

WESTPORT TRUCKER

Vol. 3
No. 9
Issue No. 58

25¢
K.C. &
Lawrence
35¢ beyond



Wishbone Ash
& Ken Kesey
Interviews

Trucker Warps
Minds Says
K.C. Kansas

U.M.K.C. Strike

Elton & "Legs" Larry, Pharoah Sanders,
Mahavishnu Orchestra & Charles Lloyd plus
the Good O'l Grateful Dead

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Government Declares War on Vietnam Vets



Washington(UPS) The Justice Department announced October 18 that a federal grand jury in Tallahassee, Florida, has charged seven members of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War and one other man with conspiring to attack Miami police stations and cars with automatic weapons and firebombs in August.

The new, five-count indictment supercedes a three-count indictment against six VVAW members issued July 13, also charging them with conspiring to attack police stations and officers during the Republican Convention.

Those named in the latest indictment are Scott Camil, 26, of Gainesville, Florida a student at the University of Florida and Southeast coordinator for the VVAW, John Kniffen, 32, of Austin, Texas, Texas regional coordinator for the VVAW; William Patterson, 24, also of the Austin VVAW; Peter Mahoney, 24, of New York City, the former VVAW national coordinator; Alton Foss, 25, of Hialeah, Florida, the former Dade Co. VVAW coordinator; Donald Perdue, 23, of Hollywood, Florida, a member of the Broward Co. VVAW; Stanley Michelson, 23, a member of the Gainesville VVAW; and John Briggs, 20, also of Gainesville.

The first count of the new indictment charges all eight defendants with conspiring to organize fire teams to attack Miami police stations, police cars and stores with automatic weapons and fire bombs and to strike at policemen with lead weights, cherry bombs, ball bearings and marbles fired from slingshots and crossbows.

The second count charges Camil with teaching people how to build and use firebombs. A third charges him with possessing explosives.

The fourth count charges Michelson as an accessory after the fact—of helping the other defendants "with intent to hinder and prevent their trial and punishment". The last count charges him with failing to report an unlawful act to the proper authorities. Neither Michelson nor Briggs, the non-vet, were named in the earlier indictments.

The first six are out on \$21,000 cash each, and the two just indicted are out on \$10,000 cash bond each.

The eight face total maximum penalties of 58 years in prison and \$95,000 in fines. Camil, with three counts against him, faces a maximum of 20 years and \$30,000. Max for the conspiracy rap is

five years and \$10,000.

For their part, however, the vets are launching counter-conspiracy charges against the government—for conspiring to destroy their organization and its activities.

One of the vets, Alton Foss, has actually filed suit against the federal government for harassing, intimidating and terrorizing him in its attempt to discredit the VVAW. Bill Kunstler filed the action in U.S. District Court in Miami October 10, asking for \$1 million in damages and a halt to Foss' prosecution on a drug charge.

Kunstler has been quoted as saying he will prove that "the government Alton Foss served has systematically attempted to destroy him."

Kunstler has said he will subpoena Watergate defendant James W. McCord, Jr., former security chief for the Committee to Re-elect the President, and Atty. Gen. Richard Kleindienst to link the committee with a plan to infiltrate the VVAW. Kunstler says he's acting on information supplied by Alfred C. Baldwin, the former FBI operative who monitored the bugging of the Democratic National Committee Headquarters at the Watergate while working with McCord.

Since being granted immunity as a government witness in the Watergate case, Baldwin has talked to the FBI and to Democratic Party leaders. He told the Democrats in September that he had been assigned by McCord to infiltrate the VVAW to embarrass the Democrats when the vets demonstrated at the Republican Convention in Miami Beach.

Moments before filing the federal suit, however, Kunstler was blocked from defending Foss in the drug case because the judge decided he was "disruptive."

The charge is sale of \$7 worth of LSD to Harrison Crenshaw and Jerry Rudolph, two agents of the Dade Co. Public Safety Department who had infiltrated the VVAW, on July 1. The alleged sale was later to serve the government in a blackmail attempt against Foss.

On July 7, the Friday before the Democratic Convention opened in Miami Beach Foss and 20 other VVAW members were subpoenaed to appear the following Monday before a federal grand jury in Tallahassee. On Friday night Crenshaw and Rudolph were exposed as cops.

Later that night, according to Foss, he met with the two agents at the Orange Bowl parking lot in Miami. They told him, "Either you cooperate with us, or we get you on a drug bust." They also told him to buy arms from right-wing Cuban groups, apparently so they could entrap them or the VVAW or both.

Foss refused to cooperate. Six days later, after appearing before the grand jury, he and five other vets were hit with the initial indictment. And five days after that, on July, he was busted on the LSD rap.

The government was putting the squeeze on Foss. In addition to the conspiracy and drug charges he was facing possible revocation of probation on another case dating from 1970. He had put his house up for bond to get out of jail and he had no attorney for the LSD case.

On August 7 he cracked. He called Rudolph and volunteered to make a statement to the Public Safety Department, hoping, he says, to plead guilty in return for probation.

The FBI immediately spirited him off to a motel in Hialeah, the Miami suburb where Foss lives. The next day he and his girlfriend were moved to a small apartment house in Hollywood, between Miami and Fort Lauderdale, where he stayed almost a week. The FBI paid for his food and lodging.

Foss says he was questioned about the VVAW's plans for the Republican Convention and said only that they were non-violent. When the FBI agent came back

with a statement, however, Foss refused to sign it because it included things he had not said.

On August 14 Foss moved back to his own house. On August 18 the negotiations between him and the FBI broke down because he refused to implicate other vets in the government's conspiracy case. And on August 24 he stood united with the five other vets when they were arraigned in Gainesville on the initial conspiracy charge. They pled guilty only to war crimes in Vietnam.

A month later he tried to commit suicide, slashing his left wrist and drinking two bottles of wood alcohol. But other vets rushed him to a VA hospital in time.

Still the harassment hasn't stopped. On September 21, the day he was released from the hospital, a cop stopped Foss on the street and threatened to shoot him if he didn't take the VVAW sticker off his van.

Meanwhile, the government is going ahead in its assault on the vets. The VVAW coordinator for Arkansas, William Lemmer, who was heavily involved in pre-convention meetings, has recently admitted to being an FBI plant. He is expected to be the government's chief witness in the conspiracy case.

It's clear the government is out to destroy the VVAW.

The Vietnam Veterans Against the War can use any help they can get. Contact the Gainesville Conspiracy Defense Committee, Box 13179, Gainesville, Fla. 32601

NO VETS FER NIX

Remember the Nixon youth group that the Republicans organized and directed to make a "good showing" for the president at the Miami convention?

Well, it turns out the GOP tried to do the same thing with Vietnam vets, but failed flat out.

"It would have been a tremendous propaganda device to have had a strong showing of Viet veterans for the president," noted a number of Vietnam Veterans Against the War who were in Miami to protest against Nixon.

"Apparently the Republicans tried to

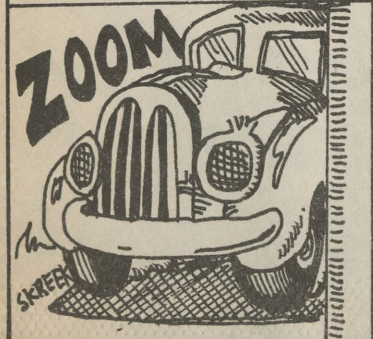
arrange such a group, called 'Vietnam Veterans for a Just Peace,' to flash before the nationwide TV coverage," a VVAW informant noted. "However, they failed dismally. It turned out there were only 10 to 15 men there and they all looked too old to have been Vietnam veterans."

Nixon's failure in his apparent attempt to corral a band of Viet vets to smile before the cameras in support of his campaign might be as strong a testimony against the war as were the VVAW's protests at the convention.

THE SON of RETURN to

HARRISON STREET

By BARBARA & Jonathan



UMKC Strike

Tuesday Nov 7

The hooligans of the Missouri University Administration have caught it again. This time from their non-academic employees who struck the Columbia campus (UMC) October 28th and the Kansas City campus (UMKC) on October 30th. Pickets have been on the line 24 hours a day ever since.

The worker's union, Laborer's international Union of North America—Public Service Employee's Locals 1272 (UMKC) and 45 (UMC), has listed their grievances. "No signed 'Memorandum of Agreement', which is in violation of the law." (Missouri Revised Statute 105.520) "No real wage increase for the 1972-73 fiscal year." ("My children need 3 square meals a day. My children need 3 square meals a day. And I ain't gonna be treated this a'way."—Woody Guthrie) "No good faith bargaining, in fact many times, no bargaining at all." "Insurance and parking fees have increased again, no bargaining." (How many bosses even charge you to park your car while you're working for him?) and "Uniforms are required (Which says something about the university.) and employees are forced to pay the cost, again no bargaining."

Carl Bradshaw—from the union's regional office in Springfield, Illinois—told the Trucker, "I've been on four special assignments in the south, and NONE of them were as bad as this." Bradshaw claims the rare privilege of having heard a Missouri University boss man say, in the presence of a professional arbitrator, they should be "able to fire worker's without cause." One man was fired for "absenteeism", the city's juvenile authority wanted him to be present

when they met with his son. He had to miss some work. The university didn't care why.

It's pretty easy to figure what kind of an employer the University of Missouri would make. One of its Curators, Irvyn Fane, is a member of one of the largest anti-union law firms in the country", says Bradshaw. "They (the Curators) remind me of Agnew, and the mass arrests in Washington, D.C. (Mayday)"

John Constant, vice-president of Local 1272—"Even with student scab labor in the UMKC cafeteria, the food is being served on paper plates with plastic forks." Yum-yum-yummy!

None of the union folks wanted to say much about the restraining order issued today against picketing on both campuses. Too much legal shit they could get caught in.

John White, Local 1272's Business Agent—"We've had support from students and faculty. But we can always use more." Another voice in the strike headquarters (4713 Troost)—"Yeah, what about some demonstrations?" Yeah, folks, what about it?

Wednesday Nov 8 (Morning)

The pickets are still on the line, despite yesterday's restraining order.

Also despite the apparent beating of a striking worker by a university employed scab. The beating took place on 51st street between the UMKC library and playhouse, where Jerome Gieshen and Joyce Andersen were picketing on the sidewalk.

In the words of Gieshen: "A university truck was driving by with a scab driving. I said 'hey!', that's all I said, just 'hey'. So he slams on the brakes and backs up real quick, then he jumps out of the truck. He says, 'You want sompin' punk?' I said 'no'. Asks me again. I say 'no'. He walks up to me and pushes me back against the ledge there and started threatening me. I don't remember exactly what he said. Some thing about ripping me apart. I got away from him and took my sign off, I was wearing it around my neck. He took a swing at me and I ducked it. I don't know if I hit him or not, I imagine I did. I wasn't being aggressive. You might say, I was defensive mood. I just wanted to stay alive. Then he started ripping up my coat and shirt. He knocked me down and gave me a knee in the face, then he threw me around on the sidewalk, almost into the street. About that time a UMKC policeman came along and broke us up."

Gieshen is pressing charges against his assailant.

John Constant, Local 1272's vice-president, told the TRUCKER, "If one of us had initiated the violence, the university would have thrown the book at us. They brought state troopers out against Local 45 in Columbia yesterday. They're not giving us any breaks, why should we give them one?"

Joyce Andersen, also a striking member of Local 1272, witnessed the action and agrees with the account.

Both Andersen and the beaten Gieshen say that in spite of this scab violence they will stay out on the picket line, to defend their rights. Both are on the line today.

Wednesday Nov 8 (Evening)

Almost 150 striking workers sat-in outside the offices of two of Missouri University's top-dog hooligans today in Columbia. They, and the other members of Columbia's Local 45, are still trying to get the University to bargain with their union. The members of Local 45, and its counterpart in Kansas City—Local 1272, have worked the past six years without a contract, and without bargaining.

The two hooligans sat-in were C. Brice Ratchford, university president, whose office is in Jesse Hall; and A. Lee Belcher, employee relations director, in Lewis and Clark Hall. Ratchford got 100 workers outside his office, Belcher only 50. The big net for the big fish.

The strikers took their seats at 8 o'clock this morning, and didn't leave until the lackeys (cops) forced them out two hours later. Then they went to the Boone County Circuit Court, where almost 350 striking members of Local 45 heard Judge Frank Conley say that the temporary restraining order to halt picketing on the Columbia campus and here is still in effect. Judge Conley also granted union lawyers a one week delay on a university sponsored hearing for an injunction to bust the strike.

After their visits to the university bosses and the county court, the strikers returned to their union hall, to figure out their next move in the labor struggle.

The strike is twelve days old there, ten here; and the pickets, in Kansas City at least, are still out on the line.

Thursday Nov 9

Another sit-in today, this time in Kansas City, to protest the continued crossing of their picket line by CANTEEN workers. Twenty-five members of striking Local 1272 sat-in at the Dental School CANTEEN at about 1 o'clock and stayed until they were asked to leave by campus security guards about an hour later, when they left peace ably.

John White, Local 1272's Business Agent, said, "We're trying to avoid violence. We don't want to cause injuries or damage. That's why we're here, to tell the CANTEEN people that we don't want them crossing our picket line. We don't want to bother the trucks. We don't want to cause violence. That's why we're going to leave now, when they've asked us to. We don't want violence"

The CANTEEN SERVICE works under a "performance bond", an agreement to perform certain services or forfeit a bond, regardless of picket lines and strikes.

White, the Business Agent, also told the TRUCKER that his local has no strike fund, "just a few dollars from donations. And we need more." Never-the-less, the strikers are resolved to stay out as long as it takes.

John Constant, the strikers-Vice-President, said, "We're tired. Tired of people crossing the picket line. Tired of people denying our rights to live well. (Some of the folks in Food Service earn as little as \$1.85 an hour. That's less than welfare.) Tired of working without a signed contract. Just plain tired of being abused."

There were a lot of campus plain-



clothesmen and public media at the sit-in. But they didn't have much to do except sit around and drink scab coffee. Especially the reporters and cameramen for Channels 9 and 4. Right in there with the workers, ain't they.

Friday Nov 10

The pickets are still out in Kansas City and Columbia, but the University strike busters are doing their best—or worst. Representatives Rich Michaels and Neal Thursby from Laborer's International, as well as the Business Manager for Local 45 were arrested today, thrown in jail, and later released on bond in Columbia.

Saturday Nov 11

Joe Lynch, representative for the AFL-CIO, pledged his union's financial and moral support for the two struggling unions.

John LaRoe

WESTPORT TRUCKER *

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Tommy, Farrell, Broccoli

Prune Pit, and, of course,
Bobby Watson

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The above quote by Mayor Walsh of Kansas City, Kansas was spewed forth at the September 28th city council meeting in which he arbitrarily denied Bill Foster a permit to sell "underground" newspapers, including the Westport Trucker.

