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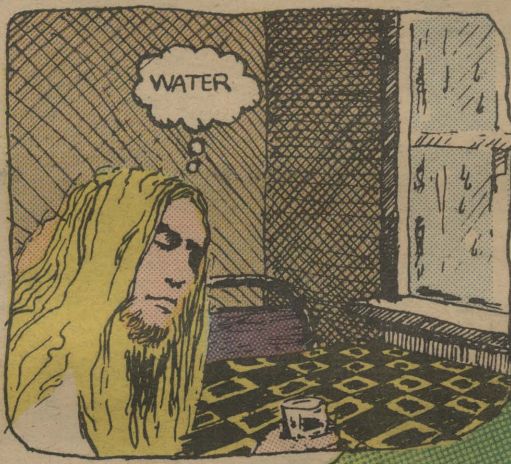
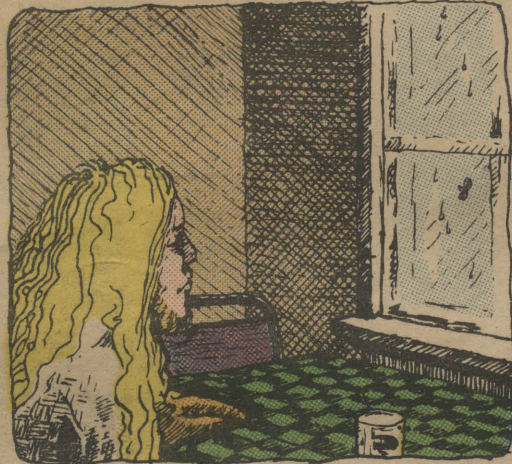
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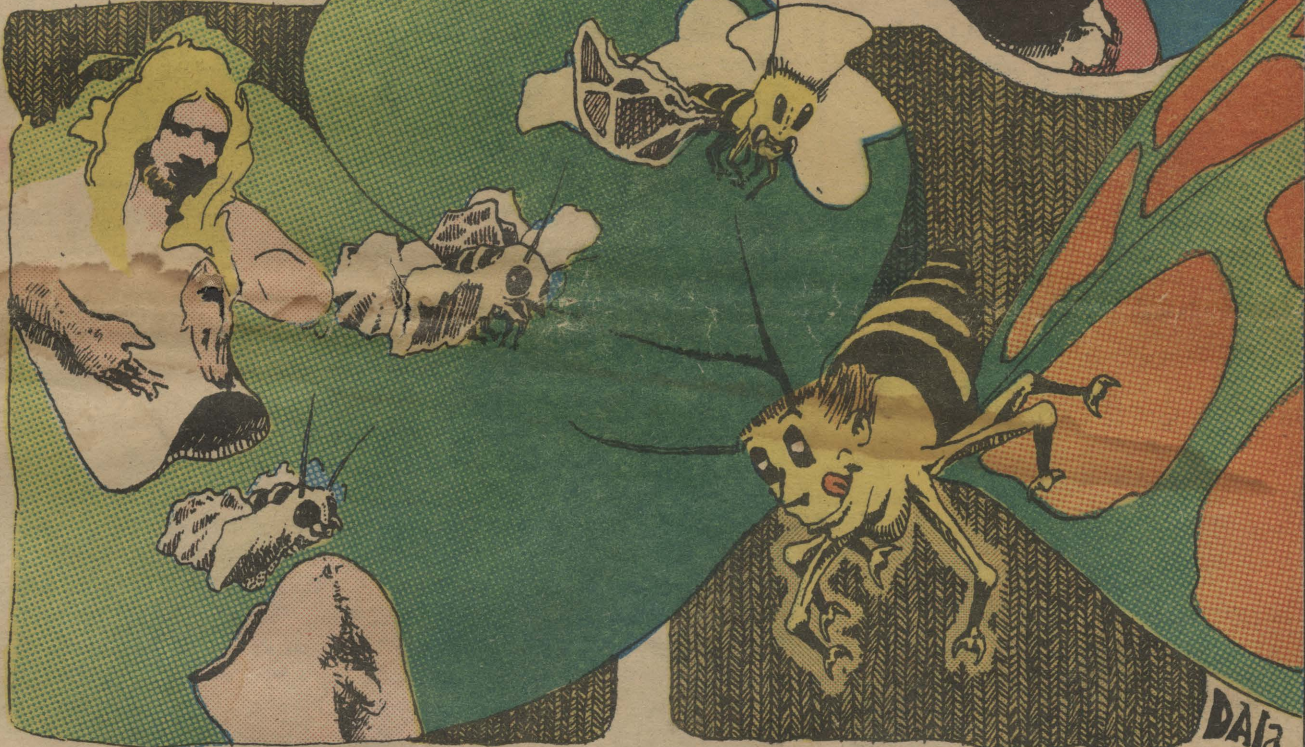
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TRUCKER

Volume 3, Number 15, Issue No 64. Published by the Mother Love Tribe of Westport, Missouri, February 24, 1973



THE SERVANT GAVE HIM THE LAST OF THE WATER, AS HE RELEASED HIS INSECT STOMACH....



color seps, Dennis Giangreco

DAJA

In This Issue:

A Whole New Can'a Worms!!
Dr. John Interview
Ronald McDonald Harnar
Film, Record & Concert Reviews
Gaines & Feldstein on E. C.

Zippies Indicted For Miami Firebomb

(Editor's Note: Thomas Forcade, who, along with Rex Weiner, wrote The Insidious Moon Cruise for the last issue of the Westport Trucker has been busted along with Cindy Ornsteen on charges stemming from their activities at the Republican Convention last August. Below is Rex's report on the bust.)

REX WEINER

In a bust that confirms our worst paranoia about the vengeance potential of the Nixon regime, Thomas Forcade and Cindy Ornsteen, both organizers of the Zippie demonstrations during the Miami conventions this summer, were arrested Saturday morning, Feb. 10, in the Greenwich Village office of the Underground Press Syndicate. Six FBI agents carried out the bust, acting on indictments handed down

the previous Thursday by a secret Grand Jury in Miami Beach.

This is apparently the latest development in attempts by the Nixon administration to justify its illegal spying actions carried out at the Watergate. The Watergate defendants testified that they felt it necessary to spy on the Democrats in order to prevent "greater crimes" - violent attacks on the government by radicals. Since no such attacks occurred, the administration has now found it necessary to fabricate potential attempts - such as the firebomb charge against Forcade and Ornsteen and the similar case now pending against members of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War in Gainesville. The Gainesville case consists of charges that seven members of the VVAW and a Gainesville, Fla., man conspired to attack

Miami Beach police stations and cars with automatic weapons and firebombs during the Republican Convention.

Forcade and Ornsteen join Pat Small, now serving a year in jail for possession of pot (and throwing a pie in the face of a Miami Beach Councilman) as the only ones other than the VVAW people to face time for the demonstrations that occurred during the Democratic and Republican National Conventions. All three were active with the Zippie branch of the Youth International Party.

Although all Zippie demonstrations were nonviolent, several leaders of other Movement factions in Miami made repeated charges during the summer that the Zippies planned violent outbursts during the Republican Convention, and even

went so far as to call Forcade a "police agent." YIP members now charge that these allegations were partially responsible for the decision to frame Forcade and Ornsteen.

The FBI claims firebombs were found in a Zippie sound truck which Forcade was driving in Miami Beach on the last night of the Republican Convention. Forcade was arrested at the time for driving without a license and wreckless driving, and the truck was searched, revealing only a candle and a can of gasoline used to fuel a generator which powered the truck's sound system. However, the FBI indictment contends there were several cans "filled with a wax-like mixture of potassium nitrate and sugar, with matches inserted." Forcade

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WESTPORT TRUCKER*

Volume 3, Number 15,
Issue Number 64

February 23, 1973

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ERIC MENN

COLLABORATION IN MIAMI?



Pat Small

YIPster Times, a national newspaper of the Youth International Party, has charged that movement leaders and the government representatives secretly conspired to sidetrack protest during last summer's Miami demonstrations. The article names Dave Dellinger, Rennie Davis, Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, Ed Sanders, Jeff Nightbyrd and Stew Albert (all associated with the Miami Conventions Coalition or the Yippie faction of the Youth International Party) as collaborators with the government.

It quotes Dave Hadler, owner of the Festival Group sound system used by MCC, as saying that his \$3000 fee was paid by the Justice Department; it also charges that the MCC tents were provided by the Defense Department.

It claims that MCC cancelled street demonstrations, minimized publicity, and held a number of off-street actions, including "superstar" rallies, to divert energy from street actions called by SDS and

the Zippie faction of YIP. The article claims that the leaders agreed to use their influence to minimize protests in return for quashing numerous criminal charges against them. (Over the past summer and fall a number of charges were dropped, including the Chicago Seven conspiracy charges, perjury charges against Leslie Bacon, an MCC supporter, assault charges against Hoffman and forgery charges in Texas against Nightbyrd.)

The article charges that Zippie organizer Pat Small was framed on marijuana possession because he refused to knuckle under to pressure to cease organizing for serious protests. Small, so far the only person to be convicted as a result of the Miami demonstrations, is currently serving a year in jail for less than half an ounce of pot. Small is a long-time radical who founded the Milwaukee YIP chapter and sided with the Zippies during the factional split in Miami.

Small had been a particular

target of MCC and the Yippies, who were originally figureheaded by Hoffman and Rubin but eventually became the MCC's youth front. The Yippies, who had suites at the Al-bion Hotel and plush offices in a Miami Beach medical center, were financed to the tune of \$33,000 by the Kinney Corporation in exchange for a work-within-the-system book called Vote!, written by Hoffman, Rubin and Ed Sanders.

The YIPster Times article charges that Small's arrest was a result of a compromise between Miami movement leaders and the government. The movement leaders wanted Small and all other Zippies arrested immediately, while the government was afraid of retaliation by the protestors in Flamingo Park, most of whom supported the Zippies. The compromise was to bust them immediately after the Republican Convention. The night the convention ended the Zippie house was raided by machine gun-wielding police, who arrested and beat several

people, including Small.

During the summer Small had been vilified by MCC and Yippie leaders as a violent provocateur and possibly a police agent. Although no violence materialized, movement leaders continually repeated the charge that Small and other Zippies were violent, dangerous radicals.

Members of Small's defense committee attribute his unusually long sentence to this unfavorable publicity. The effectiveness of these smear charges was apparent, YIP members point out, when an envoy went to Miami Beach Mayor Chuck Hall and asked him to intervene in Small's case. Hall answered that he would not because he had "inside" information that Small, Thomas Forcade and Dana Beal — who had also been labelled violent by movement and government leaders — were "dangerous, violent hard cores."

Small is expected to serve the full year of his sentence.



43rd STREET STRIKE CONTINUES

MIKE TAYLOR

In the January 5 issue of the Trucker, a report was given of a rent strike at the apartments on the northwest corner of 43rd and Warwick, a building that was condemned and mysteriously uncondemned several years ago. Kasil Jaben, owner of the apartments, was doing very little to provide tenants with heat as well as ignoring numerous other problems such as dangerous wiring, unreliable plumbing, broken windows, and dangerous stairways. The place was a mess.

Since then, the heat has been turned up considerably both radiators and the tenants' anger. Although the radiators were fixed, the other problems had little or nothing done about them. One tenant explained that a lady had been hired to come in and sweep the halls, one Saturday, but that was it.

On January 22, enough noise was made so that an inspector from the Kansas City Health Department made a tour of the apartment. He was accompanied on his inspection by one tenant, who told the Trucker that the inspector cited the lack of fire extinguishers, bad wiring, and other things as problems. But the tenant said the Health inspector wouldn't give him the specific violations. The tenant said the Health Department sent a letter to Jaben, but would not divulge the information to anyone else.

The Health people have been there and checked things out, but there are still no fire extinguishers there are still broken windows and bad wiring. Once again those tenants desiring a clean, warm, dry, healthy apartment are spinning their wheels in bureaucratic bullshit in order to get a better place to live. The truly amazing aspect of the whole affair is the apartments rent for \$105 plus a \$175 deposit.

Some tenants have moved out, others have formed to Warwick Hotel Coop to fight Jaben, and if necessary the Health Department. The Coop has been in contact with Albert Riederer, a Legal Aid and Defender Society attorney. Riederer is helping the Coop decide on what the next action is.

Riederer explained the difficulty of the unavailability of the

Health Department's report. He said that reports have been made before citing violations by Jaben, however with both the old and new reports unavailable the tenants have no way of knowing if the problems on the old report are taken care of. If the violations on the new report are different, Jaben has to be given six weeks to remedy the problems, Riederer said, but without seeing the report, the tenants or Riederer have no idea what is supposed to be

done.

Riederer said about Jaben, "I've run up against him before in other hassels in the Westport area." He explained that he had not fully checked the records of Jaben's property but he knew his holdings were diverse.

Riederer also explained that if any legal action was taken, it would have to be on the part of more than one tenant. The tenant, the Trucker talked to, said the rent

strike or possible legal action against Jaben had the full support of all the tenants. However, the tenant was rather vague about the support. Riederer said he had only talked to one other tenant besides the one making the complaints and he would have to talk to all the tenants before he did consider any further action, if that was necessary.

So the battle of the Warwick Hotel goes on. A condemned uncondemned building is presently in the state of siege. The tenant we talked to, says he won't give up. And from the appearance of the place, Kasil Jaben won't either.

POLITICAL ELEPHANTIASIS

RICHARD ARMSTRONG

More than 800 Republicans, once an endangered species in Missouri, gathered Feb. 17 in the Alameda Plaza Hotel for a celebration of their party's rejuvenation (literally, since the four top state officials are all Republicans and all in their mid-30s). Each of the four plus Missouri's lone Republican Congressman gave a short spiel on the glories of his political affiliation. Gov. Bond's remarks centered on his fledgling administrations' "greatest achievement — attracting qualified people to state government" and its goals of "Missouri's having the finest state gov-

ernment in the country." Allowing for the customary hyperbole in political pronouncements of this sort Bond will be doing very well if he succeeds in completely converting Missouri state government from patronage politics to professionalism.

President Nixon's specter hung over the meeting. His "new federalism", transferring federal funds to state and local governments to solve their own problems as they see fit (revenue sharing), is a fundamental challenge to the capabilities of state government. Meeting that challenge is likely to take up most of the time of Bond's four

years in Jefferson City. The President got a standing ovation, at the behest of state party chairman Richard Berkley, for "bringing us peace and bringing home our prisoners of war." This peace, where 15,000 Vietnamese were killed in its first three weeks of operation and where greatly increased American bombings in Indochina outside Vietnam that must be killing thousands more daily, passeth all understanding. Nixon's "peace with honor" is the Emperor's new clothes, but 800 pairs of rosy Republican lenses saw otherwise, at least that night.

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Our Town

RICHARD ARMSTRONG

President Nixon's proposed Federal budget for the next fiscal year includes very few increased funding recommendations, at least for city-related projects. One of those increases is in the Transportation Department's urban highway programs — the Interstate Highway System.

Within the past year the city council has passed resolutions supporting construction of new Interstate Highways between Atlanta — Kansas City, and Kansas City — Chicago. This, despite the oft-repeated bemoanings of some council members and the Mayor over the wholesale neighborhood destruction any urban highway necessarily entails.

A case of the right hand knowing not what the left doeth? I doubt it. Chamber of Commerce boosterism throughout Arkansas and the affected parts of the South continues to warm the Atlanta egg, just as the host of highway profiteers — oil and gas suppliers, automobile industry, trucking firms and the teamsters' union, the franchised purveyors of fast "food", so-called land speculators, et al. are certain to nourish through gestation to construction the Kansas City — Chicago scheme.

Morgan Maxfield, Dallas-bred mogul who heads Great Midwest Corporation here (a conglomerate which operates Midwest Pre-Cote, Inc. — an asphalt company — and which specializes in land speculation and development in areas adjacent to Interstate Highways) accompanied Mayor Wheeler to Chicago last year in a visit to Mayor Daley to promote the highway link.

Last week Sen. Symington (Dem.-Mo.) began laying the committee hearing groundwork in the Senate for the necessary authorization to build this highway. The Missouri State Highway Commission is not involved in the Chicago effort. Its present goal is to successfully complete the already auth-

orized highways in the state. Instead, a handful of monied men have gone straight to the top — the U.S. Senate — in their version of participatory democracy.

Sickle cell anemia screening tests are available and free at several neighborhood health clinics. The affliction, medical mystery until recently, occurs only in Negroid people. The disease is hereditary and not at all infectious; screening tests are the only known method of detection. Its symptoms are akin to those of severe anemia: weakness, dizziness, etc. Although there is no known cure, sickle cell anemia is controllable.

For sickle cell anemia information and a schedule of screening test services contact the Social Action Committee of 20, 2705 Prospect.

City streets are in much worse condition this winter than usual, a result of the repeated freeze-thaws of the last months. Sixteen 4-man crews are working 8 hours daily Monday through Friday patching the biggest holes. In a recent memorandum to the city council the city's Public Works director explained the possibility of expanding the work force to 26 crews at an additional weekly cost of \$21,000 from now until the end of winter around mid-March. Winter repairs, however, are temporary. By August most of the patches put down would probably be gone. The council decided to keep the usual 16 winter-time crews in spite of the worse than usual winter, preferring to make more permanent repairs this spring.

If you should hit an especially bad chasm (and survive) on a heavily travelled street call the Public Works Dept. to suggest its immediate repair.

Be forewarned: water in Kansas City, Missouri will probably cost 10% more after May 1. The cost increase, yet to be ratified by the city council, is 7% less than that recommended by the consultant firm of Peat, Marwick, Mitchell in its recently completed efficiency study of the city's water dept. The new 10% rise coupled with last year's 13% boost is in line with burgeoning water costs in cities across the country, the national average being a 30% increase since 1970.

The added \$1,100,000 revenue will be divided three ways: new employees; increased services; commodities (chemicals, etc.) and capital improvements (new trucks and equipment). Even with the price jump Kansas City, Mo. water costs about 1/2 as much as Johnson County water.

As an example of the financial interconnection of energy-utility costs, the timing of the water department's request is, in part, necessitated by the latest price increase of 5.8% awarded to Kansas City Power and Light Co. by the Missouri Public Service Commission...pumping water takes electricity, which now costs 5.8% more, so water costs more, and so it goes.

Mayor Wheeler presently opposes the water price increase citing prevention of urban sprawl (extending water mains encourages residential and commercial construction in outlying areas) and economic hardship on those with fixed incomes as his reasons. He suggests using revenue sharing funds to provide the needed money — a position which flies in the face of the city council's avowed intent to use revenue sharing funds for annual, that is, occurring once, rather than perennial, or repeating, expenditures.

The city opposed the KCP&L increase before the Commission and later unsuccessfully contested it in court, using attorneys and staff from the Law dept. The public will wind up paying for both plaintiff and de-

fendant in this case. The city's share comes from regular municipal taxes, the Power and Light Company can charge off the \$231,000 fee from its New York attorney as a "business expenditure" to be paid for by the increased rates.

All power to the people, Amen.

Zippies Indicted

CONTINUED

says this is "a plant."

Forcade and Ornsteen seem to be the latest targets in the continuing attack on the underground press. Both are writers for the Underground Press Syndicate; Forcade has been the UPS Washington correspondent since 1971 — the only underground press reporter with House and Senate credentials. In Miami, both were part of a UPS team which worked for more than three months to cover the conventions and the accompanying demonstrations for the underground press.

In August both were charged with grand larceny in connection with the apparent theft of a large portrait of LBJ from the convention hall. However, charges had to be dropped in October because a representative of the Democratic Party failed to show up to claim ownership of the portrait.



EATs

BARBARA WILSON

Some people like Larry Salvato take their cheesecake very seriously. Larry is a local filmmaker, film critic and also a critic of cheesecake. He belongs to the National Cheesecake Association and it is his duty to sample cheesecakes of the world and submit ratings to the association. He granted the Trucker an exclusive interview the other night.

To begin I asked Larry exactly what in his opinion constituted a superior cheesecake. He answered that it was really hard to say. "It's hard to put your finger on it and say what is a good cheesecake; flavor, texture, physical appearance, things like that. It's mostly something that you pick up, sort of a sixth sense. After a while of doing this you sort of realize what's a good cheesecake and what isn't."

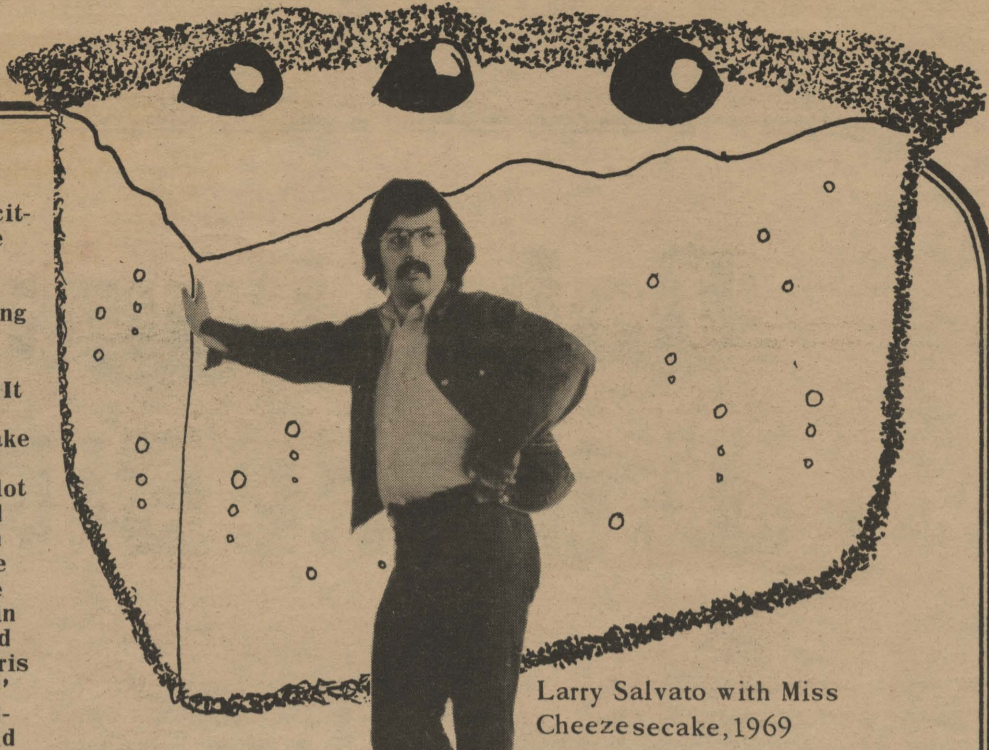
I mentioned that in my cheesecake experience I had found basically two kinds of cheesecake that are very different from one another. One is light and airy, the other dense and creamy. To this Larry commented, "Out of those two my preference leans more to the creamier, more solid, richer variety of cheesecake. Actually this is only a personal preference. There's a certain amount of skill that is involved in the creating of either of these types. Like in any area of study you have to specialize. I consider myself more knowledgeable in the creamy variety. I spend more time studying these and tasting these all over the world."

I asked Larry about the importance of glaze on a cheesecake. "Ah, yes, the glaze is very important. Maybe at this point I should explain to you the National Cheesecake Association rating system. A cheesecake is rated overall on a ten point scale. You don't really get specific points for various areas of the Cheesecake, but you get the overall impression. The certain elements of the cheesecake such as the glaze, the crust, the texture, all have to be taken into account. The glaze is very important. A cheesecake with no glaze isn't necessarily as good as a cheesecake with a bad glaze. But a cheesecake that has an excellent glaze will necessarily be a better cheesecake than one without any glaze at all."

When asked where in Kansas City a superior cheesecake can be found, "Like some cities in the

world are just good cheesecake cities and KC is a good cheesecake town. You'd be surprised at the number of restaurants that serve cheesecake. I found an interesting situation in San Francisco. San Francisco is a very good eating town but the cheesecake is not. It seems that all the restaurants in San Francisco give you cheesecake from the same place. It's a good cheesecake except it cuts out a lot of the variety that you would find if everyone was making their own individual cheesecake. In KC we don't have that problem and there are quite a few restaurants here in town that do offer cheesecake and some of them are quite good. Paris is also a good cheesecake town."

