Roberts appeared. Dontzin knew I was friendly with Blyden, and greeted me by saying "Your buddy is trying to start a riot in this place. Why don't you wise up and realize that he's a dangerous psycho, a lunatic?"

The next day I came back to see Blyden and told Deputy Warden Charles Clark what Dontzin had said. Clark replied: "That's not true. Blyden had nothing to

do with what happened yesterday. He's in segregation. He doesn't go anywhere without an officer. He hasn't caused us any trouble."

Blyden was indicted for the Tombs riot in January of 1971. He is still waiting for his trial to start. And this week the Tombs is still choked to 141 per cent of capacity.

They call Attica "the end of the line." It is a huge maximum-security penitentiary 35 miles from Buffalo. While whites tend to be sentenced to Wallkill Prison, blacks and Puerto Ricans always seem to end up in Attica and Clinton. On the day the Attica uprising began, the prison population was 65 per cent black and Puerto Rican, but there was not one black or Puerto Rican guard.

By all accounts Brother Herb was working in the prison metal shop when the riot broke out in September 9. It was the white radical Sam Melville, who died in the troopers' attack, who first suggested that Blyden be made a member of the inmate negotiating committee as a representative of B Block. Blyden at first declined, but later he was elected chairman of the full committee that consisted of two spokesmen from each of the four blocks. In the yard Blyden was crucial in getting the four blocks together and in helping to forge the remarkable unity among black, white and Puerto Rican inmates that prevailed during the uprising.

David Rothenberg, executive director of the Fortune Society and a member of the observers' committee, remembers Blyden's conduct during the five days the inmates controlled the yard:

"It was the last night, maybe ten hours before the massacre. Things were very tense during a mass meeting in the yard. One member of our observers' committee--not Kunstler--made a very inflammatory speech, a really violent speech. And I remember Blyden taking the microphone away from him and shouting, 'That's bullshit!' 'I don't want to die. I want to live with dignity.' He shut the guy up, and there was a great cheer from the inmates. Blyden was very constructive."

At first Blyden didn't want to talk about the massacre at Attica that killed 42 men. "It's too depressing," he said. But one rainy morning he opened up and the memories poured out.

"The guy standing to my left was shot and killed, and the guy standing just to my right was also killed. It all happened so fast it was unreal. It was eerie. The mist and gas came over everything and then the helicopters, and suddenly the troopers came in shooting. One trooper grabbed me and said they would save me for the electric chair."

What happened after the prison was recaptured?

"Oh, we were beaten. I learned to walk again here in the Bronx. They called us 'nigger' and made us crawl naked on the ground across the whole yard. Guys were vomiting and going into convulsions, and if they moved, they were beaten. Three inmates were murdered by the troopers after we gave up. They killed Sam

Melvilli, Elliott Barkley and Tom Hicks in the yard. Some day we will prove that.

"Then after we crawled across the yard we had to run a gauntlet of about 40 correction officers. We were still naked and they beat us with sticks and batons. Some guys had lighted cigarettes put against their genitals.

"When I got back to my cell I found out the guards had destroyed all my possessions. I was writing a book about the Tombs. I had written 300 pages in long-hand. That was gone. I had all my legal papers in the cell, all my research for my appeal on the Bronx case, and that was gone. They even took away my eyeglasses and false teeth. They took everything I had. And every night the guards would come by my cell and tell me I was going to die. The guards would wake me up in the middle of the night to make these threats. And for about three weeks after the riot all they fed us was pork. They knew that as Muslims most of us couldn't eat pork."

A grand jury has been meeting in Wyoming County (Attica) for five months. The jury is all white, and most of its 23 members have families or friends who work in Attica Prison. The prison is as important to the economy of Wyoming County as, say, Fort Jackson is to the economy of Columbia, South Carolina.

I have talked to people who have testified before this grand jury. They report the jury isn't interested in why the Governor ordered the troopers in with guns blazing. Or why it took four hundred rounds of ammunition to subdue the prisoners. Or why fifteen unauthorized correction officers joined the attack and were responsible for at least two inmate deaths. Or why the troopers used dum-dum bullets, outlawed by the Geneva Convention. Or why, according to the Goldman Commission, 315 inmates were injured as a result of beatings by guards and troopers after the prison had been recaptured. Or who was responsible for the false story given the media, after the shooting stopped, that the hostages' throats had been slit by inmates, when, in fact, the hostages had been killed by the Governor's own troopers.

The Attica grand jury seems uninterested in these matters. Almost all their questions have been about the inmate leaders and William Kunstler. Witnesses have been shown photos of Blyden and asked questions about him. Once again justice seems intent on indicting the victim and exonerating the executioner.

So Brother Herb waits in a cell in the Bronx, waits for Judge Bonsal to rule on his habeas corpus writ, waits for Frank Hogan to begin his Tombs trial, waits for the Wyoming County grand jury to complete its deliberations. I'm white and middle class, and I would not want my life or liberty in the hands of these people.

JACK NEWSFELD

Reprinted from  
New York Magazine

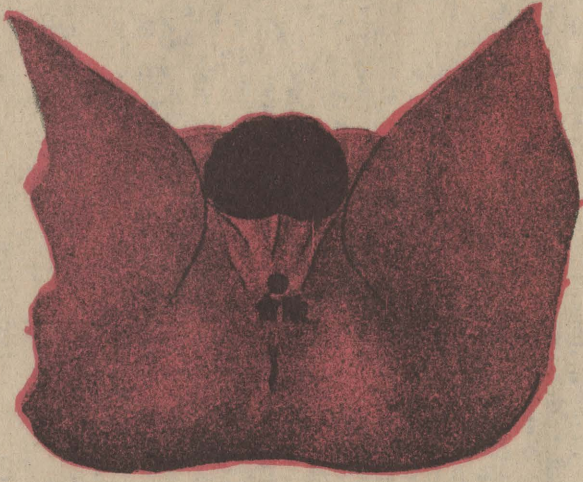
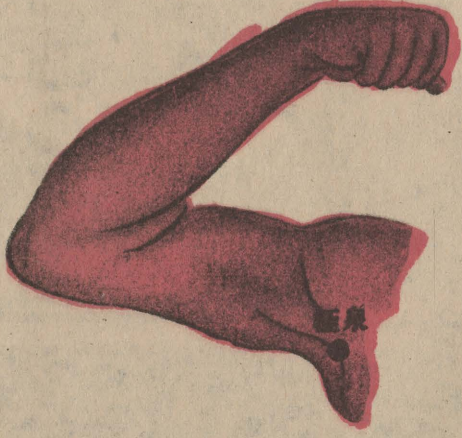
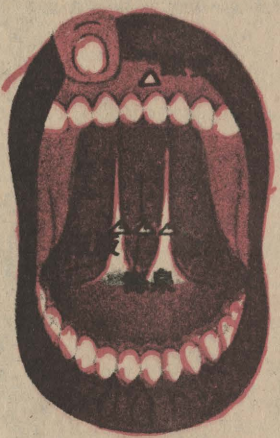
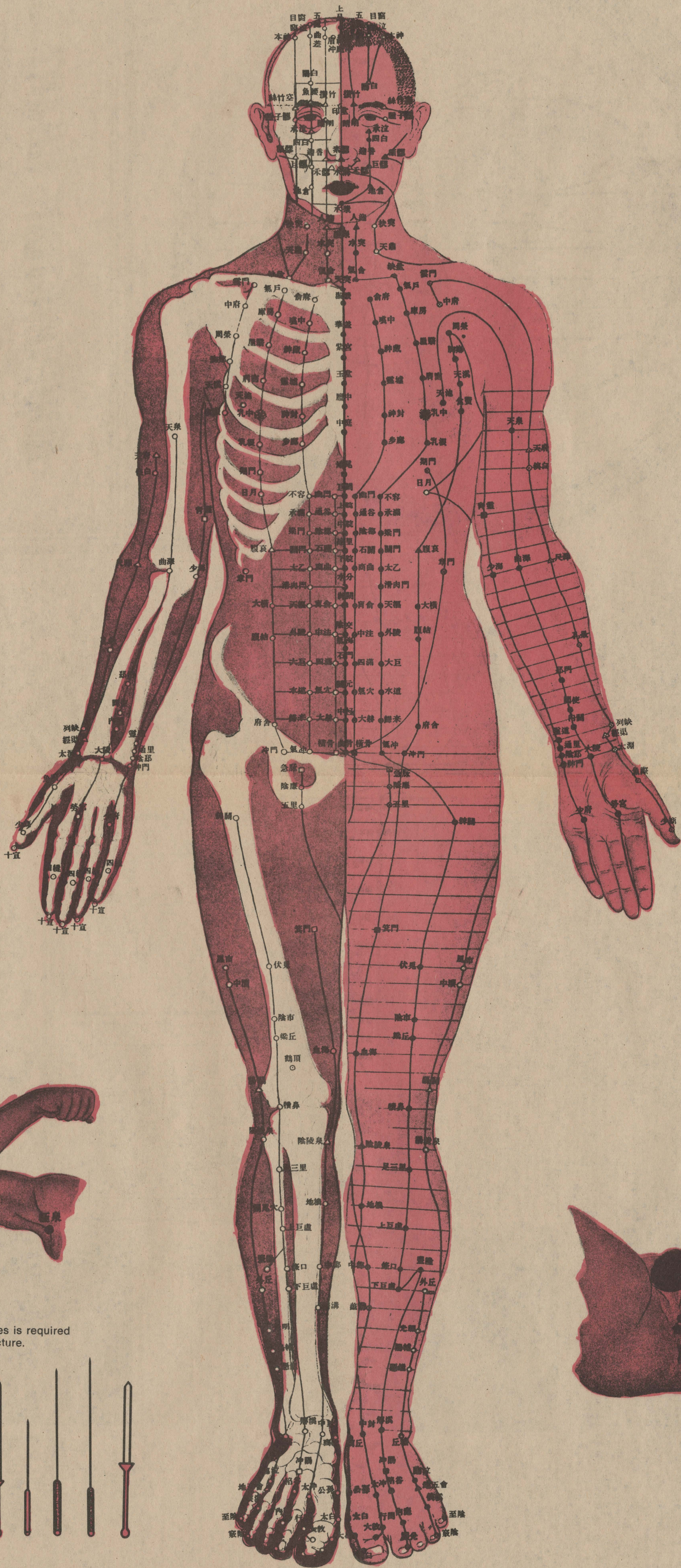




