

Volume 3, Number 18,  
Issue No. 67

# WESTPORT

35¢ Kansas City  
& Lawrence  
50¢ beyond

# TRUCKER

**K.C. 4**

## **A Sloppy Lynching**

an interview  
with

**Allen  
Ginsberg**

## **Watergate Murders?**

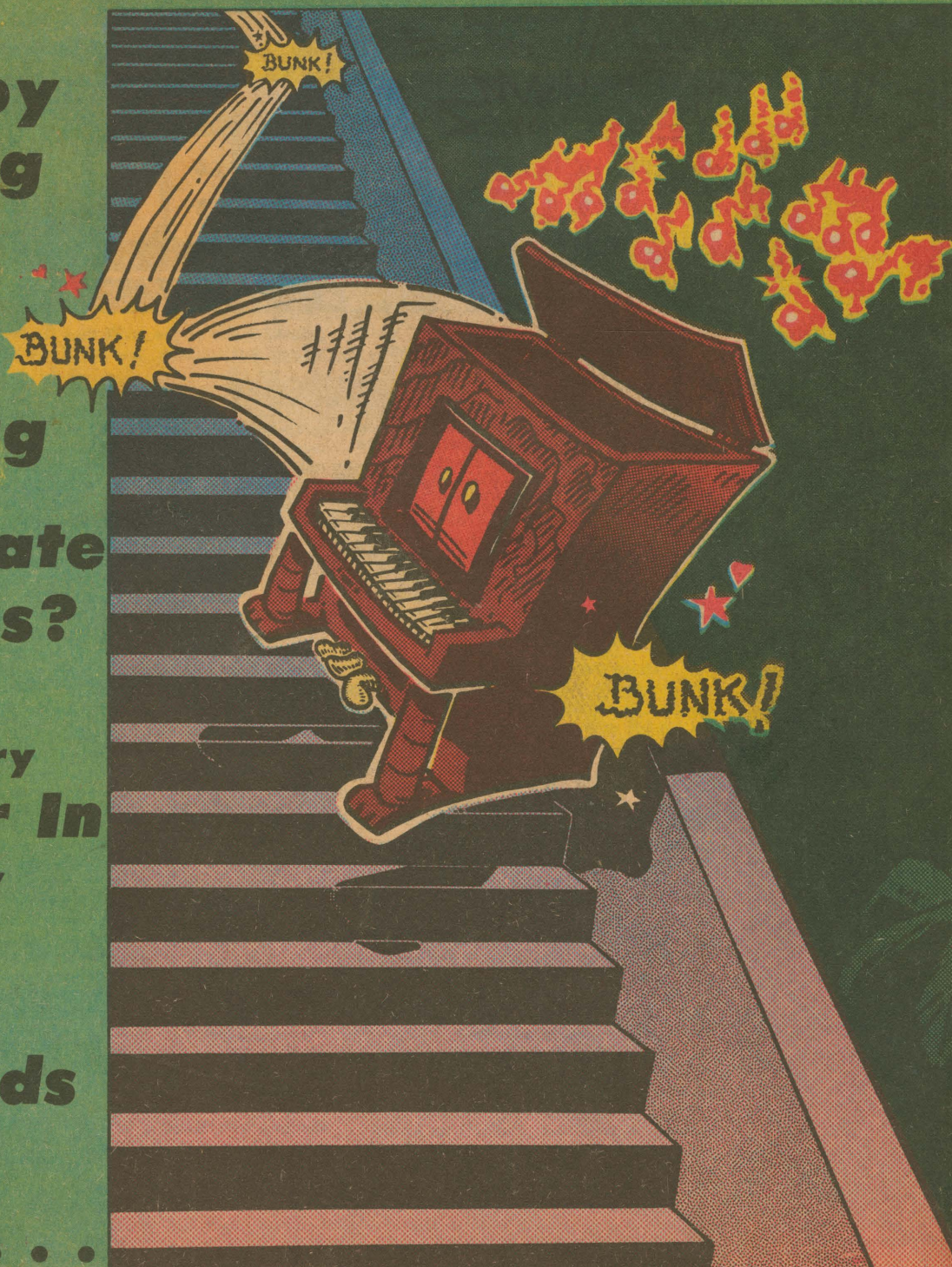
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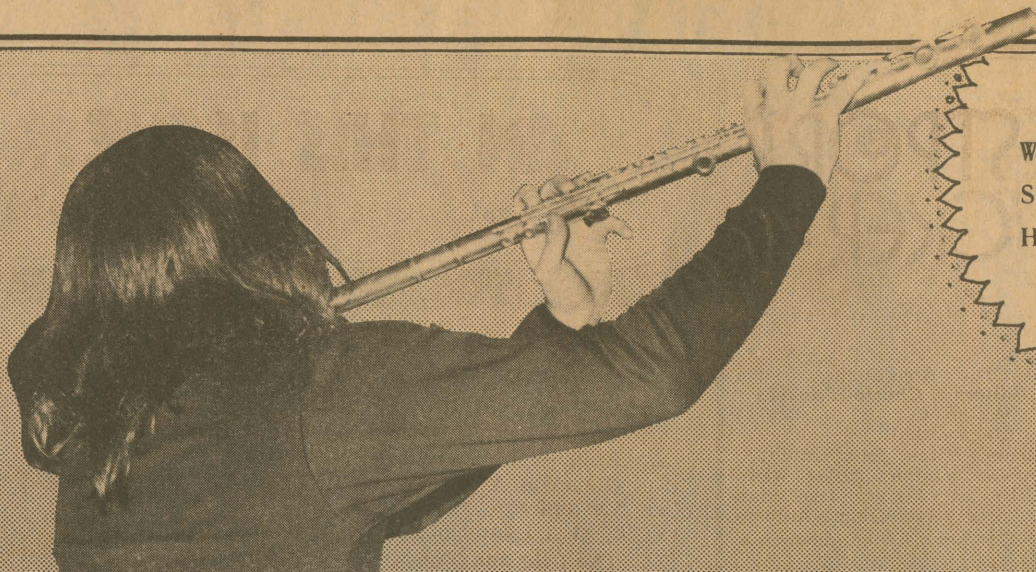
## **Summer In De' City**

**Films**

**Sounds**

**Mucho  
More. . .**





WE'RE  
STILL  
HERE!

# TROLLEY BONES

"Greetings from Space lab!! We'd gotten locked inside roughly 6 hours before liftoff by some idiot technician, and nobody figured out we were on board until we'd entered orbit. Them space officials have done a pretty good job of hushing up our existence up here but they're going to be a bunch'a sorry mother fuckers if they don't get us outa' here. I got friends in the old country... Oh, there's a lot'a food en'all but, Jesus, this place is hotter than Volker in August...."

Ron Harnar and two albino giraffes have been trapped in the space lab for some time now. Send messages to them in care of the Trucker.

There you go, folks. You finally got it right in your hot slimy little hands...issue 67 of the Westport Trucker. A lot of sweat went into this one. We hope that you feel it was worth the two week delay. We weren't at all used to putting out a magazine sized publication and, until about a week before we came out, it seemed as though most of us were either sick or just couldn't be found. Needless to say, our ever present chaos when it comes to \$\$\$\$ and €€€€ didn't help matters much either. Staff changeovers, lack of material (Where the hell is Arnoldy? He still hasn't gone over his short story yet.) and a general laziness (the weather's been soooo nice) kept us from getting ourselves together as quickly as usual. But we're off and trucking again with what we feel is a muchly improved paper.

Grab us when we're selling these things on the street and tell us what you think about the new format. If you're feeling particularly literate, write us a letter or two...or three. For the first time in a long while we've

printed some of the stuff that finds its way to our mailbox, and we'll try to do so more often.

Long time Trucker and all around good egg, Barbara Wilson, has just moved to New York to join Rex, Deanne, Tom and Bob and get away from "this crazy place." She's felt like trucking for some time and she's finally gone and done it. You remember Barbara, she's the one who writes the absolute STRANGEST food column in the underground press for the Trucker. (Called "Eats", her column talks about everything, dog food to bananas, in a weird sort of way and has even been labeled "offensive" by Mayor Walsh of K.C. Kansas. A high honor, indeed!

Eats will continue to appear regularly and, once she gets settled in, you'll be seeing more of her on these pages again.

I haven't mentioned it to them yet, but I'm going to try to get Rex, Deanne and Tom to conspire together on a regular column in the Trucker, on what's going down on the political/cultural/cosmo scene in New York and the East Coast. Something witty, informative and with a lot of punch.

Dearest Berkeley Barb, L.A. Freep and Fifth Estate, if you haven't been getting the paper, far out. But according to our records we've been sending you Truckers on an exchange basis for over a year and we haven't seen any of your rags in our mail yet. Please get it together of the Methedrine Marines from Kansas will descend on your offices with the blinding speed of greece lightnin' (greece lightning???) GREASE).

DENNIS GIANGRECÓ

# WESTPORT TRUCKER\*

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WE CALLZ'EM AS WE SEEZ'EM

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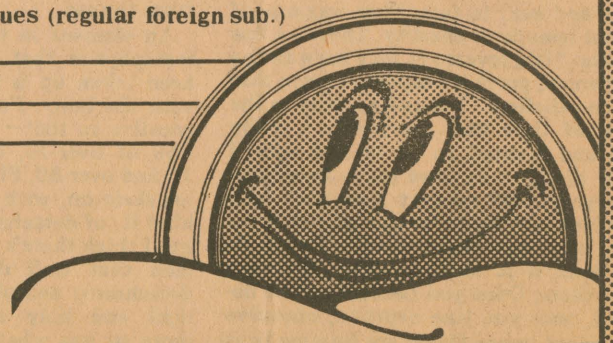
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*The following conversation with Allen Ginsberg took place at Ginsberg's farm in Cherry Valley, New York on September 25, 1972. Allen Young, who rapped with Ginsberg and transcribed the interview, is well known in the Movement. He has contributed articles to Gay Sunshine and to other publications over the last few years and is co-editor of a gay liberation anthology, Out of the Closets, which has just appeared.*

I got freaked out at the whole idea of bodies and sex, in fact. That was one of my first lessons in chastity. There's a line in Yeats: "Old lovers yet may have all the time denied, grave is heaped on grave that they be satisfied." I found actually in the course of time that everybody I really loved and wanted to go to bed with, I finally did. It may have taken twenty or thirty years, and we may have both fallen into ruins and baldness and all our teeth fallen out, but desire always found its way, even if it took decades. There's a lesson there. Once you become a little detached, once you lose neurotic, obsessive attachment, when things are floating lightly, then you find love objects that you once worshipped drifting in on the tide, back to you, more than you can deal

with; in fact, horrifyingly rottened up from the sea.

An element in the gay lib struggle and metaphysics that I don't think has yet been taken up is that of disillusionment with the body. I'm not trying to be provocative in that— just the age-old realization of over-40, over-50, over-60, over-70 and over-80. Finally, the age old grinning skeleton, with the spiritual lesson behind it, of detachment from neurotic desire. I think there's a genuine eros between men that isn't dependent on neurotic detachment and obsession, that's free and light and holy and lambent—which is more or less what we all get during our first fantasies, loves and devotions. Some of us are lucky enough to be able to act out and receive back and forth. But it

can only come in like the tide when you're free to float in it. If there's too much of a neurotic grasping to gaiety, to gayness, even to gay lib, then it makes everything too tense, and the lightness of the love is lost. So the gay lib movement will have to come to terms sooner or later with the limitations of sex.

If you consider sex from a Hindu, Buddhist, Hare Krishna, even Christian fundamentalist viewpoint — a warning about the body and a warning about attachment itself — it becomes interesting. Burroughs has actually written about it at length in a way which hip people and even radicals have found very interesting: the sex "habit" — sex as another form of junk, a commodity, the consumption of which is encouraged by the state

to keep people enslaved to their bodies. As long as they're enslaved to their bodies, they can be filled with fear and shock and pain and threat, so they can be kept in place. The road of that, he said, leads to the great palace of green goo, the garden of green goo...

I find, as I'm growing older, no less flutterings of delightful desire in my belly and abdomen. But also I'm becoming more tolerant of other resolutions between people besides sex. When I was in Australia, I had a crush on a beautiful young dobro player who traveled around with me. He sought me out and waited all day at my hotel and put himself at my service to play music with me. He wanted to play mantras and then turned out to be a great blues player, and he taught me blues. And he went to bed with me the first night, when I really got entranced by his servility, availability, generosity, stress and duty. And then he didn't want to go to bed with me after that, but he loved me. I was the first man he had ever been to bed with. How am I going to deal with somebody who really loves me but doesn't want to play with my cock and doesn't necessarily want me to blow him?

So I finally got into a scene which was like the old 19th century thing recommended by Edward Carpenter and Whitman—people sleeping together. It's called "carezza," a platonic friendship in which people sleep together naked, caressing each other, but don't come, saving their seed for yogic or other reasons. So I did that with this kid.

For the next couple of weeks we were running around Australia. I found the intensity of my devotion to him in the heart area — a warm, aching feeling in the heart, growing and growing and growing, and becoming more and more desirous and narcotic-like, and more and more satisfactory to carry around with me. And I found him responding in a very similar way to me. I realized that that same warmth was growing in his breast to me, and that what was building it was the naked chastity that we were practicing together. When we got on the stage and played together — I was singing mantras, blues and playing harmonium and he playing dobro — the erotic communication between us got ecstatic and delirious. It couldn't be withheld. We'd keep bursting out in song and eye glances which turned the audience on completely, and turned me on, and turned him on. So I was feeling another kind of very subtle, ethereal orgasm that seemed to occupy the upper portions of the body rather than the genital area.

Though I've always been prejudiced against that kind of sublimation, thinking of it as some sort of sublimation of primary, holy sex drives, the experience was so delicious that I can't really put it down for any moral reason at all. I recommend it; everyone should have that experience, too. You can get real close with people that you love who wouldn't otherwise want to sleep with you sexually. But you could have a total relation.

I know lots of men who are thinking along those lines. They may not want to sleep naked together, but they have a love thrill in the breast for each other and yet are completely heterosexual genitally. And I wouldn't be surprised if that

is, among the mass of men, a universal experience, completely accepted, completely common, completely shared.

The idea of a buddy is just the vulgarization of it. The tradition of comradeship, of companionship, spoken of in the Bible between David and Jonathan — all the way to the body relationships as we know them — all these are probably intense love relationships which the gay lib movement, in its political phase, has not yet accepted and integrated as delightful manifestations of human communication, satisfactory to everybody. In other words, there's a lot of political and communal development open to the gay lib movement as it includes more and more varieties of love, besides genital. It may be that the bridge between gay liberation and men's liberation is in the mutual recognition of the masculine tenderness that was denied both groups for so long.

YOUNG: In "Kaddish" you say something about the weight of your homosexuality: "Matterhorns of cock, Grand Canyons of asshole." Did you use those big metaphors because homosexuality was a heavy thing for you?

GINSBERG: When I was a sensitive, little kid, not able to touch anyone or speak my feelings out, little did I realize the enormous weight of love and numbers of lovers, the enormity of the scene I'd enter into, in which I finally wound up a public spokesman for homosexuality at one point. In that sense, "Matterhorns of cock, Grand Canyons of asshole." Taking off my clothes in public and getting myself listed in *Who's Who* as being married to Peter.

YOUNG: In a number of poems your homosexuality flows very naturally. Did that really happen?

GINSBERG: About 1953 I wrote a big, long, beautiful love poem to Neal Cassady called "The Green Automobile." I made

the love overt. I didn't make the genital part overt but I made every other aspect: tenderness, kneeling together, holding on, travelling together, and then ultimate separation.

The next poem that had some overt thing was a little poem in '53-54, that mentioned the "culture of my generation, cocksucking and tears."

Living in Neal Cassady's house I wrote a little poem, from a line by Whitman, about lying down between the bride and the bridegroom. This was one of Whitman's great lines. In a fantasy I wrote a description of what I would do, my love fantasy, between Neal and his wife, say, given permission by his tolerance.

The crucial moment of breakthrough in terms of statement came while writing "Howl": "Let themselves be fucked in the ass by handsome sailors, and screamed with joy." Usually the macho reaction to that image of being fucked in the ass would be just like in this new James Dickey film *Deliverance* where it's supposed to be the worst thing in the world.

YOUNG: You have a line somewhere: "Who wants to be fucked in the ass, really."

GINSBERG: That's in the book *Kaddish*, in a poem "On Mescaline." On mescaline, who wants to exist in the universe to begin with? Who wants to have a name? Who wants to have an ego? And also who wants to be queer? Who wants the pain of being fucked in the ass at times when it is painful, when it occasionally is. That's part of the scene, too. Sometimes you never know it in advance. Things seem to be all right, and all of a sudden it turns out to be painful. So, who wants to be fucked in the ass that way, really?

The outrageous presentation came with "Howl," where I suddenly realized how funny it would be in the middle of a long poem, if I said: "Who let themselves be fucked in the ass...and screamed with joy," instead of "ans screamed with pain." That's what the contradiction is in that line. An American audience would ex-

# GINSBERG

have "and screamed with joy" — which is really true, absolutely, 100%.

And again I have a line like: "who blew and were blown by handsome sailors, caresses of Atlantic and Caribbean love," referring to Hart Crane, actually. It was an acknowledgement of the basic reality of homosexual joy. That was a breakthrough in the sense of a public statement of feelings and emotions and attitudes that I would not have wanted my father or my family to see, and I even hesitated to make public. So that much was a breakthrough: literarily coming out of the closet.

**YOUNG:** Did critical reaction to you ever focus on the fact that you were homosexual?

**GINSBERG:** Yes, Norman Podhoretz, in *Partisan Review*, made a big attack on all the beatnik literature, the "know-nothing bohemians." He said that though my poetry was not too bad, it's chief force rested on this somewhat questionable insistent proclamation of being queer, homosexual all the time, which, if frank, was not that interesting socially. It was a put-down which acknowledged and at the same time dismissed, while it called Kerouac a "brute."

## GINSBERG Whitman

Whitman is important on male tenderness. He's never been brought forth as a totem or as a prophet by either gay lib or by the radical left despite some very precise statements he made on the subject of men's lib.

In *Democratic Vistas* Whitman says: "Intense and loving comradeship, the personal and passionate attachment of man to man — which, hard to define, underlies the lessons and ideals of the profound saviors of every land and age, and which seems to promise, when thoroughly develop'd, cultivated, and recognized in manners and literature, the most substantial hope and safety of the future of these states — will then be fully expressed.

Then, in a footnote, he says: "It is to the development, identification and general prevalence of that fervid comradeship (the adhesive love, at least rivaling the amative love hitherto possessing imaginative literature, if not going beyond it) that I look for the counter-balance and offset of our materialistic and vulgar American democracy and for the spiritualization thereof. Many will say it is a dream and will not follow my inferences: but I confidentially expect a time when there will be seen running through it like a half-hid warp through all the myriad audible and visible wordly interests of America, threads of manly friendship, fond and loving, pure and sweet, strong and lifelong, carried to degrees hitherto unknown, not only giving tone to individual character and making it unprecedentedly emotional, muscular, heroic and refined, but having the deepest relation to general politics. I say democracy infers

such loving comradeship as its most inevitable twin or counterpart, without which it will be incomplete, in vain and incapable of perpetuating itself."

Then, in the preface to the 1876 edition of *Leaves of Grass*, he adds, in a long footnote: "Something more may be added, for while I am about it, I would make a full confession. I also sent out *Leaves of Grass* to arouse and set flowing in men's and women's hearts, young and old, endless streams of living, pulsating, terrible, irrepressible yearning, surely more or less down underneath in most human souls this never-satisfied appetite for sympathy, and this boundless offering of sympathy — this universal democratic companionship, this old, eternal, yet ever-new exchange of adhesiveness, so fitly emblematic of America — I have given in that book undisguisedly, declaredly, the openest expression. Besides, important as they are in my purpose as emotional expressions for humanity, the special meaning of the 'Calamus cluster' of *Leaves of Grass*, (and more or less running through the book and cropping out in *Drum-Taps*), mainly resides in its political significance. In my opinion, it is by a fervent, accepted development of comradeship, the beautiful and sane affection of man for man, latent in all the young fellows, north and south, east and west, — it is by this I say and by what goes directly and indirectly along with it that the United States of the future, I cannot too often repeat, are to be most effectively welded together, intercalated, anneal'd into a living union..." [*Leaves of Grass*, Modern Library Edition, p. 526-7]

So, that's really the direction, I think, for gay lib, for men's lib, the release of emotions, finally a release of tenderness that's being suppressed.

**YOUNG:** Some people in the gay movement who call themselves "effeminists" would say that this sort of romanticization of masculine love is anti-woman, that it's another expression of male supremacy along the lines of Greek love; that the Greek society which tolerated and nurtured homosexuality was at its root a male supremacist society.

**GINSBERG:** I don't know. I don't think that's so in the long run. I think it's too genuine a feeling. With Whitman it didn't seem to interfere with his relations with women, because he had women friends who felt the same as he and who were, I think, married householder lesbians.

Whitman was saying that emotional giving between men, acceptance between men, has not been developed in America. One would say nowadays that it's been repressed by the spirit of competition and rivalry characteristic of capitalist home economics. A concomitant potential of a communal fraternity would be brotherly tenderness at least. That tenderness has been denied to the southern redneck and is responsible for his disrelation both with men and women. We don't yet know what the result would be of men forming closer emotional ties, or of the making conscious of those emotional ties and the acceptance of them as a political significance.

What's the alternative? You can bring up the spectre of Greek love and its anti-

feminist concomitant and point out aspects of that in behavior of the beatniks — a fear of women, at least with me. But you would also have to see it as a real, heart-felt, native development, out of the fear and restrictiveness of the situation that we were brought up with: distrust, hatred, paranoia and competition between men rather than cooperation; and the same also between men and women.