More specifically about finding a cheesecake in KC Larry told where he had found good cheesecake. "Sidney's on a good night and if the cheesecake is fresh is a real good cheesecake. That's any of the Sidney's around town, real real good cheesecake. Nichol's has an excellent cheesecake on a good night and, I might add, reasonably priced. It's home made and you also get a floor show. For 35¢ you can hardly beat it. Nichols is really a fine place. I really enjoy that eating establishment. You can go in there and get a piece of cheesecake for, I think, 35¢ and if the waitress is in a good mood she'll give you quite a large piece of cheesecake. The first time I went into Nichols and had cheesecake the waitress must have been in a very good mood and she gave me a hunk of cheesecake which was incredibly large and it was incredibly good and I was so surprised that I made the comment that it would have been better if they had asked for a donation because they would have gotten more than 35¢ from me. But at other times the size varies. The Alameda Plaza Coffee Shop has a very strange



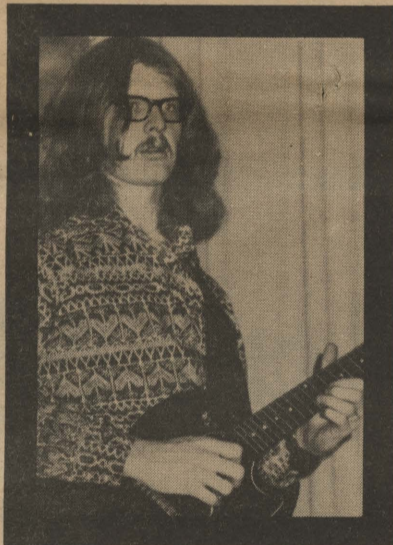
Larry Salvato with Miss Cheesecake, 1969

cheesecake. It goes more to the other area of cheesecake, the light fluffy kind. It's almost a cake, but it's very well done and served with strawberries, and is very good. It's a little expensive, I think 75¢ which is the average price for cheesecake. A lot of the little out of the way places like Winsteads and Denny's have a good cheesecake that's well worth trying, if you like cheesecake."

I asked Larry about the cheesecake of a mutual friend, Merry Baker which I knew we had both tasted. "This gets into another area. This is the private cheesecake artist. There are people around the world who privately make cheesecake only for the consumption of their friends. One of these people in KC is Merry Baker. Merry is an excellent cook and she also makes a very nice cheesecake, an excellent cheesecake. It's probably one of the best private cheesecakes that you can find anywhere in the world. It gets about nine on the ten point scale which is very, very good. It's hard to be a critic of cheesecake unless you've made it

and know what goes into it, all of the elements. Everything has to be in very careful balance of the cheesecake will not come out right. It'll be too soggy, or too lemony, too sweet, or lumpy. There are so many ways to mess up a cheesecake. When you find one that is really excellent you really appreciate it."

I asked Larry about delicatessen cheesecake because they always serve some form of cheesecake which is often excellent. Unfortunately, Larry said that he has been on a diet for the past three or four months and hasn't had an opportunity to try delicatessen cheesecake. However, he realizes that he must get back into it or else he will lose his standing as an official rater of the National Cheesecake Association. Perhaps we will hear from Larry in the future about delicatessen cheesecake.



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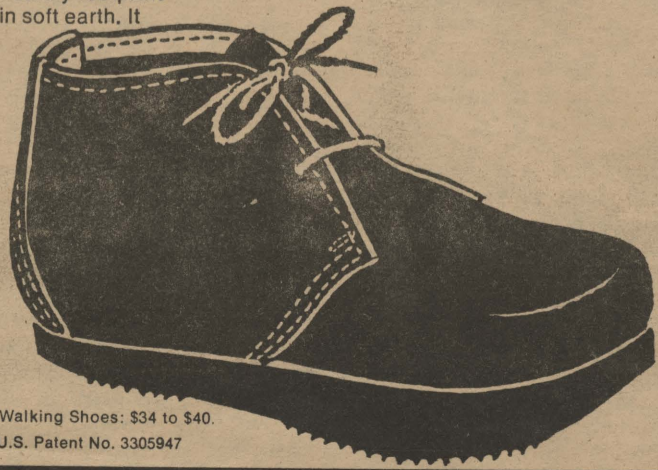
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Doing Away With The BIA

JACK SCHWARTZ UPS
For seven days in November, native Americans occupied the Bureau of Indian Affairs in Washington. They had come to Washington to tell the public that the BIA had helped give away their land and their rights to speculators, fish canneries, and hotel owners; but no one would listen to quiet voices, so the sound got louder. When the building was evacuated, the documentation of Federal cooperation with corporations who were stealing Indian resources went with the activists.

On Nov. 23, the first of many small parcels of the BIA papers was found when a car crashed on an Oklahoma highway. Three persons were arrested. In the following weeks, at least three more people were caught in various parts of the country with the government secrets.

Then, on Nov. 30, Hank Adams a native American from Washington State, began giving information to the House committee investigating the abuses publicized by the Trail of Broken Treaties. A week later Jack Anderson began to print the evidence of the BIA papers. And on Jan. 31, Adams, Anderson's number one reporter and three other Indians were arrested in D.C. by the FBI.

Adams had been the conduit for the information to a House in-

vestigator named Credon. On Tuesday, Jan. 30, Adams picked up three boxes of data at the bus station for a 10 a.m. appointment the next morning with Credon. The boxes were then to go to the FBI agent Dennis F. Hyten, whose name and phone number were written on the boxes; he had received other BIA papers and had given Adams receipts for them. This seemed to be the normal arrangement for the documents after they had been copied or published.

But, as the boxes were being loaded into a car, two FBI agents, without warrants, arrested Adams, Daniel Pidgeon and Allison Gerri, as well as Anderson's man Les Whitten. Whitten was covering the return of the papers for a column. Less than two miles away the FBI was raiding the home of other activists and busting Anita Collins of the American Indian Movement.

At the station, as Anderson later stated, "an FBI agent tore (Whitten's) notepad and pen out of his hands and handcuffed him, there by preventing him from taking notes... Justice Department officials debated for eight hours what charges to bring against him." They decided that Adams, Collins and Whitten be charged with possessing stolen government documents, a felony carrying a ten-year maximum sentence. Charges against Pidgeon and Cer-



Armed with bows, spears, and clubs, the occupation force defended its turf from police.

ri were dropped after they were held for the day.

Meanwhile, the FBI went back to Adam's apartment to fuck up the place, taking many personal items along with them. (It is not clear if they waited for a search warrant). At the house where Collins was picked up the agents kept LaNada Boyer under wraps while searching Boyer's home. At 7 p.m. after a day's search, a warrant arrived. They found a hand calculator, a typewriter, a mailbag and unspecified papers.

The fink was one Johnny Arriano, a chicano on the D.C. Metropolitan Police Force, who was portraying a radical Apache. He had been at the BIA during the occupation and was helping Adams transport the papers around town.

On Feb. 9 Pidgeon and Cerri were presented, via subpoena, to a grand jury, where under forced immunity they gave an unknown amount of information to aid prosecution of defendants.

Later that day I asked Whitten what the trial might be like. He said there had been a blatant viola-

tion of his First Amendment reporter's rights and that he and Anderson were surprised and shocked. The arrests were "un-American" and "foolish, because now the government may never get their files back." He added that more of the documents would be printed in Anderson's column.

There is much speculation about why the arrests occurred. First, the Indians had tarnished the government's image and had halted the crooked machinations of the BIA. Then there was Anderson, and the obvious attempt to stop the public from knowing what's in the BIA papers. The busts seem to have been poorly and quickly planned, perhaps only hours beforehand. May be the arrests would not have happened if Arriano had not told the FBI that Whitten could also be picked up. The return of the papers had been announced earlier, and the FBI may have had an agreement not to stop the inflow of the documents. But they saw a good chance to slap Anderson around for Nixon, and on an issue not as touchy for most Americans as IT&T of Watergate.



MICHAEL POSLUNS AND
KANATAKENIATE

The Trials of Akwasasne Notes



LAST POST

Does the arrest of the editor of the largest Indian newspaper in North America reflect a new (if hardly novel) trend in the Nixon Administration's Indian policy? And will Pierre Elliott Trudeau and Jean Chretien hurry to catch up?

The paper in question is "Akwasasne Notes", the official publication of the Mohawk Nation at Akwasasne, which has grown in three and a half years from a circulation of 900 to one of 38,000. A typical issue of Notes will report events of the month from what the James Bay Crees are doing to fight the attack from Hydro-Quebec which wants to flood their lands, to the reclaiming by the Pit River Indians of lands occupied by the PG&E railroad in California, and on to the napalm bombing of Amazon Indians by the Indian Protection Society of Brazil (American bombs, Canadian planes).

Its very success, its increased visibility and its location in a community whose land is claimed by three governments, but whose people recognize the constitution of a fourth power, have made Akwasasne Notes vulnerable to attack. The arrest of Rarihokwats, Notes' editor, was ostensibly the result of "questionable" entry into the United States, but is closely tied into that

jurisdictional dispute and to a disagreement over what the relationship of the Indian community at Akwasasne to the surrounding white community should be.

Akwasasne is a community occupying the islands and south shore of the St. Lawrence River near Cornwall, Ontario and Massena, New York. It is part of the Mohawk Nation, a number of the Six Nations Confederacy, called the Iroquois by the French but in their own language still called the People of the Great Law.

Mohawks have occupied Akwasasne since long before their Carib and Arawak brothers discovered Columbus in 1492. Canada and the United States have made claims to Akwasasne that would put the islands into Ontario, the south shore into two separate counties of New York State and three peninsulas into Quebec.

Traditional Mohawks, who have had a recorded federal constitution for perhaps a thousand years, do not see this as a workable form of federalism. Along with the need to remain one community, they quote the treaties and correspondence in which both England and the United States recognized that the Six Nations were sovereign and independent nations that could not be subjected to foreign domination.

Michigan-born Jerry Gambill came to Akwasasne in 1966 as a community development officer with the Canadian Department of Indian Affairs. But his insistence on working with the whole community and therefore with the Long House people, the traditionalists who continue to recognize only their own Iroquois constitution as having authority — soon led to a parting of the ways with Indian Affairs.

Gambill took the name Rarihokwats four years ago when he was made a naturalized citizen of the Mohawk Nation under the sponsorship of Anna Jock, Clan Mother of the Bear Clan. Mrs. Jock says, "He has become a Mohawk in all the ways our people have. He understands our Mohawk language and could speak it with ease." Adoption into the Mohawk Nation is not a common thing; there is probably only one other living person who has been accepted into the nation.

Rarihokwats was at graduate school in Vermont when people from Akwasasne blockaded the International Bridge on December 18, 1968. When clipping were sent him from a variety of daily newspapers he pasted them up, had them offset and sent them to every home on the reserve. At the beginning he had no intention of regular publication, but by the end of the next summer, when

the demand for the offset sheets had passed the 2,000 mark, he was back at Akwasasne developing Notes into a newspaper.

At the beginning the paper had little editorial capability of its own; it was made up almost entirely of clippings from other sources. It also had no permanent home — it was put out from a bus in which its staff travelled across the continent visiting subscribers. In 1970 Mike Boots invited the paper to share his barber shop and storage room on Cornwall Island, and Notes had its first permanent residence. The emergence of a volunteer staff with artistic and technical talents transformed it from a news anthology to a newspaper. After a year in the barber shop Notes had also become a major distributor of books on Indian matters, and it had begun to distribute crafts, especially those produced by people in remote areas, who lacked a non-government, non-exploitive access to the market.

It was the move in January 1972 from the barber shop on a quiet corner of the reservation to Nation House at Hogansburg, a white village in the heart of Akwasasne on the New York side of the line, that made the newspaper vulnerable to attack. Nation House had been purchased by the Long House peo-

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S A F E W A Y



CHAVEZ in K.C.

JOHN LaROE

Tuesday, February 13th. Afternoon, 2-5 o'clock. Gray, half-drizzle, cold. The cold that's so wet it lays under your coat on your skin making goose-bumps and freezing your marrow. Over 100 pickets pace a circle in front of the Safeway store in the Valentine Shopping Center at 36th and Broadway. All their feet shuffle, a few teeth chatter, but all their mouths sing, chant, or smile. A well organized publicity campaign they carry red flags bearing the black eagle of the United Farm Workers (UFW) or poster boards reading "Boycott Lettuce", "Buy Union Lettuce", etc.

Among them is Cesar Chavez with tough dark skin and a smile. His son Fernando, and 65 strikers from the D'Arrigo valley in California, touring the states trying to drum up support for the boycott of non-union lettuce.

In the parking lot are perhaps a dozen more, carrying signs or flags. They approach shoppers as they leave their cars, try to talk them out of shopping at Safeway, and give them leaflets explaining in more detail why. The leaflets are headed: "EVERY HEAD OF LETTUCE YOU BUY HELPS KEEP THESE CHILDREN HUNGRY" and pictures some hungry-looking kids. This leaflet lists some of the things the Farm Workers demand of the companies before they will sign contracts: "Sanitation (now, there are no toilets nor hand-washing facilities in the fields), controls on dangerous pesticides (now, many workers suffer from pesticide poisoning), a living wage (now, their children must drop out of school to help earn money...), a medical plan (now, their medical care is so poor that their life expectancy is only 49...), and job rights (now, they have no job security, no seniority, and no grievance procedure)."

Safeway, it seems, has been the least co-operative of all the store chains in this boycott. As it was in the Grape Boycott not so long ago. According to another leaflet, they have "not bought one head of UFW lettuce since October 1972".

Cesar Chavez talks on a pay telephone around the corner from the electric Safeway doors. In front of him stand four of his five bodyguards, usually more discreet. His life has been threatened more than

once or twice, I'm told. And I tend to believe it, there's a high casualty rate amongst pioneering labor organizers in these United States. Joe Hill, Frank Little and Wesley Everest made the headlines. Bunches of others didn't.

Even with the bodyguards, Chavez does his best to be approachable. Fifteen minutes later, all but one of the bodyguards have disappeared. The one who remains takes a polaroid picture of a Chicano family posing with Chavez.

His son, Fernando, stands by at the electric doors. He delivers a softer version of the boycott rap to the most determined shoppers who've decided to shop Safeway, despite the leaflets in the parking lot and the pickets on the sidewalk, usually ladies over sixty. He seemed to admire their resolve, or at least give them credit for courage.

Some of the ladies, he talked out of shopping. A few others, after they had shopped, took their groceries back and demanded refunds. One stood patiently listening to Fernando's rap; when her cab pulled up, he loaded her groceries in the back seat for her. It occurred to me that it would be a hassle to be living on a pension, pay cab fare to the grocery store, and then be asked to turn away from shopping because of a boycott.

Evening, 7-10 o'clock. Cold fog making cars line up to park, with their headlights glowing in the dark at Penn Valley Community College. Follow the smoke breathing people through the red brick maze to the fieldhouse or gym or whatever.

This is the pep rally. In the lobby is a short row of tables. "Sign a Lettuce Boycott Pledge", "Buy a UFW Button", "Be on the Farm Worker's Mailing List!!" An arrow in red magic marker, Rally/this way". Just that, a pep rally. Minus the mini-skirted cheerleaders.

The crowd, which is large, sits on basketball bleachers in the gym. In the center of the basketball court are 15 or so chairs and a portable podium with a small speaker and microphone built-in. Behind the chairs, stretched across a volleyball net, "Penn Valley Welcomes D'Arrigo Strikers and Cesar". On one of the volleyball poles, a large red heart. "The day is over when two Anglos can sign a contract for

us on the back of a valentine".

That's a reference to the "sweetheart" contracts signed by the Teamsters Union during the current UFW strike. It works this way. If a company's workers are on strike the company finds a union which is willing to sell out. That union signs on one or two workers from that company, and becomes the "official bargaining agent" for the workers. Then the scab union and the company "negotiate" and sign a contract that the real union, in this case the UFW has rejected.

The pep rally begins with a prayer. Then Harold Cullum from the AFL/CIO Central Labor Council, "So long as anyone in the United States is denied the right to organize... they will have our support."

After Cullum's appropriately short address, three women from the 65 D'Arrigo strikers sang Spanish-American folk songs and wound up their set with a Spanish version of what I guessed was the old wobbly "Solidarity Forever". It's sung to the tune of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." After the folk singing came the folk dancing. Complete with folk costume. Kind of reminiscent of the high school assembly where the foreign exchange students wore their "native clothing".

Then Chavez, and applause, and more applause. A lot of applause. He begins with an anecdote about a pleasant surprise. The police who had pulled up to the bus that morning had come there to escort them into Kansas City, Missouri, not to arrest them. "After you've been arrested so many times..." he says, and everyone applauds.

Then Chavez thanked people, everyone who had helped him and the D'Arrigo strikers he is traveling with, since they had come to Kansas City, the women who had cooked, the students from Penn Valley and UMKC, who had met him at the St. Thomas Church in Kansas City, Kansas, Cullum from the AFL/CIO, the parish priest from St. Thomas...everyone. Applause, applause.

After thanks came the "announcement" of the evening. He had notified the Canadian Public Health people and the U.S. Food and Drug people that 10000 boxes

of lettuce from the Imperial Valley of California and the Yuma Valley in Arizona had been contaminated with oversized doses of Monitor-4, some sort of "organic phosphate". Monitor-4, we were told, is REAL nasty stuff. Applause. And 2,500 of these boxes were found in Safeway stores. Lots of applause.

Now he spoke of the picketing that afternoon. They had turned around 80 persons back, away from shopping at Safeway. Six or seven, he said, had bought groceries, had come outside and changed their minds, then taken the groceries back and gotten refunds. A lot of applause.

Gandhi, Chavez says, said "consumer boycotts are the most nearly perfect non-violent form of protest." In 1965 he had been told it would not work, that the Grape Boycott would fail. It didn't, he says. It succeeded because "the people supported us." Applause.

Next came a series of stories from the Grape Boycott days, each of which was met with laughter — and applause. The first was about a friend of his who was travelling in Tokyo at the time. His friend saw a small, very small, fruit stand on a Tokyo backstreet. In front of the fruit stand was a Japanese man, pacing and carrying a sign. On one side of the sign were Japanese characters, on the other the English words "Don't buy California Grapes!" Because the picketer could only speak Japanese, Chavez' friend never discovered how that Japanese man had heard of the Grape Boycott.

He closed with a Chavez quote, "The food you eat is the result of sweat, blood, and exploitation. Through no fault of your own, you eat exploitation."

And the evening closed with a film the UFW had done on themselves. Portraying life for farm workers and community effort and co-operation. The sound was most unfortunately inadequate for the auditorium. Still, "Viva La Causa!"



Put An ICBM In Your Tank

New York (UPS) "Perhaps if a Pentagon procurement officer buys Winston cigarettes because they 'taste good like a cigarette should' he might also opt for an all-weather attack aircraft from Grumman in part because it 'wields a wicked wallop', states the November/December issue of Economic Priorities Report. EPR, published by the Council

on Economic Priorities, suggests that while many corporations claim they only fulfill defense contracts out of duty and obligation, many of them aggressively encourage new defense business by spending over \$1 million per year for advertising in defense trade journals.

Many of the contractors are employing Madison Avenue ad agencies and techniques. "Defense is our name/Attack is our business" reads

a Brunswick ad. "RAPIER. The low altitude air defense that's right on for the modern army," begins one for a Norden missile.

Defense contractors are even using the free giveaway. One ad for a nighttime illumination device by Xerox offered a free copy of "Mao Tse-tung on Guerilla Warfare" on written request.

During the McNamara era, contracts were awarded solely on the

basis of design studies and descriptive literature. Since then, fly-off campaign would circumvent the reforms by introducing non-technical criteria into the competition.

While the expenditures for these ads are small compared with budgets for mass-market product campaigns their effect can still be significant, for they are directed at a small but influential group of people: Congressmen, Pentagon procurement officials and foreign defense ministry personnel.



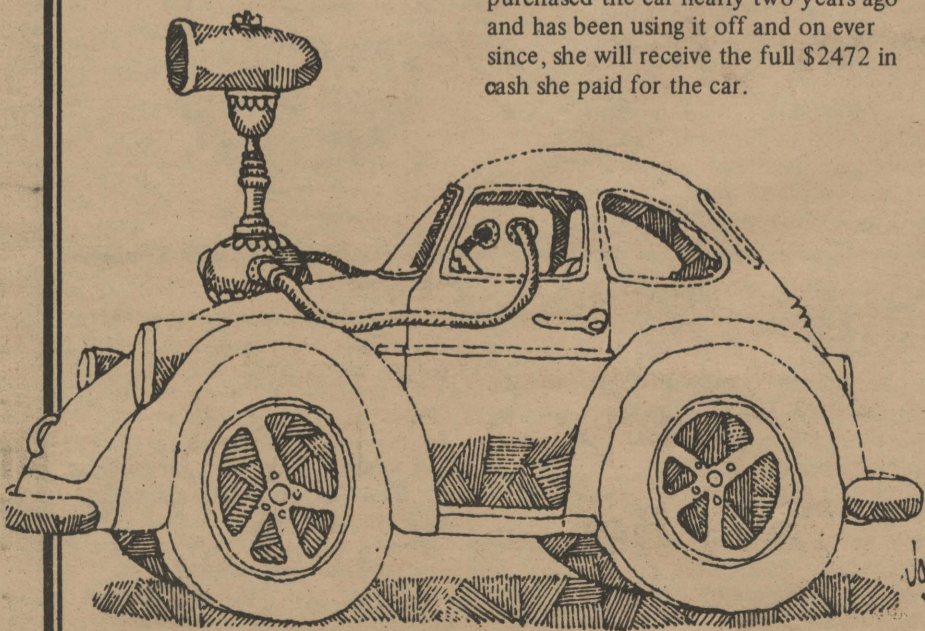
Can You Solve this Puzzle?



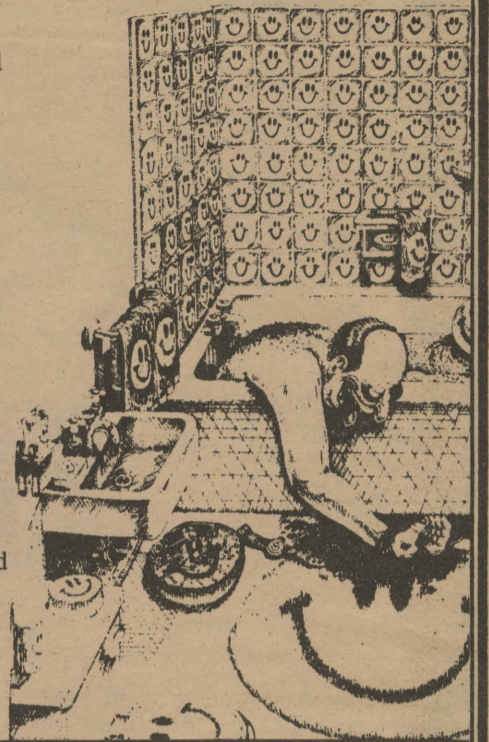
While Americans gorge themselves on holiday feasts this season, it might be appropriate to review some of the more popular feasts enjoyed by the rich during medieval times. Two students at Occidental College in Los Angeles, Ellen Sheldon and Robert Seale, decided to research the typical holiday meal for the year 1572—and they proceeded to read 60 books about medieval eating habits. Here are some of the tidbits that they came up with: * Roasted meat was turned on a spit by dogs running in cages. * One of the popular favorites was live roast goose. This was prepared by plucking a live goose and then placing the terrified animal in the middle of a large circle of fire. As the poor goose ran back and forth, drinking the water provided for it inside the ring of fire, it literally basted itself. This screaming cooked goose was then served to the guests who were told to ignore its yelling. * Live birds were commonly placed in pies, baked a little and served while still alive. * And, believe it or not, a human dwarf was occasionally baked inside an extra large pie and served alive to hungry guests.

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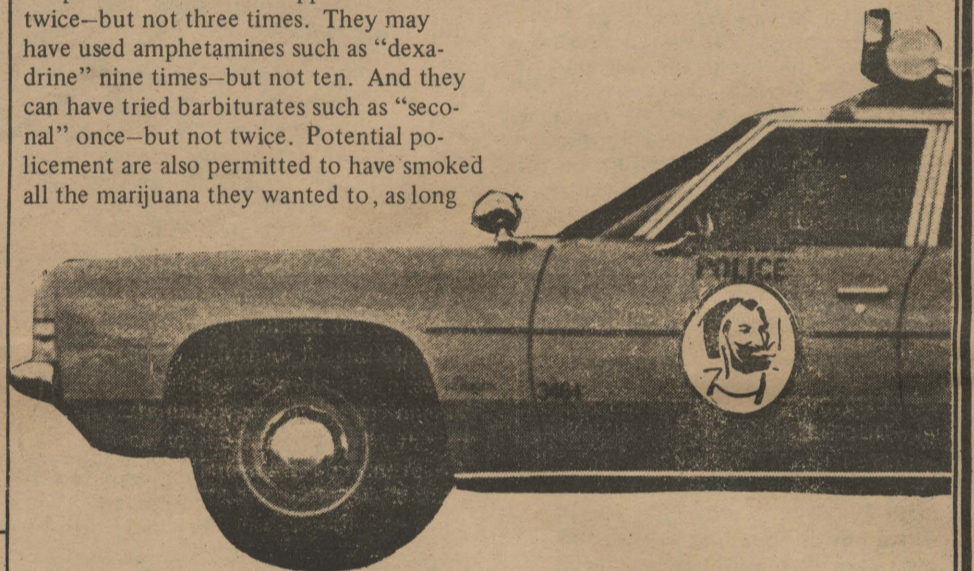
Mrs. Norma Morton was victorious in her suit against a Buick dealership after claiming that her Opel station wagon was a "lemon;" she complained that it consistently blew its fuses, and was plagued by faulty brake lights, poor timing, transmission noises and air conditioning problems. Mrs. Morton said she had ordered the car with "factory installed air conditioning"—but that when the car arrived, there was no air conditioning in the vehicle. Instead, she testified, the salesman told her to take the car (quote) "to Sears" and buy a conditioner. Mrs. Morton said she bought an air conditioner from Sears, but that it (quote) "fell out." Judge Joyce Green ruled that car dealers, like the sellers of any other product, must refund the money in full if their product doesn't work. Although Mrs. Morton purchased the car nearly two years ago and has been using it off and on ever since, she will receive the full \$2472 in cash she paid for the car.