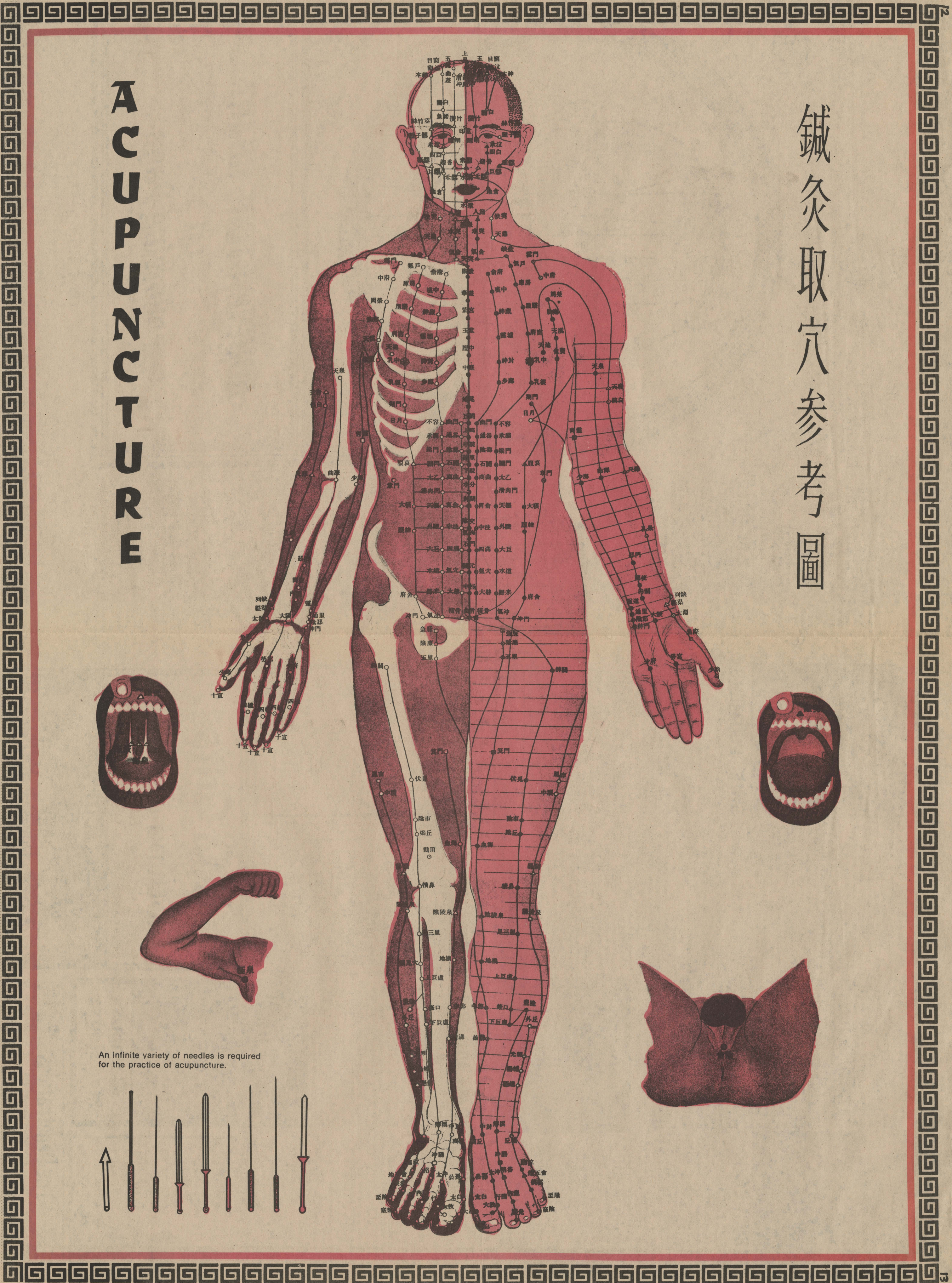
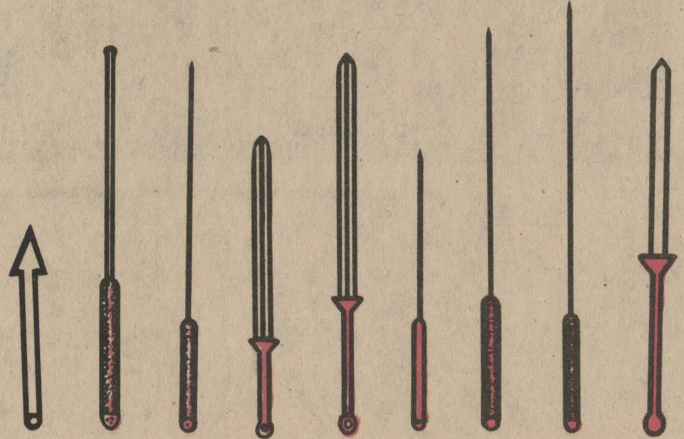


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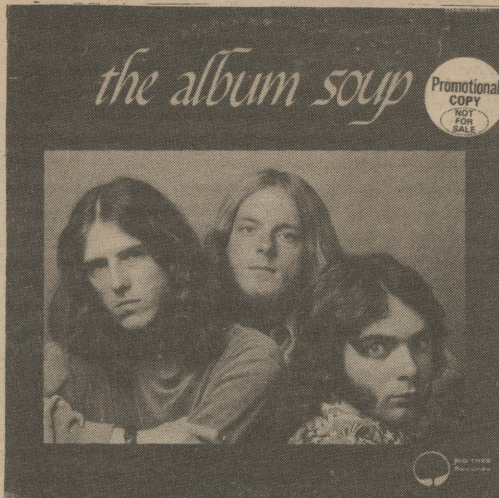
# 鍼灸取穴參考圖



An infinite variety of needles is required for the practice of acupuncture.