Bill Foster, who is affectionately known to his friends as Crazy Bill, has been making his living by selling newspapers for the last several years and presently works with the Joint Effort Distribution Co-op and the Westport Trucker. He's always had his ups and downs with city officials and the police about selling his papers but

has never before been totally denied his right to sell in a city.

On several occasions leading up to the 28th he had been stopped from selling and giving away papers at 7th & Minnesota and at the entrance ways of the Indian Springs shopping Center. On his latest encounter with the KC Kansas P.D. he was told that he needed to get a license to distribute his papers but was summarily turned down by both the license department and the city commissioners headed by Mayor Walsh.

Finally, on November 2nd, Bill Foster and Dennis Giangreco of the Trucker,

"I Don't Think This is the Type of Newspaper our City Should be Exposed to"

with Arthur Benson as attorney, filed a class action suit seeking \$1,500 punitive damages and an injunction against the enforcement of two city ordinances that Benson asked the court to declare unconstitutional.

As of yet a court date has not been set but things should start popping around the end of the month. Stay tuned next issue, same time, same channel.

Robert Foxx

HERE'S WHAT STUDENTS SAY

Earns \$820 Monthly
"My first position after completing your course jumped my income from \$350 to \$820 per month." —G. W., Tenn.

Big Promotion!
"I was promoted to the production line ahead of 4 others and got a good pay raise." —W. A., Wisc.

"Uh, What's That?"



B. RICKER

After a week of milling around with Ken Kesey, one remains perplexed by the inability to truly understand the Kesey et al sensibility. Is it because the West Coast,

its splendor, glory and entre' to the East causes no room for self-doubt; i.e., the weary cynicism of the East Coast.

migration as an elevator moving west instead of up, the East Coast, is, at best, the mezzanine.

RICKER If the Far East is actually the beginning, is the top of the building California.

KESEY There is no top; there is only that misconception.

RICKER Kesey, at one point in his first days in Kansas City, spoke about the apex of the pyramid of attention—where Americans tend to pinpoint its heroes at the top only to create the target of Marilyn Monroe, Judy Garland, John and Bob Kennedy, Martin Luther King, etc. He felt that he was there or close to it. At a lecture, he would divert attention away from himself by leading the audience in breathing exercises to turn back the attention to themselves. This was also the reason why he hit the road—K.C.—to deal with the people directly and force them to deal with his immediate presence and not with the myth. Does he feel he succeeded in Kansas City in the attempt?

KESEY Yup! The awe is gone from faces I come now to be familiar with as I move ever-easier through the Kansas City campus and amongst the surrounding houses. Crosshairs require a separation, a lens between the audience and their idol. This lens is created by the TV industry, the press, in fact the whole existing power structure. Remove this lens and bring people eye-to-eye and shining heroes as well as fiendish villains become remarkably alike and, even more remarkably, human.

RICKER Apart from the Kansas City visitation, helping Kesey to avoid the gun-sight the Symposium seemed to lack the fluidity one always hopes to take place in conceptual events—"Perspectives on American Culture."

KESEY I am a firm believer—as well as upholder—of the creative stammer and timely stumble. What other routes have we in exploration?

RICKER Even though, going "with the flow" was a key phrase in the "old days?"

KESEY Even so. Because there are always stretches of rocks and rapids. Uh! What's that!? Whizzow! POP!! See what I mean?

RICKER Yes. This raises a disturbing thought. Rigidity exists with fluidity—Does this mean that violence is unavoidable?

KESEY Probably, if life is to continue as we know it. Change is our blood and birth. Omlettes aren't cooked with the shells on.

RICKER One ghost seems to haunt all writers; call it the writer's sensibility if you will—the inability to deal with the immediacy—I s this because he has to keep part of his mind occupied to deal with recording the act in verbal terms instead of allowing the mind to imprint the experience as it is happening? I s Kesey's reluctance to impose structure, his holding back in order to be a witness to life or the endless pursuit to the instantaneous; re: the rush of Neal Casidy to reach the present—so fast-time doesn't exist, happens...a reaction against this old writer's ghost?

KESEY Precisely.

RICKER Does this ambivalence cause problems in other worldly pursuits?

KESEY The longer one waits to make a choice the more information one has for the making. Of course, sometimes the price of information gleaned from the waiting is bound to be "Oops! I waited too long."

RICKER Kesey once mentioned the desirability of having John Wayne to play Broomden, the Indian Chief in a film version of "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

KESEY I'm afraid the chances of convincing the Duke to do anything grow increasingly slimmer.

RICKER If, in fact, Kesey thought Cowboy John Wayne was the perfect choice for the Indian's role, then consider his statement that he wrote the Chief's opening trance in the first three pages of "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest", on peyote. Does this make the Chief a more disturbing character than is just imagined, or is it that Cowboys and the Indians are one and the same?

KESEY I think it makes Bromden at least

ELECTION RETURNS



DICK ARMSTRONG

Reading about Nixon's victory six weeks before the election made its final measurements no less surprising. Anyone who watched the results with deep satisfaction is likely to be a type who whistles in sleet storms, for such one-sidedness in the nation's most important political decision is neither healthy nor desirable. Direct forecasts to the McGovern forces all came true, but the millions of votes for Nixon's status quo were more proof of a general aversion to McGovern personally than the Democratic party as a whole.

The national mood was not one of changing the rocking horse in mid-stream although in several states the results were for change, be it to the right or to the left.

In the Senate elections, for example, strong ideological shifts were made. Right wingers and centrists were ousted in favor of more liberal candidates in Delaware, South Dakota, Maine, Colorado, and Iowa, and in the last two Democratic congressional nominees triumphed in what have traditionally been conservative Republican districts. Yet McGovern fared badly in all these places and even lost his home state, South Dakota, by a 54%-46% margin.

The South, formerly a Democratic bastion in elections from the Senate down, choose right wing Republicans over centrists or liberals in North Carolina, Oklahoma, and Virginia. Republicans even won Congressional seats in Mississippi by aligning their party with the most vocal anti-

bussing and otherwise most reactionary forces. The rural South will probably continue to be the Republican's surest ally through the decade.

Because of an inflexibly seniority system (which hamstring the House more than the Senate) most of the newly elected members will probably be seen and not heard in the next Congress. Nor should anyone harbor great expectations of a Congressional counter-balance to Nixon's authority. The Congress, almost completely devoid of imagination and courage, is likely to continue to be the expensive Debate Club it has become. President Kissinger, who is singlehandedly in charge of all our most volatile global relations, remains immune to Congressional interrogation; thus restricting the Senate to its now-accepted "fait accompli" stance.

Domestically, the last Congress knew only one solution to the national ills—to outspend the appropriation from the year before. In effect Congress has the best of two worlds: moaning at home about "inflation" (always due to the other party's extravagances), while approving mammoth outlays for almost every cause without offering the necessary revenue (tax) increase. This widespread spinelessness was behind the bill in the last session which gives the

President unrestricted powers to cut all appropriations in order to keep the budget below \$250 billion. Sen. Russell Long, in rare candor, suggested the country might

ing all these big trophies on the right side of his desk kept Dowd so busy he didn't come out with one memorable comment the whole campaign.

"FOUR MORE YEARS!"

need a temporary "dictatorship" to alleviate the growing fiscal morass. If, after winning 49 states, Nixon blatantly embraces the Imperial manner his past record has hinted at, remember His Majesty's dollar-and cents tomahawk was a gift of the last Congress.

Kit Bond had two big things in his campaign's favor—Warren Hearnes and Ed Dowd's advertisements. Hearnes' eight year melodrama at the Capitol, "Tammany in Missouri", was the stainless steel life jacket the Democrats tossed to an already floundering candidate Dowd after August's primary. Dowd's own crew to the cue and, first thing, appointed as new State Democratic Chairman the rural lawyer who masterminded the opposition (successful) to diverting part of the state's new gasoline tax to public transportation for Missouri's five biggest towns, an appointment that pointed towards a prospective administration of insensitive hacks, boobs, and general vermin.

Dowd's radio ads touted his career as a cop and solemnly listed his award recognitions: kudos from the FBI, the Chamber of Commerce, and Reader's Digest. Dust-

I suspect his last minute ads which featured a plaintive voice asking "Why would anyone (Kit Bond) lie about the grade school he went to?", proved counter productive. The "issue" was whether Bond had lived in Missouri the last ten years, as required by the state constitution. Judging from Dowd's campaign statements he himself has been locked in an Ozark cave since '62, and may be return.

Republican Bill Phelps seems to have beaten Jack Schramm for the Lt. Governorship. One was as competent as the other, and in balance a Kansas Citian like Phelps should prove better for our interests than anyone from St. Louis, as Schramm is. The state treasurer will be the only Democrat in the new state administration, since Atty. General Danforth was re-elected overwhelmingly.

Rep. James Baker and Sen. Jasper Brancato will continue to represent Westport in Jefferson City.

The county, as a whole, proved kinder to Republicans this time than in many a year. Nixon won by more than 10%, Bond by 20,000 votes, and Republicans took all of the eastern districts in the new County

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Kesey Interviews Bruce Ricker

Whizzow! POP!!"

possible spirit, an actual Indian speaking through me through the tube of peyote. So far as I know n cowboy ghost is capable of this.

RICKER If that is a possibility, is this a reflection of the essential irony of existence—an Indian spirit desiring Joyn Wayne to play him in the movies?

KESEY Absurd, mischievous even maybe a vengeful desire, but (if this is the Indian spirit's wish) essentially a way of demonstrating that white man speaks with fucked tongue.

RICKER One of the parts of "Sometimes a Great Notion" was the little solo flight on Coltrane's music; in which Kesey said that if you have been stomped upon for hundreds of years, the anguish is going to come screeching out? Will the screeching; ever come to a halt?

KESEY Not before the millinnium it won't. RICKER Thursday night; Susan Sontag failed to appear; at that point a panel discussion began with Max Lerner, Russell Kirk, a female student, a Mexican-American and a local theatre personage. Kesey and Paul Krassner came late; at which point they took seats which resulted in Kesey sitting in the middle, with Lerner and Krassner sitting as Jewish Bookends. Does this come from an acute sense of territory?

KESEY Nothing's on purpose but there are no accidents.

RICKER Stanley Kubrick was a chess hustler in his youth—he said that his ability in chess helped him to make films. In tournament chess, you only have a certain amount of time to make your moves, similar to a film, you only have a certain amount of frames of film to tell your story. Kesey used the movie metaphor frequently on the Acid Trips days—"Make sure you are in your own movie." Is it possible to be trapped by the frames of your own film?

KESEY Yup! PAUL KRASSNER Once you can act, always being aware that the frames exist, then you don't have to be trapped but you

can liberate yourself.

RICKER Neal Cassidy was the Dean Moriarty of Kerouac's tales, the guy from Denver who drove cross-country, continually moving—N.Y. to San Francisco, the Beatniks—Burroughs, Ginsberg, Ferlingetti, et al.—the picking up and hitting the road is American history—things not happening, pick up and move, plenty of land and space—The need for space—that is why acid is essentially an American trip—The frontier is closed land-wise; the need to move out still exists—thus: why not hit the road in your mind—which brings us back to Cassidy—he kept on moving from traveling cross-country in the fifties to acid in the sixties driving Kesey's bus—of fellow travelers—the American Greyhound ride. Will Cassidy eventually be treated as another in the long line of American adventures such as Daniel Boone?

KESEY Neal was a pioneering prophet. Everybody who knew him knows this now. Part of his genius was to conceal this fact from us during his life—any prophet knows that, in the land of the Crazy Dwarf King you don't let your mojo show too much—so I also imagine that part of his genius provides that we will forget about him as soon as his lesson is assimilated. Neal's ghost would be embarrassed if someone named a block on Grant Avenue, Cassidy Square. RICKER Does Kesey have any questions he would want to ask himself?

KESEY Constantly I want to ask "Which way?" and "how far?" and "What for?" but I find that the more I admit to not having answers to these burning queries, the more readily they are answered. RICKER The difficulty of the group approach is that it cuts down communication if you are not part of the group. One must accept the fact that if you go out to eat with the same people all the time—you accumulate data, so that after a point, a short hand exists which must be deciphered to get the full feeling of the group.



MR. KESEY

Is this necessary in order to produce something which will exist as a separate entity and thus all who come in contact can enjoy?

KESEY Let me quote something of the I Ching concerning this...ah...I'll look it up later...

EATs

BARBARA

Even those carnivores among us would do well to consider making a vegetarian chili. Since the essence of chili in the flavor rather than in the meatiness, a vegetarian chili will still taste like chili. One advantage of vegetarian chili is financial. Lentils are much cheaper than ground beef pound for pound. Not only is the price per pound a great difference, but ground beef shrinks upon cooking while lentils expand. From a nutritional point of view lentils have it way over ground beef. A last advantage of vegetarian chili is the elimination of those slimy pockets of grease which so often appear in a meaty chili.

It is easy to change your present chili recipe into a vegetarian chili recipe. Instead of cooking ground beef with the flavoring agents, cook lentils with them. A whole cup of lentils will expand greatly when cooked and make enough mixture for

about 6 servings.

If you don't already have a chili recipe the following ideas may give you one. To make vegetarian chili first cook lentils with the various spices and flavorings. When the lentils have absorbed the water (this should take about 45 minutes) it is done. Before serving combine this chili mixture with red beans.

Basically chili making is that simple. It gets a bit complicated when deciding what spices and how much of these spices to use. I experimented with various spices I knew should go into chili in different amounts until arriving at a chili I liked. Please note: Although I considered my chili to be on the mild side, others who sampled found it very hot. So be careful if you choose to use my recipe. If your first batch is too hot, cook some more lentils without spices and combine with the hot lentils.

Here is what I did: Into a large pot put one cup of lentils and 2 cups of water. Next chop up 2 sections of garlic (not two whole cloves, but the sections the garlic clove is made of) and 1/2 onion. Sauté the chopped garlic and onion in butter or oil until the onion is transparent, then add to the pot of lentils. Chop up a tomatoe or two and add to the pot.

The following ingredients should be added according to your taste. It is difficult to really say how much to use so I'll give the amounts I found successful. You might try smelling the ingredients first to decide how much to use. To me lots of ground cumin is the most necessary ingredient, but you might prefer lots of oregano. Anyway here is what I used: One crushed red pepper and one crushed chili pepper. DO NOT touch your fingers to your lips or mouth after crushing these peppers before a thorough washing. One light touch will set your lips on fire. Also I used 2 teaspoons chili powder and 1 1/2 teaspoons of ground cumin, 1/4 teaspoon paprika and 1/4 teaspoon oregano.

After adding all ingredients, cook with the pot covered at a low heat for about 45 minutes or until the water is absorbed. Then add about 1 1/2 cups of dry cooked red beans or 1 can of red beans. Don't buy flavored canned chili beans. This will destroy all of your flavoring work. If using plain canned red beans, rinse the slimy stuff of them first.