Whitman was most sensitive of that because of his blocked love for men, because he couldn't make it with men openly and publicly. He had to find a way of expressing his adhesiveness, as he calls it.

I think a liberation of emotion between men would also lead to a liberation or straightening out of relations between men and women, because men would no longer have to be men in relation to women in the sense of hard and conquistador. They might have a much more relaxed relationship in which they weren't continuously obliged to be sexualized but could be just friends, or fond. Men's non sexual friendship with women is now considered unmanly. So the development of frankly emotional, non-genital friendships with men might mean also the development, the opening up of frankly emotional non-genital friendships with women.

What is the effeminist alternative position between men? In other words, what do they propose besides saying, "No, you shouldn't feel good with your fellow man; heterosexuals should not develop toward emotional relations with heterosexuals?" They're pointing out the danger of an exclusive club, but we've already had that exclusive club in another form with the Hemingway macho scene, or with the military muscular macho scene. I'm saying and Whitman is saying that the antidote to the Hemingway and military macho scene is the development of frank, emotional tenderness and an acknowledgement of tenderness as the basis of genital or non-genital emotion. It may resolve itself in more men friendships, a democratization of friendships, so that it's not exclusively friendships between men and women on a sexual basis. I think it would resolve a lot of the macho conflict and contradictions.

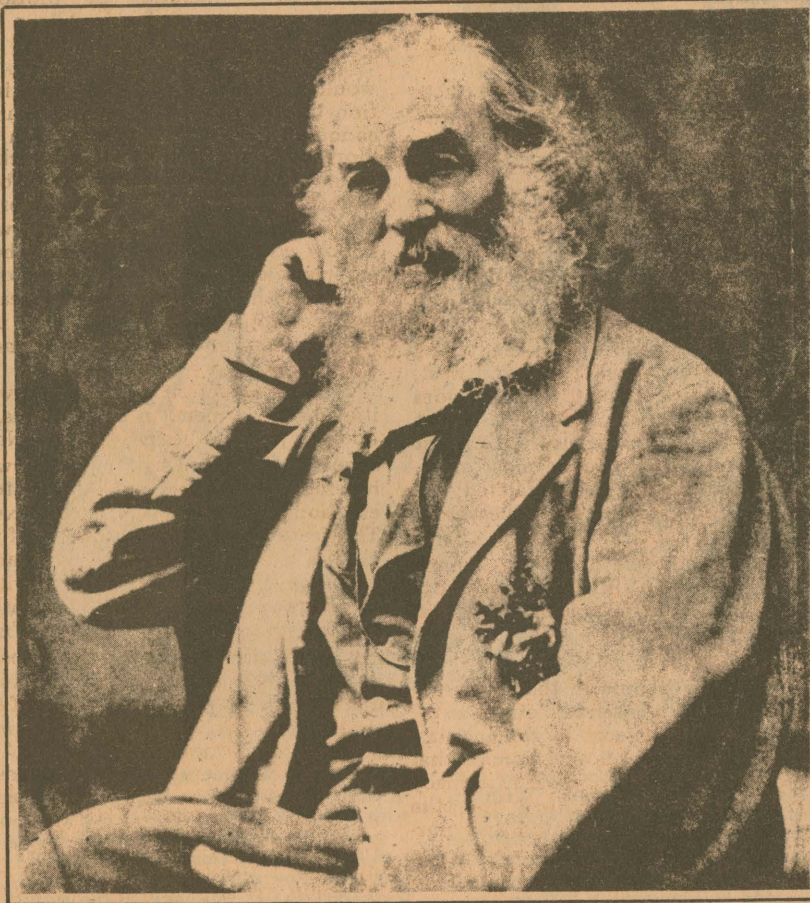
I think that's one of the definitions of gaiety, or homosexuality: there is a built-in conditioning, from very early times, in which both genital and emotional flow goes toward men more than, as is more usual, toward women. I thought the point of gay lib was to admit that variety of development as being viable, making a place for that. Otherwise, what is a homosexual? Unless you want to have a homosexual liberation front which proposes that men should develop out of homosexuality to a more equal and democratic relation with both men and women. But I think you could say: let the straight flower bespeak its purpose in straightness, which is to seek the light, and that the crooked flower bespeak its purpose in crookedness, which is to seek the light. The crooked flower has to go around the rock to seek the light. But the point was to get to the light of love, and the straight flower just grew up straight, right into the light of love. So you have either biological or conditional man-love and a gay lib movement which purports to release and

make public those emotions. One thing that gay lib could do would be to break down the fear barrier that queens have against women. Breaking down the fear barrier between men and men would probably tend toward that.

Another point I'd like to take up is the traditional, effeminate possibly, objection to the "sexist" relations between older men and younger men. I saw some effeminate manifestos [on this point] in Berkeley. I took that question to Gavin Arthur, who died this year in San Francisco. He was a great gentleman, with beautiful manners, an astrologer, a teacher, a guru, and a grandson of President

accomplishments, an exchange of nature-bounties. Older people gain vigor, refreshment, vitality, energy, hopefulness and cheerfulness from the attentions of the young; and the younger people gain gossip, experience, advice, aid, comfort, wisdom, knowledge and teaching from their relation with the old. So as in other relationships, the combination of old and young is functionally useful. It's far from sexist, in the sense that the interest of the younger person is not totally sexual; it's more in the relationship and the wisdom to be gained.

In Edward Carpenter's and Whitman's time the older person made love to the



Chester Arthur. Neal Cassady slept with him occasionally, taking refuge in San Francisco from his travels with Kesey, back and forth from the railroad; and Gavin Arthur had slept with Edward Carpenter, and Edward Carpenter had slept with Walt Whitman.

Gavin Arthur says that it's very old and very charming for older and younger people to make it — which you realize as you get old too — and nothing to be ashamed of, defensive about, but something to be encouraged; a healthy relationship, not a sick neurotic dependency.

The main thing is communication. Older people have ken, experience, history, memory, information, data, power, money and also worldly technology. Younger people have intelligence, enthusiasm, sexuality, energy, vitality, open mind, athletic activity — all the characteristics and sweet, dewy knowledges of youth; and both profit from the reciprocal exchange. It becomes more than a sexual relationship; it becomes an exchange of strength, an exchange of gifts, an exchange of ac-

complishments, an exchange of nature-bounties. Older people gain vigor, refreshment, vitality, energy, hopefulness and cheerfulness from the attentions of the young; and the younger people gain gossip, experience, advice, aid, comfort, wisdom, knowledge and teaching from their relation with the old. So as in other relationships, the combination of old and young is functionally useful. It's far from sexist, in the sense that the interest of the younger person is not totally sexual; it's more in the relationship and the wisdom to be gained.

YOUNG: You've referred to Whitman and Edward Carpenter, and in some of your poems you mention Garcia Lorca. For me it was a very recent discovery that these famous writers were gay like myself, that I had this bond with them. I'm curious as to how you made this discovery?

GINSBERG: Lorca's "Ode to Walt Whitman" speaks of "the sun singing on the navels of boys playing baseball under the bridges," which is an image of such erotic beauty that immediately you realize that he understood, that he was there; that was an emotion he felt. Then, later on I

met somebody in the same way... and said that he'd slept with boys. In fact, some sort of argument about a boy may be the cause of the shooting of Lorca. I don't think there's any written biographical history.

[Homosexuality] is all in Whitman's texts: his homo-erotic rhapsody, including a description of the time he lay down with a friend who opened or took off his shirt. Whitman lay down and kissed him all over his body. Did you know that? it's in Part 5 of *Song of Myself*.

YOUNG: You don't get it in high school.

GINSBERG: But school is irrelevant to poetry and everything else anyway. I mean school is something from the nineteenth century. Poetry has gone back to 15,000 B.C. There's Whitman's: "We two boys together clinging, one the other never leaving, up and down the roads going, north and south excursions making, power enjoying, elbows stretching, fingers clutching, armed and fearless, eating, drinking, sleeping, loving, no law less than ourselves owning, soldiering, sailing, thieving, threatening, misers, menials, priests alarming, air breathing, water breathing..."

And Whitman says, "...a glimpse through an interstice caught a crowd of workmen ...in a barroom around a stove late at a winter night, and I unremarked seated in a corner a youth who loves me and whom I love, silently approaching and seating himself near, that he may hold me by the hand. A long while, and in the noises of coming and going, of drinking and oath and smutty jest, there we two, content, happy in being together, speaking little, perhaps not a word."

The adhesiveness that Whitman spoke about is latent in all of us now and ready to be opened. In the last ten years, god know how many younger boys I've run across that I must have sat and held hands with and felt love feelings toward them, and they toward me. Gay is too much of a category.

YOUNG: I think definitely a tension exists today between the gay freaks and straight gays. There are some people in gay liberation who say, "I have more in common with a heterosexual freak than with a gay person who's

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## OUT OF THE CLOSETS: VOICES OF GAY LIBERATION

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# THE WATERGATE MURDERS ?

ART KUNKIN/L.A. Free Press

As the Watergate scandal reaches the men directly below Nixon in the White House (with 40 percent of the American people believing that Nixon himself had advance knowledge of the criminal entry and wiretapping, according to the Gallup Poll released last weekend), the L.A. Free Press has received information in exclusive interviews that the attempts by the Republican leadership to conceal the facts may already extend beyond perjury to the actual murder of potential Watergate witnesses.

Our story begins a year and a half ago when members of the Chicago based Citizen's Committee to Clean Up the Courts began an investigation of the Coroner's Office in Lake County, Indiana. In 1969 this Committee had initiated an investigation of the Illinois State Supreme Court which resulted in the resignation of half the court. This committee, founded by Sherman Skolnick, had also initiated an investigation of Otto Kerner, former Illinois Governor and federal appeals judge which recently resulted in Kerner's conviction for bribery, perjury and extortion.

According to a complaint filed on March 2, 1973, by Skolnick, the Citizen's Committee had discovered that documents and records issued by the Lake County Coroner's office purportedly, with the signature of the Coroner were, in fact, not signed by him and were fraudulent.

The complaint states, "It was apparent to the plaintiff and his staff that these records were manufactured to cover up numerous mysterious deaths... believed to be murders... of persons who were witnesses or in other respects related to a Federal Criminal Indictment, filed in the US Court in Hammond (Indiana)... Said indictment, charging a bribery scheme involving a gas pipeline, was against the Mayor of Hammond, city officials of East Chicago, Indiana, and former officials of Northern Natural Gas Company or its

subsidiaries."

The complaint continues, "Within a few months before and after September 8, 1972 (when the federal indictment was filed), five East Chicago, Indiana city officials have died under questionable circumstances. These people were in one way or another related to the indictment, and included the city clerk, the city controller, a city councilman, chief of the mechanical department, and chief of the incinerator department..."

According to the story developed by Skolnick and his Committee, two lawyers for the Northern Natural Gas Company of Omaha legal department flew to Chicago from Washington, DC on United Airlines flight number 553 on December 8, 1972, carrying certain documents to be used in reducing or forcing the dismissal of the Hammond Federal Criminal charges against the former officials of Northern Natural Gas Company.

"Among other things, the documents showed, or tended to show, that another gas pipeline, El Paso Natural Gas Company, was owned in part by John Mitchell, who got ownership while he was US Attorney General and dropped anti-trust charges against El Paso. Mitchell was also deeply involved in the Watergate affair where gas and oil company monies were used. The documents disappeared after the flight

553 crash at Midway Airport, Chicago, in which the two attorneys died, along with 43 other persons.

Another victim in the plane crash was Mrs. Howard Hunt, wife of the CIA man who later pleaded guilty in the Watergate case. She was on the way to Chicago, allegedly to start a legal dispute with her husband and to remove herself from the position of being what James McCord, another Watergate conspirator, has described subsequently as the pay-off person to the conspirators to ensure their silence.

Skolnick, in an exclusive telephone interview with this writer claimed that Mrs. Hunt was carrying forty thousand dollars in bills traceable to the Watergate Conspirators at the time of the crash, in addition to the ten thousand dollars of untraceable money found on her person after the crash. The forty thousand dollars was never recovered, however, along with the legal documents of the gas company attorneys.

Another victim of the crash of flight 553 was CBS newswoman Michele Clark, believed to be accompanying Mrs. Hunt to Chicago and to have exclusive access to details relating to Mrs. Hunt's trip.

Skolnick believes that Flight 553 was sabotaged for the purpose of murdering these four people and revealed the reasons for his belief in an ex-





clusive phone interview from Chicago which included him and one of his chief investigators, Alex J. Bottos.

Alex Bottos had evidently infiltrated the notorious Joseph Sarelli airplane gang as an investigator for Skolnick's Citizens' Committee and the Northwest Indiana Crime Commission. This gang, according to Bottos and Skolnick, is a national unit of former airplane technicians and criminal fences who specialized not only in airplane robberies but in thefts from trains and trucks. Bottos told me that his specific function in the gang was to "play underground banker," to use his contacts to market stolen negotiable securities by obtaining loans on them for 80 percent of their value.

In August, 1972, this Sarelli gang stole over two million dollars of negotiable securities by using their specialized knowledge of airplane construction to open a panel between a restroom and the baggage department of an in-flight airplane going to Milwaukee. One member of the gang faked sickness in the bathroom while the panel, not even known to the stewardess who attended the "sick" man, was opened with a key. From that point, it was only necessary to reach in to obtain the securities.

In January, 1973, Justice Department Strike Force Prosecutor Douglas Roller had members of the Sarelli gang arrested for this robbery, and undercover agent Alex Bottos was the star witness against the gang.

However, Bottos told this writer that between December 8, 1972, and the time that members of the Sarelli gang were arrested, blowing his cover, he had been approached by members of the Sarelli gang who said they had in their possession the legal documents and the \$40,000 in marked Watergate bills which were missing from the flight 553 crash. According to Bottos, these gang members wanted Bottos to act as an intermediary between them and Republican leaders. For five million dollars they were willing to turn over to the Republicans the documents linking former Attorney General Mitchell to the El Paso Gas scandal and the \$40,000 of Watergate pay-off money which could be traced back to the donors. If the Republicans would not buy the documents and traceable bills, Bottos was instructed to approach Democratic opponents of Nixon as persons who would pay well for this evidence.

Evidently, the Sarelli gang learned from either their Mafia of CIA contacts (the gang, according to Bottos, had performed many CIA missions involving the disabling of aircraft) of the documents and money on the plane. They had either been hired for the theft or independently decided that the prize was worth the effort.

Bottos and Skolnick then began to fit together other facts which connected the Sarelli gang to the airplane crash. They learned from a source in the Federal Aviation Administration (FAA) that flight 553 had been sabotaged because, among other suspicious factors, it was found that there were small punctures in the back of the altimeters of the plane.

According to the FAA informant, the altimeters so treated would register perhaps 800 feet of height when the

plane was 500 feet off the ground.

Although the official FAA explanation is that the plane crashed because of ice on the wings when attempting to land at Midway Airport, Skolnick pointed out to this writer that a plane going several hundred miles an hour that was several hundred feet lower than its captain thought was bound to be in serious trouble. And mysteriously, or maybe not so mysteriously, the "Glide Control" on the runway Flight 553 was supposed to use was shut down and there was no radio information from the ground about the plane's altitude.

Also the FAA informant, whose identity Skolnick is sworn to protect for the present, reported that the official investigation had turned up unexplainable facts concerning the recorders in the cockpit which are supposed to preserve evidence of malfunction in the event of crash. As Bottos explained, "These recorders are built like a huge generator and meant to last forever. They are inspected immediately before takeoff and upon landing." In the case of Flight 553, the cockpit recorder stopped functioning fourteen minutes before the crash and the tail recorder was not recovered for a full day and a half after the crash, with all information erased. According to the FAA informant, the erasure is unexplainable since the entire tail section fell off the plane before it landed and the recorder could not have been damaged in that occurrence.

According to Skolnick, another factor which indicated the plane was sabotaged is that there is a dispute between the FAA and the local coroner over the condition of the pilot, a Captain Whitehouse (ironically), immediately before the crash. The coroner claims that Whitehouse was dead before the crash while the FAA claims that he was killed as a result of the crash.

According to Skolnick and Bottos, their information is that seven people on the plane, including the pilot had more than the normal amounts of cyanide in their bodies. As this writer was led to understand, it is normal for persons involved in the fire resulting from a plane crash to absorb a certain amount of cyanide fumes from the fire extinguisher devices, but the seven bodies allegedly had far more cyanide in them than accountable to the fire.

Skolnick asserted to me that if the pilot were dead before the crash, this explained why, immediately before the crash, the plane was involved in a maneuver called a "spool-up," a lurching up as it approached the ground, if the pilot had fallen over the controls, the plane could have gone out of control and the other pilot might not have been able, because of the other pilot's unconscious position, to get to the controls and correct the situation.

As Skolnick and Bottos reconstruct the crash the following happened: A man on the plane somehow injected, or got the seven victims (including not only the pilot but the two gas company attorneys, Mrs. Hunt, and CBS newswoman Michele Clark) to ingest fatal amounts of cyanide. Then the documents and the marked forty thousand dollars were stolen and parachuted from

the plane. Skolnick claims to have a witness who saw such a parachute exit from the plane while it was in flight. But the Sarelli gang had already arranged for the plane to crash as that would wipe out the poisoner.

Skolnick believes that he has already identified the poisoner, who survived the crash and evidently believed up until Bottos subsequently spoke to him, that the plane crashed simply because the pilot became unconscious from the cyanide. When Bottos told him of the FAA informant's evidence that the plane had been mechanically sabotaged with the obvious intent of wiping out the poisoner, for the first time the poisoner realized that the full plot included what criminal technicians call a double take-out (Oswald, or someone kills Kennedy; then Ruby kills Oswald). The fact that Skolnick identifies the alleged poisoner as an employer of a Federal Drug Agency tends to further the thought that the Sarelli gang was not operating independently.

Anyway, if the reader is still with me in this stranger than fiction story, Bottos was supposed to testify about the Sarelli gang's involvement in the August 1972, security robbery. But the prosecutors in the case then learned that Bottos was also going to talk about the Sarelli gang's involvement in the Flight 553 crash, and open up new lines of inquiry about former Attorney General Mitchell and the Watergate scandal. However, these were no ordinary prosecutors; there are special Justice Strike Force attorneys (the aforementioned Douglas Roller and a Sheldon Davidson) who had direct links to the White House, and all of a sudden the prosecution of the Sarelli gang comes to a sudden halt.

Then comes the FAA hearings which say Flight 553 crashed in landing because of ice on the wings. But Skolnick has the information relayed to him by his secret informant of the sabotage and also, because of his previous inquiries regarding the natural gas scandal, has specific knowledge, including some copies, of the Mitchell-incriminating documents that disappeared from the plane. Skolnick demands to testify about all this but is not allowed to do so by Ms. Isabel Burgess, Chairwoman of the National Transportation and Safety Board holding hearings since February 27, regarding the December 8, 1972 crash of Flight 553. Skolnick, never a man to give up, filed a complaint in Cook County, Illinois court, on March 2, 1973, against Isabel Burgess, demanding the right to testify and giving a summary of what has been related above.

(Thanks to Don Freed, Los Angeles investigator who is presently preparing a book on the Watergate scandal, the Free Press was able to obtain a copy of the Skolnick complaint as we went to press, and were able to use it and our interviews with Skolnick and Bottos to prepare this article.)

#### CHAPIN LINKED

But if Skolnick was not able to be present at the hearing on the mysterious crash of Flight 553, in which Watergate payoff woman Mrs. Hunt suspicious-

CONTINUED ON 42

KC 4

# Sandusky - Freed Bumgarten, Stanley & Gould - Guilty

JOHN LaROE

What we got here is a real, long, drawn-out example of a sloppy lynching. It dates way back to the summer of 1971, when a federal grand jury indicted Marty Bumgarten, Randy Gould, Richard Stanley, and Ken Sandusky on charges that they had conspired with, aided, and abetted Arnold Stead to make bombs. The charges were based on the testimony of Stead, who had been

arrested and convicted of the possession of a bomb the previous year. In return for his testimony, his ten year sentence was reduced by five years.

The original charges carried bonds of \$7,500 each, except Sandusky's. His began at \$15,000. By January of 1972, Douglas County, Kansas had made parallel charges against Randy Gould, demanding \$50,000 bond. Johnson County pulled the same stunt on

Gould, as well as on Richard Stanley and Ken Sandusky, at \$25,000 a head. Somebody somewhere wanted to milk somebody else dry - with lawyer fees; transcript fees, bonds, court costs.

The case began with the feeble support of false toothpicks. Evidence gathered through illegal surveillance and illegal mail seizures was immediately attacked by defense attorneys; but upheld by Federal Judge Becker.



MIKE MASSING

It's a show. I sit in the empty courtroom, waiting for the drama to begin. I hear laughter from the hallway; it sounds familiar. Is it the locker room variety, meant to cover the nervousness before the big game? Or is it the sound of carney con men laughing at the rubes? Flash: it's the disquieting sound of laughter drifting from the sacristy just before Benediction.

Benediction doesn't fit, though. This place is definitely not Catholic. It's a well-to-do and particularly austere Protestant church. The prosecution walks in: dedicated young professionals, a little ruffled around the edges. One could mistake them for the defense, but the wrinkles in their suits have a Nixonian air about them.

An older man approaches me from the prosecution table. "Are you a

student?" His voice is friendly, he's just filling in the silence.

"Yes."

"Law?"

I laugh. "No, theater, actually."

"Well, you'll see plenty of dramatics and histrionics and so forth here."

"I'm sure I will."

Spectators drift in. Unlike in a real church, they arrange themselves in the pews from front to back. There are no kneelers. One shows respect in this temple by standing.

