

Volume 3, Number 17,
Issue No. 66

WESTPORT

35c Kansas City & Lawrence

50c beyond

TRUCKER



**Forcade-Ornstein, Dr. Hook Interview,
No Lemon-No Cream-Just Pie,
From The Inside Looking Out,
For Severe Nausea & Vomiting,
Rules of Thumb for Sisters,**



WESTPORT TRUCKER*

Volume 3, Number 17
Issue Number 66
April 14, 1973

Mother Love People and Friends

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Unsolicited manuscripts and art work that we do not use will be thrown out three weeks after receipt unless accompanied by a stamped, self addressed envelope.

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WE CALLZ'EM
AS WE SEEZ'EM

ALL THE DOPE: FORCADE-ORNSTEIN

Tom Forcade and Cindi Ornstein were indicted for the possession of firebombs at the Miami Convention on February 6th, and arrested on the 8th. Then they were arrested again the following week. Ornstein was re-arrested twice that week. They came to trial on March 28th and charges were dropped on the 30th.

The charges are pretty strange especially in view of some pretty nefarious style mudslinging at Forcade by the People's Coalition for Peace and Justice during the demonstrations. One leaflet distributed by the "Anti-Heroin and Hard Drugs Committee" (dual memberships in Movement organization gets to be awfully hairy), featured a police mug shot of Forcade and a brief rap about how he used heroin and money to "string out a local organizer for the VVAW" (Vietnam Veterans Against the War), and implying that Forcade was responsible for that organizer "conjuring up false tales about the veterans" for the police. This is a strange accusation to make at the organizer for the first demonstration to link the CIA with Indochinese Heroin.

Generally speaking, the PCPJ and the Miami Conventions Coalition were pretty unco-operative with the Zips in Miami, but seem to have gotten along alright with the police. Strange.

Even so, Federal Judge Faye, had to drop charges against Forcade and Ornstein and they are free, for reasons Forcade explains for himself in this interview reprinted from the Yipster Times.

Q. What kind of case did they present?

A. They presented a very good case. They brought down the heads from the various labs of the FBI, which don't ordinarily testify. And they brought in 3 cops from the scene and they brought in Jerry Rudolph. They had up there a bomb expert, a chemist, head of the criminology lab or some shit like that.

First 3 Miami Highway patrol cops got on, and they testified after another that they'd arrested me when I was driving down the wrong side of the street. They stopped the truck and they opened

the cab and they saw these bombs inside and took them out and put them on the ground and called the bomb truck and the guy came and took them away.

Their testimony was clearly coached-they all had exactly, the same programming- with a few minor exceptions where they really fucked up, like one guy identified the truck as a Hertz truck and the other guy said it was a Ryder truck. Little things like that. Like they had a whole programmed rap, but they didn't have the whole program, because no one knew the whole

program. I mean, they were not briefed very well, they bungled the case about halfway through - the fact that it was an entire fabrication and that everybody wasn't in on the conspiracy began to fuck them up.

Next the bomb expert from Miami got on and he said yeah, he saw it and he tested it, and it was highly flammable. He made their case look good.

And then they put on about three FBI experts on chemistry and bombs and explosives. And they

Continued on page 6



P.D. Lee

Remember when you went on your first field to the park, zoo or museum? Everyone had a chance for fresh air, sun and an educational experience. In keeping with this educational experience, children from the Franklin Elementary School, enrolled in the Westside Head Start classes, took a field trip Tuesday, April 3, to a Denny's Restaurant at 1600 Broadway.

Sponsored by the Human Resources Corporation, the Head

Sponsored by the Human Resources Corporation, the Head Start program wanted the children "to have the opportunity to visit a restaurant, order from the menu, and experience the fun and excitement of eating out." The restaurant visit is part of the planned educational en-

richment program for Head Start children of low-income families.

Head Start is funded through the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare. It is one poverty program which will be continued after the cancellation of funding to Human Resources Corporation (HRC) Community Action Programs by the Office of Economic Opportunity.

One may ask why children need to experience such a commercial extravaganza when most haven't had the opportunity to venture outside of their immediate neighborhoods to experience any form of exposure to nature. It would seem that there is more to be gained from the smell of an open field of the taste of pure spring water than from a Denny's hamburger.



Sell the Trucker

see box at left

RULES OF THUMB FOR SISTERS



I've hitched a lot for about twelve years, and over that time have learned some things that make me feel safer. I'd like to pass my ideas on to other women; maybe you can use some of them. Maybe, too, you have some tips I haven't thought of and you can turn sisters onto them.

Most important, I turn down a lot of rides, one out of every three or four offers maybe, which is high. I don't get into a car unless I feel it's absolutely safe in there. Admittedly, I'm over-suspicious and probably wrong 99% of the time, but that 1% is an important 1%. I've gotten over feeling guilty for making snap judgements and the fear of hurting feelings.

When turning down a ride, I say, "Thanks an awful lot, but I only ride with women." I've gotten responses from "Right on, sister," to "Fuck you, you bitch." The first ride was probably okay, but no feelings were hurt; the second ride was possibly a rapist who got his feelings hurt.

I don't often ride in a car with more than one man, particularly if it means getting in the back of a two-door car or into a closed van. I fig-

ure that if a man has to drive, I stand a better chance of getting out of the vehicle if there are any signs of trouble.

I don't hitch much at night, especially in areas of town where there aren't many people around.

I hitch with a dog or a partner whenever I can. Sometimes I find a partner on the road at one of those spots where four or five people are waiting for rides.

I carry a hatpin or knife or something although I've never had

to use any weapon. I'm not sure that fighting is always the best response especially if you don't know how to. And remember, it can be dangerous to pull out a knife and not know how to use it—your opponent might. But if you feel competent, hatpins are inconspicuous and easy to carry.

I wear loose, non-revealing clothes.

I make the approach whenever I can. Often I talk to people who look like they're traveling because

they carry luggage and stuff at restaurants or gas stations. This is especially useful on long freeways where hitching is illegal and where there are a lot of rest stop places, but it is also just generally safer for me to pick my ride than for my ride to pick me. On short hitches in town, I use a variation of this technique, standing near a red light and making eye contact with a woman or couple hitching and showing them my thumb.

I think out my hitches before I do it too. Otherwise, it takes me a lot longer to get where I want to go and I become impatient; when I'm impatient I'm much more likely to take a potentially dangerous ride. I use a map, figuring out where it is legal to hitch and where it's not; where I would have to stand on an on-ramp for a 90 mile ride to a spot where I can get a lot of traffic.

I don't stand where it's hard for drivers to stop. And I don't stand in a long line of hitchers because long lines overwhelm drivers who just pass everybody up in a hurry. I make clear signs. Good luck and good traveling!

from the Eugene Augur
by Marie Guillemain

SELF DEFENSE FOR HITCHHIKERS

When you are hitchhiking, be prepared. Don't get into a car with more than one male. Look them over. Carry your comb or your keys ready in your hand. A key jabbed in his eye or a comb scraped across the ear, throat or eye is a good defense.

If he grabs your leg or groin, don't bother to push away his hands. Either grab his little finger and yank it back to break it or jab him in the eyes; using your first two fingers as prongs.

Don't waste your energy in use-

less ways like beating on his chest or trying to wriggle free from a bear hug. When you get into the car, light up a cigarette. It is a useful weapon.

Another defense is the knuckle punch to the neck. Curl the first two joints of your fingers down so that the third section of your fingers make a flat surface with the back of your hand. Drive your knuckles into your attacker's wind pipe. Or drive the palm of your hand up into his nose.

Women's Fair

The Women's Liberation Union at UMKC is sponsoring a Women's Fair at the University's Pierson Hall on April 16, from 10:00 am to 10:00 pm.

The Fair will combine films, exhibits, and panels. A men's rap group will be conducted. Exhibits of art created by women will be shown. Chicano, and Black women will conduct panels derived from their experience. Other panels will include, or concern Jewish, white, and gay women. In addition, groups will discuss women and the law, psychology, and the welfare status. The Fair is open to the public.

Ozark Folk Fair

The Ozark Mountain Folkfair will be held May 26, 27, and 28 (Memorial Day weekend) at Oak Hill

Ecopark, 10 miles North of Eureka. Advance weekend tickets are priced at \$12, including parking and camping, and will go on sale April 15 at major ticket centers in Fayetteville, Little Rock, Springfield,

Tulsa, Kansas City and other local Springs, Arkansas.

Acts will include, Earl Scruggs Revue, Mason Proffit, Ozark Mountain Daredevils, Arbuckle Mountain Boys and Lightening Hopkins.

tions. From indications it will be a sellout. Persons under the age of 16 must be accompanied by an adult. Children under 12 will be admitted free with parent.

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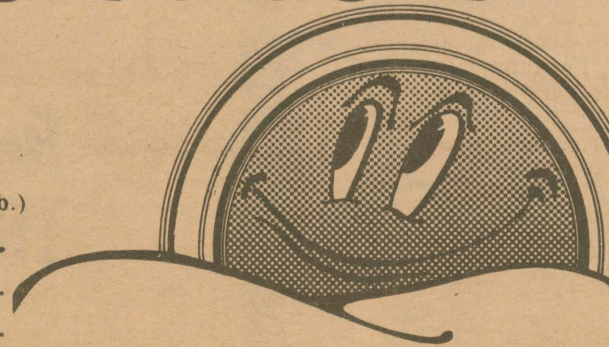
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A crisis-conflict between two cornerstones of bourgeois society, the nuclear family and respect for the law — erupted in Stow, Ohio, recently when Mayor Roger Howard filed criminal charges against his son Roger, 19 for allegedly giving marijuana to a minor, Howard's son Gary, 14.

"In the context of a criminal violation, my son is no different than anyone else's son. It was a tough decision to make, but I decided it was my responsibility as a parent. I've talked with all five of my sons about drugs and when I found this out I couldn't sleep. I got up at 3 a.m. and went down to the police station. I figured if I waited any longer I might have changed my mind and maybe smoked one myself."

Howard pleaded not guilty and was released on bond.

You can't get blood from a donor while (s) he's walking a picket line. About 20 of them were, outside a blood bank in downtown Los Angeles' skid row.

The donors are demanding \$15 a pint for their blood, which they have been selling for \$5. One picket claimed that the blood was being resold by the blood bank for \$60 a pint.

Even at \$5 a crack, they are better off than their fellow winos in Illinois. Recently, in an effort to filter out "undesirable blood" Illinois blood banks stopped paying for blood altogether, trading a pint for a future transfusion if needed, thus eliminating those "donors" who are only in it for the quick cash money.

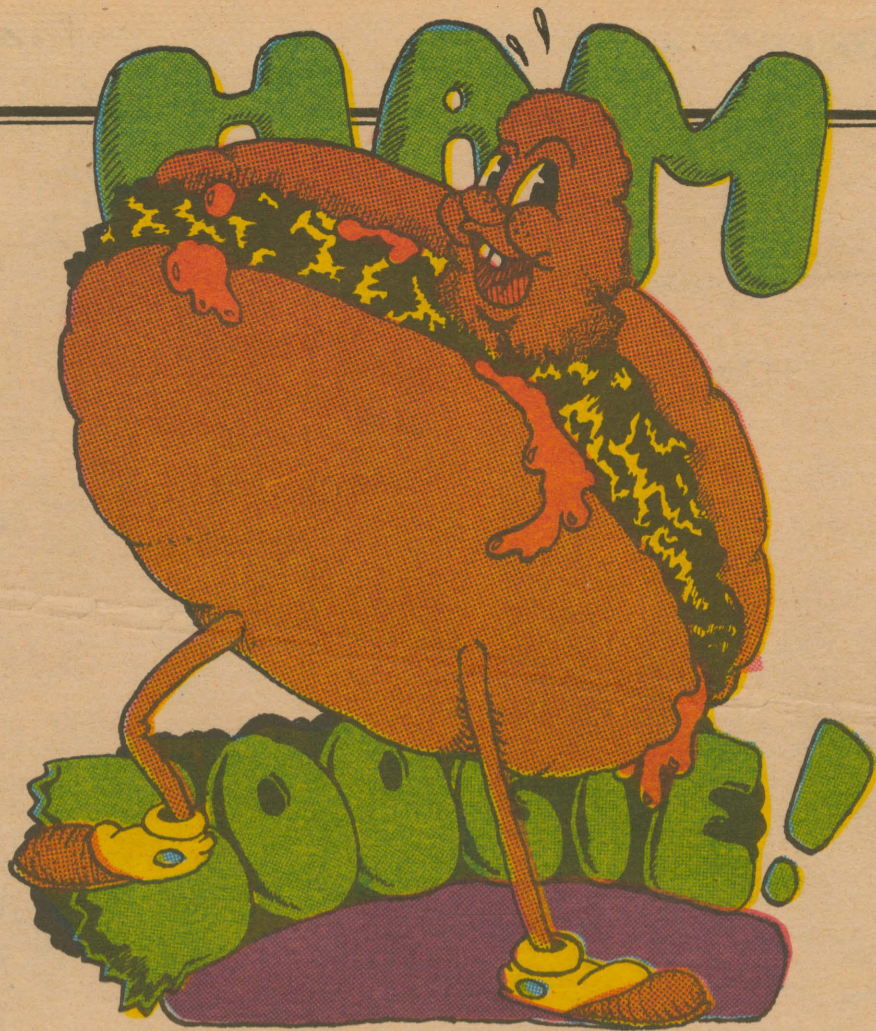
William Weihe said he was walking on a Reading, Pennsylvania street when a man on roller skates and wearing sun glasses rolled by and struck him over the head with a sword. A spokesman at Community General Hospital said seven stitches were required to close the gash.

A national organization that wants to ban TV advertising directed at children is filing complaints with the Federal Trade Commission against seven food firms. Peggy Charren, president of Action for Children's Television, said the complaints charged that the companies promoted unfair and misleading advertising to children, by plugging various high sugar content products.

"The continual reinforcement of a taste for sweets in children through TV advertising presents several dangers to the health of children. Dental cavities, obesity, protein and vitamin deficiency, as well as increased susceptibility to heart diseases, are all likely consequences of a sugar rich diet," said Charren.

"Don't touch honor." That was the response of Lebanese president Suleiman Franjeh when a group of women's leaders sought a change in Article 562 of the penal code. Under that article, a man may slay a female relative whose sexual conduct "dishonors the family" — though the conduct may consist of nothing more than a gesture of affection toward a male acquaintance. The President's sentiments were even more clearly expressed recently, when he pardoned a man who had served only nine months of a 7-year jail sentence. He had been found guilty of strangling his 15-year old daughter because she had "flirted with boys."

The Houston police chief announced that 713 policemen were attacked there in 1972, including two killed and 71 severely injured. He did not release casualty statistics for citizens of Houston killed, severely injured and attacked by Houston's police.



If you thought you had an ally in Vance Hartke fighting against frisks and searches as a prerequisite (besides a lot of \$) for boarding an airplane, think again. Hartke recently explained his constitutional challenge to security checks: "As a person I don't object to a search. As a senator, I do object." It's good to know that he is representing all the people and not just a privileged few.

Pan American Airways is outfitting a Boeing 707 at Oakland Airport for use by President Thieu. The big jet, which will have four sleeper berths and a large chair installed in its forward half, was delivered under a lease agreement with Air Vietnam. "It will also be used as Thieu's private plane," a source at Pan Am said.

He declined to reveal the financial arrangements for the aircraft.

Whether or not medals once had any significance in the military most of it was lost in the Vietnam war, as the Pentagon tried to substitute medals for morale. In addition to the usual overmedalling of casually — or uninvolved officers, over two million of the military's six highest decorations alone were given to US soldiers in Vietnam — almost one for every serviceman stationed there since 1961. With all those heroes, it's a wonder the war wasn't won years ago.

The Air Force has announced that it has given the Boeing Co. a \$59 million contract for two modified 747 transports to serve as airborne command posts for the president in the event of a national emergency. The planes are the first of seven 747s the Air Force plans to use to replace the still-functional 707s now used by the Strategic Air Command and the White House as flying command posts.

The new craft will enable the Pentagon to more than double the staff and improve the communications and control systems that the president can take aloft with him in the event of a nuclear attack or similar emergency, such as a second american revolution. One of the present aircraft is kept on continual alert at Andrews AFB, outside DC, with a full flight crew and battle staff waiting for the president's use. He also has a command post buried deep within a Maryland Mountain at a secret site.

In the northwest Arkansas town of Lowell, someone calling from city hall to the fire station next door has to pay a long distance toll. Part of Lowell's residents are included in an exchange with Springdale, six miles to the south while the rest of the town is in an exchange with Rogers, about six miles to the north. As they say in the South, "Ma Bell, right or wrong?"

Prosecutors said the Champion Paper Co. since 1967 had expelled three strong odors — one smelling like a skunk, one like rotten eggs and the third like decaying cabbage.

The state sued the company, but agreed to settle out of court for a \$100,000 fine. The Houston County attorney's office said it was the highest air pollution fine in the nation's history. He said the previous known record was an \$80,000 fine against American Smelting and Refining Co. of El Paso, Tex. Champion also agreed to install \$15 million in pollution control equipment before July 1, 1974.

A young Long Island clamdigger and his wife have admitted giving their 3-year old daughter, Laura, marijuana to smoke in hopes that she would gain needed extra weight. The couple had been busted on charges of child neglect.

The mother, Dorothy Kart, said she thought the marijuana, which spurs appetites in some users, would be good for the child, Laura, raising a clenched fist, promised to eat more if and only if she was given a few j's a day.

With little concern for teeth or nutrition, dimwitted California governor Ronald Reagan tells children who visit his office: "State government in California runs on jelly beans." Jelly beans, unlike common sense, can be found all over Reagans offices and those of his sycophants too.

Reagan explained that he started chewing jelly beans as a substitute for cigarettes when he quit smoking during his acting days in Hollywood, "and I just got in the habit." Now, with the sugar magnates smiling gleefully, ten pound boxes of jelly beans are stocked in the storeroom across the hallway along with stationery and other office supplies.