A Methodist minister advocates that people who wish to take their own lives should be permitted to commit suicide in special clinics established for that purpose. The idea of helping a person kill himself was suggested by the Reverend Warren Briggs of San Diego during a three-day suicide conference in San Diego over the weekend. Reverend Briggs insisted that there is nothing morally wrong with a person killing himself or herself; he stated that there are seven suicides mentioned in the Bible, and that none of them are criticized. Reverend Briggs suggested that special suicide clinics be established where despondent people could go to seek professional and spiritual guidance. But he said that if a patient decided he still wanted to commit suicide, the clinic should offer help. Reverend Briggs said the clinic's task would be to prepare the family and friends of the person for his or her suicide, and to help the person select a painless and dignified way to die.

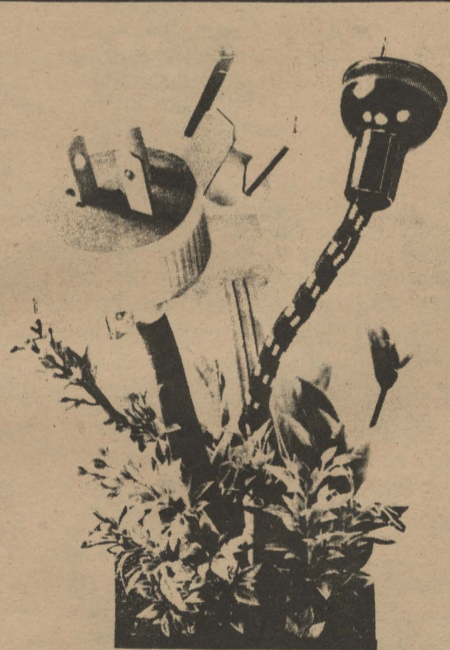


Members of the Miami police department are permitted to have "tripped" on L.S.D. twice—but not three times. They may have used amphetamines such as "dexadrine" nine times—but not ten. And they can have tried barbiturates such as "secenal" once—but not twice. Potential policemen are also permitted to have smoked all the marijuana they wanted to, as long



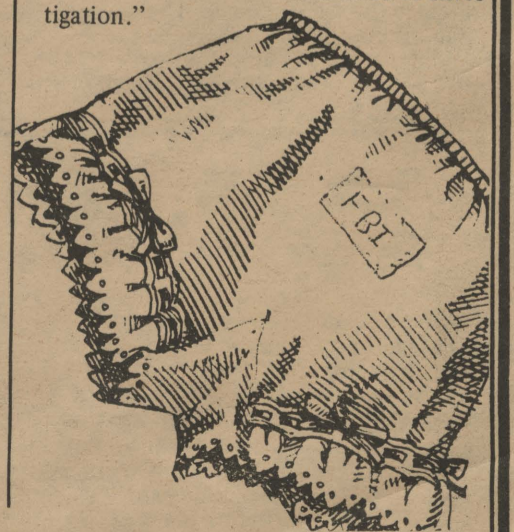
as the last time they smoked was at least 180 days before joining the force. These rules are all part of the liberalizing effort of the Miami force aimed at recruiting casual drug users who have since "put down." Just to make sure that a police

recruit is telling the truth, Miami officials ask him specific questions about each of these drugs—including exactly how many times the recruit has used them—while the future policeman is wired to a lie detector.



What happens if dandelions are given amphetamines or tranquilizers? Doctor Lehmann said that a dandelion he treated with amphetamines died a lot earlier than other untreated dandelions, probably because the speedy plant wore itself out. Doctor Lehmann said that two dandelions treated with tranquilizers seemed to be sleeping all the time—at least they kept their petals curled. He added that other dandelions give the stimulant caffeine seemed to become more alert—they unfolded their petals.

Do agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation wear official "F.B.I. underwear? The Bureau was worried that the U.S. public might think so because of a new brand of underwear being imported by the French company, "Fabrication Bril International." The Bril Company applied to the U.S. Patent Office to use its initials—"F.B.I." in its underwear and other clothing items sold in the U.S. Despite heated protests from the Bureau's Washington office, the patent office said it will permit "F.B.I." shorts to be sold—saying that it was doubtful that American underwear buyers would think that the clothing was (quote) "In any way associated with the Federal Bureau of Investigation."



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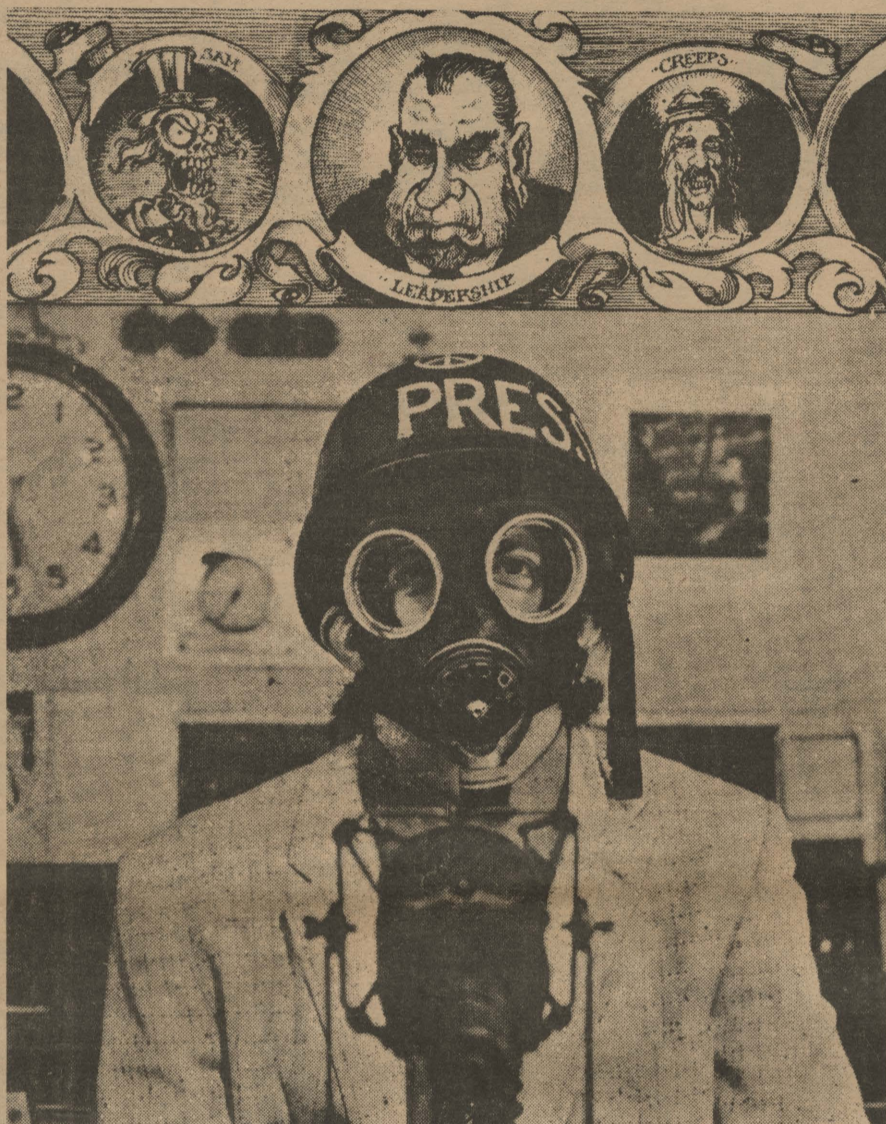
Underground Press Laughs Last

Ten years ago, on the night of his defeat for the California governorship, Richard Nixon kicked out the jams and angrily denounced the media on charges of bias, un-Americanism and elitism, ending with his now famous "Let me tell you, after tonight...you won't have Richard Nixon to kick around anymore." Unfortunately he lied but that incident so underscores Nixon the man, the politician, the little boy psyche looking for a pat on the head, that it provides a measure for the insights and wisdom gained in his 10 year struggle back to power: none. He still believes now, as he did then, that media is the soul and core of the American experience capable of sustaining it, changing it, destroying it. And Nixon, who fears any power but his own, is now reacting to this dread force with the pattern of hostility and frustration that has been his political trademark. Today the piss-elm-club diplomacy that attended his confrontations with Vietnamese, students and others barren of the Nixon value scheme, is being directed wholeheartedly at the media. And it will as surely fail.

It is Nixon's overreaction to anything critical that reveals his awesome stupidity and shallowness. He seeks neither alternatives nor negotiated accord with his enemies but rather, total annihilation, using words, laws, bombs and money. His attack on the media, beginning four years ago with his stooge's "effete snob" charges has escalated to include threats of legislation—through another stooge, Clay Whitehead—in hopes this cock of the hammer will pull everyone in place. In fact, he thinks he is winning, as he did in Vietnam, bitching, threatening, intimidating, fussing and fuming and making great noises of progress.

This aura prompted American judges—who have waited 20 years for someone like Nixon—to unleash their contempt on the harbingers of bad vibes in the republic they worked so valiantly for, now crumbling before their puffy eyes, and put the prophets in jail. Freedom of the press, a right so intrinsic it hasn't been seriously questioned since the declaration of independence, is imperiled, say the popular watchdogs. Historians, philosophers, political analysts—whole catalogs of social parasites have noted this in their journals and wonder how it happened, if it happened, when it will end or start. Daily the battle over the free press wages.

The trouble with most analysis of media shackling is the assumption used as a base, the same assumption that put Nixon in office in the first place: that somehow freedom and rights depend on laws. If laws were based on morality this might be true, but they're not. And today, that's important to realize. Right now the United States is in the midst of an historical oddity, a Ripley's quirk, a consciousness warp so strange and bewildering as to be almost incomprehensible: a period that will within our lifetime be relegated to those dark and titillating periods of world history, rubbing shoulders with Agamemnon, Richard III, Louis XVI, Bluebeard and Hitler—an historical scourge, the popping festering head of all that is degenerate and perverted clashing with the forces of love and human concern. It is inconceivable that the American people will not someday see, as the rest



of the world already has, the sheer evil and immorality wrought by a handful of power crazed used car salesman suddenly entrusted to run the most powerful country on earth by the most materialist money grubbers in the history of mass populations. Any discussion of a free press that ignores this context will be fucked up.

Because a free press is not dependent on laws or weapons or money or any of the material trappings that make straight media so vulnerable. It is not the threat to freedom that frightens big time news people but the threat to their wallets. The idea that news services should communicate socially enlightening conditions to the people in hopes of improving these conditions is alien to the rulers of media, in fact, terrifying. Money is what moves them. Notice, for instance, Nixon's latest thumpings at TV news hinge on financial reward and punishment: edit the news Right, you get a secure license two extra years; you don't, you lose it to whoever presents the news more Right. And Nixon's the judge. Already local stations are responding Phoenix, Arizona is adding "local interest" programming in lieu of expose specials like "The Selling of the Pentagon". Nixon has a strong carrot and whip over the media money men.

Notice, however, that with the exception of an LA Times article on the Watergate case in which the FBI agent involved gave permission to release his interview, no reporter ordered jailed for failing to reveal his sources has yet ratted: Caldwell, Bridges, Farr, Knops, Pappas, Bransberg and others. Law

can obstruct corporations, but not people, and any attempt to stop the flow of information at this extreme will generate the hardest and most heartfelt defiance. For it's not a wallet that's being fucked with, but a soul. And Nixon, whose spiritual aspirations find their ultimate high in Billy Graham, is doing exactly this, and doesn't know it.

The issue of the free press is moot. The jailing of reporters is only the clearest manifestation of a general repression tied to the economic and political interests of the ruling class. The issue is, what do we do about it. Can the people defy a fascist government? Sure, it's easy.

Take the underground press. Some people, particularly Nixon thinkers, believe its very existence implies the scope of American tolerance. We must be free, they say, you can't do that in Czechoslovakia you know, a syllogism akin to "Well Bobby, don't feel bad your mother died, somebody stole Jimmy's roller skates." No, the existence of the underground press is not evidence of the freedom we have, but of the freedom we don't have. The underground press is an expression of people's discontent, the work of a generation born and suckled through the hollowness of the American dream, who reject material checks and balances. The underground press was as natural an extension of the fuck you culture as cock rock, drugs, contempt for public liars and concern for the earth. Spawned of discontent with the prevailing values the underground press provided information on how to avoid the draft, how to kill crabs, how to keep from ODing

how to keep your head together if just because somewhere, someplace somebody was as fucked up as you and writing about it at that. It is of and for the people.

Dig it: two months ago Nixon, along with his pentagon pals, unleashed the most gargantuan and horrifying destruction of a people in the sordid annals of bloodletting I was in Phoenix at the time and the most liberal paper there daily proclaimed the glories of American pilots braving the heaviest SAM fire of the war. Time magazine, which lays pretense to objectivity, blandly characterized the bombing as "another obstacle in the road to peace." Obstacle, eh. Fuck you. To objectively report the second goriest political crime of the century is solicitous at best, barbaric at worst. It is the sorriest manifestation of America's obsession with intellectual detachment and the comforts it provides. Time magazine, the Phoenix Gazette, and most daily publications which, by the way, endorsed Nixon for president over McGovern 650 to 38, are as accountable as Nixon for their tacit support in not calling for an immediate and abrupt end to that holocaust. And these publications tremble in their vaults when he rages about how they're picking on him. He wants less dissent yet

This produces terrible fears and checks at the corporate level. But corporate heads do not write papers, or do layout, or deliver them. Many liberal papers who refuse to condemn Nixon in proper terms are staffed by people repulsed by his acts, but editors must answer to board chairmen who may also hold a big chunk of IBM. Underground media, traditionally financed through donations, a few ads, dope profits and similar dark ventures, is not restricted at any level. Consequently the best stories and photos on the December bombings came from the Asian News Service, an underground outfit. It is not surprising then that underground papers have not only stubbornly flourished, to the bitter chagrin of Time and Newsweek culture buzzards who regularly report their demise—but gained legitimacy with the public as a whole, particularly among media people. Their freedom allows a perspective obstructed by publications of imperialist corporations.

And it is here the underground press has its greatest power: the content produced of a truly free press. The underground press has consistently aired issues months, even years, before they reached the straight press. In 1964, when the war was just getting off the ground and the bourgeois press was mourning Kennedy, the LA Free Press screamed of an imperialist war in Asia that most Americans didn't even know about. The underground press noted and analyzed the horrors of mounting death drug flows, years before the straight press realized there was a problem, and not only that but pointed the finger straight at the CIA on reports from pissed draftees; only recently did that information make it on TV or the dailies. Exploitation of the land, police corruption and brutality, the perils of capitalism in a diverse culture: all sorts of skeletons were dragged out of their closets by underground papers, and at immense expense. Reporters were beaten, shot, thrown in jail, run

out of the country, hauled in front of inquisitors and regularly intimidated by the most treacherous and variegated prohibitive mischiefs the legal and military murderers in this country could devise. For distribution the underground depended upon crude improvements of the pony express, vans and '62 Chevies haphazardly bumbling across the countryside with 50 copies destined for Motherfucker's Head Shop or S.O.D. book co-op. Working with antiquated equipment, relying on fake credentials and credit cards, bureaucratic bungling and public eegoes, the underground media people exposed stories on land swindles, corporate thievery, political chicanery and murder, and for their troubles have been sued, firebombed and jailed. In describing these situations in themselves they have portended the direction of democratic repression and capitalist gluttony.

The very idea that the press is endangered is laughable to the underground. It's always been endangered and boasts the highest casualty rate and turnover of any publishing venture going. They are the most often and harshly oppressed, the last and most feebly defended. What the straight press now faces, underground papers have withstood for years. Mark Knops, former editor of Kaleidoscope, performed the same functions as a daily reporter, more probably, and yet nobody bitched when he went off to the slam for six months after refusing to reveal the source of a communique from the bombers of the Army Math Research Center. He was the first writer of the '60s who went to jail on the same charges Farr and Bridges went to jail for, stayed there longer than all the jailed reporters time totaled, and it hardly caused a stir outside of Madison. That was over two years ago. Now the newspapers wail our first amendment rights are suddenly jeopardized. Intellectuals are fighting like hell for something they think they lost, but in reality never had. The underground press has been there before.

The underground press will be least effected by the passage of a shield bill, or for that matter a bill outlawing all but Hearst papers. We can not afford to bicker over rights of the press, an inalienable right that to argue is to demean. There is serious business to be

attended to: people are starving, dying, homeless, running into the streets with guns, jumping off buildings, beating their kids, enslaving themselves to concepts they do not fully understand, HERE, and while the squabble about the free press goes on, their numbers grow. Somebody has to do something about it.

It would be nice, of course, to have legal protection from government harassment and thus avoid the fate of Knops and the stifling paranoia that accompanies it. And it increased the possibility of the straight press running stories from the underground press, and allows the radicals and left libs working for straight papers a bit more room. A protective law would, to this extent, insure passage of gut problems from those who feel them to those who sell them. But legal safeguards are useless against the power elite whose badgering prompted their passage in the first place: if the pigs want you, the pigs get you. Unless you're in the Underground Press. The most brutal power Nixon and his huns could employ, legally and physically, would only reaffirm the issues that gave birth to the underground press in the first place. If the power thugs in this country didn't learn their lesson from the North Vietnamese, and I doubt if they did, they are going to turn all that wrath inward and lose their innocence all over again, and it will be at the hands of the underground media and all that it represents. No law, no armed terrorist, no fat wallet, will subjugate the underground media to the bald fascism Nixon seeks to impose.

The underground media, in the face of general media repression, must assert our strength as never before, reach our brothers in the straight press who have big secrets to tell outside their papers, teach them to defend themselves and which hands to bite. There is, on the horizon, a media war brewing of unimaginable proportions. The ferocity and murderous intent of the people who brought us Vietnam is going to turn inward soon and will be forced, because of America's fondness for hiding naked power rakes in the euphemisms of newspeak, to control as much of the media as it can. They will immediately appropriate a prodigious chunk of current media apparatus.

About 70% of the daily papers and 90% of radio and TV stations are owned by business concerns controlled by a handful of men directly dependent on government favors, and more than willing to perpetuate that profitable wedding. Besides, it shifts attention from issues which began in the ghettos and creep ever closer to their rhododendron lined promenades. A feature article or taped program on the rising number of corporation heads employed as advisors to the pentagon can easily be bumped for a fifteen minute flash on how to keep your car from sunstreaking after polishing, or several new ways to cook sawdust, and the average viewer will think he's been done a favor. When this happens the flack from warriors will fill the air like tickertape and the battle of words will be on. And laws won't make any difference then. The question is not can we print the truth without being hassled, but can we print the truth fast enough to keep up with the lies while we're being hassled.

Shield bills, if passed, will have their greatest impact on the straight press, which is more legally vulnerable than an underground press which can move to a new basement in two hours. But the intent of the law will not effect the muffled atmosphere that alarmed liberals in the first place. The jailing of reporters was never intended to have as its biggest plum the conviction of the criminals they

supposedly sheltered. In fact, in practical terms this practice is a total failure: so far not a single reporter subpoenaed has voluntarily offered information.

Pressure on reporters was designed to show the pigs meant business. And, like all pig business, its strongest ads are the imprisonment of innocent people. Underground reporters have been going to jail for years on one charge or another whenever they wouldn't talk to local fuzzi, and probably will continue to be shut away for political reasons no matter what laws exist.

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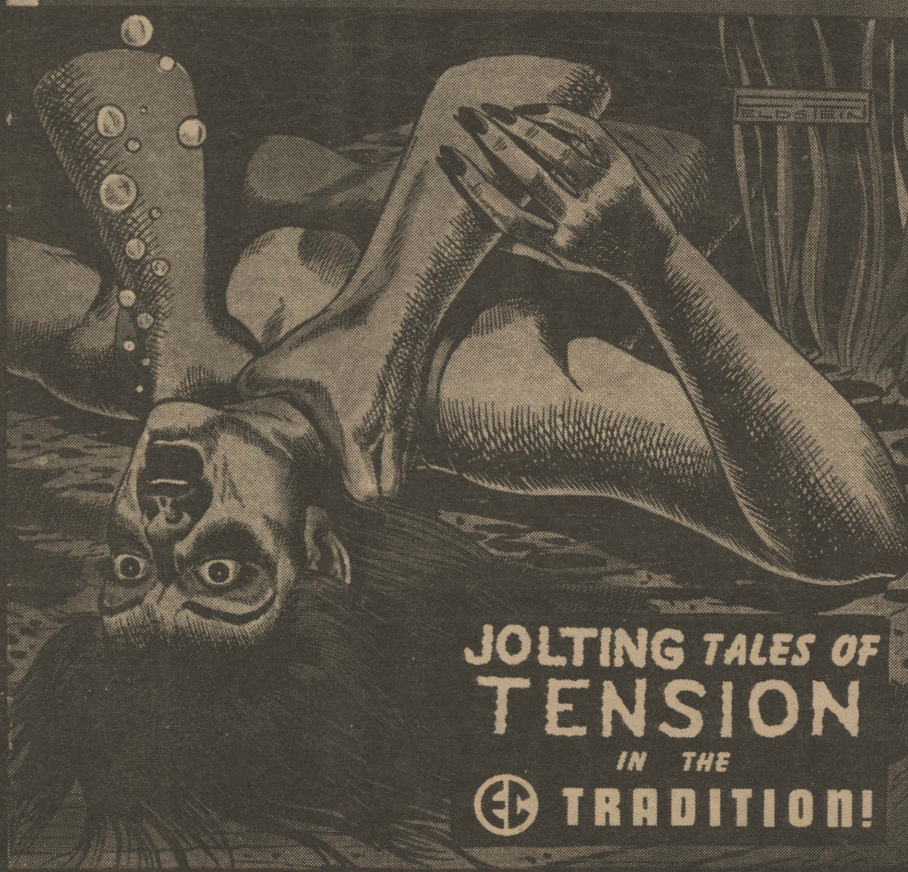
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AN INTERVIEW WITH

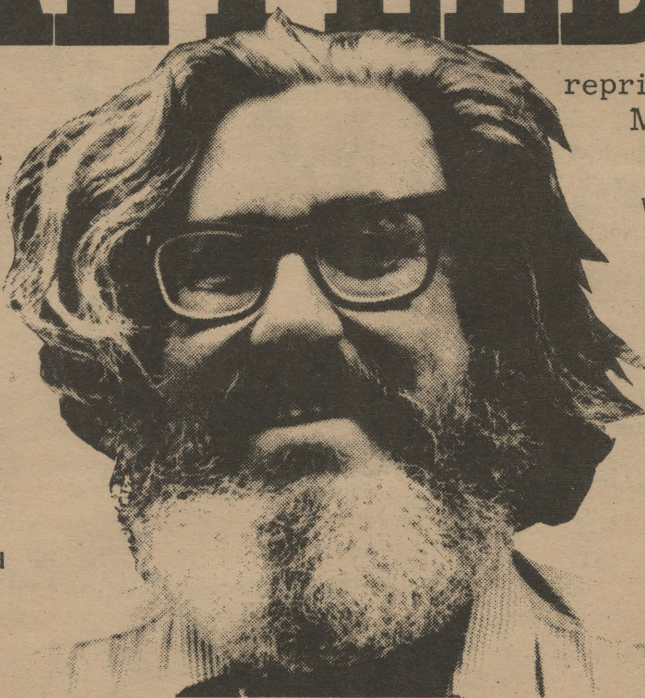
BILL GAINES

& AL FELDSTEIN

EC was, in the fifties, the leading producer of horror and crime comics. They still would be too, had not Fredrick Wertham wrote "Seduction of the Innocent". He accused comics, particularly horror comics as being responsible for the mental and moral corruption of children. The book caused enough uproar to promote congressional hearings and a Comics Code Authority. Hence it soon became apparent that EC would be the sacrificial goat. EC first lost their distributor, then their printer and folded.

Bill Gaines and Al Feldstein started the EC horror, suspense and science fiction comic lines. Bill Gaines now publishes MAD magazine. Al Feldstein (who once did an imitation of the MAD comic book for EC called PANIC, because every other comic book company was imitating MAD) now is editor of MAD magazine.

The MONSTER TIMES interviewer met Bill Gaines and Al Feldstein at the MAD magazine office up on MADison Avenue in New York, New York. In he sauntered, tape recorder in hand, down a long hallway, lined with the original paintings for MAD magazine covers, each several times the size it appeared in print. At the end of the Hallway, was the office of Mr. William M.



Gaines.

Ye Gods! The first thing one notices as he enters what was intended to be a respectable office is KING KONG!, sticking his snout at you through a window. Nope, gang, not a painting, but a papier-mache sculpture of the old giant ape himself, his mouth perpetually bearing fangs and dripping red tonsils in an eternal snort!