**ALBUM SOUP**

SOUP-BIG TREE BTS2007

**LOOTHER GOOSE**

Back in the summer of '69 I went to Milwaukee with three friends for the purpose of attending a rock festival. Featured at said festival were Led Zeppelin, Blind Faith (remember the day of the supergroup?), Johnny Winter, Jeff Beck, and a cast of thousands, most of which I missed or were rained out. It was here that I saw for myself how Jeff Beck rightly earned his reputation as a bastard, as he refused to play. To make matters worse, he wouldn't even jam, at Johnny Winter's invitation no less. He just walked off and disappeared into the crowd. But it was also here that on Sunday morning a group from Appleton, Wisconsin pretty much blew my mind. Soup was their name, and they were a three piece group, very jazz oriented. They helped make up for Beck to me.

Now here is one of Soup's two albums, and I am sad to report that most of it is not at all as good as I had first hoped. Soup comes across on this album as a very together group, but they don't really take off like they could, no indeed. I think that for the most part they are aimed in the wrong direction. When I saw them they did a lot of jazz with rock overtones, and their guitarist was featured predominantly. On this album there is little jazz, and Doug Yankus' guitar is not too terribly outspoken. A bad mistake. Besides; this is, production wise, the flattest album I have ever heard in my life.

Side one can be dealt with rather quickly - t'aint worth beans (save "To Keep Peace"). It is just Buffalo Springfield flavored rock, not exciting or distinctive in the least. You've heard it all before by thousands of half-baked little groups whose names you've long forgotten. I wouldn't listen to it twice. Too bad. "To Keep Peace" is the exception. It is a total change from the rest of side one, sort of a late hours, very mellow, bluesy jazz type piece. This is where Soup cooks, and in my opinion is where they should concentrate their efforts more.

Side two fares much better than side 1 but still is not what I know Soup is capable of. "Never Love Again" is very well written, and combines several different influences (eastern, country, jazz) in a heavy rock setting. "Black Cadillac" is just great-excellent-beautiful. A quiet little number with a simple melodic riff that will indeed haunt you - sort of dark

and evil. From there it is a nice little jump to a light Bossa Nova styled jazz tune, "The Lady is Part of You". This is a very pleasant song, sort of what you might expect from a jazz trio in some little lounge. However, it is like much of the rest of the album; lacking in originality or distinctive styling. "From the Center of the Earth" is back to semi-heavy rock, and Jimi Hendrix creeps in quite strongly (the floaty, romantic side of Hendrix). A nice instrumental but the vocal gets kind of corny. "Playing a Different Game" finishes off side two with a wimper; it is a Neil Youngish song, and brings back bad memories of side one.

To say the least, this is not the Soup I remember from three years ago. Of course, every group goes through changes in the course of years; perhaps they got tired of jazz or something. I do know that "The Album Soup" is NOT up to realizing the full potential of this very excellent group, and I am looking forward to hearing an album that does them justice. Perhaps they are more of a performing group than a studio group, but as long as they've been together and as tight as they are, this is hard for me to believe. I would like to hear their other album; I heard a cut off it one night on Bleeker Street. It was a long slow blues, and was much in the style that I remember from Milwaukee. It fried my head. Soup can get it on, and should not be judged too negatively by "The Album Soup".



**RARE HENDRIX**

JIMI HENDRIX-TRIP TPL9500

**LOOTHER GOOSE**

The influence of Jimi Hendrix, two years after his death, is still felt, to an enormous degree. There are those who play Hendrix style guitar almost exactly, although they do have unique individual styles of their own. Ritchie Blackmore, of Deep Purple, Randy California (formerly of Spirit), and to a lesser degree, Harvey Mandel, are the best examples of this. Then there are the zillions of guitarists who do not play as close to his style necessarily, but have felt his influence to greater or lesser degrees—Jeff Beck, John McLaughlin, Terry Hath, Larry Coryell, Phil Heaggy, Carlos San-



**Campus Mad House**  
312 WESTPORT Rd.

tana, Johnny Winter—one could go on and on, it seems. There are few contemporary guitarists who have not felt his influence in one form or another.

Hendrix's work with the electric guitar and the sounds it is capable of expanded greatly on the pioneering explorations of Jeff Beck with the Yardbirds years ago, and although Beck is the one responsible for the style of contemporary guitar playing today, Hendrix is the man who managed to make the whole world, public as well as musicians, aware of what can be done with the electric guitar. Besides this, I think that you could say that Hendrix was the epitome of the space-age bluesman, much in the same way that B.B. King is the epitome of the bluesman in the old style, who sang of simple desires and picked extremely clean riffs on their axes. Hendrix sang of Jupiter's sulphur mines and played a roaring, distorted guitar line in most cases.

Hendrix, to use a corny word, liberated contemporary guitarists because of his popularity and acceptance by all kinds of people. He just played, and much of his playing cannot be called blues or jazz or whatever. He just played—music.

But he had to play for years before he reached his greatness, so there was a time when he wasn't great. That time is accurately portrayed in an album called "Rare Hendrix", an utter piece of shit beyond all rational belief; just unbelievable! Oh my God, it is awful. First of all, it sounds like a bunch of neighborhood kids down the street, jamming in some garage on a Saturday afternoon. The kids are, to be sure, no older than 14 years old. The songs are mostly long, minor keyed instrumentals, with a funky 3 chord progression thrown in now and then, and since there are hardly any vocals, the guitar is predominant for almost all of the album. And it is awful. There is no vibrato in his playing, not a shred of creativity, lots of embarrassing little major notes where minor ones should be (whoops!), and very little control. It is very flat, monotonous, unmelodic playing, and it often sounds like he is struggling to think of what to do next. Poor Jimi.

That pretty much sees it up—just pretend this album doesn't exist, and you will be a lot happier, especially if Hendrix means as much to you as he does to me. The people at Trip Records deserve evil things to fall on their house.



**SWEET POTATOES**

Geoff & Maria, Warner Bros., MS2073

**WILLY**

Every now and then an album will come along that just makes good music all through its two sides. Such is the case with the new Geoff and Maria Muldaur album on Warners Brothers Records. Without a doubt, I would say this is one of the best releases of this summer.

If you like good vocal work then by all means hear this music soon. It has blues, country-western, jazz, and God knows what else mixed together in it. An old Skip James song "Hard Time Killin' Floor" provides us with some of the best blues singing recently heard on record. It is done by old Geoffrey Muldaur himself. And wife Maria, does she ever treat a song well. The recreation of Billie Holiday's "Lover Man (Oh Where can You Be)" is a fine example for you to witness this on. The 1920's influenced number "Kneein' Me" will surely give you a laugh if you listen to its almost obscene lyrics. I might add that the other material was tastefully

cont. on following page

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AN INTERVIEW WITH

## DIZZY GILLESPIE

**BRUCE:** What do you want to talk about this time? It's a new day. Messengers?

**DIZZY:** Yes, we'll talk about uh- messengers musical messengers and religious messengers. I am both. So I think I have the authority to speak about both of them. I said that wrong. I made a mistake when I said I was both--I'm one, I am a musical messenger.

**BRUCE:** Does that fit in with what you say

about Charlie Parker?--as a teacher?

**DIZZY:** Yeah, we're the educators of a generation of musicians-the same as a major prophet is an educator for the human values, of the standard by which people live. And we are standards by which musicians play.

**BRUCE:** Who else would you include in that group?

**DIZZY:** Ah, well, it goes all the way back. It goes back to Bunk Johnson, in the trumpet, King Oliver, and this is a line, it's all one and the same, Louis Armstrong, Roy Eldridge and me, Clifford Brown, Miles-in between. Clifford Brown. He's probably the latest one-with a strong message. You see they're messengers-they are major and minor messengers just like in music major figures in the music who burst on the scene, and they might not be here long, but they create such an influence and they turn things around.

**BRUCE:** Do you think Miles has given his message already? What is this new stuff?

**DIZZY:** Well, I don't understand what he's doing now. And he hasn't been able to explain it fully to me yet. So I can't judge.