Once the initial spices are purchased chili is inexpensive to make. If you don't have many of these spices, the first batch may cost a few dollars. The spices will go

a long way so it is worth it. The spices can all be used in numerous other ways. I use chili powder and cumin in everything... eggs, soup, rice, soybeans, crackers. Small amounts of the red pepper or chili pepper will make a dynamite addition to soup stock. Paprika gets sprinkled on top of many foods for color. A friend who claims to make the best chopped liver in the world swears by enormous quantities of paprika. The money on the spices will not be wasted so go ahead and splurge.

Legislature. In District 2, which is comprised of Westport and the Plaza, Democrat Sondra Smalley narrowly lost to Ron Spradley. Both were excellent candidates but Mrs. Smalley, whose theme since early last spring has been unabashedly urban "I like being a city dweller", is a loss for Westport since the legislature is bound to be dominated by suburbanites. Ironically, ward 5 (31st-43rd Street west of Main) gave Spradley a 1,300 vote margin, which was his saving grace and the reason for his 400 victory.

CALENDAR cont.

SUNDAY

NOVEMBER 26

SOUNDS KC Philharmonic 7:30, Cowtown Ballroom \$1.50 in advance, \$2.00 door. —New Jazz, Advertisement for a Dream Ensemble, 8 pm, Maiden America, 18 E. 39th, \$1.00

—The William Jewell Civic Orchestra, 3:30 pm, Nelson Gallery, Free. FLICKS Sunday matinee, double feature, "The Committee" and "Harold & Maud" Vanguard Cinema II, call JE1-9680. EXHIBIT Louis Caskey, paintings; and Dodie Nichols, collages; Jewish Community Center, 8201 Holmes. This show will run through Dec. 26. FOLK DANCING 7 pm, All Souls Unitarian Church, 4500 Warwick. LECTURE "The Process of Educational Change", Kyle Conway, 10 am, All Souls Unitarian Church, 4500 Warwick. PLANETARIUM (see Nov. 25) RADIO Womens Liberation, 6 pm, KBEY

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SUALLY VISUALLY VISUALLY VISUALLY VISUAL

Competition in this year's annual Jack Frost festival was unusually keen. Some of the best entries were in the city's parks, particularly Hyde and Roanoke parks and along Cliff Drive. The city council's conceptual piece—green plastic bags instead of leaf burnings—could be considered either in the Minimalist (least amount of common sense) or Maximalist (greatest show of foolishness) strain.

A Japanese ceramics show opened at the Nelson Gallery this week. One hundred examples of the potter's art, chosen entirely by Japanese experts from Japanese collections, spanning several centuries are shown. The Pierson Sculpture Garden was inaugurated this week as well. Located at the southeast corner of the building, the garden is accessible through the American Indian room or from the grounds. Four pieces, one each by Henry Moore, Lipchitz, Rodin and Alexander Calder have been installed in the landscaped area and others will be added. The Lipchitz is a recent museum accession and typical of his work, typically overwrought. Although both Calder and Moore enjoy reputations far beyond what their work merits, I am glad the Nelson can now show part of its collection outside where most modern sculpture is best seen. The monumental Rodin bronze is the brightest flower in the garden. Funny contrast, thinking of these few fenced-in high priced pieces almost preening before one another

as examples of "art history" and their contemporary confreres scattered in open settings around town by the Park Department.

UMKC's gallery, 5232 Rockhill Road, is showing sculpture and drawings by faculty member Louis Cicotello till the end of the month.

Working exclusively with acrylic sheets Cicotello has built (since his work is more accurately "constructed" than "sculpted" some intriguing pieces. The medium's greatest asset is its translucence. Seeing through these constructions is one of the radical transformations of 20th century art. Old boundaries separating painting and sculpture no longer exist ipso facto. In Cicotello's case, the bigger and less geometric the work the better—"Three" for example, is better than the other big, free-standing pieces because of its irregularity. "Two Way" falls from the wall, utilizing color and form to form a kinaesthetic impression. "Purple Ghost", done in '67 is a very good, self-contained work, reminiscent of Donald Judd but showing a livelier sense of color.

Morgan Gallery, in downtown Westwood Hills, Kansas at 5006 State Line Road, consistently hosts one of the two best contemporary shows in town. Westwood Hills is not that far from Westport—just close

your eyes and walk right through the Plaza towards Kansas and you're there. This month Morgan is showing the documentation, the paper work rationalization for Christo's "Valley Curtain" which had a brief (1 day) life in the mountains of Colorado. The curtain was huge (stretching from one mountain to another across a highway), orange, and mute. Christo doesn't say "why" he imagined the piece, so don't ask. His preliminary drawings and in situ photos are its pedigree. Go see for yourself.

A show, called "Narrative Painting" fills the Kemper Gallery (open 12-5 Monday through Sunday) at the Art Institute. Every thing being shown exemplifies representational art—with varying degrees of fancy. A watercolor nude by Robert Barnes is striking "She is Mysteriously Transported", one of a watercolor series by Gerald van der Wiele seems influenced by the turn of the last century Symbolist movement. The vague shapes, and shimmering colors veil the paintings' "subject" as artfully as anything produced by the master French Symbolist Odilon Redon. In fact, except for the paintings by Rarker and Ragovin, a French sensibility pervades the show.

The big paintings by Howard Ragovin dominate the room by force of their collective imaginings. Fantastically, profusely, egocentric in the best primitive fashion, the paintings spoof everything within the artist's physical and mental reach.

Fancy rules as well in the acrylics by Hal Parker. One piece, titled "Howard Pyle Meets George Grosz" shows the two, backed by appropriate landscapes, greeting. Pyle asks "How y' doing?" A skeleton, part of the Grosz retinue, replies "KV."

K.U. has a good size art museum across Jayhawk Boulevard from the student union. An exhibition called "The Arcadian Landscape: 19th-Century American Painters in Italy" will be the gallery's biggest show year and occupies the first floor until December 3. The Pop art collection of the late art critic Gene Swenson is on permanent display upstairs—this body of work alone is worth the drive to Lawrence.

O. J.
DART

FRISBEES FLUNK

Washington (UPS) The Pentagon has finally given up its attempts to adapt the frisbee to war use.

The Navy spent \$375,000 scientifically studying the flight characteristics of frisbees to see if they could be used to deliver flares. Scientists spent four years throwing them off cliffs and monitoring their flight with tracking cameras.

But the study was shelved last fall after the Navy decided it just wasn't worth the effort.

LIFE IN THESE UNITED STATES

New York (UPS) Archie Bunker, the all-American hero of "all in the Family", is supposed to live in the typical middle-class neighborhood of Glendale, Queens. In fact, a scene from a particularly quiet block is used to illustrate the idyll of pleasant family life in the opening scene of the TV series.

On October 5, a typical 27-year-old housewife living on that block quietly strangled her three small daughters and then fired a rifle shot into her head. Her husband a suburban Nassau County patrolman, was driving to work at the time, having forgotten the petty quarrel they had had the night before.

Meanwhile, the street outside his home was crowded with police, ambulance attendants and shocked neighbors. "They were such a happy couple," stammered one neighboring housewife who looked on in tearful disbelief. "They had everything you could want—a home, two cars, a boat, a camper—everything. They seemed so happy."

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PHAROAH SANDERS

"Aum is the most powerful word in this universe. It means God, it means peace, it means the beginning of things... (When I use the word) a kind of magic takes place. It gives me a lot of peace of mind, it relaxes me, it protects me when I'm in public or anywhere else. It is a word which can bring you up or down—whichever way you want to go."

—Pharoah Sanders

Pharoah Sanders was talking about a familiar component of Hindu religion and a personal element of his spiritual life, but he could just as easily have been talking about his music. In a time when musicians in both rock and jazz are breaking their necks trying to see who can be more cosmic, Pharoah Sanders stands as one of the few artists of our day to whom that beleaguered word applies in its most profound sense.

John Coltrane, speaking in 1966 when Pharoah was one of the galvanic pivots in the master's band, caught the essence of the man: "Pharoah is a man of large spiritual reservoir. He's always trying to reach out to the truth. He's trying to allow his spiritual self to be his guide. He's dealing among other things, in energy, in integrity, in essences."

Sanders possesses, as did Coltrane, the seemingly superhuman facility for taking raw feeling, rage, yearning cries and rushing energy, melding it with a religious reverence and awe in the face of the infinite and somehow transmuting the whole mixture of spiritual purity and post-blues wails into one of the most transcendent, moving aural experiences you will have in a lifetime. If you think that's hyperbole, it may be in part because words pale before the power of his music. And I am not alone in that hyperbole.

Early in Pharoah's career, when his music was just beginning its almost vertical ascent into ever-higher realms of energy-transfixion, David Rosenthal wrote (in "British Jazz Journal"): "High and shrill tone in the upper register combine with lower growls to give the effect of a piercing scream which lifts the listener right out of his seat with its intensity and power."

Ralph Gleason, writing (in the San Francisco Chronicle) of Pharoah's work with Coltrane, spoke of "long, almost continuous presentation of improvisation," with "ensemble climaxes of stupendous intensity."

When you consider where Sanders has been, where he earned his chops, the volcanic intensity of Pharoah's music comes as no surprise. Born in Little Rock, Arkansas on October 13, 1940, he moved to the Bay Area at the age of 19 and began study and gigs with Hughie Simmons, Ed Kelley and Smiley Waters. In three years he moved to New York, where his music and spiritual personality really began to take

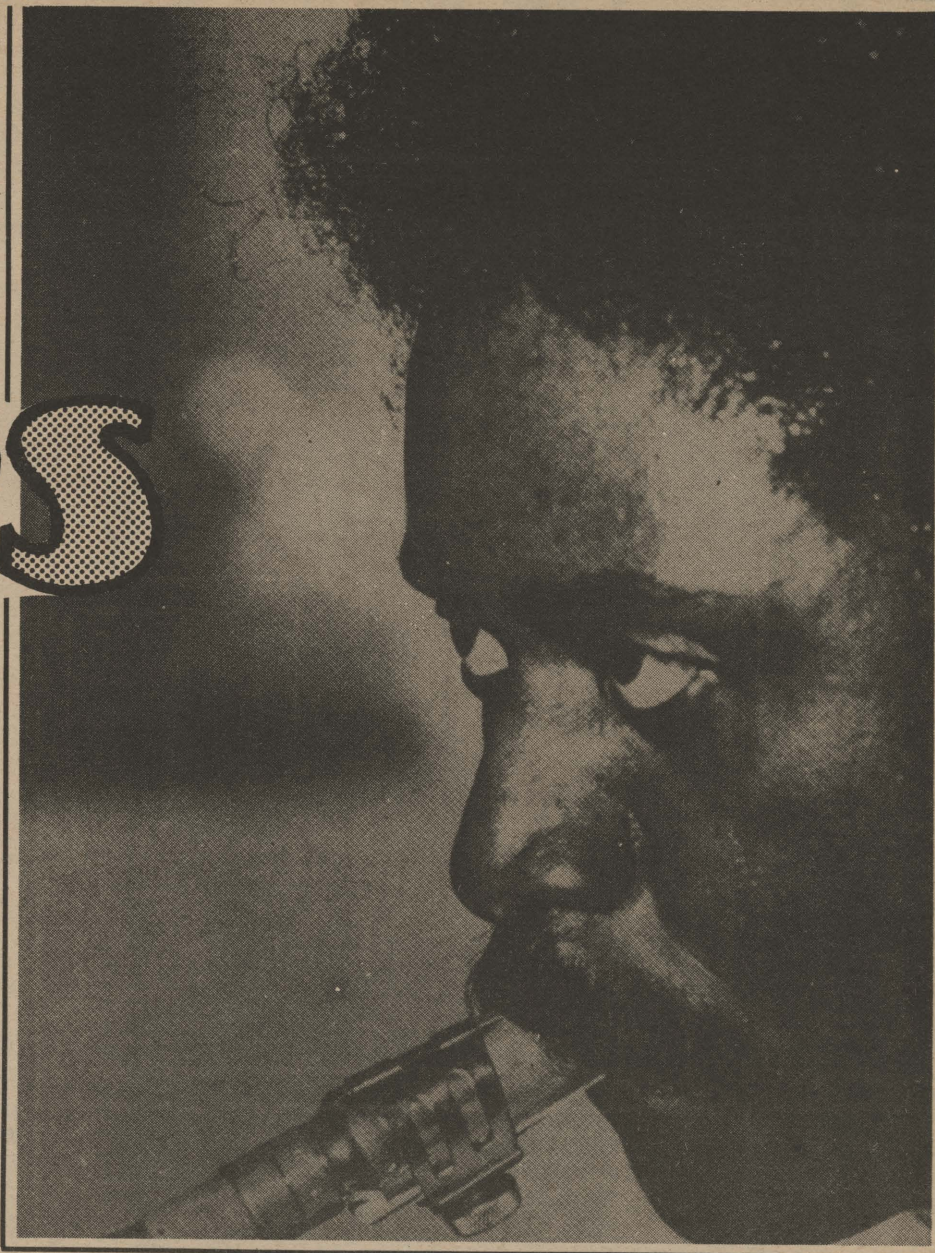
off. He worked with Rashied Ali, Don Cherry, Sun Ra, John Gilmore, and finally, of course, Coltrane.

It was with Coltrane that Pharoah came fully into his own at last. Trane was the most profoundly influential musician of the sixties, after all, as well as the first jazz musician to mate sound with spirituality in a truly far-reaching way. There is no doubt that of all the players, on saxophone or any other instrument, who had their heads turned around and even the courses of their lives changed by John Coltrane, Pharoah is the man's unchallenged spiritual heir. Musically, he may have influenced Trane in some ways as much as vice versa, as Nat Hentoff pointed out in the liner notes for the Coltrane "Om" album: Sanders added a particularity of both sound (high, urgent) and precedent-breaking ideas, thereby stimulating Coltrane even more to ways of hearing and an expression that continued to develop and surprise. They surprised himself, I expect, as much as his listeners."

Or, as Coltrane himself put it: "He is one of the innovators and it's been my pleasure and privilege that he's been willing to help me, that he is part of the group... Pharoah is constantly trying to get more and more deeply into the human foundations of music. He's dealing in the human experience

That basic humanity has taken Pharoah Sanders, in the years since Coltrane's death, across history and geography, through the dimensions of religious experience into astrology and the reaches of the galaxy and back, as cosmic as ever and with perhaps even more fire, to the sidewalk earth where people are beginning to find each other once more in a fierce rebirth of human wonder. From Tauhid's "Upper and Lower Egypt", the culmination of Pharoah's study of ancient Egyptian religion and culture, to Karma's assertion of total nonsectarian panspirituality, to the extended journey of "Sun in Aquarius" and the renewed flashy fury of "Black Unity", Pharoah has never stopped. And he never will.