The interviewer wanted to glom on all the other goodies in Bill Gaines' office, like an oil painting

reprinted from the
MONSTER TIMES

WILLIAM M. GAINES

... "Publisher of the late great EC horror comics of the early fifties and who disguised as publisher of MAD MAGAZINE, fights a never ending battle for truth, justice and the American way." That's what the dust-jacket of the hard-cover EC Horror Comics book says of the Madman pictured above, and you know what? we agree!

by Graham "Ghastly" Ingels of the Old Witch, strolling thru a grave yard poking her way from one tombstone to another; and an oil painting of the Vault-Keeper by Johnny Craig; and another painting, by Al Feldstein, of astronauts exploring the moon, painted back in the mid-50s, the astronauts are crawling from one of the old finned-bullet rocket ships of Sci-Fi yore, not a space capsule. Yes, the interviewer wanted to glom on all that there good stuff, as well as the dozens of

MAD blimps strung from the ceiling, but Bill Gaines instead ushered him into Al Feldstein's office, which features more original paintings from MAD covers, Al Feldstein at his desk, and a picture-window view of smog-laden Madison Avenue.

There, the interview began:

TMT: How did the horror comics start?

BILL: Al suggested putting two new features in two of our crime books, entitled The Vault of Horror and The Crypt of Terror. We did spooky type stories, suspense type stories, and after doing this for two issues, we switched the titles from CRIME PATROL and WAR AGAINST CRIME into THE CRYPT OF HORROR and THE VAULT OF HORROR. THE CRYPT OF HORROR, after three issues was changed to TALES FROM THE CRYPT.

AL: Yeah, and there was Bill's work as a publisher. For this time he's been under the influence of his business associates. And Bill decided, I guess my prodding was part of it, let somebody follow us for a change, because the way it worked - the leaders in the field always stayed the leaders. When CRIME DOES NOT PAY came out, it was the leader, no matter what crime books came out following it.

They would die eventually and CRIME DOES NOT PAY was still making a lot of money. And we decided, let them follow us. So we took off on something we had great faith in and started a new title. Bill put the money into it, and that's step one in becoming a mature publisher.

BILL: We had a great feeling for the horror, and having a feeling for it of course, we did a better job. And that's why our horror and our science fiction and our suspense was possibly the best stuff that being done at the time, simply because we loved what we were doing. And Harvey (Kurtzman) came along and was doing war books — he loved what he was doing too, so they reflected that. The whole line became books that we wanted to publish. Fortunately they became books that some one wanted to buy.

AL: Well the science fiction — ha, ha —

BILL: Well, later on the science fiction wasn't selling and we were supporting it with the profits from the horror and suspense magazines. We loved it so much, we kept publishing it even at a loss. This was also true of Kurtzman's war books. After the Korean War was over, war books stopped selling, but we kept publishing for a while because they were so good.

TMT: What were the working sessions like? I've read in your book about brain storming, writing a complete story a day.

AL: That's right.

TMT: It must have been like a mini renaissance going on, gathering all the precious talent about and sitting down and writing the stuff.

AL: What precious talent? Bill and I wrote all the stories except for the ones that Johnny Craig plotted with Bill.

TMT: I meant precious art talent!
AL: Oh, well, as far as the art talent is concerned that was something that developed in terms of developing each individual artist to do his individual style. Now this was something that hadn't been done too



Graham Ingels again. And that doll shows up for an encore. He must have been well-liked!

much in the comics either. There was imitation of styles. And books were sterile and really had no character. We encouraged each artist to develop his own style, actually wrote and tailored the stories based on the artist's style and ability. Graham always did the Old Witch and kind of gothic stuff. And a finished, neat artist like Jack Kamen did the modern, triangle stories with a husband and wife living in the suburbs behind a picket fence, because his style lent himself to that.

BILL: I thought it was more than that. When we sat down to write a story, we were writing the story for a particular artist. So one day we sat down to write a story I would say to Al: "Today we have a seven page story for Graham Ingels to



write." We would think in that direction. And the same thing with Kamen, to take the two extremes. If we sat down to write a seven page Kamen story, it had to be for Kamen. Therefore, we thought along those lines automatically. Naturally, if we're utilizing the strong points of every artist deliberately, right there, you're gonna start off with a big advantage.

AL: Yeah, but you know what you're skipping over? The fact that this was a revolutionary kind of working in the comic field. I don't think anybody ever worked this way.

BILL: Everything was tailor made.

AL: Right, I don't think artists were encouraged to break out into their own styles. When Jack Davis walked into our office with his nutty style, we encouraged him to work in that style.

BILL: That was your doing. You encouraged him to work in that style I had nothing to do with it.

AL: Okay, but the point is, that is why our books had a look about them. Each artist was working his own way. When Harvey Kurtzman walked in and we first started to use him in the crime and in the science fiction, we encouraged him to work in his style. And his style was unique in comics at that time. And Berni Krigstein came long after we were doing things and he had a whole new revolutionary way of working. He was encouraged.

BILL: Up to a point-ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

AL: Well, yeah, but I think, I really believe, that if it hadn't been for the comic investigation, and if Berni Krigstein had started to work with us, that we would have developed the art a couple of steps further. It was apparent in some of the things that he was doing.

BILL: Oh, yes, don't misunderstand that. What I'm trying to say is Berni invariably went beyond what we had hoped he would do.

AL: But the point is that we permitted it.

BILL: We didn't permit it, we didn't have much choice. He just did it. Berni kind of forced the issue.

AL: Yeah, but I acknowledged the talent.

BILL: You couldn't deny the talent Al, but had he asked permission to do what he did in "Master Race," I think I would have said "No". He didn't ask, he just did it. He chopped the whole goddamn story up, and pasted it back together his own way.

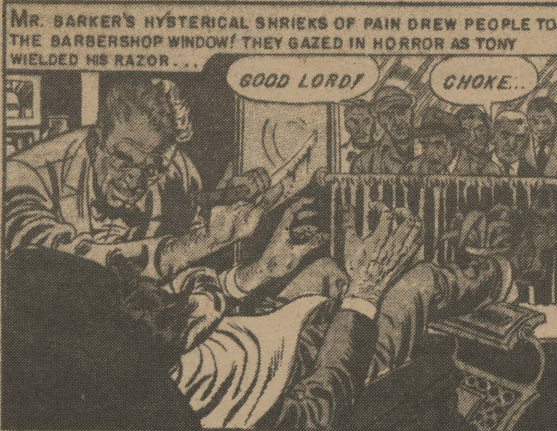
AL: But I think he demonstrated something that might have been very very...

BILL: Oh yes, he demonstrated that he knew what he was doing, but I'm just saying that...

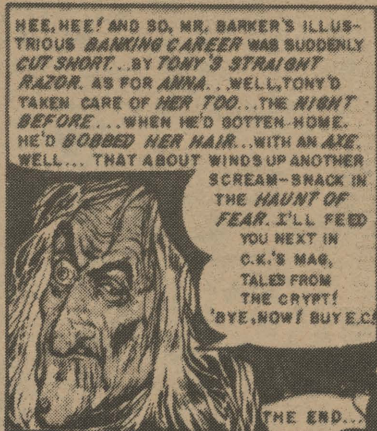
AL: Well, in any case, this was the way we worked. We were open-minded.

TMT: Getting into the earlier statement, about having affinity for the horror and suspense and crime stories, where did that affinity come from? Mainly from the pulps and radio? Who were your favorite authors when you were growing up?

AL: Well, from a visual point of view, I remember the old horror movies. I saw the first Frankenstein, Dracula, and the ones that followed. Gee, I don't remember if I was influenced that much by horror writers. The strange thing was that I started to read horror only after I started to write the stuff. When it came to science fiction, my writing



MR. BARKER'S HYSTERICAL SHRIEKS OF PAIN DREW PEOPLE TO THE BARBERSHOP WINDOW! THEY GAZED IN HORROR AS TONY WIELDED HIS RAZOR...



THE END...

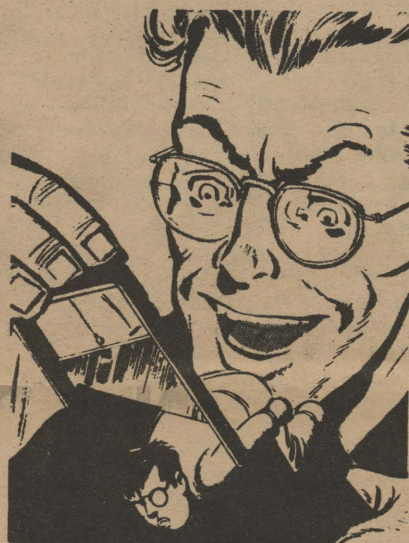
of science fiction was my introduction to it. Bill introduced me to some of the writers.

BILL: Well, you must have been reading a lot of that stuff in those days too.

I was influenced not by any of the classic horror writers certainly. I read Poe; I couldn't tell you more than two or three things of his that I read, so it wasn't all that much. I was influenced mostly by the radio and the pulps.

AL: Me too.

BILL: ...and the movies. The mass media of the day. Who they were influenced by — I don't know. But I was not influenced by any high faluting writers. I was influenced by low-faluting writers. And the same with the science fiction. When I was a kid, I read the science fiction pulps, AMAZING & ASTOUNDING. There was no galaxies in those days. When we first started publishing, I don't think Al



This is a slightly light-headed Johnny Craig dealing justice to a mannequin that looks strangely like big Bill Gaines.

and I knew any of the great science fiction authors or even any of the great horror authors. We ended up knowing who they were. In fact, we discovered Bradbury.

AL: I think that that might have been an advantage.

BILL: Oh, I suppose it was.
AL: Because here we were doing science fiction in the comics. If we had been influenced by John Campbell's ASTOUNDING and the writers that were in it, I think we would have been way out of our level of readership that we started with. I think we were hung up in terms of making this a visually entertaining media. So I think that my naivety in these areas was good.

And Bill's knowledge of the story lines and the way they worked was enough for us to work together on plotting and coming up with something specifically designed for the problem at hand which was a visual presentation of the story. Later on we got a little more verbose because we came under the influence of these writers. I think I did.

AL: Horror too, Bill. When you read the first Terror-

BILL: In the horror we reached a certain level and we never went beyond it. But with the science fiction, we probably wouldn't have entertained the thought of doing anything approaching some of the stuff that was in ASTOUNDING in those days. Four or five years later because we did develop. No question about it.

AL: Wouldn't you say that the science fiction was our ego trip? Mine

from the writing style and yours from the plotting and intrigue and the complicated theoretical stuff?

BILL: We always said we were proudest of our science fiction, but the damn things were losing money.

AL: We'd spend hours, Bill and I, discussing the theoretical situations in terms of them coming up with a story. Time loops and reverse time loops.

BILL: It was pretty near the end of the rope for us.

TMT: Let's see now. The illustrators tried to visualize all the stuff you did. They obviously had it a lot easier than most because you did write heavy descriptions. We've heard it said the captions actually encouraged people to get into reading, develop their reading skills and such.

AL: I wish you were around during the investigation days — ha, ha, ha.
BILL: Well, I'm sure you are right to some extent because our books were more literate, in a very rough sense, than most comics because Al was so heavy with the words. But the damn words were so beautiful that I never wanted to cut them down.

AL: We presented to the artist some something that no comic book artist had ever gotten up to that point. We presented him with the drawing page with the story already on it, with the balloons already in place. What I did was to write the stories directly on the illustration board. It went to Bill who read it and edited it and it went from there to the letterer who lettered it and then we had a session with the artist. We gave him the story and we said, "Sit down and read it." And he would sit down and read it and whatever he didn't understand we would tell him what goes on in each panel. We didn't say — we didn't supply him with the initiating sketches or anything like that.

BILL: Al presented an artist with a blank piece of paper with nothing on it except panel lines.

AL: That wasn't blank.

Continued on 19



This here boy is Jack Davis. Yes, suh, no doubt 'bout it. He's whistling DIXIE while lynching that doll Johnny Craig thought he finished off.

BILL: I said blank except...

AL: Oh, yeah, Generally what went on in each panel is what I would tell him.

BILL: The only thing he'd tell him was what was happening. He would wouldn't tell him how to put what where. That's where the artists were given free range. If somebody was hitting somebody over the head with a hatchet, the guy had to be there. But from any angle and any

Continued on 19

interview:

dr. john



Dr. John was known as Mac Rebennack in the New Orleans music scene that he was a part of in the early 1950's. New Orleans was a major recording center for Rhythm and Blues music at that time, and Dr. John worked as a studio musician, playing piano and guitar behind such legendary R&B artists as Shirley & Lee, Fats Domino, Huey Smith, and Professor Longhair.

By the early 1960's, New Orleans had forfeited its recording reputation to places like Memphis and Muscle Shoals. So, as Dr. John explains, since he was from the "Cajun culture" of Louisiana and the practice of Voodoo had always been an important part of that culture, he wanted to "try to give people a picture of what voodoo really was." That's when he took on the Dr. John identity; on stage he dresses in an elaborate sparkling costume that is representative of the kind used in Voodoo ceremonies and the kind commonly seen at the New Orleans Mardi Gras celebration. He is equally well known for his voice, an almost impossibly deep throaty tone which, along with his New Orleans dialect, gives the listener a direct feeling of his rich cultural and musical heritage.

If you have heard Dr. John, you will understand. If not, he has five records available which you might pick up on: *Gris-Gris* and *Babylon* (which are the best indications of his "Voodoo music"), *The Sun, The Moon, and the Herbs: Remedies*; and his most recent, *Gumbo*. On *Gumbo*, Dr. John uses less Voodoo style and does more original 1950's New Orleans Rhythm & Blues music by recording with many of the musicians he worked with in New Orleans.

It's fine, fine music.

Bird: How did you get into the whole "Dr. John the Night Tripper" thing?

Dr. John: I got into this around 1963. I had the idea sittin in my head, and I had a little unfortunate incident hit upon me where I was cut off from society for awhile; durin that time I was able to reflect on a lot of things. And one of the things I reflected on was to try to give people a picture of what Voodoo really was, without all the "stickin pins into dolls" and the movie-theater picture of it, and try to give a little idea of the musical culture of Louisiana. That was the *Gris-Gris* album and the *Dr. John* thing. Then we did the *Babylon* album that was kind of a picture of the Book of Revelations out of the Bible. These were all things that I had thought of in the early '60s that didn't get recorded until five or six years later.

Bird: Do you think a white person can be doing Voodoo, which is essentially black in its origins?

Dr. John: In Louisiana, it's not. It's more a part of the Cajun and the Creole culture.

Maybe I should explain what I mean by those names. When slaves was brought into Haiti or the West Indies, then into Louisiana, there was a definite mix of the races — from African, Spanish, French, and Indian. Creole has two completely different meanings; to some people, it's a pure French aristocracy; or in the other meanin it's a combination of French, African and Spanish. It's the same with Cajun — some people consider Cajun to be with the Arcadian heritage that came down from Nova Scotia into Louisiana; but in another part of South Louisiana, Cajun is a mixture of French, Spanish, and certain other combinations. Whatever other bloods is mixed in to it makes different versions of Cajun.

But in all these cultures, Voodoo is mixed in. Like people who put a dime around a baby's foot to make her teethe easier, or people who jump over a broomstick at a marriage ceremony to prevent any bad vibes befallin on a marriage — all these are things that are left over directly from Voodoo. A lot of people may not realize that. If you mention Voodoo, which is actually called by the word "Gris-Gris" in Louisiana, it comes down to the understandin of certain herbs that's used for healin, certain folk remedies that has been passed down over the years.

But there's not as strong a Voodoo culture in Louisiana as in Haiti or the West Indies, because there's not a direct relation from Africa to Louisiana — it came by way of the West Indies. So it has changed and evolved into the different types of "Gris-Gris" used in Louisiana now. At some places in the state, it's hard to tell where the Catholic Church leaves off and where the *Gris-Gris* begins, because so many things is used alike in both ceremonies.

But plenty of things that is associated with Voodoo is not strictly Voodoo things. Like I said the Voodoo rite of stickin pins into dolls has been exploited and used — any time you see a television or movie about Voodoo, that's what you see. But that Voodoo rite is used only in one place — it's strictly from Macomba, Brazilian Voodoo. In the same way, people burnin wax images comes from the English and Druids' form of witchcraft rather than from Voodoo. But they are associated with Voodoo because of these movies and plays and things made by people who haven't done a lot of homework. It's easier to find out more things concernin witch-

craft than Voodoo, because there's plenty more books about witchcraft. Voodoo has mostly been handed down by word of mouth.

But still, it's something anybody could check out and read up on if they tried. There's one especially good book that was written by some people from Louisiana State University called *Gumbo Ya-Ya* that's very clear in its explanation of unorthodox things in the State of Louisiana. Or there's a book called *Voodoo in New Orleans* by Lyle Saxon that's got all the readin material about that subject.

Bird: Are you from the Cajun culture?

Dr. John: My heritage: I'm part Cajun, part Irish, part German, part Indian — I got a "Heinz — 57 varieties" stuff. But my father was Cajun. Before he died, he had left me with the idea to try and live up to some of the Cajun traditions that are dyin out through television and everything. Even in the state of Louisiana, it's a putdown to be called Cajun, coon-ass or bugger-lee. It shouldn't be that way with any racial thing; we are all full of race prejudice. I'm in some kind of way tryin to give people the idea that all that race stuff is phony and there's no bite to it. We's supposed to be all one.

Bird: Do you strongly believe in or practice Voodoo?

Dr. John: I maybe subconsciously have plenty of things left in my head, but I don't really get into practicin anything. I consider myself just a person who play music that have come up under that culture, who is tryin to show people that it's not strictly an ugly side to it.

Again, like if you hear about Macomba, you never hear about all the cures that are performed through herbs, you only hear about the illness that is put on somebody through these same herbs. Or if you hear about Haitian Voodoo, you never hear about the strength it has given those people, you only hear about the fear it has put into people's hearts.

But I feel that through our music I can put into people's heads that there is a good side to the thing. Of course, we don't use the true Voodoo instruments when we play, so we've adapted certain forms of the authentic Voodoo music to rock and roll instruments. We try and use those instruments to project the idea of the music rather than use any of the actual Voodoo rituals, which would be sacrilegious. I would never go out there and perform a true ceremony. I just go as far as to give a picture of it through some good-time music.

Bird: We became aware of you in the late '60s, and we always associated you with the so-called "psychedelic culture."

Dr. John: Well if anybody picked up on the message of the *Babylon* album, we was really puttin down the psychedelic movement any way it was. The main thing I been against was acid. I believe it burn a hole in the brain. I saw it destroy my own band that I started out with. We were really tight as a unit until everybody dropped acid. It became instead of a band gettin out and playin music, the band sat around talkin about it. It took the real true drive out of our music and put us into some phony thing.

We got caught up and wore this jacket of being psychedelic because we were playin in San Francisco and the Haight-Ashbury was poppin and right away we got connected with the psychedelic groups. But they was givin us a helpin hand and helpin my band survive through times we was starvin. So I can't knock all the things by sayin, "Everybody was phony," cause a lot of the people was sincerely tryin to do what they believed in, but there were a lot of people strictly in for the dough.

Bird: We'd like to know about your new album due to be released soon. Is it different than *Bumbo*?

Dr. John: Sure, every album is different. Allen Toussaint produced our new album and The Meters was the band on it. I think this one is the best because The Meters is tight already from having made their own records and playin together so long. I think it was kind of an honor for me to have Allen produce it, too, because I kind of came up in the music field with Allen, but I never had the chance for him to produce something for me. He also played piano on all the cuts except one. It actually gave me a chance to worry more about the vocals than havin to concentrate on backin myself up on piano. And he is so acquainted with my style of doin things, that he can even take it a step further. That's the advantage of workin with the genius of Allen Toussaint. Like what he did with The Band's new album (*Rock of Ages*). People said, "The Band with horns will be the same thing," but it added a whole new dimension to the Band. I don't know if he adds a whole new dimension to me, but I'm hopin that it adds a new feelin to what I been doin — it's like givin credit to the old, but havin the new still there, too.

I'm really happy with the album because it has a good natural fonk feelin — it's not no prefabricated stuff. Most of the songs we

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cut are old songs that I wrote from the '50s and '60s, and never had time to record before my head got so filled full of uptown phony stuff.

Bird: What do you mean by that?
Dr. John: I got to a point of writin like, with different managers and stuff, where I tried to start writin rather than what I believe in to try to please people, and it started gettin to be phony. Like I'm thinkin about, "Hey man, this song might not fit the market..." but if you consider anything other than the song, it's phony. It's a commercial venture rather than a song.

See, I did this Gris-Gris al-

bum and the Babylon album, and nobody told me what to do, and I did what I believed in. When we recorded the Remedies album and The Sun, The Moon, and The Herbs record, it was people tellin me, "Well, man, so this kind of thing, or try to do something like this here," and everything else was involved rather than something straight ahead and gut.

But with the new album, it's just plain ole musical songs that relates to anybody or anything. I kind of dig it for that. There's some something real about it, you know what I mean?

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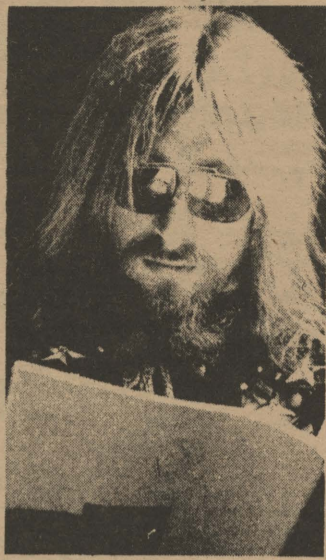
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ALAS: We No
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Discount Records



BREWER & SHIPLEY, RURAL SPACE, A NEW ALBUM ON KAMA SUTRA RECORDS



Hawkwind's Nik Turner

DOREMI FASOL LATIDO
by Hawkwind
United Artists UA-LA001-F

In 1968, synthesiser was a plaything. Something that various super-folks played with like a kid with one of those awful tin whistles. Now here we are in 1973 and the synthesiser has become as vital to some bands as lead guitar. There are few people who use the creature properly. So few in fact that they can be counted on one hand; Townshend, Bowie (when he's in the mood), Family and by no means least, Hawkwind.

The first Hawkwind album was a whammy. It was a kozmic ride to nowhere, driven wildly across the universe by that insane wailing machine. It was a touch sloppy. A number of the songs sounded a bit too similar for my tastes, but it was the first genuine step forward in space music since "Jefferson Starship" (and that was a pretty small step). Hawkwind's new album, "Doremi Fasol Latido" shows them pushing the limits of imagination. It's a lengthy fantasy with one of those Bolanesque plots filled with space wizards, barbarians, and ladies. Most importantly it doesn't sound a bit like "In Search of Space", as I was afraid it might. "Doremi Fasol Latido", is, as the title suggests, a good deal more ly-



rical than its predecessor. The first cut, "Brainstorm", demonstrates this amply. The synthesiser is used to stress the rest of the band. Hawkwind does not lean on the machine as others do; they instead allow it to fill in where it is needed and to heighten the intensity of expression. The second cut, perhaps the best on the album, "Space is so Deep", opens with tasteful twelve-string guitar and builds into a rushing mass of sound, so spectacular that it is like looking at the night sky for the very first time. Side one closes with a 49 second master fist-in-lace called "One Change" which is the ultimate electrakeyboard statement.

"Lord of the Light" is the only disappointment on the whole piece. Moog vomit opens the song and from there it generates into the oblivion of turn-up bass and grody synthesiser runs that just cause a lot of squirming in the listener. The cut is further damaged by drowned flute which is too nice a touch to bury under all that garbage. The best way to describe this is to day it is a mediocre "Interstellar Overdrive." Hawkwind

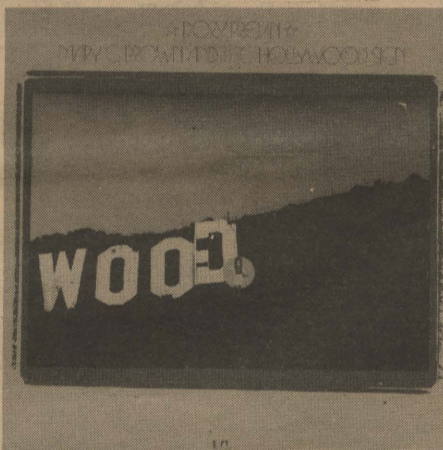
Record REVIEWS

are just not as clever magicians as Pink Floyd.

"Time We Left This World Today" proves that even if you have a synthesiser and travel with a crew of dancers you can still rock and roll. The chunky guitar work of Dave Brock in this number is really worth listening to. The biggest surprise is that you can tap your foot or body to it. Here, a technique favored by Hawkwind, that of chanting one phrase until it's ingrained in your brain cells (in this case the title) works. On other tracks, it leaves me unimpressed. The final cut "The Watcher" suggests that a superior being has watched us all along (God?) and now thinks it's time to go. The song's eerie six-string guitar, admirably played by Lurch, floats and fades leaving only Del Dettmar's synthesiser to pass away. Pretty sly.

The final thing that can be said for "Doremi Fasol Latido" and Hawkwind is: where do they go from here? Out in the middle of the universe with no direction immeditly in sight. But then I said that after "Saucer Full of Secrets" too.