**BRUCE:** Musically or verbally?

**DIZZY:** I don't understand it musically or verbally, but I'm not the one, we're not the ones to judge that yet. Time will only judge whether it's valid. Like in religion. I'm going to speak of music and religion at the same time and show the parallel. You take a messenger, the bearer of a message, such as Abraham. Abraham brought a message to mankind. After his message was finished, after the era in which it was meant to be sent--it looks like an hour glass. It starts like that and then another one fills it up-and Moses kind of fills it up. All these messengers, Jesus, Mohammed, Krishna, Zoraster.

**BRUCE:** Do you think it was pre-determined that Charlie Parker was only going to live 34 years and Louie Armstrong was to live 70 years?

**DIZZY:** Well, no. Not necessarily. Because you determine-a man can determine-certain things, like accidents happen, I believe that some accidents happen. But I have the idea that predetermined things-in two ways.

**BRUCE:** What Book is that you're pointing to?

**DIZZY:** This is the Book of Gleanings of writings of Baha'u'llah. That is the practice of Baha'i faith. I am a member of Baha'i Faith. Now Charlie Parker, how he became a B'hai. A lady called my hotel in Milwaukee and said "My name is Mrs. McKensie. I just read a book on the life of Charlie Parker and you were mentioned so prominently, and I am a follower of your music and you seemed to be close to him because you say such beautiful things about when he was alive. One time somebody said 'how do you feel about Charlie Parker?' I feel like we're one and the same. That we have the same heart, the same heart beat-his beats on time, mine the next time. She said 'that's a very special thing you said. I'd like to talk to you, meet you. I'd like to come over & have coffee or something.' I said, 'Nooooo madam, I'm married.' Yeah, you know, I figured you know. She said, 'Well my husband & I will come down to the club.' So I said 'o.k.' so they came down to the club. Her husband is a doctor. I had about 4 tripple brandys! I was feeling good & they were drinkin all these drinks. Strange People. So we met the next day for lunch & then after that I left the city, and different places she would show up. She was travelling for the Faith. She didn't say anything about religion, because if she had said religion to me she'd have never seen me

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Cont.

chosen. It makes this LP worthy of high praise.

Not to mention the supporting musicians would be a sin. The talents of Billy Mundi, Bill Keith and Amos Garrett are heard on all the tracks. Garrett's delicate guitar work is a standout on "Lazy Bones". Also appearing on some of the selections are John Kahn on bass and Paul Butterfield on harp. All in all you have a studio band that can't be topped.

There just isn't much of this music anymore. We are completely indebted to the Muldaurs for keeping it alive.

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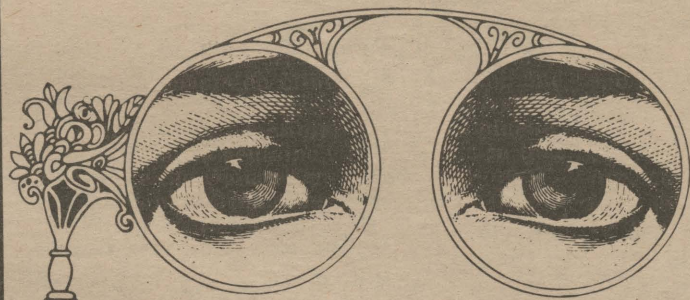
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# VETS TO JAIL

**TAI JAHASSEE**—A federal Grand Jury in Tallahassee, Florida ended its third day of interrogations of 27 members of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War (VVAW) on July 13 by sentencing four members of the organization to jail on contempt of court charges.

The following day, the Grand jury indicted six vets, including one sentenced the day before, on charges of conspiracy against the US government, training in use and possession of incendiary devices and illegal possession of weapons.

It was the Justice Department's contention that the vets were planning to bomb their way into the Republican Convention and then kill or injure GOP delegates with homemade anti-personnel weapons.

The four who were sentenced for contempt can be held until the Grand Jury adjourns eighteen months from now.

Contempt charges against the others were dropped but the Grand Jury is scheduled to consider the weapons and riot questions again on August 8th and it is expected that the same VVAW members will be called at that time.

Micael McCain, a VVAW spokesman, noted that the August 8 Jury date is less than two weeks before the Republican Convention and said that the whole affair is intended "to keep us from being effective during the convention."

He felt that the government is attempting to break the back of VVAW by tying up its national and regional coordinators in court.

The contempt charges were leveled when the vets maintained their claims to 5th amendment rights after they had been granted transactional immunity. This type of immunity means that what they saw can't be used against them by this Grand Jury but that it may be used by subsequent Grand Juries to return indictments.

Defense appeals for a postponement of questioning on grounds that there were some questions the vets didn't understand were flatly refused by the court.

For the past three months the 30,000

member veterans organization has been the target of concentrated attacks by infiltration and disruption by federal agents

After a demonstration when other vets were held on \$5,000 bond, a former Oklahoma-Arkansas coordinator was released on his own recognizance. This event aroused suspicious and at a southern regional coordinators' meeting, he was forced into revealing that he was an FBI informer.

He said that he had gotten into trouble in the Army and had been told that he could get out by infiltrating VVAW. He agreed and went to school, after which he found his car had been paid for and he was given an expense account.

He told of a government plan to issue grand-jury subpoenas to the vets just before the convention. He also claimed there was a plot to murder some New Left leaders. He has since dropped out of sight on the West Coast, but the vets have a tape recording of his confession.

Noted vet Al Hubbard explained that the VVAW was riddled with informers and provocateurs. "They're using veterans who've gotten involved in drugs in Vietnam as a result of the CIA making the drugs available, and then they're using this as a hammer. They're leading people into violence, they're saying you will inform on VVAW, you will try to disrupt it."

While federal attorneys claimed the Subpoenas were unrelated to the VVAW's protest activities, county police admitted that they had agents within the organization, supposedly investigating narcotics and that they routinely gave information to "proper authorities."

Two agents who were members of the Hialeah, Florida, chapter took Vet Alton Foss to a parking lot and told him, "Either you cooperate with us or we get you on a drug bust." Foss agreed to do so and set up a meeting, but instead called Florida VVAW coordinator Scott Camil.

When Jim Rief, one of the attorneys for the vets, protested the contempt charges and claimed that the VVAW was being "Railroaded" by the court he was



told that further use of such language on his part would in contempt charges for him. When the time came for the four sentenced Vets to be led away 11 riot-equipped policemen were brought in to march them out. "As they were led out from the the court room one of the visorts yelled out "so this is the justice

we fought for". VVAW stated unequivocally that the subpoena or jail sentences would not stop the organization. "said Romo, "Not because of the nature of the organization I think the membership will close behind this, elect new leadership and we'll continue from here."

**ROSMIC CIGAR DOPE EXCHANGE**

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There will be no Speed, Downers, Smack, or Coke listed here in the dope report because of their damaging effects on the body and the soul. It's like Crazy Rose used to say, "They're the chains of the devil!"

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Purple (Not too good) Speed, strychnine. \$2.00 a hit. \$45 to \$70 a 100 lot

**Orange Foil Powder Acid** Real clean. \$2.00 a hit. No 100's.

**Yellow and Red platers.** Very bad shit. Speed, strychnine and you don't get off. (Fuck!)

**Blue Cheer (Strong trip).** Sort of clean. \$2.00 a hit. (There is also some BOGUS cheer, so watch your shit).

**Clear light (Reportedly pure)** Not much visual but a great stone. \$2.00 a hit.

**BEWARE ORANGE BARREL**

**K.J. weed** (Chemically treated with an unidentified drug) \$5.00 a joint. Six people can get off for five hours.

**Smackweed 1/4oz.** \$7.00. Some say it's local treated with quinine.

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**Brown Moroccan (Fairly good)** \$7 a gram. (Comes in small patties, very hard to cut)

**Green Moroccan (Real good)** \$6 to \$8 a gram. (Comes in rough 3/8 inch slabs.)

**Black Hash (Super good)** \$7 a gram. (Looks a lot like the first black "primo". I think it could be some more of the same)

**Fake Black German (Piss poor)** \$6 to \$8 a gram. (Smells like horse shit).

**Good Mexican (Good)** \$15 a lid. \$20 a oz.

**Jamaican.** \$20 a oz. (Nice, but not quite Jamaican) \$180 a lb.

**Columbian Flower Tops (Excellent dope)** \$50 a oz. (Not quite worth that much)

Not to mention the super good local dope going around. . . .

