

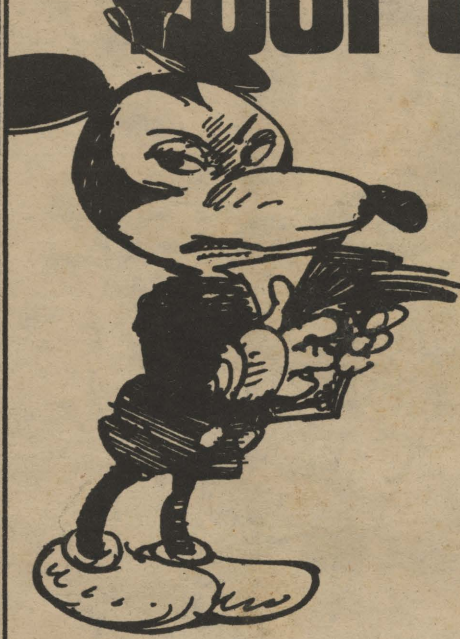
WESTPORT TRUCKER

25¢



Westport Bank Tells Vietnam Vets Where to go

We Don't Want "Your Goddamned Business!"



DAVE BEDNARK

On Tuesday morning, December 19th, Tom Hall, coordinator of the Kansas City chapter of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War, (VVAW) and I set out to conduct a little business within the banking establishment of Westport. Before the experience was over we were hassled, threatened, insulted, and refused service.

It began about 9:30 am, when we drove over to the Westport Bank on Broadway and Westport Road to open a new checking account. VVAW had had a checking account at another bank for a long time, but decided to transfer the account closer to our office on 39th and Broadway for more convenience. When it was hinted by John Mingee, the new account clerk, that our organization would not be welcome at Westport Bank, we walked out to take our business elsewhere. We were pretty amazed, to say the least, that a man in business

would treat a potential customer so rudely.

We drove up Broadway to the Westport Motor Bank. Things seemed to go differently here. All the paperwork was processed without a hitch, but when the clerk used the phone to get an account number he was told that the account had been turned down. We inquired why a bank which handles the community's money would turn down a new account. The clerk would give no reason for the rejection except to say that we could see Mr. Wheaton at the Westport Bank if we were not satisfied. We realized this bank was owned and operated by the Westport Bank, and the same people had turned us down again.

The teapot was on the boil now. We returned to the Westport Bank to look up Mr. Wheaton at 10:35 am. Tom and I insisted on finding out why the account was turned down. Mr. Wheaton would give us no reason. After hassling with him for awhile, another clerk, W.E. Sevens,

told us, "Go to hell. I am sick and tired of you. We don't believe in what you're doing. We don't want your goddamned business. It's as simple as that. Now get out."

We were pretty patient in accepting this abuse, but we were also firm and decided to stay until we got an answer or 11 o'clock, whichever came first. Things were threatening to erupt into violence, Tom Hall, surrounded by bank officials like a game bird in a blind of shotgun-toting hunters, but the worried bankers took their seats again and decided it was best to call the police. Tension was in the air when Tom Hall said emphatically, "I've been to Viet Nam and fought for this country only to come home to this."

Officer George Stone, Badge #1006 arrived and told us there was nothing we could do but leave. He said, "You can take it to court, but the judge will tell you the same thing." In effect he was saying the banks could discriminate against people and there is nothing the victims can do about it. A bank is a private business and can do what they please.

On Friday afternoon, December 22nd, VVAW set up a picket line and began an educational leafletting campaign at Westport Bank. Also, people were encouraged to withdraw their accounts from the Bank. Thus far, approximately fifteen accounts have been closed.

We prepared ourselves to continue our picket line for as long as it took the bank to accept our account, but on Tuesday we found that this was unnecessary. Westport Bank had capitulated and were now ready to accept our business. Wondering why the bank had suddenly changed its mind, we contacted our lawyer of the American Civil Liberties Union. We learned that under the Fair/Truth in Lending Act of April, 1971, and Federal/State Anti-Discriminatory Legislation, the act of refusing an account was, in fact, against the law. It took the threat of court action in which the laws were on our side to change the policy of Westport Bank.

However, we do not believe that the thinking of these bankers has changed. They capitulated only under legal pressure, but we feel that their discriminatory attitudes still exist. Therefore, we will not, at this time, open an account with the Westport Bank. We have not yet received a sufficient explanation for why our account was refused, and until we do, or until we receive an apology, VVAW cannot do business with these bankers.

Discrimination is an attitude, as well as a legal wrong. Westport Bank has realized their legal mistake, and only when they also realize that their thinking must undergo a change will we then be able to support this bank with an account.

We urge people to call the bank and let them know how you feel about this discrimination. If you bank there I would suggest you take your business elsewhere. For more info contact the VVAW office.

Rent Strike at 43rd & Warwick

MIKE TAYLOR

A landlord supposedly lives by the rent he collects, when he doesn't collect rent he doesn't make any money. That's why rent strikes bring results from tenants demands or so it seems. It isn't the case for Kasil Jaben, the slumlord of the apartments at the northwest corner of 43rd and Warwick. He has tenants in his apartments who haven't paid more than one months rent in the last three or four months.

A note on the door of one of his apartments reads: "Dear proprietor, We are giving the rent about as much immediate attention as you have given our wants (needs) i.e....new stove, leak in the diningroom ceiling, broken windows, 'clean place'...to name a few. No rents will be paid till these needs are satisfactorily granted. We aren't kidding. Nothing short of eviction will satisfy us. We've been good slummys. No shit."

That's why Jaben is in no hurry to collect rent from his tenants. He would have to spend the money he collected to

fix the place up. Rick Dyer, a tenant on the top floor, explained that the place had been condemned by the health department at least once, two years ago. He said that some new stairs were put up overnight on the back porch and the place was considered livable again. Livable, it isn't.

Rick's apartment doesn't have any heat to speak of. The radiators don't work. He said that the hot water in the place is heated by running it through the radiators, which means that if the radiators don't work there probably won't be much hot water. In addition to the lack of heat from the radiators, the apartment isn't sealed from the wind. With the building shift, there's half an inch between the window pane and the frame. The north wind howls through the apartment to keep reminding him that it's winter.

Rick said that the tenants spent one night without electricity. He said that the wires in the basement would catch fire if a bobby pin was thrown toward the ceiling. In the back of the building, the power lines are almost high enough off the ground so people won't run into them. They're exposed and with the help of a falling branch could make the apartment building look like Antonio's (which burnt down last week) which is just down the street.

Jaben doesn't need to fix the place up to get his rent, which is an unbelievable \$105 a month. In order for a person to move in there is a \$175 deposit. Rick said this is to make sure the rent is paid and that the apartment is cleaned up by the tenants when they move out. The Jale Corp., which is Jaben's business, can just sit on the deposit and hope the tenants get fed up and leave before they cause too much to be spent on repairs.

There's no rush to rent the apartments, anymore than the rush to make them liveable, Rick said. He pointed out the empty apartments in the 24 unit

building and as many were empty as were rented. The empty ones are as beneficial to Jaben as the ones which are occupied. They don't cost him anything and the tenants don't bitch about all the needed repairs. Broken windows

Continued on page 9

Wheelchair Basketball Benefit

On January 13th and 14th area sports fans will be treated to one of sport's fastest moving, most exciting games...WHEELCHAIR BASKETBALL! as the St. Louis Rolling Rams meet head-on with our own Kansas City Rollin' Pioneers.

Both games of Mid-western League play, sanctioned by the Paralyzed Veterans' of America, will take place in the Research Hospital and Medical Center School of Nursing dormitory gymnasium, Meyer at Prospect, K.C., Mo. The school's senior nursing students are sponsoring the games.

The contests promise to be thrillers with hub to hub action between two fine teams, each featuring an awesome offensive attack. Kansas City's Rollin' Pioneers are known for their deliberate manner, masterful maneuvers, and intricate plays. The Rams, on the other hand, compete at a relentless rate of speed and have the league's best distance shooters. They also possess one of wheelchair basketball's most devastating fast breaks.

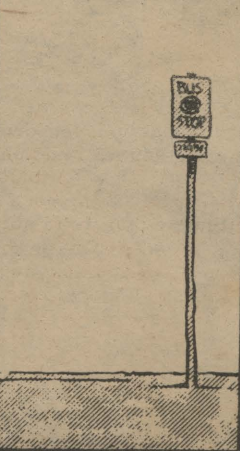
Tip off will be at 7:00 pm for the Saturday, the 13th game, and at 1:00 pm on Sunday the 14th. Tickets will be available at the gym door for 50¢ (cheap) and refreshments will be served. All proceeds will go to the P.V.A. teams to help pay their traveling expenses.

Communiversy Schedule

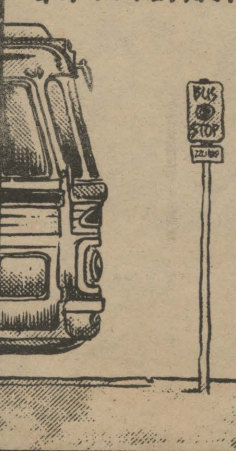
Communiversy is looking for folks again. (Yes indeedy do, it's that time of the year again, folks.) People who are interested in sharing their innate or innane abilities are urged to volunteer as Communiversy conveners before the January 19th deadline on course proposals. You can start looking for their course catalogue on February 2nd. Registration for the free university will run February 14th through the 17th in the University of Missouri-Kansas City Center at 5100 Rockhill Road. Or, you can register by phone on those same dates by dialing _____ or _____ on the old black box. Classes will begin the week of February 19th through the 25th.

GI TV FUNNIES
PART 1

THIS IS THE STORY
OF VINCE SHAZAM



WHO WENT TO
FIGHT IN VIETNAM



HE'S COME HOME
TO OLD MONTAN'



TO TAKE UP THE
LIFE THAT HE BEGAN



-SERGEANT, YOU TOUCH THAT STASH
I'LL FRAG YOU CLEAR TO HELL!
- TAKE IT EASY, VINCE... DON'T
FERGIT WHAT HAPPENED TO YER
PAL ARLINGTON -



© GI/TV-72



On December 30th an administration spokesman stated that the ultimate goal of the most recent bombing had been "the total destruction of the industrial capacity of North Vietnam."

Ponder, please, what would "the industrial capacity of North Vietnam" be? Why that would be it's industry wouldn't it? And what would you bomb if you wanted to destroy a nation's "industrial capacity"? I guess you'd bomb it's industry, wouldn't you? Like it's factories?

Consider please, factories. Who runs them? Why workers, right? Like you, your father, mother, sister, brother, friend. Just regular old folk, usually called "civilians". And when do they run the factories? Well, that's easy, around the clock. Even in the United States the factories operate 24 hours a day. In North Vietnam they'd be even more sure to work round the clock, they're besieged in a war. So, when and how could you bomb a factory, destroy a nation's "industrial capacity" without bombing the civilian population?

Also ponder, if you will, the fact that a B-52 bomber does not drop the fantastically expensive "smart" bombs which pinpoint a target. The B-52's open their bellies and let fly with 30 tons of conventional bombs from several miles up just like in the old World War-II movies. And what happens to those bombs from ONE B-52? They fall straight down (well, maybe not exactly straight down...the high altitude winds do toss them around a bit) and generally level an area 1/2 mile wide by 3 miles deep.