STEVEN MILES



MARY C. BROWN AND THE HOLLYWOOD SIGN
by Dory Previn
United Artists Records UAS5657

Dory Previn has captured all that the decaying Hollywood sign pictured on the cover represents. Her contempt and disillusionment with the Hollywood concept can also be interpreted as discontent of women today. Although the album was conceived in bitterness, it's brilliance rises above any of this. Generally when an art form is built on bitterness, it's appeal is to a limited audience. This is not so here for not only does Dory reconcile the bitterness in the last song, but she is so perceptive of the world around her/us as a songwriter that her work is universal.

The lyrics of the songs demand the most attention and are conveniently printed on the inside cover just in case you can't believe what you hear. The title song tells the story of Mary C. Brown who jumped off the Hollywood sign (the "H") and fell to her death all because she couldn't become a star. Dory draws an analogy between the Statue of Liberty's greeting to refugees and that of the Hollywood sign. Only the sign beckons to another assortment of people: pimps, cowboys, chimps, whores, harlots, junkies and many other odd ones.

The record has many songs about the synthesis of opposites. On "The Holy Man on Malibu Bus Number Three" a child encounters a holy man who tells her she has two different eyes—which see opposing forces. Her memory of the man fades and he becomes an ageless, sexless and raceless being. In the

end she sings "some times I think he was me". "Left Hand Lost" tells of a child being forced to use her right hand instead of her natural (left) hand because the left hand is the "devil's side". So, now her right hand does all the nice and proper things, but nothing creative. She thinks maybe her left hand would have been more dynamic and laments that she will never know. In "Anima/Animus" this image is carried to it's ultimate and it is here that all bitterness is reconciled. Here she tells you what you are and the list is full of opposites. She concludes that "you are god".

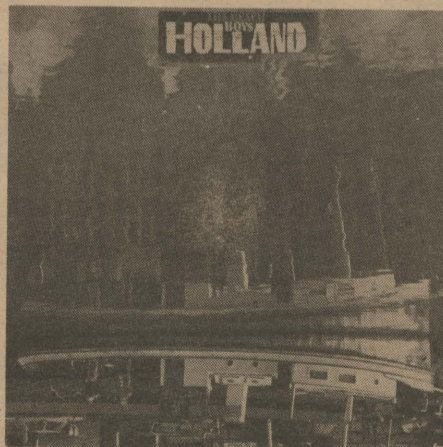
Not only is Dory Previn a dynamite songwriter, but she sings her songs appropriately. An unusual vocalist, she is at times wistful but with a bite that's not going to let you forget her. The band is a delightful laid-back goodtime sort. They don't compete for the front, but allow their talents to be subtly displayed. And this is the way it works out best.

MURIAL MARS

HOLLAND
by The Beach Boys
Brother Records MS2118

Here we go again, the Beach Boys have put out "Holland", their 30th album. Yes! those sandy haired Beach Boys have done it again. Time after time they keep trying to come back. Their first attempt to come back was "Sunflower" which went over OK. Then a year ago they put out "Surf's Up" and that one did the job, but as usual the padded chair freaks put them down. The same old cop out, the Beach Boys, Jesus Christ, they're not hip, they ain't where it's at man Well, here's "Holland" brothers 'n sisters and you can't over look it.

"Holland" has the finest quality stereo sound of any album I have heard for a matter of fact, it is flawless. Stephen Moffitt and Rob Fabroni can stand with pride for they were the geniuses behind the console. The LP was recorded in Baambrugge, The Netherlands, using a new Clover Systems custom quadraphonic console. The Beach Boys album "Surf's Up" was done in quadraphonic. "Holland" also includes a 7-inch 33 1/3 rpm disc titled "Mount Vernon and Fairway" all about a prince who had a transistor radio that freaked out and



took off down a strange path. Then it (the radio) was invaded by the Pied Piper of Radio Land.

Musically speaking, "Holland" is fantastic. The material is tighter than any of their previous LPs. The Beach Boys, famous for their harmonies, didn't let this album go untouched. My favorite songs on the album are "Trader" and "Leaving This Town". The other songs are good but these stand out because of the fantas-

tically arranged transitions. "Leaving This Town" the goodie of them all, was written by Blondie Chaplin and Ricky Fataar, the two new members of the Beach Boys. It is strongly backed up with bass, percussion, piano and moog synthesiser. In a way it shows me what Emerson, Lake and Palmer let me down with. There is a song on this LP, "Steamboat" which reminds me of Pink Floyd's style of slow music. The giver away is the slow creeping melody with a background slide lead break. All of the songs on the "Holland" album just blow me away and I'm now completely a Beach Boys digger. They have really come out with an album that has broken the nostalgic fads of the shit that's being put out today. It sure does stand alone kinda like a pretty flower on a flat barren desert.

The Beach Boys can no longer be overlooked by the music world and I don't care if freaks don't let me come over to their houses cause I dig the Beach Boys; I'll just stay home and get stoned with "Holland"

JAMES ANDREW



REVOLUTIONARY ENSEMBLE
by Revolutionary Ensemble
ESP-Disk' ESP 3007

If I was listening to this on tape rather than record, I would have sworn it was being played in reverse. A few years ago they would have called this "progressive jazz". I prefer to term it experimental jazz — but then almost any jazz is at least a bit experimental (with the exception fo Dixieland). Let's say it's highly improvisational. Side 1 is called Vietnam 1... side 2, appropriately enough, Viet Nam 2. I'm uncertain as to whether or not any sounds achieved on this disc are supposed to bear any resemblance to a jungle skirmish or not. I doubt if that would be highly pertinent anyway.

The trio performing is composed of LeRoy Jenkins, violin; Jerome Cooper, percussion; and Sirone, bass. Jenkins is an outstanding violinist. His sweeping strokes keep reminding me of a bumblebee for some reason. I don't know why, they just do. Only superior to Jenkin's work is that of Sirone on bass. His bold, irregular note patterns are excellently unmelodic, a task extremely hard to accomplish and still attain such a high level of proficiency. His versatility on the instrument is fantastic. At one moment he'll be thumping about in the lowest registers in what seems a most-fitting prologue to a Gregorian funeral chant...and then less than four bars later will be into the fastest, and possibly piercingest runs the bass has ever known. Jack Casady did something similar on "Spare Chaynge" from the BAXTER LP. Sirone possesses a swiftness equal to any of his electric counterparts.

Side 2 opens with a high-quality Cooper drum solo. He makes better use of cymbals than most jazz drummers. Now I didn't say "more use"...I said "better use." Other Cooper strong points are his nine and eleven stroke rolls. The solo fades into fifteen seconds of what gives every indication of be-

ing an accordion, quite expertly placed. Following this, brief injections of a piccolo are also evident and fitting.

Everyone is at their peak in the final ten or so minutes of the set, especially Jenkins. I wouldn't recommend this album for the sixteen-year-old Doobie Brothers crowd but if you can fully comprehend that jazz is jazz and rock is rock...and enjoy the difference...then you might give this disc a listen.

TRIAD



for the technically perfect vacuity of the art-rock coterie. If anything, Slade is the antithesis of that genteel breed. Neither are they nouveau-decadent, although at times they may possess a certain warped sartorial nazz.

Slade is none of the above. They are the raucous English equivalent to the Grand Funk boogie to the masses syndrome, with one important difference. Slade is much better.

Typically, an English band has taken an American musical idiom, in this case elementary Detroit metal alloy, and improved it vastly by avoiding the emetic self-indulgence common to its originators. The basis of Slade music is volume and raw kinetic energy, barely contained within the confines of a tight framework. Their formula for success is simple enough: turn all knobs to ten and bash on.

None of the people in this band are particularly good musicians. The rhythm section is in the traditional British mold of tight, loud bass-drum axis with accentuation upon the deeper notes' resonant ability to be felt as well as heard. Lacking instrumental virtuosity, Slade gets by on the force of brute amplification, Noddy Holden's piercing vocals and Dave Hill's rampageous guitar, in that order.

"Slayed?" is formula music at its best, variations on a single virtue. Slade's good thing is crude rock and roll energy delivered with all the arrogant self-assurance of a lumpenproletariat Jumpin' Jack Flash. The majority of the songs begin with either a strong, twitching bass riff or bass drum thunder, coming into full force with the addition of Noddy's singing and an engaging chord progression or riffs from Hill. Guitar leads are brief but furious, with the whole production wrapped up in under four minutes or a little longer at most.

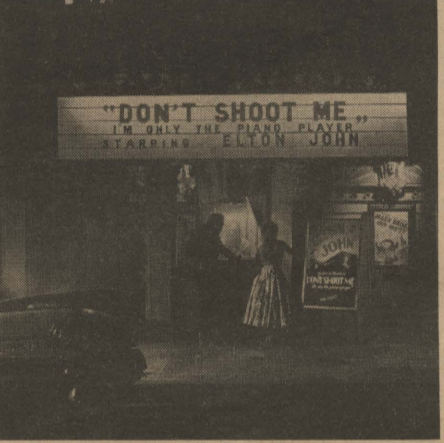
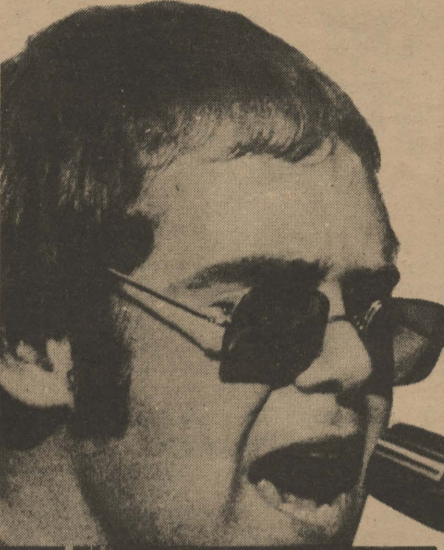
Already the number one band in Europe, Slade has yet to storm our shores. Any of "Slayed?"'s tracks would make excellent singles since they are the maximum in power rock and roll expressed within a minimum of form and duration. Given half a chance, Slade can bury the ennui that constitutes Top 40 rock in this country under a tidal wave of berserk white noise. With some decent air play and an adroitly managed tour, an epidemic of Slade fever could easily break out among the sullen teenage hordes of America. And you know what that means.

VINTON SUPPLEE

DON'T SHOOT ME
by Elton John
MCA Records MCA-2100

This is just to say the latest Elton John/Bernie Taupin product is packaged as a nostalgia piece, with cinema graphics and fan club photo book included. It has a nice picture of a theatre marquee and a Plymouth Fury on the cover. The album title implies that Elton John is not responsible for the content. He is the star but not the motivator; an actor representing another mind, just for the part. As star and vocal point he makes an agreeable show. He manipulates his maleable voice as a fine aural tool. He is an animated entertainer adjusting his talent to the work at hand. The work at hand is a varied lot, not an

integrated packet of past times. The album jacket and visual presentation would indicate otherwise. From appearances one could expect a disc of appreciations, of the Fifties, of D.A. sensibilities. Only one song matches the anticipation. The others are dead new constructions, as current as this paper. Not necessarily cogently current, but current anyway. So the package lies



WHY DONTCHA
West, Bruce and Lang
Columbia

Cream broke up about four years ago, but you wouldn't know it from listening to this record. Leslie West and Corky Laing come out of Mountain, which was always Cream's successor anyway; and better yet, Jack Bruce, Mr. Cream himself, makes up the other third of the band. So guess what legendary, currently defunct English group they sound like.

Musically "Why Dontcha" is very much a product of the power trio school of rock that Cream originated back in 1967. The sound is thick, tactile and abrasive, its essence lying in the monster guitar chord. Thus it is almost entirely dependent upon sheer volume for an overpowering, bombastic effect, a sort of Wagnerian rock muzak.

The songs on the album might as well be out-taken from Wheels or Fire or Disraeli Gear s since they employ all the Cream techniques.



It is a sales pitch, tuned to the market, hanging in on the tide. The problem here is as tedious as criticism of it, but the qualities of unity and consistency exist and become obvious in absence.

The ten songs on the record fall high and low. There are five good ones and five throwaways. Simple balance, very neat. There is not much to say about the pleasing tunes. They come across with clarity and intelligence; carefully structured units that ask and answer their own questions. They are alive strong and healthy. The runts need comment as briefly follows:

Elderberry Wine - Dumb. A paean to shaggy drunkenness and summer chauvinism and lazy irresponsibility. If Elton intends a tongue in cheek jauntiness to parody a type that delicacy is not sufficiently apparent.

Blues for Baby and Me - Awkward. Oblique time framing, as in an inaccurate recollection. He chose too rococo a form for the content and still calls it blues.

Midnight Creeper - Not criminal enough for the thought. The idea of a 'presence' always around, no matter what, is interesting; the realization of the idea in this effort is underformed and indistinct.

Texan Love Song - Who needs it? Why hammer this old notion any further into the system? Why such acknowledgment? Lyrically, Elton's 'goddamit' is swell; but would the redneck use a term like 'naturally high'?

High Flying Bird - Enigmatic. Grand pretension. Thick poesy.

For the price of the album you get five good songs at about \$.80 apiece. Amortized over ten listenings that is only \$.08 each - cheaper than juke box prices. Good value.

DAVID JENKINS

"Turn Me Over", for example, is "Rollin' and Tumblin'" combined with "Traintime". Jack Bruce still plays mediocre harp. These guys even play "de blooz" on "Third Degree", a re-run of any of a thousand 1968 British blues cliches that were tedious then and still are.

West plays guitar throughout like a fat Eric Clapton on a bad night while Bruce plays himself. Laing does a pretty good Ginger Baker imitation, complete with lolling, schizoid drummer pose on the cover.

Music of this sort isn't intrinsically boring. In a few spots "Why Dontcha" rocks out directly and forcefully. That's when it's good. When it's bad it's as heavy-handed and clumsy as a spastic jack-hammer and equally grating. I've got nothing against loud rock and roll, you understand. But if anyone tells me this witless third-generation Cream stuff is creative, I'm gonna scream.

VINTON SUPPLEE

LET ME TOUCH YOUR MIND
by Ike & Tina Turner

United Artists Records UAS 5660

First, the album cover is a visual masterpiece—a photographic sculpture which conveys all the excitement that has become equated with Tina. Opening out from the back, the record lifts out. It can be made into a box or various other shapes. Unfortunately the design is not functional. Once all the flaps come back together to close the album, they do not lay flat, making it difficult to store this record along side others. The design encourages you to leave it out and play it often, which is a good idea anyway.

Tina has always been one of my favorites, and rarely lets me down. Even so, I find it hard to accept "Up on the Roof" or "Born Free". These aren't proper vehicles for the Tina treatment. On "Up on the Roof" she even give a couple of James Brown type "ughs". The Ike Turner musicians carry these two cuts through. The musical ability of these men cannot be denied throughout the album, but are more noticeable here where it's best not to listen too closely to Tina.

The title song is one of the most powerful performances by Tina ever. She slows it down, brings it back up, and moves through it dramatically. Tina wrote "Popcorn" and she and the band do an exceptional job with it. "Early One Morning" is another great one.

Ten years or so ago Tina did "I Had a Notion" (on "The Soul of Ike & Tina Turner" Sue Records LP 2001). It's almost unrecognizable in it's present form. If you think Tina's wild now get hold of this earlier version. She screeched her way through the entire cut. It's terrific. The new version is good, too, but tamed down quite a bit. And the arrangement is much more sophisticated.

Ike and Tina have come a long way since "The Soul of Ike & Tina Turner", which was probably not their first album but was my first experience with them. They've gained much in recognition and discipline since. Fortunately, in doing so they retained their amazing power and vitality.

MURIAL MARS

SLAYED?
by Slade
Polydor Records

Slade has no respect. Certainly not for the English language. Witness such song titles as "Gud-buy T'Jane", "I Won't Let It 'Ap-pen Agen", "Moma Weer All Cra-zee Now" and the name of the album itself.

Nor do they have any respect

Flashes

Yes have been robbed of about \$7,000 of important stage equipment including two mini-Moogs, lighting equipment, three amplifiers, and a new set of Gibson Guitar pedal boards. The gear was stolen from a London warehouse where it's stored. ...so you want to be a rock and roll star?

New albums: Yes, a three record set of their live material called "Yessongs" taken from recent Rainbow and American gigs; plus a new solo album from Rick Wakeman; King Crimson (Fripp and new personnel) will have an album out in March; Roy Wood's Wizzard are rushing to release their long awaited first album entitled "Wizzard". ...and yes, Humble Pie's new double album will be called "Eat It". They said it, not us.

David Bowie, whose most recent single "The Jean Genie" is currently topping the English charts (America where are you?), may release a double record set. One half will be live, taped from his first U.S. tour; the second portion will be studio material. Tentative title, "Love Alladin Vein."

Pink Floyd have completed their first major work since "Meddle" (released Nov. 71). "Dark Side of the Moon" has taken nearly a year to complete, from advance reports it will eclipse any of the band's previous albums.

Tapes featuring Eric Clapton, Jeff Beck, Keith Emerson, and nearly thirty other top-notch folks will be released as an album titled "Music From Fire Creek", by Charisma in March. The tapes have been "frozen" by legal hassles for nearly two years.

The IRS is at it again. This time with English bands who come to the U.S. to play. It seems that most of our British friends prefer to take all their earnings home with them, invest it, and pay the taxes at the end of the year. However, now it seems that agents of the American tax machine are going to the concerts and collecting the government's due the night it's made. This comes to about nine of every ten dollars made.

Paul Kossoff has temporarily left Free to record a solo album. Wendall Richardson of Osibisa is filling in for Kossoff on Free's U.S. tour.

Speaking of Osibisa, they were honored in Lagos by the Oba (king), who treated them to a motorcade through the streets and played a duet with Robert Bailey on the palace piano.

The J. Geils Band have arrived in England where they will tour for the next month. Commander Cody will leave for England within the next month. Hawkwind will do an American tour in the next three months. Jethro Tull will leave for America in late spring, however they will not tour England this year.

Continued on following page

concert REVIEWS

Dirt Band At Cowtown Musical Mud

RAT

This will be the original short review for one reason, or another. Actually, I wasn't paying any attention, but then I didn't pay any admission either...blabber, blabber.

Danny Cox, I don't think, has ever put out with a show that the audience did not get behind. That's not to say that his audiences don't hold their share of ass-wipes, but if he's having a bad night, it's hard to tell when he's on stage. On this night he was doing what he wanted, and it couldn't have come off much better. He was backed during most of the set by Vaclav Berosini on bass guitar and shadow, and Larry Knight on "electric" guitar. Together they played some really great interpretations of Danny's already standard material. Everybody was doing whatever they felt like, and finally, the stage was filled with tits, maracas, and Stan Plesser. One of the better shows for both Cox and Cowtown; or so it would seem. So, now the mob was primed for the Dirt Band. Midwest hippies are bluegrass freaks without doubt. Cowtown crowds leap up immediately if anyone near the stage flashes a banjo. Unfortunately, little string-band music of any real merit has been heard in Cowtown ever. As a matter of fact, folk music in general has not been much of a habit, although what was performed was as good as music can get.

Anyway, the Dirt Band can

pretty much hold their own when it comes to this or a variety of other musical styles. They are simply, a very talented, versatile group of wierdo mothers. It is though kind of hard to play, with 2,400 fans clapping wildly, and not necessarily in unison on songs where the very key-note of the performance is percussion. It's downright disconcerting to the performers. (bitch, moan, whine...)

The Dirt Band have changed some since they were through here last. They don't do their 50's routine anymore, and some of their standard material has undergone



Loggins & Messina Dancing Mommas Rockin' Daddies

MIKE TAYLOR

Leo Kottke opened the show, but I only got to hear two numbers of his. A reporter for the Trucker with a car is also a cabdriver, messenger, and circulation helper. Dennis viewed the audience and his eyes lit up with visions of new readers, so it was back to the Trucker house for 1500 copies of last issue, to be given away between shows. After loading, unloading, parking and retrieving the car twice, I made it to the back of the standing room Ballroom. Kottke was just finishing a rollicking number that filled the hall. I'm sorry I missed all the show.

Kenny Loggins came on stage with other band members and opened the show with "The House At Pooh Corners" - it was good to hear him do it since he wrote it. Loggins did two more numbers solo and "Dixie Holiday" accompanied by the

sidemen. Then he brought out Jim Messina.

"Holiday Hoedown" was the first number and probably one of the best of the evening, partly because it was first. The stop-and-go guitar breaks were still fresh. The guys ought to copyright that riff which prevails in all their songs. The sax and violin parts on "Hoedown" really got things off stomping. It also signalled a gaggle of little girls to head for the front of the ballroom to swoon in front of the stage.

All the other legendary Loggins and Messina cuts followed and blended into each other to the point that I began wondering when someone would turn the record over. The words are something else that make you wonder what makes Loggins and Messina so popular, after two or three songs the lyrics are unimpor-

some changes of arrangement. Jimmie Fadden does about fifteen minutes of harmonica solo, breaking into "Swanee River" and "Traveling Mood" along the way. Some of their songs were still in the experimental stages as it were. Jeff Hannah explained that pieces like Eric Kaz's "Mother Earth" (provides for me) came off a little loose but what the fuck, it's a really good song...I was pretty loose myself.

Hank Williams was resurrected by the Dirt Band with "Jambalaya" and "Honky Tonkin". Following that was a little break-ass version of "Battle of New Orleans", which if anyone cares was written by Jimmy Driftwood and first sprung on the public by Johnny Horton. Songs like "Mr. Bojangles", "Rave On", "House at Pooh Corners", and "Yukon Railroad" were sure winners even before they were done; and after they were done, you knew just why. If parts of this review sound familiar, while other parts sound otherwise, it is because I am drawing from both nights concerts to write this thing. (Gee, it all runs together in MY head.)

Anyway, both nights concerts were good at the very least, and quite probably great. However, value judgements by borderline alcoholics are inadmissible in most cases...

tant enough to be interchangeable.

They did all the biggies, "Back to Georgia", "Angry Eyes", "Golden Ribbons", "Walking out the Door" and a super long version of "Vahavella". I've always enjoyed calypso and when they started "Vahavella" I began getting off on the music, my foot was tapping and my head was paying attention. Then it went into a long preplanned jam session where all the sidemen and L & M stooped over one amplifier like a bunch of warlocks casting an evil spell, long strange whines from their instruments.

Although, most of the concert looked and sounded like a TV production, (Cowtown's new sound system is just amazing, three cheers) I didn't give up hope for the concert because there's one L&M song that I really like, "Same Old Wine". But they didn't play it. Maybe they did in the second show or as one of the encores, but I didn't hear it and that might have changed my whole opinion of the concert.

After "Vahavella", they left the stage to prepare for the encore. Nobody had any doubts that they would play for the encore, so I headed outside to hand out the free Trucker. From the sidewalk, the people waiting to go in and those of us already out could hear "Your Momma Don't..."

B.B. King The King In Court

DAVE MAXON

For every member of the audience who was pleased by the fact that K.C. Grits opened the evening's entertainment, there were at least five others who were completely nauseated by the fact. These folks seem to be on the extreme outer edge of a large circle of greatness but the utter fact that they just "try too hard" blows the whole thing and makes everyone the loser. Unfortunately, in addition to playing fallacies, they're also guilty of unforgivable flaws in basics like electronic balance. One member will often override and even completely smother the playing of another. This is accompanied by the phenomenal atrocity that they often seem to not even be playing the same number. Very muddled...very un-together. The only tunes that offered anything of worth were "Spoonful" and "Mystic Eyes". All their original efforts possessed about the same degree of emptiness as most champagne bottles on New Year's Eve. Nothing cohesive...nothing expressive. Material for a junior high sock hop maybe...but Cowtown Ballroom, definitely not.

After the usual break for an equipment change another local talent, Chet Nichols, emerged. At the outset the capacity crowd was generally unresponsive. That was quickly dispelled, however, as this master of guitar and voice offered the extremely-popular "Ice Cream Man", in which he suggested some improving ingredients for items like fudge bars and popsicles. This was

followed by Chet's superior effort of the evening - "Time Loop" - featuring some of the finest piano artistry Cowtown has heard. All in all, a damn nice set.

Then, hearing a few moans, I looked up and noticed that Grits had joined Nichols on stage for what turned out to be a pretty nice half-hour jam, surprisingly enough. They mostly stayed in a traditional blues vein. I suppose more or less as a preparatory tactic for what was to come. Nichols was just as capable on electric guitar as he had been on acoustic. There was even some cooking by Grits in this session.

Each minute during the ensuing equipment switch seemed like an hour. The crowd on hand was a "hungry blues crowd" and they couldn't bear the wait for "THE KING". The gig began with B.B.'s backup group, Sonny Freeman and the Unusuals. This nine-man amalgam tuned up by running thru a couple of numbers that left no doubt as to what a dynamic band they are. Two sax solos were among the brilliant highlights. And then out strolled a giant of a man and an awfully intense musical personality. I think this man could shine without a spotlight. He's pure guts and funk - with an incomparable gusto for his work, balanced so beautifully by a finesse and artfulness that defies comparison. He's easily the best blues vocalist of his generation, and the most influential guitarist ever.