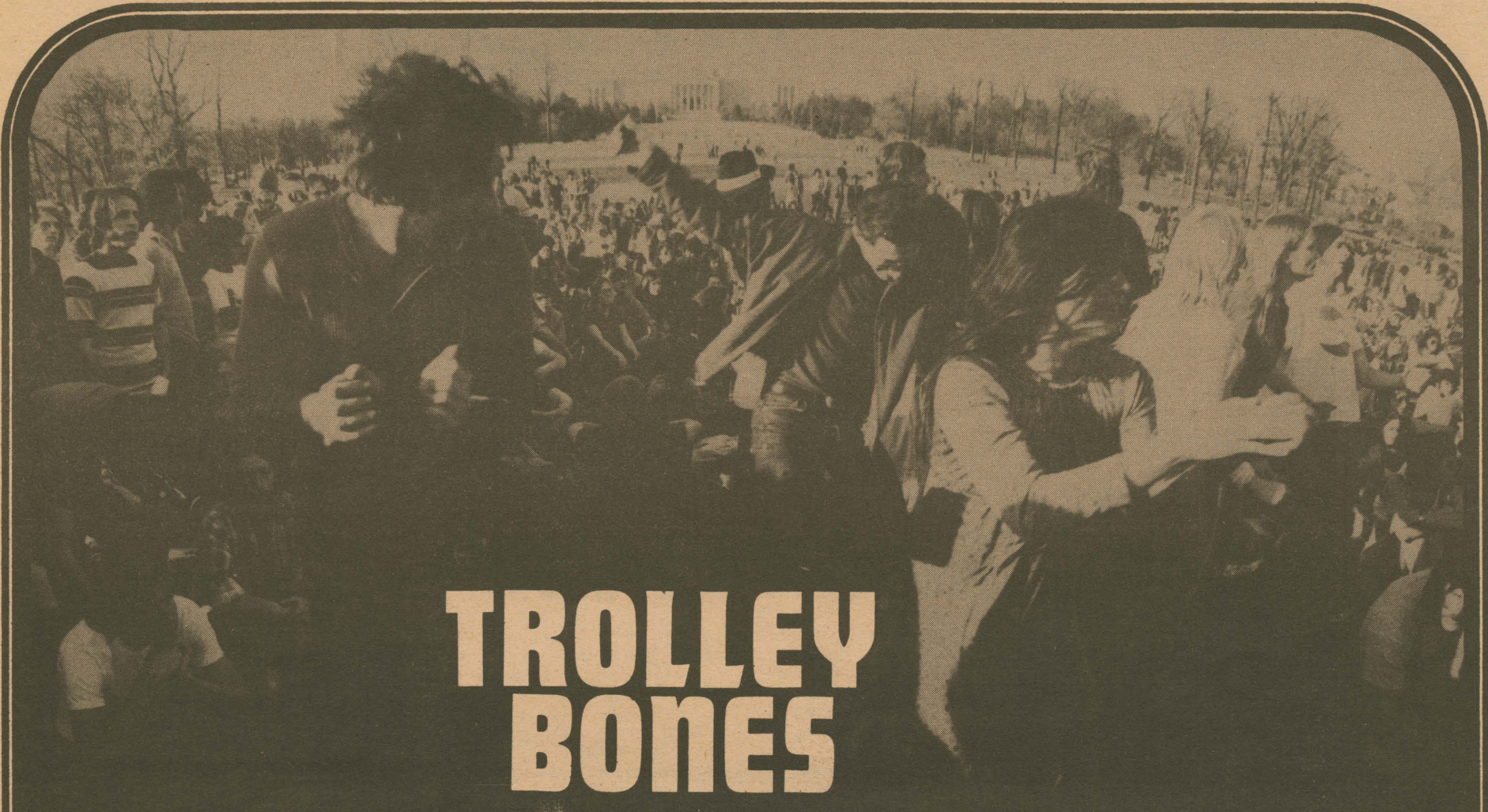
"I have to laugh at it myself, sometimes in cabinet meetings, when the debate on serious issues is really intense, you can look down the table and see the cabinet members passing the jelly bean jar around. If we ever run out of jelly beans — well, I don't know how this state could function." Opponents of the state and especially of Reagan's version are calling on everyone to spill the beans.

WANTED



Ron Harnar for INTERSTATE TRANSPORTATION OF FART

Last seen in Kansas City in February, 1973.
Presently rumored to be in Kenilworth, Illinois.



TROLLEY BONES

DANGER
YOU

BABIES

DANGER

mat, we'll be printing a 48 to 56 page magazine size paper. The advantages of going to such a format are enormous, a few of

their old size all ads are double the size in proportion to the page. The Advertisers have been all smiles about this

THANK YOU.

THANK YOU

THANK YOU!

The Up Against the Wall Ball at Cowtown Ballroom brought in roughly 350 badly needed dollars, after expenses, to help pay off some of the Trucker's debts. Many thanx to Pilgrimage, SHOWCO, Good Karma, J.C. Story-Teller, Cowtown Ballroom, Debbie, Nation, Flash and the almost 300 brothers and sisters who made it through the rain (then snow!) and gloom of night to help out the Trucker and partake in a little boogie music. Thanx, you've helped us keep trucking a little longer.

* * *

Very soon the Trucker's going to be looking a bit different. Instead of our regular for-

them are as follows: First off, the smaller thicker papers, once they are bound and stapled, are a smaller, tighter package which will hold up better in news stands and can be more readily placed on counters because of their size. Street dealers will also be able to handle papers easier, especially in high winds.

Because of the way the presses are set up, we'll be able to utilize color on 8 pages rather than our usual 4. The paper on the first and last 8 pages will be printed on a higher grade of paper (similar to what we were using last fall) which will give our color much more vibrance, too.

Third, we can go to a smaller typesize without sacrificing our readership's eyesight. Let me explain, presently the bulk of the Trucker's copy is in a size 9-B type face which is both taller and wider than the 8-C that we now only use on our classifides and events. With a smaller, less clumsy papes people generally read closer to the page (no kidding! Experiment with your friends with different size publications). The difference is about 4 to 6 inches closer to the page. So the 8-C will not only be more easily readable but also will enable us to expand the amount of copy we're able to use each issue.

Lastly, with our ad rates staying the same but pages half

The Trucker will change to the new page format within the next two issues. We hope you'll like it.

* * *

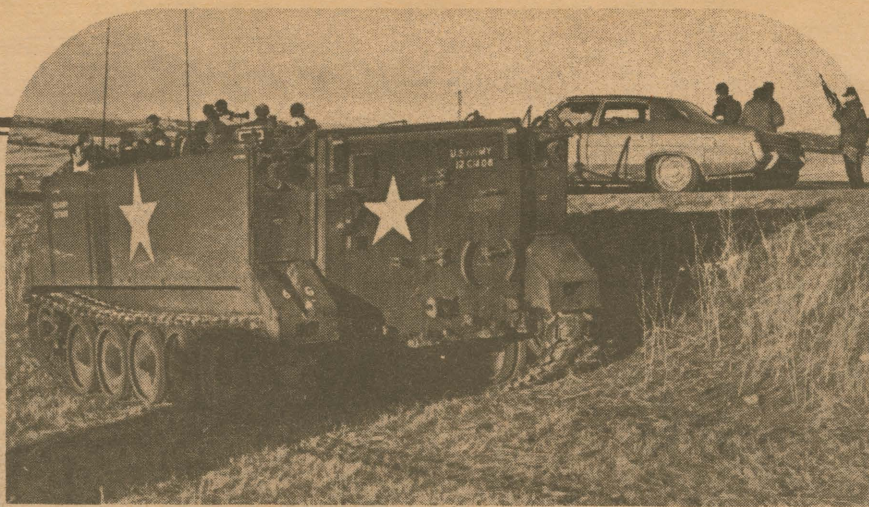
Various-Truckerites seem to be having extremely bad luck lately. Our resident guru was driving downtown and had a run-in with another car in which he attempted to see how far he could bend his steering wheel with his teeth. He's OK now but the car is really fucked over. Then there was Ric (ah-eats-losa-red-ala-time) Dyer who did the back cover this issue. While at work recently he accidentally had a 16 pound bowling ball drop on his head. His head emerged OK but it's been rumored that the ball had to be replaced. Last week Ric was at it again making like a bird from the 3rd floor back porch of his apartment building and landing (on his head again) on a pile of wood. Tisk, tisk.

* * *

Come to Volker Park this Easter Sunday, April 22. Bring your friends. Bring food! Ozark Mountain Daredevils, Pilgrimage and Slaughterhouse will supply the music. You supply the vibes. Music starts around 1:30 p.m.

DENNIS GIANGRECO





Press Scalps News at Wounded Knee

"The parallel to Vietnam is incredible what with the newspapers gobbling up government press releases and printing them as the gospel truth," said one observer of the situation at Wounded Knee, South Dakota.

Since February 27, several hundred Indians from the Oglala Sioux Pine Ridge Reservation and their supporters from the American Indian Movement (AIM) have been holding the little town of Wounded Knee. In 1890 that same town was the scene of a bloody massacre in which 300 Indians were killed by the U.S. Cavalry.

Media access to Wounded Knee has been sharply curtailed ever since March 22. Before that date, news reporters stayed in the settlement overnight. It is at night when most of the shooting between those on the outside—federal marshalls, Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) police, FBI agents—and the Indians takes place. But on March 22, media people were issued daily passes and had to be out of the settlement by 4:30 pm.

On March 24, the access to Wounded Knee got even tighter. Only major newspapers, wire services and networks were allowed in and only in the daytime. (Editors note—These daily passes were, in fact, being issued at least as early as March 17 when Westport Trucker reporters used them. They were later denied the passes when, according to one Justice Department spokesman "We received some complaints yesterday from the major networks and legitimate press about having let too many people in from the marginal media. No offense.") A couple of days later, three people from "Akwasasne Notes" (an Indian paper), "Ebony," and "Liberation News Service" were ordered off the reservation and threatened by vigilantes.

Tribal chairman Richard Wilson, over whose administration the protests arose, set up a roadblock on March 26. Not only is he refusing to let reporters in, he is also keeping out food and medical supplies that a Federal District Court judge ruled must be admitted.

"Despite the fact that there are several hundred law enforcement officials including federal marshalls, FBI, BIA police and the National

Guard in the Pine Ridge—Wounded Knee area," said "Rest of the News" reporter Joanna Brown, "they don't seem to be able to enforce the restraining order against twenty or so vigilantes manning Wilson's road blocks."

Food, medical supplies, and ammunition therefore have to be snuck in at night. And it's for just that reason that the government sniper fire usually begins—to prevent the movement of people and the transport of supplies.

The morning of March 27 the government firing started at 6 am and continued until noon with snipers inside the Wounded Knee perimeter for the first time, only 100 yards from the houses. The snipers were covered by government armored personnel carriers up on the hill. Firing continued until the Justice Department came in to talk. During the cease fire, while the Justice Department was inside, a single engine plane was able to land and deliver supplies. A government helicopter tried to pursue it but lost it.

Although no news reporters were allowed inside Wounded Knee, it didn't stop the New York Times, for example, from saying with surety in a story datelined March 28:

"One hundred of the Indians holding the historic hamlet of Wounded Knee have offered to surrender, a

government spokesman said today, but hard-core dissidents, vowing to die, are said to be keeping them in the village at gunpoint.

"Five or six seem to want a second Wounded Knee," said Assistant Attorney General Ken Frizzell, the government's chief negotiator on the scene...

"Mr Frizzell said that Dennis Banks...and Russell C. Means (of AIM) were leading the faction that refused to allow Pedro Bissonet (of the Oglala Sioux Civil Rights Organization) and Leonard Crow Dog (Sioux medicine man) to surrender their followers.

"The government reported today that the two factions inside Wounded Knee had an armed confrontation with each other shortly before last midnight.

"About 11 o'clock last night while many of the Means—Banks followers were out of Wounded Knee on patrol, followers of Mr. Bissonet and Mr. Crow Dog 'got the drop' on the others, Mr. Frizzell said. But before the 100 who wanted to surrender could leave, the Indians on patrol came back into camp, and 'it became a Mexican standoff,' Mr. Frizzell said."

Later the news media let out the word that Banks and Means had left Wounded Knee and were deserting the others.

"The rumors were spread by the system as a tactic," said Ted Means, an Oglala Sioux, and Russell Means's brother, "divide and conquer tactic. There has been no division."

Mark Lane, one of the lawyers who was finally allowed in through Dick Wilson's roadblock, commented "I was there yesterday and incredibly enough in the midst of this 'mutiny' or 'riot'—it was just a peaceful calm community of men, women, and children.

"There were no members of the press at all in Wounded Knee when I was in and therefore it is a little bit difficult for me to understand where the information about what is taking place in there comes from.

"We were at a meeting—it was opened by Russell Means who the media had informed us had fled and was probably in Cuba with \$6,000. Dennis Banks was there too though we had been informed by the Senator of South Dakota that he had fled and was out of the country.

"I asked Means and Banks what they were doing there since they were supposed to be in a different country. Means smiled and said, 'We are in a different country—the Oglala Sioux Nation.'"

From the very beginning of the occupation of Wounded Knee, the media has also insisted on perpetuating the myth that the takeover was an AIM action. "That's not the way it was," said Ellen Movescamp, an Oglala Sioux from the reservation. "An impeachment proceeding failed against Dick Wilson on February 22 because of the way the unpopular tribal chief had stacked the Tribal Council. Two days later a meeting was held in Calico, South Dakota.

"All the older people from the reservation were with us and helped us make the decision," said Ellen Movescamp. "Practically all the chiefs were there. There was one medicine man who wasn't because he was real old and sickly and couldn't make it. We decided we needed the American Indian Movement because our men were scared, they hung back.

"It was mostly women who went forward and spoke out and we were practically pushing our men to get

Cont. on page 12

Forcade

CONTINUED

all said yeah, it's a bomb. They said it was potassium nitrate, it's an incendiary device yes it would burn.

Finally, they put on their last guy who was very fucked up, the guy with the least qualifications, but he was head of his lab. He said "Technically, by my definition, this isn't a firebomb."

Our lawyers just freaked out and they jumped all over that and they kept bring it up over and over again and again and again. They kept saying, "Their own witness testified that it wasn't a bomb."

Q. Why did this guy do it?

A. Well, he didn't know how to testify. He said it's an incendiary device, but it's not a bomb. It got down to a semantical point where a very technical reading of the statute says that if it's not a bomb, even though says an "incendiary device such as a bomb", it doesn't come under the statute. Our lawyers handed out a motion to dismiss, but the judge didn't even want to hear about it.

So the next day, we presented our case. I testified that I'd never seen the thing before. Cindy did the same, and Blake, the equipment manager of the Dixie Outlaws did too.

And we had our expert witness who was just a kind of professional witness—who had all kinds of degrees and credibility in this area. He got on and said that they weren't bombs. At that point our defense rested our case.

I was cross-examined where

they asked me if Cindy was my girlfriend. If Cindy was my wife, they were trying to get into the whole Albion Yippie line. I felt like I was back in a Miami Convention Coalition meeting. (laugh) I'm sure the prosecution didn't originate that kind of thinking. It was clearly taken from raps with movement people, because that's the only place I ever heard it coming from.

They asked me wasn't it true that Cindy followed me around. They were trying to describe various things that happened to cops as a result of Zippies attaching them. They described the people on the truck as having two by fours with four inch nails sticking out of them.

Q. Wierdo, hippie...

A. Right. Part of some Mansonesque love/death violence cult. That wasn't what was going on at all. We were people doing revolutionary dada actions, more accurately. We were ten years ahead of our time. That's not my fault.

Q. Earlier you alluded to Jerry Rudolph...

A. Jerry Rudolph was one of their chief witnesses. He testified at one point that he had been the one who'd removed the so called bombs from the truck and placed them on the curb. Since everyone on the truck could remember no bombs coming out of the truck he was probably telling the truth when he said that he put them on the curb.

He's also one of the main witnesses against the Gainesville 8, Vietnam Veterans Against the War who inci-

dentally formed a more crazy Southern freek faction vs. the PCPJ-dominated VVAW National Office.

Q: Since Rudolph's testimony has already been impeached in another Zippie case from the summer where a judge threw out his planted evidence, doesn't that make him actually an operative in the GOP conspiracy to fabricate "disorder" during the Conventions? Is Jerry Rudolph part of the same scene from Miami that did Watergate?

A: It's been suggested that bringing down our indictment in a gastily strung-together Grand Jury after the Watergate people were found guilty but they were sentenced-then rushing us to trial before they were still yet sentenced-was an attempt to justify lighter sentences for them. It could be. It could be just something generated from a local level from somebody like Jerry Rodolph...

I would like to say one thing for the record. Very clearly they're beginning with anti-hijack laws and they're talking about anti-terrorist laws worldwide, supposedly in response to the thing that happened in Tel Aviv or in Munich at the Olympics and they're beginning to push that line more and more in the media. It's being pushed by the government and by established interests. It seems to me that three super powers want to lock things up so that there will be no more freelance violence, it'll all be done by the government.

What I'm saying is that in the past, there were three superpowers, and you, if you were an oppressed people in, say Cuba, you could play one off against the other and obtain

some freedom for yourself. But what they are talking about now is that they'll just freeze everyone who's in power in every country in the world now will remain in power, and any kind of violence to attempt to overthrow any government will be strongly opposed.

Q: An international crime.

A: Right. And there will no going to Algeria there will be no sanctuary in Cambodia, there'll be no sanctuary anywhere. There will be total co-operation in terms of maintaining the status quo between China, Russia and the U.S. I think that's going to be the issue of the 70's and '80's—worldwide 1984. You can't have a 1984 unless it's worldwide because once you can play them off against one another or split to a country where there is no totalitarianism, it won't work. It's gotta be worldwide. That seems to be the link up they're establishing now, right down to the point where if you don't pay your electric bill in Mohawk N.Y., you can't get electricity in Leningrad without paying your bill back in Mohawk.

I'm against all of this control politics. It gets in the way of everybody having a good time, which is my goal.

I really think that that's what YIP should be dealing with, the encroaching 1984. It's the thing that people are afraid of and the thing we should be fighting the hardest. It's the most evil because once it gets established there aren't going to be any changes of any type.

Mind-freedom is like the last defense, the final barrier.

IBM?

MARGO: You didn't get it unless you were already qualified in that line.

BILL: What were the majority of the women in that prison for?

MARGO: Forgery, theft and state charges on drugs.

BILL: What kind of drugs? Was it mild drugs like marijuana or was it more heavy drugs like junk?

MARGO: Stimulants like speed or acid, mostly sales through a nark.

BILL: What kind of amounts were they sent up for?

MARGO: I think ounces.

BILL: Were there any fights? Were people into a regional thing in Tipton like I heard they were in Chillicothe? Like, between St. Louis and Kansas City women?

MARGO: Not too much. They had a system: if you did things like that it would affect all the women. They stuck pretty well together and helped each other. If one woman got out of line the other women would get on her because Tipton has a system (rules).

BILL: Was there any racial tension?

MARGO: I didn't see much of any.

BILL: There were probably some women put in solitary confinement for things like fights and escaping. What was the amount of time they got for this?

MARGO: Yes! Like it started with five days and every time anything happened five more days added to it. If I got in another fight or disregarded the rules I would get ten days the next time. But automatically if you run you get thirty days, but I've known of women getting out before thirty days.

BILL: What were the conditions in solitary confinement?

MARGO: You can't smoke in the halls. You get to take a shower twice a week. You get your linens when the others get their linens. You wear pajamas and a house coat.

BILL: What size was the hole that they put you in?

MARGO: They were very small and they were concrete, maybe 8' by 10'.

BILL: Are you allowed to eat or do they take the food in?

MARGO: They slip the food under the door.

BILL: What about the toilets?

MARGO: The toilet and sink are in the same room.

BILL: You don't have to empty the toilets like in Chillicothe?

MARGO: No.

BILL: Are there any walls around that prison?

MARGO: There is a fence around it. But sometimes we would go over to the supervisor's house, which is across the highway. You go through the main gate and over to her house possibly to watch TV, and occasionally to go shopping in town, or to Booneville: to shop. Also to send out letters. Or the matrons would take us places, some times they would take us home with them on the weekends or take us out to eat.

BILL: Did you have a trustee system, where some women were allowed out to work?

MARGO: Yes.

BILL: Who could you write letters to?

MARGO: Just to our families, and if you were married you could write to your husband, if you weren't married you could write to friends. It was very limited on mail. They could take your mail and you would not know about it.

BILL: Were you able to receive magazines from outside?

MARGO: No! They had their own library there.

BILL: You would or wouldn't be allowed to get papers like the Shelter or Trucker?

MARGO: We could get our paper like the Kansas City Star.

BILL: But papers like the Trucker or Shelter and Signal Outlaw of St. Louis?

MARGO: I don't know, they might.

BILL: When you were in there, what was the year?

MARGO: 1968, and the last of 1969 I was released in February of 1970.

BILL: Your husband too?

MARGO: Yes, but he is in now for burglary.

BILL: You also went to the Federal prison for women. Where is this?

MARGO: It is a Women's Federal Reformatory and it is located in Alderson, West Virginia.

BILL: Would you say that there is quite a difference between Tipton the state prison and the federal

"up the hill" as they call it. You are locked up in solitary confinement until you meet with the team. They may decide, if it's a minor crime, just to cancel with you.

BILL: What is the team?

MARGO: The team is like the counselor, supervisor, and chief staff member. They get together in a team and you meet them. You can get a cottage representative to help you, one of the inmates.