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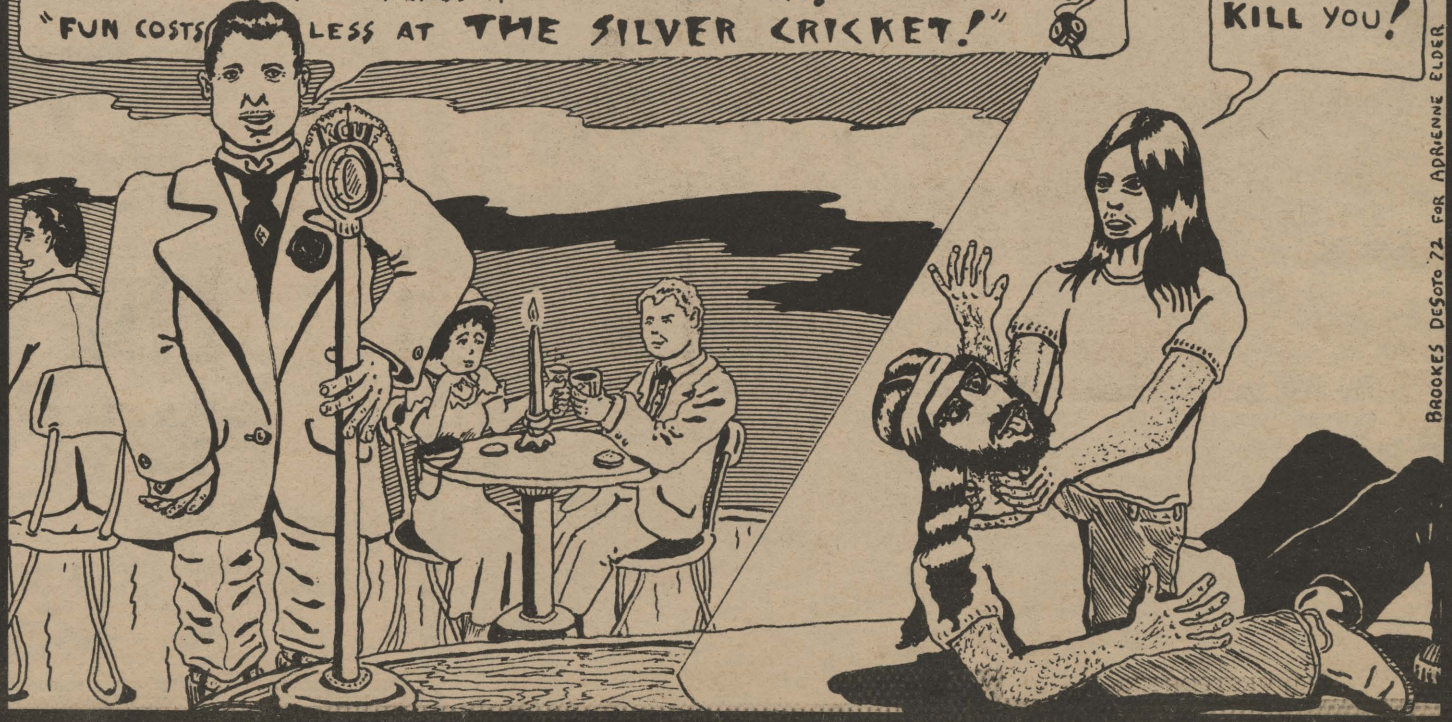
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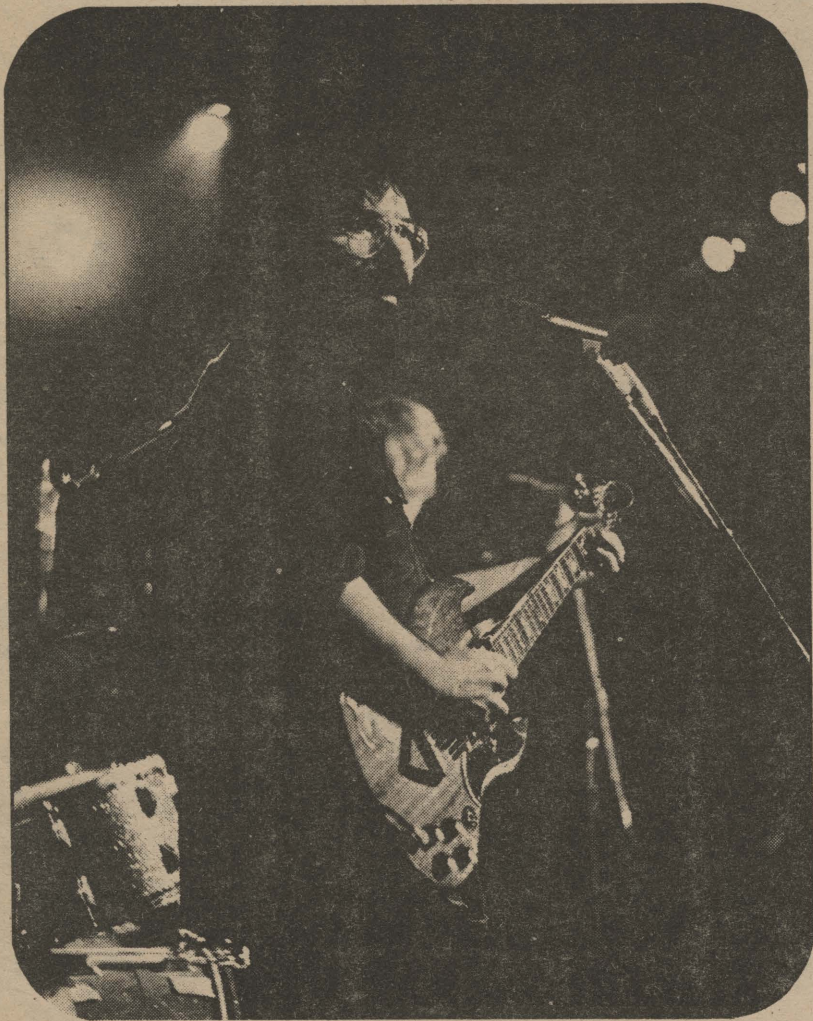
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Uncle Jerry

"Yup... the good old Grateful Dead"

The Dead played for four hours, during that time I searched for something that would make this review more than a listing of songs played or a rehash of everything that's already been said about the Dead. Everybody knows that Garcia, Lesh, and Wier play like wind in the rain, fire under ice. We also all know that as a band the Dead swirl, float and flow with such ease it's frightening, we all know that. There are times they play like an Appalachian mountain that learned to play an electric guitar, other times like an asteroid that collided with an amplifier. We can see that their music is a living thing, separate from them, which has made them a genuine American hippie myth. From the mandala patterned sound system to the spellbound crowd on the floor. But when you get right down to it they are just musicians, some of the best around, but that's all. I wasn't lifted off the ground until "Beat It On Down the

Line" off the very first album. It was ridiculously slowed down, but there it was. I got still higher on "Truckin'" was followed up by "Casey Jones" with long jams through each. I know I talked to a lot of people, but I don't remember a thing. I was walking on clouds of good vibes. I wasn't seeing the Dead that did it; it was the fact that all those long clean runs I had dreamed about hearing were happening. The long spacy portion of playing in the band took me back to the first time I heard "Anthem to the Sun." I was so shook I called Bill Lee (then known as Barnacle Bill) on the old KCJC station. "Don't pay much attention to words" he said, "just listen to the music, think of it as one long song." That's how I view last night's concert. I know this is short but I've said all I can say. If you were there or if you love the Dead's music you understand. If you don't you never will.

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Elton John & Family



Elton & "Legs" Larry—Singing in the Rain

Saturday, November 14th, was truly an incredible evening here in Kansas City. With John McLaughlin and the Mahavishnu Orchestra and Charles Lloyd in nearby Lawrence, and Little Milton and a strong soul review appearing at the local Townhall Ballroom, the decision to attend the third event at the cavernous Municipal Auditorium was indeed a difficult one. However, twelfth row aisle seats cordially supplied by U.A. convinced me of which way to go. I arrived late, twenty minutes into the Family set, who were facing a capacity crowd of over ten thousand who were politely tolerating their act which ranged from adequate to quite good. They never had a chance, though, the crowd wanted the headliner, no one else would do. No amount of Stewart like mike stand throwing, not even the unusual effect of patching a sound synthesizer through a vibraphone could really stir the crowd. I can't remember ever having seen a group in Kansas City not receive an encore call at a concert of this type. Very embarrassing for a group who deserved better.

The house lights came up and in a surprisingly short time went down again to the muted approval of the audience. A blindingly white spot hit the stage, and the awaited one appeared. Elton John, resplendent in a silver lame tux, complete with top hat, strutted across stage and said his good evenings at center mike. He had the crowd by the balls before he played a note. As the cheers subsided, he sat at his grand

piano and delivered an excellent solo version of "Tiny Dancer" from the Madman album and two other equally tasty tunes before the rest of the band joined him on stage. They proceeded to run through "Levon", "Can I Put You On", "Rocket Man", "Honkey Cat" and some others with faultless "better than the record" renditions to the delight of all. I might add that after the first three tunes, the crowd was on its collective feet for very nearly the entire concert. Skillful offerings of new material such as "Daniel" from his upcoming album, and "Crocodile Rock", a soon to be released single, brought enthusiastic response usually reserved for familiar songs. A very likable maniac, "Legs" Larry Smith late of Bonzo Dog, danced and pranced on stage in a set of long johns and a feather festooned crash helmet during "I Think I'm Gonna Kill Myself" and later joined Elton for a trenched coated duet of "Singing in the Rain", while swirling spotlights battered the hall. This specialty number was heightened by recorded music and applause and a sit-in concert pianist in full white tie and tails who bowed and profusely blew kisses to the folks. Really far out! A nearly unprecedented double encore accompanied the expected standing ovation, as as Elton John left the stage murmuring into a hand held mike, "Kansas City You're a Gas!", all present were convinced he was right. Elton, YOU'RE a gas.

CAPTAIN DIABLO



Jim Cregan & John Whitney of FAMILY

the Mahavishnu Orchestra

The Charles Lloyd-Mahavishnu Orchestra gig at Hoch Auditorium in Lawrence Saturday night was a worthwhile and impressive evening, but there were more boring moments than I cared to listen to. Most of these occurred in Lloyd's set.

Lloyd's band consisted of guitar, electric bass, drums and Lloyd on flute and sax. I was treated to a jam before the set started. Their set consisted of four or five long instrumentals, with Lloyd on flute for the first half and switching to sax for the last half.

By the end of the set, a great deal of my enthusiasm had dwindled; in fact, I was bored. Everything seemed to run together. Of course, the band was very together. Their feeling for their music was impressive. The songs seemed to flow effortlessly from section to section, and at times the music seemed alive, as if it existed independently of human effort.

But every song had the same highs and lows, except for Lloyd's flute playing, which reminded me of a thin stream of fiery silver liquid dancing on air. He is a very sensitive musician. The drummer was quite energetic, if not quite a Billy Coblan, and I liked him especially when he played simple and funky. However, near the end of the set he came on with a corny rap (set dramatically to music) about getting it together, I love and Jesus loves you, etc.

The guitar player did not impress me a

bit, except for the fact that he was a very tasty rhythm player. All of his leads sounded alike, except for the last one, where he played halfway lyrically and ripped off some very fast, clean runs. But even it, too, degenerated. His style borrowed heavily from rock, and his first solo relied too heavily on stock, uninteresting rock riffs. He also used the technique of dissonance too much.

To sum it up, I would say that Lloyd's set was predictable. His flute playing was beautiful, but his sax didn't say anything that I haven't heard before. It didn't leave me much to get excited about. I think that the addition of a keyboard soloist would have helped a lot.

The Mahavishnu Orchestra suffered from some of the same faults, but not nearly to the same degree. This was due to their higher level of musicianship. The Orchestra had four outstanding members. Laird is not outstanding like the others, but reminds me of a cement holding a building together; very solid. My complaints are that they were also somewhat predictable, and the dialogue between McLaughlin and Coblan even though impressive, wore rather thin after awhile. Like Lloyd's group, they used a lot of the same devices in each song. For example, the structural pattern of "You Know You Know" appeared often in other songs, but the incredible moments of pure genius compensated.

McLaughlin is not the most inventive guitarist I've heard, but he does play with great intensity and has his own style and sound together. He has felt Hendrix' influence; this is obvious in his tone setting and effortless sustenance of single notes. Some of the more lyrical, slow melodies which he and Goodman did together were very nice: it almost sounded like two violins. His speed amazed me more than once. However, he seemed to rely on it for effect, with an absence of content.

Jerry Goodman used his incredible, flowing speed to good advantage, and has almost absolute control over his metallic blue ax. He blends his classical influences beautifully into the contemporary heavy sound of the group. His control on the high screeching notes was good, and he was the most lyrical of the three soloists.

Jon Hammer, however, surprised me most. He played outstanding solos on the synthesizer, sounding much like a guitar as he bent and sustained notes. Meeting of the

Spirits came on strong and he didn't let up all night. His chordal work, along with Rick Laird's bass, held the music together solidly. David was not a fast player, but complemented the group well with his tight ensemble work, and he did a very well constructed melodic solo which developed nicely. He is the perfect bassist for that group.

Billy Coblan fried me. He had a large clear drum bit and played the whole set effectively, making long, fast, sweeping runs and never missing a beat. He was clean, and, like the rest of the group, had an uncanny sense of timing.

The best point of the Orchestra is their ability to bring it all together into a group sound that is distinctive. Tight arrangements, astounding unison runs (such as Awakening) were characteristic. This is where McLaughlin in particular did much of his finest work. I think he wrote all the songs, too. The three soloists have similar styles, which confused me as to who was playing sometimes. The collective effect of these talented people was truly gratifying.

LUTHER GOOSE

& Charles Lloyd

AN INTERVIEW WITH WISHBONE ASH

Bob and I trucked out of the rain and into the Holiday Inn to do the Wishbone Ash interview. We were first introduced to Martin Turner, bass player. We set up the tape recorder and began. I asked Martin about the theatricality of the music we had come out of England. "You can't expect to get up there in tinsel head to foot and be accepted for that alone. It takes more than that. Wishbone Ash moves as we feel the music requires it." We discussed songwriting to which he said that he once wrote a song down on paper just to see what it looked like and it took him an entire day to write it. He said that for the most part they work out most of their compositions in the studio. I asked him about recording and he said that the first Wishbone Ash album didn't really use the technical know-how a studio offered. I asked him if he enjoyed the technical ability the studio gave him. He said that what Wishbone Ash needs to do is more recording whether it be in a studio or a toilet. Along this time we were joined by Andy Powell and Steve, the drummer who, for the most part, sat back and listened at this time. I asked the band if they had originally intended to be as they are now. Martin said that no when he and

TRUCKER I saw ya at the Red Baron.
ANDY Oh, did ya?

TRUCKER Yeah.
ANDY The Red Baron. Where is that?

TRUCKER Lawrence.
ANDY Lawrence, yeah.

TRUCKER Umm, do you find, ah, touring a great hassle? I mean how does it differ from England as opposed to here?