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# John & Yoko

CONTINUED

pointing out among the arguments in the ir 10 page statement that the government's action is unjustified since "the intent of the framers" of the law "was to deal with traffickers in drugs rather than possessors." They point out also that "the American people have a right under the First Amendment to enjoy (John & Yoko's) artistic influence and presence in the United States." AA A compelling state interest" must be shown to justify deportation.

The Committee feels strongly that John and Yoko are being singled out for this treatment because of their outspoken opinions on many controversial issues. For example, their new album includes songs supporting the Attica Prisoners, Angela Davis, and the Irish civil rights activists.

# Primaries

CONTINUED

iciency in dope arrests. Should he win in November (and the Republican candidate was even more vocal for harsh dope penalties) Westporters can probably count on some publicity oriented programs.

Both Denise Riederer and Charles Shafer lost in their bids for the new

Jackson County Legislature. Their challenge to the implied age restriction in the new charter should be taken over by both the Republican (Ron Spradley) and the Democratic (Sondra Smalley) candidates from district 2 which includes Westport and Country Club. Between Smalley and Spradley Westport has the best choice of any of the fifteen other districts in the county. The Democratic candidates, with the exception of the 4th District-at-large where former Chiefs player Fred Arbanas won, for the at large districts are all Committee for County Progress men.

# Feed Back

CONTINUED

tive can serve the people in your area & ours by providing a strong link between our struggles. Stay in touch.

Jon Pace  
San Francisco GOOD TIMES

High People,  
I am in the Army's Jail and would very much like to receive your beautiful paper.

Peace,  
Glen Johns  
459-90-1836  
Drawer C  
Fort Leavenworth  
Kansas  
66027



# Local Bummers

CONTINUED

simply trucked off somewhere else. After all, the place isn't exactly the groove center of the cosmo.

Quik Trips regular manager left this last week on his vacation and his unfortunately his temporary replacement seems to be intent on proving his masculinity, ie. "We don't mean to get tough but..." Put a guy like this together with a few needle freaks who can't see past the end of there spoons and you can feel the rank vibes just creeping up 39th Street.

To the people who have chosen the sidewalk of Quik Trip as their permanent address: Your masocism is unparalleled.

To the people of Quik Trip: Repeatedly calling the cops will get you nothing but an empty cash drawer and a lot of unneeded hassle.

To both of you: Clean up your act



# Dizzy Gillespie

CONTINUED

no more. Because I was interested in no established religion. It didn't strike me as being the word of the prophets themselves, what they had in mind. I had joined a couple of churches. I was Methodist & Baptist & I looked into Islam And they tricked me into buying way down in Mecca in Life Magazine. I'll never forgive myself for that but I was dumb, ignorant, which is something you can't be and they all down on on the floor. And then Life Magazine-a whole page of me and I wasn't no Moslem--that's how they do things.

So anyway, in the 30's, I found out about the B'hai religion. Awhile I began to trust her when you trust somebody & and they ask a question you tell them the truth. I told the truth about everything about my early life. I explained one time, I never told this to anybody, but now I'm not even ashamed of it anymore. When I was about 2 or 3 years old. (You see, I can remember being 10 months old or something like that. I come up with shit my brother doesn't even remember and he's two and 1/2 years older than me. My mother will say, "Where, how do you get it?" Well, I remember.) So I remember when I was about that age I was a professional seat sniffer. I loved to sniff seats. Especially where women had been sitting. (laughter) Well, that's all right. I imagine other people have idiosyncracies?

Not my family, I didn't sniff seats for the family, but for visitors, women visitors. There was one lady especially, named Miss Jessie Temple, her ass was this wide. Not only did she have a big ass, she had titties that were like, they reminded me of the bladder on one of those big hogs they used to kill. Each one of them was a big hog bladder. And Miss Temple was my favorite sniffer. Now when she'd come to the house I'd wait till Mama walked her to the door. And I'd dive down into the chair. Our chairs were wooden bottomed chairs, so my mother could catch me and she'd say, "Boy, you'd better stop that," and I'd say, "all right." And so I kept doing it. So one day Miss Jessie Temple came in. So she made like she was going outside, but she didn't. She stopped at the front door. And when she came back in, my nose was glued to this chair. And she snuck up behind me and took the back of my head and mashed it down and I almost fractured my nose! That cured me of that.

So I think that Charlie Parker was a sacrifice for my becoming a B'hai. If it hadn't been for that book, what would have happened, if it hadn't happened to me, I would have been sacrificed and it would have happened to him. Because he was just that spiritual. When you look at things you try to look at them in a spiritual vein. You think of all the things that happen around and things just don't happen. So maybe that was the idea. But it doesn't have to be that Louie Armstrong lived 71 years and Charlie Parker lived only to be 34--that was a predestined, it must have been-but I really don't know. But he's not here so it had to be God's will. So I guess that's what happened.

BRUCE: What about Chess? Does that fit in at all? Didn't you & Charlie used to play chess together?

DIZZY: Yeah, we used to play a lot together. He didn't play too good. I played a little more than he did, used to beat him all the time. Max Roach & I were sorta on the same level. Sometimes I played him. But chess requires a lot of

concentration...well like music, you take music--different variations, different chord changes. Sets of chord changes. When I start something I know where I'm going to end. And what happens in between is sometimes left to chance. I know where I'm going to end.

BRUCE: Is that how Bop started?

DIZZY: No, our music started just like a new language. Speaking English. We, we were a new music speaking the old jazz.

BRUCE: Where did the flash of insight come from? I imagine you had been playing other types of music before you started playing that, right?

DIZZY: For myself, personally. I don't know from where Charlie Parker's comes. But we seem to be on the same road, just like the prophets. There's one prophet way over in India someplace and one in the middle East someplace and they're the same one. The music is one. I always played the piano. I get my inspiration from the chord changes on the piano. Now I, at first was the one, probably more than anyone else, in music who was the leader in harmonic structure. Lookin' at it, looking back now, I didn't know it then, but looking back now I see in all, in jingles, the things I created in the music that they're doing now, in movies. And each one of us brought different things to the music, and then later on, I became more interested in rhythm and I brought the Afro-Cuban, I brought the Brazilian rhythm, West Indian into our music. And then I'm still seeking to bring new things into the music now. But now, being a B'hai now--if I believe in the oneness of mankind, I should believe in the oneness of our music, too. I n the sense that not only all this different ethnic music that come in, but in the oneness of a group, like five guys. And I believe that those five guys--I try to never do anything that is gonna detract from the whole. And its like in my life as a B'hai: I try to not do anything that will hurt, that will stop the unification of the world. So therefore, in my music, I look at my group like a master painting, (and the master painting has) and the diversity of the instrument is typified like the diversity of humankind, all the different races and things that makes for the beauty. And if you've got music and you're playing it and you've got all trumpets and no nothing to go with that, you're not going to have very much music.

BRUCE: What about guys like Monk? He just plays for himself.

DIZZY: Monk doesn't play for himself. I'm just coming from a tour with Monk. Monk is very much interested in, uh, naturally he has very strong diversity in the music, but Monk can't play by himself. You never see Monk going out on the road playing alone. He's always got a drummer, bass player, saxophone player. He's not alone. But he is unique. Monk is one of the most unique of us. It takes a whole lot of knowledge to understand Monk. No one can even copy him. Everybody copies me and Charlie Parker, you never hear anybody copying Monk. A couple of licks or something, but they don't get into it. Because Monk is one of the most unique of us. One of the most original. I was influenced by Charlie Parker and Charlie Parker was in turn influenced by me. But Monk, like he wasn't influenced by anybody of our era. When you hear him play sometimes, he sounds like he was influenced by James B. Johnson or Duke Ellington or Fats Waller of that era. But he gives a modern approach to James Johnson or Fats Waller.

BRUCE: I s he considered a teacher too?