BILL: You are allowed to elect your representative to meet with you?

MARGO: If you want somebody with you.

BILL: You mentioned before that there was a regional pride thing going and that caused fights.

MARGO: Yes, there's more of a regional thing going there because most of the girls coming in are black & Spanish.

BILL: By Spanish do you mean Puerto Rican or Mexican?



Wearing knit caps and dungarees, two former prison inmates urged Congress to halt the use of prisoners for medical experiments. Allan H. Lawson and Leodus Jones testified that, in Holmesburg Prison in Pennsylvania last December, sweat was gathered from 70 male prisoners armpits to see if the scent had an effect on the female menstrual cycle.

They also told of another test at Holmesburg in which shampoo was dropped into the eyes of 20 prisoners for 24 hours and an exper-

iment in which 300 prisoners were infected with staph, fungus, pseudomonas, and ringworm infections.

Lawson and Jones said prisoners accept as little as \$3 a day for such experiments to get money to help their families pay for appeals and buy cigarettes and candy at the prison. "We sincerely believe that all testing should be stopped. But to stop testing totally would cut off the only present means for most prisoners. This is a vicious vicious cycle."

prison?

MARGO: I would say that there is. In Tipton there is one area in the yard that you could go out to and that was it, but in Alderson you had your own key to your door, and carried your own key, and you could wear your own clothes, or you hair as long as you wanted, the same at Tipton, but at Chillicothe they cut it at neck level.

BILL: Were the prisoners segregated according to race, like they were for sleeping at Tipton?

MARGO: No, in dorms the black and white girls are together. After you build up seniority you get a room of your own. You have your own key to your room. You get up at 8:00, to go to work in the garment factory.

BILL: So they have bed check?

MARGO: Yes, they have what they call count. They ring a bell for it after supper count, after recreation, at 10:00, 12:00, 3:00 and 6:00, then for the ones not working at 8:00, and then after lunch. At all times they know where you are. Every place has a count.

BILL: What if you mess up, according to the institution? What kinds of punishment do they give you?

MARGO: Well, they can put you on room restriction, depending on what you might do. Like if you mess up a commissary they can take commissary privileges away from you for a while.

BILL: How do you mean mess up in commissary?

MARGO: Well, like fighting or anything they think is wrong. They tell you there are no rules when you go in but if you do something they don't like, it all so a sudden becomes a rule. Then they send you

MARGO: Mexican, Puerto Rican, Latin American, and from all over the world.

BILL: You mean people that got into hassles with immigration?

MARGO: Yeah, but our government was holding them and wouldn't deport the ones that wanted to be deported and others that didn't they would deport, it was all mixed up. They had a racial thing, like the inmates would have shirts saying Black Power and Chicano Power. The ones from New Orleans and Texas had a bloody battle.

BILL: Was it racial?

MARGO: No, it wasn't. It was state against state. They had most of the hassles from D.C. The biggest amount of the inmates came from D.C. and they caused most of the fights and riots. The people from D.C. thought they were big shots so they pushed a lot of people around, it gets so bad in there that they want to stab and kill each other, so bad that they almost bleed to death. As an example the homosexual part of the prison is pretty bad, when a girl gets wrapped up in another girl, that's her man and you don't mess with her! One girl put her old lady down for another girl and this girl that got put down got some scag. Do you know what skag is?

BILL: Yes, other terms are junk, jones and heroin.

MARGO: Anyway she got some in and she fixed this up with something else, so that it would kill this other girl. The other girl sold it to someone else so that she could get some money and she didn't know it was bad. The other girl fired it up after graduation. In her pain from the stuff she pulled her respirator off and died. They had the FBI all through there after that.

BILL: So there are a lot of people that are aliens waiting deportation in that prison?

MARGO: Yes, there are quite a few of them.

BILL: What are some of the crimes that those people are accused of and sent to that institution for that you would consider bullshit?

MARGO: Well, there were political prisoners like Lolita, she was from Puerto Rico. She is the one that attempted to assassinate Truman. She is a beautiful person, very nice and everyone just loves her to death. I think she has done her time more or less has done everyone else's time. As I understand it she is fighting for her country and I think it is everyone else's right to fight for their country or whatever they think is right for themselves. She is very strong toward this and from what I've heard everyone else say, the U.S. government wants her to make a public apology and cease all political activity. She can't eliminate Truman because he's already gone. How are they expecting her to apologize now. That's pure bullshit.

BILL: How long has she been in there?

MARGO: She has been in there for 18 years, and she's getting to be pretty old. She goes on fasts when she doesn't eat for weeks. She is very highly nervous. She's almost institutionalized, if she isn't already.

BILL: What are some of the other women that are political prisoners in for?

MARGO: Like fighting for freedom of prisoners from their countries and going on federal grounds for this purpose.

BILL: Can you name a few certain incidences?

MARGO: This one girl, I don't remember her name, she is also from Puerto Rico. Her time is 35 years. Her boyfriend or her husband got life and it was something like Lolita's, fighting for her country. She came over to help free him by walking around with signs.

BILL: She protested.

MARGO: She protested on federal grounds.

BILL: How much time did you say they gave her for that?

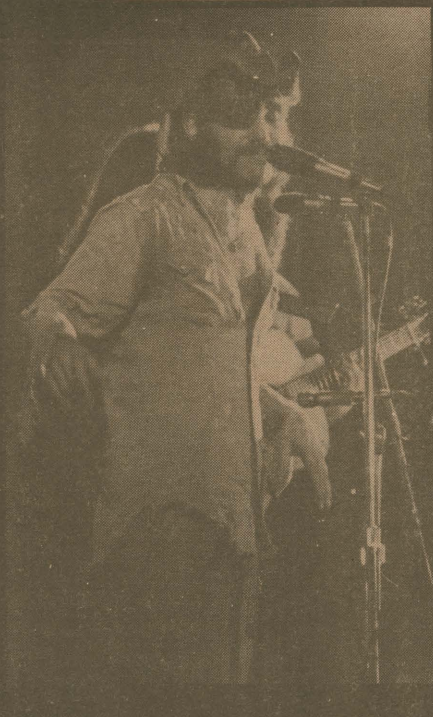
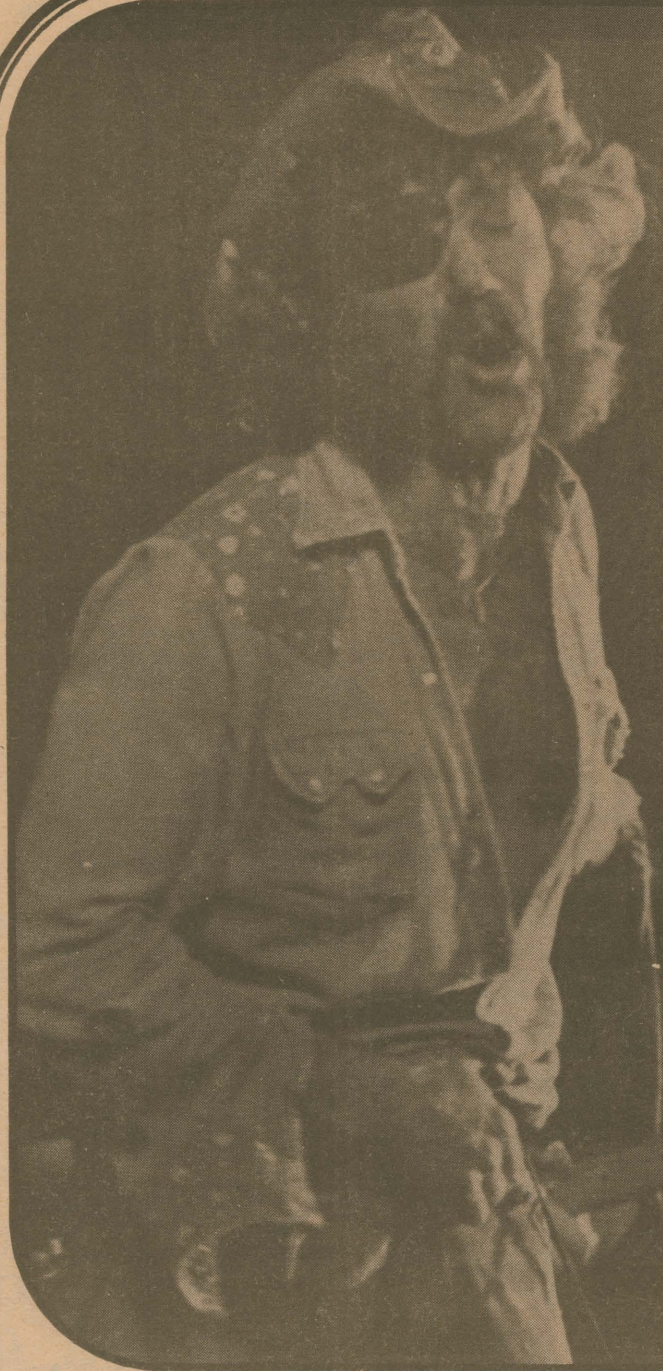
MARGO: 35 years is what she got, I guess this was for inciting to riot on the grounds of a Federal institution. There were many people other and she was the only one that ended up with time in prison.

WILLIAM FOSTER

The Missouri and Kansas Committees for Prison Rights (M.K.C.P.R.) is organizing. The idea is that our brothers and sisters should grow and develop together, not against each other in prisons and jails. Hopefully they will develop their full cultural and political potential, and everybody as a whole will share in the benefits of the powerful energy and imagination of inmates and ex-inmates in the penitentiaries.

The M.K.C.P.R. would like young people that have been in Booneville and Chillicothe training schools, or the ones in Kansas, also the adult ones like Jeff City and Alderson, Leavenworth Springfield and Lansing to contact us about joining or for information for publication.

Missouri and Kansas Committee for Prison Rights.
William Foster
4419 Harrison
Kansas City
Missouri 64110



WAYNE PYCIOR

First time I saw Dr. Hook and the Medicine Show was late into a drunken re-union/celebration with a misplaced old pal who had the good taste to have an apartment, a color TV, a stereo, and a case of Michael. Hot Cha! We were using the Motorola as a light show and shuck-in and jivin, gettin loose and listening to the Grateful Dead until Hook came on the Midnight Special. They were fine. I was pleasantly surprised because here is what I had been hearing from some of my friends: 'They can't play for shit, they ain't a musical act, they are really a comedy act, they're a joke, (on who for fucksake?) their music's OK, but their stage show eats it. Shel Silverstien works some weird mojo on em that prevents them from playing real fine country blues. They get too drunk to go on stage.' Etc., etc., ad nauseum.

Some of my friends got it together pretty good
Some of em are just full of it.
Just like me.

Here is what I saw when I met Dr. Hook and the Medicine Show: A bunch of professional musicians who get high doing their job well. And seeing/hearing them do it got me high.

"The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom"
Wm. Blake ibid. Candy in Boston

(Long establishing shot of nearly deserted main dressing room in Cowntown Palace. Two roadies and the reporter drinking beer. Nineyear Wooldridge bustles into the room, surveys it quickly, orders the table of food provided for the covered; Brandy who works at Cowntown tenderly places napkins over the cold cuts, the cheese, the olives, the spare ribs - it was like the food had passed away and she was the attending nurse telling us by pulling the sheets up over their faces).

Nineyear grabs the Tequilla bottle and limes and hustles his band (he's the road manager) into the old projection room, the danc-tum sanctorium of the dressing room. Only the roadies sit at attention. I turn on my tape.

Nineyear: Hey man! Are you Ganjananda the reporter from the Whatzit Trucker?

G: no man, I'm Ganjananda the drug-crazed poet, but I'm here to interview you guys.
Nineyear: Well alright! Great! Great! Yeah! Fine to meet you. You can ask me questions for awhile but Hook likes to be alone to get their set together.

G: That's cool. What-the-fuck-kind-name is Nineyear? I'll tell you about your name if you tell me about yours.

Nineyear: Nope nope, you don't want to hear about my name. It's a long stupid story. Really not worth it.

Roadie: He's right. You don't want to hear the story. It's a long dumb story. He told it to me and I wish he hadn't.

G: Oh, OK. They're serious about this shit aren't they?

Nineyear: Oh, yeah. Believe it. Like they asked to have the munchies covered until after the show. Before they go on they are too nervous and excited to eat. And less they take precautions, there ain't ever anything left after the show when they really like to eat. They like to bop on stage, you know? Can't boogie if you're logged down with spare ribs...

G: I better write that down. No really, I like your act and I'm looking forward to seeing these motherfuckers.

Nineyear: I don't think You're going to be disappointed tonight.

Feels like there's a lot of energy around.

He was right on both counts. The pre-show energy level seemed to me to be approaching too high. People rushing up to me in the demi-darkness relating strange stories and running off as if to some noble war before I figured out what they were talking about. The occasional odd mind pop lighting the place up like an Instamatic. Whoops! This is it! Smokey the fire Marshall is the headlight on the train leading the band to the stage. I take one last long draw on my Tequilla bottle and leave it in the dressing room. I notice all of Dr. Hook has done less damage collectively to their bottle than I have to mine. They're going on pretty sober - I just barely manage to catch the caboose. Whee! Full tilt, whistle blowin, pickin up steam going through the crowd, Hook roars on stage and the mob roars its approval.

CUT TO VICTORY PARTY CHAOS IN MAIN DRESSING ROOM....

I have a question eating up my mind. I point a microphone at Dennis, the lead guitar player who looks like a mountain man. He was walkin around like a normal guy until he spots the mike. He Dr. Jeckyls into Larry the Time Square Wino ("I love bums, man")

Dennis: We makin a record?

G: Haw! Yeah, we're makin a record.

Dennis: Hi Ma! How are ya Mom?

G: (deciding to become a retuning POW) My God you don't know how good it feels to be free!

Dennis: Can they see me now?

G: Aren't you glad we held out for Peace with Almonds?

Dennis: I know I look a little pale, Ma, but it's just a lack of sunshine. Mom, I still take all my vitamins.

G: He never laid a hand on me, Ma. Dennis: Shit, man! Why don't they ever leave me any soft drinks? All there ever is is booze...never any fucking soft drinks.

G: Beer's a soft drink.

Dennis: (mumbling like a man possessed) Awfuck. They never leave me any soft drinks. Hey what's Tonic taste like?

G: Bitter man. Real fuckin bitter. Keeps down the malaria, tho...

Ray: (the one with the eye patch trying to console the increasingly morose Dennis) Right, I always try to do some Gin and Tonic in the summer time in case there is any Malaria in the area. (Say, "Malaria in the area" out loud).

G: How the fuck come you always stay in Holiday Inns? It's always the same room! Doesn't it make you crazy after awhile?

Dennis: Because it is always the same room, and because of the murals. They're always palm trees. Even if it's Denver and there's 14 feet of snow on the ground, you can count on those palm trees. Yes, sir we love those palm trees. We draw jap snipers on em.

G: (falling apart) Bwahh! Jap snipers? Like chained to palm trees?

Dennis: Yeah! (hugging me and laughing, loose now that someone has given him a three Pepsi fix). When they get picked off by Audi Murphy, they dangle upside down by one ankle. Sometimes we draw em that way. You can always tell a room we've stayed in.

Ray: Don't be talkin bout yer dangle Dennis.

G: Say hey, Ray! You got any eyes for talkin into this thing? (everyone

PRIMAL LURCHING WITH DR. HOOK

is falling-down-drunk now, but I still maintain a high level of good taste.)

Ray: Whoeee! I only got one eye-- and I'll talk into anything you got.

G: You gonna keep a eye out for me, right?

Medium close up of Ray, Dennis, this reporter, and other fun loving pirates hugging, laughing, drinking Tequilla, stumbling, yelling, singing drinking Tequilla, and generally assuming a posture of end of the world gaiety. Yahoo!

G: California, Alabama, Meridian Mississippi, and Beyone, for Christ sake New Jersey -- what a wierd fucking matrix of musicians.

Dennis: We just sort of drug a piece of fly paper across the country and whatever stuck to it was what was in the band.

G: You guys played a lot of bars, right?

Dennis: Oh fuck, yes!

G: Yeah, Most of the bands I like are veterans of foreign bars. It's crazy. Having a different boss run down the same ole bullshit every night. (assuming big bossman voice) Ahem. Would you boys mind turning down your instruments a little bit.

Dennis: (jumping in to it) Uh...do you think you could play something they could dance to?

G: (laying back, basking in Aztec cactus juice glow) Oh, yes, oh, yes...

Dennis: (back to Dennis' voice) They'd be trottin us out like a trick dog act, showin us off to their wierd friends, ya know? "Hey you guys, play us yer hit single!" We would play Proud Mary, anything, and the guy would be sayin, "Got em for \$60 bucks a week" (Dennis turning away and mumbling

looking for egress as we both realize he is giving me lines he gave Rolling Stone.)

G: Bill! What's your next single gonna be?

Bill: Wall (pause) there's a choice of...uh I don't know if I'm supposed to be sayin this... (we are apparently invisible -- we breathe duel sighs of relief -- everybody else is busy chosin chicks and other edibles, drinkin wine spodiodie!) He continued, Sheeit, I'm entitled to my own opinion ain't I? This is what I think...

G: Fuck yes. Just like I can write anything I want to -- it doesn't necessarily have to have anything to do with what you tell me.

Bill: For sure. This is what I think, we got a choice. We're not gonna come from the albums. We're not gonna come from either album. That's the reason we're in the studio now -- cuttin' a new album and cuttin' a new single. Nobody's heard it yet, it's not gonna be a tune off any album. It's either gonna be a tune called "Roland the Roadie and Gertrude the Groupie" Right?

G: All right.

Bill: It's either gonna be that or it's gonna be a tune called "Soupstone." Can you dig it? "Soupstone" We got a choice of about four but so far those are the best prospects, right at this point.

G: Y'all are hot. Do you know that?

Ray: I don't know about that we're havin' fun.

G: Yeah, that's neat. It's fun to watch. So many people are bummed out it's neat to see somebody havin' a good time.

Ray: You seem to be an easy goin cat. I like that. I don't like talkin' to people who try to press in on me (that's all I know how to talk about

is me) and I can't think the way I want to. I wanna be as free as I can at all times.

G: Amen! brother...damn!

Ray: And you too man, you too, you be free too. (hand slaps turn into human beings tightly holding hands melting into drunken embrace.)

We fall about in different directions. I see Dennis aga in.

G: What kind of music do you like?

Dennis: Country music. Country music. George Jones has had a tremendous influence on this band. But I haven't had a record player in about six years now. I just listen to the radio. I like AM radio because you can sing along with it.

G: What's the nature of the relationship between you guys and Shel Silverstien?

Nineyear: He's a brother first and foremost. A super good friend, and he's a genius, and he writes stuff that turns us on. Whew! It kinda makes you head spin how it all falls together. It's neat, it's real neat.

G: I heard your next record was gonna be all your own shit.

Nineyear: Naw, some of our stuff... but Shel will be on it for sure.

G: You guys seem to be trying to obtain a state of primal lurch.

Ray: Primal Lurch? I don't have any idea what you're talking about.

G: (likely story) You know, you just be stumblin' and shit (reporter does an imitation of Dennis doing imitation of Larry the Times Square wino)

Ray: Oh yes! Oh yes! Right. Primal lurchin' that's what I'm doing right now, primal lurchin and signing autographs.

G: Doesn't it subsequently get absurd?

Ray: We dig absurdity as much as we dig anything.

Dennis: We dig workin man. Because basically, that's what it's all about, you work all your life to get the opportunity to work the rest of your life.

G: You must get tired.