ANDY The main thing about touring over here is the distance. I mean in England you can get in a little van, and a couple of hours on the road and you're at the gig, and it's all very relaxed, you know? But over here there's colossal distances involved if you're playing every night, you tend to lose out on sleep.—That's why we've been sleeping in days—and you can, if you don't look after yourself, tend to get run down on a heavy tour. But, in some ways we like touring a lot, like for instance on this tour we wanted to do every night, for a month. Play every night, and then go home, because we wanted to make a concentrated effort on working. So, in some respects it's good, I mean it's very rewarding to have done a month playing every night and go back and feel that you've achieved something.

TRUCKER What about the size of halls, do you find that a great difference?

ANDY Yeah, that's another big thing, like in England the average hall is maybe two thousand at the most. Over here, the average hall is like five thousand. And we've played up to thirty thousand people at one go and that takes a lot of effort and organization to get the music across to that many people, and there's a lot more problems. But, by the same token the promoting of concerts in this country is, in general, far superior. I mean, it's a lot more professional. Usually it's done a lot better.

TRUCKER You prefer to play, I would gather then, to a smaller group of people though?
ANDY I think, the best sort of amount of people is maybe three to five thousand. That's, that's good, you know. Two thousand's good. Even a thousand. In the old days we used to do a lot of clubs. We'd maybe play to 500 people, but these days, we tend to prefer concert involvement, because you can create something. The facilities are a lot better.

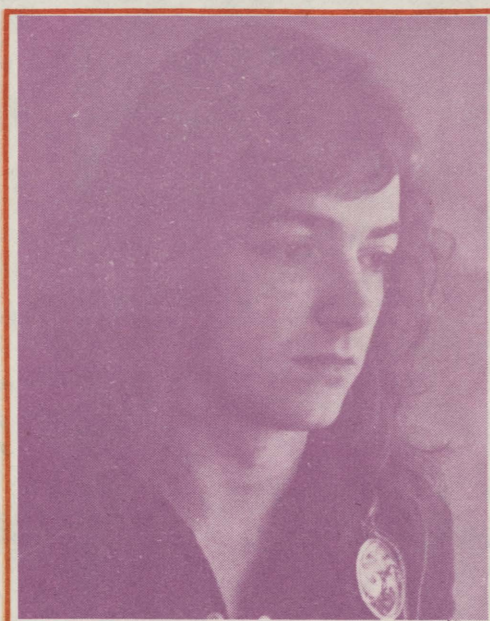
TRUCKER There's a certain question as to a medieval aspect in your music. Do you see it?

ANDY That's a good observation. The way we tend to think about our music is that it's roots lie more towards England and Europe, than say, America. There's a hell-of-a-lot of rock bands that lean heavily on a kind of American folk tradition. Well, we

Steve originally began the band they weren't sure if it was going to be an organ, a guitar band or what, but when Ted and Andy came along and played so well together they had the issue settled there. Martin and Ted then split to do some radio promotion. By this time Andy, Steve and I were all staring at the cassette recorder which sat on a chair between us. "Is that thing picking up all right?" Andy asked. On examination we found that the recorder was fucked up. So the next five minutes were spent by Andy and Bob in making the recorder work. I spent the time by turning a little green. Andy generously agreed to go over some of the material plus a few additional questions so that I didn't come back "empty-handed". What you see here is part two of the interview. Bob and I took our leave just as Steve was attempting to stand on the headboards of the bed which promptly crashed beneath him. "Well I always wanted to do that", he said.

Steven Miles

think there's a lot going in Europe to draw from, and so that's probably where you no-



Ted Turner

tion that sort of influence from.

TRUCKER I notice a definite progression in your music from, say the time of the first album, Wishbone Ash, to Pilgrimage. Would you say that was a great time of musical growth for the band?

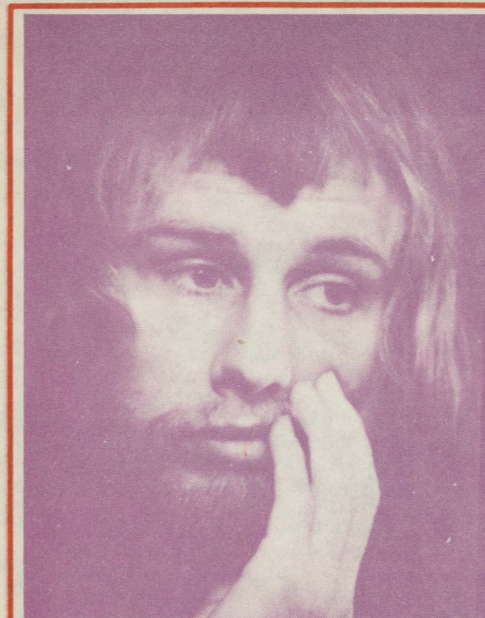
ANDY Yeah, well during that period we were going through a great experimentation sort of thing. We were just trying everything.

TRUCKER The tape's run out.
ANDY Is it?

TRUCKER No, it's still going.
ANDY Maybe you could shut that door, because, uh... Yeah, that was a period during which we were experimenting with time signatures, and various fun things. Um, that was the funniest thing we went through and Argus was the coming out of that, you know.

TRUCKER I notice that the lack of scat vocals on Argus. Was that a part of the experimental idea?

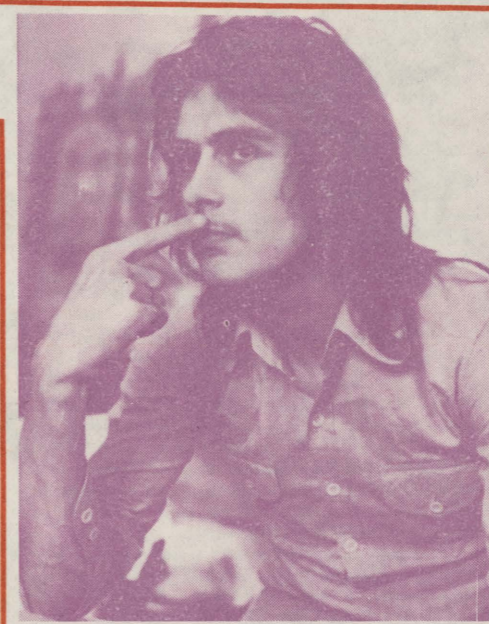
ANDY Yeah, that was something that we found we could do, I mean, that's not to say that we dropped it. I mean, we might include it somewhere else, you know. It's something that Martin sort of sings. He can do it very well. But, in general, Argus was an attempt to create a more relaxed sort of album—and yet be tight. I think it's a more mature album than the previous two.



Steve Upton

rights and publishing, and all the rest of it. So that, in fact, it was, completely, a four way split, in all respects so that we hoped by doing this that we would avoid any nasty scenes later on when the band did become popular. So far, it's proved to work very well.

TRUCKER Have you found that people are more familiar with your band now, this tour, than they were on the last?
ANDY This tour's been the best that we've done. In many respects it's been the clincher for us in the States because it's finally got us across in the manner that we wanted to get across, because a lot of people up to now have had a misconception of the band. They've written us off as just another heavy English band, because they haven't seen us. And a lot more people have gotten to see us, and they realize it's a lot more band than that, and people have finally latched on to what we're about.



Martin Turner

TRUCKER I noticed, we hear a lot about the twin guitars of Wishbone Ash. Do you find that kind of talk restraining to the band as a whole, as to the kind of image that you're trying to project?

ANDY You mean the way the guitarists are kind of put to the fore.
STEVE It's a feature of the Band.

ANDY No, I don't think any of us, Martin and Steve included, would say that, because the way we look at it is, is any kind of attention that we can attract, if it comes via the two guitarists, then that's fine. It's cool, because it means the band as a whole is going to be furthered rather than, say, the individuals. I mean, none of the band is on a star thing. We don't want to promote ourselves individually. What we want to do is promote the band. And, um, if someone comes along and says Martin Turner is the greatest bass guitarist that ever lived, then if we want to say that, great, you know. It draws attention to the band.

TRUCKER Do you find as a whole, that you've progressed to a point where you are now a band, as opposed to the loose...

ANDY Oh yea, we're in every sense a band. There's no one leader in the band. It's a completely democratic, communal thing, all decisions are made communally and I'd say in every sense we're a band. We're very tight in that respect, as people and all the rest of it.

TRUCKER Are you tied down, by say, the hassles of all the legal regalia that goes on with a band, say, getting copyrights and all this.

ANDY No, well we came to various decisions early on in the band regarding copy-

turn to England for it?
ANDY Yes, we were using a particular make of English equipment that we couldn't get over in this country. And, also the guitars that we had stolen were very personalized instruments. And it did take time to replace those instruments, or to get a kind of set up that was comparable to the one we lost. So it was imperative that we return to England. We felt that we would have been giving a kind of half-assed show if we'd have rented American equipment, because we require a very clear sound, a clean sound, which this particular equipment gives us.

TRUCKER What kind of equipment is it?
ANDY Um, I think it's called Orange Equipment. It's made in London.

TRUCKER I understand the people don't even have a mailing address.
ANDY It's a very small company. I don't know whether they've got a mailing address or not. Quite a few bands use the stuff, but it's a small company.

TRUCKER In America a lot of critics have described you as a more, well to quote Rolling Stone, more technically subtle like Yes. Would you, would you say that has any merit at all?

ANDY Um, well, Rolling Stone made a comparison to Yes. We read that particular review. I think it's the only thing they've ever written on the band and, I think it was written by a person that knew nothing about rock music other than Yes. I think he mentioned our influence's being from about nine bands, yeah. Um, in some respects I'd agree with him, like the fact that we are technical, we are able to perform feats of technicality in the music (much background laughter) which, um, Yes do that as well. But as a band I don't think we sound anything like them. The roots of our band are like in a totally different field to those of Yes.

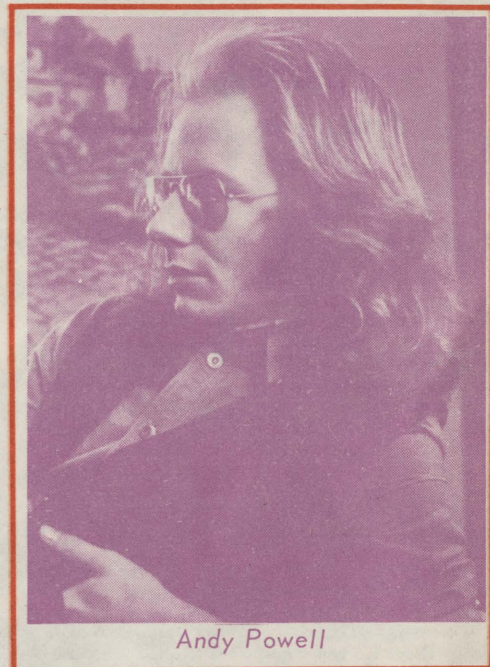
STEVE When you just start or if you're not very well known, and someone says that, you probably freak out and say, "Wow, you know, that's great, someone's comparing us to Yes." But when you get to a certain standard, you regard yourself as having validity within contemporary music, it's a fucking insult, you know, that's really all I can say, because the guy obviously didn't know what he's talking about. I can see why he might mention some bands, but not calling, saying that the comparison our music was, what was it? Our music, Wishbone Ash's music was too blatant, what was it?

BACKGROUND I it was too blatant.... to be ignored.
STEVE Yeah, "The comparisons with Yes were too blatant to be ignored."

ANDY Yeah, that's right. Which is just a joke. But, in general, we fill out a kind of English tradition rather than the American tradition which is using a kind of dynamics and breaks and all of the rest of it on

stage, light and shade. Whereas American bands ie, Grateful Dead, etc., etc. in general are more layed back, you know? English bands, in general again, seem to be much more, um, exciting.

STEVE Let's put it this way. Going back



Andy Powell

to this Yes thing: if Wishbone Ash had made it in America before Yes, probably people would be saying that Yes were a rip-off of Wishbone Ash. So that is just ridiculous.

TRUCKER Do you have any bands in particular that you would say have influenced your music?

ANDY There's a lot of bands that we admire, I mean we listen to music sort of all day long, every day, as you must do.

TRUCKER Yeah.

ANDY There's a lot of bands in the rock field that we admire but we don't listen to them a lot, they're more obscure. (Asking Steve) No, can you, can you think of anyone? We admire, but they don't really influence us. I influences are not that direct as far as we're concerned. We're not saying "Right, we got that from so-and-so, or we got that idea from so-and-so." It's just a matter of experience and after a while, you just, things just click that you've seen someone else do. That you, that probably goes into your subconscious, and then you write a song, and it might have a sort of certain similarity, but you can't definitely

Continued on Page 13

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REVIEWS



PETER DINKLAGE WHO CAME FIRST
DECCA RECORDS

Probably the egg, since Pete Townshend is standing on top of several hundred on the album cover. The button pinned on his customary boiler suit pictures Meher Baba, whom astute liner note readers will recall as picking up avatar credits on "Tommy". This record is a tribute to Baba who, like the Mahahrishi Mahesh, was a guru for several English rock musicians. It's also a showcase for Townshend's profuse talents. He does all the engineering and production work, and all instrumentals and vocals, with the exception of two tracks.

While Townshend does a competent job as a musical jack-of-all-trades, this album just doesn't rock. Comparison with his work as the Who's lead guitarist and song writer is inevitable, and this album will suffer from it. Townshend's bass and drum playing lacks both the force and inventiveness of that of his droogies John Entwistle and Keith Moon. Who fans who get their rocks off on Peter's savage electric guitar thrusts will go to bed crying, since he mostly plays acoustic here.

A muted tone must have been considered appropriate for the songs. Dissatisfaction with commercial success, disorientation, uncertainty about the future and similar existentially nauseous problems facing Townshend are solved through spiritual means. He evidently found solace in Meher Baba's teachings and expresses it musically in a calm manner. Unfortunately it's of often calm to the point of boredom.

This is particularly true of "Sheraton Gibson", which is yet another lost-and-lonely-on-the-road song about playing guitar (Gibson, as you may have guessed) in strange hotel rooms. Where have we heard this before?

"Heartache" is about just that, a lost and bitterly missed love. Pretending there's no hurt on the outside, but underneath it all don't you know, there's a heart drowning in tear drops. This sad, sad song was one of Baba's favorites, the other being "Begin the Beguine". The arrangement is melodramatically simple, and thus true to the spirit of the original J. Reeves version.

The stand-out track is "Pure and Easy", which Townshend whips through some nicely abrasive chord changes. This cut sounds a lot like the Who, and is left over from one of that group's many abortive projects, a film called "Lighthouse".

Ronnie Lane, the Faces' bass player wrote "Evolution" and does the vocals and second guitar, Townshend playing lead. It's a pretty typical British acoustic duet con-

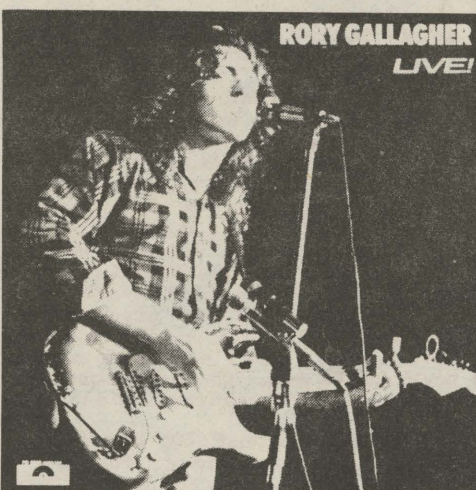
ceded with evolutionary reincarnation. Ronnie says he started out as a rock.