DIZZY: Yeah, of course, he taught me, taught me. Monk had been sick, when we went on that world tour. With the giants of jazz. Monk, Sonny Stitt, Art Blakey, Kay Winding and me. Giants. This Fall, we went all around the world, the whole world. And it was, quite an experience,

But in the beginning, Monk couldn't communicate with anybody. Couldn't even communicate with his wife who was there. And she answered everything for him. Until one day, I just said--I asked him a question, and she answered, and I said "Nellie, I didn't say a damn word to you. I was speaking to Monk. He speaks English, Don't he?" Art Blakey was so tickled, he wouldn't laugh in the room. He went way outside and cracked up. (Ha Ha Ha) I t really cracked him up. Cuz see, I'm the only one can do that, I'm the only one who could put it together and I figured that God put me out there to bring them together. Cuz, man, he was out there. Monk didn't say anything for two whole weeks. He'd say "um?" that's all he'd say--"um" and nothing, nothing. But we finally got together, so one day I prayed and I said --Man, give me some strength to do something for this guy. . .because if I don't . . . If he hadn't gone on that tour he would have died. Cuz, he wasn't with it at all. His head wasn't together and nothing. And one day I caught him. I took my checkerboard. Monk is a good checker player and a good pool player, too. And almost a champion ping pong player. So I'd say, "Monk, I want to ask you a question." I'd say, "Tell me something that you learned from me, that you took and then you went and developed it further. He said, "Well, uh, uh well, uh I learned The Night in Tunisia." I said, "No, no I ain't talking about no tunes. I'm talking about a specific interval or two variations. Something like that." I said. "OK I'll show you something I learned from you. You know aNumber6 chord going into the 7th like C minor 6 of E flat minor 6 going into F7? Now the modern guys call E flat minor 6, they call that C minor 7 flat T. And some of them call it C half diminish. The same chord. What the hell is that? So I finally found out. But we call it E flat minor 6 and the first time I heard that was from you and I used it and I used it." I said, "come over to the piano. I'll show you some of the places I use it." And I ripped him off about 10 different numbers that I use that particular thing in. He didn't say anything. But that was a lot for Monk, he played with my band and he had to play my music. I know he plays some of the things I do but he doesn't specifically--

BRUCE: Which band was that back in the forties?

DIZZY: Yes, Spotlight. And then we used to get together all the time. I had the piano.

BRUCE: Do they still do that any more? Musicians play 24 hours straight?

DIZZY: No.

BRUCE: What do you think contributed to that?

DIZZY: Don't know--the way that--this uh country is fucked up and you don't have the idea that--well, I don't know how to explain it but it's just not like it used to be. We used to have a really, really marvelous time in the beginning of our music. There was a rapport between musicians and it doesn't exist at the moment.(Pause) You wanta drink? We got some vodka--Somebody better drink it, cuz I sure as hell ain't going to drink that damn vodka.

BRUCE: With that new religion, can't you have drugs or alcohol?

DIZZY: No, no drugs and no alcohol. Hey! Lincoln, you want some vodka?

LI NCOLN: No man.

DIZZY: My musicians are funny guys. They destroy the image of a jazz musician. They completely destroy it, man. I mean they don't do a thing that you're supposed to be doin' when you're a jazz musician.







# THE INFERIOR POETRY OF BOB WATT, EXTERMINATOR, ZEN MASTER



## POETRY EDITING

Some "bad" poetry should see print  
Some bad ideas should see print  
if we are to become democratic,  
in our lifetime.

I don't mind books or ideas  
burned after they are published.  
I don't think Hitler's position is  
near as bad as the editor who won't  
put in any bad poetry in his mag.  
Burning books is better than not  
publishing.

We may need a rest from all the  
excellence.

We are leaving about 98% of  
the poets outside the cloak of poetry.  
We may need some bad ideas & poetry  
to spark us off to some better ideas.  
Poetry editors bring yourself up  
to Hitler's level of reasonable  
fair mindedness. As a beginning.  
Burn books if you have second thoughts  
after publication.

## EXTERMINATING

December 18, 1969  
Two rat jobs.  
Three roach jobs.

I'm a real exterminator. I don't  
talk with horror of rat infested flop  
houses because they don't exist.

Roaches are in houses like yours or  
mine. You are ready to believe any  
rat infested story I could come up with.

You want to go on an exciting mind trip  
at the expense of future rat death. Rats  
want to be friendly if we could let them.

Rats will chew down old buildings that need  
chewing down, saving us much  
indecision and wrecking costs.  
Rats need a little  
Fun too, chewing down  
Those old buildings  
for us.

## SMALL CANTO

When you see a  
Girl or boy with long  
Body hair, take their  
Phone number, give it  
To a hairy person.

In a short time  
We would have some people  
With long lost  
Body hair back.  
Then we could stroke  
These people like cats,  
Rub their bellies.  
They wouldn't need all  
These clothes they could  
Shear themselves in the  
Summer and crowd around us  
In the winter, with their  
Naturalfur coats.  
It will happen if you  
Will cooperate on this.  
Help them exchange  
Their phone numbers.

## HIPPIE LOVE

Gave a talk at church on the nature  
of hippie love. A cat got up and said  
hippie chicks don't love any more than  
straight chicks.

I told him, "I agree, but they talk about  
it more and new chicks just becoming  
hippies don't realize they are just  
talking, believe them and go ahead  
feeling it is the thing to do, do it."

After this goes on a few years  
the present bull shittresses will have  
to come through or the young teeny  
boppers will control the attitudes of  
the group and all bull shittresses will  
be eased out or retired to the sidelines.

I told this cat all this talk of love  
by flower children is helping to change  
attitudes and bringing love about, rapidly

## HEAVIER ZEN MASTER

In a local night club, a girl got drunk  
and yelled, "I'm a heavier Zen Master  
than Watt is!"

I consider this a good turn of events.  
Why should I do all the enlightening?  
Let others do some of the work.

## NIGHT FARMS

People like to feed and  
take care of animals.

Don't we need farms inside  
our cities so we could visit  
these animals all night?

We need these animals to  
play with, and vice-versa

Let animals feed us if they  
like to.



## AUDIENCE

When I start reading the audience is strong, I am weak as I go I lay certain notions on them, they start to run.

I then find myself holding back so I don't run them over. I could wreck and smash at will.

They seem so confident to begin with that I can hardly slow down enough to avoid running some down under the wheels of this poor man's zen master's machinery.

## MACHINES

A girl told me she wanted a job to stimulate her mind. Why don't we have machines to stimulate girls' bodies as their mind is being stimulated?

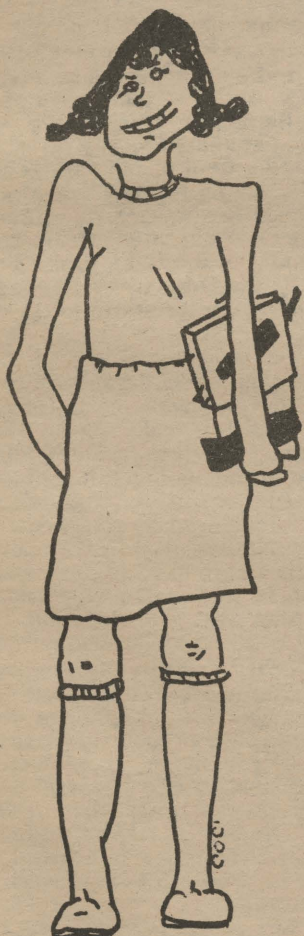
We could have these in schools and places of work -- they could massage and satisfy most of the women. We might have a few the machine couldn't bring off.

The machines would have to look nice to get started. What should they look like?

It would have been easy for me to know Nanette. She sat across the aisle from me, her dry brown hair twisted and curled tightly. I would glance across at her after she sat down and see dandruff on the top of her head, some of it lying on her small shoulders. She had a large womanish bosom and wore dresses that hung below her calves. When the bell rang, I knew it was time to walk down several long halls to the orchestra room with Nanette beside me, squat and stiff. "How do you think you did on that test?" asked Nanette breathily, the words squeezed out between a clenched smile.

# Nanette's Smile

Cherie Blankenship



Although I usually considered myself to be one of the school's most self-conscious creeps, walking beside Nanette made me feel popular, witty, happy. "Pretty good. I only missed one or two," I answered.

"Gee," said Nanette. "I hope I did that good." She laughed tensely. Of course, she did at least that good; she always made straight A's.