I notice women all bunched up and one end of a pew, men lounging comfortably and spaciouly at the other. Randy Gould goes over the banter with one of the men at the prosecution table. I wonder what we're all doing here. After a time you develop a sense for certain things. I knew the charges were of wildly implausible construction the first time I heard them -- before

## A Sloppy Lynching

I'd met any of the accused. But here we are, years later, Kansas City's own on-again, off-again conspiracy trial is on again. And this time for real. The local prosecution has brought in a ringer from the big city.

The conspiracy fever has peaked in the country, but there's still this embarrassment to get over with. The great eagle-beast is picking at his scabs.

The officer announces that court is about to begin: "God save the United States and this honorable court." The day's adventures begin with the further testimony of Arnold Stead. You wonder why the government picks such losers to be its conspiracy informants. Is there an informer type, like the criminal type of the 19th century criminological theories?

Stead rests his head in his hand and shields his eyes with his fingers. I remember an earlier appearance when he consistently avoided looking at the

In the first two days of hearings Becker denied 28 out of 31 defense motions. He began the trial with an attempt to exchange Stanley's lawyer with a "public defender". At least everybody knew where he stood. Remember him, Judge Becker.

The most important toothpick of support was the testimony of Arnold Stead. Testimony which the federal government had bought from Stead. "Hey Arnie. If you'll tell a few lies for us, we'll give back 5 of the 10 years of your life we've taken away."

Five years is a long time, but on February 24th, 1972, Stead was gonna give them up. He and his new lawyer, Susan Jordans, announced that he would not testify. Furthermore, his statement before the Grand Jury and other statements had been coerced, they didn't want them to be used anymore to hang his friends. Stead was n't gonna lie no more, and we were pleased to hear it. The Trucker headlined an article "Hang On, Arnold!" and the federal prosecution asked Judge Becker

for a "continuation" and got it. The trial was postponed indefinitely. They didn't have any evidence left, but they didn't want to drop charges. Granted a continuation, they could keep the economic pressure on and take lots of time to bring Stead around, think of new lies.

In March of '72, they started re-arresting, revoking bonds, and uping the bids all the way around. People put \$86,000 worth of property up for collateral. Property belonging to a 78 year old Quaker lady, worker people, professors, students, family, friends. Suck, suck, suck.

Felony charges started popping up against Stead. If he wouldn't follow through on the lying; not only would they take the five years back, but he would spend those years suspended by his balls. Stead came around.

His next appearance was in November of '72, against Richard Stanley. His job was to convince a state jury that Richard Stanley had conspired with him to blow things up. He failed, Stan-

ley was acquitted.

Stead tried it again in December, this time on Randy Gould. He didn't do any better and those state charges were dropped.

But then Becker got started up again on the federal level. He must of been his "judicial" manipulative skills skills to the ultimate limit to convince a jury that Stead (who had already admitted that he was "a pathological liar" and that he was testifying as part of a deal) was telling the truth. He and the prosecution must make a great team, if they can convince a jury that Baumgarten, Gould, and Stanley had acted out real roles -- in Stead's, the prosecution's and Becker's fantasies.

But it happened. Guilty verdicts were returned to those three on May 10, one count of conspiracy each, like handing out free bubble gum. You each get one.

Sentencing awaits the "pre-sentence investigation". Judge Becker gave the defendants 20 days to file for a retrial. And that's how it looks. Grim

defendants; now he seems to be avoiding looking at the jury as well. That day was one of the days Arnold had decided not to testify. He seemed happier then; he was joking and talking with a young woman. Crazy people have lives, too.

There is much bullshit concerning Arnold's initialing of changes made in a statement he gave to the feds. Finally a defense attorney asks Arnold if he has ever been given assurance in writing that he will not have to do any more time as a result of his testimony. "Yes," was the reply.

After several false starts (these questions have to be phrased just right), the lawyer asks "Why are you testifying today?" "Because on the advice of my attorneys after looking over my legal situation..." he begins, then stops. "That's it. On the advice of my attorneys after looking over my legal situation." Stead is excused.

Next witness.

"State your name and occupation."

"Miller Nichols, real estate." Nichols doesn't have much to say. He explains how he met Ken Sandusky at a meeting discussing the policies of the Board of Trustees of the University of Kansas City. The University of Kansas City doesn't legally exist any more since it became UMKC, so Nichols explains what its trustees do: apparently they buy land for Nichols; or Nichols buys land for them, then farm it out for people like John A. Krugh to rent.

It's rather confusing.

Nichols himself, though, is an impressive witness. His manner is calm and benevolent, his answers professionally precise. He contradicts himself only once: he says first that Sandusky was satisfied after meeting with him, and later that he was not

satisfied. No one seems to notice.

It's easy to get impatient with the forced leisurely pace of the trial. If an accurate movie were ever made of a federal trial, it would have them snoring in the aisles. Example: The prosecution passes photographs among the jury to make sure they're paying attention. Midway through the passing, the labels on the photographs are declared to be evidence, and the photographs are recalled so that the labels can be stapled to them. They had been fastened with paper clips. Midway through the conspiracy trial and no one seems to know what's going on.

Next, an incredible charade. FBI Agent Carmody is testifying, or trying to. Carmody made a routine and rather boring observation of a house some years ago where the bombs were supposedly made. He's been working and living for three years since then, he'd like to catch a plane back to Florida tonight, and he obviously doesn't remember the details of that observation. Fortunately he has a set of notes. Unfortunately, if he reads from those notes for the jury, he's no longer giving personal testimony, but merely a variant of hearsay. The judge rules that Carmody may not read from the notes; but may use them to refresh his recollection. Carmody promptly begins reading from the notes. After several objections by the defense and a warning from the judge, Carmody and the prosecution work out a system. The prosecutor asks, "And what did you see at x o'clock on the evening of May Y?"

Carmody looks up the answer in his notes, memorizes it, puts down his notes, looks confidently as he can at the jury, and recites what he has just read.

The jury seems impressed. The poor man is trying so hard. And them smart-ass lawyers twisting his words. I wonder if they are following the le-

gal complications at all. I'm not sure I am, but then they've been here longer.

And that's it. One day in one trial. At present, I don't feel very inspired. I meant to write a stirring poem about four young men adrift in a sea of governmental malevolence, but since then three of them have drowned. I wish that I had done more to save them.

It's enough of a crime to send guilty people to prison, let alone the innocent. But the government won't let the innocent alone.

7:30-9 daily exc. Sun

BEAUTIFUL DAY CAFE

Natural, Wholesome Foods at Broadway & Westport



APCs to the left of me, APCs to the right of me, volleyed and thundered. Hey kids, bet'cha didn't know the KCPD had tanks.

## CHARGE OF THE BRIGHT BRIGADE

JOHN LAROE

Thursday night, May 19th, around 10:30 pm. At 43rd and Main there are 16 unmarked police cars in the parking lot next to where Antonio's used to be. A great many non-uniformed officers in white t-shirts are messing around in their car trunks, it looks as if they might be changing cloths. Besides the 16 unmarked cars, there are seven marked cars on or near the corner, as well as a canine carrier and a whole bunch of uniformed officers where Antonio's once stood. Reportedly, six more squad cars were parked down by Miller Pontiac, and "a couple" more at 42nd and Walnut. It was also reported that some officers came in their private cars. Three hate trained german shepherds form a perimeter along 43rd street. An armoured personnel carrier is just pulling away. One of the canine officers tells some pedestrians (evidently on their way to a bar), "Stay away from my dog. I don't want to have to fill out alot of reports."

Wayne Pycior, Trucker photographer, and I are walking past a squad car pulled up on the sidewalk. The hound of the Baskervilles sticks its head out the window and barks. We both jump about three feet and I start to look at Wayne's right arm (nearest the car) to see if it's still there.

WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?

I mean this is obviously some heavy duty shit. This is what we've been able to find out, it's all from the police so take it for what it's worth.

The whole thing began with a complaint of a "car blocking a driveway" at 4212 Walnut, received and answered around 5:30 pm. When the officer arrived a man at that address berated the officer for arriving too late, saying something to the effect that the officer should have been there two hours ago. There was no car blocking any driveway at that time, so the officer left.

Around 9:24 the police received a disturbance call, this time from 4210 Walnut, supposedly. It turned out however, that the house at that address is vacant. The officers entered and found a satchel. Under the circumstances (being called to a vacant house with a satchel in it) the officers feared a "set-up", or attempt to blow them away. They called in the bomb squad, which came to check out the satches. It was not a bomb.

While this was going on, the man from 4212 was slamming his door, dropping a little verbal abuse, and, according to the police, casting veiled threats that he was armed and would probably like to hurt them. The officers evidently tried to talk the man into leaving his apartment, to come out to talk with

them. But he didn't. Because they beleived he might be armed and because it sounded as if he might be trying to barricade himself inside, the officers on the scene suggested that Operation 100 begin.

Operation 100 is "an anti-sniper precautionary procedure", in which the area is sealed off (in this case with dogs), the Tactical Unit comes in 'around 40 officers, the ones in the unmarked cars, and also the armoured personnel carrier. Not to mention every other cop around.

This one ended without a shot being fired by anyone. Nor were there any reports of teargas or mace being used. Officers from the tac unit broke through and arrested Vernon Dickey, 42, without resistance — except a few mumbled insults perhaps. Dickey was taken to Western Missouri Mental Health Center where he was released to police custody. Then he was taken downtown and charged with "creating a public disturbance and drunkenness".

There was no gun found in Dickey's apartment, though there were some unofficial reports that several empty booze bottles were found.

Well, if nothing else, we found out they can put an awful lot of cops in a real small space in a great big hurry.

# CHARLIE'S



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# The "Energy Crisis"

## A Creation of Oil Intrests

(CPS) Gasoline shortages are being reported throughout New England. Phillips Petroleum is closing its 1400 New England stations. Gibbs Oil is rationing gas to its 300 local outlets. New Hampshire and Boston recently offered contracts for gasoline for municipal vehicles and not a single major company submitted a bid. Industry officials predict severe shortages this summer, driving prices as high as 60¢ a gallon.

This gas shortage follows the well-publicized heating oil shortage last winter. The oil companies say it is all part of the "energy crisis."

They claim that "it could go from crisis to disaster as early as the winter of 1973-74. Industries could be shut down because of lack of energy resulting in great unemployment; homes and commercial establishments could be without sufficient energy for their daily needs. The day of low-cost energy," they say, "is past."

But the energy crisis is not due to natural shortages. In fact, the most recent U.S. Geological Survey estimates that the U.S. has oil reserves amounting to 80 times our 1971 consumption; gas reserves 100 times our 1971 com-

sumption; coal reserves 800 times our 1971 consumption; and oil shale in almost unlimited quantities. These are just the U.S. figures.

### LEGAL PRICE FIXING

The current crisis results from an artificial shortage engineered by the oil companies to increase their prices, their tax benefits, and their profits. Ever since the early 1930s, when the discovery of the huge East Texas oil fields drove the price of crude oil down to 10¢ a barrel, the major companies have exercised their political muscle to keep fuel supplies down and prices up. They do this in several ways.

One is "state market pro-rationing," which limits the production of domestic crude oil. Set up by the oil companies themselves and administered through the Interstate Oil Compact Commission (IOCC), this system limits oil pumping by using a forecast of "reasonable market demand." This means there is no surplus oil on the market, which eliminates price competition. Thus, the IOCC does what the oil companies cannot do directly - fix

the prices.

This ploy kept the oil barons happy until the end of World War II, when they got their hands on cheap Middle East oil. They wanted to sell this oil in Europe, but they wanted to prevent each other from flooding the U.S. market with it.

### NATIONAL SECURITY THROUGH HIGH PRICED OIL

The industry flexed its political muscle again, and in 1955 Congress empowered the President to impose quotas on petroleum imports in order to protect "national security". Since the controls became mandatory in 1959, imported oil has provided only 20 percent of total U.S. consumption, although its market price is at least \$1 a barrel less than the domestic ooze.

The oil companies also reduced supply by limiting (until recently) the development of alternative fossil fuels. Techniques for converting coal into gasoline, for instance, were invented in 1926 by German and American companies.

CONTINUED ON 42

## Attica Indictment

After waiting so long (until after the election) that most people had forgotten it was there, the special grand jury "investigating" the Attica Rebellion suddenly, just in time for Christmas, announced it had voted 37 indictments charging 63 of the Brothers with crimes ranging from murder to "promoting prison contraband." Many had been lulled by the delay into believing that possibly cooler heads now prevailed in the State Apparatus than those in charge on September 13, 1971, when 29 prisoners and 10 hostages were slaughtered as hundreds of State Police and guards ran calculatedly amok in the Prison Yard.

In truth, the indictments have been procured by the same people who ordered the massacre, and for the same purpose. The more the hypocrisy and

brutality of the owners of the government are exposed, the more they naturally resort to further savagery to repress those who expose them.

Attica represents a bold experiment in terror by the state. The indictments announced in December, which may be only the first of many more (the grand jury is still meeting regularly) represent the second, consolidating phase of the experiment: judicial terror to complement the military blitzkrieg in the Yard. The mes-

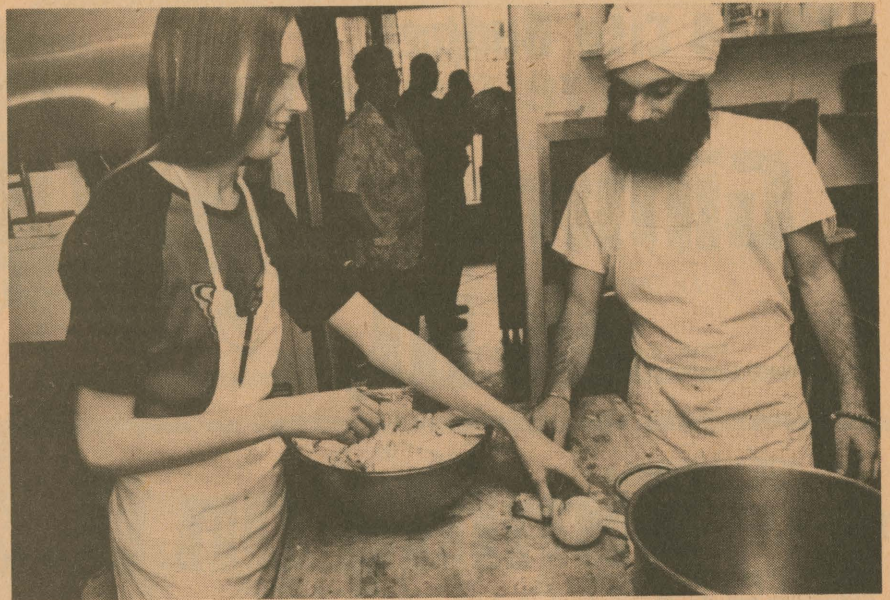
sage is designed for mass consumption, and aimed at the same audience which on September 13 was told that the rebels had slit the throats of the hostages and castrated some of them. (Many people don't realize that the police were also told this, just before they made the assault.)

So at least 63 of the Brothers from the Yard, who dared to defy the Rockefeller Gestapo which was murdering them by inches in Maximum security, now face a huge array of trumped-up charges as the State seeks to hold the victims of its crimes responsible for those very crimes. So far there are two murder cases. The first charges two Brothers, who were both 19 then and are of Native American extraction, with murdering a guard who was actually trampled during the first takeover of "Times Square" by a large group. The other murder defendant is Dalou Asahi, a member of the Young Lords Party from New York City. He is charged with killing one of three inmates found stabbed when the prison was retaken. Others have said these three were killed by one who was himself killed by the police during the assault. Some Brothers believe the killers are inmates now acting as Stool Pigeons. Dalou was chosen because of his vocal defiance of the Prison Commissioner.

The biggest case has 18 defendants, each with 38 counts of kidnapping against him. The defendants in this case include - almost to a man - the Brothers chosen by their comrades to sit at the table and negotiate with the States, and to maintain security in the Yard. With 38 counts on each defendant, the State assumes the jury will conclude they must be guilty of something.

The mechanical proof offered by the state promises to be simple and devastating: The witnesses will all be guards or inmates bribed with promises of freedom. There will be many photographs and few identification problems, since the defendants were previously known to the guards. The defense will be that the actions of the Brothers were not criminal but fully justified by the inhuman treatment and conditions to which they had been subjected for so long. To acquit, the jury will have to come to understand that oppression and racism and brutality left the brothers no alternative to rebellion; and that the taking of hostages was essential to having their grievances heard.

The cases will probably be transferred away from Wyoming County because the "Up South" white folks there will be heavily prejudiced against the Brothers.



# EATs

BARBARA WILSON

Recently various Kansas City food has been given national recognition for its quality. This is fine for those residents of the area who savor Winstead's hamburgers, KC steak or barbeque. Those interested in more creative food have a real problem dining out in the midwest. With a general lack of ethnic variety (unless you consider a pizza ethnic), most menus venture nothing more daring than a cheese omelette in addition to the hamburger, grilled cheese sandwiches and 35¢ dinner salads.

For this reason a good health food restaurant is a definite asset. It not only serves those interested in health food or vegetarian dishes, but also offers much diversification to those who want something out of the ordinary.

Kansas City now has a good, large health food restaurant in an accessible area. It is the Beautiful Day Cafe on the corner of Broadway and Westport. They offer a large and creative menu. I've only eaten there twice, but each time the food was excellent and also extremely filling. Some people have complained that their prices are too high. They certainly aren't cheap but you've got to take into consideration that they fill you up at least two meals worth. At least they do me.

Their menu begins with breakfast which is served all day. There are fertile eggs, interesting omelettes (one has herbs, cheese, bell peppers, mushrooms sesame seeds and onions...certainly a relief from the usual cheese and grease variety) granola, griddle cakes and french toast (sprinkled with coconut

Their entrees are served from 11:30 on and sound interesting. One is a dish called O-Konomi-Yaki which they describe as Japanese vegetable pancakes. They also offer many different kinds of salads including a sprout salad and a guacamole salad which sounds especially good. It's made with onions, avocado, garlic, tomatoes and sprouts "with a dash of lemon and chili peppers".

In the sandwich department they have it way over anything else I've seen in town. They've got a grain burger made of rice, carrots and cucumber which comes with their fantastic sesame sauce on it, a cream cheese and date sandwich a soy spread sand-

wich, and a peanut butter concoction combining bananas, currants and honey with the peanut butter in addition to others. Lots of teas, juices and shakes of course, and a few nourishing desserts finish off the menu.

The Beautiful Day Cafe has pretty good hours, too. They're open from 7:30 to 9 right now and as the warm weather approaches they're thinking of staying open later. One last plus about the restaurant; they don't have a holier than thou attitude. Those who don't know much about these foods aren't intimidated. I've seen people asking lots of questions and getting answers both from employees and other customers.

## MILHOUSE HAS WEIRD SENSE OF HUMOR

Boston (UPS) A recently completed study by a group of Maryland psychiatrists has concluded that "President Nixon laughs in the wrong places". The study, which took a year and was sponsored by the American Psychiatry Association, studied hundreds of film clips, tapes, and personal accounts of Nixonian behaviour. The report cited Nixon's outbursts of hilarity during cruel war scenes in his favorite movie "Patton", as well as his reported chuckling while announcing the December bombing of North Vietnam.

The report summed up by saying, "President Nixon has an extremely unusual sense of humor." The report was presented before the national conference of the APA.

## PHOTO CONTEST

Felix Camera Store at 2317 Independence Boulevard is sponsoring a photo contest. Entries must be black and white photographs on 11 X 14 paper or smaller. No purchase is necessary. The first prize is a man's or woman's

watch, second prize is a Honeywell strobe #100, third, fourth and fifth prizes are Fiesta camera straps, and sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth prizes are color film for slides or prints. May 30th is the deadline for entries. The photos will be judged by several notable local photographers including: George Simms of 707 Studios and John Craig, photography instructor at North Kansas City High School.

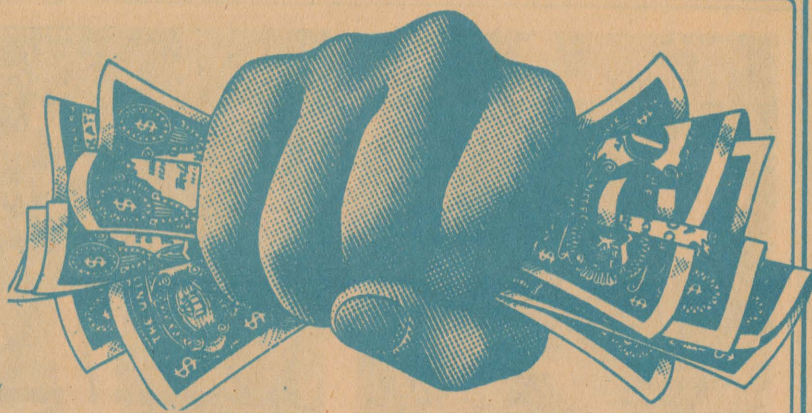
## DAY CARE

St. Paul's Episcopal Church again offers Summer Day Care for ALL children ages 6-8. 7AM to 6PM, Monday thru Friday June 4 thru August 10. We are offering arts and crafts, stories and reading, field trips, games, swimming and much more. We serve a hot lunch daily, plus mid-morning and mid-afternoon snacks. Supervision is by a director and accredited teachers. Available for only \$15 per week, per child. Plus a \$6 activity fee, paid only once. (Partial scholarships are available with proven need.) To be held at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, 11 E. 40th Street. Cosponsored by the Westport Cooperative Mission, Inc. Interview dates are May 11 and May 31, 7 to 9 PM at St. Paul's. Call (St. Paul's) or (W.C.M.I.).

## 73-74 City Budget

# Gimmy an M,

# Gimmy an O...!



### DICK ARMSTRONG

A budget of \$159,848,652.00 for the fiscal year July 1, 1973 — June 30, 1974 was adopted by the city council last month to fulfill the budget deadline specified by the city charter.