So many people have incorporated a smattering of his genius in

their playing but there is no one who can even come close to equalling him. The modest gentleman's sweet yet intricate, harmonic phrasing seems almost too amazing to be true B.B. King plays a slow, moving blues. This gig was no exception. The blues aren't just a style of music for this man...they're his life. He's given them so much meaning, so much power, that any payment for his skills would be insufficient.

The master opened with "Every Day," followed by "Downhearted" and "Give Up On Living", a very gripping jam to be sure. Other top efforts included "Hummingbird" "All I Want is a Little Bit of Love" and the night's most emotional tune, "Someone Loves You", in which B.B. let everyone know that he is into the blues for much more than just fame and fortune. Even better was "Nobody's Home", which featured the best of those smoother-than-silk guitar runs he makes up and down "Lucille's" neck. "Why I Sing the Blues" and "The Thrill is Gone" were his two highly-appreciated encores.

A great tribute has to go to Freeman and his band for their part in the total success. They're a unit who could make it anywhere by themselves - but simply seem like they were meant to perform with Mr. King, blending so expertly and never attempting to steal the show. On this night Kansas City witnessed perhaps its most stirring concert ever by the bluest bluesman alive.

Flashes

CONTINUED

Genesis made a special one-show appearance in America at the New York Philharmonic Hall. From all reports, the band was very well received.

Roxy Music, after a disastrous tour of America, have returned to England to record their new album. "I just about have it all visualized in my mind" said Brian Ferry.

Michael Jones and Darryl Way have left Curved Air and formed a new band of their own called Wolf. The music played is described as vastly more aggressive. To quote Way, "Curved Air lacked balls."

Robin Williamson, of the Incredible String Band, has written a book of poetry called "Home Thoughts From Abroad". If you're interested, write, Deep Down Books, Coomb Hall Farm, Coomb Hill Road, East Grinstead, Surrey, England.

STEVEN MILES

One day long ago my mother hurried upstairs at our house and told me to go downstairs and clean up the living room. The TV was on so I soon got sidetracked when they announced that Blue Cheer was going to be on the Steve Allen show. I rushed upstairs and grabbed my stereo tape recorder to capture the complete Blue Cheer set. Because of my trusty tape machine I can bring you Blue Cheer live on the Steve Allen Show, Feb., 1969. The following is not a commentator satire, but an extremely hilarious good time.

"The cause of the hum in the background is our next guest, they're a new vocal group called The Annoying Hum. (laughs) When I tell you these people's name you'll probably think that they are not a group, but that they are people who will wash your socks. (laughs) Now do I lie to you, you can trust your underwear in that. These guys are stronger than dirt. (chuckles) They were formed over a year ago, not born mind you of man and woman, but magically formed. Now this is what is written here on my information card. This is their album, "How's Your Prunejuice?" Not really, it is "Vencubius Eruption". Does anyone know what that means? Finally after much laughter and confusion you could faintly hear in the background someone from the group yell, "It's controlled Chaos." Steve Allen remarked, "Controlled chaos?" The group then shouted out, "Just be quiet and let us show you." Steve Allen snapped back jokingly, "Just for that, you're not gonna do it...anything I can't stand is a Blue Cheer who has no respect for an old piece of soap. (more laughs) Anyway they are the Blue Cheer, they are on the Phillip's label - that's the Milk of Magnesia Company as I'm sure you know and it's a shame you're not here with us, these boys seem to have an unusual assortment of instrumentation...it's 43 pieces - three human beings and forty amplifiers. And now, here are or here is, the Blue Cheer."

I sat back and the Blue Cheer tore into Summertime Blues so loud that my three hundred dollar stereo tape recorder immediately jumped into the red and my mother threw down her dish towel and shuffled bewilderedly back into the kitchen with her hands raised high into the air. Searching back into my mind I will try to describe what Steve Allen took so long to introduce.

Continued on following page

E.C. CONTINUED

way the artist wanted to draw it.

Now, Harvey, on the other hand, worked in an entirely different way. Harvey also wrote the stories. He broke it down, and he gave it to them on blank pieces of paper, lettered, except that over each panel was a piece of tracing with the exact layout of the panel sketched in the way Harvey wanted it. So, in that sense, Harvey didn't give the artist any chance.

AL: Harvey and I were always at odds about that.

BILL: Harvey didn't give them any chance to express themselves in the format of what they wanted to do. Harvey was more like an orchestra conductor getting out of each instrument what he wanted. Al did the complete opposite thing. Al was thoroughly permissive.

AL: Unless they were missing a point or leaving out something important or it wasn't clear what was going on...

BILL: These guys eventually got to be such pros that they knew what Al wanted. They'd just brought it in...

AL: You're right. Actually the script was right there. The descriptions were right there to a certain point, you know. But they visualized what was written their way. And so I did not have stories that I wrote and were drawn the way I would have drawn them. I don't think that was the thing. Because then everybody - Graham and Orlando or Wood or Davis would be all doing their renditions of my drawings and I didn't believe in that. And I don't do that today in MAD either.

TMT: If you would have originally conceived them pretty accurately because as an artist and as a writer you had a strong mental image in your head which...

AL: Yeah, but I'm not omnipotent and there are better people around than me and including those guys. I feel like I'm the baker who brings in the sponge cake and lets them

put the icing on their way. You know what I mean? As long as the basic ingredients are there, they're only going to add, not detract.

BILL: Of course, on the other hand your point is well taken and that was one of the other successes of the three editors...Feldstein, Kurtzman and Craig. All were first and foremost artists.

So, therefore, more than the average comic script writer they think visually and everything in the comics in those days was thought out visually.

Even as they were writing it. They were thinking visually.

TMT: Roy Thomas once told me that the Feldstein covers were the most commercially successful because of their punch and the static horror quality.

AL: You know - I never felt I was a really good artist and Bill was always patting me on the back and saying you are a good artist. You tell a story very well. And I always felt that there were a lot better artists around. You know, Wood to me was fantastic and Davis and Johnny Craig. I admired Johnny, all of these guys more than I admired myself. I always felt I was static. And yet this very static thing people would tell me in retrospect was what made my material interesting.

BILL: I always draw a parallel with Chester Gould (Dick Tracy artist) because as an illustrator, he leaves much to be desired, but as a story teller, which is what he is, he's been on the top of the file for thirty years. And Al was the same kind of situation. There may have been better illustrators on the staff but they were certainly no better story tellers. Unfortunately, Al couldn't illustrate everything. So he just didn't. Ultimately he illustrated nothing except a few science fiction covers to keep his hands in it.

AL: Yeah, but that was because I was writing.

BILL: You were writing and editing if you want to get technical. We turned out almost an issue a week in those days.

AL: We wrote four stories a week and one day for goofing around and writing a letter page and stuff like that. But approximately four stories a week and them we'd have like a week off. We did?

BILL: Yeah. We did seven titles, six issues a title. So 42 weeks a year we turned out a book a week. The other ten weeks were either vacations or days off or just extra time to do what we hadn't really done on the one a week because we didn't really maintain that schedule perfectly.

TMT: Well, The Monster Times thanks you guys for giving us this interview. I gotta go now. The Monster Times Oldsmobile is coming to pick me up, and if I don't get back to the office by midnight, it turns into a boiling cauldron.

BILL: As the Old Witch might say, "It's going to be a hot time in the Olds town tonight..."

TRIALS CONTINUED

ple (with funds raised by White Roots of Peace, the communications group that put out Notes) as a political and community centre, and its presence had disrupted the balance of power established by the two government-funded "elective systems" on the reserve - the Canadian band council and the New York State tribal trustees.

(The move to Hogansburg also meant that Rarihokwats, in the eyes of both the U.S. and Canada, a Canadian citizen would have to spend a good deal of time on the other side of the line. "My entry into the U.S. had been perfectly legal," he says. "It had been with the explicit understanding of the immigration officials of what my role was with the newspaper.")

If the "elective systems" were to maintain the balance of power in their favour they had to

Continued on page 30

bye for now

We've moved out of our present location but we'll be back in Westport in March with a whole new load of old clothes. Thanx and catch ya' later.

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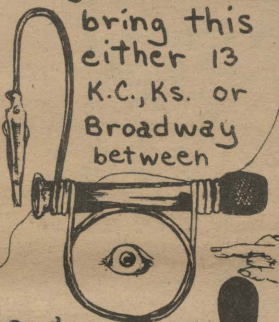
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DAVID BOWIE

THE MOONAGE DAYDREAM

Steven Miles

In each rock newspaper you read it is easy to come upon some critic who is ready to declare the death of rock and roll music. The reasons vary: the overabundance of mediocre bands and records, the decline of many acceptable musicians, or perhaps the over-kill hype of many new artists who show any small spark of originality. It is for these and other reasons that the rise of David Bowie has come at the right time. I do not plan to present Bowie as a savior because he isn't. I would hope that as listeners we have grown to a level of maturity that we no longer need an artist who has all the answers. It must be said however, that Bowie has made more cultural and musical impact than anyone since the Beatles. Whether the average rock'roller knows this or not.

Much of David Bowie's sensational publicity has come from his sexuality. He is bi-sexual, also a skilled mime, a gifted composer, and genuine romantic. But since most view him first in terms of sexuality, let's examine this first. It begins with his second album "The Man Who Sold the World". On the cover of the first release Bowie is shown in full drag. "The Width of a Circle" is an explanation of this metamorphosis.

Then I ran across a monster who was

sleeping
By a tree
And I looked and frowned and the monster was me.
Well I said hello and I said hello
And I asked "why not?" and I replied
"I don't know"
So we asked a simple black bird, who was happy as can be
And he laughed insane and quipped
"KAHIL GIBRAN"
So I cried for all the others till the day was nearly through
For I realized that God's a young man
Too
So I said "So long" and I waved "Bye-bye"
Smashed my soul and traded my mind
Got layed by a young bordello,
I was vaguely half asleep
For which my reputation swept back home in drag
And the moral of this magic spell
Negotiates my hide
When God did take my logic for a ride.

This is not a song that concerns itself with the deeds of bi-sexuality, it is one of emotions. It deals with the reactions of a person who discovers his dual sexual role. "The Width of a Circle" is not interested in being sordid. It wishes to be the conveyer of emotion. If Bowie was purely interested with

emotions he'd be Joni Mitchell, as it is:

She's an old time ambassador
Of sweet talking night walking games
And she's known in the darkest clubs
For pushing ahead of the dames
If she says she can do it
She can do it, she don't make false claims
For she's a Queen, and such are queens
That your laughter is sucked in their brains.

With Mick Ronson's guitar spitting near razor blades, Bowie lays on a few hard cold facts. Homosexuals suffer from the same drawbacks as any other. It has its share of vampiristic hussles and heart breaks. But you must love for "lovers never lose". Until now we have ignored hetero-sexual aspect of Bowie's material. Even at the height of his Gay period we find songs about and for women. They may take the form of tender ballads (Letter to Hermione) or throbbing rockers (She Shook Me Cold). On "Ziggy Stardust", we find what could be considered as a refutation of totally homosexual viewpoint some thrust upon him.

Hey man, ah! Henry don't be so unkind, go way
Hey man, ah! I can't take you this time, no way
Hey man, ah! droogie don't crash here
There's only room for one and here she comes, here she comes
Don't lean on me man, cause you can't afford the ticket
I'm back on Sufragette City
Don't lean on me man
Cause you ain't got time to check it
You know my Sufragette City
It outta sight...she's all right.

As a romanticist David Bowie follows in the tradition of Hugo, Blake and Smokey Robinson. Traces of it can be seen in any Bowie album you choose to listen to. "Soul Love" is an excellent example of this romantic quality.

New love-a boy and girl are talking
New words-that only they can share in
New words-a love so strong it tears their hearts
To sleep-through the fleeting hours of morning
Love is careless its choosing- sweeping over cross a baby
Love descends on those defenseless
Idiot love will spark the fusion
Inspirations have I none-just to touch the flaming dove
All I have is my love of love-and love is not loving.

These are not the words of bleary-eyed sentimentalist. A "love of love" is not an easy thing. Bowie sees love as an all conquering creature which is not always warm and inviting, but often an "idiot", who leaves old women mourning at the graves of loved ones long after they are dead. But Bowie has no other aspiration than to touch the "flashing dove" of the great beast. The same desire that touched on in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame". Many have argued that, in his songs, Bowie has approached this in a cold almost heartless manner. Not at all, he is an analyst, studying the human experience in an dissecting style, but his amazing with and generally hopeful outlook stop him from becoming cold or detached. David Bowie has not forgotten that he also is a member of the confused frightened people he sings of. In "Five Years" he describes the world as rapidly drawing to a close, but the song doesn't and before Bowie declares "I kiss you, your beautiful, I want you to walk." This isn't cold. The song screams with agonized compassion. Any bitter feelings Bowie may express come from our harshness and stupidity, not his.

The second side of "The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust" is a study of the rock and roll star phenomenon. On it we find many romantic heroes such as Marc Bolan ("Lady Stardust") and Jimi Hendrix ("Ziggy Stardust") each of whom suffer from fame, ego, and never ending hassel of loneliness

when thousands know your name. In "Rock and Roll Suicide", Bowie summarizes the woes of those people "for whom the clock waits so patiently on your song". Probing the mind of the rock and roll artist with characteristic brilliance and accuracy, he finds them self-critical ("You're watching yourself but you're too unfair"), bewildered ("You got your head all tangled up"), and needing human warmth ("You're not alone, gimme your hands"). Just like the rest of us. Never has anyone's view of this situation been so remarkably clear and concise. Bowie successfully brings the world of the rock personality within easy grips of the normal mortal. Here, as well as everywhere else, Bowie has shown that a human being can be viewed in some other way than as fool.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the multi-colored person of David Bowie is his abnormal genius for science fiction. His obsession with the planet Mars has been the cause of many chuckles and head-scratchings of critics and listeners alike. Bowie has retained this interest since his first hit single in 1968 "Space Oddity" is about an astronaut who chooses to remain in outer space forever rather than return to Earth. It is still probably the most original and intellectual concept on space travel ever recorded. From space travel, Bowie journeyed into the realm of America and the super computer. It offers a most chilling observation on our life style:

They called it the Prayer, its answer was law
Its logic stopped war, gave them food
How they adored till it cried in its boredom
'Please don't believe in me, please disagree with me
Life is too easy, a plague seems quite feasible now,
Or maybe a war, or I may kill you all
Don't let me stay, don't let me stay
My logic says burn so send me away
Your minds are too green, I despise all I've seen
You can't stake your lives on a Savior Machine!"

David Bowie's work concerning supermen and races has been the most differently interpreted of all his work in this genre. Some feel it is his feeling that the bi-sexual experience makes one superior. This I tend to doubt. I believed it falls in the category of lost civilizations. Bowie paints the scene of this super race as a gloomy hopeless people who are doomed to wait out eternity. They engage in "mad celebration" resembling the acts of demons on Walpurgis Night. Each await their chance "to turn to mold". This is Bowie's most vivid portrait.

The link-up between Mars and Bowie is at best a murky subject. It stems from an idea that rock musicians are descendant from whatever life form that pilots flying saucers. While Bowie has made no definite statement on the subject - musically he has devoted a great deal of time to it. His first monster British single "Starman" involved a young man (Bowie himself?) who receives a cosmic message on his radio from a space creature. His benevolent message:

Let the children use it
Let the children use it
Let all the children boogie.

The starman may be Bowie for "it" could be nothing else than rock and roll.

Live, David Bowie and the Spiders from Mars are nothing short of masters at the art of stage performance. Bowie's reference to himself as "the actor" becomes very clear. Each lighting and costume change is quod perfectly to match

CONTINUED on page 30



Film REVIEWS

END OF THE ROAD

Directed by Aram Avakian
To play at the Vanguard March 7-13

You are sitting in the old movie chairs at the Vanguard Theatre, peering out into the semi-darkness while waiting for the film to begin. Gradually the lights become dimmer and your level of consciousness is reduced to a fuzzy awareness in preparation. The flicker of the projector begins and muted colors of the first few frames reach the screen. The liquid voice of the late Billy Holiday croons "Don't Worry 'Bout Me". You start to key in on Jack Horner (Stacy Keach) standing on a commuter railway platform, his eyes glazed, not watching the trains go by. Quickly, before you can react, the significant events of the last thirty years flash by in Einstein-like montage. Baby pictures, high school pictures intercut with Hitler,

Hiroshima, World War II, McCarthy, Ike, Dick, LBJ, napalm and Vietnam. Jack Horner is a victim of the illusions that society has presented him; unable to meet the pressures of his life, he has lapsed into a catatonic stupor. You, the viewer, are rudely awakened from your relaxation to find yourself in the middle of an emotional nightmare.

That's how "End of the Road" one of the best films of the last few years, begins. The film is directed by Aram Avakian who paid his dues as a film editor and the script is from the John Barth novel of the same name. The film stars Stacy Keach in his first film role and James Earl Jones direct from his performance in "The Great White Hope". Supporting roles are provided by the director's wife, Dorothy Tristan, Harris Yulin (his first film also), and James Coco.

Keach, superb as Horner, is rescued from his catatonic state by an enterprising and unorthodox psychiatrist (Jones). After his "rehabilitation", Horner is adopted by a curious academic couple (Tristan and Yulin). Eventually you realize that Horner, although he tries to be conscientious, refuses to be responsible for his actions and the repercussions that follow. In short, tragic is the one word to describe Horner's dilemma.

The film is an emotional bombshell; it is an assault not only on our senses but our sensibilities. It constantly focuses on the relationships between the characters and their awareness of what is happening to themselves. But while the film is dead serious, it also grapples at hilarity: Keach being pounced on by a fellow patient — sex indistinct — while Jones strolls purposely on, lecturing about his novel treatment for catatonia, unaware that Keach has disappeared. Or Jones' nurse who looks just as

deranged as the rest of the patients. Or Avakian himself as a landlord who lives in the back seat of his car and leases Keach the top floor of an old factory for \$12.50 a month.

The picture works best — roughly three-quarters of the time — when it deals with the characters on a straight and natural level; when the things they say and so bounce off each other to build up an atmosphere of crackling believability. Keach and Jones are very different kind of actors here; together they work into a wildly symbiotic relationship. Keach slowly warms to his role, while Jones plunges right in with a ferocity that is not to be believed.

If you can get into it, this film will reel you on a course that you've never quite seen. Sometimes, vicarious experience is what film is all about. This is it. The beginning... and...end of the road.

DENNIS SCHAEFER

The Ten Best Films of 1972

So what if we're late

Here is some of the best cinema to come to K.C. in the last year. If you missed them the first time around, they will probably be returning from time to time; so contemplate them then.

(In no particular order)
The Godfather...directed by Francis Ford Coppola
The Candidate...directed by Michael Ritchie
Prime Cut...directed by Michael Ritchie
Sunday Bloody Sunday...directed by John Schlesinger
Fat City...directed by John Huston
Deliverance...directed by John Boorman
Clockwork Orange...directed by Stanley Kubrick
Slaughterhouse Five...directed by George Roy Hill
Hospital...directed by Arthur Hiller
Minnie and Moskowitz...directed by John Cassavetes

And a belated post-mortem to "Two-Lane Blacktop" directed by Monte Helleman which showed up on nobody's ten best list of 1971 because the critics were blind to the fact that it was an incredible motion picture. One of the best in the last five years. (A feature on this film is planned in an upcoming issue.)

Some Like it Schlock AVANTI

DIRECTED BY BILLY WILDER
NOW PLAYING AT THE PLAZA

Billy Wilder's new comedy "Avanti" is very funny at least according to the Wasp middleaged ladies and gentlemen who I saw it with at the Plaza theatre. As for myself I thought it was a pathetic string of outmoded, tasteless gags carried on by a parade of hopelessly stereotyped characters.

The story concerns a business executive who goes to an Italian resort island to claim the body of his tycoon father killed in an automobile accident while vacationing there. It soon becomes apparent to Lemmon that his father was doing more than just resting on the island when he finds out that the resort has been a rendezvous point for an extended love affair between his father and an English manicurist. In fact, they were killed together in the car, Romeo and Juliet style. This all comes to light when Lemmon runs into the daughter of his father's mistress (Juliet Mills) who is also there to claim her mother's body. Lots of laughs so far...as you can see. As the "comedy" continues more trouble evolves when they both have difficulties dealing with Italian bureaucratic red tape in getting the two bodies out of the country and oh yes, I almost forgot, Lemmon and Mills fall in love...sort of.

Wilder is a fine cinema craftsman whose economic camera and editing style is a pleasure to watch. He is notably good with actors giving them plenty of "business" and keeping the entire pace going not allowing it to falter. All proving Wilder to be the capable director that he is. What I can't understand

about Billy Wilder is his penchant for making comedies, when it seems to me that he doesn't have the personality or wit to bring them off effectively. The possible exception to this being "Some Like it Hot". The comedies look especially awkward in comparison to his cynical, darker films of the forties and fifties. Looking back on films like "Double Indemnity", "Lost Weekend", "The Big Carnival", and "Sunset Boulevard" it is hard to imagine that the same man would spend the latter part of his career making comedies. These earlier films beautifully displayed the pretension and opportunism of a complex egotistical, urbanized society in which everyone is on the make. They are uncompromising in their nihilistic cynicism that they portray, mirroring what surely must be Wilder's healthy distrust of human nature. They are truthful films and I admire them. The comedies like "Avanti" are, I feel, for Wilder a cop out. His overriding cynicism, consciously or unconsciously finds its way into these comedies and sours them, destroying what humor that could be found there.

In "Avanti", when Lemmon finds out that his father has been carrying on an illicit relationship on the sly for ten years, he exclaims in disgust, "the dirty old son of a bitch". But in the end he finds himself pledged to carry on the same kind of basically sick relationship with the daughter of his father's mistress. Nothing has been learned, nothing has changed and both are doomed to the same kind of life as their parents, when they only allowed happiness a few weeks out of the year.

This film could almost be mistaken for a black comedy except that Wilder doesn't have the grace of intelligence to bring off the most delicate blend of humor and horror. Instead he plays everything for laughs in the basest manner. The sight gags are vaudevillian and the characters are personifications of caricatures that Hollywood has filled its films with for years; from Lemmon's hardnosed, young, all-business executive to the overweight obnoxious, boasting State Department official. Perhaps Wilder's most ambitious overgeneralization are those made about the entire nation of Italy. To watch Wilder's films, all Italians have lots of relatives who can do you favors; they only kill in the name of love; and all Italian women have moustaches. All little numbers that are sure to get a laugh from schlock audiences at the Plaza theatres all over the world...and they did. So for that silent majority of cinema going public who look to "Love Story" for their drama, Stanley Kramer for their social comment, and Stanley Kubrick for their art, then Billy Wilder's comedies will fill their desires and always have an audience.

LARRY SALVATO

FELLINIS ROMA



A first experience with Fellini via "Juliet of the Spirits". Fantastic, unbelievable...this Fellini is a filmmaker to follow, without hesitation. This initial experience leads to many more, both his older films and the newer ones. Each viewing becomes an event. The older films are good and all that could be said about the newer ones (like "Satyricon" and "Clowns") was "Aaahh, it's Fellini", and run back for more.

Now, after seeing "Fellini's Roma" I will hesitate a bit before running back for more. No longer will the words "Aaahh, it's Fellini" suffice.

"Fellini's Roma" is a visual conglomeration of Fellini's ideas of

Rome over the last 40 years. You know from the onset that there will be no plot—Fellini says so himself. This is fine, but why does the young man Fellini appear so often in the movie? This in itself almost makes a plot.

It is not a flattering view of the people or the city. The people eat a lot and whore a lot; fat weird looking eaters and fat weird looking whores. And of course the people are beautiful in their grotesqueness. But, how many times can you watch the freak parade go by? Then there is the ecclesiastical fashion show. It's sort of funny to see the dignity of the Catholic Church get the treatment, but not very. The segment should have been outrageous, but it was only stupid.

There are some very good parts in "Fellini's Roma" and it is perhaps one of the better films to come to Kansas City in a while. Nevertheless, it is disappointing, and actually boring in parts. I even got up at one point to go to the restroom! Never before would I have considered taking such an action during a Fellini film.

BARBARA WILSON

Do It!

This is just to say we want you. That should've been obvious all along, of course, but just in case it isn't here's the deal:
NOBODY WHO WRITES FOR THIS RAG'S GOT ANYTHING YOU AIN'T GOT, at least in the way of credentials. There's no reason why you shouldn't be sending us your stuff: fiction, reviews, features, cartoons, stuff about film, ecology,

books or whatever you have in mind that we might be able to use. Sure, we don't pay much but then who else do ya know who'll publish you? We really will... Just bop it along to us and see what comes back your way (lots faster if you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope). There's really no such thing as an "unsolicited manuscript," you know, and if you have eyes to be in print, this just might be the place. Whaddya got to lose? Whaddya got?