We both played violas in the orchestra. We often sat beside each other and talked. Nanette liked me because I always listened carefully to everything she said and commented on it at the appropriate moment. I was kind and considerate and sympathetic. After years of knowing her, she began to confide in me.

"Do you have trouble talking to boys, Cynthia? You always seem to know what to say to them. I never know what to say. What do you talk about?"

And I would tell her some of the conversations we had. I explained that I had always had boys as friends and that they were just other people to me.

She looked at me with admiration and envy. I told her that I played bridge with some other people in school and that many of them were boys. She could join the bridge club if she liked and I would teach her how to play.

We set a Saturday for me to come over to her house to give her bridge lessons. I walked the few blocks. It was a hot spring day and I had a bit of a hangover from my usual Friday night drunk. Nanette answered the door in new slacks. Her glasses had slipped a little down onto her shiny nose, in which I could see every pore. She was smiling her tight-lipped teathy smile and looked a little tired or harried. "Would you like some lemonade?" she asked. Her mother was gone and she had a card table with a cloth on it set up in the living room with a deck of cards in one corner.

"Sure," I answered. "Would you like a cigarette?"

Nanette grinned embarrassedly and shook her head. She gave me the lemonade and we sat down. I taught her a few rudimentary things about the game. She was learning fast. After a half an hour, she started talking again.

"My mother would never let me smoke. You're lucky. I have to be home at eleven even if I go to the drive-in with a girlfriend. What would boys think of me if I told them I had to be home at eleven?"

"Well, a lot of girls have to be home early. It wouldn't be so odd. I'm supposed to be home at twelve but I'm always late. I just slip in real quiet and don't wake them up. Sometimes they catch me and ground me for awhile. It's pretty bad sometimes."

"Gee, you're brave. I'd be afraid to do anything like that. Even for a boy."

It worried me that Nanette was so naive and afraid. I saw my boyfriend that night and told him everything about her. "I feel so sorry for her," I told him. "She's never been out on a date and no one will ever ask her out because she's too scared to ever talk to them. I wish there was something I could do."

A few days later in orchestra practice, Nanette asked, "Do you know who called me last night?"

When I said I didn't she told me that my boyfriend Randy asked her to go bowling. "Gee, Cynthia, I didn't know what to tell him. Should I go? Would you mind?" "Of course not, Nanette," I said. "Go ahead. It'll probably be fun. Randy's real nice and he's talked about you before. He must like you."

Nanette looked as if she had been named Miss America and if she hadn't been wearing so much make-up, I probably could've seen her blush. She propped her viola up under her chin and began tuning it seriously, her mouth drawn into a stern-looking frown. There was something religious about her, fake-religious, like baptists and Methodists. She would always cover her test paper with her arm while she wrote so that no one could copy. I assume she went to church every Sunday. She must have prayed and prayed for some one to ask her out.

Later, Randy told me all about the bowling date. He had tried to put her at ease but she had remained stiff and uncertain the whole evening. He said if anyone ever tried to kiss her she would probably have a heart attack.

"I just didn't know what to say," Nanette told me later while we were walking to the orchestra room. "I was so nervous."

"Listen, Nanette," I said. "I was always very nervous on dates too, until I started drinking. It really relaxes me and I don't get scared or nervous anymore. Maybe you should try it. After the play tonight why don't we go over to Mrs. Allen's place and you can meet some of my friends. They hang around over there on weekends and sometimes in the evenings. She buys us beer and vodka and stuff."

So I got the car that night and drove her over to Mrs. Allen's after the play. I introduced her to everyone and offered her a beer. She refused, saying that her mother would smell it on her breath, but took a cigarette instead. About ten or twelve people were sitting on chairs and sofa and the floor, smoking and drinking beers and talking. Most of them were boys. Nanette sat mutely in a big easy chair and grinned, smoking awkwardly. We left after about an hour. When I took her home, she thanked me profusely. She seemed frightened.

Soon I got involved in too many other things to think about Nanette. Graduation came and went, everyone went away to college, and it was several years before I saw her again.

I was attending a play in Pittsburg. As I came out of the auditorium during intermission, there she was, standing with an older person, maybe an aunt or something. She was different. One shoulder was higher than the other and the smile that used to haunt her face was frozen there. I stopped and spoke to her. I asked what was wrong with her shoulder. She

said that she'd been in an accident and that she was much better now. She was jittery; all her movements were jerky and seemed charged with electricity.

I talked to another friend who was there that night about Nanette. "It's too bad about Nanette's shoulder," I said. "What happened?"

"She wasn't in an accident," Sharon said. "It's in her head. It's psychosomatic. She's seeing a psychiatrist in Kansas City. Isn't it awful?"

Kansas City was where I'd been living for the last few years. It made me feel guilty. If I had been a better friend to her, I might have kept her from it. I tried to forget Nanette after that night. When I remembered her, the guilt rushed into me, glaring at me like the smile on her face.

Years later, I was attending an art show in Kansas City with my boyfriend. As I waited in line to enter the Magic Theatre, a light show, Nanette turned around. She was standing in front of me in line. Her shoulder was the same, maybe a little worse, and the smile wouldn't even leave her face long enough for her to talk plainly. It was hard to understand the words because of the smile being in the way. She said she was still seeing her doctor in Kansas City and that was why she was here for the weekend. She pretended that nothing was wrong. Her face was like a death mask, the teeth all showing, her laugh inhaled through her teeth noisily, spasmodically. She walked stiff-leggedly. I turned away from her.





Magazine is the Westport Trucker's second section of small amusements. Bob Watt lives in Madison. Cherie Blankenship lives in Kansas City. John Arnoldy edits PINBALL. All material is original.

Carter Hamilton

## N JUDAH

John Arnoldy

Her room is small, narrow and broken. Three floors above the street her one window faces down on Columbus Avenue; shows the people toiling along under umbrellas in the dirty rain, the buses slushing past on the old wires that lead to Chinese neon, the Refectory and Louie's Liquors—Louie's Chinese daughters drearily visible beyond the rainy open door in TV light. Besides a dresser on top of which she does her ironing of the various clothes that droop on the floor there is an ugly wooden bed, an electric heater, a dwarfed bookcase and rather than a closet there is a bathroom of about that size. The bookcase is stuffed with letters rather than books and on top of the bookcase there are stamped envelopes, a plastic stamp dispenser and a fountain pen. An expensive fountain pen with a small white heart on its barrel.

She lies naked on the ugly bed. A kind of delirium, a sickness or fever has moistened her skin and put brightness in her eyes. The taxing rain drizzles beyond the window. Waves of orange electric light creep away from the heater. Curled on the bed, her hands between her legs, she plays with herself slowly. She no longer thinks of herself as beautiful or ugly or in any sense can hold the countless ideas of her naked flesh battled against her thinking that has worn them out. Her fingers are soaked and hot. Her mouth open some. Her lips are like those on magazine racks where buses and people are put together. Her breasts are beyond the reach of photography to put perfect skin on pieces of paper. She brings her knees up some on the dirty bed that has been pushed into a corner. Cinematography would conceal the look in her eyes as television or stockings would erase the way her skin is bright.

The fever produces ideas that are flashy and quick. In one pop of light there is this memory of the night a long time ago that a hypnotist in a little town buried in trees gave her and many very old people seated with her on the stage an anesthetic finger as a going away present in reward for him using them all to show the audience that plain people just sitting in chairs can be taken on a vacation to very far away places. The car going home when it was over moved slowly through a night deluge. The windshield wipers licked the glass clear again and again. Other cars, their lights shattered by the rain, could be seen struggling in the downpour. Her father driving did not take his attention away from the rain and the lights. Her mother sitting next to her father pressed against her and her little sister leaning with her elbows on the back of the seat both looked at the place on her arm that showed up and vanished as other cars passed where she could stick the pin and make it bleed and not feel it. An adjacent idea that is not a memory takes away the memory: ants carry away the sugar spilled in the ring where an iced tea glass stood, a black fly licks a piece of orange that lies on a plate of spoiled food. Next to the plate a knife rainbowed from exposure to fire sinks into butter. Fruit flies are embedded in the flesh of a lemon wedge. A roach hides in the circular shadow of a plate moths lie still as bits of excrement.