Whether any one person understands how all the money is to be spent is doubtful. The city manager and his staff, whose handiwork the budget is, put it together amidst great uncertainty over which federal grants will be available in the coming year. For example, the budget was constructed by the manager and approved by the council assuming the extension of the Emergency Employment Act, a federal unemployment relief measure that has supplied funds for more than 100 new city employees during the past two years. But on April 27 the council learned that the act will not be renewed, and that the city's allotment for this year has been cut by 37% in anticipation of a complete cut-off by April, 1974. Ninety-seven city workers were given 90-day termination notices last week, which means financial readjustments in nearly every city department.

Last spring, in the wake of what some council members considered inadequate council participation in the budget-making process, councilman Joseph Shaughnessey said "let's begin at this moment to set up next year's budget, not in January." But even by January the council had done little to insure a budget reflecting its thinking. After a few weeks of looking over (while acting on other city business at the same time), three public meetings which are always poorly attended and usually insubstantial, and two days of talks with department heads under hurried circumstances, the council cannot be expected to comprehend what it must ratify.

This year's \$160 million is a significant \$24 million more than last year's expenditures (although \$10 million of the increase is the city's rev-

enue sharing allocation), and \$64 million more than was spent just four years ago.

Approximately 65% of the budget every year must be used to meet certain financial obligations: debt service on general obligation and revenue bonds from the past, utility fees, mandatory expenses such as election costs, pension funds for Municipal Court Judges and Firemen, and the charter-required police budget (20% of general revenues, or about \$2.6 million this year).

How much the council reacts and modifies and how much it simply approves the city manager's proposals is shown by the meagre \$2.6 million changes — amounting to less than 5% of the flexible funds.

Last fall the council decided on the seven city government concerns it thinks most important. The manager's office has organized this year's budget around the seven categories, e.g. Beautification and Recreation; Economic Development; Environmental Protection; Health and Welfare; Planning, Zoning, and Housing; Public Safety and Protection; Transportation and Streets.

From the sanctuary of city hall these seven municipal duties appear both worthwhile and manageable, but in the eyes of the block/neighborhood clubs and the community councils they must seem arbitrary and artificial. The common determination to make their neighborhoods good places to live unites these people in neighborhoods across town. And for them the city has three bread and butter obligations; the streets, the parks, and zoning.

The city's streets are in very poor condition, though their deterioration is more the weather's fault than the Public Works department's. Repairing 1,350 miles of improved streets within the city limits is an almost super-human task. In addition to an 8.1% increase in resurfacing and resealing outlays, the council set aside \$469,000 of the '72 revenue sharing funds to

street repairs. Still another \$3,717,000 from this year's revenue sharing money will also be spent in street repairs.

The mechanized street sweeping program instituted last year is to be continued.

\$66,699 of the '73 revenue sharing funds will be used to purchase three new packer trucks for refuse collection. The weekly trash pick-up will operate as it has this year.

Trash collection and street cleaning are 58 pages apart in the new budget, though common sense can tell how closely connected the two really are. Trash day and the day after it are when the residential streets are dirtiest and when they most need sweeping. If the two clean-up efforts were co-ordinated so that the sweepers followed the collectors within a day the streets could be considerably cleaner.

The \$4 million slated for repairs and a better trash collection/street sweeping system ought to get the streets in good shape again.

Prospects for improvement in the parks and boulevards are weak. If anything, these two inter-connecting amenities, probably our city's greatest assets, are destined to fall into even greater disrepair.

Nearly 2,500 acres have been added to the park system in the last eight years but the department has only 2/3 the work force it did in 1965! This decrease in available man power, a large increase in the number of park users, and the Dutch elm disease are why most of the city's parks and boulevards have deteriorated to their present deplorable state.

This year's budget rubs salt in the wound. The park maintenance crew will permanently lose the option to fill its present 25 vacancies, shrinking to a 117 man work force. In his talk to the council Park Dept. Director Frank Vaydik pleaded for money to fill at least 20 of the vacancies and an additional \$200,000. He warned that the parks "cannot go on in this manner."



Although the council added \$106,943 to the park maintenance budget the money will but cover the loss of ten men presently paid out of Emergency Employment Act money.

In short, the parks fared very badly in this year's budget. Because there is little undeveloped land left in the older parts of town, zoning is probably one of the city's most subtle obligations. But bad zoning can be the most damaging thing the city can inflict on a neighborhood. Proof, in the countless 7-11s, Quik-Trips, U-Totems, the Kentucky and other geographically indistinguishable fried food stands, being built everyday. Before these pock marks can be constructed they must be authorized by the city planning staff. Yet this year's "Planning and Zoning Review" outlay will suffer a 14% decrease in payroll, thereby eliminating the present three staff vacancies. Whether its current policy of unquestioning acquiescence could best be remedied by a larger staff or by a revival of city's erstwhile zoning standards is debatable.

The council's frustration at governing the city by rubber stamping an endless stream of faits accomplis from the city staff has reached a boiling point after the farcical budget reviews of this spring. The Mayor's suggested 'vote of confidence' in city manager John Taylor last week had taken on the airs of a real crisis. Had the council voted to dismiss Mr. Taylor it would have spent its venom on a comparatively innocent victim. The villain, if there is one, in the current impasse is the city charter. It is the charter, and not Mr. Taylor, which renders the council and the Mayor 13 Queen Mothers in search of a ribbon cutting.

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# LETTERS

John (LaRoe)

Well, man, I don't know you but I wanted to write you and tell you how much I enjoyed the article "Jailhouse Rock in Lansing Penn." I am the guy you wrote about being busted, my pardner and I went to a lot of hassle to get you guys in here. I was real sorry I couldn't be there, but I got caught with some hash, weed and P.C.P. I will have to be in that "pillbox" you referred to for 56 days because of my sins. But none the less I still get my Trucker! I'm 24 years old and come from L.A., Calif. originally, thanks to the Army I was introduced to Kansas. I'm doing 1 to 7 years for sale of heroin and have 3 years done on it, be out in 15 months unless the parole board sees fit to let me out before. The scene here is bad to say the least, but you know that. Pepper, my pardner, and I lister to KBEY a lot and the administration just started letting us buy 8-track tape players, we got a petition together, so we are keeping up with our people through music. If you know some chick that would like to write, I would sure dig it. If you want to write me I will include the address at the bottom of this letter. I guess that about does it, thanks again for bringing a little light in a real dark place.

Later,  
Flash

Write me here:

Gordon B. Gunter  
c/o John Callison  
P.O. Box 2  
Lansing, Kansas 66043

Dear Trucker,

I just got back from Aspen, Colo., after being there four weeks and skiing, and going to the most fun night spots, it seems to me that Kansas City could be alot more fun. Now I go to concerts, alot of them at Cowtown. Instead of sitting on that hard floor for sometimes four hours, why not have the front part designated for sitting, and the back part for dancing.

I just really got into dancing in Colo. and, to good groups like Joy of Cooking, Mason Proffit, etc. And this was in small bars. Just think what it would be like to have a lot more room, (as in Cowtown) and to have alot better groups as Cowtown does. It is a ballroom you know, so why not dance?

I dance anyway even though I do feel like an ass when I stand up and start, and the people in back of me start yelling "sit down". What fuckers!

Well, I'm just making a suggestion that I, along with alot of people I've talked to, think is a good one. Maybe if you think it's a good idea you could print something and see what the public's reaction is. Like maybe print Cowtown's address for those who want to send their ideas. Thanks, F.C.

Dear Trucker,

For the last few months I have been buying your paper, and I've been wondering, how come you chose Huntington, W.Va. as a spot to distribute them? No need to answer, just keep sending them.

In your latest issue I saw your article on J.C. Stov-Teller, He used to promote a lot of concerts back here in W.Va. And he was the only musician around these parts who had his shit together. It's a shame that people with his talents have to go to places like Kansas City to further their music. I'm not putting K.C. down, but just pissed off at the people back here who won't support their own music people. Keep him in watch for he is better than any acoustic act that is on record.

In a final thought, your album reviewers are the tops. They add more 'leave up to the reader to make his own mind up' reviews, not like Rolling Stones' record reviewers with their so-called fucking authority.

Thank god for the Trucker,

Lynnie Lynno  
Huntington, W.Va.

Dear Folks,

I'm an inmate at the London Correctional Institution and awhile back I saw a copy of your paper. It wasn't my copy and I didn't have the chance to read it completely through, but I liked what I read.

I would like to be able to make a couple of request to you. If either are granted I would be grateful.

First of all, I would like to have the paper, but I don't know what the cost is to prisoners, if any.

Secondly and probably just as important, I would really appreciate being able to place an ad in your classified section. This is what I would like to place:

"W/M 27 wishes to correspond with open minded people"

I have been locked up since December of 1971 and I may not make it out until October of 1975. That is a long time. I don't like it. As a matter of fact I hate it, but I am here and I have to learn to make my time worth while. I am no different than anyone else. I want to acquire some form of friendship, and with people outside, but good people. People who don't hold the prison up in my face. I don't think you all would do that.

Regardless of what you may decide, I appreciate your time.

Take it easy.

Ray Riggs 133-880  
Box 69  
London, Ohio

Dennis & All,

Although none of you probably

know me I have been a Westport citizen all my life. I even remember that first (Trucker) memo sheet. I have always bought the issues as they came on the streets. When I ran from the Army into the Navy and was sent here to Iceland I even subscribed.

From September 1969 to January 1971 I worked at Westport Printing Co. I had taken a vocational course at Westport High and worked as a pressman and a bindery man. Hence my interest in the Trucker has not been just the editorial content and its efforts to get the Community together, but also in the format and techniques used in printing the paper.

I have not received any issues of the Trucker in a long time. The last issue I saw was giving notification of the start of weekly issues. (that is a long time! - ed.) I don't know how this effort has been going but I want to help I'm sending a check for \$25.00 as payment of subscription until August. (You can use the extra on bills unpaid.) In August and September I will be back in KC on leave before moving on to Charlestown, S.C. The duty there will be my last and will be much better than here in Keflavik. Like usual, the Navy has to mess with you as much as possible. The lower ranking enlisted men must wear uniforms in the major cities. The rest of the enlisted men unless married also have a 9 o'clock curfew on the streets of the cities.

The members of the defense force here are told that the Icelandic Government has imposed these restrictions on us. Our Icelandic friends (some of whom are big people on the NATP Base here) have told us that it is not their Government but our own military that is forcing these limitations on our liberty.

If this is the case it may be to keep the lower ranking men away from the very hateful and "incident conscious" Communist Party here. There is also a large Russian Embassy Staff here evidently to spy on us and our communication, radar, and tracking facilities here. To counter-act these espionage efforts of the Russians we also have a NSGA (Naval Security Group Activity) Command here. The purpose of this group is to watch the commies watch us and watch for any contact between Defense Force personnel and the Communists.

The whole thing boils down to a lot of harrassment of the lower ranking enlisted men especially. Pass and uniform violations are dealt with harshly. Even so the Icelandic Police very seldom bother with the Americans. Many do not even know there are any restrictions, pointing again to the possibilities of these restrictions being of Military origins. Surely if they were Icelandic laws the IPs would know them.

Such are the problems of a Westporter in Keflavik, Iceland. It's just another case of Military bullshit. Goes to show the military's enlisted personnel problems are service wide as well in a war zone. An all volunteer military is absurd as long as they continue to dehumanize their personnel.

Anyway, back to the Trucker. I hope that the money I am sending will help out some. I will be looking forward to getting some Truckers in my mail box. It is a real moral boost be-

CONTINUED ON 47



This series of photos was taken at Volker Park Easter Sunday by Wayne Pycior





## FILMS

# The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean

DENNIS SCHAEFER

John Huston's directorial reputation was enhanced recently with the release of his "Fat City" starring Stacy Keach. During the sixties his career hit an all time low with films like "Freud", and "The Bible" (aka the bible according to John Huston). However "Fat City" indicated that Huston was back to the peak of his style. And while it was not the financial success that it should have been, it certainly was one of the best films ever made about the perserverance of the human spirit.

Now Huston's newest film "The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean" has made its appearance and it is meeting with moderate success at the boxoffice, at least more so than "Fat City". But let's got one thing straight from the start: a "Fat City" it ain't. A decent film it is, and a comedy at that.

The film opens with Roy Bean (Paul Newman) meeting up with the law west of the Pecos - in essence, no law at all. This was the enchanted time in history when wooly bullies and wild honchos got some perverse excitement out of generally raising hell and killing each other. Anyhow, lots of craziness as Roy gets viciously knocked around, gangbang style; dragged a couple of miles by a sadist horse and left for dead. Of course, Roy can't die here. He trudges back to slaughter about fourteen people in the span of two minutes. Ah, the binge of revenge is sweet. Good action editing here. Thus the story of the legendary Judge

Roy Bean begins.

The plot weaves various characters in and out of scene, giving the film an ever-changing presence. Director Huston himself appears as an aging mountain man who politely drops off a bear at the outskirts of the town. Roy and the bear become fast friends, thus giving Roy a buddy to drink with while handing down the law. But best of all is Stacy Keach as Bad Bob who rides into town to pick a few bones with Roy. At first Bad Bob is content to shoot people's toes off, eat raw onions and drink hot coffee straight from the spout. But Bad Bob has bigger things in mind; standing out in the middle of the dusty street, he calls Roy out for a showdown. Roy dispenses justice here by shooting Bad Bob in the back. And so on and so forth; the film pops wild gags like this for about an hour and a half. Then it turns dead serious letting the cominess mutate into an almost sentimental state.

Scriptwriter John Milius, who reputedly got paid somewhere around \$200,000 for the screenplay, lets the ending die a slow death. The story and dialogue is witty and insane for the first three quarters of the film, but falters as it tries to cover twenty or thirty years in a half hour time span. When Roy could no longer live up to his reputation coupled with the fact of his lover's death as she gave birth to his child, he just rode out of town and didn't look back. Stop. The film should end here because everything that follows is either anticlimactic



and/or reminiscent.

The problem with some audiences is that they are looking for the true story of Judge Roy Bean, and after a hundred years of history after his death, the "true" story has become so garbled as to obscure what might be the truth. Huston makes no pretensions about telling the truth, he just wanted to have a good time with the story and so he did. He claims that "Maybe this wasn't the way it was, but it was the way it should have been."

It's embarrassing to realize that Judge Roy Bean was probably one of the first right wing law and order fanatics. All he wanted was law and order and since he was the law, he interpreted it in his own self sufficing way, often killing to get it, whether it served the purpose of justice or not. Then again maybe Huston was holding up the law and order image for ridicule by putting it in the light of a witty comedy.

Whatever your political sentiments, it can't be denied that Huston has made a good entertainment with class and style, and that's what it's all about.

## Sisters

DENNIS SCHAEFER  
/LARRY SALVATO

A few years back, something emerged from the cinema world known as "New Hollywood". Suddenly there was a full grown, viable set of counterinstitution within the film industry. The New Hollywood primarily consisted of a small group of young filmmakers who had previously shown some insight and talent in the direction of their small, low budget, independent features.

Among these new filmmakers is Brian De Palma, who barely past the age of thirty, has now made five full length features. Starting at Columbia University, he made a small 16mm feature; then graduated to a 35mm production titled "Greeting" which was an anarchistic look at the late 60's. Following this was "Hi Mom", a voyeuristic presentation of social conflict.

Both of these films were part of the vigorous independent film movement which was free to explore its own themes, forms and techniques. And after the success of "Easy Rider", the supposedly new and enlightened Hollywood executives were on a search

for new talent that could cash in on the type of boxoffice that "Easy Rider" enjoyed. Because of his background, Brian De Palma was asked to come to Hollywood and make his kind of film, participating in all the rights and privileges of big budgets and big stars. The resulting film, "Get To Know Your Rabbit" (an unfunny comedy) was, in almost every sense, a failure. Along with the personal failure of his film, De Palma was indirectly affected by the failure of most of the other neo-Hollywood films to adequately live up to their boxoffice expectations. Just as suddenly as it began, the new American film movement ground to a halt,

CONTINUED ON 24



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# SOUND ON FILM

## Edgar Lansbury



DENNIS SCHAEFER/LARRY SALVATO

Recently a tall, angular man with a Cary Grant type accent blew into town for a one night stand. His name? Edgar Lansbury. His purpose? To screen his recently completed film "Godspell" for theatre owners at the National Show-a-rama Convention.

Up in his hotel room we had barely gotten situated when he jumped up to turn all the lights on revealing two inlaid Sarah Bernhardt art nouveau murals on the wall facing us. It seems that the management had given Lansbury the special suite reserved for visiting guests who were associated with the theatre world. And so he

should be given it, for the dapper Lansbury has been in the entertainment business for over twenty years. His first major position was as an art director and gradually he moved into producing plays both on and off Broadway. He extended his talents even further when he produced the film of Frank Gilroy's "The Subject Was Roses" starring Patricia Neal. Now his latest accomplishment is the soon to be released film "Godspell" on which he again acted as producer.

After being subdued by Sarah's image (archetypal actress), we settled down and Lansbury gave his obligatory

but honest rap about his new film "Godspell" (to be treated in these pages when it opens this summer). Dispensing with this promotion oriented dis-

CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE



### SISTERS CONTINUED

in part because of its grandiose Hollywood sell-out.

All of these things are a precursor to De Palma's new film, "Sisters" De Palma resurfaces this time under the banner of American International Pictures, well known for its low budget, exploitation type B-movies in the motorcycle and horror genres. As far back as 1970 De Palma had been planning a nice little horror film. He related in an interview, "My next film is probably going to be a Hitchcockian suspense movie, which I think will be good for us. I'd like to try a change of pace and concentrate on a technical, stylistic exercise. I'm interested in things like split-screen and 3-D. I'd like to work in a different form for a while. I wouldn't mind doing something like "Psycho" the next time; something that reprieves me from the political and moral dilemmas of our society for a while." By his own admission, "Sisters" is an exploitation film. Briefly "Sisters" is a story that deals with a young woman who survives an operation that separates her from her Siamese twin. She turns schizo-

phrenic in order to keep her dead sister's spirit alive. Eventually she commits a murder (shades of the dual personality Anthony Perkins in Hitchcock's "Psycho").

His Hollywood disaster behind him, De Palma has come back to do the movie that he promised he would. "Sisters" is De Palma's self-therapy.

It isn't surprising that he would choose the Hitchcock style (the style of pure cinema) to get away from the "political and moral dilemmas of our society." De Palma himself confesses "I'm very turned on to Hitchcock. I like that kind of filmmaking, putting all those little pieces of film together." The murder mystery genre is one that Hitchcock has made his own. In "Sisters", the music track, the editing style and the strange sexual perversity of the characters all point to the pervading Hitchcockian influence on De Palma. This is not to say that De Palma is copying Hitchcock; it is better to say that he is paying his respect to one of the more consummate film technicians in the history of the cinema.

However, De Palma's own style comes into play, merging with the

Hitchcockian technique; the end result being not always as successful as Hitchcock. In "Sisters", the scenes building up to the macabre murder are shot and edited in the Hitchcock sense, but its build up and tension is somewhat ineffectual. The camera lingers overtly over the dying man as he slides across the tile floor profusely wallowing in his own blood. Hitchcock would never have needed this kind of gory graphicness; instead he would establish fear much more subtly, say with an odd angle close up of a butcher knife; or evidence the shower murder in "Psycho".

Although De Palma does an adequate job with the grisly subject matter of "Sisters", he seems more at ease and better suited to the non-terror elements of the film. Many of these elements have shown up in De Palma's earlier work ("Greetings", "Hi, Mom") The most obvious is the recurring theme of the voyeur, and in fact "Sisters" opens with a wonderful new prime-time TV game show called "Peeping Tom".

The compact supporting characterizations are excellent holdovers from his previous films and they give the film a lighter feeling. The doctor, who has separated the twins so that he can make to love one of them, is demonic in deed and appearance. His slightly tinted glasses, his little beret, and his affected mannerisms all serve to give a sense of the obscenity below the surface. A journalist's mother who is disturbed that her daughter is still unmarried at 25, adds a touch of the bourgeoisie to the proceedings. The comic relief of overzealous, overweight private-eye, complete with a degree from a Brooklyn private-eye school, is perfect. These characterizations are used by De Palma to create his sense of absurd/comic reality that lends itself very well to his own defined style.

For instance, there is an exquisite scene that depicts, in a series of jump cuts, the cleaning up of the splat-

CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE



cussion, we began to bounce around the idea of why certain films are popular and others aren't. Why do some make it and others don't? Lansbury offered the comment that "entertainment is one factor that no matter how ill structured a film may be, or how bad the performances are, or how bad the direction is, other elements may still be entertaining. If it makes you laugh or cry, or whatever it's supposed to do; then I think that this is an enormously important factor. I feel about "Godspell" of course, that it is its greatest attraction, that it does entertain and that's what it primarily sets out to do. Not to preach, not to do anything except make you feel warm and full of hope and have a good time. That's a terribly important element in the film business and the other one is, of course, if it excites and grips you. There are various ways to do this... the current wave of brutality films that we've had over the last few years; that was an element that producers learned drew an audience and they cashed in on that. Sex is always commercial if it's done tastefully."

"Novelty is another thing; novelty that succeeds, it draws an audience. Again I hope that "Godspell" has that quality because there hasn't been ten young people galavanting around on a screen — ever. We had the Marx Brothers; there were four of them. And we had the Little Rascals; I don't know how many of them there were, but it's quite a unique sight and

they (the "Godspell" performers) are all extremely talented. I think that that is an element that will please and draw an audience."