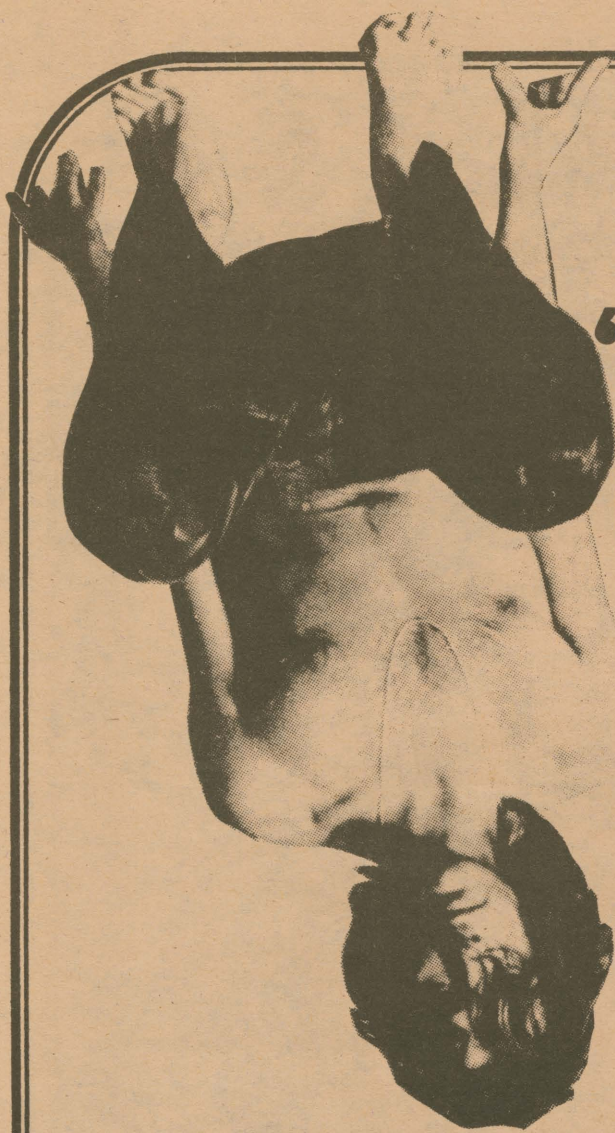
Dennis: You quit everyday. You wake up in the same Holiday Inn every morning in some anonymous city and you quit, you just fuckin' quit. You lay there in a stupid vibrator bed and you tell yourself you can't make it again...and then the here and now intrudes, the specifics start happening, you got an interview to get to, you got to be at a ballroom for a sound test...hup! Dynamite! you get up and you get into it.

"Here it is plain to see, was their need to wipe out the old MASQUE DU CU ITURE and replace it with one of such ludicrousness that it was rendered forever useless. The temptation to be serious about Mom and Dad would never recur completely"

Hank Harrison
"The Dead Book"

BILL (GANJANANDA) GREEN





'WHAT EXACTLY IS A JOKE'

Syd Barrett

JAMES ANDREW

It's awfully considerate of you to think of me here
And most obliged to you for making it clear that I'm not here
And I never knew the room could be so big
And I never knew the room could be so blue
And I'm grateful that you threw away my old shoes
And brought me here instead dressed in red
And I'm wondering who could be writing this song...

Syd Barrett over the past few years has not been in the center of stardom as have the groups who capitalized from his head trip material. Probably for many reasons, one, he's considered insane by his peers who pride upon themselves as being crazy (one is not crazy if he can admit it to himself, bla, bla) two, the average social-minded-freak-record-buyer would be turned off by Syd's style of mind fuck-up music, three, the mentally handicapped are probably the most discriminated against class of our human society. Syd Barrett (former member/songwriter of Pink Floyd) is the original FREAK of the world of rock music. He was taking acid when most of us people masterbated over our fantasies in our back yards.

After a few years of gigging around Europe, Pink Floyd landed

Wounded Knee Continued

them to help us. When we took the vote at Calico, everybody voted that we invite AIM in. People from all over the reservation—the eight districts were represented."

Commenting on the decision-making process inside Wounded Knee, she said, "All the Oglala Sioux most of the time are the only ones in there making decisions and then we let the rest of them know what we're talking about. But this has never been out (in the press) and I don't know why."

Another media distortion centers around the federal marshal who was shot and paralyzed from the waist down on March 26. "They immediately started blaming the people from AIM," said Carter Camp of AIM.

"We know it, and we know it will be born out further when they take the bullet from the federal marshal, that he was shot with an M-16 or an M-60 slub—neither of which we have. And it will bear out the fact that our people observed two roadblocks shooting each other thinking they were shooting Indian people."

Liberation News Service

a recording contract. Around February 67 Syd Barrett's song "Arnold Layne" hit England's charts. Because of its strange lyrics and semi-commercial music the song made a fair mark on English music trends, but didn't exactly give Pink Floyd super group stardom. A few months later America got its first taste of Pink Floyd music. Another Barrett song titled "See Emily Play" was on the charts. Pink Floyd was no smash success in America either. After these two 45s Syd Barrett and his band of weirdos put out an album titled "Piper at the Gates of Dawn". Only a small gathering of English and American music lovers copped on to it. Today this album sells like wildfire, five years after its release, people finally understand "Piper at the Gates of Dawn". Barrett wrote every song on the album except one and the material on the album is still over many listener's heads.

Pink Floyd music today, minus Barrett, is still similar to their early material. Barrett used stranger voice simulations on "Piper" than Pink Floyd presently uses. He put sound effects right up front with the voices. Each song had eerie chord progressions with spacy middle eighths. No writer today has come close to Barrett's style of music, even most copies are poor. Pink Floyd has truly capitalized off of his genius, for this is where they got their direction.

In 1968 Pink Floyd's second album titled "A Saucerful of Secrets" came out. As their first LP, it didn't reach any great selling heights. Barrett was only on one song, "Jugband Blues", which he wrote. This song is undoubtedly the most far-gone acid song ever written in rock history (and that's a mouthful—ed.). At the same time this album was being put together, Syd Barrett was locked up in an asylum for the criminally insane. Reason... well, it was best put by Pink Floyd members as "he just took too much acid". Barrett's days in Pink Floyd were over, he was replaced by a friend named David Gilmour whose style of guitar playing, but not writing, is very close to that of Barrett's.

Pink Floyd continued to do some of Sydney's songs on their albums. For instance, Rolling Stone's favorite cut off "Ummagumma" was a Barrett song titled "Astronomy Domine", also my favorite. English-copy-only "Best of Pink Floyd", over half of the songs were written by Barrett and "Relics", he has four songs. A note on "Relics", you will find "Arnold Layne" and a song titled "Bike". If you listen to "Bike" you'll hear familiar sound effects that Pink Floyd uses in some of their songs now, like "several species of small fur-

ry animals".

After Syd Barrett's exit from the asylum he recorded an album titled "Barrett" in 1970. Being an English-release-only LP makes it almost impossible to find here in the U.S. "Barrett" is a very smoothed out production, not quite as sharp and clanged and jangled as he was when he was with Pink Floyd. David Gilmour and Richard Wright produced this first solo album. Both Gilmour and Wright accompany Syd on all the songs. Jerry Shirley, whoever he may be, plays drums.

For this to be Barrett's so-called come-back, he did a damn good album. Comparing it to all he has done it could best be put — it tops anything he did with Pink Floyd, but not with himself. The best works off this album are "Rats", "Maisie" and "Effervescent Elephant" because they can give you an inside view of what Syd's style goes to. "Rats" is a chanting vocal describing sexual activities of rats compared to human beings. The musical background is definitely a neurotic synopated rhythm. "Maisie" is about a bad luck cow — bride of a bull. Syd plays the part of a bull telling the story of Maisie and her bold bull stud husband. It's a blues tune played at a slow-creeping pace. When I first heard it I thought I had the turntable turned down to sixteen Syd's vocals seem to stumble and roll out of speakers onto the floor and melt like jelly in the afternoon sun.

Those good Barrett sound effects accompanied by a tuba are what make up the most strung out speed rapping song ever, "Effervescent Elephant". I would love to explain this song, but I'm at a loss for words. I'm even more unable to explain the whole album, all I can say is if you ever find the album "Barrett" buy it and just listen to it, I guarantee you've never heard anything like it before.

Barrett's second album is "Madcap Laughs" on Harvest Records. It was produced by David Gilmour and Roger Waters. A little flash struck me when I saw Tony Clark's name on the album sleeve. Clark is one of the engineers on the album and he also is the sixth man, producer and associate of the Moody Blues. All the songs on the album were of course written by Barrett. The album consists of six songs that Barrett had previously recorded under the production of Malcolm Jones. Barrett's normal free form insanity was subdued in Jones' productions, though, while Gilmour and Water's productions revealed the true Syd Barrett music. They use only Barrett and his guitar with the exception of "Golden Hair" and "Long Gone". On these two songs

cont. on 24

Flashes

Wishbone Ash have recorded portions of the latest British tour for a double live album to be released within the next six months.

As you already probably know Papa John Creach had a verse omitted when appearing recently on the Flip Wilson show. The deleted verse from his song "Country Girls" was the following: Nowadays you have to have a new car... And lord knows it's a crying shame... But how can I have a new car, baby... When you look at the shape the Presidents go us in. More grunt news.

New albums: Jack Traylor and Steel Wind. In the mix is the Slick/Kanter/Friberg album possibly entitled "Fat". Jorma Kaukonen is nearly finished with his acoustic album with Tom Hopson. Joe E. Covington and his band Fat Fandango are in L.A. working on a new album.

King Crimson's new album will be titled "Larks' Tongues in Aspic". The album will feature Robert Fripp, Bill Bruford, Jamie Muir, David Cross and John Wetton.

According to Yoko Ono both she and her husband John are members of the third sex which is now emerging. On this third sex Yoko says they "don't have the neuroses of men or the neuroses of women that are now in society. The male neurosis is that the man is supposed to go out and strive for power; they have this competition-greed-power syndrome going on." Right on.

Principal Edwards Magic Theatre have returned to the stage with a tour of England and a new album within the next four months.

Roy Wood's Wizzard have released their first album entitled "Wizzard Brew".

Just released: T. Rex's "Tanks", Biff Rose "Uncle Jesus and Auntie Christ", and the new Roxy Music album.

Rumors are circling that Mick Jagger and Andy Warhol are to combine talents for a Broadway musical. The reports, which from all sources are reliable, say that Mick's wife, Bianca, will be cast in the title role.

Black Sabbath has recorded their appearance at the Rainbow in London for a live album. The concert, the first the band has made in London in over a year, was sold out in four hours of the box office opening. The entire tour was sold out a month in advance.

Emerson, Lake, and Palmer have claimed their 1973 world tour to be "the most ambitious production ever mobilized for a group". The tour entitled "Get Me A Ladder" will involve a road crew of fifty and 20 tons of equipment valued at three-quarters of a million dollars. The equipment will include a forty foot proscenium arch which will support 100 spotlights and five sets of theatrical curtains. The stage will be set up for each concert and will be hauled about in two forty foot trucks.

Chris Hillman and Joe Lala of Manassas have joined the Byrds, replacing Skip Battin and John Guerin. This should only last however as long as Steven Stills is off the road. It may well be the final Byrds lineup ever for a farewell concert has been presently set up for May 19 at the New York Academy of music. There is still a chance for an original Byrds tour later this year.

STEVEN MILES

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Guitar-bass player and organist need lead bass drums, C&W rock oldies, originals, singing helpful. Call Rolfe

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My name is Ronald Sprague #132-382-Box 69, London, Ohio. I am 24 years of age, 5 ft. 10 in. tall and a 170 lb. white virgo. I do not receive any mail or visits from anyone at this address, and have no outside contacts. I am very lonely and ask only that anyone wishing to become a friend to someone who needs one, please respond with a letter, I will answer all mail I receive.

My name is Robert Odom #135111, I'm 30 years old, I'm in prison, I don't receive much mail and most of all I'm single and lonely. I will be very direct I'm only interested in writing or find the right woman, but I will correspond with any and all ladies to see how much we have in common. Address all letters to Robert Odom #135111, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140. Also I have no hang ups about age if she's mature.

Get aboard the Submarine. Help wanted. 21 or over. Honest. Apply 4532 Main St. Jimmy.

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Lonely male prisoner, 28, who needs someone to write to, makes no difference what race or sex, so how about it? Write to: Dale McGrew 130830, Box 69 London, Ohio 43140

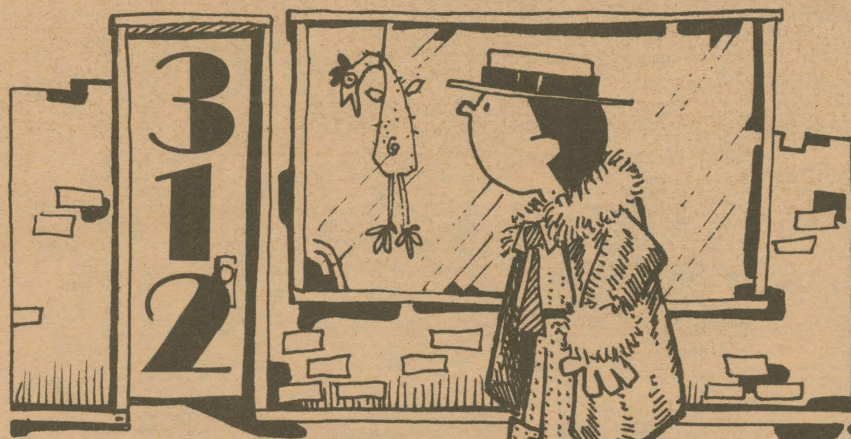
Speed City. Steve, 900 Southwest Blvd., K.C., Kansas. Needs VW mechanic,

Indep. guy, 30, will share apt. with quiet, mild-mannered girl. Baby OK (maybe). I like Indian cookery (curry food), the Nelson Gallery and perfumed gardens. 'Nuff said. Write Frank c/o Box 50, Trucker.

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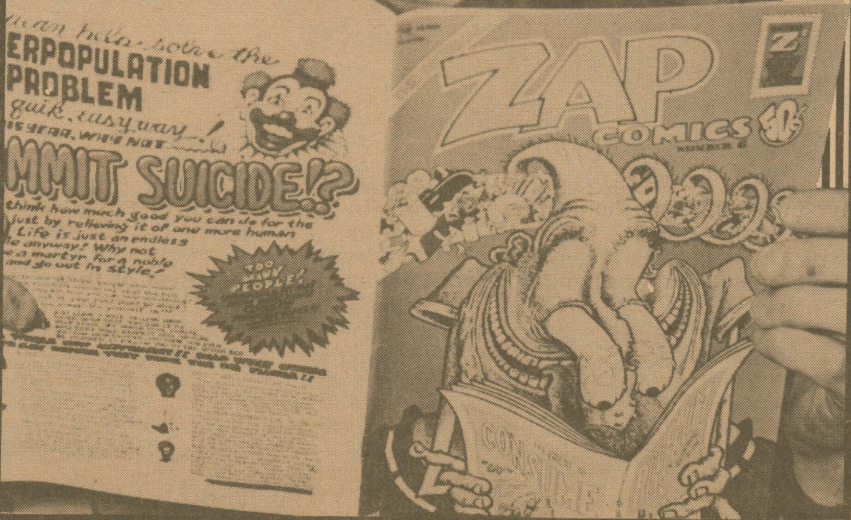
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STEVEN MILES

"I was playing at a pep rally for some people killed in a flood and they really got off on this song."

Now that isn't what you would normally hear coming from your average run-of-the-mill artist, but J.C. Story-Teller is not your run-of-the-mill acoustic stylist. Always expect something different and original from J.C. While his name is not well-known in this area, "Story" has

made a definite mark on the people of West Virginia, Ohio and Kentucky and Southeast Texas, where he has been playing for several years. J.C. describes himself as being neurologically inclined and I would suppose it to be true, as I have never seen another performer like him ever.

I had a chance to catch J.C. Story-Teller at a local bar and viewed his unusual sense of wit and goof-ball themes. J.C. is

not an extremely sophisticated artist (if you consider sophisticated crass snobbery), you just get the honest truth from the oddest viewpoint conceivably imaginable. J.C. opened his set with a song entitled "She' Still Not A Woman", which discusses in real terms maturity in its true form. "Pops" is a song about an old man locked in a mental institution which develops into extreme emotional impact, especially from the unique viewpoint of an artist who has a first hand look at the situation. It could be almost said that Story-Teller has varied sense of perception that can pick up an odd vibration and turn it in to song. While there I watched him do a fifteen minute impromptu song about a rock and roll band whose lead player leaps off the top of the Commerce Towers with a microphone recording his every word. I mean, Jesus, who else does that? There is a world of untouched imagination out there. It's up to J.C. Story-Teller to develop it. All one has to do is sit down and the most amazing crowd goes by from "Libby Lee", with her hands in the snow to his own mother and father.

All the oddity I have suggested isn't meant to suggest that Story is some kind of Straight Records luney. All of his material is original and constructed into symphonies. Several of these works were completed a year before the Who's "Tommy". Volumes of music waits to be recorded, enough for

twelve albums! Much of his material is as sensitive as all those hearts and flowers folks, such as "This Is Not A Song About Harmonicas". The song is a personal favorite of mine for its piercing look into all our lives. The line "You think you're livin' Well, today is not your day", sticks in my mind. Hard to believe that one writer could have two distinct completely different styles. One which anyone would have some difficulty fathoming and another so direct and forceful, its meaning is nearly etched in glass.

J.C. has mentioned that highly conservative club managers have often criticized his format and material. Why? The Story-Teller approach to everything is different. The only thing he has in common with other acoustic musicians is that he sits in a chair while playing. The audience is called upon to interact with the performer in such a way that if the chemical combination is there, its magic. If not, it's still good. At the Trucker Benefit, he reduced a loaded crowd to a quiet listening audience. No mean feat for sure. He did a great deal of his most recent symphony "Neurological Madness" including a terrifying rendition of "My Mind Is Growing In A Patch of Weeds".

Oh, by the way, the title might have had you a touch bewildered. It just is my way of discerning that you are indeed J.C. Story-Teller material. You did read this to the end, didn't you?

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LARRY SALVATO
 After the phenomenal success of *Easy Rider*, everyone in Hollywood wanted to give its young director Dennis Hopper all the money he wanted to make a new film. He was being hailed as one of the best new directors on the American scene. The film which he decided to make was eagerly awaited. The advance publicity was more than any film had ever received for quite a while. Both he and his new film were riding the crest of a wave of excitement which could have had a lasting effect on the American film industry for years to come. The film was "The Last Movie" and for me, at least, it was all that I had expected. "The Last Movie" was a bold new approach to commercial filmmaking. It has innovation in both technique and concept and if it had been successful commercially, there's no telling what sort of new films we would be seeing today.

Unfortunately for anyone who expects anything good out of the American film industry, it was shelved after short runs in two cities. When the producers first saw it they didn't like it. They thought it made fun of the industry and besides it didn't make sense, to them at least. Their first impulse being philistine; they would reedit it to suit themselves. Luckily they were stopped, as Hopper puts it, because "I had one of the heavier movie contracts of our time and they couldn't touch my film." Hopper was very happy with the film in its final form; "I've looked at the film countless times and I wouldn't change a thing in it." The film

Film

REVIEWS

THE LAST MOVIE Returns

Directed by Dennis Hopper

that's playing at the Vanguard this week is exactly the film Hopper wanted to make. Something of a rarity in the American cinema.

Critically it got mixed reviews of sorts. Raves in Europe... where it won at the festival in Venice, but only bitter, critical denouncements in the USA. Most US critics spent more time reviewing Hopper's personality than they did his movie; Hopper the egomaniac, Hopper the punk, Hopper the weekend acid messiah, etc. At one point of another they warned ominously not to get this crazy "Last Movie" mixed up with a fine little piece of film art called "The Last Picture Show". Most of those critics will probably live to regret that observation. It is my personal belief that "The Last Movie" is twice as important a film as the "Last Picture Show" will ever be; the future will tell the

story.