Who is Billy Kidding? DIRTY LITTLE BILLY

Directed by Stan Dragoti
Now playing at the Glenwood 1

"Dirty Little Billy", of course is the story of the adolescent William Bonney alias Billy the Kid. Director Stan Dragoti thought it would be interesting to show Billy's early life devoid of all the slick Hollywood cliches; and while it's true that Hollywood has never shown Billy in quite this light, it's just not all that interesting.

Billy as played by Michael J. Pollard is a mangy kid with a beat up bowler hat, a ramshackle suit and mud caked boots. Upon his arrival in Coffeyville, Kansas, Billy immediately steps out in style, plopping gracefully down in the mud. Apparently director Dragoti's idea of the old West is not so much a West of bloodbath, but mudbath. Grimy faces, caked with mud throughout the film are part of the director's relentless pursuit of realism.

In due time Billy falls into the bad company of the local saloon owner Goldie, and his lover and sometimes prostitute Berle. Billy does a few favors for them and Goldie, crazed with anti-social behavior towards all the townfolk, takes

a liking to him. Goldie shares his knowledge with Billy about shooting and killing and once even encourages Billy to bed down with Berle. Billy accepts the latter offer and most of that scene is played in excruciating close up of Billy's grimaces and Berle's reminiscences of the past.

The violence which was such an integral part of Billy's later life is portrayed well here. It is Dragoti's belief that no one in the old West was very accurate with firearms and this is particularly brought out in one scene where Billy, in his first experience with a gun, has it back fire in his face. This violent scene in the bar; another one in the muddy streets as Goldie and Berle leave town; and the last scene are well edited to provide a sense of clumsy realism. Unfortunately the rest of the scenes move quite slowly and leave the viewer in anticipation of something that doesn't come off. While each of the early scenes are probably important in developing Billy's character and serve as an explanation of



Michael J. Pollard as Billy

his later violent life, when the scenes are laid end to end the parts equal something less than the whole.

Pollard's performance as Billy is stymied through an apparent lack of direction. Pollard is left to his own devices of shrugging his shoulders, rolling his eyes and making faces. In the quiet scenes especially, he seems unable to fill the gap in his characterization that might have led to some insight about Billy.

Charles Aidman, as Coffeyville's would be mayor, gives a stock performance he has done many times, but that he always does well. Lee Purcell, who was somewhat bitchy when I met her, turns in a creditable job ranging from the serene child to the hard nosed slut, and all to good effect. Most notable is her bedroom scene and also a street scene near the end of the film. However the true star and driving force in the film (and no less than five different individuals told me so) is Richard Evans. His por-

trayal as crazy Goldie saves many otherwise forgettable scenes. His Goldie is the only character who sustains a high level energy/emotion pitch. When the film hits a rut, Evans is there to spark up a conversation or to enliven a shoot out. It is primarily because of his energized characterization that the film is lifted out of its blase overtones.

Possibly director Dragoti should have begun the film where it ended (an excellent scene with Pollard and Evans) and told Billy's story from that point on; doing a sort of Butch Cassidy and the Dog-Faced Kid, although told in Dragoti's own confirmed style of realism.

There is a general directorial rule in Hollywood; that if your film breaks even then you are good for at least two or three more features. This is Dragoti's first shot at features and he deserves a couple more chances to prove himself. Good luck, Stan

DENNIS SCHAEFER

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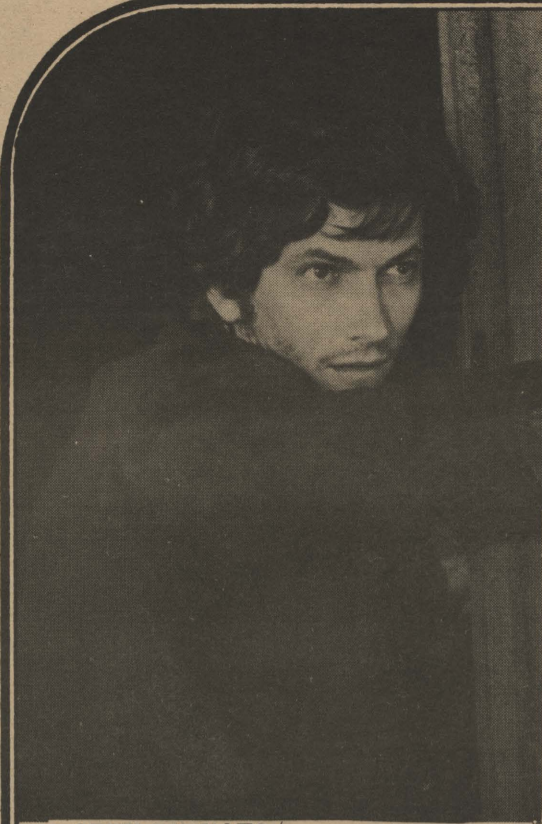
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4307 MAIN **Vanguard Cinema**



Richard Evans

A Game of Crypto-Billiards With A One-Eyed Priest

LARRY SALVATO/
DENNIS SCHAEFER

In the last issue of the *Trucker* there was an article about some Hollywood people who were here to promote their new film, "Dirty Little Billy". Covering that story was an enjoyable assignment for us; we got some free movie tickets, a press breakfast and we also got to know one of the actors, Richard Evans and his beautiful wife Jo, on a fairly personal level.

Getting to know Richard Evans wasn't really on the agenda, as these promotional situations are mostly hype conducted on a somewhat distant basis. But somewhere between the scrambled eggs and actress Lee Purcell calling us chauvinist pigs, Richard Evans mentioned in pleasant conversation that he had made his own personal film. We expressed an interest in seeing it and so he invited us up to his hotel suite to see his film. We didn't really know what to expect, but after viewing it we were quite pleased. Because for what it was (a personal experimental film) it was much more enjoyable than the wide screen 1.4 million dollar "Dirty Little Billy".

Loosely, Evans' film concerns a young filmmaker's financial, moral and personal dilemmas encountered in the process of making a film; any film. It is told in the cryptic, elusive, sometimes outrageous manner associated with the finest tradition of American underground cinema.

The movie begins with the ending and cinematically works its way from that point through a fascinating study of why a filmmaker makes films and then comes full circle to end up back at the beginning (a 360 degree movie).

Gary, the young filmmaker, is the main character who is making a documentary about great film directors. Gary's footage includes a cinema verite interview with Godard; Samuel Fuller in attendance also. Next Gary and his sound man are shooting an interview with director Stan Dragoti which is cut painfully short by an inopportune downpour in the middle of the take.

Later that evening Gary, who earns his living as a projectionist at a movie theatre, is pounced upon in the projection booth, tied up with film strips and abducted from the theatre by two ominous Cocteau-style figures. They spirit him off to a bizarre asylum run by a one-eyed priest who resembles John Ford. The whole asylum is financed and governed by the Marquis; a physical midget but nonetheless in a position of great power and authority, similar in character to the school principal in Jean Vigo's "Zero for Conduct".

Upon being thrust into this new restricted environment Gary finds himself in a cell with two other inmates/filmmakers who are trying to make a film but not meeting with much success. Gary and his fellow inmates undergo a series of strange macabre adventures during the production of their film in the asylum. When the film is complete there is a natural urge for them to show it. But unknown to them, there is a Catch-22 type prohibition on the books which states that no film shall be shown or projected within the walls of the asylum. And therein lies much of the irony of Evans' film, "Original - Do Not Project".

The film's power does not rest

so much in its plot or technical achievements, but rather in its energetic style and the intelligent fashion in which it all comes together. The film has so many nice visual, allegorical and historical touches relating to the cinema that it is almost impossible to categorize them here. The film moves at such a rapid pace that it would also be ridiculous to try and translate all the sight gags and visual montages in this linear format. There can be no place to experience this phenomenon outside of Evans' film. It's sort of a filmmakers' magical mystery tour.

A few separate scenes deserve mention. As it happens the guards in the asylum carry around dismantled manikin arms on a sling over their shoulders instead of rifles to keep the inmates in tow. Nothing is said about them the first time we see them and we accept this as a bit of surrealism. But later in the film, as guard urges Gary up a flight of stairs, Gary turns and says in a low key voice, "Why the sidearms?" The timing was precise and the humor absurdly simple. In another scene, Gary asks a guard how he got the job; the guard replies that when you quit making films they let you be a guard. Gary's immediate response is: "an avant guard?"

But probably the film hits its peak in the elusive, allegorical ending. The film that Gary has been working on is ravaged. Gary once again must go back to the basic level of creating a motion picture. He proceeds to put the mutilated film together without any technological help, splicing the scenes with ordinary scotch tape. Then he con-

structs a motion picture projector from pieces of junk. Painting a large white square onto the asylum wall, he is able to show the film to his fellow inmates, if only through his own determination to do so.

To anyone who has ever attempted to make a film, the analogy is clear. It is a struggle to make films. It's not easy; it's technologically oriented and sometimes the technology is out of reach.

But Gary's film is rolling and the image is simple; just a man escaping prison by scaling the prison wall with a rope. This same image was seen once before; it was the same film Gary was showing at the movie theatre the night he was abducted.

Suddenly as we watch the screen within a screen, we see Gary himself making his real (reel) escape up the wall of the filmmakers' asylum just as the image of his film (a man escaping) makes a strike for freedom up a prison wall. The two images become fused and the reality of the film transcends itself in a clear visual metaphor. Filmmaking, like any other area of creativity, concerns a man trying to escape from himself through his art. We've never seen this phenomenon displayed quite so beautifully.

The greatest weakness in "Original - Do Not Project" is also its greatest strength, in that you would almost have to be a filmmaker to appreciate the subtleties of the film.

After showing the film Evans related an interesting bit of information. When he was young, he had a fascination for putting things together from junk, not unlike Gary.

CONTINUED on following page



VISUALLY

Morgan Gallery (5006 State Line) is batting 1000% this season—and most of its recent home-run shows have been by “photo-realist” painters. The “photo-realist” category is a broad one, as even the few examples of the style shown here have proven. Though photo-realist art can and does include a clutch of varying interpretations, its practitioners share a common dependence on the use of photography in their creative processes. Some of the painters, like Richard Estes and Chuck Close for example, paint from photographs. Others, like John Clem Clarke (of late) and Larry Stark, use slide blow ups as models. Still others, including Malcolm Morley and Richard McLean, work from mass-produced photography: picture post cards and advertisements.

To be properly termed a “photo-realist” art work the end result must bear a very close, even a “sharp focus”, likeness to the model. The nuances of interpretation must be looked for in subject matter—in what the artist consciously chooses to reproduce—more than in his manner of doing so.

The current works at the Morgan, collectively called a show of new realism, are aptly titled since they include realistic pieces (e.g. the Californians Wayne Thiebaud and Mel Ramos’ paintings) obviously done from life in highly interpretative styles.

Of the truly “photo-realistic” work shown Richard McLean’s horse show winner painting (one of a series taken from magazine photos), Richard Estes’ very recent “Shoe Outlet” (painted from one of the artists photos of Manhattan street scenes), and John Salt’s “Albuquerque Wreck” are probably the most quintessential.

This is not to say they are the best of the show though I think Salt’s painting a unique and very good work. It succeeds as a painting of atmosphere, somewhat like the early 19th century British painter John Constable succeeded, despite its ostensible subject (a wrecked car) and its overblown size — the same relative handicaps many Constable paintings overcome.

Estes, perhaps the most important of the American photo-realists and undoubtedly one of the most talented, falters some in this late painting, “Shoe Outlet”. He has never shown a particularly good eye for color but the expanses of glass, always reflecting a passing scene, found in many of his earlier works more than compensated for the low color interest in his art. “Shoe Outlet”, however, includes only a little reflective glass, and the spots out of “sharp focus” appear too tentatively painted.

Two works by Robert Cottingham show his style as more late-Pop than “photo-realist”. His “El Rey” theatre marquee is a melange of Pop art’s disdain for painted illusion and photo-realism’s concern for visual exactitude. So with the smaller and more successful acrylic work “Lil Tim Tam Cafe”, which in arrangement, style and color seems a tribute to the 20th century American master Stuart Davis.

Howard Rogovin’s paintings in



John Salt’s “Albuquerque Wreck” at Morgan Gallery.



Junior ARC Welder with sound elements of glass sheets, jugs and stainless steel bowls, sheets at Matrix Exhibition just before Art Research Center Group’s third concert in the setting of this international show at 911 Broadway.

Kemper Gallery at the Art Institute are not examples of any new trend. They are instead, the work of a highly idiosyncratic and sophisticated artist who works within a so-called naive frame of mind. The paintings are filled with mixed perspectives, overrun with subject matter — they are almost everything a fine, balanced painting is supposed not to be. But even if not fine, Rogovin’s pieces are balanced and they are intriguing.

Superficially, each canvas appears a slap dash outgrowth of a

fecund visual imagination, on closer inspection the artist’s passion for spatial organization is everywhere apparent. Each wild dream depicted (and they are far from being sinister in spite of the pervading nightmarish flavor) has been blocked off. A giggling Bosch crossed with a care-free Poussin!

“Functional Crafts Then and Now” describes the current group show in the Nelson’s Sales and

Rental Gallery. Don’t expect historical continuity — there are almost no examples of crafts between the Syro-Roman epoch and 19th century America. No loss, the contemporary craft is much the best anyway. Good ceramic work by Ken Ferguson and Victor Babu stands out, and some ceramic jewelry by Marie Taylor is appealing.

The highest and most consistent level of craftsmanship is seen in the glass works by the Lawrence blower Sheldon Carey. His beautiful vases are extra-terrestrial.

A supplement, albeit accidental, to the functional crafts show is in Gallery XXIV Oriental section, where the Pillsbury collection of Chinese bronzes is on loan from the Minneapolis Institute of Fine Arts while its new building is being constructed.

The Art Research Center’s “Matrix International — Drawing/Print Programs” show will remain open until March 25 at 911 Broadway. The exhibit, a large collection of contemporary works sharing common “parameters” of continuous field, grid systems, and/or ambiguous dimensionality, has featured three public concerts by local musicians since opening in late December. Most recently, ARC participants performed a “sound environment” and a “clown/geometric dance” followed by an open discussion of Matrix-related topics.

Matrix is open Thursday, Friday, and Saturday afternoons from 1-7 p.m.

The juried “Thirty Miles of Art” show is on at Hall’s Plaza store during March. An exhibition of juried, non-professional work has to be of uneven quality, as this one is.

My own nominee for first place, Michael Meyer’s impetuously brilliant “Study for Universal Man”, received a paltry honorable mention from the judges.

Four small pieces, a water color landscape by Sally Shoemaker, a black and white collage-construction by Richard Matthews, and two Klee-ish fantasies — one each by Jacquelyn Rice and Catherine Logan, are perhaps the best intergraded fusions of talent, scale, and inspiration in the show.

Roger Shimomura’s superimposition of a geisha over a Warholesque Marilyn Monroe face is striking.

Allan Winkler’s colored pencil drawing “Nancy and Jim...Growin’ Up” is an unobtrusive delight.

There were, reportedly, more than 600 entries submitted to the jury selected by the show’s sponsors, the Kansas City Missouri Junior League. Surely out of that number there were some works of equal or better quality than the chosen few — why not a salon des refusés called “Thirty Miles of Unacceptable Art”?

O. J.
DART

CONTINUED

in this film. It is curious that Evans should mention this for it sheds light on a reoccurring theme in filmmaking: to transfer that muted aura of childhood onto film. For Richard Evans, it is this childhood reversion that allows him to find the pure innocence of his real self again. This coupled with his personal vision, that involves such complex psychological processes; and finally impregnating the plastic medium with these personal images, is

filmmaking at its furthest reaches.

For those who do not know the origin of the term, “Original — Do Not Project”, ironically it refers to a warning placed on film cans when they come back from processing at the lab. It implies that the original print is precious and cannot be risked showing on a projector which would mar and scratch the original.

In Evans’ film it takes on a dual meaning that if something is expanding the limits of the cinema, it will meet opposition from every-

one; audiences included. This is the most frustrating part of filmmaking. Unless the film is seen the filmmaker cannot “escape” nor can he justify making the film to himself.

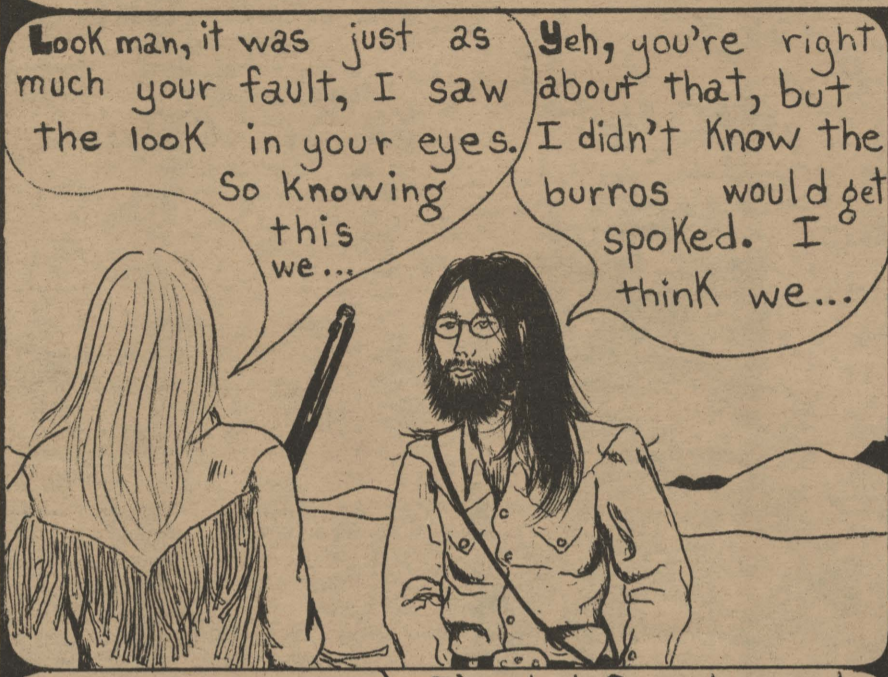
In the same vein, we discussed with Evans a film called “The Last Movie” directed by Dennis Hopper. Evans thought the Hopper film was a failure. Perhaps the main reason for this is because it suffered from the dilemma which Evans explored so deeply in his own

film. From what Evans says, we might be a couple of the comparatively few people to see his film because of the inability to obtain a wide distribution.

We recall that as the last few frames reeled through the projector gate, there was an uneasy silence. For a while no one spoke. One of us finally said, “Your film is very depressing, but so true”. Evans replied, “Yes, it depresses me too”.

Joe Pony + Dick Charles Get Stranded in the DESERT

(Any resemblance to folks living or dead is a matter of your insanity, not mine!)
by K.C.'s sex god Dave Martz
OR IT'S ALWAYS 10:119 in North Beach



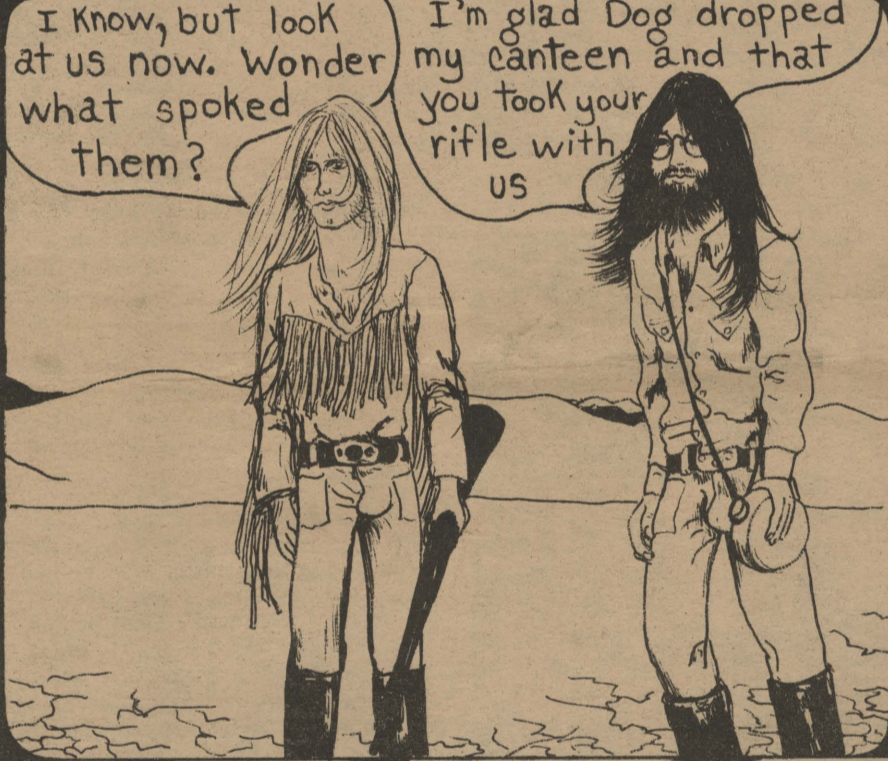
Look man, it was just as much your fault, I saw the look in your eyes. So knowing this we...

Yeh, you're right about that, but I didn't know the burros would get spoked. I think we...



We should've unpacked before going swimming.

To horny, I couldn't have and...



I know, but look at us now. Wonder what spoked them?

I'm glad Dog dropped my canteen and that you took your rifle with us



Yep, we'll make it

We've made it already, man

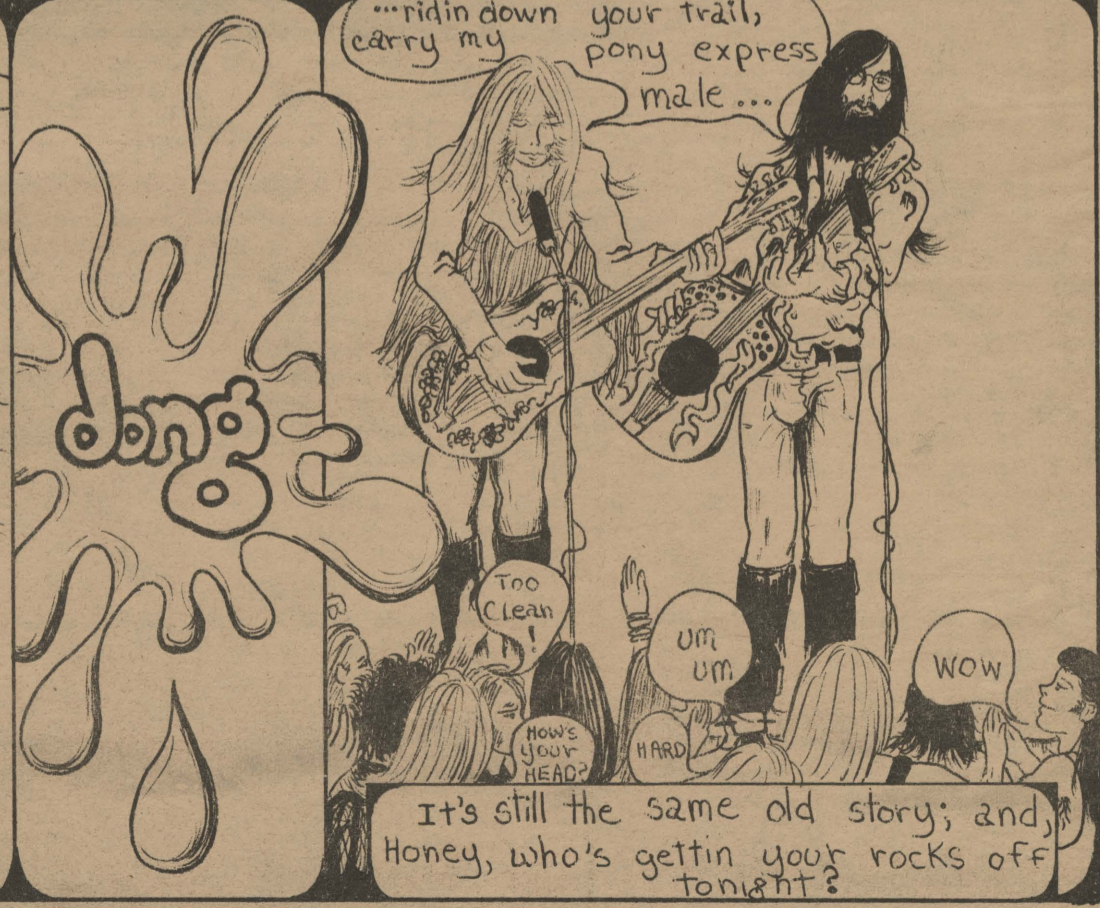


69 minutes later

Hey this dick

Help me! Help me I sinkun

suckin sand is eatin us up!



...ridin down your trail, carry my pony express male...

Too Clean

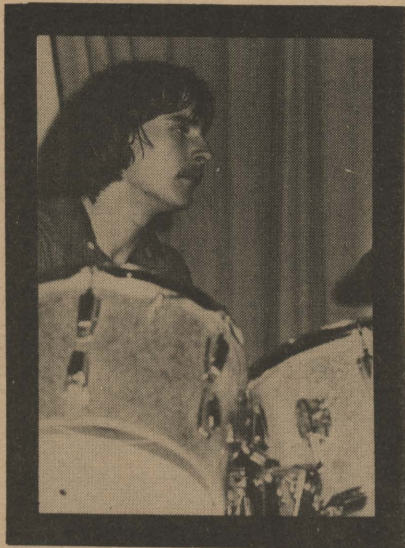
um um

WOW

How's your HEAD?