Still sipping his coffee, Lansbury turned to a more general rap about the future of mass media and its implications. We pointed out that a recent controversial play called "Sticks and Bones" about a returning Nam veteran had been pulled from a TV network's schedule because it was though "untimely and improper" to air the play in the wake of the recent returning POWs. Joe Papp, the producer/director of the play was very incensed; Lansbury added, "I don't blame him. They (the networks) are very sensitive politically, of course, and I recognize that syndrome." After pointing out that if TV is the first target of censorship in Washington, then possibly the government will stick its censoring hand into all other forms of the media as well; Lansbury replied, "Well, I certainly think that there are certain people in Washington that would like to extend their influence (on the media) almost any way they could; I sincerely believe that. There are certain kind of people that are so convinced that they are right, that they want to give everybody the benefit of their knowledge or whatever. And of course, I hope that nothing like that ever happens; in this country I don't think it will. I think as far as the FCC is concerned, they do a pretty good job as guardians of the public interest. After

all, when you stop to think about it, the air waves are a publicly owned thing. The three TV networks have an excruciating valuable license and control. Also an immense amount of responsibility. Eventually with the mushrooming of cable TV, we will come into a pay TV situation where there will be a greater choice of programming available to us. But now, three networks is not very much, in terms of giving the public a full choice of what they want to watch."

With this in mind, we wondered if pay TV might be a way for small repertorytheatrical troupes to pay their bills and at the same time perform for an audience. Lansbury replied, "I certainly do. I think that pay TV and cable TV in particular is going to make it possible for every home to get not just five or six channels, but twenty channels. This means that there will be a greater diversity of programming; I think it means that if you want to pay a dollar on your monthly bill to watch the Budapest String Quartet play a cycle of Beethoven, you'll pay your buck and The Budapest String Quartet will make a lot of money because there are enough people who would pay that dollar. That's very good. You compound that when you think what a big spectacular would draw. You begin to realize what an enormous potential this has. The cable is what's going to make that possible."

Look out, folks, the media explosion is just around the corner.

## Film on TV ~ Searchings in the Wasteland

LARRY SALVATO

Watching TV as we all know, is practically a worthless pastime. With the exception of some of the Documentary News shows, and a smattering of interesting specials TV programming is a dismal, mindless joke. However, there is one area of programming that ever since the beginning of the medium has, for the most part, maintained a high level of quality — the movie.

The movie in television programming has changed throughout the twenty-five year history of commercial television as we know it. In the early days

of TV, the televised motion picture made up a very large percentage of the programming, along with such top-notch attractions as wrestling, the fights and roller derby. As the medium progressed (if it has) the networks began providing more national programming. The motion picture, as seen on television was relegated to a role of filler, providing padding when needed.

Then, in the middle sixties a trend started which is carried through till now — movies again emerged in prime-time slots, replacing, on the national level, the insipid programming for which

television is so noted.

As the trend continued the inevitable happened: The TV networks began producing their very own brand of movies commonly known as "Made-for-TV-movies". These films (if you can call them that) share the same faults of anything that starts in the mind of the television executive mentality. Mainly, it is trite, pretentious garbage devoid of any style or quality. Of course, there are exceptions to this, and a few have been interesting.

Considering this lack of quality in most "made for TV films", the best programming can be found on the local level and movies not made for TV. In any given week there can be found a reasonable sampling of important and interesting films if only the viewer takes the time and effort to find them.

There is one simple rule of thumb used in finding these films — it goes like this: Interesting director — quality film. The key is to become familiar with the titles of the films made by directors that you have a preference for, then, closely consult your TV program guide looking for those titles and with luck you will find them.

This is a very practical applica-

CONTINUED ON 38

### SISTERS CONTINUED

tered blood immediately after the murder. The proper commercial cleanser is given to its appropriate application; Texize 409 to take the blood off the walls, Windex to take it off the windows and Comet to clean up the tile floor.

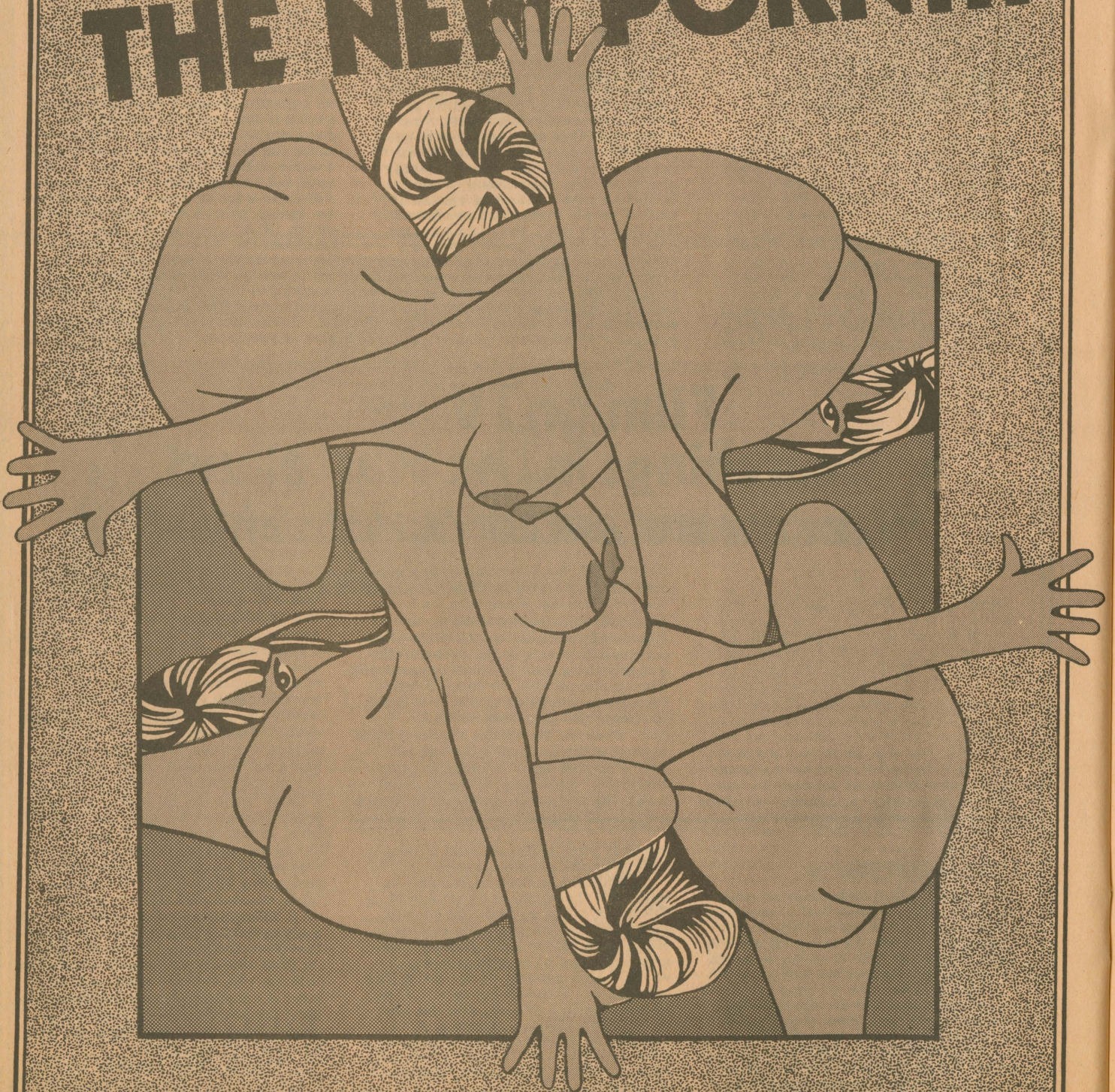
Jennifer Salt, as the liberal reporter who witnesses the murder ("Rear Window" style) and lives to get to the bottom of the story, comes off with a great degree of believability. While Margot Kidder, as the living half of the twins, pouts, cries and commits mar-

der most effectively, all with a inimitable French-Canadian accent.

While the various individual elements are appealing; from homage to Hitchcock to the esoteric fetishes of De Palma, unfortunately the film as a whole does not have the flowing cohesive style that is needed to bring it all off. This appears as the major flaw not only in "Sisters" but in all of De Palma's works. It's not that the film is not interesting or inventive, it's just that it lacks a certain completeness that Hitchcock's most ardent admirer, Traffaut, says is the essence of that genre.

**FILMS**

# THE NEW PORN...



# IT'S THE SAME OLD SHIT

## DEANNE STILLMAN

While film critics plumb their deepest superlative recesses for words to praise the latest pop porn pictures, scores of panting suburbanites queue up outside theaters each Friday and Saturday nights, eagerly awaiting that wide angle shot of Linda Lovelace's throat. Perhaps the men already feel a slight tingle between their legs, just thinking about that extraordinary furnace-mouthed female who can sink her face right down (all the way down) on a throbbing ten-inch cock. And maybe the little lady feels a little tickle too, right there between her...uh, between her tonsils and her larynx...just thinking about how good it would feel to swallow that long hairy sword of her husband's, especially if she happens to be as malformed as "Deep Throat's" heroine.

Yes, folks, through some fluke of biology, this lucky (as the movie says we're to believe) young woman has just discovered that her clit is located in her throat instead of in her twat where we all know (except the director it seems) it should be. So the only way she can get off is by massaging her anxious windpipes with erect cock.

According to certain men and to a few misled women who are probably sucking these guys off, "Deep Throat" is a breakthrough porn film because it recognizes the necessity of a woman's sexual satisfaction by placing so much emphasis on the clit, widely-acclaimed seat of contemporary orgasm. But actually this film is not about clit, or female fulfillment, but rather about cock, as usual. Otherwise, Lovelace's clit could have been located in the general clit vicinity, thereby facilitating normal (or abnormal) manipulation which rarely takes place in porn movies anyway. The only way the director could draw the middle class money-spending audience was to create a film with a plot (the woman's predicament), a film which glorifies cock (lots of it here), and pass it off as a film which both men and women can enjoy. But what I wanna know is...what happens to this character when she eats?

Apparently life for this character is just one perpetual orgasm, and even if Lovelace's clit IS in her throat, she can now afford to have it removed, thanks to the hype of horny film critics. Why "Deep Throat" even scored 100% on Screw Magazine's notorious

peter-meter.

And so did several other movies, also hailed as part of this new, "sensitive" breakthrough porn. One of these films, "Bad Barbara", is about a woman who leaves her boyfriend (heavy) whom she feels can't accept her as an equal partner. Confused, she sets off to find her own identity (right on), encounters several attractive people and eventually winds up in the sack with most of them. The "sensitive" part of this film is supposed to be a dream sequence where Barbara's girlfriend, naked, horny, and walking slowly towards her, suddenly turns into a man, and in a merging of personalities, both Barbara and her girlfriend alternately suck off the girl's alter ego. If this girl was confused before, she must really be a mess after this number. And, of course, her girlfriend HAD to turn into a man in order for the pair to relate sexually. This incident is about as sensitive as a Brillo pad, and it figures that critics (male) rave about this dream sequence. Don't these guys ever get laid?

Another film these frustrated critics seem to dig is the Screw production, "It happened in Hollywood". It's the story of a "sweet young thing" as Screw calls her, who leaves her job with the phone company in search of fame and fortune as a sex film superstar. And she makes it, fucking and sucking her way to an academy award, which is, incidentally, not an Oscar, but a giant gold metal-flake phallus. This is another one of those middle class numbers, complete with ridiculous plot, silly jokes, sun-tanned tits and ass, and a woman who supposedly digs sucking off forty guys every half hour. This broad even moans ecstatically when finished giving head, as if she too had a clit in her throat. When given the rigorous clitmus test however, "It Happened in Hollywood" rates bone dry.

Predictably, these "breakthrough" films are attracting the middle class in droves, and I suppose it's nice that during the prime of life, they're finding out about such things as clits. But the real reason these films are so popular is because of the hardcore porn with cocks pumping into every orifice in the female anatomy, and come splashing all over the screen. Even Esquire Magazine has declared Linda Lovelace one of the personalities most typifying the 70's. And the 60's, and the 50's...

# CONCERTS

## Mason Proffit at the Froghop

RAT

Well, by the time we pulled into the Froghop Ballroom in St. Joseph Mo. parking lot and got inside, the Daredevils had come and gone, and the stage was being set up for Mason Proffit. I have seen the Daredevils before, and this was probably no drastic change as far as their music, or the audience reaction to it, than the half-dozen other performances I've watched. While the Daredevils are not a dynamic group, they are enter taining and easy to listen to. No flash and no pretense, just close harmonies, solid back-up and a strange ability to perform some of the most commercial music I've ever heard. Anyway, I'm reasonably sure that no one was disappointed by their set, which is more than I can say for the next musical assemblage. "Passage", as I was later told by a roadie, are "some people in Mason Proffit who wanted to get together and play some other kinds of music". Well, different is as good a word to describe their music as any other I suppose, unless the word is boring, or maybe sloppy. Passage's set was sort of Belladonna Jazz in nature. I was Quaa-

luding (you dumbshit — ed.) so that may have had something to do with it, but despite my condition, the music was lacking. The piano/harmonica player, Bruce "Creeper" Kurnow, was the leader of this group that also consisted of Mason Proffit players Art Nash, Tim Ayers, and an unidentified fiddler. Also, with Passage was an anonymous guitar player who was alright. For the most part, their set was dull and uninteresting, although every once in a while I thought it was going to pick up. The fiddler just did not fit into the music they were putting out at all. I can't really say anything positive about what I heard from them on this Thursday night, but I can say this; if that fraction of Mason Proffit plays that kind of music at the upcoming Eureka Springs Folk Fair, I'm positive they'll be real busy dodging trash from the audience. The only thing their music went with was the Froghop Decor, which is a combination of early prison mess hall and simulated Chinese Autumn in a converted bowling alley. Strange, real strange.

Anyway, by the time Mason Proffit took to the stage, some of the crowd

had given it up. Too bad too, because the Mason Proffit they had originally come to hear are as good and musically tight now as they were the first time I saw them at Cowtown over a year ago. They opened with the title song off their first album on Happy Tiger called "Two Hangmen". Then John and Terry Talbot did a duet on "Buffalo" and followed that with the first of their "Bluegrass Rock" selections that they called "Breakin' Down". The next two songs didn't have names that I knew of, but were dedicated to hitch-hikers and Tequila. They then revived the original trucker's hymn "Six Days on the Road", and did their version of "Reuben's Train" that was unfortunately hampered by a lame one-note bass accompaniment. Mason Proffit has probably incorporated Bluegrass music into an electrical format more successfully than just about anyone else, save the Dirt Band, and while I enjoy Bluegrass and rock music, I'm afraid that combining the two can sometimes diminish the strongest properties of both. (What the fuck is he talking about?—ed) The guitarist from Passage then came on for a song called, I beleive "Friend and Lover". Then, more Bluegrass rock with "Cripple Creek", followed by a boogie number designed to drive the bullshit from the Froghop through handclapping — according to Terry Talbot. Then, a medley of "Crawdada Hole", "Liza Jane", and something else that was real GOOD. They left the stage after that, and after a few minutes of ovation, came back to do their encore. This time, it was a boogie version of "Bo Diddley" that stretched out into a ten minute jam. And finally another unnamed medley that was this time I think "The Ballad of Jed Clampett", "Foggy Mountain Breakdown", and something else. It was a good end to their set and would've been a good end to the entire evening, if only I hadn't gone to Sambo's afterwards.

## Ten Years After...

## Five Years Later

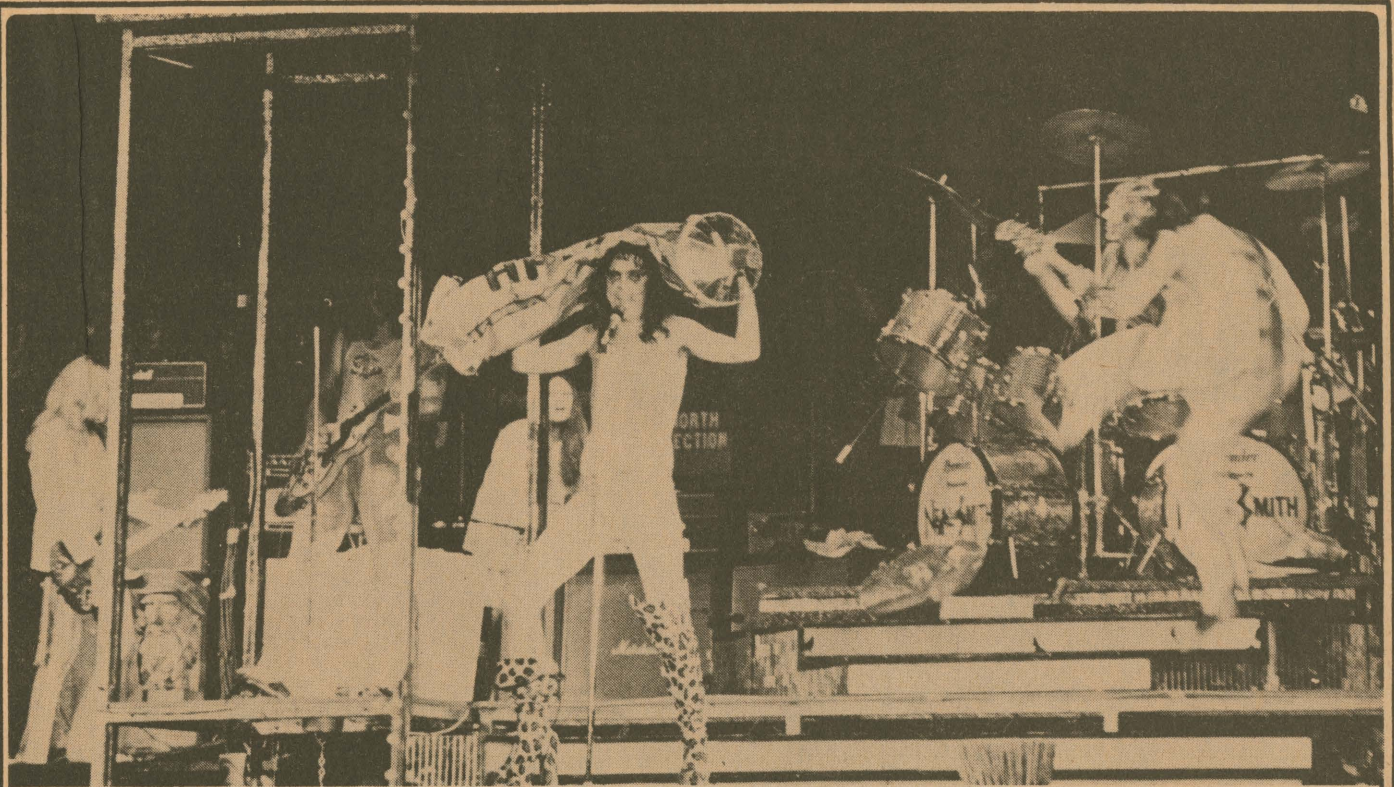
STEVEN MILES

When I was a young boy, I kept my ear glued to KCJC to hear anything new from the second generation of rock and roll music pouring out of Britain. One night I heard a cut that had me drooling at the mouth. It was called "Woodcutters Ball" and it featured a guitar player who ran amuck for about 9 minutes. His name was Alvin Lee and from then on I could talk of very little else than Ten Years After. I've grown older and my musical horizons



considerably broadened, but I still held Alvin Lee's brand of sweaty grunt music close to heart. After tonight, however, I'm faced with a dilemma — have I gotten too old for Alvin Lee or is the old bozo getting soft?

Strawbs came out and immediately suffered what we may laughingly call the "Municipal Audi Ocean of Sound" — and drowned. Even if the acoustics had been perfect it couldn't have saved their repetitive boresomemusic from



## Alice and The Roman Spectacle

DAVE MAXON

There hadn't been as many people heading west out of Kansas City since the California gold boom. The more supercharged vehicles chose the gleaming Kansas Turnpike while the onslaught of half-rusted away VWs churned down the windy, narrow, hemp-bordered channels of Kansas State Highway No. 10 into Lawrence for the only area appearance of the Alice Cooper extravaganza. More than 15,000 mud-splattered freaks, greasers, Greeks, and gay libbers jammed the mammoth Allen Fieldhouse for the bizarre spectacle, some journeying from as far away as Columbia and Wichita. There wasn't anyone who really minded the driving rain or massive traffic tie-ups, for they weren't on the way to an ordinary jive-ass rock rumbling — they were about to witness a veritable living legend — Alice Cooper.

Alice and the four other dynamos in the group are, without a doubt, the world's premiere showmen. They have incorporated a degree of theatrics into rock and roll that no other unit or performer can even come close to equaling. Their classic antics were flashier than ever — and included nearly each detail of every song. A giant tooth (complete with cavity) being chased by Alice wielding a toothbrush as large as himself; an outpouring of soap bubbles fit to rival Lawrence Welk; A.C.'s pet boa constrictor wrapped around his throat; a guillotine doing an extremely realistic job of severing his head from his body at the same point; an emotional hunch-in with a couple of nude mannequins; and a fire-cracking--popping, sparker-swinging finale were the most notable of their stage specialties.

With each ensuing number the tal-

ented quintet went all out to demonstrate their superb proficiency. They did all their supersongs — "I'm Eighteen," "Under My Wheels," "Desperado," "No More Mister Nice Guy," and "Billion Dollar Babies" just to mention a few. Their tightness and finesse in handling each effort was simply unbelievable.

Alice, gulping down his fifteenth or sixteenth beer of the day, did his usual gig of entertaining while being entertained at the same time as he taunted the audience by tossing out huge balloons filled with dollar bills, laid a big smooch on some swooning chick in the first row continually urged the crowd to press closer to the stage in order to "make the ushers earn their money," and just in general got his kicks by observing the starry-eyed assemblage on hand. Yes indeed, that Alice Cooper is something to behold.

disaster. Dave Cousins sounds like a garbled Cat Stevens, singing lyrics that seemed the same in each song. Which I suppose would have been all right had the band done anything but the same song in altered tempo. Strawbs had only one standout number, "River", an acoustic number rendered inaudible by the Audi echo. Maybe another night, in another hall but I doubt the difference would be too earth shaking.