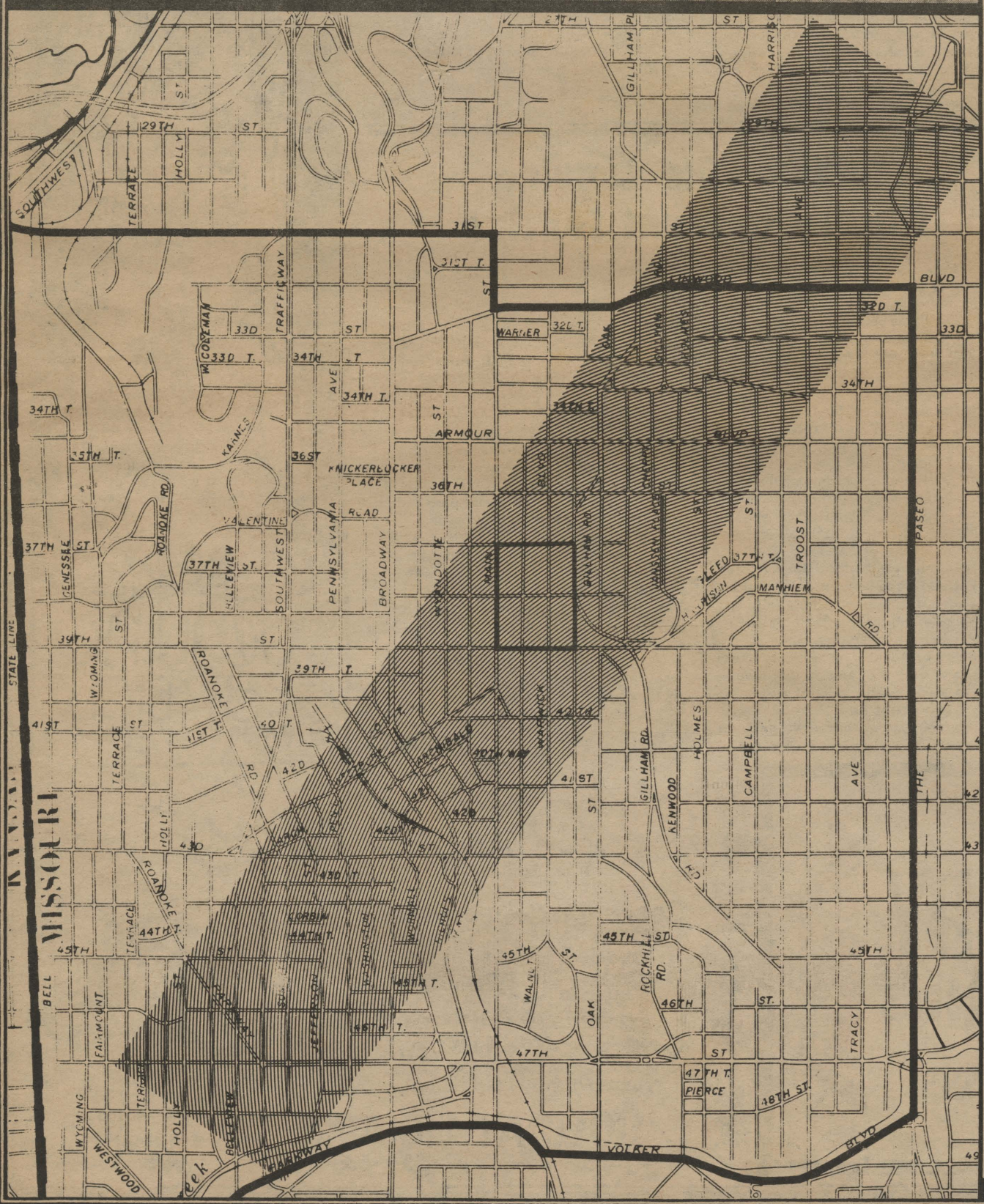
Remembering, please, that Hanoi and Haiphong don't have much in the way of cars busses, etc. the Vietnamese walk to work and must live at least relatively close to their jobs.

Now, the administration admits to having made over 2,000 air strikes in the Hanoi/Haiphong area and in the Dec. 27th St. Louis Post Distatch the US Command is reported to have said that B-52s raided "14 times within 10 miles of Hanoi" and that some of these raids were "within a mile of the city's center."

The map at left is of Westport. Suppose there was a "military-industrial complex" in the area bounded by McGee to Main, 37th to 39th. The shaded part of the map is 1/2 mile wide by 3 miles deep. It is the area that a single B-52 would devastate in the seconds of its "raid." Yup, in a raid on 39th & Main if you had the misfortune of being anywhere between, say 29th & Paseo and 47th & Jefferson they'd probably never identify your body...assuming you still had one.

But be assured the Pentagon, the Nixon administration, and all the good people keep right on telling us that we're not bombing the civilian population, excepting a few "isolated accidents" of course. We're just bombing the shit out of "military targets" and North Vietnam's "industries", which just happen to be filled with people called, in some circles, by the name "civilians."

DENNIS GIANGRECO/JOHN LaROE



Hotcie Totcie Here Comes ROTC



JOHN LaROE

ROTC might be coming to the University of Missouri at Kansas City. The chancellor of the Kansas City campus, James C. Olson, has called for the formation of a committee (3 each of faculty, students, and administration) to advise him as to the desirability of the program. Professor Elmer L. Horsemann of the Law School is the committee chairman, and invited interested persons to a discussion of the question Friday, December 7th.

In that meeting about 30 persons raised their objections to the military program coming to this campus, among them was Dr. Oscar Eggers of the sociology department.

EGGERS: "We should take a look seriously at the question of whether we would choose to have a program designed by the government, administered by the government, and directed by the govern-

ment; with the university having no control or influence in the program. It is beneath the dignity of an educational institution to adopt a program of that sort."

Other persons were somewhat ambivalent, not caring much for the military but suggesting that it might not be so bad to have university trained (as opposed to militarily trained) officers leading our imperialists ventures into other nations' business. I agree, I wouldn't want some dumb-ass from a military academy shooting me in the back. It feels so much better when he's had a well rounded liberal arts education.

Russ Rossi, campus political figure and war monger, was there, too.

ROSSI: "ROTC is significant to defense. One thing history has taught me (Russ is a history major and uses that phrase a lot for instance—one thing his-

tory has taught me is that masturbation causes warts.) One thing history has taught me is that for a country to survive it must have a strong defense."

Mr. Rossi did not use North Vietnam as an example of a country needing a strong defense to survive, but it does. Perhaps the program could be modified to supply the North Vietnamese Army with officers.

Another student there pointed out that other campuses which are blessed with the program have gone to great lengths to dispose of it. Like Kent State in Ohio.

The whole question arose due to the persistence of a student several years ago who was going to have to transfer to another campus because the program is not offered here, as it is on the other Missouri University campuses.

Because of his persistence, Dean of Students Gary Widmar told the Trucker, a question to determine student interest in ROTC was put on a questionnaire filled out at registration for the fall semester of 1971. 48% of the 7500 students responding to the questionnaire said they would like to see ROTC at UMKC, and another 15% said they'd like to see UMKC offer it in co-operation with one of the local junior colleges. Widmar said they were frankly surprised at the results, especially with the then high opposition to war, atrocities, and other things. So they put another question on the questionnaire filled out the following semester, Spring of 1972. This time they asked how many would actually participate. 6.5% said they would, 356 students, 45 of whom were female.

The committee is as yet divided on the question, but it's estimated that the soonest the program could be set up here would 1974, if at all.

Nurses Break Through



JOHN UPTON

District 2 of the Missouri State Student Nurses' Association (MoSSNA) has deeply committed itself to a project named "Breakthrough to Nursing." This project's aim is to increase the enrollment of minority students (Blacks, Chicanos, American Indians, and men) in educational programs of professional nursing.

The 1970 report from the Research and Development Department of the National League for Nursing indicated that only 5.4% of the total enrollment in nursing education programs was black, that less than 2% of the nation's 150,000 nursing students were men, and that the number of Chicanos and American Indians entering the profession was miniscule.

But student activists brought recruitment proposals to the floor of NSNA's national convention as early as 1965. The '65 convention floor was the scene of bitter debates over nursing values and organizational ties, leading ultimately to rejection of the parent organization's (the American Nurses' Association) '1965 Position Paper' and removal of the NSNA name from a jointly published magazine. The newly emerging activist leadership jelled quickly, and in 1967 the national convention saw minority recruitment adopted as NSNA's number-one priority. Thus, Breakthrough became the first meaningful attempt to recruit minorities on a national level.

Nationally Breakthrough has been slow in getting to its feet, due primarily to methodology failures. However, target projects conducted in major cities have yielded invaluable structural and method studies which are now being implemented on the district (local) level. District 2, which includes eight programs of nursing education in Western Missouri, has initiated a three-part Breakthrough effort based on information from the target studies as well as on local needs and resources.

In order to spread the Breakthrough gospel to as many prospective recruits as possible a wide ranging public relations effort is being undertaken. Student nurses representing Breakthrough will appear on local radio and television talk shows, organizational meetings, and before junior and senior high school assemblies. Emphasis is on providing information as to what Breakthrough can do for the individual interested in a nursing career... stressing the challenge and

opportunity offered by nursing's widening horizons.

Each prospective recruit will have his or her own advisor (a student nurse) with the responsibility of helping the recruit explore the possibilities of nursing and the educational programs in the district. Once the recruit has chosen a program to enter, the advisor will guide him/her through the admissions process as a representative of Breakthrough and MoSSNA, advising the recruit of financial aid available, including government and other loans, grants, and scholarships. Even after the recruit is well into the nursing educational process Breakthrough will be working to keep him/her there through continued guidance and tutoring.

In order to maintain the Breakthrough project each advisor will be responsible for training an underclassman to replace him/her after graduation. This will assure a constant service of recruitment of nurses for both the profession and the community.

If you are interested in a career in nursing and want to get the inside story contact Breakthrough at [redacted] after 4 pm.

Millions Die Leaving Library to Count Fanzine

The KC Missouri Public Library is offering four courses which will begin within the next month.

Three courses are offered through the Plaza Branch of the Library. "Architectural Promenade" will explore the history of Kansas City architecture. The course will emphasize the experiencing of architecture as a fine art. Short walking tours of downtown Kansas City will provide illustration. Taught by Leslie Saunders "Architectural Promenade" will meet at 2 pm on Thursdays in the Conference Room of the Plaza Library beginning January 18. Registration is required and handled through the Main Library at [redacted].

Also offered at the Plaza Branch is "The Art of Appreciation" taught by J.W. Coffman. This will deal with the total range of the fine arts, both the performing and plastic categories. A knowledge of artistic principles is not necessary, only a desire to increase one's awareness and skill of appreciation. "The Art of Appreciation" will meet at 7:30 pm on Thursdays beginning January 25. Once again, registration is

handled through the Main Library at [redacted].

Beginning February 13 and running for 8 Tuesdays at 7:30 pm at the Plaza Branch is "Great Decisions", a lecture series. This is an annual study and discussion program of key foreign policy topics, sponsored nationally by the non-partisan Foreign Policy Association. The lecture series in Kansas City is sponsored by the International Relations Council in cooperation with the Library. An enrollment fee is required. Call the International Relations Council at [redacted] for further information.

"A Review of Film Criticism: the Art of Looking for Oneself" will be offered at the Main Library. The instructors are J.W. Coffman and Mark Johnson. The course will attempt to establish criteria by which one can intelligently evaluate a film. There is a fee of \$5.00. Call the Art and Music Department, Main Library at [redacted] for further information or registration.



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BOBBY WATSON

Brigadier-General Sampson P. Onnusse strode resolutely through the halls of the Pentagon, quietly humming "Onward Christian Soldiers" as he walked. And although it was difficult to co-ordinate the motor, with the thought portions of his brain, today, being a good day, Brigadier-General Sampson P. Onnusse was thinking.