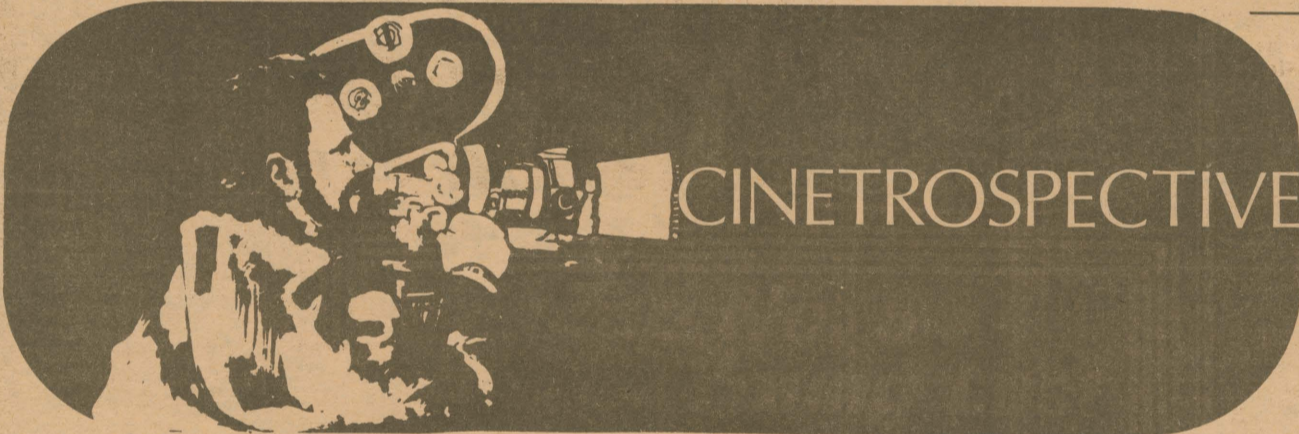
In a similar vein, Hopper says that innovation plays a large role in making a film "yours" as opposed to "doing something Howard Hawks did in 1940. Today's directors are emulating "Grapes of Wrath", "Citizen Kane" and several other films of the past. They're doing a traditional story and the simpler they tell it the better... That doesn't leave them as creative artists, it leaves them as imitators."

Innovation is the cornerstone of the "Last Movie". The film clearly displays Hopper's desire to be different; to bring commercial cinema where it has never been before. Most interesting of Hopper's innovations in "The Last Movie" is his complicated editing style. He creates strange editing patterns that take reality and audience expectation and bend them forward and



The Last Movie was filmed on location in Cuzco, Peru, capital of the Inca society, 12,000 feet above sea level.

backward in some strange mockery of the time space continuum. Anyone who has ever put together two pieces of film or ever wants to, should see Hopper's work in this incredibly visual film. A more complete analysis of the film is planned in the near future but, in the mean time, if you have any interest in a hard, truthful film where you must think, then please see "The Last Movie"



DON SIEGEL

From time to time, Cinetrospective will appear as a feature in these pages. Cinetrospective will examine a specific topic relating to film. It may be a certain director, a favorite film, even perhaps a cinematic concept or theory. We do not mean these articles to be definitive statements on the subject; but only to serve in broadening the personal perspectives of our readers and ourselves.

LARRY SALVATO

DENNIS SHAEFER

Don Siegel, for many years a minor Hollywood action director has in the last few years risen to international critical attention. It is somewhat surprising that critics have only now begun to appreciate this B-movie director who has been making films since 1946. Starting in films as a montage editor and gradually working up through the ranks, Siegel has payed more than his share of dues. Consistently given shoddy projects with hackneyed concepts and small budgets, Siegel strived to express himself in tight studio system. With some projects, this was impossible; for example "Hound Dog Man", a star vehicle for Fabian at the height of his fame. However, even with the drawbacks that the studio imposed on him, Siegel has managed to turn out impressive films. Take for instance, "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" the chilling science-fiction classic, psychologically scaring the shit out of you with the loss of self identity and personal freedom. Unfortunately, inconsistencies early in his career led to the reluctance of certain critics

to accept Siegel into the ranks of the American directorial elite. But not so now. Since the late sixties Siegel has consistently been turning out above average films. In an apparently successful partnership with Clint Eastwood, Siegel enjoys higher budgets and artistic freedom in turning out films for the Eastwood production company. Most recently they teamed on "Dirty Harry" which met with critical as well as box office success. Some critics suddenly "discovered" Don Siegel after the "Dirty Harry" success, but it soon becomes evident that there was a Don Siegel and a Don Siegel movie a long time before "Dirty Harry" hit the screen.

What is a Don Siegel movie? Manny Farber, veteran New York critic, described a Don Siegel movie: "Mainly it's a raunchy dirty-minded film with a definite feeling of middle-aged, middle class sordidness. Every cop, prostitute and housewife is compromised by something... Siegel's movies are spiritualy as opportunist and crafty as the grafting cops, cheating wives and winged hoods who make up the personnel. They are zesty hardworking entertainments."

In fact, when the complete body of Siegel's work is viewed, his films display definite recurring themes and characters, thus proving his rank as an auteur. His main instrument for relating his view of the world is a psychologically complex character/anti-hero that surfaces in almost all of his work. "Hell is for Heroes" is a good example of a typical Siegel film. The Steve McQueen character bears all the traces

of the essential Siegel anti-hero. This is a slightly psychotic person with violent tendencies. A person who is an outsider, forced to live in a society he doesn't fully understand. For the most part he is a victim of his birth, time and place. It is interesting to note the similarity between the Siegel anti-hero and the Greek hero of tragedy. Both seem to be at the mercy of fate and also possess a tragic flaw which leads both to their downfall. Siegel has said, "We're all victims of a pattern of accidents." In "The Beguiled" this attitude of the director is fully exposed. A wounded Yankee soldier (Clint Eastwood), is discovered in the woods by a young girl and is taken for recuperation to a seminary for young women. Soon he capitalizes on the situation and satisfies the need of the deprived ladies for a man. However, he makes the mistake of becoming too confident and does not remain true to any one of the ladies. In the end, after he has had his leg amputated (the result of being pushed down the stairs by one of the irate lovers), the ladies kill him by feeding him poison mushrooms. Here it is clear, as in "Hell is for Heroes", a man minding his own business, suddenly in a war, then wounded and brought to some strange place where, when he acts as it is in his flawed nature to act, finds himself being punished for it.

Besides "Hell is for Heroes" and "The Beguiled", Siegel's "Riot in Cell Block 11", "The Line-Up", "The Killers", "Madigan", "Coogan's Bluff" and "Dirty Harry" dis-

play Siegel's auteuristic talent to various degrees. While the basic themes and periods may differ in these films as do the characters relationship to the law, Siegel keeps them well within what Andrew Sarris describes as "the director's gallery of loners"... "Dirty Harry" fits into this gallery. Harry (Clint Eastwood) is a police man but an "outsider" on the force. He is set apart because a large percentage of his partners seem to get hurt a lot. Harry is a little bit crazy and takes a lot of chances in the performance of his duty. To his fellow policemen, who just want to do their job and go home at night, the zeal of Harry makes him dirty.

Dancer, the cold killer of "The Line-Up", is also set apart; he is not a typical member of the underworld. Dancer does not cheat or steal but instead performs a professional service as does Lee Marvin in "The Killers". Constantly the individuality of the Siegel loner is challenged by the conformity and hypocrisy of society. In "Invasion of the Body Snatchers", this is the exact story - a man's entire will is at stake; he holds onto it despite all odds and the film ends somewhat optimistically. This happy ending is not typical of Siegel's films; most end with either the physical or psychological death of the anti-hero. In "Riot in Cell Block 11", Neville Brand leads a prison riot to gain better conditions; here the entrapment by society is literal. It ends with the death of the rioters in an Attica-like retaliation by the authorities. Steve McQueen, at the

cont on following page.

LARRY SALVATO

In the film "The Big Sleep" by Howard Hawks, there is a memorable scene that takes place in a bookstore. It is memorable because Hawks, being the director that he is, transforms the common into a subtle examination of his concept of women as well as a study of male female relationships as he sees them. Marlow is on a case and out to seek some information. As the sequence opens detective Marlow posing as a goofy bookworm stands in front of a bookstore and engages in some prissy sign language through the window with a bespectacled shop girl (Dorothy Malone). Finally he goes in and tries to pump Malone for the information. Unfortunately she is smarter than he realized and quickly sees through his inane disguise. In the typically Hawksian manner, Bogart now takes the girl into his confidence because she has proven herself intelligent. At this point Marlow has an academic respect for the girl's intelligence. The relationship is strictly business; the girl has been accepted into a male world and is considered as a male. However Miss Malone is very much a tricky doll. To Bogart's surprise, she lets her hair down and removes her glasses transforming herself from prim intellectual to ravishing glamour girl. Bogart greets the new Miss Malone with a "Hello there" and in this quip Bogart registers his surprise and pleasure that she is more than just smart; she is a woman too. Business is completed and the two come together symbolically over the traditional cigarette

SHAMUS... A Privilege Abused

Directed by

Buzz Kulik

Burt Reynolds
abusing fellow actor.



and glass of bourbon. The entire vignette with quiet subtlety and filmed in opulent high '40's style. Hawks not only tells his story as the script dictates but also explains that women are incredible creatures.

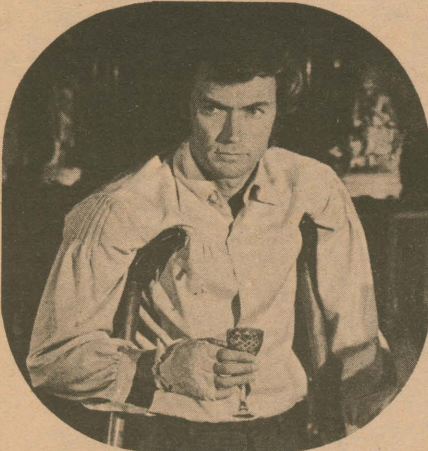
In "Shamus", a self declared tribute to "The Big Sleep" there is a similar bookstore scene. In this version detective McCoy (Burt Reynolds) is killing a few hours, so he goes to a bookstore. There he meets a shop girl with glasses, as in the Hawks film, but something has been added: she also has large breasts. What follows is a series of sly grins and smirks into the camera by Reynolds and a vulgar close up of the girl's chest by director Buzz Kulik. After it's over you suddenly realize just how crass and stupid a film can be.

"Shamus" is a trite, smug, pretentious mockery of a marvelously complex film as well as a traditional genre, detective fiction. Basically "Shamus" is a shoddy hackneyed detective story with a plastic style heavily dependent on various degrees of offensive meaningless violence and bad television editing and camera styles.

A further comparison of "Shamus" and "The Big Sleep" is a totally worthless exercise. In fact, to mention this pot boiler in the same breath with "The Big Sleep" borders on cinematic sacrilege. Why "Shamus" even exists, eludes me. The story is bad, the acting is atrocious, technically it is sloppy and Buzz Kulik is the worst director working today. It seems clear that no one had their heart in the film. Why didn't someone just say "Hey, why are we making this thing; let's just give the budget to Orson Welles of Nicolas Ray and let them make a film." That didn't happen and instead we have "Shamus", a travesty. The truly sad thing is that "Shamus" is making money. People are paying to see

this film and what's surprising is that they seem to like it. Maybe the producers knew that a film with these two stars would make money no matter of the quality. Perhaps this explains the apathetic attitude of the two stars, Reynolds and Cannon both of whom I've seen turn in better performances on the Tonight Show. This attitude may also shed some light on the motivations of a director who doesn't bother to film the resolution of a chase. Perhaps it explains but it doesn't justify the total disrespect and disregard not only for their audience, but also their craft. Sam Peckinpah once remarked that it is a privilege to make motion pictures, in the case of "Shamus" it is a privilege clearly abused.

end of "Hell is for Heros", is forced to kill himself, faced with the reality that there will be no place for him in peacetime society. In "Dirty Harry", Clint Eastwood is told on one hand to apprehend criminals, but on the other hand, to be careful not to infringe on the criminal's rights: When Harry does it his own way, he is rebuked and the criminal is allowed to go free. The



Clint Eastwood as the wounded Soldier in *The Beguiled*.

film ends with Harry finally leaving the force when it becomes apparent to him that he is no better than the scum he deals with.

Although recurring themes and characters surface in Siegel's films, as with all auteurs, he doesn't depend on making the same film, film after film, as Fellini does. Siegel makes it a practice of never writing a script from scratch, but instead takes finished scripts and changes them to fit his own vision. This practice gives his films a certain differentness from each other, while still being Siegel. In "The Line-Up", a purely exploitative venture to cash in on the popularity of a TV show, Siegel creates a strange relationship between two paid killers which he wasn't allowed to fully explore. Later, in "The Killers", a film which Siegel had more control over, he fully explores a similar relationship. He is not really repeating himself here; unable to develop his concept in "The Line-Up", he held onto the idea until he could give it full justice later in his career. This is the only way a creative director like Siegel was able

to work within the Hollywood studio framework.

If Siegel's films are interesting from the socio-psychological viewpoint, they are even more amazing when taken at the base level of action film technique. Siegel is the best action director working in films today. The only one who comes close to him in this category is Sam Peckinpah, his protege. The assassination on the stairway in "Baby Face Nelson", the aborted bank robbery in "Dirty Harry" and the chase sequence at the end of "The Line-Up" all show Siegel's unsurpassed talents in shooting and editing an action scene. Siegel's films are tight and professional. He manages to keep a fast moving, vibrant style going, without looking slick or contrived. Farber describes this as "unsettling camera work with a lot of zooms, high angle shots, zigzagging action scenes that make devastating cut-away material." Siegel favors shooting his action in close, tight shots and then cutting away to an overview of the situation, then cutting back to the close up on some violent movement, either of the camera or the subject.

Siegel's films can be enjoyed on many levels. His style of film is good honest craftsmanship which is lacking in so much that we see today. Now that Siegel has solved his budget and studio difficulties, it can be expected that his best work lies in the future.

Don Siegel Filmography:
1946- The Verdict. 1949- The Big Steal, Night Unto Night. 1952- The Duel at Silver Creek, No Time for Flowers. 1953- Count the Hours, China Venture. 1954- Riot in Cell Block II, Private Hell 36, 1955- An Annapolis Story. 1956- Invasion of the Body Snatchers, Crime in the Streets. 1957- Baby Face Nelson. 1958- Spanish Affair, The Line-Up, The Gun Runners. 1959- Hound Dog Man. 1960- Edge of Eternity, Flaming Star. 1962- Hell is for Heros. 1964- The Killers. 1967- Stranger on the Run. 1968- Madigan, Coogan's Bluff. 1969- Two Mules for Sister Sara. 1970- The Beguiled. 1972- Dirty Harry.

TWO PEOPLE ... Easy Riding On The Marrakesh Express

directed by Robert Wise

DENNIS SHAEFER

Something is wrong here. For a man who has directed such interesting films as "The Set-Up" and "Odds Against Tomorrow", it is disappointing to watch him just go through the motions in his new film "Two People".

Robert Wise's career in Hollywood spans over thirty years. From the beginning he was a man to watch, having edited Orson Welles' first two directorial efforts, "Citizen Kane" and "The Magnificent Ambersons". Lately however, Wise has been known for big production numbers like "Star" and "The Andromeda Strain", not to mention the bland, homely appeal of his "The Sound of Music", which is the second largest box office grosser in the history of cinema. Apparently money talks.

Anyhow, Wise was probably trying to get back to directing on a smaller and more meaningful scale, doing the kind of productions that he directed earlier in his career. All the elements for a small intimate film was there; no cast of thousands, no big singing and dancing routines and only two small time stars. However, "Two People" has one major drawback: the script. It is pure, trite crap.

The story line itself has potential for development. It concerns itself with Evan (Peter Fonda), a quiet, young man who has deserted the battle lines in Viet Nam. After hiding out in Europe for three years, he has pang of conscience. He decides to return to the States and turn himself in to face a sure prison sentence. His motivation is that "he is tired of running" and wants to "have his own life back again." Boarding the Marrakesh Express to Paris where he will catch a plane to N.Y., he becomes acquainted with Deirdre, a young American model (Lindsey Wagner) and her traveling

companion, a fashion editor (Estelle Parsons).

Evan and Deirdre are cool to each other at first, but gradually grope their way into a pathetic love/hate relationship (all this in 36 hours). Deirdre attempts to convince Evan not to give himself up; she argues about the immorality of war and gives other standard arguments to Evan but her new found political indignation is not a result of her scruples about war and killing, but rather because she wants to claim part of Evan's life for her own selfish purposes.

That's the way the whole film goes. Monosyllabic comments are traded back and forth between the two characters. Sparkling lines like "What's the matter... Nothing". Or else, Deirdre standing in a peasant farmyard saying "I've been thrown out of better places than this". Nobody laughed; maybe walking out would have been more appropriate. The script continues in all its banality and becomes particularly embarrassing to the viewer. A fifteen minute lovemaking scene, complete with out of focus photography and lapse dissolves, spreads the candy-coating on thick and obscures the main issue that the film is supposed to be grappling with.

The subject of desertion from the battle line is one that is worth serious consideration; but in direct or Wise's hands it becomes a really superficial treatment that rips off the viewer as something "relevant". Wise concentrates more on the two people falling in love than on the moral scruples of Evan. It seems that Wise wants to say something "meaningful", but has made concessions to the audience in hopes it will be successful as mass entertainment (25% of the film is a colorful travelogue of Morocco and Paris)

cont on 24

TODAY
It's A Beautiful Day
Columbia KC 32181

That this group has achieved such peaks of popularity is a source of great confusion to me. Last year in an unparalleled run of masochism I saw them three nights in a row at Cowtown. It was unbearable. Their noise is actually insulting to the listener. Their image is equally disgusting. With Bud Cockrell spastically thrusting his pelvis back and forth they absolutely reek of overt tastelessness. Not that I mind a sexy stage show (Tina Turner is fine, but she's got class), but It's a Beautiful Day come off either absurd or offensive depending on your frame of mind.

Now, after establishing myself as prejudiced I'll say something about the album "Today". A general description of the music would have to include the sound of a garbage truck bumping down the alley



behind your bedroom at 4 am with a little of the milkman crashing bottles interspersed. Their work is cluttered with excesses.

The album begins with "Ain't That Lovin' You Baby", a particularly bad study in vulgarity. It's very speedy without any particular power holding it together. There are too many loose ends and the high vocal "Ooooo's" and squeaky violin don't help any. On the second song, "Child" they slow it down a little and Pattie Santos attempts being a singer extraordinaire. She's more like a Siamese cat in heat. Amazingly enough, she really is the person who did the original

Record REVIEWS

"White Bird". Even so, Bud Cockrell's lead vocals on the next few songs are even worse. If "Down on the Bayou" has anything at all going for it it's repetition. Ditto on "Watching You, Watching Me". "Mississippi Delta" is even more repetitious...it skips. At first it hardly seemed worth bumping the needle along to find the rest of the song. When I finally did it turned out that the song embodied all the elements found elsewhere on the album...pounding on the drums, squeaking on the violin, screeching on the vocals, all with some guitar thrown in and so on ad nauseam.

The second side fares a little better. It sounds as if they exerted a bit of care. Not exactly any rousing displays of talent, but at least it's not quite so much of an insult to the listener. "Ridin' Thumb" is sort of jazz oriented with Pattie Santos attempting to sound coy. It almost works. "Time" is a nice blues piece with Val Fuentes (on drums) coming out with commendable vocals. "Lie to Me" is also on the bluesy side, but unfortunately Bud is back doing the lead vocals. Although "Burning Low" is not much of a song, the performance is fairly nice. "Creator", the last song is a full six minutes and 14 seconds. It starts off real fine and as far as the music goes it remains consistently good. However two things blow it. Bud Cockrell is back with his worst lead vocals so far and the song also skips. The entire fiasco is pretty unbelievable.