She is covered with sweat, the orgasm that was moving toward her through the ideas, is in her fingers. She gets up from the bed and walks to the bathroom. A gray tube, all that remains of a roll of toilet paper, stands on the discolored porcelain above the toilet seat. She squats on the toilet and presses the tube down between her legs: a hot gush

of urine pours through the tube soaking her fingers and releasing the coiled orgasm that shudders through her body. The tube falls into the water and she relaxes forward, her head caught in her hands, chilly—the fever gone out of her.

The rain has stopped. She goes down the rickety back staircase that shakes as she makes her way along its turns. The wooden stairs are still dripping from landing to landing. A quieter rain falls in the stair well and into the alley rain that is heavier and slower because it has already fallen once. A long silver ribbon splatters from a gutter spout high above her. In the narrow alley she passes the fuse box that stands against one rotting wall like a gray, defective mind. A soft fog hangs over the neighborhood. The sidewalks are the colors of clouds. Garbage and trash lie softened on the sidewalk in front of Bimbo's and the Village. She crosses the street and in the intimacy of the fog passes a quiet wino bent over a Colonel Sanders trash can his face lit up with an interested expression of absorbed thought that is moving his deft hands quickly through the boxes, flipping open the lids, snatching out chicken bones with bits of meat left on them, rolls, french fries, packets of catsup—a long Pall Mall sticks from his mouth, the fire smeared out from the tip of it in the fog. The rainy people pass. By the time she reaches the park the fog is burning off. The park benches stand beneath a row of old trees and in the new light shadows of leaves are mimeographed over the old people who are taking their seats. Along the sidewalk in front of the benches: black shoes, canes, wet leaves, dog excrement. She takes a seat next to a blind man who does not wait very long to raise his arm and bring the back of his hand up to

her face. "What time is it?" he asks. She stares into the brilliant face of his watch where the second hand is advancing toward a tiny hole that contains the date and tells him the hour quietly. Her bare feet stand out among the heavy shoes along the front of the park benches. A Catholic school boy whose face is like a spoiled medallion passes ruining his eyes over her. A thin rainbow rain breaks out in the midst of the light. Blue sparks sputter along the bus wires overhead. Paper along the gutter starts to flow.

The red Mustang she was told to expect pulls into the bus zone in front of her. She can barely make out the faces behind the watery glass but they look as they looked in the photographs she received—vague, beautiful. The rain is pouring as she knocks on the glass. A black glove catches her attention but at second glance it is only dog excrement. The door opens and a slender woman wearing a wool pant suit steps out briskly and with insistent hands urges her into the car. Immediately the door closes. A man in a brown sweater, his eyes hidden behind thick glasses, drives. She is aware of the presence of a fourth person in the car—behind her, a dark woman who smokes. The car guns into the glimmering undersea headlights of the traffic. The lean, freckled woman scoots closer to her striking a match irritably against her cigarette in the pressurized body odor of the car.

"Pull up your dress," the lean woman demands brushing back her short clipped hair and taking a fast, stern drag of cigarette.

She tugs the soaked, clinging dress to the top of her legs. "I said pull it up!" the woman snaps through clenched teeth, "over your butt!"



She pulls the dress up over her wet buttocks, leaning forward a little to get it over her hips. The woman purrs her hand smoothly over the whole length of the shining thigh. The man does not take his attention away from the traffic. "You liked our letters didn't you," the woman coos, a whisp of smoke in her nose.

A hand touches her shoulder from the back seat where the dark woman has leaned forward resting her weight against the front seat.

"Do you like us?" the thin woman asks but she does not wait for an answer and instead slaps her hand down stinging hard on the thigh leaving a burning red mark. She works her freckled fist between the thighs and pushes her drenched fingers deep into her. They are heading up Union in the direction of Pacific Heights.

They seat her on a divan in front of a fireplace where several logs are in flames. The short-haired lean woman sits to her right, the man is carefully hanging her dress over the mantel, the heavy, dark, curly woman sits beneath a chandelier at a spoiled dining table cluttered with silver and lace. The woman to her right unbuttons the wool jacket of her pants suit. Her breasts are small, taught breasts with very hard, excited nipples. The man steps forward with a camera taken from the mantel, the curly woman rises from the table and approaches holding a tubular object that is swollen at one end.

"Spread your legs and raise them," the lean, blonde woman demands. She raises her legs and opens them staring past the man who crouches before her, his face hidden behind the camera, into the fire where one of the logs broken by the fire appears to be a destroyed fish.

At nightfall the red Mustang drops her off in front of Roma Rexall at Columbus and Union. The neighborhood is night-crowded and smolderingly lit-up. All the cafes and bars burn like smokey furnaces with their doors thrown open on the complicated, driven crowds meshing along the entangled sidewalks. She enters the cold, white, newspaper-light of the Rexall and walks past the men reading magazines to the medicine counter where she buys Tampax and cigarettes. Outside in the chilly air she glances at the park benches across the street, vacant and dark beneath the decrepit trees.

She turns up Columbus a slight fever or delirium bothering her. At the top of the hill a wind that seems to howl down Stockton out of the tunnel billows the white shirt of a fat man passed out softly over the hood of a fifty seven Chevy. For an instant a sensation of clairvoyance delivers to her the notion of thousands of small sailboats leaving the bay in the night fog. There is a lymph smell of decapitated fish in the Chinese air. Down Stockton she sees the word TIMES TIMES TIMES flashing like an idea that won't stop. She goes down the hill towards the crowds that glint in the sa the swarming lights of the Topless Botemless district. Her body is beyond the reach of colored stage lights to transform pornographic flesh. Sailors mill in front of cheap Thrills where the wa th petals of coffee have fallen on the the clothing of the old. A barker is still screaming at her across the street jammed with traffic and people, "Hey baby we got the hottest cock in

town right here right now SHOWTIME" She heads in the direction of the older, ornate neon of Chinatown that stands behind the radioactive plastic along Broadway. At Yin Sing Poultry a black fish floating at the bottem of a window tank catches her attention. She bends down and stares into his gloomy water. He is in a corner, it is difficult to tell how far away in the distortions of the murky tank. She taps on the glass with a coin and he darts toward her like a muscle. He seems old, huge, covered with black hair, his body brownish, complex as though he had been memorized slowly in the water for thousands of years. The fish forces her to promise him that she will not go home tonight, that she will find a nother plase to sleep and that she will allow every street she has ever walked down to return to her in her dreams quietly like small boats

Market street is dark. Everyone who walks there is no one. She stands on the trolley platform watching a street car hammering towards her, the seats hammering towards her. The doors of the N Judah open on empty seats. There are a few people in the back but there faces are like disappearing ink that cannot be rembered the minute she takes her seat. Deep in the sunset tunnel a few figures ex plode befor her eyes as though several inches of color film were shot through a projector. The N car comes to a top in Sunset. The Great Highway is olny over the little hill and beyond it the Ocean. She walks to the Mar Motel. In the room she is given she lies back on the bed searching her purse for a cigarette. One of the photos they

gave her falls out with her pack. It is overexposed as though a blinding light were somehow present in the room in which the picture was taken. Her body is present seen from the back, her legs spread, her hins raised, a dark person crouched over her. Far away she hears, drifting to sleep, the dust ocean falling apart forever.



Telegraph Hill over Columbus in Northbeach.





# J day



Sunday, Aug. 27 at Volker

K.C. Grits  
Pilgrimage  
Surprises

music  
by



## Why J Day



On J Day, the Mother Love Tribe will kick off a petition drive to drastically reduce marijuana penalties in Kansas City, Missouri. Because of the present State laws, Kansas City is not actually able to legalize the holy weed but we can push to make the possession, cultivation and sales of marijuana punishable by **NO MORE THAN A FIVE DOLLAR FINE**. A five dollar fine would render the general harrassment of marijuana smokers almost totally impractical and would be a big step toward it's eventual legalization.

If you are a **REGISTERED VOTER** and live in Kansas City, Missouri, you can help end the Marijuana Prohibition.  
**COME TO J DAY!!!**



Clip this out and post it on the front door of your house.. the telephone pole at the corner... anywhere people would see it. Bring people to J Day and get high.