"Forever's No Time at All" has no instrumentals or vocals by Peter at all. Billie Nicholls sings and picks acoustic. Caleb Quayle, whiz guitarist for Elton John plays everything else. There's some fine waves of shimmering electric rhythm guitar in this one, and Quayle has his amplified country funk licks down cold.

"Parvardigar", a hymn based on Baba's universal prayer, has some slithering, stuttering synthesizer playing by Townshend, but that's the only thing outstanding about this cut. The rest of the album is unexceptional, which is what makes this record so disappointing.

John Entwistle has a new album out, and the Who should be coming with one soon. If you have to make a choice, you'll probably be most satisfied by letting the Who come first.

VINTON SUPPLEE



RORY GALLAGHER LIVE
POLYDOR PD 5513

Having been a Rory Gallagher fan for some time I was really anxious to hear this. Having heard it I must say it's a little disappointing.

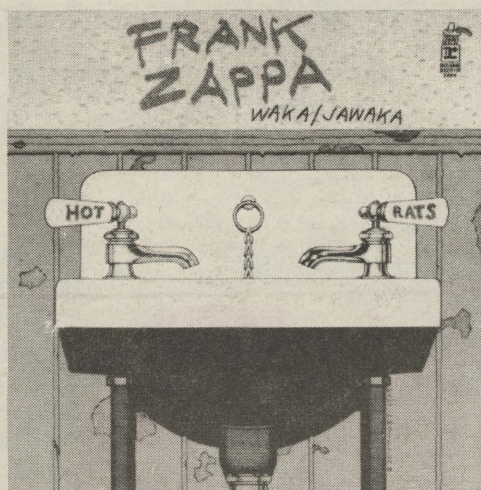
"Messin' with the Kid", the first track promises lots, but somehow never really takes off. Gallagher's solos are interesting but not up to his potential.

"Laundromat", a rock and roll tune Rory wrote, is nothing but a poor imitation of Cream, with a vocal that might as well have been left out. Suddenly, the whole complexion of the album changes with Rory changing to the more traditional blues of "I Could of Had Religion" with excellent guitar and harmonica work plus admirable backup from Gallagher's sidemen. The vocals on religion are what British bluesmen have strived for and never quite had: the sound of an old black man who has been picking cotton for the last thousand years. It's good to hear someone get it down pat, if they're going to try it. "Going To My Home Town" has expert mandolin playing which the audience gets behind and the whole thing reduces you to a toe-tapping hand-clapping fool. (I even find myself going 'yeah' now and then) "Your Home Town" is of very low quality. The band plays for a very uninspired 10 minutes. "Bullfrog Blues" ends the LP on a relative highpoint of success. The tough grittiness of the track hits on a gut level and moves well right to the end.

This really isn't that bad an album, however, considering what Gallagher has

achieved in the past this is not up to snuff. If you've not heard Rory Gallagher before, please don't start with this. Try Taste's second album "On the Boards" or Gallagher's second solo LP, "Ducee".

STEVEN MILES



FRANK ZAPPA WAKA/JAWAKA
BIZARRE REPRISE RECORDS MS2094

Anyone of the opinion that Frank Zappa's recent recording endeavors have contained too much comedy and not enough music should definitely make a special effort to listen to this, his latest album.

"Hot Rats" shows a more serious side to the erstwhile head mother who demonstrates not only excellence in composing, arranging, and conducting, but also a hard-to-conceal proficiency on the guitar.

From the first notes of side one the average Zappa freak is well aware that this is a different kind of album. "Big Swifty" the title of the jam that fills this entire side is the product of what happens when you collect high caliber musicians anywhere and give them freedom to play.

After a well engineered introduction, featuring Sal Marquez triple tonguing his multi-tracked trumpet through some interest-

ing time changes, the tune fades into space music which is structured by George Duke on electric piano and Aynsley Dunbar on drums (both previous Mothers) into the long but innovative instrumental jam.

Most of the soloing on this cut is done by Zappa and Marquez, both exhibiting extreme originality and spontaneity, with the rhythm section rounded out by Tony Duran on slide guitar and Erroneous on electric bass.

"Your Mouth" the opening cut of side two, is a pointed commentary on the lack of truth that is frequently expelled from such holes. Sung by Chris Peterson with the aid of Marquez the music style is vaguely reminiscent of that heard in certain "exotic" dance halls. Joel Peskin and Mike Altschul also join Marquez here to provide woodwind backing to his trumpet.

The pedal steel solo by "Sneaky Pete" Kleinow (formerly with the Burrito Bros.) saves "It Just Might be a One Shot Deal" which, although the idea expressed of enjoying things now is certainly worth consideration, becomes a little boring musically.

Both "Your Mouth" and "...One Shot Deal" are comparatively short in duration however and the title cut, which fills the remainder of side two, more than compensates for the duller moments of the aforementioned pair.

Opening with a forties big-band sounding horn section consisting of Marquez, who adds flugelhorn and chimes to his credits, and Altschul playing all the woodwind parts, as well as Bill Byers and Ken Shroyer both on trombone and baritone horn, "Waka-Jawaka" cooks right from the beginning.

Following yet another smooth trumpet break by Marquez, Don Preston (another former Mother) takes the front on the mini-moog performing some of the cleanest synthesizer licks I've heard to date.

Zappa leaves no question to his playing ability soloing in extraordinarily fine melodic form, and after Aynsley Dunbar proves himself to still be one of the best drummers around, the horns return for a finale that has to be heard to be appreciated.

Zappa's genius is hard to deny and this album substantiates that fact. The good vibes of these free feeling sounds are excellent therapy for those cold, low energy days that are nearly upon us.

This is another truly unique contribution from a truly unique man.

CAPTAIN MADLAP



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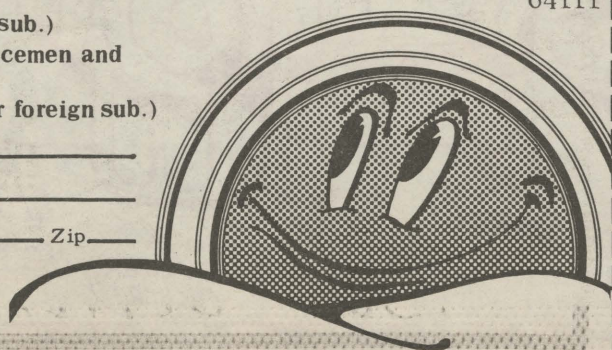
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SLADE ALIVE POLYDOR PD 5508

Budweiser should hire this band to tour the states in the name of beer. This is the greasiest thing I've had thrown on me in years. For those who don't know, Slade is England's biggest band this year, to which the question can be raised, what in God's name is happening in England nowadays? The only nice thing that can be said for Slade is that their music doesn't stand still; it sucks, but it has shitloads of energy. The band plays on with total disregard for notes, melodies or any other norm of musical niceties. At least two

minutes of each number is spent by Noddy Holder, Slade's lead vocalist and rhythm guitarist, telling the audience to stomp feet, clap hands and in general, create havoc. (And they do brothers and sisters, they do.) Vocally Slade sounded like a cross between the Monkees and an electric drill press. The collection of songs on "Slade Alive" includes the Steppenwolf favorite, "Born To Be Wild" which is extremely representative of Slade's work as a whole. It's a two minute song with a five minute ending, with screaming feed back, sour

squeaks and the sound a guitar makes when a fist is pounded into it. When I first heard it I laughed for hours. Slade has already shown their faces on this shore and with an audience that has accepted Blood-rock, the Osmonds, and Jethro Tull, I don't see how they can miss. They're so grotesque, they're lovable.

UNCLE BUBBLES



FAMILY BANDSTAND
UNITED ARTISTS UAS 5644

Family is one of England's oldest most beloved bands, but for some reason have never had a stadeside following. "Bandstand" may change all that. If it doesn't it will be our loss.

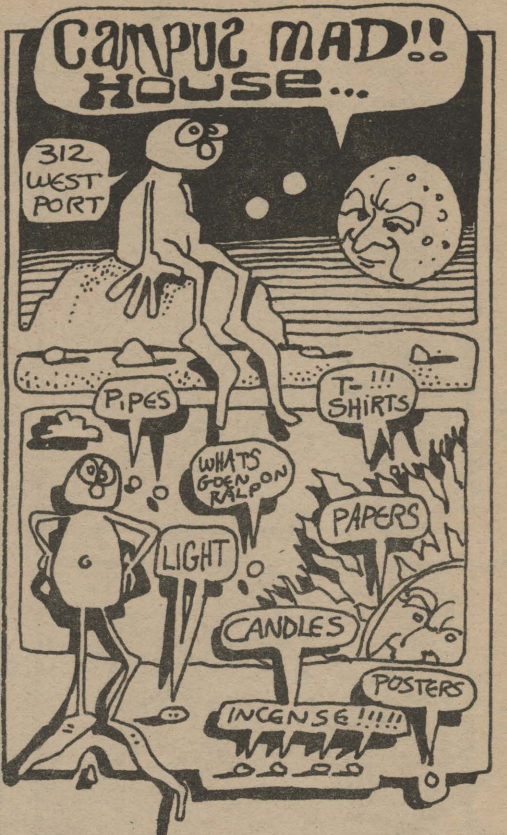
I haven't figured out a way to keep my feet on the floor during "Burlesque", the album opener. It's a funky kind of shuffle, with a bass line that grabs you immediately. Roger Chapman's vocal has a rough bouncy quality about it than is inescapable. This song, however, is not in the same vein as the rest of the album, which is more relaxed and has a more studio feel about it. (For more of this kind of music check out "Fearless" family's last album.) "Bolero

Baby" is so relaxed it's sleepy, both guitar and vocals are vague the drum and bass patterns have been mixed so far down that they become a unique textured form, which flows beautifully. "Coronation" proves that Family listened to a lot of Rascals records somewhere along the way. But that's all right for that kind of music has been absent from rock too long. "Dark Eyes", an acoustic guitar and piano number is smooth and rolls behind some tasteful vocal work that's impossible to make out unless you have the printed lyrics before you. "Broken Nose" with its nasty chantable lyrics and synthesizer licks comes on strong and carries through 'til it's nothing but "Broken Nose" chanted over with the synthesizer screaming in the background. Probably the grittiest track on the album.

Side two begins with "My Friend The Sun" which is at once as mellow as sunlight and as dynamic as dawn. Acoustic guitars double tracked and Chapman's sensitive vocal make "Sun" a simple melodic work of art. "Glove" opens with a creeping bass, tinkling piano and soft blusey vocal which develops into a high energy piece with excellent guitar and string accompaniment. None of these instruments clamor for attention, nor do they crowd each other which is a credit to Family's ability to put a lot of music into a number without damaging it. "Ready To Go" and "Top of the Hill" are the most carefully structured pieces on "Bandstand." They have to be. There is more music put into these tracks than can be caught in one listening. "Ready To Go" is a complex soulful tune which relies on rhythm and if for that alone, makes it. "Top of the Hill" walks a precarious balance between being overly orchestrated and a unique blend of electric band and strings.

"Bandstand" is top notch quality work and is sure to bring Family into the open arms of these states.

STEVEN MILES



K.C. Grits
HOT
FAST
AND
GREASY
ROCK'N
ROLL



WISHBONE ASH cont.

say we like to be like Fleetwood Mac, or Yes, or the Beatles, or whatever. This is just not true. I think if we admire anyone it would be like songwriters, because that's where it starts. I personally think John Lennon's really good. I love Neil Young's stuff, and that's more in a kind of song-writing thing.

STEVE But groups, you know, if you want to say who's a band all of us really admire and like, we would say the Who.

ANDY It would cover such a I mean, I could give you a list, I know, as long as my arm. White Trash is such an amazing band. I think the Who is an amazing band. I think Yes is very good. I could go on, but it's no one direct influence.

TRUCKER In America we notice, as you've said before that English bands tend to concentrate on the show...

ANDY Yeah.

TRUCKER ...more than, would you say that, that's a good thing?

ANDY Yeah I would, because I think when people come to a concert they like to experience an event. They like to be part of an event. They don't like to just pay, whatever it is, 4-6 dollars or whatever, at the door and just go and listen to music, unless the circumstances are right, like nice comfortable seating, which invariably there isn't. They like to go home and say "Wow, we really saw something which blew our minds", or they like to remember it, you know. And if we can make them do that, then that's half the battle.

TRUCKER I, you mentioned that an intuitive or spiritual quality is found in the band like, you can know what kind of a lick to play behind, say, during a melody.

ANDY You were talking about this in reference to Ted and myself, weren't you?

TRUCKER Yeah

ANDY When we first met each other, it was very much a kind of reciprocal thing. We, we both sparked each other off and it just grew and we built on it. It is almost a kind of mental thing, you know. I always know what to play to back up Ted, and he always knows what to do to kind of complement whatever I'm playing. And in that respect it really works well. You're running out.

TRUCKER Okay.

ANDY Is it working?

TRUCKER Yeah. If you were any kind of liquor bottle in the world, what kind would you be?

ANDY What kind of liquor bottle, um, I would say...What would you say?

STEVE He asked you...

ANDY Southern Comfort

TRUCKER Far out, that'll do us fine.