Amid all these varying degrees of grotesqueness, the album cover seems to stand apart. It is simple, understated and tastefully executed.

If you're one of the many fans of It's a Beautiful Day this album won't disappoint you. It well elucidates what they're all about. Per-

haps if they would redistribute some of the energy they use up trying to be "hip" on making music, they would be tolerable. Just maybe.

MURIAL MARS



ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA II
Electric Light Orchestra
United Artists UA-LA040-F

The Electric Light Orchestra is an electrified, light orchestra by pun implication. The album jacket shows a light bulb, a double reference to "bright idea (flash I got it)", and to the word structure of the band name. The music is not so constructed.

What we have is an adolescently manufactured, kid framed, teen polished invention designed for heady consumption and light listening. In effect, the affect is acidic Mantovani; more pretension than the real thing. The music is pleasant but pallid. If you are working at home, occupied with a task, and only peripherally noting the stereo, the songs here sound good. You

get your cello and your electric violin and a dose of sonal density. What you miss is your guiding sight and leading mind; the group makes a splash without water. They are an innovation, a newish application of an old principle. You can hear better. Try Beethoven straight.

DAVID JENKINS

DRINKING MAN'S FANCY

Eric Quincy Tate
Capricorn 0104

The Capricorn label has some very heavy talent, but most people just know about the Allman Brothers and maybe Wet Willie, Captain Beyond, Alex Taylor, or Martin Mull. Very few know about the best of the rest—Eric Quincy Tate.

This knee stomping quartet from the South do some of the best hard rock blues imaginable. Side one of "Drinking Man's Fancy" is one of the best vinyl sides ever released. The keyword is taste, not noise, with long driving instrumentals and inspired vocals. Starting off with John Mayall's "Brown Sugar" and ending with their own "Whisky Woman Blues," the only thing to do is to keep the automatic repeater on. This is not a one sided LP by any means, but they really worked out on the first side.

Do yourself a favor, get this album fast before it becomes obscure (it is already in many bargain bins for one dollar). They released an earlier album on Cotillion—forget it—this is their definitive work of art.

BOB GROSSWEINER

SPECIAL DELIVERY

Billy Mernit
Elektra 75054

The album back cover art shows Billy in ten photographs displayed successively as frames from a film. He glances gratuitously, neutrally inquisitive, over his shoulder at the cameraman, then continues ambling his own way on a rain soaked rural lane clutching his walking stick and being followed by a lean dog. He gives the impression of swaggering humbly by swinging the stick and

Cont. on page 20

THIRTY SECONDS OVER WINTERLAND

Jefferson Airplane
Grunt BFL-1 0147

Several years ago the Jefferson Airplane peaked three nearly perfect albums with what I consider to be one of the finest live albums ever made, "Bless It's Pointed Little Head." Now after one neutral, one

awful, and one unsatisfying lp, The Airplane have again triumphed with a live album. "Thirty Seconds Over Winterland" is the best offering the Airplane have given us in some time. The addition of David Freiberg to fill the hole left by Marty Balin has helped immensely. Papa John Creach is finally being used to his fullest potential. The loss of Joey

Covington is also a relief.

"Have You Seen the Saucers" and drums overpower both? Fortunately Papa John Creach's estatic solo is easily heard. Papa John's previous work on Airplane numbers always had that "adde d on" effect. This album, however, is the shut-up-and-listen for all of us who wondered how a violinist was ever going to fit into the band. He does fit and the varied sounds he can produce have added a new texture to the Airplane's sound.

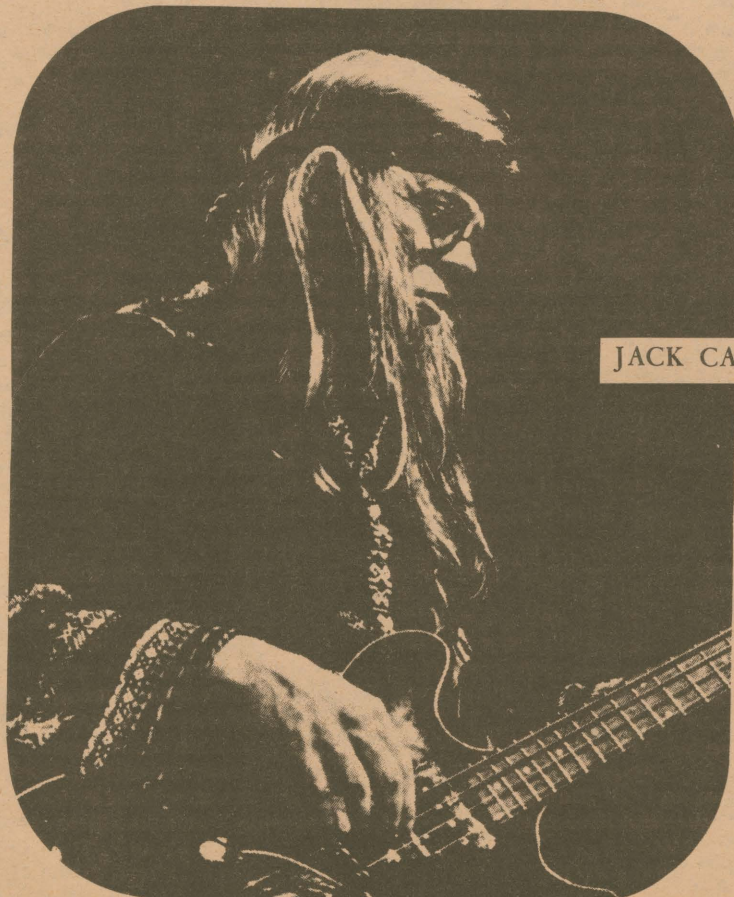
"Crown of Creation" has been my theme of existence for a long time now, and hearing it here makes me more certain than ever that it's the absolute pinnacle of the Jefferson Airplane's creativity. It still gives me the shivers to hear it. Even Grace Slick's ozoned humor makes no difference. They still do it incredible justice.

Side two really comes as a surprise. To hear the Jefferson Airplane put the screws to material that seemed lifeless on "Bark" and "Long John Silver" and emerge the victor is positive delight. The biggest case in point is "When the Earth Moves Again", on "Bark" the song lacked any positive attributes at all. Here it seems better constructed and has lots more drive than the studio dribble. "Milk Train" always was a fire-eater and is that much more ammunition for those who say Papa John has left an is one half of that great lost Airplane single released after "Volunteers". It's the perfect thing to open the album, as a more precise definition of the band's slightly burned out philosophy (don't kid

yourself, we're as roasted as they are) couldn't be found elsewhere. The opening guitar squeal tells you that this is the old style Airplane toughness. Grace and Paul still have the clear voices that used to shatter your head, and with Freiberg's help Marty Balin shouldn't be missed. "Feel So Good" is the long instrumental on the album and sounds tight and good, but why is Jorma's guitar and voice mixed so far down that the rhythm guitar, bass indelible footprint on the Airplane's style. It's also sharp listening to Grace ham it up at the end. What's more she laughs...maybe an end to Airplane pomposness has been discovered. This is certainly musically relaxed, less forced than on the studio versions of these songs. "Trial by Fire" is that Hot Tuna number which keeps turning up on Jefferson Airplane albums. As usual the song remains neither sour nor sweet, just a 5 minute time filler and thereby finds itself to be the album's weakest cut. The final touch on the album is making "Twilight Double Leader", the dull axe of "Long John Silver", into razor. In fact the number is so well done that it causes me to think it's Kantner's best in some time.

In an overview of the entire album, it's obvious to me that the Airplane has proved exactly what they wanted, that the new material is of the same high quality as what we all remember, plus that they do indeed want to make it as a unit. So until we see what the next studio sessions bring forth, breathe easy.

STEVEN MILES



JACK CASADY



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Record

REVIEWS

swaying in his calf-length wet rumpled raincoat with black trousers breaking on his city shoes. Urban Billy, with his New York face and bouffant styled back-brushed pompadour, misplaced in the country, but at ease, pleasuring himself. His nouveau dapper manner, jaunty and self sufficient in the photos, runs full strength in the songs.

A concentrated solution, pollution free, containing no false fates. Mernit as pianist/singer/songwriter is a very clever unit, a power to hear. His voice is insinuating; treble and wavering with a serrated edge, sharp and clear. The voice makes its points; you get what you overhear and understand the inflected intent behind the words. He does not mince or preen; delivery is direct, all together. The dynamism of the songs is quick and cool, not rock hard. The record is more contemporary honky tonk upbeat than electric rock. "You've Really Got A Hold On Me" (written by Smokey Robinson), "Ain't No Dancer", and "Mad Love" are three of the best drivers on the disc.

Ry Cooder devotees note his slide guitar in "Mad Love." The backup musicians, David Vaught/bass, John Seiter/drums, Peter Klimes/guitar (as well as many others on horns, flute, vibes and in other chorus) lay a good big small-band foundation for Mernit's piano.

Everything works. The lyrics match the music in expression; they apply. No cute rhyming (save once or twice) and sensible ideas make the song packages appealing in a brightly sensitive way. This Billy Mernit Special Delivery will hopefully sell well enough for Elektra to justify posting another soon.



HOUSE OF THE HOLY
Led Zeppelin
Atlantic SD 7255

I've waited sixteen months for this album. And now, that it is finally here, I'm not in any way disappointed. Why? Because this is Page, Plant, Jones, and Bonham — the rock and roll enthusiast's delight. Led Zeppelin always has explored musical innovations and deviations that no ordinary band would dare undertake. While most American bands have become steadily worse, most British bands — and Led Zeppelin in particular — have shown devastating improvements with each new offering.

Side one opens with "The Song Remains the Same", a genius exercise in time signature switching, with Page breezing thru lead riffs most guitarists couldn't even comprehend. "The Rain song" follows. This is the kind of song Led Zeppelin claims that they're striving for...it's reminiscent of Led Zeppelin III in general and "Stairway To Heaven" (from Zo So) in its transition from acoustic to electric. The music blends with the lyrics better than any tune I've ever heard. Plant's voice captivates...Page's guitar soothes all ills...and the orchestrated touch from the mellotron of John Paul Jones assures this one's success.

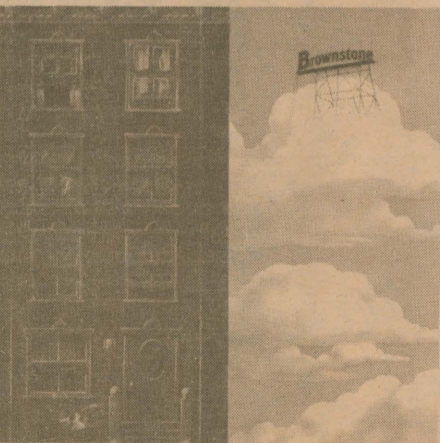
"Over The Hills and Far Away" demonstrates some of their English ancestry in that some carefree minstrel might have scurried about the countryside serenading young dam

sels with the opening verse. That portion is shortlived, however, and the true Zeppelin brand of rock powers its way to the front in this one. John Bonham gives his drums their first real workout on the ensuing effort, "The Crunge." This one is not too typical of the Zeppelin. The whole thing is fairly simple...but dynamic...musically. Jones sounds as if he may well be puncturing the earth's crust with each note, while Page's playing sounds too much like Jeff Beck a la Motown.

Side Two explodes with "Dancing Days," which sounds a bit like the opening track of the previous side. Page is at his ultimate level of proficiency here though. He truly sounds as if he has mastered 47 guitars at one time. A real mother fucker! The following cut, "D'yer Mak'er," is sub-par Zeppelin—no matter in what light you examine it. The lyrics are simple and sweet, which is in strict contradiction to Zeppelin ethics. On several occasions it will seem that they're about to start cooking, then quickly return to startling simplicity. But even the best of bands has to insert a little mind-fuck every now and then...there is some good work by Bonham and a short Page interlude.

It's only fitting that they follow with their top number on the LP, "No Quarter." John Paul Jones leads the mystical excursion into jazz-laced rock with the superb mastery of his synthesised bass and piano. His grand piano touches add yet another new dimension in this one, as do the fear-instilling crystalline vocals of Plant. Even Page pulls up with a rarity for himself—the piping of his axe thru a fuzz-face. The finale, "The Ocean," is the most typical of what everyone always thought was the Led Zeppelin sound. Jones and Bonham offer backing vocals while Plant is at his best. This number has new feeling, new motivation, and expresses so well the new Zeppelin presence. This album could be the very best ever released. It takes what we know (or knew) as rock and roll music and catapults it into a totally fresh and vibrant explosion, presented by the four best musicians in the world.

DAVE MAXON



BROWNSTONE
Brownstone
Playboy Records PB 110

The cover, a picture of an old brownstone dwelling, is really fine. Doesn't everyone harbor a desire to live in a brownstone someday? On this particular one the windows lift out revealing members of the group and it can be bent around and constructed into a three dimensional brownstone.

The music is a delight also. Brownstone, the group, is a good rock and roll band with a terrific singer in Barbara Lopez. Even though the band does a lot of orig-

inal work, they don't consistently come off with a definitive sound recognizable as their own. Occasionally, though, the real Brownstone comes through and they really let you know who they are. And they have energy and power.

The vocals of Barbar Lopez are some of the most exciting to hear in a long time. Dynamic, with a rich, wide-ranged voice, she puts it out with style. Even when she's screaming her lyrics her voice remains clear. She never loses it to gravelly screeches as so many singers of this tradition do. Real gutsy, she is, but with lots of taste.

A couple of cuts on the album are exceptional. "Everything's Changin'" is a driving, churning rock number with a low down male vocal at one point which contrasts well with Barbara adding another dimension to the song. They use horns on this one and fortunately manage not to overdo them. "Be My Friend" begins slow and sweet and slowly picks up vitality and reaches it's peak close to the end. It ends on a sweet note. The end result of this is pure suspense.

Listen to Brownstone. They will take you to the brink.

MURIAL MARS



BITE DOWN HARD
Jo Jo Gunne
Asylum Records SD 5065

Yeeks! Cosmic asteroid-filled ray guns zapping and zinging my cranial cavity! It's Jo Jo Gunne — those four Jewish dynamos of exhilaration — exploding onto the scene with their second prize-packed offering of rock and roll. This latest entourage is easily as worthy as their initial spintangler, which I felt was one of the very best LPs of last year.

Side One starts with "Ready Freddy," a tune that has one envisioning a revitalized Chuck Berry. Thanks to the writing capabilities of Jay Ferguson, the old Spirit touches really come thru on "Roll Over Me," the next number. All the band's members are definitely peaking on this rocker, probably the top on the disc. "60 Minutes To Go" sounds the most like their first album, with the lyrics epitomizing their swashbuckling lives so authentically. The relentless mind-blasters continue through the side on "Rock Around the Symbol" and "Broken down Man". All of these fuckers are fantastic, but Jay Ferguson should be considered the ultimate. It's his writing, keyboard artistry, and commanding vocals that make this group one of the most appreciated by this writer. The switch from Mark Andes to Jimmie Randall didn't hurt at all. Randall is just as competent and really shows it on "Comet Over Me".

As Side Two begins I can only emphasize that this group has es-

tablished themselves as one of the "heaviest heavies" around, relying much more on quality than quantity. Lead guitarist Matthew Andes wails best on "Take Me down Easy Easy", while drummer Curly Smith constantly exhibits some of the most original techniques imaginable. But it is truly Ferguson who deserves the most credit — he's responsible for making this LP one which I consider to be as essential to an album collection as MEET THE BEATLES. Oh yeah, somebody in the other room said that the cover looked nice on acid.

TRIAD



TYRANNY AND MUTATION
Blue Oyster Cult
Columbia Records

Elitist rock critics really shot their wad over the first Blue Oyster Cult album. There was, after all, that New York City ambience, a weird name, morbid songs about death and various depravities, and that esoteric umlaut...anyway, Columbia even put a sticker on the jacket with blurbs from Cream and Fusion saying 'best of the century' just to let you know it was good. But surprise, the hype was at least generally truthful. 'Blue Oyster Cult' was the best American rock album of 1972, although it didn't take too much to win that title. The question was, would the Oyster Cult keep it up or fade away as one-shot wonders?

Not only did they keep it up, they managed to jam the throttle forward several notches. 'Tyranny and Mutation' is fast, fast, fast, as if the band knew it had but little time left. Basically, the Blue Oyster Cult sounds like the Yardbirds when Page and Beck were in the group, that is if the Yardbirds had been into speed and riffed a touch heavier. Buck Dharma's lead guitar is what Jimmy Page would be doing today if he hadn't gotten sidetracked by Godzilla movie sound effects. Several if's, what it adds up to is solid riffing for the rhythm with Dharma's guitar riding the crest of the wave of sound. Not especially original or revolutionary, musically the Oyster Cult is energetic and ingenious. It's the small touches, little feedback wails here or chunky bass lines there that make their records so good.

'Tyranny and Mutation' is divided into two halves, the red and the black. Red the color of blood and fire, black the color of bile; hence side one, with a red label, is about death and hell; side two, with a black label, is about revenge of the direst kind visited upon such bitches as 'Baby Ice Dog'.

This obsession with hellfire (recall 'Cities On Flame With Rock and Roll' from the first album) leads me to believe that some of the Cult are ex-altar boys gone astray. Bassist Joe Bouchard reminds us in 'Hot Rails to Hell' that 'The heat from below can burn your eyes out,' while Dharma's guitar obligingly screams in twitching agony.

Lead vocalist and stun guitarist Eric Bloom maintains his gruff, sardonic style of singing, Allen Lanier still has an ear for sheer perversity on keyboards and drummer Albert Bouchard keeps the adrenalin-flowing. So what is there to complain about? Well, '7 Screaming

continued on 24

**WISHBONE
ASH
FINNEGAN
& WOOD
VINEGAR
JOE**

ANDY POWELL
& TED TURNER



STEVEN MILES

At times it becomes a little tiresome to sit through these three band shows. Some because none of the bands have enough talent to warrant careful watching and others because the whole thing is so terribly mis-handled that it takes on more of the attributes of a circus. Fortunately, the Friday the 13th concert at Cowtown Ballroom had no stigma of bad luck attached to it. Everything went smoothly, efficiently, and late (due to an egotistical row over who would play first). Once the show began however, it continued with a minimum of delay. Ideally, this is the way a show should be, highlighting new talent and showcasing folk who have yet to get the attention they deserve. If more of these triple billed wonders were like this one I'd come home with a lot less dead weight in my mind.

Vinegar Joe came on slow at first but heated up to piledriver strength by the end of their set. The nicest thing about this group is their firm intrenchment in good ol' rock and roll. Elke Brooks has that certain drunken carriage that we find in people who want to entertain. On top of that, the rest of the band isn't intrested in riding Elke's powerful voice and sexy body to fame (not that it doesn't help). Right about "See the World", they were able to get a lethargic audience up and moving, in time for the hit single "Rock and Roll Gypsies". I was afraid they weren't going to do that badass bit of funk "Never Had A Dog (That Liked Me Some)", but it turned out to be the finale. Goddamn that song hauls it. The encore was the Jerry Lee Lewis standard "Whole Lotta' Shaken' Goin' On" which like most of the revitalized 50's material done by the band, had many of the

good qualities of the original. My editor, who's seen bands come and go since 1966, said to give them nine more months and another album and Vinegar Joe could be a headliner. Which doesn't leave me anything to add.

From the moment that "I'm a Man" blew out on the audience, Finnigan and Wood had everybody by the hair. They sure didn't cool off afterwards either, just kept pumping out their variety of "da blooze". I kept on wondering how any band could continue at the pace they were setting and soon came to find that Finnigan and Wood never give out. They drive to a level that would make your ordinary boogie band crumble. None of this forces the band to suffer as the band keeps their very soulful house in good order. Clean is the Word...

from Wood's blistering guitar, Finnigan's rugged piano riffs, to chunky bass and drum work. All one can say is J. Geils move over.