"Well General Onnusse, sir—today is a GOOD day, sir. It is the kind of day you like, sir. Because today, sir, you and the other Joint Chiefs of Staff must send to the Commander-in-Chief a list of sites in Vietnam, so he can personally choose the one to be bombed. Just remember General Onnusse, sir, to veto any site with more than two syllables, and fewer than three vowels; you know how much difficulty the Commander-in-Chief has with those big words. You also remember what happened to that poor bastard who picked Phan Boi Chou. Wonder how he likes Thule. Watch your step old boy, or you'll catch it."

As Brigadier-General Sampson P. Onnusse through the words, "...watch your step..." his thought processes clashed with his motor portions, and he fell headlong to the marble floor, dealing a violent, if slightly hollow sounding blow to his temple.

Brigadier-General Sampson P. Onnusse hesitated before a large oaken door marked, "Joint Chiefs of Staff—Please Come In." He came to a full stop before attempting to think again, and when he had stopped for a moment he thought, "Well old boy, you did it again. That makes it three days running, and if you can just find this place tomorrow, you'll probably win the office pool. All the others have already missed once, except that bastard, overgrown

The Office Pool



A Short Story

swatbie Admiral Custis. Now remember when you go in, give the Boy Scout salute, plus the next-to-pinkie finger beside the two already against your forehead."

Brigadier-General Sampson P. Onnusse entered the room, and smartly threw the Boy Scout salute, while intoning, "Brigadier-General Sampson P. Onnusse reporting for duty, sir!" The comely young secretary in the mini-skirt smiled, and said, "Go right on in Gen-

eral. The others are waiting. And incidentally, Admiral Custis had to be assisted in finding the conference room this morning, so you're the winner of this week's office pool."

With a broad smile, Brigadier-General Sampson P. Onnusse said, "Oh goody!" Leaning over, he kissed the comely young secretary upon the right breast; then he clutched wildly at her young, voluptuous body. He became florid, and a bit hysterical, and sudden-

ly fell dead at the feet of the comely young secretary.

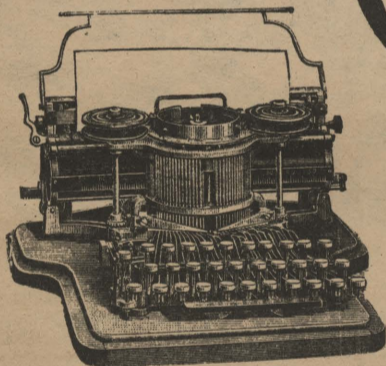
The comely young secretary shoved Brigadier-General Sampson P. Onnusse from her lap, and dragged him to a corner of the reception area. After straightening her hair, she placed a call to maintenance asking them the proper procedure to follow upon the death of an employee (she was new to the position). Maintenance promised her they would retrieve Brigadier-General Sampson P. Onnusse's body at the first opportunity, and until such time, she was to carry on to the best of her abilities.

Rising from her desk, smoothing her skirt, and tucking in her blouse, the comely young secretary walked into the conference room. Walking up to Admiral Custis as he was hunched over the slot-car tracks (adjusting one section that was misaligned) with the other Joint Chiefs of Staff, she tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Admiral Custis, circumstances dictate that YOU, instead of Brigadier-General Onnusse, are the winner of the office pool this week—congratulations sir."

Admiral Custis turned, and with a growl pulled the comely young secretary to him. The other Joint Chiefs of Staff struggled to their feet, and tottered to the rape, joining in when possible. After a time, Admiral Custis, being presiding officer by virtue of winning the office pool, raised his hand and said, "Men—this has all been good fun, but we have work to do, shall we get on with it?" The other Joint Chiefs of Staff moved from the comely young secretary's body, and started to the table.

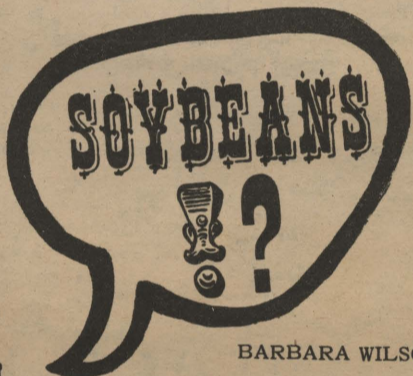
MORAL High position, while bringing great reward, demands in return, great responsibility.

EATs



In early October of 1967 I was traveling through Decatur, Illinois. An instructor from an area college told me that Decatur was the "Soybean Capital of the World". Terrific. I asked him what a soybean was. He told me that they were used mostly in animal feed and industrially. I wondered how a bean could be used industrially. Hard like diamonds maybe, or perhaps for their oil.

My interest in soybeans grew. I read about them and discovered that they were extremely nutritious and were not



BARBARA WILSON

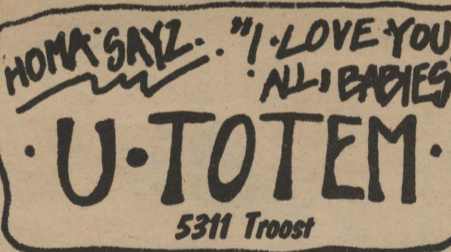
only important in a vegetarian diet to substitute for meat, but were nutritionally superior to most meats. They are often used in imitation meats and flavored to taste like chicken, bacon, whatever. I have tried a couple of these imitation meat products and found them to be pretty awful, but then I never liked the taste of real chicken either. Soybeans are just like plastic. Plastic when used as plastic is a media with integrity. Plastic when used as imitation wood or imitation flowers is crummy. Use soybeans like soybeans and forget the bacon.

Like most beans, soybeans are available either canned or dry. They can be found in both forms at most health food stores. Canned soybeans are in useable form already, but dry soybeans must be cooked for several hours. Soak them overnight in water in the refrigerator. The

next day drain the soaking water off the beans and put them in the largest pot you have. Add enough water to cover the beans and cook with a lid on until they are soft. From time to time you may have to add more water.

Once the soybeans are in useable form, eat them. Serve them like plain beans, add them to soup, make a casserole from them, put them in bread, etc. I like soybeans used in sandwich spreads. For a cold sandwich I squash the beans with a fork slightly, add some apple chunks, a bit of wheat germ, and maybe some sunflower seeds. To eat them hot I add chopped onion, grated carrot, a tiny bit of chopped tomato, chopped green pepper, parsley, seasonings...whatever is around. Put this mixture on a piece of bread, cover with a slice of cheese and cook for awhile under a broiler. This is fantastic with a glass of coconut milk.

Whenever something is coming up that is going to require a lot of energy I try to eat soybeans a few days in a row. It's always worked. I don't know if it works physiologically or psychologically, but it doesn't really matter.



The Westport Trucker needs typist/vari-type operator for part time work (7-15 hours per week). Starting pay \$2 per hour. Must type accurately. Leave message at Silver Cricket, 4044 Broadway.

JC Had One, Too

It came to my attention recently that there was more significance to celebrating New Year's Day than I realized. It's a real simple thing to figure out that New Year's Day is eight days after Christmas. In Jewish tradition, the eighth day after a male baby is born is when he is circumcised. The event is called a Bris and all the people go to the synagogue or manger or wherever, and watch the kid get his foreskin cut. The logical extension of that celebration is of course to get drunk the night before and then spend January 1 watching football games, all in remembrance of Jesus Christ getting his pecker trimmed.

Happy New Year!
MIKE TAYLOR



Ever see a baggy smile?

7619 Metcalf

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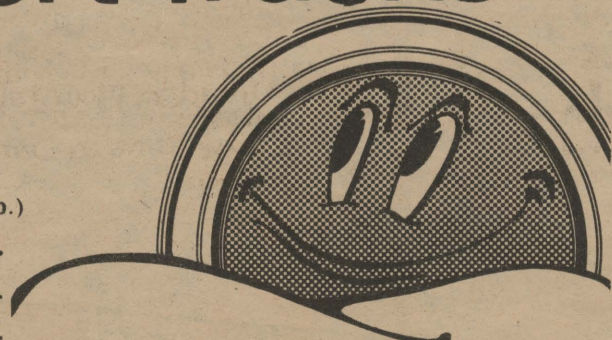
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The Winner Writes the History

Nixon Tells T.V. Networks How its Gonna Be!

BY BEN FONG-TORRES
and LARRY LEE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Ten years after that famous little bow-out of his, Richard Nixon has announced a major new attack in his war on the TV networks—specifically, on network news reporters and commentators. It may not be long before Richard Nixon won't have the press to kick around any more.

And this time, in a strategic move reflecting his knowledge of where the power lies in the broadcasting industry, he is by-passing the FCC and going for

the guts—by way of the pocketbook.

The front man in the latest offensive is Clay T. Whitehead, director of the White House Office of Telecommunications Policy, who announced the Administration's intention to introduce legislation holding individual (local) TV stations responsible for all network material they broadcast—news, entertainment and advertising—at the risk of losing their licenses. Foremost in the proposed new law is White House concern over TV news bias—or, as Whitehead put it, "ideological plugola."

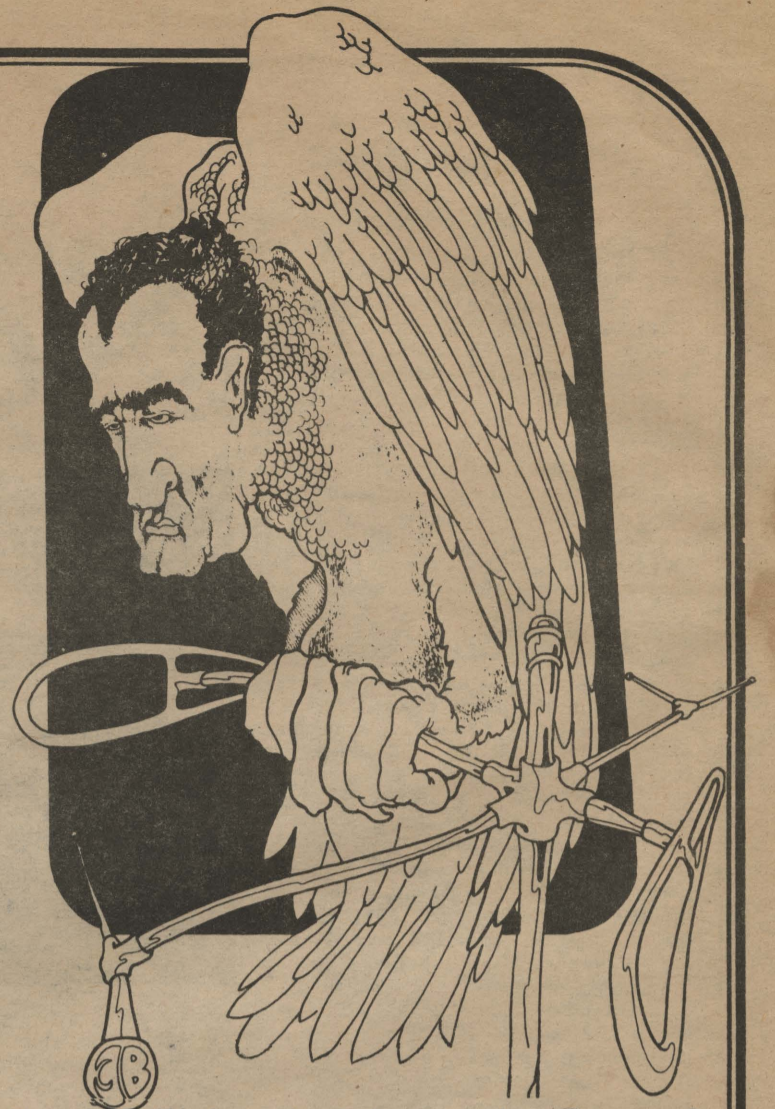
In a luncheon speech to the Indian-

apolis chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, the journalism society, December 18th, Whitehead, who has a background in nuclear physics and corporate economics (with the Rand Corporation), also disclosed some bait for station owners: amendments to the main body of broadcast law, the Communications Act of 1934, that would enable stations to apply for renewals of their licenses every five years instead of three, and without such impediments as protests and challenges by citizens (usually poor and minority) groups.