Foghat figured out a way around the acoustics; they turned out so loud that what came out of the P.A. wasn't that much different than the reverberations off the walls. If the old English blooze boogie music of Savoy Brown gave you thrills, Foghat must be a current favorite. They have everything

pleasing about the early Savoy Brown music in a nutshell. Rod Price must have listened to Kim Simmonds in his sleep. Lucky for Price that he's a far better guitarist, I wasn't ready to listen to all of Simmonds tricks done by a stranger. "What A Shame" had lots of bite. "I Just Want To Make Love To You" was lively with a crisp tight jam in the middle. Foghat subscribes to the theory that good lighting will spark a crowd as well as music. The band's stage act included some well cued lighting changes which sent the crowd into spins when the music faltered. "Rollin' and Tumblin'" was so close to Savoy Brown chesnut that they could have swapped spit. To think that this number is still good for some juice, it was the surprise of the evening. Fog-

hat even fits in the traditional spiffy British rock star trip. Fancy clothes, classy stage act...who could ask for anything more? Just this, we've all gone through Savoy Brown once. I'm not sure I want to rehash old Savoy Brown music again.

From the opening chords of "One of these Days", I began to wonder why I'd put so much emphasis on Ten Years After to begin with. The first two numbers were just plain lazy. Alvin seemed to lack even the most basic energy needed to generate the music. Possibly it could have been the weakness suffered by most of TYAs newer material. Lee then introduced a "song from yesteryear" and finally "Good Morning Little School Girl" got both the

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# Yes I'm Ready

# FANNY

DENNIS GIANGRECO  
Photos by BOB WIRTH

Upon arriving at Cowtown Ballroom I was pleased to find out that Backwoods Memory was one of the bands that Cowtown was able to snatch up at the last minute as a replacement for Slade. For the last few years I'd never managed to see them anywhere even though I'd occasionally hear that they were gigging nearby. Reports on them would generally be glowing, but by and large, you just didn't hear much about the band even though they have been playing together for at least three years. (Some of the members go way back. Bass man, Curt Franklin, and Gary Silvey, on rhythm, were with the Next of Kin when they won the Belton Missouri Battle of the Bands in 1967. The Amelia Earhart Memorial Flying Band won it in '68 but that's another story.)

Backwoods Memory did a smattering of their own material and a lot of everybody else's. The audience was visibly getting off on them and when they got an encore after finishing up their set with a Poco song, they came back and did the Yes number, Round About...and got away with it. They put enough of their own mark on other people's material to make that kind of transition workable. I do have to admit, though, that it does get a little weird at times listening to Poco lead riffs note for fucking note.

Sanctuary, from Lawrence, was a treat. Vocals way up front and tasty keyboard work. Extremely tight harmonies...versatile and powerful. They did everything from melodic jazz-oriented material to almost good timey rock'n roll. When asked after their set how they would describe their music, Eric Bikales (flute and keyboards) said "Well, oh wow, I guess it's just our music." They seemed to quite effortlessly truck all the way to the end of

their set.

Fanny was next and it was they that the people had come to see. Yes, see...not hear. For weeks before the concert comments like "hey there's gonna be some chicks playing at Cowtown" were common. Years ago I'd been fortunate enough to see the Ace of Cups in concert several times and the GTO's once. Both were women rock bands. An old San Francisco boogie band, the Anonymous Artists of America had a woman on bass, and, of course, there was Maureen Tucker, who was the drummer of the Velvet Underground. All these women and at least three things in common. They were all

extremely competent musicians, they were all underrated and they often had to eat an incredible amount of shit from men in the audience.

Fanny took the stage — decked out in tinsel to spare. From in front of the stage, "You're a sweet honey, aren't ya?" "Don't be stuck up, what's your name?" "Hey, are you dikes?" I was getting extremely pissed. Fanny, though, seemed to take it all as a matter of course, and with a definitive air of confidence about them, and very little waste of time, they launched into an ass-biting blues number with a truckin' slide guitar work which shut a lot of fat mouths. Fanny came on with



JEAN MILLINGTON (far left)  
 ALICE DE BUHR (top center)  
 JUNE MILLINGTON (bottom center)  
 NICKY BARCLAY (right)



an energy — an intensity that quite literally blew back the audience. The whole house was on its feet from the first note — and stayed there the rest of the show. When the cheers died down, Jean on bass said, 'Gee, I'm sure glad to see some guys showed up!'

All through their set they came

off with a power so raw...so complete. A power that simply doesn't come across on their albums. And they were enjoying what they were doing, not just running through the routine. They actually smile on stage. I haven't been so thoroughly turned on by a band since the first time I saw Savoy Brown, years ago. Well done harmonies with a loose spontaneity of occasional laughs, yelps, and screams. At intervals throughout the set June Millington would pull out some slide guitar work perfectly capable of axing thru concrete.

"Hey June, you don't act like a typical Aries."

"I don't act like a typical Aries?" The band laughed. Everybody laughed. And Fanny again started pumping into their monster rock'n roll, pacing everything extremely well.

All through the set I'd been scribbling down page after page of notes off at the side of the stage whenever I could contain myself from boogieing. My attention always seemed to go to the drummer because it was of her that I had the clearest vision, through the jumble of amps and mike stands. Without realizing it I had been totally drawn up into her power as a drummer and into her sheer physical beauty. My psyche was drawn into her more and more. Every movement she made, every pound of the drums, every poetic ripple her body emanated was slamming me in the forehead and I FREAKED! Like purple Owsley ego death I realized that I had become like those people that I had snickered and laughed at for years and then later came to accept — but never really understood I was a groupie! Not in the status quo fuck seeking sense, but on the level

that for a time I truly loved that woman and wanted so much to be a part of her and what she was doing. Get it on sisters! THE POWER OF ROCK'N ROLL!!!

They finished up the set with their shit-kicker, Charity Ball, and came back after a thunderous encore to finish up with a slow blues featuring the driving power and fine, fine harmonies they'd done all night.

\* \* \*

To not equate this band's importance to sexual politics would be sheer folly. They are the first all woman rock'n rollers to reach any degree of real national prominence. Rather than attack hundreds of years of Judaic — Christian ethics or machismo conditioning with rhetorical lyrics (which would have effectively aqelched any serious promotion of the band and air play for their records) they're coming through the back door hard and fast with pure energetic ability. And no, I don't think their lyrics encourage sexism. I am quite sure that people will be singing about the joys of love making until we either kill ourselves off or get replaced by fully automated humans.

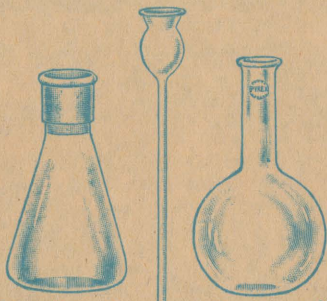
Fanny will soon be going on a tour of England and I have a feeling that the English will appreciate their driving brand of rock. If their tour comes off well and they start getting more coverage, it will certainly help audiences treat them more seriously. And maybe, just maybe, they'll be able to split open a few more heads than just my rock hard skull. I got a lot of faith in Fanny and a lot of faith in rock'n roll.

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### TEN YEARS AFTER

crowd and band off to a reasonable start. Was speedy fingers Lee going to crawl out of the woodwork after all? It wan't likely from the sound of "Rock and Roll Music to the World" and Ric Lee's ponderous drum solo. Then it fell into place, "Standin' At The Station" featured the real grit to TYA. Rick Churchill's moody organ building towards Alvin's amphetamine slide guitar (done with a drumstick). "Slow Blues in C", a new number, soon left

the slowness behind and harkened back to the days when Ten Years After separated the guts from the brains and sliced out in a mad rush of music. The haughty imitation blues shout of Alvin Leecame out beautiful. The final number (can't you guess?) "Goin' Home" which was pretty insipid with the exception of bouncy Leo Lyons who still remembers his form in Woodstock. Ten Years After's encore included "Sweet Little Sixteen" and had Alvin blazing away on guitar. My only question is - why didn't he do it sooner?

## Lou Reed The Pot Bellied Phantom

JAMES ANDREW

A crowd of about 900 people shuffled and jived into Memorial Hall to see Lou Reed and Garland Jeffries. For Kansas City, a town of many tinsel fad freaks you would think that the concert would have been packed to the roof. It's a shame that they won't support their cultural heroes like Lou Reed and David Bowie.

Garland Jeffries was the opening act of the concert. Jeffries is a folkie blues acoustic guitarist and vocalist. His material was so fuckin' bad that people yelled to warm themselves up. Jeffries had some feeling in his music, but he was the only one who felt it. The audience's harrasment had him talking...he told one dude to get his bad ass out. The crowd yelled the usuals back at him like, "Woooo, fuck off, get him off," but when the place got quiet someone yelled out "prostrate". Now that's original. I can understand where that dude was coming from.

Ninety percent of Jeffries' lyrics were Bob Dylan's and the other ten percent was just repetitive shit raps. For instance:

She didn't lie, he didn't lie,  
She didn't lie, he didn't lie,  
She didn't lie, he didn't lie,

She didn't lie, he didn't lie,  
She didn't lie, he didn't lie  
Oh, yeah!!!

There was no encore but the Master of Ceremonies sent him back on. There were many unhappy cries against his come back, including my own.

After he finished we had a twenty minute wait and then Lou Reed's band started to play. Then pot-bellied, teddy-bear looking, Lou Reed made his entrance, just like James Brown used to do. His first number was "Sweet Jane". The back-up band was so out of tune that I about died. Lou did eight songs from his new album "Transformer" along with "White Light/White Heat", "Rock'n Roll" and "Heroin". Reed's whole set was, in my thoughts and about sixty percent of the audience's, a bummer. Lou just couldn't get it together. Every song he sang out of key and the new back up band's musicianship was on the level of a Junior High rock band.

It truly was a thrill to see the so-called "Phantom" of rock'n roll, but he wasn't that good. A handful of true and honest fans brought him back. His encor song was "Sister Ray". Here, he finally got it on, but that's kind of a little late to be gettin it on, isn't it?

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# ALBUMS



## SWEET DREAMS AND QUIET DESIRES

Borderline  
Avalanche AV-LAO 16-F

## THEN AND NOW

Doc and Merle Watson  
Poppy PP-LAO 22-F

Both of these elpees are nice, and Doc Watson's is REAL nice, if you like country music.

Borderline is, for the most part, three city boys who play good country-fied music with an emphasis on singer/songwriter type numbers and studio backing. This is not necessarily bad, but it does make for one more studio-sound production, which is the biggest drawback to this record. Borderline, according to the jacket picture and credits is Jim Rooney, formerly of the Blue Velvet Band, and brothers Jon and David Gershen (formerly unknown to me and probably still living in obscurity to the rest of the world). Due to Jim Rooney, some parts of this sound reminiscent of the Blue Velvet Band, and that is a definite asset. With assistance from people like Ben Keith, Billy Mundi, John Simon, Dave Sanborn, and Bassar Clements, the album is musically strong because all these guys just know how to play. Also, they write some pretty songs.

Jim Rooney is a real Hank Williams freak, and it shows a lot in his singing. The man who called him a Boston Hillbilly was right, he really sounds like a hayseed. If anyone saw Shindig, or whatever that show was that had Eric Weissberg (also of the Velvet Band) and his group Deliverance (catchy, huh), Jim Rooney was the tall clown singing by the fiddler. If not, take my word for it; or don't, I don't care. Anyway, most of their material is ballad in nature, and sweet country/rock in execution. All of the songs on the album but Handsome Mol-

ly and Clinch Mtn. are originals of one of the three singer/guitarists. "Dragonfly", "Marilla", and "Marble Eyes" are three of the better songs by them, but I think the playing is harder on the two traditional numbers. And of these two, "Clinch Mountains" comes out sounding a whole lot like Jole Blonde. Also, there's a dobro in "Handsome Molly", but according to the album, nobody plays a dobro (HMMMMMMMM). The picture on the front of their album is a nice one, but by using it as a prop, they turn it into a product effect.. too bad.

I don't consider my musical opinions to be relevant to much of anything but my opinion of Doc Watson's album is that it whips the shit out of Borderline or just about anybody else when it comes to consistent strength in music. A lot of people probably heard Doc Watson for the first time due to his contribution to the album "Will The Circle Be Unbroken", in which he just ran away with whatever he was playing on. Without him, the entire collection of music on "Circle" would have been lacking. Doc Watson is so easy going, honest sounding, and musically unequaled as to put him almost in a class by himself. Martin Cerf says Doc Watson has played a lot of Rock and Roll studio sets, but I've always thought of him in terms of country/blues/swing/gospel and bluegrass music; although I'm fairly certain he could hold his own playing with just about any musician. I think his singing sounds like Gene Autrey. As much as he sounds like Burl Nes, (Martin Cerf's observation.) He plays guitar like a combination of Jerry Reed and Merle Travis, just fiery!! He plays a real nice, flowing harmonica too. His son Merle plays pretty damn fair guitar his own self. Some of their musical friends include Norman Blake and Vassar Clements who also plays on Borderline's LP. The front and back of this album carries respectively a picture of Doc and Merle's folded hands; and I guess that's where it's at. Even if that was all there was of Doc they'd be famous for setting guitars on fire and guitarists on their asses.

(Hey, Goddammit! How about the songs?) The songs; (some of them. "Bonapart's Retreat" would have probably slipped by me unnoticed as being itself had it not been for the album saying what it was. It sounds different from any other version I've heard of it before. (It's instrumental).

"Bottle of Wine" I recognized real easily, but I never knew Tom Paxton wrote it. (Someone else I've heard precious little of.)

"Match Box Blues" by Blind Lemon Jefferson hasn't sounded better than this since Carl Perkins and the Beatles.

"Corinna Corinna" brings to mind Bob Willis brand of Texas swing, I

love it.

"Old Camp Meeting Time" is a gospel song for sure, and although I've never been, I've been close.

"That's All" is by Merle Travis, and it's one of the best songs I know as far as stating your case goes. Go dig Doc Watson.

RAT

## BAD NEWS IS COMING

Luther Allison  
Gordy Records G964L

Luther Allison is probably unknown to the average music listener, but not to the blues world. Luther has been around a long time. I've seen him perform twice and let me tell you, he is the only, and in my opinion the best, blues performer there is today. He's definitely not repetitious as most blues acts...he gets it on slow, fast, rocking and hard. I saw him totally destroy an audience as the warmup for the Allman Brothers. He could play lead guitar around any of the greats, and I do mean better than B.B. King. Allison is also



far more versatile with better original guitar styles than King's basic one blues riff. Luther Allison is highly admired by his blues brothers...they know he can be dangerous. The Allman Brothers can testify to that.

About a month ago the Trucker got his first LP in the mail. When I first looked at the cover, I freaked out...Gordy Records...Booo...What? Why? When? thoughts shot through my weak mind. I took it home, put it on my turntable and died a slow death. THEY FUCKED HIM!!!

The recording sounds like it was hurried through, plus done on a Sony 2-channel tape recorder. I found mucho many mistakes on a close listening to Luther's first album. The songs just didn't move me at all and his vocals were extremely weak. The album is in all a bummer and I advise you to leave it in the record bins at your favorite record store, if they have it.

Now, believe me, Luther Allison is great, Gordy just fucked him up for a while. I do trust that his next album will be better only if he finds a good good blues producer, not a funky soul-rock one.

A final statement about Luther Allison...If Cowtown Ballroom would get Luther Allison a gig as a warm-up act he would most definitely be brought back for another gig by popular demand

JAMES ANDREW

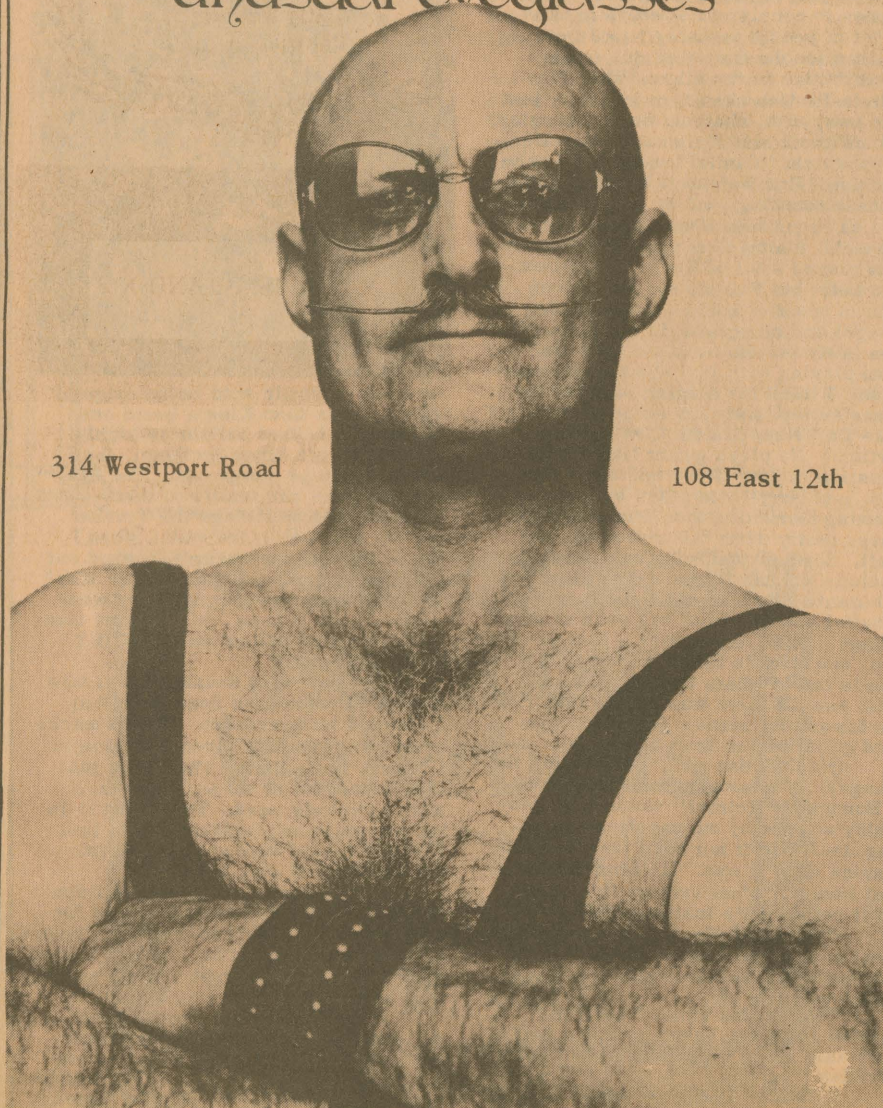


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## THE MARSHALL TUCKER BAND

The Marshall Tucker Band  
Capricorn 0112

The Capricorn family that has given us the Allman Brothers, Wet Willie, Captain Beyond, Eric Quinicy Tate and Martin Mull has done it again — another incredible new Southern group — the Marshall Tucker Band. The music at times is somewhat derivative of the Allmans but with a sax or a flute or a fiddle thrown in their brand of country blues.

Starting with a driving boogie, "Take the Highway", you know that this band has to be good. Doug Gray's vocal blends with Jerry Eubank's flute, and the driving guitars make this one of the best opening tracks to a disc that I've heard in ages. Toy Caldwell's lead vocal and the multi-background voices flavor "Can't You See" while the side closes with a fine country boogie, "Losing You", which has a Poco vocal feeling with horns and percussion along with Toy's fine steel guitar.

Imagine a group of long-hairs playing some rural redneck lounge circuit: "You can have fun / I'm telling ya you can / Stomp your feet to a hippie in the band... There's nothing in the world / I rather do than guitar pick those country blues." This rockin' country fiddle tune, "Hillbilly Band", features Cousin Stanley's Jug Band and cuts anything by Seatrain. Other highlights include a beautifully produced horn inspired "Ramblin'" with a fine pulsating lead guitar from Toy (who also penned all the songs); a rhythm and blues "My Jesus Told Me So" with a female (black?) chorus; and to end the set a talking blues, "AB's Song", about someone wondering if his lover will still love him after he dies at the age of 23.

As there is no Doobie in the Doobie Brothers, there is no Marshall Tucker in the MTB — just six guys (vocalist, 2 guitars, bass, drums, and brass) from the Carolinas including the brothers Tom and Toy Caldwell. Jai Johanny Johanson of the Allman Brothers plays congas and guitcongas on three numbers, and Paul Hornsby, the engineer and producer, also guests on keyboards and moog.

This is a beautifully produced and conceived album from the high energy of "Take the Highway" to the fitting close of a talking blues. Although Marshall Tucker's music is somewhat derivative at this stage, they are young and will develop a style of their own — remember all the music is original. The opening side was pretty impressive for an unknown group that should be dynamite live. Congratulations again to Phil Walden, head of Capricorn, and I am waiting for your next Southern discovery.

BOB GROSSWEINER



## STILL ALIVE AND WELL

Johnny Winter  
Columbia KC32188

Johnny Winter is a freak and was treated like a carnival side show. Most of his youthful days were spent in his home town, Beaumont, Texas. I asked everyone that I met when I lived in Beaumont to tell me what he or she knew about Winter. Some of the stories were too much to believe and some were the honest-to-God truth.

Johnny was treated like a black man during his teens. In other words, he was treated with the same violence and harassment that blacks were treated with in Southeast Texas. "Mean Town Blues" reflects his feelings about his home town, Beaumont. Let me tell you, it is the meanest fuckin town I've ever been in. I knew this girl who, when Johnny hit the big time, got into an ice cream throwing contest with him. Her reason was that he was

just too ugly to leave alone.