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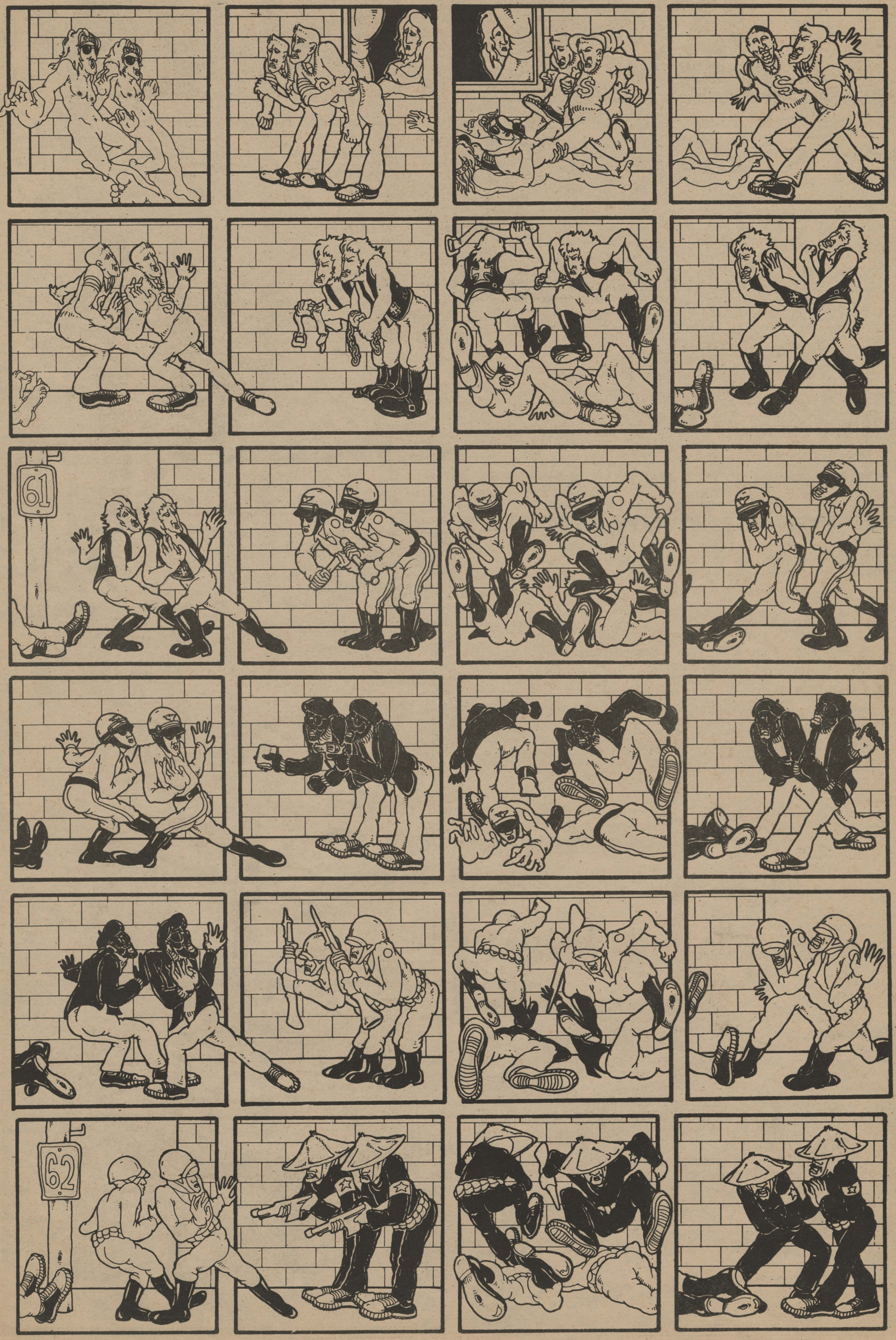
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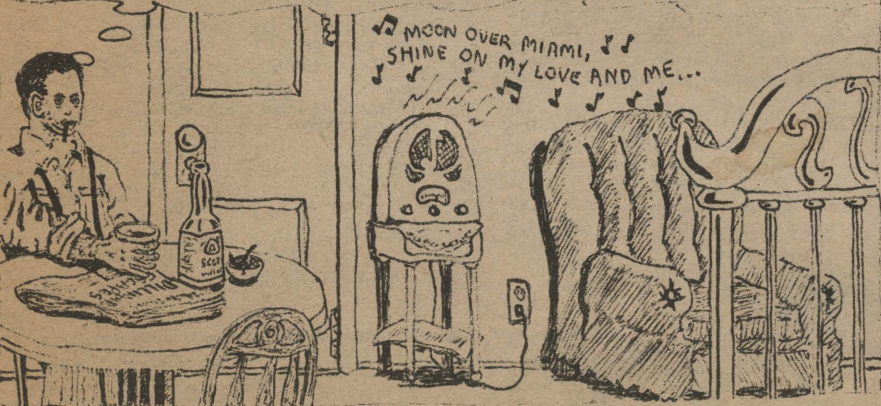


CHICAGO-

IF THESE COMICS LOOK SHITTY, IT'S BECAUSE I DO THEM WITH A BALL-POINT PEN.

JOHN DILLINGER SAT IN HIS HOTEL ROOM, THINKING...

WHAT TO DO... EVERY COPPER IN 3 STATES HOT ON MY ASS... THE G-MEN TOO, NOW THAT I CROSSED THE STATE LINE IN THAT SHERIFF'S CAR... ALL THE BOYS IN STIR... AND THAT BASTARD LANDLORD'S GETTIN' THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS A DAY OUTTA ME FOR THIS ROOM! CAN'T CROSS HIM, THOUGH, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS SHOW MY FACE AND...



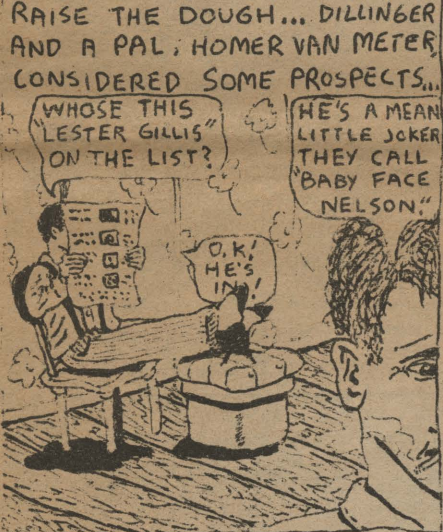
MY FACE!
THAT'S IT!



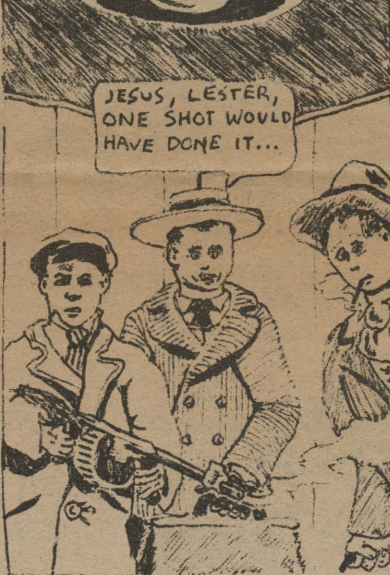
JOHNSON.. DR. D. THOMAS
JOHNSON.. 3816 WEST
WRIGHTWOOD.. GO AFTER 6.



A NEW GANG WAS NEEDED TO RAISE THE DOUGH... DILLINGER AND A PAL, HOMER VAN METER, CONSIDERED SOME PROSPECTS...



AND SO...



ENTER ONE OF MANY YOUNG LADIES... MISS EVELYN FRECHETTE



HI BOYS!
I'M BACK!

'BOUT TIME!

I GOT THE MOST ADORABLE BIG BLOKE* TODAY!

IZZAT SO?



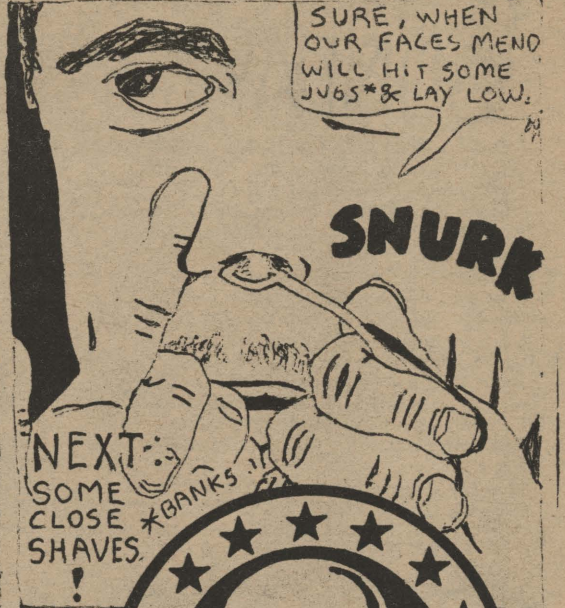
* COCAINE

BETTER (SNORK) GET A GOOD LOOK AT OUR SNURK KISSERS, TOOTS! SNURK SNURK

YEAH (SNOOOF) TOMORROW THEY GET REARRANGED! SNARE SNURK



SURE, WHEN OUR FACES MEND WILL HIT SOME JUBS* & LAY LOW!



PROFESSOR
Azi Gator
SAYS:

RATS LIVE ON NO EVIL STAR

YOU KNOW WHAT? LIKE, MAN, AN ANAGRAM IS A PHRASE THAT READS THE SAME FORWARDS AND BACKWARDS. A PERSONAL FAVORITE OF MINE IS THE MOTTO OF THE PIED PIPERS OF SPACE, NAMELY:



CALENDAR

Listings from Lawrence, Kansas are marked with an *

FRIDAY

NOVEMBER 10

- SOUNDS** Houston Stack House concert and "Calamity Bill Strikes it Rich" 8 pm, Foolkiller, 809 E. 31st, \$2.00
 -Sun, Nexus Coffee House, 8 pm, 8401 Wornall, 75¢
 -Wayne Cochran, Landmark, Union Station, Call for information
 -Stoneface, 5 to 7 (no cover) and 9 to 12:30 (50¢ cover), Ebenezer's, 309 Delaware.
 -College Recital, 12 noon, Stover Auditorium, 4420 Warwick, Free
 -Linda Sisney, voice; Jennifer Lyne, viola; Jr.-Sr. recital, 8:15, Stover Auditorium, 4420 Warwick, Free
FLICKS "Grandma Moses" and "The Wyeth Phonemenon", 10:30 am, Plaza Library.
 -"The Lonliness of the Long Distance Runner", 8:30 pm, Action Art Center, 111 West 5th, Free
 -*Popular Films Series, "The Conformist", 7 and 9:30 pm, Woodruff, 60¢
 -"The Wild Child" now through the 11th Vanguard Cinema II, Call for information.
 -"On Any Sunday" now through Nov. 14 Vanguard Cinema I, Call
 -"The Gold Diggers of 1933" through Nov. 16, Bijou, Call
EXHIBIT "Ceramic Arts of Japan: One Hundred Masterpieces from Japanese Collections" now through Dec. 17, Nelson Gallery.

SATURDAY

NOVEMBER 11

- SOUNDS** "Great White Couch" folk opry and featured performer, Peter Fisher, 8, Foolkiller, \$1.50
 -Sun, Nexus Coffee House, 8 pm, 8401 Wornall, 75¢
 -Wayne Cochran (see Nov. 10th)
 -Classmen, Ebenezer's, 309 Delaware, 50¢ cover
FLICKS "The Conformist" (see Nov. 10)
EXHIBIT Computer and Electronic Images, EG Gallery, 9 E. 51st, This will run through most of Nov.
DEMONSTRATION Fibre Environment Explanation, Action Art Center, 111 W. 5th.
PLANETARIUM "Thirty Days Hath September—the Calendar Story", 1:30, 2:30 & 3:30, KC Museum, 3218 Gladstone 50¢
STORY HOUR "Book Week Extravaganza" 2 pm, Plaza Library, Children's Room.
 -2 pm, Children's Library of the Nelson Art Gallery

SUNDAY

NOVEMBER 12

- SOUNDS** Grateful Dead, 8 pm, Memorial Hall, 7th & Barnett, KC, Kans.
 -New Jazz, Advertisement for a Dream Ensemble, 8 pm, Maiden America, 18 E. 39th, \$1.00
 -Jazz Band, John Leisenring, leader, 8:15 pm, Pierson Hall, UMKC, free
 -Cruise, Blesse & Hensley, 8 pm, Nexus Coffee House, 8401 Wornall, 50¢
FLICKS International Films Series, "I Even Met Happy Gypsies" (Yugoslavian dialogue with English subtitles) and "Peach Thief" (Bulgarian dialogue with English subtitles), 7:30 pm, Woodruff, Free.
 -Sunday double feature matinee, "The Wild Child" & "Blow Up", Vanguard Cinema II, Call for information.

NATURES HEALING
 HERBS
 Roots, Barks,
 Leaves and Flowers
 for the body and for the mind
 HOUSE
 of
 HEZEKIAH
 504 Walnut
 in River Quay

- "Blow Up" now through Nov. 16. Vanguard Cinema II, 4307 Main, call
FOLK DANCING, 7 pm, All Souls Unitarian Church, 4500 Warwick.
LECTURE Forum Lecture "Schools & Teachers: Prisoners of Society", Russell C. Doll, 10 am, All Souls Unitarian Church, 4500 Warwick.
 -"Ceramic Arts of Japan", Laurence Sickman. Also two films, "Village Pottery on Onda" & "The Living Art of Japan", 3 pm, Nelson Art Gallery.
PLANETARIUM (see Nov. 11).
RADIO Womens Liberation radio program, 6 pm, KBEY.
MEETING Business Meeting, Womens Liberation, 7:30, 3800 McGee.
CHESS CLUB *2 pm, Room 305, Kansas Union

MONDAY

NOVEMBER 13

- SOUNDS** Grateful Dead, 8 pm, Memorial Hall, 7th & Barnett, KC, Kans.
 -*University Woodwind Quartet, 8 pm, Swarthout Recital Hall, Free.
 -*KC Grits, 9 to 12, The Red Baron, 804 W. 24, \$1.00
 -Grover Washington, Landmark, Union Station, call for information.
 -College Recital, 12 noon, Stover Auditorium 4420 Warwick, Free.
FLICKS *Special Films Series, "Joanna", 7:30 & 9:30 pm, Woodruff, 75¢.
LECTURES "The Authentic Person" by Arnold E. Moskowitz, Ph.D., 8 pm, Jewish Community Center, 8201 Holmes \$1.50.
 -Introductory Lectures by Students International Meditation Society: 12 noon Downtown Library, 3rd floor conference room; 8 pm, Shawnee Mission Unitarian Church, 7725 W. 87th St; & 8 pm at Menorah Hospital.
CHESS CLUB *7 pm, Rm, 305, Kansas Union.

TUESDAY

NOVEMBER 14

- SOUNDS** College Recital, 12 noon, Stover Auditorium 4420 Warwick, Free
 -Larry Van Loon, 8 pm, Nexus Coffee House, 8401 Wornall, 50¢.
 -*KC Grits, (see Nov. 13), women free, men \$1.00
 -Grover Washington, (see Nov. 13)
FLICKS "Boonsville", "Cry of the Marsh" & "Grand Canyon", 11:45 am, 12:45 pm, Main Library, 1211 McGee free
 -*Film Society, "Magnificent Ambersons" 7:30 & 9:30 pm, Woodruff, 75¢
EXHIBIT Jim Sajovic, painting & sculpture, now through Dec. 2, Action Art Center, 111 W. 5th.
LECTURES *Representative Shirley Chisholm, 8 pm, Hoch Auditorium, Free.
 -Transcendental Meditation "The Structure of Consciousness" by Bill Witherspoon, 8 pm, Jewish Community Center 8201 Holmes \$1.50.
 -Introductory Lecture by Students International Meditation Society, Maple Woods Community College, 1:10 pm in Rm, H2 and 7 pm in Rm. G1.