In his speech, Whitehead hardly men-

tioned the proposed snuffing out of community challenges to license renewals. He said the legislation had been drafted partly in response to broadcasters who have long wanted to lengthen their terms. (The process of applying for a renewal costs an average of \$10,000.)

"At best," said Tracy Westen of the Stern Community Law Center in Washington, "it's a smokescreen to cover the real damage—against community groups . . . giving the stations more of an economic advantage. At worst it's a



memo..... Dennis, please run this as our ad in the Trucker

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Captain Diablo

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thanx

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trade: 'We'll protect you economically if you shape up your news.'

It's not likely that Whitehead's bill can pass. Bill Greeley, the broadcast editor of Variety points out that broadcast legislation opposed by the National Association of Broadcasters has a tough time, and that the high councils of the NAB contain enough pro-network forces to block that lobby from leaning Nixon's way, if not oppose it.

Westen's old boss, Commissioner Nicholas Johnson of the FCC, added: "I think there'd be too much of a citizens' outrage." Johnson, a constant opponent of the Nixon Administration's interferences in media, was asked for comment by ABC-TV. He recorded a statement. ABC News ran a comment from Herb Klein, White House press secretary, instead. In his statement, Johnson offered a reminder of how Nixon himself used the news media:

"On election eve," he said, "Richard Nixon wanted us to believe that 'peace is at hand.' Now we are engaged in the heaviest bombing of the war. Newspaper reporters and TV network newsmen are trying to tell you about that war, and about other things the President is doing. [They] have been jailed for trying to inform you. I have been as critical of prime-time television and commercialism as anyone, but this is one occasion when I hope all Americans will rally to the support of the network news departments, the only remaining institution in America today with the ability to check abuses of presidential power in the fashion our Constitution requires."

A staff source within the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, which watchdogs the FCC, said after reading a draft of the Whitehead bill, "It hasn't got a chance." That panel's chairman, West Virginia Democrat Harley Staggers, is likely to sign the bill as a "courtesy introduction" for the administration, a matter of legislative etiquette, but Staggers and his committee also are planning to reopen last summer's dirty ITT scandals when Congress reconvenes.

Still, said Westen, "A number of congressmen have introduced legislation before to extend license terms. They just need a couple of strong senators to get on the floor and push it." There are numerous lobbyists from state broadcasters' associations, he said, who might help push.

"When the question is free speech or profits," said Westen, "they'll pick more profit every time. TV stations will become a little more timid. They may be more reluctant to run controversial shows, political discussions. There may be a drop in stations taking network news or they may ask for more right wing programming." Westen could hear the station owners at programming meetings: "'Sure, we'll change our news around a little. Won't hurt our advertising any.'"

Whitehead in Indiana directed his toughest language at the networks, which provide local affiliates with more than 60% of their material; more than 80% of their prime-time programming.

"When there are only a few sources of national news on television," said Whitehead, "editorial responsibility must be exercised more effectively. . . . Station managers and network officials who fail to act to correct imbalance or consistent bias in the networks—or who acquiesce by silence—can only be considered willing participants, to be held fully accountable. . . . at license renewal time.

"Who else but management can or should correct so-called professionals," said Whitehead, "who confuse sensationalism with sense and who dispense elitist gossip in the guise of news analysis."

(Such cleverly vague prose led reporters to ask White House news secretary



Clay T. Whitehead, fan of kids' shows: He wants less 'elitist gossip'

Ron Ziegler about the authorship of the speech. Could it have been Patrick Buchanan, Nixon's chief media monitor and writer of some of Spiro Agnew's attacks on TV networks and newsmen? The President's liaison with the press refused to say.)

Whitehead, smokescreen firmly in place, described the proposed two criteria that stations would have to meet for a license renewal:

"First the broadcaster must demonstrate he has substantially attuned to the [viewer's] needs and interests in all his programs, irrespective of whether those programs are created by the station, purchased from program suppliers or obtained from a network.

"Second, the broadcaster must show that he has afforded reasonable, realistic and practical opportunities for the preservation and discussion of conflicting views on controversial efforts."

"These requirements," said Whitehead, "have teeth." He continued: "When a reporter or disk jockey slips in or passes over information in order to line his pocket, that's plugola. And management would take quick corrective action. But men also stress or suppress information in accordance with their beliefs. Will station licensees or network executives also take action against this ideological plugola?"

As The New York Times pointed out, in editorial response, "the requirement of balance, fairness and access already exists within FCC regulations; they are already a factor for assessment when stations come up for license renewal. But Mr. Whitehead is delivering a different message. He is telling stations to censor major news programs and documentaries that offend the Administration. And he is doing so under the guise of interpreting the First Amendment. That is the road to censorship and suppression through abuse of the power to license. It is a road Congress cannot let the Administration travel."

The Times said the FCC had been elbowed aside by Nixon. But the White

House also adopted one of the FCC's more insidious techniques for itself. When the FCC took off against drug lyrics in rock & roll in 1971, the memo to radio stations took the form of a reminder for licensees to know what is being broadcast: not to watch for drug lyrics or to censor records or disk jockeys. Many station owners were literally scared into ransacking record libraries and changing formats.

This time, the White House isn't saying it's unhappy with news reportage, but, as Commissioner Johnson said: "Whitehead may talk in vapid generalizations about bias and imbalance, but the clear implication—on the *Alice in Wonderland* theory that 'words mean what I say they mean'—is that the individual stations will be expected to correct the real or imagined bias of anti-Administration news and comments."

* * *

Clay T. Whitehead, a plump 34-year-old, was hired by Rand Corporation in the late Sixties during Rand's false thaw into civilian projects, a hedge thought necessary if peace should strike.

Late in 1968, he was summoned to Washington to join the little group working on easing the transition from LBJ to Nixon, hung on a year as a special assistant to the President, and then took on the directorship of the OTP, a Nixon creation staffed by 60 persons.

In defending his Indianapolis speech before hostile network interviewers on NBC's *Today* show, Whitehead spoke of the need for diversity and of the stranglehold the three TV networks hold on the news, but it is Whitehead who supervised the dismantling of the only fourth network America had, the one operated by the Corporation for Public Broadcasting.

Through repeated vetoes of CPB funding bills and allied station-construction money in the HEW package, Whitehead and his associates succeeded in driving out the Corporation's president, John Macy, a courtly career civil ser-

vant who had fought to see public broadcasting supported by taxes on television and radio sets.

Macy's replacement was Henry A. Loomis, director of the Voice of America under Eisenhower and deputy director of the US Information Agency.

Loomis and Whitehead are both ignorant of television and admit it. Whitehead is unmarried but confessed to an interviewer last year that his television watching was confined to Saturday morning children's programming. Loomis, in an attempt at disarming frankness, told broadcast interviewers in Washington he had never seen public television because the capital's public channel is UHF "and I never got the little thing to go on my set." When the interviewers concluded he was thus ignorant of the agency he now heads, he said he preferred the word "innocent."

Under Loomis, the collapse of the CPB news and public affairs has been swift. Sandy Vanocur, hired from CBS at \$85,000 to work on the ambitious National Affairs Center for Television, resigned last month without comment and NPACT itself was absorbed into Washington's WETA-TV, a public channel whose board is decorated with civil service hawks, including CIA alumnae. * * *

As Westen and Johnson point out, the real victims of the Whitehead bill would not be the networks, but the public.

In 1966, on behalf of a group of blacks, the United Churches of Christ asked the FCC to deny a license renewal to WLBT-TV in Jackson, a station which had exercised exactly the kind of local control and network censorship Whitehead hinted at in Indianapolis, going as far as to replace national reports of civil rights progress with innocuous local features.

The FCC responded to the citizens with a field hearing and followed its staff examiner's suggestion that it rap WLBT's knuckles with a one-year, rather than three-year, renewal. (The other two years invariably come after modest showings of contrition and redemption.)

Instead of swallowing the decision (which Nick Johnson and FCC colleague Kenneth A. Cox bitterly opposed), the church and the Mississippi blacks it was fighting for appealed to federal court, where the case came before Warren Burger, now chief justice of the Supreme Court.

Burger, a strict constructionist as advertised, wrote a ringing opinion in which he overruled the commission, ordering it to find a new owner for WLBT, and chastising it for "impatience" and "hostility" toward the church and the blacks.

The key element in his decision was that, just as the Communications Act provides, it is up to the station owners to prove that they've served the public; not the public to prove that they haven't. Whitehead's draft bill is written to reverse the Burger ruling by placing the burden of proof on the challengers and making further such cases almost impossibly difficult and, with the difficulty involved, too expensive for citizens' groups.

Response from the FCC, much of whose authority would be stripped by the proposed new laws, consists of dead air with the exception of Nicholas Johnson and an expression of discontent with the way the legislation was drafted and announced. One staff member said, "If there was any consultation, it was largely 'Oh, by the way, we are going to propose a bill.' Certainly we never saw a draft."

"The FCC's just kind of laying over and playing dead," said Tracy Westen, the former aide to Johnson. "Whenever it can defer to Congress it will. Whenever someone offers to take their power away they're pleased. It just gives them less to do."

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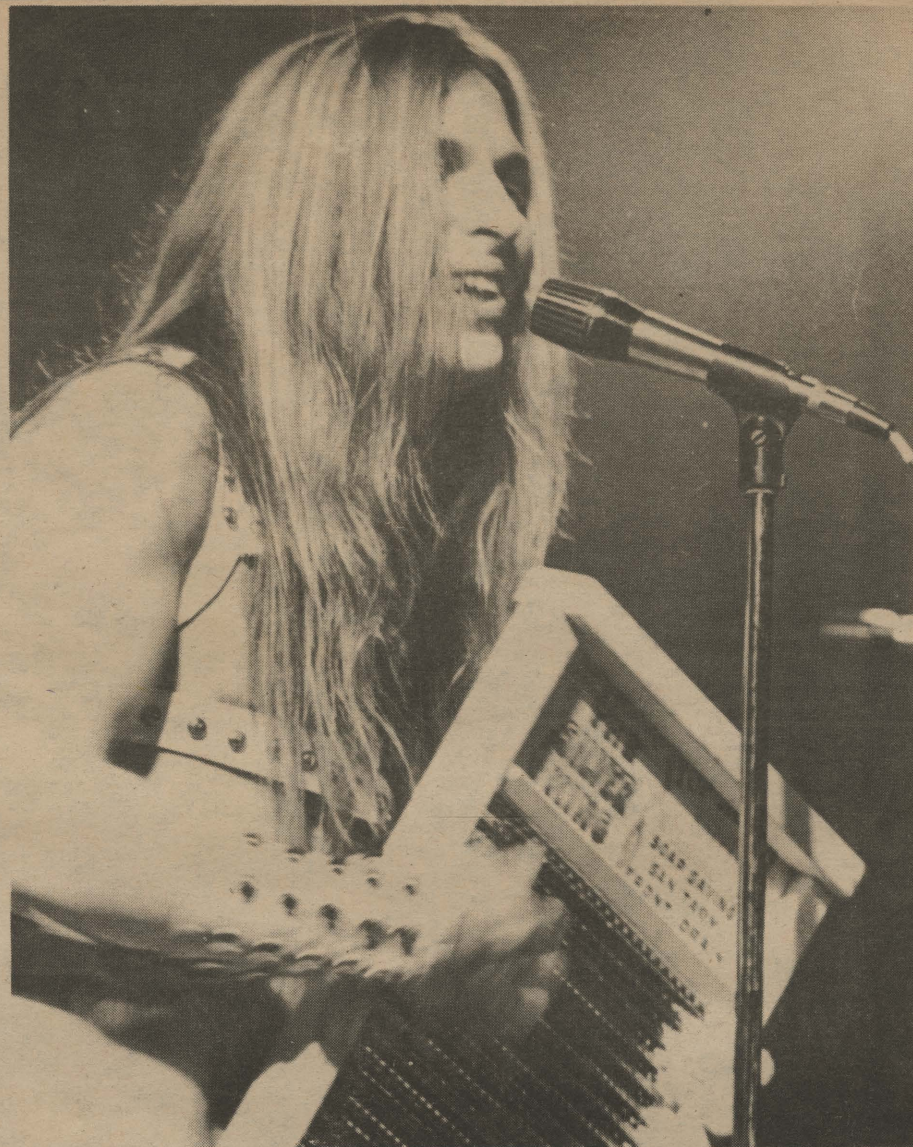
The music of Black Oak Arkansas is as tribal as surf music. They are also the purest piece of Americana since the Beach Boys. (Black Oak is not as talented as their predecessors of course but I find them a good deal more exciting.) The Cowtown crowd was extremely young, about sixteen on the average. I caught lots of comments like "Black Oak's gonna be good". No one told them that all the hip people stayed home playing their Pink Floyd albums and shaking their heads. No one told them that Black Oak Arkansas isn't really hip. If someone had, they wouldn't have cared. They have learned the lesson that rock music by definition is raunchy guts music that is anything but good. The kids had come to see the undisputed kings of raunch rock; they weren't at all disappointed.