Wishbone Ash were faced with technical difficulties from the beginning, perhaps, explains why they didn't sound as tight and fine as last time at Cowtown. Still, there was very little to complain about as the band played at an extremely brisk pace all evening. The material Wishbone presented from their new album "

Hogs for so long. But lyrics aren't what I listen to Wishbone Ash for, it's those dynamite guitars. Andy Powell and Ted Turner have so much expression and depth in their style. Andy showed his extremely deft hand during "The King Will Come" in a solo which showed all his speed and grinding energy. Ted, meanwhile, shined in "Phoenix". If I was forced to describe the difference between the two, I'd say Powell plays with an ear for technical finesse, while Turner concentrates on sheer emotional viberence. Martin Turner and Steve Upton don't slouch either. Together they make up one of the most solid rhythm sections in rock today and, over all, Wishbone Ash can best be described as one of the most competant bands from the other side of the Atlantic.

"Wishbone 4" seemed much denser than the more lyrical early work. "Rock and Roll Widow" featured some dandy slide guitar work from Ted Turner. But somehow the lyrics just get more and more corny. In fact it looks like the band is falling into the same trap that held down the Ground

ARLO GUTHRIE ~ Musically Heroic

DAVE MAXON

I t's refreshing to be able to witness someone of the caliber of Arlo Guthrie every now and then...if for nothing else, just the assurance that the universe still possesses decent musicians. People who make music because they know how, not because they're somebody's little rich kid and just got twenty new

Marshalls for Christmas. Arlo Guthrie plays a "country-rocky-folksy" brand of music. And, like various others in that field, he plays and sings of true experiences which definitely affords the sound coming forth much more feeling and strength. In my estimation Arlo is the top in his particular field, even surpassing

Bob Dylan.

Thank God the crowd on hand wasn't forced to endure the usual assortment of riff-raff warm-up bullshit. The concert started on time, and production-wise was flawless. Nice going Enigma.

Guthrie opened his stellar 2-

Cont. on following page

Up Against the Wall Ball

DENNIS GIANGRECO

Over 270 rock' rollers battled winter's last arctic belch to see Nation, Pilgrimage, and the neurological J.C. Story-Teller at Cowtown Ballroom. Billed as the Up Against the Wall Ball, the sounds openly surprised many folks that night who had come expecting to hear the regular local band shlock rock and were instead treated to three acts who did largely their own material and did it with taste and vigor. Opening was J.C. Story-Teller Jesus, for an acoustic act he sure does truck! Ever been at Cowtown when one of Good Karma's folkies is on stage and roughly half the audience talk all the way through their set? Not true for J.C., he grabbed the audience and held fast. More rock than folk, he came on real strong—almost too strong at first—but soon began to pace himself into a steadily rising energy that you HAD to pay attention to. One person in the audience likened him to a cross between Tim Buckley and Wild Man Fisher. Catch him when you can. He won't leave you bored. The next group, Pilgrimage, I

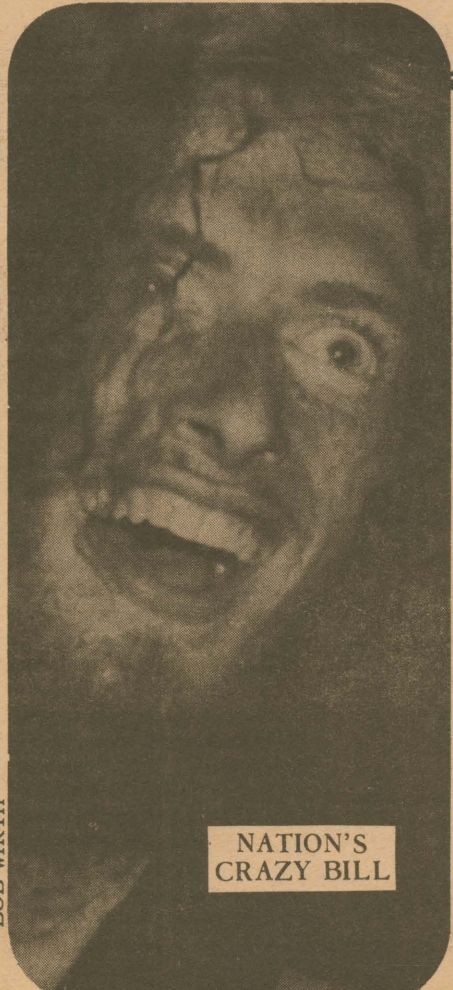
hadn't seen since J-Day at Volker Park. They were still a fine, fine band with duel lead work very reminiscent of Wishbone Ash who seems to have influenced them greatly at least in the guitar department. With the addition of Carl (Flash) Washington their vocals have gained a lot of needed power. They did some very definite ass kicking during their set but unfortunately the first half of their set was lost to distortion because of two factors: a huge sound system which they were totally unfamiliar with (they hadn't had a sound check earlier) and even more important, they had never before played in anything bigger than a bar. By the next time you see them at Cowtown, though, you'll be in for a real treat.

Nation got off to a fast truckin' start, hammering away with a unity and intensity that comes from years of gigging together. Their new vocalist, Mike Murphy, doubled over with Craig on keyboards to give the band a much fuller sound than I expected. Their visual show was interesting to watch also. It came

across fresh and exciting. A lotta juice runnin' through the bass lines. Really, it was a good tight set and the audience reacted in kind...lots of boogieing!! They got an encore. A real one that wasn't born out of an audience's feeling that they MUST do it. A loud footstomping one with everyone yelling themselves hoarse.

Something that makes their set even more remarkable is the fact that the band had been stuck out in western Kansas earlier that day in six inches of snow and most of the way through Pilgrimage's set we were wondering if they'd even make it. By the time they had gotten to Olathe, it was already extremely late and they called ahead to let us know they were coming. "We'll be there in 20 minutes." And they did bursting through the doors with wind and snow howling in behind them as the second set ended.

A lotta folks sure were glad they did.



NATION'S
CRAZY BILL

BOB WIRTH

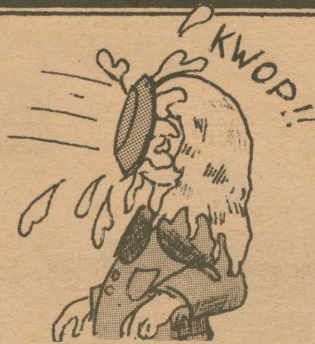
Oyster CONTINUED

Diz-Busters' gets a bit repetitive, but some monstrous organ chords copped from Gregory Graves partly redeems that. 'Tyranny and Mutation' is fine, urban rock and roll, nimbler than heavy metal and ruthless in its angularity. If, as Dave Marsh has suggested, rock and roll is the world's last chance for destruction, then the Blue Oyster Cult should be the shock troop of that ultimate holy war.

VINTON SUPPLEE

ARLO CONTINUED

hour performance with "The Motorcycle Song," a favorite among followers and, like so many of his efforts, this one could appropriately be termed a ballad. Arlo's easy-going style and amazing ability to almost hypnotize an audience was well evidenced from the very beginning. His superb creativeness always at the forefront—both musically and lyrically. Arlo switched from instrument to instrument all evening long. His six and twelve string guitars wete twanging sweetly on "Anytime," "Stealin'," "My Front Pages," and "Ukelele Lady." "Lovesick Blues," "20 Per Cent Rag," and "Eli's Nose Pipe"—all on banjo—had the bluegrass advocates jumping. The whole performance revolved around an unbeliev-



Eat the Rich!

Jan Wenner, supreme editor of Rolling Stone, was pined at a recent speaking engagement at the University of Colorado. Only 50 people turned out to hear Wenner explain how RS is going to capture the youth market from Playboy and Esquire and net 40 grand an issue. When asked if RS was an underground newspaper Wenner replied, "Absolutely not. The Underground press is imature and sloppy." The

most excellent personality then confessed, "sometimes you have to be a vicious, cruel bastard..." and went on to discuss his friendship with personalities such as John Lennon, Andy Warhol, Truman Capote and David Harris. Having taken as much guff as he cared to, Yipster Sebastian Cabot rushed on stage with a cry of "eat the rich", and plunged a banana cream pie into Jan's face. Just desserts.

to become all the more pretentious for her efforts. As for Estelle Parsons, suffice it to say that she over does her role.

The same subject in the hands of Godard might have made an interesting political diatribe. While in the hands of the Italian Olmi it might have become an austere landscape of moral regeneration that transcended its characters. Last but not least, if Roger Corman's production company had made this film it might have turned out to be a cheap, blunt and vulgar film but at least it would have been honest. As it is, Wise only toys with the idea of laying all his cards on the audience's table. "Two People" is a cheap shot, using low key, anti-war sentiments to gain sympathy for its main characters, but never approaching the sincerity and honesty that the subject deserves. What a waste

able aura of relaxation and constant pleasure.

In the second set Arlo spun more of his classics... "Lightning Bar Blues," "Shackles and Chains," and "The City of New Orleans," where he was excellent on piano. Following these came his legendary father's "Oklahoma Hills," Dylan's "Don't Think Twice" and the evening's superior and final effort, "Coming Into Los Angeles," before which he unraveled the entire tale of how this tune came about.

His regular back-up group was along and, as usual, quite delightful. But none of them beamed like Guthrie, the wispy folksinger-story teller supreme. If the music world

is is ever have a "hero," my vote will go to Arlo Guthrie.

Two People CONTINUED

The acting of Peter Fonda and newcomer Lindsey Wagner is mostly without feeling and conviction. Fonda stares into space a great deal and smiles once or twice like he was trying to cover up a painful performance. Wagner attempts to be bitchy/lovely at the same time, only

IMPEACH NIXON

The New Hampshire House voted 277-22 last week to kill a resolution asking Congress to impeach Nixon. The resolution, sponsored by Eugene Daniell, Jr. accused Nixswine of showing "complete contempt for our constitutional form of government" and of "a deliberate attempt to provoke revolution leading to his dictatorship." At least one Republican supported the resolution. It is a start.

EATs

BARBARA WILSON

Due to an extreme aversion to canned foods I have systematically eliminated them from my purchases. Except for one...dog food! Each day my dog gets two meals totally from a can. After throwing away two cans of dog food because they "looked funny" I knew the time had come to begin feeding her something else. To begin properly I called her veterinarian to see if he

could recommend a home cooked meal for dogs. I knew boiled hamburger wouldn't be enough and had visions of toasted cheese sandwiches, soybeans and cottage cheese.

The veterinarian said that anything he could say about arriving at a balanced diet for dogs by home cooking methods would be too easily misinterpreted and that he recommends dry dog food. I had heard that a diet of totally dry dog food would cause kidney stones and asked him about this. He said that dry food was not a direct cause of kidney stones.

He went on to say that dogs who eat dry dog food are less likely to have a weight problem than those who get "people" food or even canned food. Apparently he has seen more obese dogs than mal-

nourished dogs. Also, people are likely to feed the dog what they are eating if they rely on home cooking methods. If the people get hamburger, so does the dog. Likewise, the dog gets pizza if that's what the people are eating. Such feeding can cause severe intestinal upsets in dogs...and people for that matter.

The doctor indicated that IF your dog will eat dry food, it's a good thing to feed. He said not to worry if your dog doesn't gobble the food immediately after serving. This is a misconception that people have been led to believe by the Madison Avenue treatment of dog foods on TV.

I decided to see if my dog would eat dry dog food and began by giving her a couple of chunks as a snack. She loved it, throuing her

head back and really used her back teeth on it. It gave her something to chew after years of mush. Next at her mealtimes she would get a couple of chunks alongside her canned food. Surprisingly enough she would eat the dry food first. Then finally she wouldn't even begin eating until the dry food was dropped into her bowl. After an increase in the amount of dry food, she started to eat that and leave the canned food untouched. Now she gets dry food all the time and seems very happy with the change. So am I, no longer having to worry about those cans. Also canned dog food is about 70% water. Water can always be added to the dry food and water from the tap is much less expensive than the water in the can.

Barrett

CONTINUED

Waters is on bass and possibly Richard Wright is on organ. These Syd Barrett works had many vocal screw-ups and guitar mistakes.

Barrett's music has now changed a little. He seems to dig words that sound like the music being played at that particular moment...using words as another musical instrument, rather than just for communication. Sometimes his lyrics sound like what goes through many people's heads when they are letting their minds wander aimlessly. He has the capacity to repeat them vocally. Barrett's guitar mechanics have also changed. He seems to rely heavily on the added percussion sounds of the pick loosely clicking across the strings.

Comparing Barrett's music now to the early days, I find it more scattered and erratic, and at a slower pace. It's a strange thing that the majority of people I've known who have been in an institution seem to break off the record player. Has he reached the perfection of insanity?

"Love You" off "Madcap Laughs" is a good song to get a picture of his neurotic lyrics:

Honey love you, Honey little,
Honey funny, sunny morning,

Love you more funny love than
the skyline baby,,
Ice cream, excuse me
I seen you looking good
The other evening.

The rhythm of this song is the same as in almost all of Barrett's songs. They seem to be a mass collection of rhyming words and split second flash thoughts. "Octopus" is the same type of flash thoughts and multi-rhyming words. The main theme in "Octopus" is being able to "Trip, trip to a dream dragon and tide your wings in a ghost star." Barrett, being a mystical person as he is, finds that the poem, "Golden Hair" by James Joyce is suitable enough to include with music, on the album. When he sings, "lean out of your window" you tend to lean not out of a window, but fall into an icy grey mist of Barrett's reality. The song "Long Gone" is a good choice to show how Barrett can move your inner thoughts. You actually feel like you are stretching great distances. The song is about a girl who is long gone from him and you capture the distance by feeling the stretch sensation.

There are three songs combined on side two of "Madcap Laughs": "I Took a Long Cold Look", "Feel", and "If It's In

You". Here is where reality strikes...Barrett's insanity right there before your ears. From the beginning of the first song he seems to crumble at the mind and ramble off into some sort of foggy mental breakdown. In between the songs "Feel" and "If It's In You" Barrett completely loses it. You hear him telling the engineers to cut out or dub over a complete line in the song to come. He then attempts to sing and fails, saying again that he is kinda lost so they cut out the lost parts or whatever they choose. I honestly think that he was about ready to cry. It reminds me of another line, "Controlled Chaos" but that's in another article.

"Late Night" is the last song on the album. This song is more like the Pink Floyd days than any of the other songs on "Madcap Laughs". Slide guitars slide on. Syd keeps hoping on stars and brooms but always remembers the way she kissed which meant everything to him. That's about all you can say about this song. Barrett's insanity is very self-evident in this one as it is throughout the whole album.

"Madcap Laughs" is over two years old and might be Syd Barrett's last album, but I hope not. Without Syd Barrett the world is lost (moan,

cry, whine, whimper - ed.) and if it wasn't for Syd Barrett, where would Pink Floyd, Vandergraft Generator, Soft Machine, David Bowie, Alice Cooper, Iggy Pop, Moody Blues, The Deviants, King Crimson, Emerson, Lake and Palmer, etc. etc. be today?

If I was forced...oooouchhc... I've forced myself...I would choose a song titled "Apples and Oranges" as my favorite Syd Barrett song. It is truly his greatest and eat your hearts out mother fuckers, I have access to a rare copy of the album it's on. Syd Barrett, the mysterious madcap, lives on.

...I don't care if the sun don't
shine
And I don't care if nothing is
mine
And I don't care if I'm nervous
with you
I'll do my loving in the winter
And the sea isn't green
And I love the Queen
And what exactly is a dream
And what exactly is a joke?

(Syd Barrett, "Jugband Blues",
1968)

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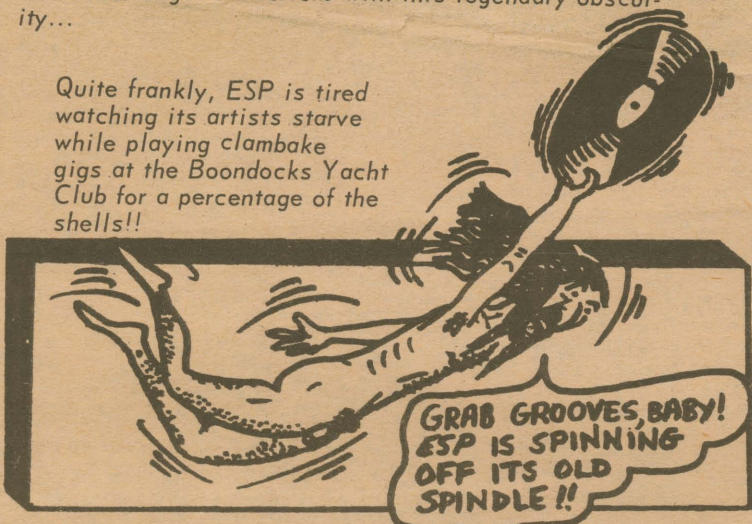
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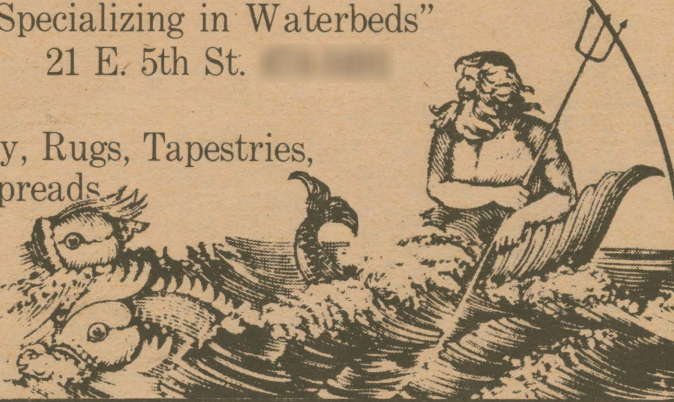
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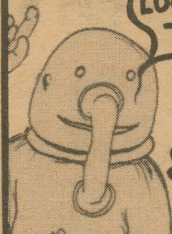
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EVENTS

SATURDAY, APRIL 14

SOUNDS Claude Long, Blues guitar, 8pm Nexus Coffeehouse, 8401 Wornall, 75¢
 -Les McCann, Landmark, Union Station, Call for information.
FLICKS **"Billy Jack", 7 & 9:30, Woodruff, 60¢.
THEATRE "The Yellow Pearl" with a concert by Fred Presley, 8 pm, Foolkiller, 809 E. 31st, \$1.50.
TRAVELOGUE "Hong Kong" 2:30 & 8, Music Hall, \$2.00.
EXHIBIT "Art & Nature" through May 27, Junior Gallery, Nelson Art Gallery
DEMONSTRATION of spinning, Action Art Center, 111 W. 5th, Call to confirm date & time.
STORY HOUR Children's Library, 2pm, Nelson Art Gallery.
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, APRIL 15

SOUNDS **Alice Cooper, Flo & Eddie, The Amazing Randy, 8 pm, Allen Field House, \$3.50, \$4 & \$4.50.
 -John Bailey Explosion, Landmark, Union Station. Call
 -Thrush, 8 pm, Nexus Coffeehouse, 8401 Wornall, 50¢.
FLICKS "King of Kings", 2:30 pm, Nelson Art Gallery. Free.
 -"Musicals of the Thirties" "Shall We Dance", 7 pm, UMKC, Rm. 116 Haag Hall Annex.
POETRY Open Poetry Experience, 2pm Nexus Coffeehouse, 8401 Wornall.
FOLK DANCING 7 pm, All Souls Unitarian Church, 4500 Warwick, \$.
LECTURE Forum Lecture "Earth Day-3 Years After", by Charles V. Wright, 10 am, All Souls Unitarian Church, 4500 Warwick.
MEMORIAL SERVICE Warsaw Ghetto Uprising Memorial Service. 2:30 pm,

LAWRENCE, KANSAS LISTINGS MARKED WITH **

Jewish Community Center, 8201 Holmes.
PLANETARIUM (see April 14)
CLUBS **Bicycle Club, 10 am, in front of Strong Hall, weather permitting.
 -**Bridge Club, 1:30, Pine Room, Kansas Union.
 -**Chess Club, 2 pm, Rm. 305, Kansas Union.