After getting in on all the gossip I still cherished my collection of Johnny Winter albums. It even made me dig him that much more. I got to see him for the first time live in a park concert in Beaumont a few weeks before he put his shakey life in the Beaumont Neurological Center. A few days before the Sunday park gig, Johnny and his new band, with Derringer, played at the University of Houston with B.B. King and Curved Air. Well, to make things short, Johnny staggered on stage smoking a cigarette and didn't do any of his famous lead guitar work. He let Derringer control that part of the music. They sounded like shit. Beaumont freaks just lost it, "Johnny's fucked, something's wrong." Let me tell you, there was something wrong. Johnny got himself hung up in a smack-cocaine bag real bad. This is the reason why Johnny checked into the private-type nut house.

He stayed in there for about two or three weeks and then off to seclusion at home with family and close

friends. At this time my questions were not being asked but people volunteered information. The big scoop was that he was through with music and the whole life scene. The word was out. Everyone in town kept their

eyes wide open to catch a glimpse and maybe a rap with the famous Johnny Winter. I was lucky on occasions to be at some parties with him. They

CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE

## A FEW QUICKIES

It would seem as though we have reached another fertility period from the record companies. They have lately been feeding us a lot of good records and a lot of shit. Here's a word about what you're most likely to spend your hard earned bread on:

Seals and Crofts - **DIAMOND GIRL** - There was a time when Seals and Crofts followers were a small cult; then came Summer Breeze, and they knew they had a hit. Now they have mastered their particular form of music, and have totally immersed it in schlock. Of course, it's still Seals and Crofts, and naturally, it's pretty good, but you would be better off to wait until most of the songs on the album reach the top ten, when you can get tired of it without buying it.

Fleetwood Mac - **PENQUIN/Jefferson Airplane - 30 SECONDS OVER WINTERLAND (Live)** - I have listed these together because I feel both groups have probably done about all they're capable of before this, and these are just more albums by old hit-makers. If the sound of the groups gets you off still, OK. Otherwise, don't look for anything new here.

Byrds - Another (ho hum) get-together of old superstars. A competent album, but the magic's gone.

Paul Brett - An import album. Paul Brett is not doing the same kind of white magic music that fills the Paul Brett Sage album; but of course it's as good as it could be, but maybe it's even better than I think. The album is mostly Paul Brett and Mike Piggot, who shines on violin.

Jimmie Spheeris - **THE ORIGINAL TAP DANCING KID** - Spheeris has given us a new album which shows how weakly his first was produced, and also demonstrated how, by comparison,

his first was of very limited scope. However, this one doesn't have as much magic as album one, but it does have enough to make it stand out. Spheeris' albums will continue to be in short demand around Christmas and such, you know; the gift that keeps on giving, etc...

Peter Land - **THE THING OUTSIDE THE NURSERY ROOM WINDOW** - Takoma has another one for us. (If you liked Fahey, you'll love Lang). My friend Mark thinks Peter Lang is the finest guitar picker around. He just may be; if you think Eric Clapton is a truly great guitarist, you might never understand though.

Led Zeppelin - **HOUSES OF THE HOLY** - I am disappointed enough by this album that this is all I'm going to say about it.

**THE MARSHALL TUCKER BAND** This is the first album by these people, and it won't be the last. Every once in a while, a record company finds an artist they'd like to turn a profit on.

They advertise his album on the inside sleeves of all their albums; they put full page ads in Billboard and Rolling Stone and in general just make them known and folks buy it and it doesn't matter if the artist is good or if people enjoy the album. The Marshall Tucker Band is not one of these, so this may be all you ever hear of them. But, their album, while containing nothing really new and different, is excellent. They need to polish their technique a little, and if they continue as we feel they might, they will be stars some day.

Bruce Springsteen - Bill Quate-man - As to the preceding paragraph; these are examples of mediocre singers the record people have decided to make stars of.

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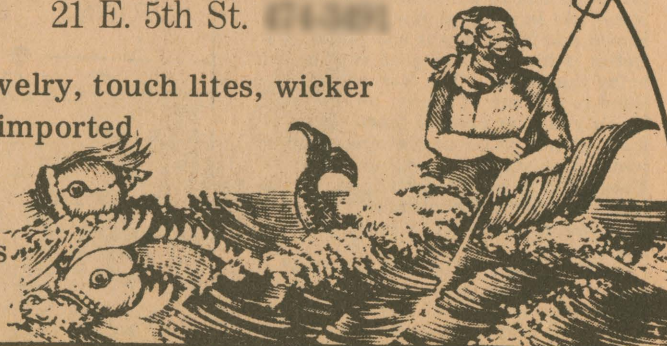
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**JOHNNY WINTER**

were right. He sure looked bad, but I felt that it was not any of my business to pry into his private life. Late in August he put himself back in the Beaumont Neurological Center. Johnny just couldn't keep his head above the water. He stayed there for another couple of weeks but had to go elsewhere to dry out. While he was in this place, a friend of mine was his roommate. He talked about Johnny with a scary and shakey mind. Johnny supposedly told him that if his music went bad again he'd end his life.

Johnny went from Beaumont to a private mental institution near New Orleans called River Oaks. He stayed there for almost ten months. Many times while he was there he ventured back and forth to New York and Beaumont. On one of his trips to New York he played with Edgar's band in a live concert. He is on the live album "Roadwork" which Edgar's band was recording at that time. During the winter of 1971 and 1972 I traveled around a lot and whenever I mentioned that I lived in Beaumont, Texas, everyone would ask me about Johnny Winter. Never once did I feel that it was all over with Johnny, I told everybody he was coming back someday in the near future.

Last fall of 1972 I went back to Beaumont and found out some good things. I heard from some of Johnny's friends that he was alive and well in Austin, preparing himself for a new album. Also, he was taking on some weight and had come off the junk depression.

Johnny had a lot to tell his friends when he got his shit together and he even stepped on a few toes. Johnny really doesn't want to be a rock star, he just wants to play his guitar and sing his white head off, and that's all. He wants to be accepted as a normal everyday dude, not a side-show freak who everyone lusts over.

Just a month ago Johnny came back (after two years without being on the music scene) with an album. The new album showed me that Johnny is fuckin better than he ever was. The title of his new LP is "Still Alive and Well".

Rick Derringer produced this new Johnny Winter masterpiece with Randy Jo Hobbs on bass and Richard Hughes on drums. Every cut on the album gets it on. "Rock Me Baby", "Can't You Feel It?", "All Tore Down" and "Rock'n Roll" make side A one of the best put together hard rock music sides of any album to this date.

Side two touches on all of Johnny Winter's types of music: Country and Western, Blues, and hard hard rock and roll. Two of side two's five songs were written by Mick Jagger and Keith Richards. "Silver Trains" is not a favorite but Johnny chews out "Let It Bleed". In my opinion, Winter does it better than the Rolling Stones themselves. He puts so much raunch feeling, plus getting down to the gut groan sensation. At the end of "Let It Bleed" Johnny asks a question to everyone who bought the album, and that is, "Goddamit, did that get it or what?...fuck." Yes, Johnny, it sure does.

One of the most powerful songs on any Winter album has to be the title

cut of this new LP, "Still Alive and Well". At the beginning of the song Johnny does his little talking trips. He says, "I'm hungry, let's do this fucker." And then he just plows full steam into some hard core rock. Another stand out song on the album is "Too Much Seconal". This blues number features Jeremy Steig on the flute. Jeremy does a typical Jethro Tull flute sound, wispy and breathy, but it's good. Todd Rundgren is also on Johnny's new album playing mellotron on "Cheap Tequilla", a Rick Derringer song.

"Still Alive and Well" was truly worth the wait, but I still have to wonder if Johnny can carry the weight of the public demand. He's only doing fifteen concerts on his new tour and everyone of them is a sellout. Yes! Johnny Winter is back, but goddamit, why doesn't anyone bring him to K.C.?

JAMES ANDREW

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## SEARCHINGS IN THE WASTELAND

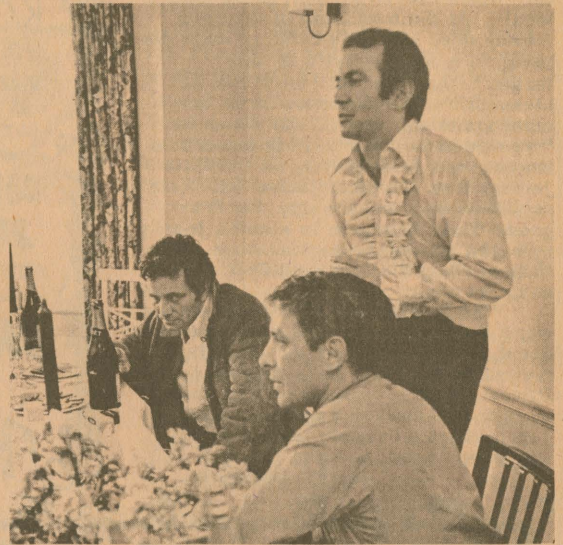
tion of the auteur theory. Aesthetically, however, there are a few main drawbacks to watching films on television; One, the most obvious are the commercial breaks, they do not add much to the pacing and flow of any film; Another, is the size of the image, motion pictures are meant to be viewed in a larger-than-life format found in the movie theatre. Something is lost when seen on a nine-inch screen. The aesthetic reasons for this are too deep to go into at this time; Thirdly, movies shown on TV sometimes become mutilated by censors, this is an unfortunate and unnecessary policy, but it exists, nonetheless.

Even in spite of these drawbacks, films seen on TV can be an interesting and enjoyable experience. To show you what I mean let's take the programming week of May 19 to May 25: Here is a list of the films I think are interesting that can be seen on local Kansas City television.

1. "The Hustler" 5/19, 10:30 pm, channel 9, directed by Robert Rossen, a continuation of Rossen's examination of his favorite theme: Success in America, it's strengths and weaknesses. An impressive film.

2. "Key Largo", 5/20, 7:30 pm,

Cassavetes' "Husbands"  
Cassavetes, Falk and  
Gazzara - Guts and  
Instinct



channel 41, stars Humphrey Bogart, Edward G. Roginson, Lauren Bacall, and Lionel Barrymore, directed by John Huston, need I say more?

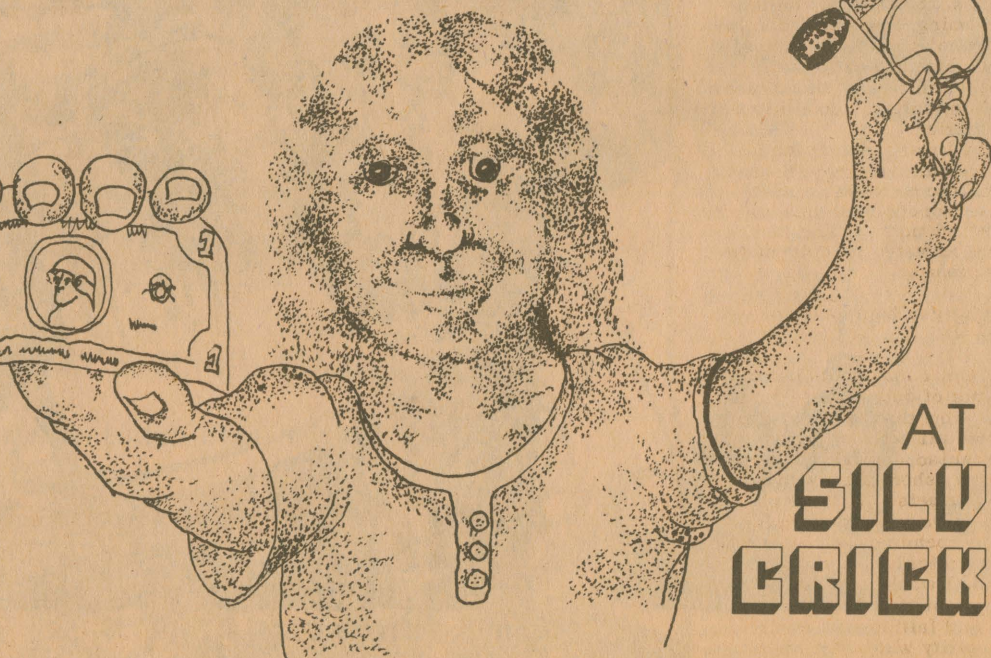
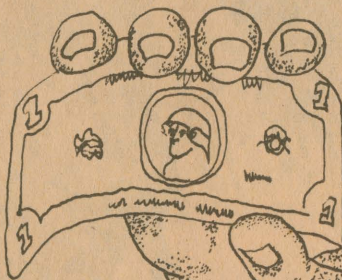
3. "Husbands", 5/21, 10:30 pm, channel 5, directed by John Cassavetes truthful, realistic look at the lives of three middle-aged men. One of Cassavetes' best films.

4. "Monkey Business", 5/24, 1:00 pm, channel 41, directed by Howard Hawks, one of Howard Hawks' funnier "crazy comedies", starring Cary Grant, Ginger Rogers, and Marilyn Monroe.

5. "The Rise and Fall of Louis XIV", 5/24, 8:00 pm, channel 19, repeated 9:00 pm, 5/25, directed by Rob-

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erto Rosselini, a fabulous film! A neo-realistic costume epic examining the personality and politics of the French king.

6. "Blow Up", 5/24, 8:00 pm, channel 41, directed by Micheangelo Antonioni, superb motion picture by one of the better film makers in the world (fourteen minutes cut from original length).

7. "Viva Zapata!", 5/24, 10:30 pm, channel 9, directed by Elia Kazan, Marlon Brando leads in this drama of revolution, script by John Steinbeck (Nice film).

Of course, the films listed are the ones I personally find interesting, your list may be very different. The point is made, however, that the television set can be very enjoyable, and cheap entertainment when care and intelligence is applied.

### GINSBERG CONTINUED

into very short hair and alcohol." And then there are other gay people who say, "My loyalty is to other gay people, and the freak culture is very macho."

GINSBERG: The form I felt it in was between the heart-felt, populist, humanist, quasi-heterosexual, Whitmanic, bohemian, free-love, homosexual tradition, as you find it in Sherwood Anderson, Whitman, or maybe Genet, versus the privileged, exaggeratedly effeminate, gossipy, moneyed, money-style-clothing conscious, near hysterical queen. Of course, there's nothing more ancient or honorable than the old shamanistic transvestite that we see running up and down Greenwich Avenue or, among the American Indians, a shaman who dresses himself up like a woman and even takes a husband. The screaming young queen — there's something very ancient and charming about that; great company, total individuality and expressiveness. Sometimes, you fear it's the screaming, hysterical outside of somebody who's going to have a nervous breakdown and wind up in the church, or something. But then there's also the pettish, spiteful, anal retentive, disciplinarian.

But when I was younger the split was more between the grubby, beatnik, open-hearted...the nameless, gnostic lovers and the monopolistic queens who had privilege and money. The distinction was more between the cold-hearted and the warm hearted.

YOUNG: In the gay bars of New York did you find both?

GINSBERG: Oh, I found both definitely. There were lots of outspoken, funny old sailor queens from the twenties; and then there were all sorts of prissy mouthed, paranoiac, fearful, conservative-reactionary, short-hair, worried, advertising martinets. And everything in between. There is a manneristic fairydom that depends on money, chic, privilege and exclusive, monopolistic high style, and I would say that it is usually accompanied by bitchiness and bad manners and faithless love, too. I like homosexuality where the lovers are friends all their lives, and there are many lovers and many friends.

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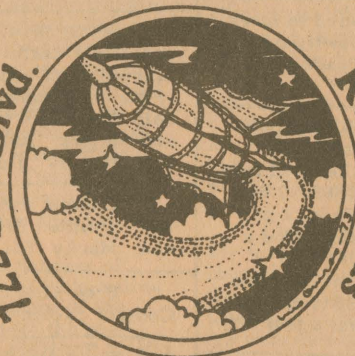
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THEM QUAAAYS



Have you ever taken Quaaludes? A lot of people have and they say it's the best high around. The companies that manufacture Quaaludes have been saying since 1965 that this new drug is "relatively harmless". But that's just a lying sales pitch.

We can't believe what the drug companies say because they're just out to make money. They put new drugs on the market before they have any idea what the effects are. They did it with birth control pills and they did it with Quaaludes.

Most doctors know even less than the people on the street about these new drugs. The doctor's primary source of information is a book called the Physicians Desk Reference (PDR). This book supposedly explains what the effects of the drug are and it says that Quaaludes are more or less safe. The PDR is printed by the same greedy capitalists who made the drug.

Methaqualone, the chemical name for quaaludes, is produced by a number of different drug companies. The drug itself is the same, only the name and the packaging are different. Quaaludes are made by Rorer, Sopars are made by AmarStone (these are sometimes called AS's for Azzies because of the initials on the pill itself). Pararest is made by Parke-Davis and Optimals are made by Wallace. It is very hard to get exact figures about sales or profit, but Rorer does report a steady increase of sales of quaaludes of 20% every month. A Wall St. firm which did an audit of Rorer's books, reported that profits from quaaludes have increased from \$2 million in 1969 to \$4 million in 1970 and then to \$6 or \$7 million in 1972, or a 250% increase in 3 years.

What do Quaaludes really do to you? Anyone can tell you that Quaaludes get you high. Coming down is mellow and there's no hangover. But it is also destroys your body. It eats away your liver and kidneys and can cause damage to stomach lining and bone marrow. Quaaludes also have a damaging effect on the endocrine system, which are the glands and hormones that make your entire body work properly. Every time you take Quaaludes, you might as well wave goodbye to some of your brain cells. It eats away your brain cells in a similar way as glue. Continual use of Quaaludes can turn you into a vegetable with spaghetti for a brain. Three hits of 300mg. each is a potential O.D. for some people.

Quaaludes cannot be taken with alcohol or other drugs. Even though there's a similar effect as barbiturates, they're not the same and cannot be mixed. When you mix Quaaludes with downers or alcohol, the effect is magnified two to ten times. Twenty Quaaludes would easily kill a person. Two Quaaludes and some wine could have the same effect.

One of the biggest dangers of quaalude is, although your body builds up a tolerance, needing more of the drug to get the same effect the more often you take it, **THE AMOUNT NEEDED TO OVERDOSE REMAINS THE SAME.** This is the direct opposite of heroin, where both the tolerance and the overdose amount increases at the same rate. So, the regular quaalude user, unlike the heroin user, will eventually reach a point where they will no longer feel any physical effects of the drug, but can still O.D.

The immediate effects of quaaludes are pretty serious, too. They mess up judgement so that you can't tell how

fast or in what direction you're going. They slow down your reaction time so that if you're driving you might not see another car coming until after you hit it. They slur speech so that you walk around sounding like an idiot, drooling

from the mouth, making no sense, and forgetting what you said two minutes ago. When you're high on quaaludes you're obnoxious and a pain in the ass to everyone around.

No matter what anyone says, quaaludes can be addictive. People who took quaaludes to stay away from heroin or bars ended up addicted anyway. And this habit is even worse because if you're addicted to quaaludes it's impossible to withdraw cold turkey. Very few hospitals are willing to go through the trouble of getting you off quaaludes because first they have to addict you to barbiturates and then slowly withdraw you from that. It's the only safe way to kick, because you can otherwise get convulsions and stomach hemorrhaging that will kill you.

Quaaludes and other similar drugs are invented for the purpose of controlling people and keeping them in line. Many prisons shoot up the inmates with thorazine to keep them quiet. There are experiments using Ritalin on school children. Methadone is used to keep people dependent on the government for their daily fix. Quaaludes is just one more drug that will keep people hung up and downed out, unable to think or do anything, with a future that goes nowhere. Before you trade your life in for a few hour high, think about it. **KARMIC WARNING:**

Downers insulate you from life. When they wear off, you experience life twice as hard.

## WATERGATE CONTINUED

iously died, allegedly with a lot of extra cyanide in her body, there was one surprising direct link with Watergate present, Dwight L. Chapin, formerly the Presidential Appointment Secretary.

Chapin, who resigned his position shortly after the bugging team was arrested, has had his name linked because of his high White House status with the men responsible for the sabotage attempts on the Democratic Party. Now he is a high ranking United Airlines Executive, a post for which he has had no experience, and only

weeks after his resignation from the White House turns up as United Airlines representative at the government hearing involving the crash of United Airlines flight 553.

So March 2, 1973, a Friday, Skolnick files his complaint against the procedures in the aircraft accident hearing and reveals that Alex J. Bottos is working with him and is prepared to talk about the Sarelli gang, Mitchell, and the Watergate connections. On Monday, March 5, one business day later, Alex J. Bottos was seized by federal marshalls on a year old charge of impersonating an FBI agent and without a trial, on the basis of Title 18 of the U.S. Code, Section

4224 relating to mental observation of a person charged with a federal offense is locked up in a federal mental institution in Springfield, Missouri.

But Bottos has friends outside, namely Skolnick and the Northwest Indiana Crime Commission, for whom Bottos was working undercover as an infiltrator of the Sarelli gang. So Friday, April 20, Bottos was sprung from the federal facility with horrible stories of how the federal government has 200 people locked up in Springfield without giving them due process of law.

On Monday, April 23, the Northwest Indiana Crime Commission called a press conference blasting the Justice Department for abducting their star witness against the notorious Sarelli gang.

And why didn't you, dear Trucker reader, hear about this on TV, on radio, or in the K.C. Star/Times? Is it because United Air Lines is such a prominent advertiser? Or because the wire services haven't let this story get out of the Illinois-Indiana area? Or is it more Watergate coverup that will take time to surface outside of the alternative press?

Skolnick has already been informed that he is going to be a witness before Senator Sam Ervin's Select Committee investigation into Watergate. So look for Skolnick on TV. And if he isn't there, or reported about in your daily newspaper, complain.

## ENERGY CRISIS CONTINUED

In 1944, the U.S. Congress funded research on these processes. In 1951, the Bureau of Mines predicted gasoline made from coal and shale was within a few pennies of the price of gas made from crude oil. Again, the oil men flexed and Congress defunded the research in 1954.