On record Black Oak is none too impressive. I'm not as sold on them as I was before they started taking themselves seriously. The first album was that of a group of drunken rock and rollers who spewed out some of the grittiest most blatant music to be heard. The second pointed an evil finger towards lead vocalist Jim Dandy becoming out of hand. The third unfortunately proved it. But what damaged their records has become a gas on stage. Dandy is one of the few performers left who is not afraid to make a fool of himself for the entertainment of others. He is the last psychedelic frontiersman, with his three foot fringe harness and washboard. Spouting crazed homespun-Hindu philosophy that would make Mark Twain spin in his grave, Dandy is entertainment. So what if he sounds like a consumptive toad, he croaks for the common folks, not the critics. The whole Black Oak approach is based on the question, "if you were really high, what would you like to see and hear?"

They opened with a taped organ pumping something like you'd get in church while everyone found a seat. Same principle here. (We all are very mystical, doncha see.) The stage is then lit and Black Oak Arkansas launches into its spiritual cry to arms, "Keep the Faith". The rendition is a little ragged, but the message is clear. It's the us against them principle. All us freaks in one corner, all them others in another. This seems to be the major theme in many Black Oak numbers. Screwing and Karmic Truths come up a lot too, but unity is the big issue. From the look on everyone's face it hits the mark. Up against them with Black Oak Arkansas on our side of course.

The only problem with the next number, "Fever in my Mind" is that it's so short. It's one of the band's finest efforts, the needle-sharp riff stabs through your skull, showing that musically Black Oak isn't as dull as many would have you believe. Stanly Knight and Harvey Jett make a sharp dual lead combination. They take turns carrying the riff and adding the flourishes. Rick Reynolds thunders along with the heavy bass of the rest of the band.

Most requests were for songs on the first album, much to the bands obvious frustration. There must be a limit to how many times you can play "Hot and Nasty" without screaming. But even I wanted to hear "Uncle Lijah" which was performed with unusually fine reproduction. "How Electricity Came to Arkansas" sounded a bit strange in the middle set, but crowd pleasers can come anytime and be successful.



Jim Dandy The Last Psychedelic Frontiersman



Harvey Jett



Rick Reynolds

Black Oak Arkansas Lightin' In The Jug

There have been several changes since Black Oak Arkansas' last appearance in town. Part of the band has taken the superstar approach, while the others still remain downhome folks. The mixture of patched jeans and fancy duds is alone worth the price of admission. They've discovered lighting this year too, garish green and red to keep the raunchy touch. They leap and grin with the air of veteran vaudeville comics. They know what people have paid to see and give them a generous helping.

"The Halls of Karma" sounded better than ever. Dandy opened it with a much shorted version of his now famous rap. The song is the focal point of Black Oak Arkansas' set, the basic teachings of their insane philosophy. It's the story of Dandy's journey through death to barter with the positive and the negative ("God and the Devil, however you want it"). It's decided that the Devil gets his body ("For his needs while I'm here on Earth") and God gets his mind ("For the good of the universe") and they both get his soul. Lord have Mercy, all this and you can hum along too. "Mutants of the Monster" is a logical extension of that theory and musically the best number of the evening. Patrick Daugherty's creeping bass slides along behind Dandy's tale of our generation (us again) being the last chance of the human race which has become a monster. The series of ideas may seem ludicrous to some, however, to me it comes off as valid. Many other bands have pet ideas that lack even the charismatic appeal of the principles of these mountain bozos.

New Material was scarce that evening, but the two numbers I heard

would suggest a return to rock and roll of the first album. One number in particular, introduced as "Momma I Got a Hot, Hot Rod" despite cock rock lyrics (what is raunch rock without sexism?) is easily the finest thing Black Oak has done since the first album. The other tune sounded like a first attempt before an audience, and though dropped from the second show, it wasn't half bad.

"Full Moon Ride" is a highly stylized conception of what being Black Oak Arkansas means to Baack Oak Arkansas. Riding hell-bent through the countryside, fighting demons, protecting their kin and land is a little extreme, but put to music the super-heroic quality becomes readily acceptable. When "Hot and Nasty" finally rolled around the evening was just about over. Dandy pranced to his theme, the band rocked steadily. The song ended in a drum solo with Dandy behind the drummer howling the word "high" and acting more outrageous than ever. A number later they split to the cheers of their devoted

While the encore was being played I pondered why Black Oak Arkansas are so loved by the common freak and so despised by the hip elitist. At home I found the answer in a song they didn't play:

They call us rough, gaudy, and
crude
Ain't got no educate, ain't got
no couth
We got our own way to see the
truth
Why should we complicate and
lose our Youth
—We Help Each Other

No fuckin' shit.

UNCLE BUBBLES

Photos by BOB WIRTH

Rent Strike cont.

in unoccupied apartments don't cause anybody to complain and raise hell because of the cold air they let in.

The apartment with the note on the door has a front window with more space than glass in it. Even if the radiators worked, it would be hard to stay warm in that apartment. But, the custodian just hasn't gotten around to fixing it yet. It's only been there a couple of months and the guys in the apartment aren't paying their rent anyway.

The custodian treats all the needed repairs just about the same way, Rick said. He said that the only time any action was taken on repairs quickly was when the hot water went off completely. He said when that happened he got a hold of Jaben and told him that all the tenants were going to run their faucets continuously until the hot water was fixed. He said that faced with a very big water bill, Jaben got the hot water fixed in less than one weekend.

The rent strike isn't going very well either. Rick explained that the money for the rent was supposedly being deposited with a judge to be used for the repairs. But he didn't know how many people were doing that or how long it had been done. It hasn't been enough yet to bring any action. Most of the people are just marking time and waiting to find some place else to live, apparently. So they just don't pay their rent and when the time comes they split. They're out the \$175 deposit, but that's the breaks. It hurts, but the fight gets taken out of a person after so long.

Saturday afternoon, Rick tried to call Jaben. At his home, Jaben's wife said he was on his way over to the apartments. Then Rick called the three or four different Jale offices with the same luck. After the three phone calls, only a couple of minutes later, he called Jaben's home again and this time there was no answer. Rick hasn't lost his

fight yet, but he's getting frustrated and running out of ways to pressure the Jale Corp. He's cold and upset, but the slumlord doesn't even want his rent so there's not much he can do.

As of Friday, January 5, some of the tenants had received "notices of delinquent rents" from Jaben.

Jaben has been known to chain/lock "delinquent" tenants OUT of their apartments. But that's REAL illegal, and he surely wouldn't do that again.

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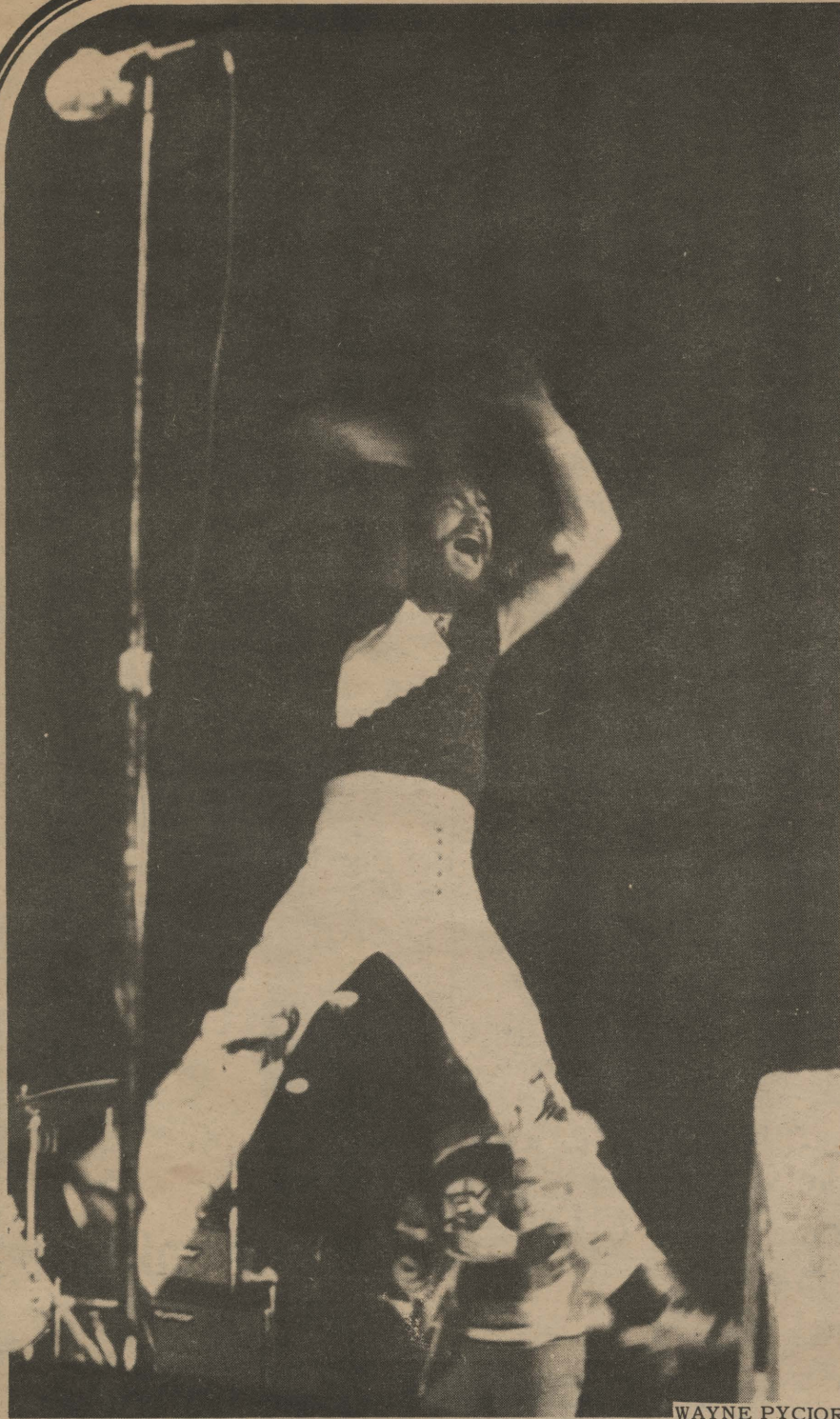
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WAYNE PYCIOR

Yeah...