MONDAY, APRIL 16

SOUNDS UMKC College Recital, 12 noon, Stover Auditorium, 4420 Warwick. Free.
 -Keith Harmon/Vickie Brandon, tenor piano, UMKC Junior Recital, 4 pm, Stover Auditorium, 4420 Warwick.
 -Joseph Martin, piano, UMKC Senior Recital, 8:15 pm, Stover Auditorium, 4420 Warwick. Free.
 -Herbie Hancock, Landmark, Union Station, through April 21, Call for information.
EXHIBIT KC Art Institute Graduating Seniors' Show, through May 5, Kemper Gallery, KC Art Institute.

TUESDAY, APRIL 17

SOUNDS UMKC College Recital, 12 noon, Stover Auditorium, 4420 Warwick. Free.
 -UMKC Conservatory Chorale, Eph Ehly, conductor, 8:15 pm, Central United Methodist Church, 52nd & Oak
FLICKS "What on Earth?" "The Rise & Fall of the Great Lakes" "In the Beginning: Grand Canyon Story", 11:45 & 12:45, Main Library, 1211 McGee, Free.
 -"Walkabout" through April 23, Vanguard Cinema II, 4307 Main, Call
 -"Road to Watergate Show: "Tommy the Traveler" "Tricia's Wedding" "Lenny Bruce on TV", Vanguard Cinema I, 4307 Main.

-**SciFi Series, "The Day the Earth Stood Still" episode #10 Phantom Empire, 7:30 pm, Kansas Union.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18

SOUNDS J. Geils Band, 8 pm, Memorial Hall, \$4.50 & \$5.50.
 -UMKC Dance Composition Program, 12 noon, Stover Auditorium, 4420 Warwick. Free.
 -UMKC Composition Recital, 4 pm, Stover Auditorium, 4420 Warwick.
 -Penny Seacord, flute, UMKC Graduate Recital, 8:15 pm, Stover Auditorium, 4420 Warwick, Free.
FLICKS "The Last Laugh" 7:30 pm, Epperson Auditorium, KC Art Institute, Free.
 -"The Titan-Story of Michelangelo" 7:30 pm, Plaza Library.
 -**Classical Series, "The Red and the White" 7:30 & 9:15, Woodruff 75¢
 -"Tom Jones" Bimou, 425 Westport, through April 24 Call
LECTURE & Slides, Friends of the Lens series, "New Guinea" by Dr. Esther Winkelman, MD, 2 pm, Plaza Library. Please call for reservations during the week of the program.

RELAYS **48th Kansas Relays begin today. Olympic gold medalist Dave Wottle is to compete.

THURSDAY, APRIL 19

SOUNDS Phi Mu Alpha Spring Recital, 12 noon, Stover Auditorium, 4420 Warwick. Free.
 -Carol Hart, piano senior recital, 4pm Stover Auditorium, 4420 Warwick.free
 -Stephen Sharp, piano UMKC Graduate Recital, 8:15 pm, Stover Auditorium, 4420 Warwick. Free.
FLICKS **Film Society "Les Gouloises Bleues" 3:30, 7:30 & 9:30 Kansas Union, 75¢

DANCING Balkan & Mid-Eastern Village Dancing 8 pm, Nexus Coffeehouse, 8401 Wornall.
LECTURE "The Fresh Air School" by Robert Treat Buck, Jr., 8 pm, Nelson Art Gallery, Free.
SEDER 3rd Seder, 7:30 pm, Jewish Community Center, 8201 Holmes. For reservations or information call Marian Weidman, ext. 69.
RELAYS **Kansas Relays, see Ap. 18)

FRIDAY, APRIL 20

SOUNDS Wild Tree, 8 pm, Nexus Coffeehouse, 8401 Wornall, 75¢
FLICKS "World of Carl Sandburg" 10:30 am, Plaza Library.
 -"The Last Laugh" 8:30 pm, Action Art Center, 111 West 5th. Free.
 -"There Was a Crooked Man" 7 & 9 UMKC, Room 116 Haag Hall Annex.
 -"Oh! What a Lovely War" special midnight showing, Festival, 3319 Main,
 -**Popular series "Zachariah" 7 & 9:30, Woodruff, 60¢,
THEATRE "Revolution South of 69th St." 8pm, Foolkiller, 809 E. 31st.
ROLL OF WHEELS rod & custom show April 20, 5 to 11 pm; April 21, 12-11 pm, April 22, 12 to 11 pm, Municipal Auditorium.
RELAYS **Kansas Relays (see Ap.18)

SATURDAY, APRIL 21

SOUNDS Carpenters, 8 pm, Municipal Auditorium Arena, \$4, \$5 & \$6.
 -Wild Tree (see April 20)
FLICKS "Oh! What a Lovely War" (see April 20)
 -**"Zachariah" (see April 20)
THEATRE "Sober Day for Crazyfeather" and featured performer Dan Crary, 8 pm, Foolkiller, 809 E.31st \$1.50

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FRIDAY
APRIL 27th
AT 10:30 P.M.

DEMONSTRATION of ceramics, Action Art Center, 111 W. 5th, call 421-6179 to confirm date and time.
 PLANETARIUM (see April 14)
 RELAYS ** (see April 18)

SUNDAY, APRIL 22

SOUNDS King Crimson, Gentle Giant & Charles Lloyd, 8 pm, Cowtown Ball room, \$4.50 adv.; \$5.50 door.
 -I sley Brothers, 8 pm, Memorial Hall, 7th & Barnett, KC, Ks.
 -Give & Take, 8 pm, Nexus Coffeehouse, 8401 Wornall, 50¢
 FLICKS "Land Without Bread", "Panta Rhei" "The Plow That Broke the Plains", 7 pm, UMKC rm. 116 Haag Hall Annex.
 -"Oh! What a Lovely War", 1 pm matinee (see April 20)
 LECTURE Forum Lecture, multimedia performance of composer Terry Riley's "Inc" 10 am, All Souls Unitarian Church, 4500 Warwick.
 FOLK DANCING (see April 15)
 PLANETARIUM (see April 14)
 CLUBS **Bicycle Club (see Ap.15)
 -**Bridge Club (see April 15)
 -**Chess Club (see April 15)

MONDAY, APRIL 23

SOUNDS Temptations, 8 pm, Municipal Auditorium Arena.
 -UMKC College Recital, 12 noon, Stover Auditorium, 4420 Warwick.
 -Studio Flute Recital, 4 pm, Stover Auditorium, 4420 Warwick.
 -Contemporary Music Series, 7:30, UMKC Epperson House.
 TRAVELOGUE "New Zealand" 4 & 8 Music Hall, \$2.00.

TUESDAY, APRIL 24

SOUNDS Cactus & Bob Seeger, Memorial Hall, 7th & Barnett, KC, Ks.
 -UMKC College Recital, 12 noon, Stover Auditorium, 4420 Warwick.
 -UMKC College String Chamber Recital 4 pm, Stover Auditorium, 4420 Warwick.
 FLICKS "China: A Century of Revolution Revisited" "Agonies of Nationalism, 1800-1927" "Enemies Within and Without, 1927-1944", 11:45 & 12:45, Main Library, 1211 McGee. Free.
 -**Film Society, "La Strada" 3:30 7:30 & 9:30, Kansas Union, 75¢
 -**SciFi Series "First Men in the Moon" Episode #11 Phantom Empire, 7:30, Kansas Union.
 HORSE SHOW Wonderful World of Horses (Lipizzan Stallions) 8 pm, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25

FLICKS "M", 7:30 pm, Epperson Auditorium, KC Art Institute, Free.
 -"The Louisiana Story", 7:30 pm, Plaza Library.
 -"Burn" with Marlon Brando, thru May 1, Bijou, 425 Westport Rd., Call
 -**Classical Series double feature "The Ghoul" and "Nosferatu", 7:30 and 9:15, Woodruff, \$1 for both
 HORSE SHOW Wonderful World of Horses, (see April 24).

THURSDAY, APRIL 26

SOUNDS Ferrante and Teicher, 8 pm, Music Hall.
 -Cannonball Adderly, Landmark, Union Station, through May 5, Call for information.
 -College Recital, 12 noon, Stover Auditorium, 4420 Warwick, Free.
 -Cheryl Burris Atwell, Piano UMKC Graduate Recital, 4pm, Stover Audi 4420 Warwick, Free.
 -Center Division Recital, Grade School, 7:15pm; High School, 8:15 pm; Stover Auditorium, 4420 Warwick, Free.

FLICKS **Film Society "Red Desert", 3:30, 7:30 and 9:30, Kansas Union, 75¢.
 THEATRE "Don't Drink the Water", April 26-28 and May 1-5 at 8:30pm The University Playhouse, UMKC. General admission \$2.75, Students \$1.75.
 POETRY David Ray, American Poets Series, 8 pm, Jewish Community Ctr, 8201 Holmes, Adults \$1.50, Students \$1.
 EXHIBIT Alice Nast, portraits in oil; Matthew A. Monks, watercolors; through May 21st. A reception to night from 8-9:30 pm to meet the artists, Public invited. Jewish Community Ctr. Gallery, 8201 Holmes.

FRIDAY, APRIL 27

SOUNDS Slade and Fanny, 8 pm, Cowtown Ballroom, \$4.50 adv., \$5.50 at the door.
 -UMKC Friday Jazz, with George Salisbury, progressive, avant-garde; Herb Six, swinging traditional tempos; Walter Bryant, the ragtime greats. Master of Ceremonies, Carroll Jenkins from the Charlie Parker Memorial Foundation, UMKC Jazz Band, 18 piece big band sound, 8:15 pm, Pierson Hall UMKC, Tickets \$2.50. Call

for ticket info. Student rates available.

-Richard Hill, organ, 8 pm, Nexus Coffeehouse, 8401 Wornall, 75¢.
 -John D. Kelly, piano UMKC Graduate Recital, 4 pm, Stover Audi, 4420 Warwick, Free.
 FLICKS "Carnival in Flanders", "War of the Buttons", 7 & 9 pm, UMKC, rm. 116 Haag Hall Annex.
 -"M", 8:30, Action Art Ctr., 11 W. 5th, Free.
 -"If" special midnight showing, Festival, 3319 Main.
 -**Popular Series "Play Misty For Me", 7 & 9:30, Woodruff, 60¢.
 -"Fog", "Vanishing Cornwall", 10:30 am, Plaza Library.
 THEATRE "Box and Cox", 8 pm, Foolkiller, 809 E. 31st, \$2.00.
 -"Don't Drink the Water" (see Ap. 26).

EXHIBIT and Sale, KC Art Institute Students work, through April 29, KC Art Institute.
 -Art Deco show, watercolors, prints, posters and objects from the 20s and 30s, through May 18, EG Gallery, 9 E 51st.

SATURDAY, APRIL 28

SOUNDS Richard Hill (see April 27)
 -UMKC Mid-America Jazz Contest, All Day, Stover Auditorium, 4420 Warwick.
 -The UMKC String Quartet, chamber music series, 8:15 pm, All Souls Unitarian Church, 4500 Warwick, Adults \$2, Students, \$1.
 FLICKS "If" (see April 27)
 -**"Play Misty for Me" (April 27)
 TRAVELOGUE "Magic of the Mediterranean" 2:30 & 8 pm, Music Hall \$2.
 THEATRE "Don't Drink the Water" (see April 26)
 DEMONSTRATION of silkscreen, Action Art Center, 111 W. 5th, call to confirm date & time.
 STORY HOUR Children's Library, 2pm Nelson Art Gallery.
 PLANETARIUM (see April 14)

SUNDAY, APRIL 29

SOUNDS KC Jazz Festival, 2 to 11 pm Municipal Auditorium Arena.
 -Janet Fisher, 8 pm, Nexus Coffeehouse, 8401 Wornall, 50¢.
 -The Last Band, jazz ensemble, 10 am, All Souls Unitarian Church, 4500 Warwick.
 -Joylin Campbell, organ graduate recital, 2 pm, RLDS Auditorium, Independence, Mo.

-The Madrigal Singers of Sunset Hill & Pembroke Country Day Schools, 2:30 pm, Rozelle Court of Nelson Art Gallery, Free.
 FLICKS "Sabotage" & "Fievre" 7 pm UMKC, rm. 116 Haag Hall Annex.
 -"If" 1 pm matinee (see April 27)
 THEATRE "Don't Drink the Water" matinee performance, 2 pm (Ap.26)
 FOLK DANCING (see April 15)
 PLANETARIUM (see April 14)
 CLUBS **Bicycle Club (April 15)
 -**Bridge Club (April 15)
 -**Chess Club, (April 15)

EXHIBITS

Janet Keena paintings, now open until May 5, Unitarian Gallery, All Souls Unitarian Church, 4500 Warwick.
 "The Fresh Air School" paintings by Sam Francis, Joan Mitchell & Walasse Ting. Now open until May 13. Loan Galleries of Nelson Art Gallery.
 Jasper Johns prints now open and until April 22, Sales & Rental Gallery of the Nelson Art Gallery.
 Chinese Gold, Silver & Porcelain: the Kempe Collection. Now open until April 28. Burnap Room of the Nelson Art Gallery.
 KC Art Institute Student Photography now open until April 28, Action Art Center, 111 W. 5th.
 Frank Owens, paintings. Now open until be running about 5 weeks. Morgan Gallery, 5006 State Line.
 Estere Rubin, paintings; Gary Havrum, batiks, now open until April 24, Jewish Community Center, 8201 Holmes.
 **Painting & Sculpture scholarship exhibit, now open until April 24, Kansas Union Gallery.
 **Marilyn Conrad, encaustic paintings, now open until May 5, 737 Gallery
 **Invisible in America. Photography by Marion Palfi, now open until April 29, KU Museum of Art.
 Student Exhibit & Sale, April 27-29, KC Art Institute.
 KC Art Institute Graduating Senior's Show, April 16-May 5, Kemper Gallery, KC Art Institute.
 Art Deco, watercolors, prints, posters and objects from the 20s & 30s. April 27-May 18 EG Gallery, 9 E. 51st. Street.
 Alice Nast, oil portraits; Matthew A. Monks, watercolors; April 26-May 21 Jewish Community Center, 8201 Holmes.

Hey, guess what? THIS \$2.00 Clip can be yours for 97¢ if you ad to South 18th 4044 KC, Mo. 11a.m. to 6p.m.

bring this either 13 K.C., Ks. or Broadway between

A Slices of Cigars!

7:30-9 daily exc. Sun

BEAUTIFUL DAY CAFE

Natural, Wholesome Foods at Broadway & Westport

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STYLE NO. 130

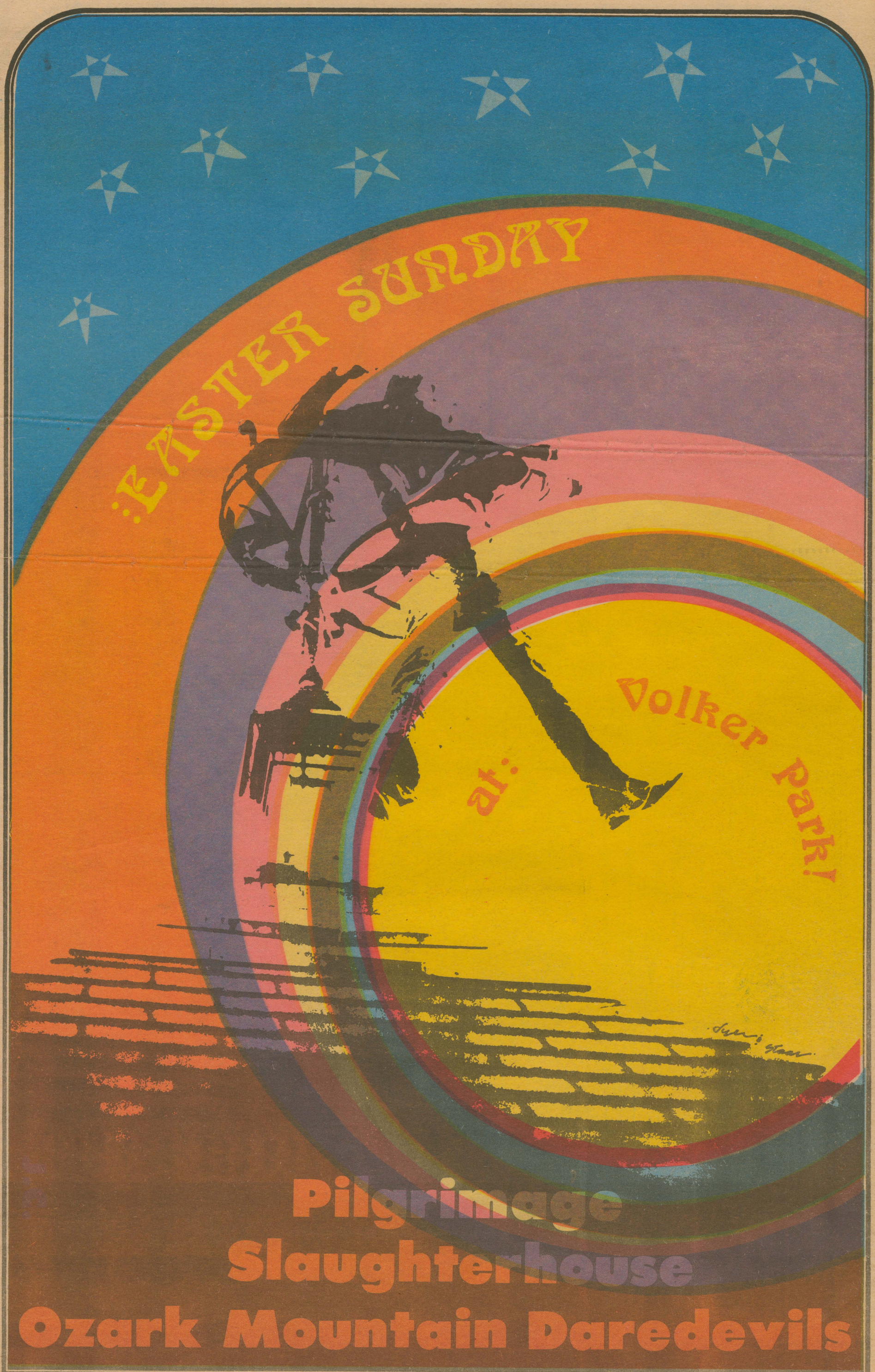
Shoes, sandals, sabots and boots for men and women from \$23.50 to \$48. Brochure available.

In a Hindu monastery in Brazil Anne Kalso pursued her life-long studies of the relationship of posture and respiration. Observing the elegant carriage of the Indians, she examined the imprint of their bare feet in the earth and found that the heel invariably sank to a lower level than the toes. Returning to Denmark she began experimenting with this principle. For ten years she developed and refined her designs. She tested new models on walking trips of five hundred miles and more. Every nuance of their form grew out of her intense involvement. She was guided by interested doctors, many of whom wore and tested the shoe themselves. The leading physicians and orthopedic clinics in Denmark and other countries. Mrs. Kalso has been awarded patents in every major country.

KALSO Earth SHOE

922 W. 48th
 KANSAS CITY, MO. 64112

Apr 73



EASTER SUNDAY

at Volker Park!

Pilgrimage
 Slaughterhouse
 Ozark Mountain Daredevils

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