HARD

It's still the same old story; and, Honey, who's gettin your rocks off tonight?



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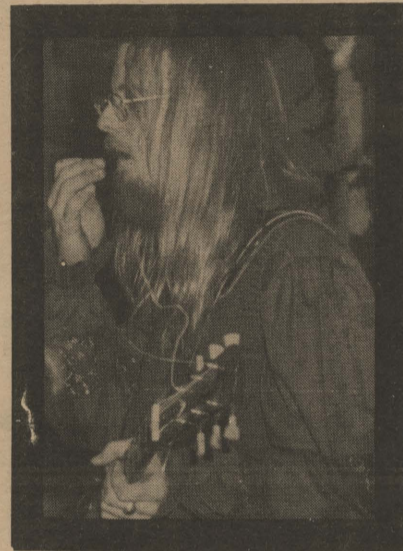
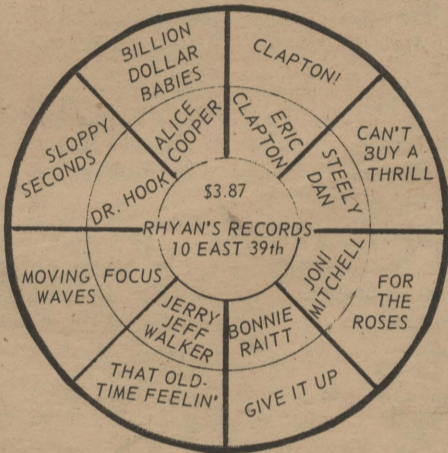
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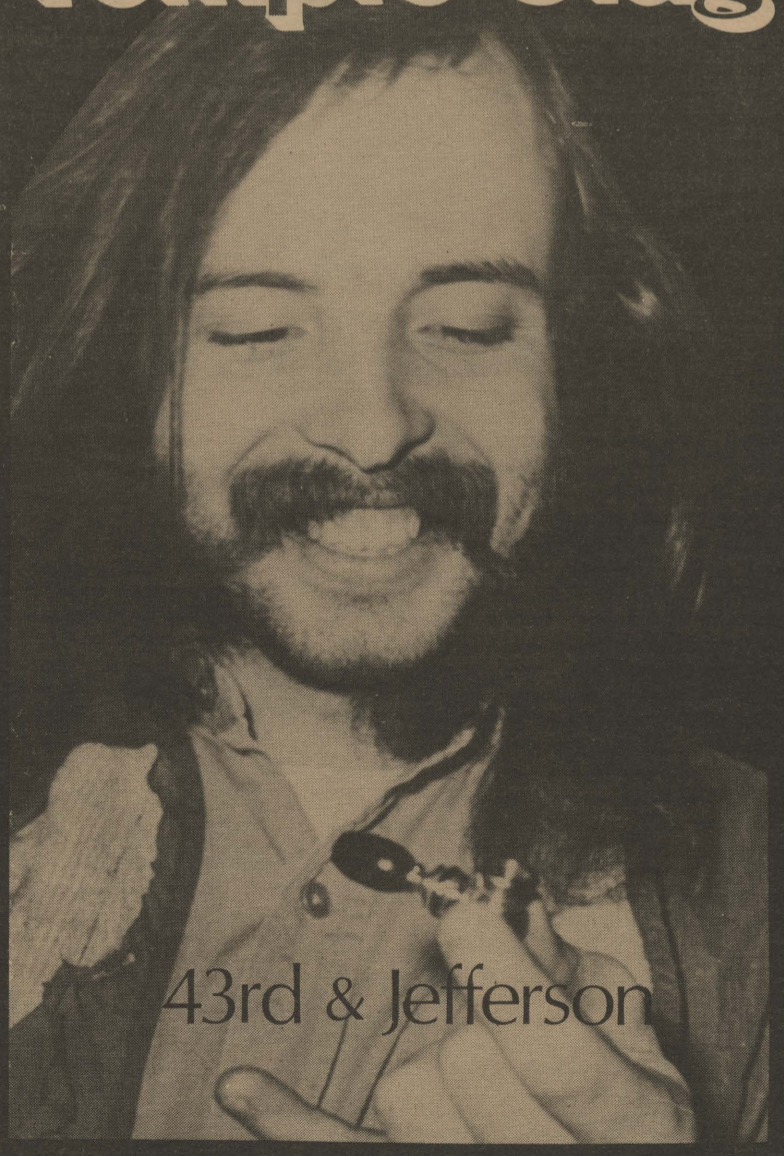
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TRIAL CONTINUED

strike out at the Long House. In attacking Rarihokwats' presence, they were challenging the right of the Long House to naturalize people — and what's its sovereignty — and the move had the added charm of confusing political and cultural ideas of Indian-ness with a variety of racial overtones.

Lawrence Lazore, the chairman of the New York State tribal trustees, is representative of most of the people with whom he works. After 26 years in the U.S. Navy he retired as a Lieutenant-Commander and came home to lead his people. He is so proud of his Indian heritage that he likes to describe himself as a Pine Tree Chief (a leader added to the normal roll call of chiefs for his greatness) but is embarrassed in the presence of Long House people. Although his office is entirely the creation of New York State, Lazore has recently been commuting to Washington, where he received a birch bark scroll from the Commissioner of the Bureau of Indian Affairs declaring the tribal trustees to be the only "recognized body at Akwasasne.

In March a group from the trustee's council succeeded in having Rarihokwats arrested and deported, although the Border Patrol, after interrogating him for some time, said the charges that Notes was Communist-inspired were unfounded. Within the hour of his deportation the Long House chiefs had brought him back to Nation House.

An open letter was circulated accusing Rarihokwats of "recruiting black people from all over the U.S. to join the Mohawks." The letter warned its recipients to "Act now — it may already be too late."

When Richard Cook, a Bear Clan Chief at the Long House, proposed to buy a piece of land, the tribal trustees decided they had intended to buy it all along. They also decided that Clarence, White, treasurer of the Long House, who lives on the lot next to the one

Cook was proposing to buy, should be evicted because he is not on the tribal roll. Neither, they discovered is Anna Jock, Clan Mother of the Bear Clan and founder of the Indian Way School.

(The New York tribal roll has never pretended to list all the residents of the reserve. It resembles, rather, a personal telephone list of friends who have held office over the years.)

Rarihokwats was arrested by the Border Patrol when he returned to Nation House from the Long House meeting that had been considering the court case over the land Richard Cook was proposing to buy. If Rarihokwats might be masterminding the whole court case it would be good to have him out of the way. If he were sent back to where he came from it would show everyone just who was in charge.

When they came to the door the Border Patrol insisted they only wanted Rarihokwats to come with them for questioning. They even agreed that he might take along a friend. Later, they told the local television station he was being jailed "for his own protection"

After the land dispute had been heard in court (the judge told the two parties to settle it between themselves — evicting an Indian from Indian land was not a matter for the court), the Border Patrol told Rarihokwats that if he was willing to go back to Canada they would drive him right then.

"Right then" meant after friends had come with the bail bond of \$2,000 the officials had earlier required. It also meant after word had come from Washington that there was no reason to hold him, or to require bail. What was being offered now was the normal routine for a "questionable" entry into the U.S. — twenty-four hours after it is normally given.

The issues that are being worked out at Akwasasne now have been there much longer than any of

BOWIE CONTINUED

the mood of the number. A skilled mime, he uses his body to communicate what his voice will not. Nothing is left to chance. Each movement is as carefully choreographed as a Broadway musical. On an artist of less talent, this stage work would be wasted. It is a credit to Bowie and the Spiders that they successfully carry it off with an air of professionalism.

the present participants. The protagonists have their counterparts in every generation of the past century.

and there is new in the situation is Akwasasne Notes. It represents the first time in history that a systematic transcontinental hookup of every Indian reserve, every urban Indian centre, every college campus and non-Indian support group has been maintained. It is a challenge to the old dependence on the Indian agent and the local white newspaper.

Within thirty days of Rarihokwats' arrest the tribal council chairman of the Hopi had punched the leader of the traditionalists in the face at the Snake Dance ceremony. The people of Tousukee filed a suit against their tribal council for giving out a 99-year lease to development interest. Members of the Seneca tribal council physically attacked tribe members who had been criticizing the council and suing them for leasing land to Fisher Price.

The Canadian band council at Akwasasne, hurrying to get into the act, is proposing to welcome a British Columbia brewery to Cornwall Island. One of the proposed sites is now in use as a Nation Garder, another White Roots of Peace project.

But then, put in a national perspective, one garden is a pretty small plot lined up against James Bay or the Mackenzie Valley.

There is nothing musically that the band lacks in live performance. Mick Ronson's guitar work is flashy, but his flashiness is not a cover for lack of imagination or ability. His solos are filled with long sustained notes that transcend time. In the performance I saw last October, Ronson's solo during "The Width of a Circle" was a positive show stopper. There have been many guitarists to use the wah-wah pedal before Mick Ronson but few can surpass the incredible growling animal sounds he can create with it. His piano work reflects his classical background, and is as lyrical as any I have ever heard. Trevor Bolder is as an accomplished a bass player as you can get. Fingers flying, he can make your head spin by the sheer speed and quality of his music. Like many fine English bassmen his touch is very light in comparison to the heavy-handed style of many Americans. His mind must be remarkably in tune with Ronson for together they make music seem to be a form of telepathy. Having been with Bowie the longest, Mick Woodsmansy is a puzzle. There are times when his drumming sounds so remarkably in tune to what's going down around him, you wonder what the band would be without him. On others he sounds like a dish washer doing rhythms on the pots and pans. Sheer length in the organization must count for something.

Despite an amazing barrage of publicity from RCA, and countless articles in magazines ranging from Fusion to the Star, David Bowie has not made as great an inroad in the U.S. as hoped. Maybe we're not ready for as sexually honest and theatrically clever a performer as David Bowie. But just like the tide, Bowie can't be turned. An artist with this much potential can't be ignored forever.

TUBE TRIP

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EVENTS

MONDAY, FEB. 26

SOUNDS Neil Young, 8 pm, Municipal Auditorium. \$4, \$5 & \$6.
 -Young Holt Unlimited, Landmark, Union Station, call
EXHIBITS** Designer Craftsman Show, Kansas Union Gallery through Mar. 9. Call
 -**John Talleur Prints, Paul Weidrich Photos, 7 E. 7th Gallery, through March 10.
CHESS CLUB** 2pm, Kansas Union.

TUESDAY, FEB. 27

SOUNDS Jack Greer, 8 pm, Nexus Coffeehouse, 8401 Wornall, 50¢.
 -Young Holt Unltd. (see Feb. 26)
EXHIBIT Photo/Cinema Show by Contemporary Photographers of the Midwest. Kemper Gallery, KC Art Institute. Through March 20.
FLICKS.F.** Film Series, "Metropolis" Episode #5 Phantom Empire, 7:30pm Kansas Union.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 28

SOUNDS Tricia, 8 pm, Nexus Coffeehouse, 8401 Wornall, 50¢.
 -**Flight, Red Baron, 9 pm, females free, males \$1.
 -Young Holt Unltd. (see Feb. 26)
FLICKS "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning", 7:30 pm, Epperson Auditorium, KC Art Institute. Free.
 -**Classical Series, "Adventures of Robinson Crusoe" 7:30 & 9:15 Woodruff, 75¢.
 -"Dames" through March 6, Bijou, 425 Westport. Call
 -"A Day at the Races" & "A Night at the Opera", Marx Bros. through Mar. 13, Vanguard Cinema II, 4307 Main.
POETRY reading by David Perkins & Mbembe (Milton Smith) Ed. Bldg. UMKC, 8 pm.
MEETING Orientation to Women's Liberation, 7:30-9:30, 5138 Tracy.

THURSDAY, MARCH 1

SOUNDS John Wood, 8pm, Nexus Coffeehouse, 8401 Wornall, 50¢.
 -Young Holt Unltd. (see Feb. 26)
EXHIBIT Richard Estes 8 new silk-screens and Frank Stella-7 new prints, through Mar. 25, EG Gallery, 9 E. 51st St.
FLICKS **Film Society, "Chelsea Girls", 3:30, 7:30 & 9:30, Kansas Union, 75¢.

FRIDAY, MARCH 2

SOUNDS Larry & Rick, 8 pm, Nexus Coffeehouse, 8401 Wornall, 75¢.
 -**Fleetwood Mac, Red Dog. Call
 -**Five Star Cadillac Band, Red Baron, 9 pm, \$1.50.
 -Young Holt Unltd. (see Feb. 26)
FLICKS **Popular Series, "Take the Money and Run", 7 & 9:30, Woodruff, 60¢.
 -"Spirits of the Dead", special midnight showing, Festival, 3319 Main Call 931-8136.
THEATRE 3 act play, "Deadwood Dick", Foolkiller, 809 E. 31st, \$2.
RAP Gay-Straight Rap. Dialogue between gay and straight women. 7:30 pm, 5138 Tracy.
LECTURE **Professor Alfonso Ortiz, 3-5 pm, Kansas Union.
RADIO "New World Coming-Voices from Women's Liberation Movement" 8 pm, KCUR fm, 89.3.
BIRTHDAY Lou Reed's

SATURDAY MARCH 3

SOUNDS Chamber Music Series, UMKC String Quartet, 8:15 pm, All Souls Unitarian Church, 4500 Warwick, Students \$1, Adults \$2.
 -Larry & Rick (see Feb. 23)
 -Young Holt Unltd. (see Feb. 26)
 -**Five Star Cadillac (see Mar 2)
FLICKS **"Take the Money and Run" (see Mar. 2)
 -"Spirits of the Dead" (see Mar 2)
THEATRE "Transcendental Hippidations", plus featured performer, Tom Allay, Foolkiller, 809 E. 31st, \$1.50.
DEMONSTRATION on ceramics. Action Art Center, 111 W. 5th, Call 421-6179 to confirm date & time.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS LISTINGS MARKED WITH **

SEMINAR on alternate media for high school students, 9 am to noon, All Souls Unitarian Church, 4500 Warwick
PLANETARIUM "The Beginning of Things", 1:30, 2:30 & 3:30, KC Museum of History & Science, 3218 Gladstone Blvd. 50¢. Children under 6 not admitted.

SUNDAY, MARCH 4

SOUNDS Chuck Berry, 7 & 9:30, Memorial Hall, 7th & Barnett, KC, Ks.
 -Maynard Ferguson & His British Band, Landmark, Union Station. Call
 -Janet Fisher, 8 pm, Nexus Coffeehouse, 8401 Wornall, 50¢.
FLICKS "Little Women" "As You Desire Me", 2:10, Nelson Art Gallery.
 -"Spirits of the Dead" matinee, 1pm (see Mar. 2)
FOLK DANCING 7 pm, All Souls Unitarian Church, 4500 Warwick. \$1.
POETRY workshop, 2 pm, Nexus Coffeehouse, 8401 Wornall Road.
WORKSHOP "Single Women in a Couples World" for single, divorced, widowed or never married women. Life planning for the single woman. Dr. Luhn and Barbara Wald, leaders. 10 am to 6 pm, Jewish Community Ctr. 8201 Holmes. Call extension 68.
MEETING Women's Liberation Union Coordinating Committee, 4 to 6 pm, open to all women, 5138 Tracy.
CHESS CLUB **2 pm, Kansas Union.
PLANETARIUM (see Mar. 3).

MONDAY, MARCH 5

SOUNDS ** Willie Dixon and his Band, Plus Stonewall, Red Baron, 9 pm, \$3 advance, \$3.50 at the door.
 -Young Holt Unltd. (see Feb. 26)
FLICKS **Special films "Adventures of Prince Achmed (animated)" for times and prices call Kansas Union
EXHIBIT T Wilbur Niewald, watercolors Action Art Ctr, 111 W. 5th. Through March 31.
FESTIVAL** of the Arts. Tickets purchased during enrollment may be redeemed, beginning today, SUA office.
CHESS CLUB **7pm, Kansas Union.

TUESDAY MARCH 6

SOUNDS Dan Young, 8 pm, Nexus Coffeehouse, 8401 Wornall, 50¢.
 -Young Holt Unltd. (see Feb. 26)
 -**Willie Dixon & Stonewall (see March 5)
FLICKS **Film Society, "Triumph of Will", 3:30, 7:30 & 9:30, Kansas Union, 75¢.
 -**S.F. Film Series, "The Last Man on Earth", Episode #6 Phantom Empire, 7:30 pm, Kansas Union.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7

SOUNDS **Together, Red Dog. Call
 -Young Holt Unltd. (see Feb. 26)
 -**Willie Dixon & Stonewall (see March 5)
FLICKS "Thief of Bagdad" 7:30, Epperson Audi. KC Art Institute, Free
 -**Classical Series, "Sawdust and Tinsel (The Naked Night)" 7:30 and 9:15 pm, Woodruff, 75¢.
 -"For Me and My Gal" through Mar. 13, Bijou, 425 Westport, Call 561-285.
MEETING Orientation to Women's Liberation (see Feb. 28)

THURSDAY, MARCH 8

SOUNDS Tom Koob, 8 pm, Nexus Coffeehouse, 8401 Wornall, 50¢.
 -Young Holt Unltd. (see Feb. 26)
 -**Willie Dixon & Stonewall (see March 5)
 -**Together, (see March 7)
FLICKS **Film Society double bill, "Orpheus" & "Testament of Orpheus", 3:30, 7:30 & 9:30 pm, Kansas Union, \$1.

FRIDAY, MARCH 9

SOUNDS Brewer & Shipley, Ozark Mountain Daredevils & Loudon Wainwright II, 8 pm, Cowtown.

-Elbert Kinchloe Band, 8 pm, Nexus Coffeehouse, 8401 Wornall, 75¢.
 -Young Holt Unltd. (see Feb. 26)
 -**Willie Dixon & Stonewall (see Mar. 5)
 -Together, (see March 7)
FLICKS "Thief of Bagdad" 8:30, Action Art Ctr, 111 W. 5th, Free.
 -**Popular Series, "Investigation of a Citizen, 7 & 9:30 pm, Woodruff 60¢
 -"Wild Bunch" special midnight show, Vanguard Cinema, 4307 Main Call
 -"8½" special midnight showing, Festival, 3319 Main, 931-8136.
THEATRE "Deadwood Dick" (Mar. 2)
RADIO "New World Coming..." (see March 2)
PHOTO CONTEST **Last day to submit entries in the 6th Annual Kansas Univ. Photography Contest, Call for details.

SATURDAY, MARCH 10

SOUNDS Brewer and Shipley, Ozark Mountain Daredevils & Loudon Wainwright III, 8 pm, Cowtown Ballroom.
 -Elbert Kinchloe Band (see Mar. 9)
 -Young Holt Unltd. (see Feb. 26)
 -Willie Dixon & Stonewall (Mar 5)
FLICKS **"Investigation of a Citizen" (see March 9)
 -"Wild Bunch" (see March 9)
 -"8½" (see March 9)
THEATRE "Transcendental Hippidations" with Steve Peters, featured performer. (see March 3)
DANCE Women's Dance, 8 pm, Live band, donations, 5138 Tracy.
DEMONSTRATION of watercolor by Mathew Monks, Action Art. Ctr., 111 W. 5th. Call to confirm time & date.
SEMINAR "On Becoming Liberated-for Men Only". To help each man become aware of the pressures upon him to live up to the "male" image. Saturday, 1 to 9 pm and Sunday 10am to 6 pm. Leaders: John Anderson & Richard Nadeau, Jewish Community Ctr, 8201 Holmes. Call extension 68 for details.
PLANETARIUM (see March 3)

SUNDAY, MARCH 11

SOUNDS Savoy Brown, 7:30, Memorial Hall, 7th & Barnett, KC, Ks.
 -Manhattans, Landmark, Union Station. Call 842-5007.
 -special jazz concert by Gary Sivils Quartet, 8 pm, Nexus Coffeehouse, 8401 Wornall, 75¢.
FLICKS "He Who Gets Slapped" "The Unholy Three", 2:10 pm, Nelson Art Gallery, Free.
 -"8½" matinee 1pm, (see Mar. 9)
EXHIBIT **6th Annual Kansas Univ. Photography Contest, scheduled to open today in the Union Gallery but date may be changed. Call to be sure.
FOLK DANCING (see March 4)
MEETING of Women's Liberation Union 7:30, "Child Care-Theory & Strategy", 5138 Tracy.
ALIYAH Sunday, Seminar for those considering going to Israel, 1:30-4:00, Jewish Community Ctr. 8201 Holmes
SEMINAR "On Becoming Liberated-for Men Only" (see March 10)
PLANETARIUM (see March 3)
CHESS CLUB ** 2 pm, Kansas Union.

MONDAY, MARCH 12

SOUNDS Manhattans (see Mar. 11)
LECTURE "Has Judaism Survived Beyond It's Time" by Dr. David Weinstein, 8 pm, Jewish Community Ctr. 8201 Holmes, \$1. for non members.
BIRTHDAY Paul Kantner's

TUESDAY MARCH 13

SOUNDS War, 8 pm, Memorial Hall, 7th & Barnett, KC, Ks.
 -Manhattans (see Mar. 11)

WEDNESDAY MARCH 14

SOUNDS Manhattans (see Mar. 11)
FLICKS "To Open Eyes" "Gertie the Dinosaur", "Movie", "Trip to the Moon", 7:30, Epperson Auditorium KC Art Institute. Free.
 -"Citizen Kane" through Mar. 20. Bijou, 425 Westport, Call

-"Minnie & Moskowitz", Vanguard, 4307 Main, Call
MEETING Orientation to Women's Liberation (see Feb. 28)

THURSDAY MARCH 15

SOUNDS Manhattans (see March 11)
POETRY reading by Dorothy Brown Thompson, 8 pm, Jewish Community Ctr, 8201 Holmes. Adults \$1.50, Students, \$1.00

FRIDAY MARCH 16

SOUNDS Windsor, 8 pm, Nexus Coffeehouse, 8401 Wornall, 75¢.
 -Joe Williams, Landmark, Union Station, Call
FLICKS "To Open Eyes" "Gertie the Dinosaur" "Movie" "Trip to the Moon" 8:30 pm, Action Art Center, 111 W. 5th. Free.
 -"Boccaccio '70" special midnight showing, Festival, 3319 Main, Call
 -"Tales from the Crypt" special midnight show, Vanguard Cinema, 4307 Main,
RADIO "New World Coming..." (see March 2)

SATURDAY, MARCH 17

SOUNDS REO Speedwagon, Ted Nugent & the Amboy Dukes, 7:30, Memorial Hall, 7th & Barnett, KC, Ks.
 -Joe Williams (see March 16)
 -Windsor, (see Mar. 16)
FLICKS "Boccaccio '70" (see Mar 16)
 -"Tales from the Crypt" (see March 16)
DEMONSTRATION of weaving, Action Art Center, 111 W. 5th. Call 421-6179 to confirm date & time.
EXHIBIT "Objects Mid America" glass, metal, fibre & clay, through March 30. Jewish Community Ctr. Gallery B. 8201 Holmes Road.
PLANETARIUM (see March 3)

SUNDAY, MARCH 18

SOUNDS KC Philharmonic Chamber Music Concert, 3:30, Nelson Art Gallery, Free.
 -Joe Williams, (see March 16)
FLICKS "Boccaccio '70" matinee 1pm (see March 16)
FOLK DANCING Afternoon folk dance with Don Lipovac, 2:30, All Souls Unitarian Church, 4500 Warwick, \$1
POETRY workshop, 2 pm, Nexus Coffeehouse, 8401 Wornall.
CARPENTRY workday. Fix up the Women's Liberation Union house bring tools, 12 noon, 5138 Tracy.

EXHIBITS

Photo/Cinema show by contemporary photographers of the Midwest. February 27-March 20. Kemper Gallery, KC Art Institute.
 Richard Estes & Frank Stella, new prints, March 1-25, EG Gallery, 9 East 51st Street.
 Wilbur Niewald, watercolors, March 5-31, Action Art Center, 111 West 5th
****6th Annual Kansas University Photography Contest**, Union Gallery. Scheduled to open on March 11, but date may be changed. Call to be sure.
 Objects Mid-America, glass metal, fibre & clay, March 17-30, Gallery "B", Jewish Community Center, 8201 Holmes.
****19th Annual Designer Craftsman show** Kansas Union Gallery, now open & will run through March 9.
****John Talleur, prints & Paul Weidrich, photos, 7 E. 7th Gallery, now through March 10.**
 Keith Jacobshagan, Harry Chew & Ryoza Morishita, paintings. Gallery "A", Jewish Community Center, 8201 Holmes Road. Now open and will run through March 20.
 Realist show including work of Estes, Ramos, Flack, Johnson, Thiebaud & others. Morgan Gallery, 5006 State Line. Now open and will run through most of March.
 Navajo Blanket Exhibit, Nelson Art Gallery, now open and will run through March 25.
 Matrix, ARC's International Exhibit, 911 Broadway. Call 9 Extended through March 25.



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\$100 NEEDS NEW CLUTCH

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