The James Gang

After undergoing the usual parking hassles causing us to miss most of R.E.O. Speedwagon and a trashy set by Jerry LaCroix's White Trash we experienced the James Gang as they galloped into the Municipal Auditorium and proceeded to dazzle the audience with stunning stage acrobatics and some "heavy unh!" sounds.

The James Gang was damn good... but honestly, they miss Joe Walsh. Domenic Troiano is a capable replacement and he demonstrated it at this gig. But the best things he did were on Walsh compositions. As a matter of fact, everyone was at their peak on old Walsh numbers. The evening included several jams off "Straight Shooter" (the initial LP after Walsh's departure) but these were the least moving of all their offerings. For one thing Troiano's compositions don't include those "sound-effected", mind-warping faster-than-greased-lightning

(whew!) solos that Walsh became so known for. He's adequate but that's about as far as it goes.

Dale Peters plays a hard-pumping bass that always has been one of my favorites. It sets the mood for all their efforts--those western twangers as notorious and "outlawy" as Jesse and the original gang's lives--to the smooth and futuristically-styled "Take A Look Around"

Jim Fox is a pleasant addition on drums and probably underrated. However, new vocalist Roy Kenner is by far the "show-stealer". He tightens his grasp around your throat with his first line and never lets you loose until the final stanzas of the evening. He's the sort of singer that has folks jumping, yelling, screaming for more and flailing about with uninterpretable glee. Um...um... he is nice. The evening's highlights were "Stop, I Don't Have The Time", and "The Bomber". Yeah---The James Gang---dig it.

TRIAD

Rural Space

BREWER AND SHIPLEY
Kama Sutra KSBS 2058

First off, I like the album cover. I say that because there are plans in motion to change it. I've seen what they plan to use on the re-release, and I like it too, but why bother? The aerial shot on the album now pretty well typifies what rural space is. I'd leave it alone.

Anyway...I also like the music inside. Kansas City must be full of Brewer and Shipley fans, they're the biggest thing to come out of here since Joe Turner. They're bigger than Marilyn Maye even! Their choice of material is usually pretty right on, in that they choose other peoples songs and get every ounce of Brewer and Shipley out of them. The songs they write themselves are where they shine the most though. Songs like "Truly Right", "Rise Up Easy Rider" and "One Toke Over the Line" are typical of their talents. The adverse publicity to "One Toke Over the Line" probably did more for their careers than anything else I can think of. I wonder if there is such a thing as "bad publicity"?

A few summers ago (2) Brewer & Shipley were the main attraction at what has to be one of the major blow-out concerts in Kansas City history. That being the fantastic Loose Park concert with Chet Nichols and The Ewing Street Times. 22,000 drunk/stoned wierdos can't all be wrong.

If you listen to this album at all you are probably familiar with B&S already, in which case they will come off just as well as you expected them to, even better. Their changes are usually not major ones, but they are always progressive even if it means adopting older musical styles. This album is that way, it has a couple of surprises in it.

I like "Sleeping on the Way" as a lament to a life you can't quite live for the moment, but aren't ready to give up altogether; sort of a 20 year cat-nap, if there is such a thing.

"Black Sky" was written by Steve Cash, harp player for the Ozark Mountain Daredevils. Not bad for a first song either. The version here is solid, but a little slick compared to the Daredevils, who are in the choicest sense of the word, funky as a mosquito's tweeter.

"Where Do We Go from Here" is one of the surprises on this album. The song is good in itself, but the arrangement, which is courtesy of John Kahn, is what really makes it. I don't know who Turk Murphy is, but he sure has a nice little combo. Boom-Chunka-Boom. "Got to Get Off the Island" is probably the least likable cut on the album to me. I'm not sure why, but it just leaves me waiting for the next song. It does have a neat ending with the harmonies getting off and getting away, and the guitar is different in a good way too. Oh, well...

"Fly Fly Fly" is a little comedy relief number. It must be hard to be a commercial success and have to put up with the Airlines. Dedicate this one to Lionel.

"Crested Butte" is one of my favorites from this or any of their albums. It opens with a nice little guitar piece by one or the other of them, and then takes off easy. I've heard Tom Shipley sing before, lots, but this time he sounds different. He has a nasal twang to his voice that just makes the song as far as I'm concerned. It's too much.

"Blue Highway" is courtesy of David Getz, drummer from Big Brother, and Diane Gravenites, the wife of Nick-the-Diane-Gravenites. It's a real nice song too, with some good slide type guitar from Fred Burton.

"Have a good Life" is the other surprise. "Yankee Lady" is this albums offering to the "singles syndrom". I think Jesse Winchester would approve.

Once again Brewer & Shipley are surrounded by good musical influences like Billy Mundi, Mark Naftalin, John Kahn, and Bill Vitt among others. This is a good album, everybody wins. Now I'll go back and listen to "Get Off the Island" again, and see if I can get closer to it.

RAT

Golden Hits

BILL HALEY AND HIS COMETS
Decca DXSE-211

1957 1972

SMOKEY ROBINSON
& the MIRACLES

Tamla T302D

Living in the '70s has become a very indefinite experience. With current revivals of the '30s, '40s, '50s etc. we are able to participate in those decades we may have missed or return to a decade we prefer. This is particularly true in fashion and music. It's an effective way of learning the history of a time...by re-enacting the things that gave it tone.

Here is something right out of the fifties, "Golden Hits" by Bill Haley and His Comets. The 24 songs on it is double album have been "simulated for stereo" so they REALLY are straight out of the past. The quality may be inferior but it is historically accurate. A good package to play loudly at an equally loud party.

Haley and a few contemporaries are generally credited with starting the whole thing in music which was, of course, a reflection of what was happening. "Teenagers" were becoming people in their own right, not just people halfway there. That's what makes this music truly revolutionary. It was an honest, purely hedonistic revolution. By the '60s revolution had a moralistic base. But these kids in the '50s were doing it for themselves.

The music on this record is refreshing. It is not "heavy", sweet or relevant. It is not even very good...but very enjoyable. The lyrics are delightfully inane. An outstanding example from "You Hit The Wrong Note" Billy Goat: "You hit the wrong note, Billy Goat/You treat me like a backwoods porcupine/You never seem to know what's on my mind/I want to talk about love."

This album was surprising. Haley and His Comets are more proficient and versatile performers than I had realized. Listen to "Thirteen Women" and "Skinny Minnie". Be surprised.

There's not really too much more that can be said about an album which contains, among others, such songs as "We're Gonna Rock Around The Clock", "See You Later Alligator", "Don't Knock The Rock", "Shake, Rattle and Roll", "Rip It Up", "Rock-a-Beatin' Boogie" and "Calling All Comets" all by Bill Haley and His Comets.

In a similar nostalgic vein is a double album by Smokey Robinson and the Miracles entitled "1957/1972". But this album is NOT straight from the '50s. It does have songs from the '50s, but it also has songs from the '60s and '70s. These are not simply re-released but were recorded live at a concert this summer in Washington, D.C.

Of course, it is a great album. We have come to expect extreme talent and perfection from these people. "1957/1972" is right in line. Even the "live" raps before some of the songs are tastefully done. Usually by the time these raps are on record they lose their humor and seem dry and pretentious. Not so here, the "live" impact remains.

Just about the oldest song on the album is "Bad Girl". I first heard this in the early sixties by the Orlons as "Bad Boy". Apparently the Miracles did it in the late fifties. It's a great song. So is "The Tracks of My Tears", "Ooo Baby Baby" and "The Tears Of A Clown". The first time around I never liked "Mickey's Monkey" or "Going To A Go-Go". As performed on this album, however, both songs are exceptional.

For me there is only one disappointment on the entire package: "Shop Around". A couple years ago I decided this was just about my all-time favorite of anything by anyone. So I was really anxious to hear how they would do an updated version. Well, they mostly just play around with it and really only get in to it for a few seconds. The way they play around with it and talk about it is fine. Unless it is your all time favorite you will probably appreciate it. But if it's your all time favorite, like me, you probably have the original, so it doesn't really matter.

This is Smokey's last appearance with the Miracles. So, in addition to being an excellent album, for anyone, it is an "important" album for fans of Smokey Robinson and the Miracles.

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JALLY VISUALLY VISUALLY VISUALLY VISUALLY VISU

"Photo realism" is the commonly agreed upon name for an aesthetic shared by many of the best contemporary artists. In many instances it means that the painter or sculptor works with a photograph as a model rather than a person or a landscape. Some of the so-called photo realists, however, work with the more traditional live model, still life or whatever, although the end results are basically similar—their products share a "sharp focus" look. Neither lyricism nor romantic associations are sought after. Unlike Pop art, most photo realism is not a satirical comment on our world, but rather a cold, hard look of it.

The realist painter Edward Hopper is often cited as an important forbear of this art; the Nelson Gallery's exhibition (which will open in mid-January) of the Hopper bequest to New York's Whitney Museum should be enlightening. Besides Hopper, Andrew Wyeth comes to mind as a painter long engaged in a version of photo realism, albeit more romantic, more emotional in subject matter.

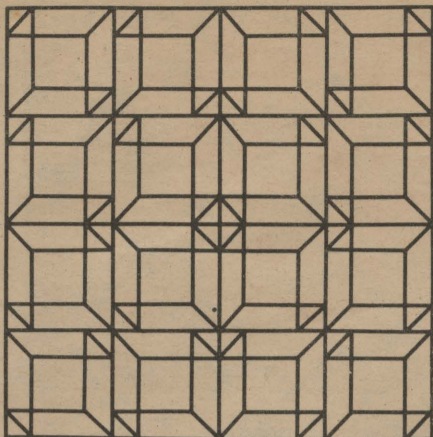
Both the E.G. Gallery (9 East 51st Street) and Morgan Gallery (50th and State Line) are currently showing photo realists' work.

The Morgan's show is one of the most important contemporary exhibits to come to town in the past few years. Recent paintings, called "Abstracts with Subject Matter," by John Clem Clarke fill the gallery.

Clarke, who has probably enjoyed critical appreciation slightly longer than most other photo realist painters, came to prominence about three years ago with his spray gun-stencil copies of old masters' paintings. The work hanging in the street window of the gallery, a detail from a Velasquez, offers an idea of Clarke's immediate past style.

Lately, it seems, he has been copying himself, and the resulting paintings, these abstracts, remove him from the province of the photo realists proper even while he continues to employ a creation process very similar to many photo realists. For these latest pieces Clarke first brush paints a canvas in a representational style. He then makes photo slides of the paintings, enlarging details of whichever ones appeal to him most. Stencils are cut from the projected enlargements, then painted over in color separation layers on a large canvas. The outcome is a magnification of the original brush strokes. All of the paintings have a remarkable surface quality. The layered paint must be quite thick, yet it appears paper thin though grainy and extremely active. The surfaces could be likened to sand paper although the similarity, being completely visual and not at all tactile,

An ARC Pattern
at Matrix Show



is illusory.

It is not unusual, considering his sources during the past years, that Clarke's abstracts have a 20th century masters' scent about them. The "Reclining Nude" (#6 in the show) could be related to the classic Picassoid woman, another reclining nude seems Matisse-like in her languor. Two landscapes "House" and "Mountain" are even more markedly reminiscent of Van Gogh.