Not content with creating these artificial shortages, the oil companies have used them in their drive for tax breaks. They argue that they can't afford to discover and develop new deposits unless their taxes are lowered. This argument has won them a depletion allowance worth about \$2 billion a year and other tax breaks totaling more than \$1.7 billion a year.

These tax concessions and the industry's ability to fix prices have made it one of the most profitable investments in the United States for years. To maintain that high profitability, the consumer has had to pay twice — once in higher fuel prices and again in higher taxes.

## FLIES IN THE OINTMENT

The industry's profitability, however, has been threatened on several fronts in recent years.

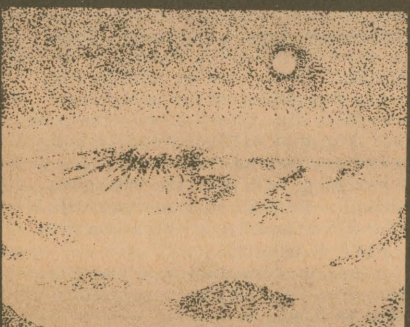
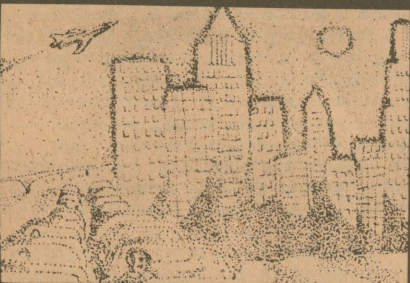
First, some of the Mideast and Latin American countries with the richest oil deposits have formed an alliance, OPEC, which has succeeded in getting higher royalties from the companies which produce and sell the oil.

Second, the U.S. ecology movement has succeeded in thwarting many of the industry's expansion plans. The Alaska pipeline, for instance, was to be private capital's most expensive ven-

CONTINUED ON 47

## CIGARETTE

by  
Thomas  
Rose



# OWN BY THE RIVER★



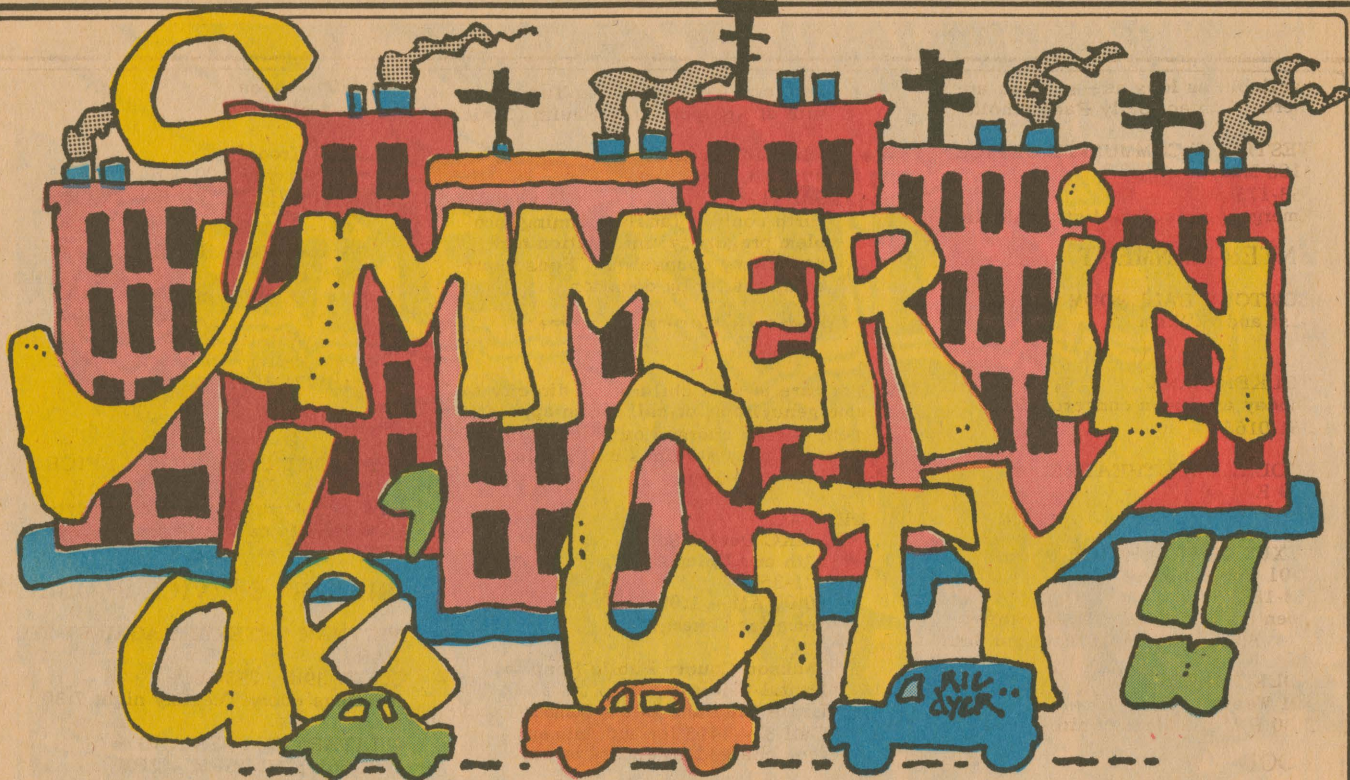
...at 5th &  
Walnut in the  
River Quay

Dandelion

House of Hezekiah    The Granary

Mr. Hides Leather

Brand-X



## BOOKS

**NEW EARTH BOOKSTORE**  
24 East 39th  
Non-profit movement collective

**HENDRICK'S BOOKS**  
4734 Troost  
Used books, occult and related subjects

## COMMUNICATIONS

**NEWSPAPERS**  
Westport Trucker  
4044 Broadway

Shelter  
3800 McGee

**COMMUNITY BULLETIN BOARDS**  
Westport Community Office  
4106 Main

Westport Free Health Clinic  
4008 Baltimore

**RIDE SWITCHBOARD**  
KBey, 104.3  
7 and 9 nightly

**PEOPLE'S YELLOW PAGES**  
Descriptive listing of groups, services, resources, and organizations designed to build community. Available in various locations for 50¢

## COUNSELING

**WESTPORT FREE HEALTH CLINIC**  
4008 Baltimore

Counseling Clinic held every Wednesday night at 7:00 P.M. Call to make appointment if possible.

**GAY COUNSELING**  
call or

**WESTPORT COMMUNITY OFFICE**  
4106 Main

Can arrange contacts with mental health services

## CRASH PADS

**WESTPORT COMMUNITY OFFICE**  
4106 Main

Will help with finding temporary places to stay.

## DAY CARE

**COLLECTIVE DAYCARE CENTER**  
Needs more children (ages 2-6) and volunteers - non-sexist, non-racist - offers educational opportunities and free play. Hot nutritious meals and snacks. Parent and volunteer directed  
Hours 7:30 A.M. - 5:30 P.M. weekdays  
Call Susan of Daycare Center

**ST. PAULS EPISCOPAL CHURCH**  
40th and Main

Crafts, arts, reading, field trips, experiential kind of learning. \$15 per week \$6 activity fee - Scholarships available

## CRISES

**HUMAN RESCUE, INC.**

Switchboard - 24 hour crises intervention - suicide prevention.

**HOTLINE FOR YOUTH**

Weekdays - 6:00 P.M. - 12:00  
Weekends - 6:00 P.M. - 2:00 A.M.

## DRUG PROGRAMS

## EMERGENCY CARE

General Hospital Emergency Room  
24th and Cherry  
Fees charged on ability to pay

K.U. Med Center Emergency Room  
39th and Rainbow  
Fees charged

**CRISES LINE -**

**RENAISSANCE WEST FAMILY**  
3821 Baltimore  
Residential treatment center for chemical dependency - a therapeutic community

## EDUCATION

### COMMUNIVERSITY

UMKC Student Center  
Registration for summer classes will be June 13-16. Deadline for course proposals is May 17th.

### OUR SCHOOL

Call or  
Being organized to serve Westport Central City Community - currently looking for a home. Children (ages 2-12) and parents.

### PACERS SCHOOL

Parents Actively Concerned About Educational Reform - going into its 3rd year and has found a happy home at 7725 W. 87th

## EMERGENCY ASSISTANCE

**METROPOLITAN LUTHERAN MINISTRY EMERGENCY ASSISTANCE AND ADVOCACY CENTER**  
3800 Troost

Food, money, clothing, transportation -

available as long as resources are there. Contact Sally Fahrendthold

**WESTPORT COMMUNITY OFFICE**  
4106 Main

Emergency resource list available

## ENTERTAINMENT

**COWTOWN BALLROOM**  
31st and Gillham

**VOLKER PARK**  
Sunday afternoon concerts (free)

**FOOLKILLER THEATRE**  
809 E. 31st

**NEXUS COFFEEHOUSE**  
8401 Wornall Road

Open 8:00 - 12:00 P.M. Weeknites  
8:00 - 1:00 P.M. Fri. and Sat.

**FOLK DANCING**  
201 Westport Road  
7:30 P.M. Wednesday nites

## FOOD

**WESTPORT FOOD COOP**  
or - ask for Kevin  
Produce, dairy and natural grains at cheap prices

**WESTSIDE FOOD COOP**  
2017 West Pennway

## GAY

**GAY PEOPLE'S UNION**  
5225 Rockhill  
Meetings: Sundays 2:00 P.M. and Mondays 7:30 P.M.  
A group of women and men seeking to liberate themselves through consciousness raising, education, services to the gay community, political action, and creation of alternative social settings.

**GAY COUNSELING**  
Call or

## HEALTH CARE

**WESTPORT FREE HEALTH CLINIC**  
4008 Baltimore

Clinic Schedule:  
Mondays - Medical Clinic 7:00 p.m.  
Tuesdays - Family Planning Clinic 6:00 p.m. (call 531-0203 for appointment)  
Wednesdays - Counseling Clinic 7:00 p.m.  
Thursdays - Medical Clinics 5:30 p.m.  
Fridays - Community services referral 1-3:00 p.m.  
Door opens at 10:00 each weekday

**BIRTH CONTROL**  
Family Planning  
3222 Troost

Free family planning services including birth control, pap smears, pregnancy tests, information. Family planning clinics at various times

and locations, including Tuesday nite at Westport Free Health Clinic

Planned Parenthood  
4950 Cherry

Birth control, family planning, problem pregnancy, information and vasectomy counseling. Fees charged at cost or by donation

**CHILDREN'S MERCY HOSPITAL**  
24th and Elm

For care of sick children go directly to emergency room or call for an appointment - fees charged on ability to pay  
For well baby services call Public Health -

**DENTAL**  
UMKC Dental School  
24th and Holmes

10:00 AM - 1:00 PM  
Some fees charged

Jackson County Public Hospital  
Dental Clinic  
Little Blue and Lee's Summit Road  
Call for appointment - fees charged on ability to pay

Emergency:  
General Hospital Emergency Room  
24th and Holmes

Fees charged on ability to pay

University of Kansas Medical Center - Emergency Room  
39th and Rainbow

Fees charged

**IMMUNIZATIONS**  
Public Health

Immunizations offered at various locations  
8:00 - 4:15 PM Mon. - Fri.  
No appointments necessary

**PREGNANCY TEST**  
Family Planning

Take first urine sample of morning to 3222 Troost for free pregnancy test. Open for tests Mon. - Fri.  
8:00 - 10:00 PM

**PRENATAL CLINIC**  
Family Planning

Alternating clinics every other Thursday by appointment only at 3222 Troost and 36th and Indiana

**PROBLEM PREGNANCY**  
Problem Pregnancy and Abortion Referral

Birthright

For women who want to keep their babies - counseling, family placement, medical care.

**V.D.**  
Public Helath VD Clinic  
2317 Kenwood  
Monday and Friday 8:00AM - 2:39 PM  
Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday

8:00 - noon  
free services

3222 Troost  
Thursdays 5:00 - 6:30 PM  
Public Health VD Clinic  
Free services

Westport Free Health Clinic  
4008 Baltimore  
Mon. 7:00 PM and Thur. 5:30 PM

Other VD Clinics at various times and locations throughout the city call

## LEGAL

**WESTPORT COMMUNITY OFFICE**  
4106 Main  
Lawyer referral - volunteer lawyers  
Best time to call is between 10AM and 5PM

## MILITARY SERVICE PROBLEMS

**VIETNAM VETERANS AGAINST THE WAR**  
306 W. 39th  
Meetings every Tuesday night 7:30

**MILITARY COUNSELING**  
Call 5PM - 7PM  
Contact Mike

**VIETNAM VETERAN COUNSELING**  
personal, job marriage, etc.  
4106 Main  
Mon. and Wed. 9AM - 3PM

## RUNAWAYS

**POOH HOUSE**  
3621 Charlotte  
Runaway house for young people between 13-18 years old. Short term interventive counseling. Donations appreciated

**SYNERGY HOUSE**  
Park College Campus

Crisis intervention runaway facility for young people 12-17 years old. Stay is usually 3-5 days to work on problems.

## WOMEN

**WOMEN'S LIBERATION UNION**  
5138 Tracy

## YOGA AND MEDITATION

**ANANDA MARGA YOGA SOCIETY**  
5501 Forest  
A socio-spiritual organization which gives free instruction in yoga and meditation. Call for times.

**DIVINE LIGHT MISSION**  
29th and Campbell  
Knowledge imparted by fifteen year old Satguru Marharaj Ji, perfect master

**KUNDALINI YOGA**  
Techniques as introduced by Yogi Bhajan. Instruction by a student teacher at 4815 Holmes  
Monday - Saturday 7:30 PM  
\$1 donation appreciated

**TRANCENDENTAL MEDITATION**  
As taught by Maharishi Mehesh Yogi  
6301 Main

**KUDL FM 98.1**

PRESENTS  
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FEATURING

**DR. JOHN**

**SLADE**

**DAN HICKS  
& HIS HOT LICKS**

**BECK,  
BOGART  
& APPICE**

FRIDAY MAY 25 AT 10:30 P.M. Channel 41

## ENERGY CRISIS CONTINUED

ture ever. It was fought in the courts for several years and stopped by the Supreme Court. Environmentalists have also stopped offshore drilling in many places, limited imports of explosive liquified natural gas and insisted cleaner, low sulphur fuels be burned in urban areas.

Third, increasing anti-oil company sentiment in the U.S. has led Congress to cut the depletion allowance from 27½ percent to 22 percent. Two years ago, the president of Humble Oil (now Exxon) said, "Public relations is now the industry's most serious problem." Besides the reaction to ecological damage, the companies have been criticized for promoting the U.S. war in Indochina and the Portuguese war to hold its colonies in Africa, in order to control the oil resources in those areas

## COUNTERATTACK

Today's fuel-shortage crisis is part of the oil monopolists' counter-attack. The industry knew domestic demand was rising, yet they cut down domestic exploration. They knew the U.S. needed more refineries, yet they built them abroad for cheap land and labor. And throughout the 1960s they continued to prevent the development of shale and coal conversion-to-gasoline processes.

Pointing to the crisis, the companies are already asking for a higher depletion allowance. Nixon and members of Congress are already pushing legislation which would get around the courts' decisions on the Alaskan pipeline and other destructive projects. All the shortage publicity also prepares consumers for higher prices, which keep the companies' profits up despite the higher royalties they have to pay overseas.

At the same time, the oil monopolies are revising their system of controls. The increased royalties to the OPEC countries have led the companies to increase the price of their foreign oil — therefore the import quotas are no longer so needed. Nixon has just proposed replacing them with a more flexible system. Also, in the past ten years the oil companies have bought up 50 percent of the nation's coal; they are now eager to have the government subsidize research on coal-to-gasoline conversion, since the operation will be firmly under their control.

The major oil companies now control 72 percent of the nation's natural gas, 50 percent of the coal, and 80 percent of the atomic energy resources. In the future they hope to develop the same control over the supply and price of all energy sources that they have so successfully exercised over petroleum.

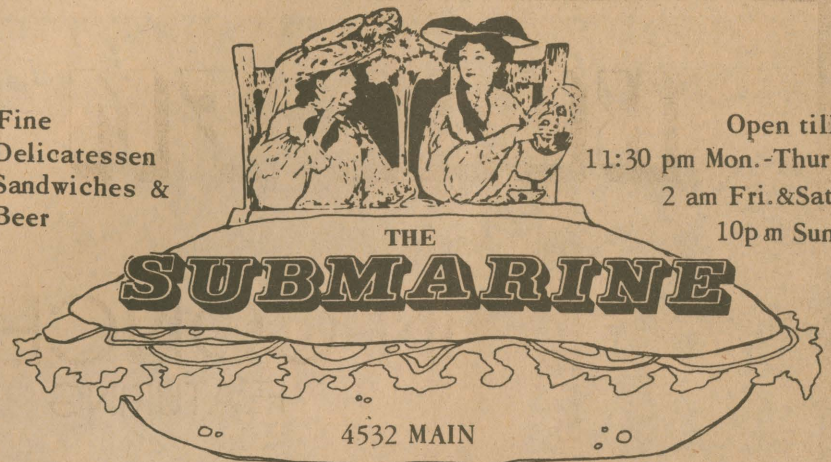
## LETTERS CONTINUED

cause it's one of those "ol' nometown papers" you really miss when away.

I've been meaning to write this letter for over a year now and have finally gotten to it. I am including an article from the Nation Magazine about two papers in Boston. You may or may not be interested in the article, I don't know. Any way Good Luck, and of course, keep on Truckin'. Love, Peace and Happiness to you and yours,

JEFFERY C. HUMFELD

Fine  
Delicatessen  
Sandwiches &  
Beer



Open till  
11:30 pm Mon.-Thurs  
2 am Fri.&Sat.  
10p m Sun.



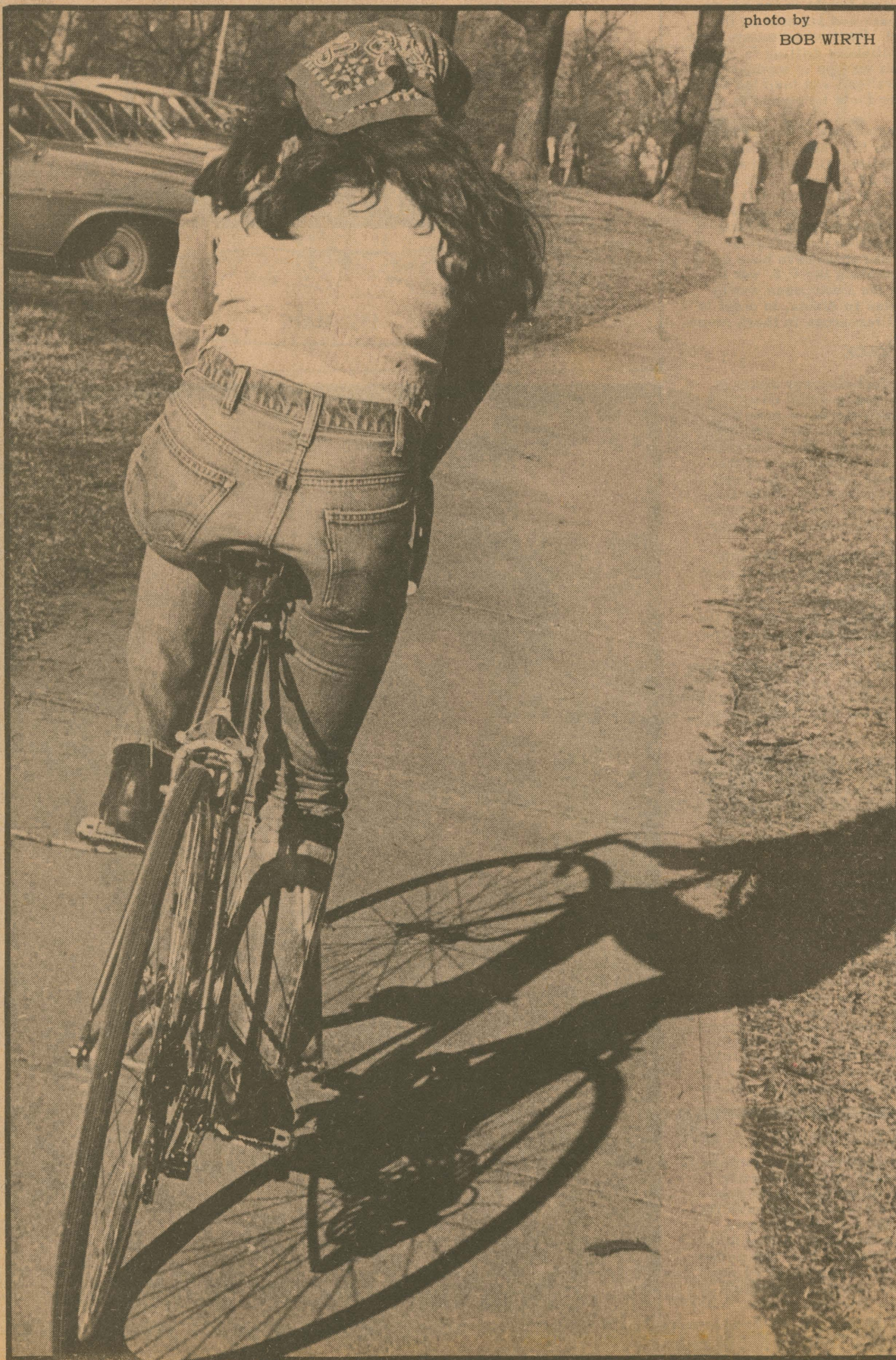
We're  
Cleaning Up  
Our Act. . .

Yep, we're cleaning out  
our back room to make  
way for a bigger and  
better store.

Coming soon!

Campus Mad House, 312 Westport Rd.

photo by  
BOB WIRTH



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