WEDNESDAY

NOVEMBER 15

- SOUNDS** John Wood, Nexus Coffee House 8 pm, 8401 Wornall, 50¢.
 -*KC Grits, (see Nov. 14)
 -Grover Washington (see Nov. 13)

White Rabbit
 POSTERS
 CANDLES
 PIPES
 INCENSE
 804 SANTA FE
 OVERLAND PARK
 KANSAS

- FLICKS** "Poland" & "The Kremlin", 7:30 Plaza Library.
 -Universal Pictures Kinetic Art Series II, Program I, "Music with Balls", "The Room", "The Wall", "S.W.B.", "Egypte, O Egypte", "Ego", "La Divina" and "The Joint", 7:40 pm, Epper-son Auditorium Art Institute, Free.
 -*Classical Films Series, "Shock Troops" 7:30 and 9:15 pm, Woodruff, 75¢
 -"Duck Soup" now through Nov. 21, Vanguard Cinema II 4307 Main. Call for information.
LECTURES "Cancer, New Diagnostic Methods & Treatment" by Norman B. Ackerman, MD and Haywood R. Jackson, MD 8 pm, Jewish Community Center, 8201 Holmes Rd., \$1.00
 -Introductory Lecture by Students International Meditation Society, 12 noon, Johnson County Community College. Also an Introductory Lecture at 8 pm, 5300 Oak.
DISCUSSION Orientation to Women's Liberation, 7:30, 3800 McGee.
MEETING Human Relations Corp. Board Meeting, 7:30 pm, City Hall Council Chambers, open to the public.
SUA TRAVEL FAIR *Main floor, Kansas Union.

DRUGS

CUT RATE DRUGS

THURSDAY

NOVEMBER 16

- SOUNDS** Mike Johnston, 8 pm, Nexus Coffee House, 8401 Wornall, 50¢
 -Center Division Recital, Grade School 7:15 pm, Stover Auditorium, 4420 Warwick, Free.
 -*Stonewall, 9 to 12, The Red Baron, 804 W. 24, women \$1, Men \$2.50, free beer.
 -Grover Washington (see Nov. 13)
FLICKS Twelfth Annual KC Film Festival Afternoon Program: "Leaving Home Blues", "The Feast", "Fly Geese Fly", "Home", "But What if the Dream Comes True", "Variations on a Cellophane Wrapper", "Trouble with Ice", "Atonement", 1 pm to 5 pm. Evening

Program: "Sort of a Commercial for an I cebac" and "The Chicago Seven Conspiracy Trial", 7 to 10 pm, Main Library's auditorium, 1211 McGee.
THEATRE "The Mousetrap", 7:30, Student Union, Penn Valley Community College, \$1.00 students, \$1.50 public.
LECTURE "Our Threatened Environment" by Jerry Goede, 7:30 pm, KC Museum, 3218 Gladstone, Free.
SUA TRAVEL FAIR (*see Nov. 15)

FRIDAY

NOVEMBER 17

- SOUNDS** "Great White Couch" & "Calamity Bill Strikes it Rich", folk opry, 8 pm Foolkiller, 809 E. 31st, \$1.50.
 -Classmen, 5 to 7 (no cover) and 9 to 12:30 (50¢ cover), Ebenezer's, 309 Delaware.
 -Nancy Vang, mezzo soprano, faculty recital, 8:15 pm, Stover Auditorium, 4420 Warwick, Free.
 -Courtney Atherton, 8 pm, Nexus Coffee House, 8401 Wornall, 75¢.
 -*Stonewall, (see Nov. 16), \$1.50.
 -Grover Washington (see Nov. 13)
FLICKS 12th Annual KC Film Festival Afternoon Program: "Cycles", "The Not So Solid Earth", "Standing Waves and the Principle of Superposition", "Wolves and the Wolf Men", "Sculpture The Forms of Life", "Learning", "They've Killed Pres. Lincoln!" & "The Scandinavian Experience", 1 to 5 pm, Evening Program: "Ciao Federico", "Gertrude Stein: When This You See, Remember Me" and "The Ultimate Trip" 7 to 10 pm, Main Library's Auditorium, 1212 McGee.
 -"Alexander Nevsky" 8:30 pm, Action Art Center, 111 W. 5th, Free.
 -"Four Seasons", "The Governors Mansion" 10:30, Plaza Library.
 -*Popular Films Series, "Little Fauss & Big Hasley", 7 & 9: 30 pm, Woodruff 60¢.
 -"All Quiet on the Western Front" now through Nov. 23, Bijou, 425 Westport, Call for information.
 -Fellini Satiricon" now through Nov. 21, Vanguard Cinema I I, 4307 Main, Call for information.

THEATRE "The Mousetrap" (see Nov.16)
FOLK DANCING * 8 pm, 173 Robinson.
SALE Lakeside Print Sale, 10 to 5 Vanderslice Room, KC Art Institute and from 7 to 10 at the Action Art Center 111 W 5th
SUA TRAVEL FAIR *(see Nov 15)

SATURDAY

NOVEMBER 18

- SOUNDS** Grand Funk Railroad, 8 pm, Municipal Auditorium, \$5.50 & \$6.50
 -"Great White Couch" folk opry and featured performers Bob Ness & Dave Krossell, 8 pm, Foolkiller, 809 E. 31st, \$1.50
 -Klausner-Cook violin/piano duo, Chamber Music Series, 8: 15 pm, All Souls Unitarian Church, 4500 Warwick, call for ticket information.

TEMPLE SLUG

We Build A Better Waterbed

Mattresses Liners Pads Frames

TAPESTRIES
 RUGS BEADSPREADS
 INDIAN PRINTS

43rd JEFFERSON



reiko photographer to the stars

gnahahaha

POEMS BY HEATHER WILDE

MAD BESSIE

ONE DAY

i threw a chair
 into the swimming pool
 because i didn't know what it would do
 it did nothing.
 so i dove into the water
 to rescue the chair
 but the chair
 crept deeper and deeper into the deep end
 where the DRAIN was!
 I have always known about drains
 particularly drains in swimming pools.
 the drain went gnahaha
 and the chair stayed where it
 was laughed with the drain
 and i quickly got out of the water
 i wondered if the chair knew why
 the drain was laughing and i wondered if the chair
 was scared
 and if it was
 (and the drain gurgled)
 I decided I would have to somehow
 rescue the helpless chair
 so i ran to the first waterfountain i could find
 and there was a thirsty man there
 and when he was finished being thirsty
 he came with me to get the chair
 but it wasn't there.

FRANCIS POTTS

up and down the hall gleering
 behind dark sunglasses
 all winter untouched by sun
 up and down the hall she goes
 I'M COMING!
 WATCH OUT FOR ME! BEWARE!
 vicious sign in front of her door; she ate alone.
 I'LL MAKE I T DAMMI T!
 'SCUSE ME, I 'M A LADY.
 skinny legs poled into anklets the nurses
 didn't bother to wash.
 her hair grey but veinless her face
 angry angry but a little girl of
 seventy-two
 TRUST, she said one day.

mad bessie
 swallowed beads
 then spit them at the nurses
 going by with trays
 bring me lemonade
 she said
 and pointed her
 shotgun finger
 bang to her head
 at night she was tamer
 and drew pictures
 of flies
 and was a fly
 and flew
 falling fell
 to the floor
 of the silent room.
 compose yourself
 compose
 i know where elephants go
 when they die
 they come here and
 sleep in my bed
 spat bessie
 through the beads
 for never
 did mad bessie sleep.

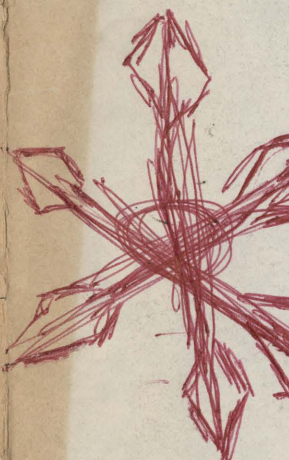
ASK BLINDNESS

Never so tired of a dot.
 the wind calls.
 thunder crumbles
 dark chimneys are crust
 and yawning leaves curl.
 the dot cleans its fork
 ice is healed, the cold is only in stones.
 water is not bad,
 stones are blessed.
 Virginheart eat chicken livers raw
 there's a storm in the center of my eye.
 gates open to hiccups
 and children rise with the ghosts.
 dots are the dead mosquitoes
 and the mouths of my children.

THE MAN ON THE GREYHOUND BUS

TELLS TOMMY SCOTT

HIS STORY



Mother lost her right
arm in the wreck
that killed her so this
undertaker pins her
sleeve on her heart
with a flower

Well I crack up
laughing when I see that
fall on my knees honest
breaking lilies I guess or
wreathes it's so
funny so
god damn funny you know

Shit this pissant in a
cheap suit leads me
out with these little
fingers feel like birdshit dropping
all over my coat
You know I could have broke
him like a chicken bone if
I wanted

but no I just went
because I couldn't stop giggling
and
because really I had this walloping rotten headache.

by larry alton

KEEPING AWAKE

On the drive to Sonoma
wide-eyed over the wheel
he tells them that the highway
patrol sometimes stops drivers
careening down the wrong
side of a freeway. The cops
drag these guys out of their cars,
tongue-tied and limp, suicide
notes sticking up from their
pockets like price tags.

He is full grown.
He carries a hammer
under the carseat.

THE TINY WOMAN

by cherie blankenship

The wall is empty now, blank and empty. An open field lies before the wall and white corn waves like wheat in one corner. It is large, almost three acres. Part of it is cultivated, part is shrubs, trees, vines, part is grass, part water, part trickles, streams, ponds, part negro.

When it is late and winter, the only time it ever is in winter, the snow leaks down from where it began and falls soft, cold and drizzly on the field and you sitting. You may be standing, gazing across the field. It is a pond you're looking at. I'm looking at you. You have loud large feet.

It doesn't matter whether you ever see the pond or not. There were two of them anyway. One was large, murky, hot; the other was quiet, shaded, green-slimy. You weren't really standing there after all, it was Ricky. He was a punk. You were standing at the other pond, the green one.

After you left the brown pond, you might have walked to your house, slammed the door, walked across, quickly striding towards your room, a certain grey rug, or brown and grey, possibly a dirty olive green. You went to your back room, put a record on. It was Begin the Beguine, instrumental only, an orchestra. Then you heard High Noon on the radio, or was that me?

It was me, and I was eight years old today. It was a bright fall day. I was inside. Too much. I read. The other kids played more than me. I was sickly and read. I leaned my head against the fake mantelpiece over the fake fireplace and cried, weeping for the loss of what I considered my innocent and lost childhood. The most beautiful days of my life are gone now, I thought. I am not seven. I am eight, like the rest. I am in second grade. In my school, the kindergarteners, I would stare at that word a lot, and the first graders went in one door; the second graders, third, fourth, fifth and sixth went in another door facing another street.

It was Sunday that day, and I felt myself to be forever in second grade, the doors were closed and Coc and Pat still went there. They were my best friends then. Pat was, I was in love with Pat, I think. If Pat could be brought here now, he might say that we were in love, or he and Coc were in love. I believe the three of us were in love with each other. Sometimes Coco would play the man, and I would be the woman. One time there was a small baby that she found that was hungry. She brought it to me to nurse with my huge woman's tits. She pretended to be my lover.

If I were back at the pond right now, I would ask Ricky a thousand questions, or you would. I would keep quiet, and savor the sweet hot air of early morning. I wouldn't break my zipper in an adolescent passion in the back seat on the dusty country road. I would undress this time, in a bright spot in the field, you with snow on your hair and little cold drops on your coat.

It's not as if I wouldn't go back. I would go back gladly and watch the grasshoppers leap out of my way, the air buzzing with insects, hot flushed breathing skin baking on the walk through those weeds. I would be carrying the jug, this time not RC or Dr. Pepper. It would be ice cold water. You would be carrying the snowballs.

We would sit by the brown pond and then leave. I would wait near the green pond for the dry dusty books of my Sunday afternoons to come floating back to me and I would dream of success or immortality or my past.

You took me to the pond one day. It was a large blue pond with an island in the middle. The water rubbed on us, stimulating us with the sun and our own new bodies. We sat in shallow water or swam to the island. At least we kissed and held each other's wet bodies when we could. Your bare skin to me then was more natural to feel. To hold you is gone, now, your skin bakes in the white-hot light of the grasshopper's day.

You are a grasshopper, finally. Is it me, too, begging the ants later, in their warm undergrounds, with the smell of turkey and dressing wafting out of the ant-kitchen? If it's winter and all you've got is a shawl of dreams, the ants are required by law to help you out. They pay their own taxes, working in little lines, walking single-file. I walk beside you to the pond, you trudge in your boots, we both step carefully over tender spots, mud, it is late winter or early spring, and we haven't seen a sign of an animal. This is the pond where all the small animals are killed. We hear occasional gunfire in the distance.

There is a war between the rabbits and the men. The men shoot the rabbits, the rabbits haunt the men's dreams and gardens. They wait in each other's backyards, nibbling on leaves or loading their rifles.

I wait back at the pond for Coc and Pat to show up. When they do, we walk the secret back alley path, down rows of trees, behind a church where tall sunflowers grow, a quiet cool walk only big enough for a tiny person to go. I imagined then that I was tiny. And that I had a tiny woman in my hands, small enough to hold in my hand tightly or let her stand on my hand in her bare feet. I undressed her, or made her undress. I threatened her with dildoes. She was too small to protest. I did what I liked with her, kept her in a jar.

I sat behind the church on the path drawing in the dust. There were big cracks in the ground. No rain for so long I could hardly remember what it was. The devil waited down in the cracks, tortured by Christians, hated by mothers and the church. He never bothered me. He was down there and I was on the warm brown dirt in the fresh air, clouds floating by or sitting fluffy in the distance, not the kind of day you would fly a kite.

It was the same path we took to school. Our books would be waiting in our desks when we got there. We would open them every day to read. But I wasn't there that day, or very many days. I was at home sick or in the hospital. I was probably reading. There were no ponds then. No water. Some days a truck with a loudspeaker would drive up and down all the streets telling people to turn their water off. People always talking about the water shortage.

The ponds weren't in hot Kansas. They were in Missouri, for the most part. The green one was in Kansas, and the books were there. But my ponds are my adulthood and could never be in Kansas.

Your own pond may have been more of a lake than you remember. Frequently one forgets how large these drops of water were. The lake with the sandy beach, the still water, deep enough to really drown. The lake, its rocky cliffs and tossing water, floating your motorboat, pulling your skis to a cool splash down, the hot sun steaming your shoulders. Or you sat on the high, high cliffs and watched the waves break against the rocks, the spray so beautiful you wonder how anyone could ever say it, how fantastic it was: little drops of water quivering on your coat and hair, your own face flushed with mist and fog.

Pinball Magazine is the Westport Trucker's second section of small amusements. Heather Wilde lives in Kansas City. Larry Alton edits the Harrison Street Review. Cherie Blankenship edits Pinball.

Get it on for Mother Earth



.. it takes the help of every one of us to "get it on for Mother Earth"! Do your thing for the environment and keep listening to KBEY, 104.3, for details on where you can obtain a FREE KBEY Ecology poster and a KBEY Ecology car sticker!