This is one of those rare and happy exhibits where too much is shown to be injected in one visit. Clarke says he will probably abandon this style now; these paintings are scheduled to be shown in only one more gallery this year. It would not be surprising if this group of auto-cannibalistic masterpieces proved as fertile in suggestive possibilities to the contemporary art world as de Kooning's "Women" series from the first years of the 50s.

Larry Stark's on-the-road silk screens, shown earlier this fall at Morgan, are good examples of the photo-realists' technique. Stark photographs the country from interstate highways and makes color separation silk screens from his slides.

One other piece, a sculpture by Duane Hanson, which was on exhibit at Morgan earlier this year and is presently on loan to the Parker-Grant wing at the Nelson, is an outstanding specimen on photo realist sculpture. Because it occupies the three dimension of the physical world as no painting possibly can, photo realist sculpture most fully warrants the photo realist classification.

The "Second Anniversary" show at E.G. Gallery includes work by many of the contemporary artists the gallery has shown since its opening in 1971.

A small scale Frankenthaler aquatint in E.G.'s front room provides a good medium for her singular talents and

might help wipe away the bad taste of the disjointed and gigantic canvas by her included in the Nelson Gallery's current color field abstractionists show. The four Ed Moses color pencil drawings amplify his good work shown in the Nelson show.

But, here again, the photo realists dominate the scene. The "Bacchus" and "Louis XI V" lithographs by Clem Clarke are prime examples of his former style, while his small abstract ("without subject matter") demonstrates the magnified brush stroke basis of the paintings at Morgan Gallery.

Richard Estes' superb litho "Cafe-teria" proves his work's utter dependence on the camera and is remarkable for its sense of time isolation. It captures a single static moment in a kinetic world as no naked eye can do. Estes' talent for a realistic illusion has been related to the 18th century "veduti" or view painters of Venice such as Canaletto and Guardi. As an artist, however, Estes manifests the spiritual disenchantment of our times, as the Italians did not. In December's "Art in America" Estes says of his Manhattan scenes, "I think I would tear down most of the places I paint." The same magazine carries interviews with 13 other photo realists.

Nalcolm Morley, one of the first to get into photo realism via painting from post card models, combines Pop art-type wit with the photo realist technique in his "Beach" lithograph.

Californian Ralph Going's keen sense of color makes "Paul's Corner" an appealing work.

I found Jerry McMillan's "Doorway"—a litho of a doorway framed by a torn brown paper bag the show's most exciting single work. Sorting out the dimensional illusions in this work is as mutely intellectual as de-ciphering one of Joseph Cornell's boxed phantasmas.

The Art Research Company of Kansas City has organized a large showing of work by artists considered sympathetic to the group's aesthetics. Entitled "Matrix International, Drawings and Print Programs" the show will be open Thursdays through Saturdays 1-7 pm until February 11 at 911 Broadway, 5th floor.

A lively and appreciative crowd attended the December 17 ARC vespers where the jazz group Advertisement for a Dream played. Another opening is scheduled for the evening of January 14 when the KC Piano and Percussion Ensemble will perform.

Four drawings by Andreas Weininger, identified as a former student of the de Stijl and Bauhaus styles, show some of the historical precedents for the rest of the exhibit. Besides Dutch and German roots Russian constructivism is the most pervasive influence both among the ARC members working here and among the other artists represented (this includes a Canadian, several Americans, and some Europeans).

A few pieces stand out in this sea of black, gray, and white tautological imagery. John Beckley's color compositions so like ship flags for instance, and Jorrit Tonquist's intimately small paintings which successfully combine a grid pattern and the colors of human flesh.

The Montreal designer Francois Dalleget shows two interesting compositions called "Loop Alive 1 and 2". I was mesmerized by the optical illusions in Ludwig Wilding's work.

Michael Stephens and computer programmer Joseph Ziegler have collaborated to produce the best of the computerized drawings.

If the show seems disconcerting in its impersonality, the effect is an intentional one. Although much of the theoretical basis for this type of work is more than 50 years old, it has always been and is still considered a black sheep in modern art. When Michael Stephens claimed at the opening that the true "art for the 70's" show was in the ARC hall rather than at the Nelson Gallery, he may have been more prophetic than any of us knew.

O.J. DART

JALLY VISUALLY VISUALLY VISUALLY VISUALLY VISUAL

ken russell's

savage messiah

DICK ARMSTRONG

British film maker Ken Russell continues his series of historical allegories in "Savage Messiah", Russell's story of the French sculptor Henri Gaudier now playing at the Vanguard.

Although this film falls far short of the great cinema Russell created in prior work such as "Women in Love", "The Devils," and "The Boyfriend", "Savage Messiah" is his most revealing even autobiographical film to date. "Messiah" is a seriously flawed, often bombastic film, but the "mistakes" of genius (and Russell is unquestionably a film genius) are nearly always more interesting than the best work of the uninspired.

In a recent interview Russell said, "Gaudier represents what an artist should be about. He had all sorts of pressure on him from contemporart artists, but he went ahead and did things his own way." Russell's use of "should" hints at the strong identification he feels towards Gaudier, and suggests to me the impetus for the extreme romanticization of Gaudier's penous life Russell constructs and chor-

eographs. His penchant for Cecil de Mille-size crowds, outfitted here in resplendent la belle opoque costumes, clutters the film and ultimately creates distraction rather than milieu. This fault, if it can be called that, is common to all of Russell's work and serves to underscore the primarily visual, rather than intellectual, character of the director's talents.

No wonder then that Russell can empathize so strongly with Gaudier, an artist with a remarkable eye and gift for translating his vision into sculpture but an impetuous, nearly incoherent man.

The dialogue in "Messiah" is no better or worse than Russell's other films, but in his demonic exaggeration of Gaudier's restlessness and creative impulses Russell strains an already contrived script beyond tolerance. Equating hyperactivity with creativity as he does, Russell forces his cinematic Gaudier (excellently played by Scott Anothony) to become a turn-of-the-century Jumpin' Jack Flash. In that same interview Russell tried to explain the rationale for the galloping pace of his films. "The trouble with films is that

they're only one or two hours long. You (the spectator) have to condense your concentration." Unfortunately, "Messiah" fails to engage the audience, hence precluding any concentration.

The film opens on Gaudier's initial encounter, in a Paris library, with



Director:
Ken Russell

Sophie Brzeska, a Polish writer (at work on "Truth, A Novel of the Spirit") several years his senior. Gaudier's infatuation is instantaneous and he sets out for a conquest. They are both "geniuses" and their affinity seems natural. When, after only a short acquaintance Brzeska invites the young man into her

garret, telling him at the threshold, "asking you in is a simple act of artistic companionship", she belies the truth. Two creative souls co-mingling a "simple act", how rare! The relationship is one of love-hate, complicated by her sexual abstinence. They adopt each other's names to become the Gaudier-Brzeskas and declare one to the other "I am your brother, I am your sister."

The two take a dungeon in London as their studio-living quarters. Their time together is a montage of pseudo-cataclysmic outbursts, separations, and reconciliations. Gaudier at last sells some work and secures a dealer. An exhibition of his work is planned, and Sophie had agreed to write the Catalogue's foreward when Gaudier is drafted into the British army and sent to the World War I battlefields of France, where he was killed at age 23. The film closes at his exhibition, which tragically became a retrospective one.



Le Petomane ~ or gone with the wind

Le Petomane - Jean Nohain & F. Caradec.
Sphere Books - 80¢.

FASTER than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a locomotive, able to drink two litres of water in a single slurp; that was the amazing bowel of Joseph Pujol, known and toasted throughout Europe during the gay nineties. This mild mannered Parisian spent from 1892 until the beginning of the First World War captivating audiences with exhibitions of anal prowess; doing impersonations, extinguishing candles from a foot away, blowing instruments with his rectum and generally breaking wind.

Here was a man to give solace to a flatulent Che Guevara, or to strike envy in the heart of that pimply schoolboy always airing his tract on the bus. If Luther was alive today, his blocked and gusty bowel might not have caused the neuroses and sorrow it afforded back in the days when inspiration for those church door theses was needed. Perhaps he wouldn't have bothered at all if he had known he was not alone.

Fifteen seconds was not an extraordinary duration for a Pujol fart, nor was it nature's prerogative to select the pitch - Le Petomane (for that was his stage name) could fart in any key with a wide variety of tone.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I have the honour to present a session of Petomanie. The word Petomanie means someone who can break wind at will but don't let your nose worry you. My parents ruined themselves scenting my rectum."

"This one is the little girl, this the mother-in-law, this the bride on her wedding night (very little) and the morning after (very loud), this the mason (dry-no cement), this the dress maker tearing two yards of calico (this one lasted at least ten seconds and imitated, to perfection the sound of material being torn), the cannon (gunners stand by your guns, ready - fire) the noise of thunder etc., etc."

Then Le Petomane would appear with three feet of rubber tubing, with the end inserted into his super-bowel. With this apparatus he would smoke a cigarette probably achieving a genuinely astonishing 'hit'. Not being content with that, he would play a small wind instrument with his somewhat larger wind instrument, bleating out popular little ditties such as Au Clair de la Lune.



One of the high-spots of his act - blowing out a candle from a distance of one foot.

To end the act he would blow out several gas jets in the footlights with some force. Often he called for audience participation, suggesting that they might care to sing in chorus with him.

"From the beginning... mad laughter had come. This soon built up into general applause. The public and especially women fell about laughing. They would cry from laughing. Many fell down and had to be resuscitated."

And so the tale goes on. All the breezy details are jotted down, along with contemporary reviews and the odd medical report, in a short book. Most of the information is meticulously written by Pujol's son - Louis-Baptiste Pujol. Louis' pride in his father's work allows him to make the disclosures without a hint of self-consciousness.

When the world's greatest farter is your old man, nothing can shock you. Le Petomane's career is described in the book with that laborious instruction of someone attaching too much importance to an event.

"The word 'fart' is somewhat vulgar. But my father had transformed this action into an art since having taken in air that way he used it to make music or, if you prefer it, to modulate sound from the smallest and almost inaudible to the sharpest and most prolonged, simply according to the contraction of his muscles. He could do what he liked with his stomach - and there was no smell."

Le Petomane walked out on the Moulin Rouge and was sued for breaking his contract. He subsequently sued his successor, but withdrew the charges when the woman in question was exposed by the courts, as a fraud, (the old bellows under the skirt trick).

Le Petomane based a lot of his act on the belief that you can define a character in terms of his approach to breaking wind. You might like to try that yourself. How, for instance, would our Prime Minister fart? What about his lovely wife? What about your favourite-pop star??

If you have the misfortune to be a rampant slack-arse, don't despair - go and buy yourself a flute.

If you can't join in the fun, just sneer at people who do and remind them that gentlefolk never pass air.

If you really feel the need to know more, buy the book. ALISTAIR JONES

BEST PICTURE OF THE YEAR!
National Board of Review

"Shakespeare translated the way he would have liked it by Roman Polanski... in bold, virile terms!"
-KATHLEEN CARROLL, N.Y. Daily News



Wednesday, January 10 through Tuesday, January 16

MACBETH

Voted Best Picture of the Year by the National Board of Review; Macbeth is a stunning interpretation by Polanski of the classic story of murder, guilt, and revenge.



PARAMOUNT PICTURES
A MEMORIAL ENTERPRISES FILM

if...

Another "Sleeper". "IF", starring Malcolm McDowell, (Clockwork Orange) won first prize at the 1970 Cannes Film Festival. A humorous and revolutionary tale about English private school life.

Wednesday, January 24, through Tuesday, January 30

VANGUARD
CINEMA
2

4307 MAIN

"Where's Poppa?" receives the Vanguard's vote for "Sleeper-of-the-Year". A very funny film, "Where's Poppa?" upset many critics because of some earthy language and a successful jab at sacred motherhood. Directed by Carl Reiner.

Wednesday, January 17 through Tuesday, January 23

"Where's Poppa?" GEORGE SEGAL • RUTH GORDON
RON LEIBMAN • TRISH VAN DEVERE
Screenplay by ROBERT KLANE based on the novel "Where's Poppa?"



That part of the anatomy covered by the stamp.
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ALAN BATES in **"KING OF HEARTS"**

The story is about a town which is taken over by the lunatics of an asylum in a hastily abandoned town during World War 1!

It's comedy possibilities are enormous. And so are the possibilities for biting irony. Who better than, than Philippe De Broca to direct; Daniel Boulanger to write the screenplay, and that Angry Young Man Alan Bates for the male romantic lead?

Wednesday, January 31 through Tuesday, February 6



EVENTS

FRI DAY, JAN. 5

SOUNDS KC Philharmonic Carabet Concert with Michael Charry conducting 8:30 pm, Union Station. Call [redacted] for information.
 -Bill Haymes, Nexus Coffee House, 8 pm, 8401 Wornall Rd., 75¢.
 -Classmen, Ebenezers, 308 Delaware 50¢ cover charge.
FLICKS "Evolution" & "American Spectacle", 10:00 am, Plaza Library Free.
 -"Blood of a Poet" & "Entr'acte", 8:30 pm, Action Art Center, 111 W. 5th, Free.
 -"Umbrellas of Cherbourg" 12 midnight, Festival, 3319 Main, \$1.50.

SATURDAY, JAN. 6

SOUNDS Bill Haymes (see Jan. 5)
 -Classmen (see Jan. 5)
THEATRE "Life and Loves of Kitty LaRay", 8 pm, Foolkiller, 809 E. 31st, \$1.50.
FLICKS "Umbrellas of Cherbourg" (see Jan. 5)
PLANETARIUM shows at 1:30, 2:30 & 3:30, KC Museum of History & Science, 3218 Gladstone Blvd., 50¢, Children under 6 not admitted.

SUNDAY, JAN. 7

SOUNDS KC Philharmonic Chamber concert with Michael Charry & Janes Paul, 3:30 pm in Kirkwood Hall, Nelson Art Gallery, Free.
 -Rich Hill, 8 pm, Nexus Coffee House, 8401 Wornall Rd., 50¢.
FLICKS "Paths of Glory" now through Jan. 10, Bijou, 425 Westport Road, Call [redacted] for information.
 -"Umbrellas of Cherbourg", 1 pm, Festival, 3319 Main, \$1.50.
FOLK DANCING 7 pm, Conover Auditorium, All Souls Unitarian Church, 4500 Warwick. Adults, \$1.00; Teens 50¢.
LECTURE Forum Lecture, "Significance of Equal Rights Amendment for Women and the Emerged Minority Men", by Joan M. Krauskopf, 10 am, All Souls Unitarian Church, 4500 Warwick.
PLANETARIUM (see Jan. 6).

MONDAY, JAN. 8

EXHIBIT "Art in a Time-Space Dimension" an exhibition produced by the Multi-Media department of the School of Fine Arts at Washington University. Gallery hours today are 10 to 5, Charlotte Crosby Kemper Gallery of the KC Art Institute, 4415 Warwick

TUESDAY, JAN. 9

FLICKS "Cane Camp" and "Eruption of Kilauea", 11:45 & 12:45, Main Library, 1211 McGee, Free.
LECTURE "Behavioral and Learning Difficulties: Should Parents Use Drugs to Control Their Children's Behavior?", by Dr. I.J. Barrish and Dr. Harriet H. Barrish, 7:30 pm, Jewish Community Center, 8201 Holmes, \$1.00.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 10

SOUNDS Don Young, 8 pm, Nexus Coffee House, 8401 Wornall, 50¢.
 -Classmen (see Jan. 5)
FLICKS "The Bicycle Thief", 7:30 pm Epperson Auditorium, KC Art Institute, Free.
 -"MacBeth" opens in Vanguard Cinema I I & "Coconuts" and a news-reel opens in Vanguard Cinema I, 4307 Main, Call [redacted]

THURSDAY, JAN. 11

SOUNDS Blue Donaldson, Landmark, Union Station, Call [redacted] for information.
 -Tom Koob, 8 pm, Nexus Coffee House, 8401 Wornall, 50¢.
FLICKS "42nd Street" now through Jan 13, Bijou, 425 Westport, Call 561-2885 for information.

FRIDAY, JAN 12

SOUNDS Blue Donaldson, (see Jan.11)
 -Classmen (see Jan. 5)
THEATRE "Life and Loves of Kitty LaRay" & "When Mommie Got the Blues", 8 pm, Foolkiller, 809 E. 31st, \$2.00.
FLICKS "Vicious Cycles", "Rome: City Eternal", "The Renaissance: It's Beginnings in Italy," 10 am, Plaza Library, Free.
 -"The Bicycle Thief", 8:30 pm, Action Art Center, 111 W. 5th, free.
 -"Blow Up" 12 midnight, Festival, 3319 Main, \$1.50.
 -"Claire's Knee" Festival, 3319 Main, Call 931-8136 for information.
EXHIBIT Edward Hopper, now through Feb. 18, Nelson Art Gallery.

SATURDAY, JAN. 13

SOUNDS Blue Donaldson (see Jan.11)
 -Classmen (see Jan. 5)
THEATRE "Life and Loves of Kitty LaRay", 8 pm, Foolkiller, 809 E. 31st, \$1.50.
FLICKS "Blow Up" (see Jan. 12).
STORY HOUR "Fools and Funny Fells", 2 pm, Plaza Library, for children ages 6 and up.
PLANETARIUM (see Jan. 6)

SUNDAY, JAN. 14

SOUNDS Bob Pruitt, 8 pm, Nexus Coffee House, 8401 Wornall, 50¢.
FLICKS "She Done Him Wrong" with Mae West, now through Jan. 17, Bijou, 425 Westport Rd, Call [redacted].
 -"Blow Up" 1 pm, Festival, 3319 Main, \$1.50.
EXHIBIT Celebrative second opening of Matrix exhibition with a special concert by the KC Piano-Percussion Ensemble, featuring Gaylon Umbarger and Gerald Kemner, 8 pm, Public invited, Free.
FOLK DANCING 7 pm, Conover Auditorium, All Souls Unitarian Church, 4500 Warwick Blvd, Adults, \$1.00; Teens, 50¢.
LECTURES Forum Lecture "Blue Collar America" by Dr. Tex S. Sample, 10 am, All Souls Unitarian Church, 4500 Warwick.

-Lecture by Robert M. Doty, curator of the Whitney, 3:30 pm, Nelson Art Gallery auditorium, Free.
PLANETARIUM (see Jan. 6)

MONDAY, JAN. 15

SOUNDS Blue Donaldson (see Jan. 11)

TUESDAY, JAN. 16

SOUNDS KC Philharmonic Subscription Series concert, Jorge Mester, conducting and Charles Treger, violinist, 8 pm, Music Hall. Call [redacted] for information.
 -Blue Donaldson (see Jan. 11)
FLICKS "Genius Man" and "Say Good-bye", 11:45 & 12:45, Main Library, 1211 McGee, Free.
EXHIBIT Cindy Snodgrass, sculpture; Allan Winkler, ceramics; Ann Nathan photography. Opening now through Feb. 3, Action Art Center, 111 W. 5th Street.
LECTURE "Behavioral and Learning Difficulties: I f Not Drugs, What?" by Dr. I.J. Barrish & Dr. Harriet H. Barrish, 7:30 pm, Jewish Community Center, 8201 Holmes, \$1.00.



WEDNESDAY, JAN. 17

SOUNDS KC Philharmonic Subscription Series concert, Jorge Mester, conducting and Charles Treger, violinist, 7:30 pm, Music Hall, Call [redacted] for ticket information.
 -UMKC Joint Senior Recital with Kristen Sager, piano; Elizabeth Hill, voice; 8:15 pm, Stover Auditorium, 4420 Warwick, Free.
 -Blue Donaldson (see Jan. 11)
FLICKS "Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge", "Fatal Glass of Beer", "Great Train Robbery", 7:30 pm, Epperson Auditorium, KC Art Institute, Free.
 -"Where's Poppa" opens in Vanguard Cinema II and "Andalusian Dog" & "Simon of the Desert" opens in Vanguard Cinema I, 4307 Main, Call [redacted] for information.

THURSDAY, JAN. 18

SOUNDS KC Philharmonic Subscription Series concert, Jorge Mester, conducting and Charles Treger, violinist, matinee performance, 1 pm, Plaza Theatre, Call [redacted] for ticket information.

-Center Division Recital: Grade School, 7:17 pm; High School, 8: 15 pm, Stover Auditorium, 4420 Warwick Blvd., Free.

-Blue Donaldson (see Jan. 11)
FLICKS "Alice in Wonderland" now through Jan. 20, Bijou, 425 Westport Road, call [redacted] for information.

FRI DAY, JAN. 19

SOUNDS Larry & Rick, 8 pm, Nexus Coffee House, 8401 Wornall, 75¢.
 -UMKC Junior Recital, Leanne Toth violin, 8:15 pm, Stover Auditorium, 4420 Warwick, Free.
 -Looney Tunes, Ebenezers, 309 Delaware, 50¢ cover charge.
 -Blue Donaldson (see Jan. 11).
FLICKS "The Searching Eye" and "The Red Balloon", 10 am, Plaza Library, Free.
 -"Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge", "Fatal Glass of Beer", "Great Train Robbery", 8:30 pm, Action Art Center, 111 W. 5th, Free.
 -"Julius Caesar" 12 midnight, Festival, 3319 Main, \$1.50.

THEATRE "Life and Loves of Kitty LaRay" & "When Mommie Got the Blues", 8 pm, Foolkiller, 809 E. 31st, \$2.00-

COMMUNIVERSITY Deadline for conveners to contact Communiversity. Call [redacted] if you want to convene a class.

SATURDAY, JAN. 20

SOUNDS UMKC Faculty Recital, Margaret North, voice; 8:15 pm, Stover Auditorium, 4420 Warwick. Free.
 -Looney Tunes, (see Jan. 19).
 -Larry & Rick, (see Jan. 19)
 -Blue Donaldson (see Jan. 11)
FLICKS "Julius Caesar" (see Jan.19)
THEATRE "When Mommie Got the Blues", 8 pm, Foolkiller, 809 E. 31st, \$1.50.
DEMONSTRATION Ceramics Demonstration by Dave Keator, 10-2, Action Art Center, 111 W. 5th.

SUNDAY, JAN. 21

SOUNDS Mendelssohn Choir Concert, Eph Ehly, conductor, 3:30 pm, Pierson Hall, UMKC.
 -Janet Fisher, 8 pm, Nexus Coffee House, 8401 Wornall, 50¢.
FLICKS "Pilgrimage" & "Judge Priest", 2:15, Nelson Art Gallery, Free.
 -"Moracco" now through Jan. 24. Bijou, 425 Westport, Call [redacted] for information.
 -"Julius Caesar", 1 pm, Festival, 3319 Main, \$1.50.
FOLK DANCING English Contra Dance 7 pm, Conover Auditorium, All Souls Unitarian Church, 4500 Warwick Blvd Adults, \$1.00; Teens, 50¢.
LECTURE Forum Lecture on emerging minorities: American Indian. 10 am All Souls Unitarian Church, 4500 Warwick.
PLANETARIUM (see Jan. 6).

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