

Vol. 3, No. 19
Issue No. 68,
June 22, 1973

WESTPORT

35¢ Kansas City
& Lawrence
50¢ beyond

TRUCKER



Clarence Kelley Goes To Hollywood

Pinball

Valentine Neighborhood

Muckraking Madness

Crystal City Blues

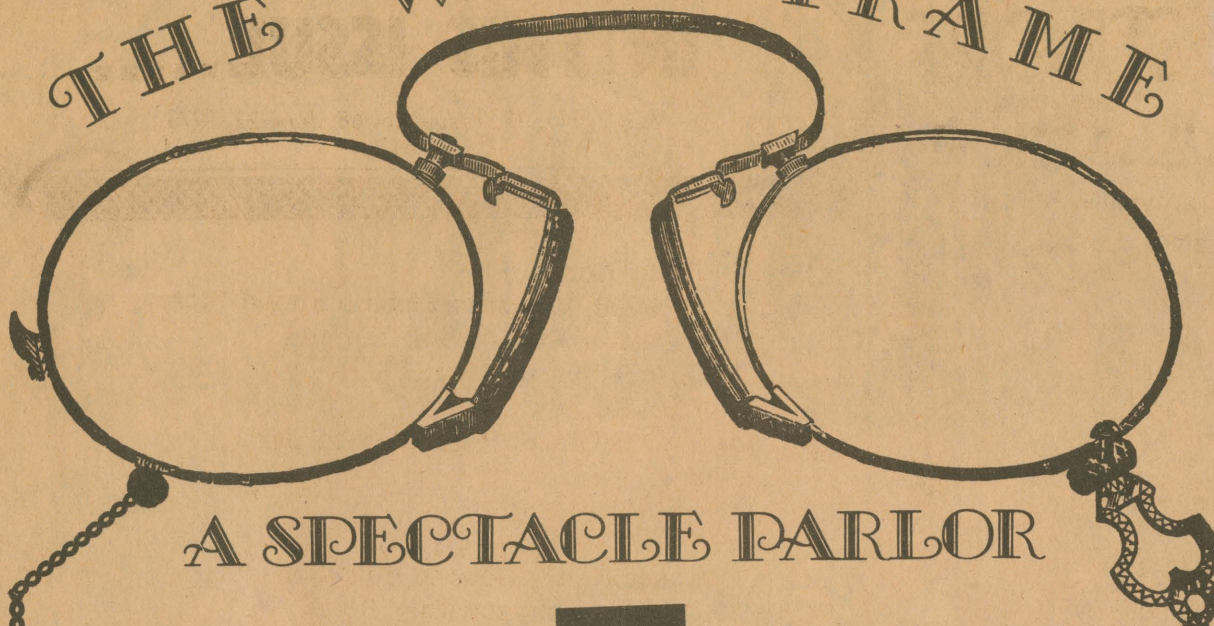
Ozark Mt. Folk Fair

Wisconsin Death Trip

Trucker Busts

Poison

THE WIRE FRAME



A SPECTACLE PARLOR

E 1

D C 2

V H C 3

F E B L C 4

**SUGGESTING A REVOLUTIONARY
POINT OF VIEW**

SUGGESTING A REVOLUTIONARY

L E B T C 4

A H C 3

D C 5

E 1

Tim R. Knight, Proprietor

A.B.O. Certified Optician No. 3085

(4053) Broadway & Westport

OPEN 11 - 8 Mon. - Fri.
11 - 3 Sat.

WE CALLZ'EM AS WE SEEZ'EM

WESTPORT TRUCKER*

Mother Love People and Friends:

Managing Editor... Dennis Giangreco
 City Editor... Dick Armstrong
 Associate Editors... Cherie Blankenship
 John LaRoe
 Calendar... Kim Marshall, Jane Chafin
 Writers... Steven Miles, John Arnoldy,
 Beatrice Westhues, Mary Margaret
 McMahon, Robert Foxx, Vinton
 Supplee, Frank Kutchko, Hapnoid
 Flipner, Jr., Harry Freeman,
 William (Crazy Bill) Foster, Mike
 Massing, O.J. Dart, Rat, Connie
 Ahlberg, Bill (Ganjananda) Green,
 Naugah Hyde, James Andrew, Jim
 Taner, Tim Bradley, Neil Haver-
 stick, David Jenkins
 New York Correspondents... Rex
 Weiner, Deanne Stillman, Bob
 Grossweiner, Barbara Wilson, Tom
 (the mad bomber) Forcade, Ron
 Lichty,
 West Virginia... Mark Connelly
 St. Louis... Beverlee Knoblock
 Crank... David H. Perkins
 Films... Dennis Schaefer, Larry Salvato
 Accounting... H.P. Haldeman, Jr.
 Art Staff... Ron Harnar, Brookes De-
 Soto, Da-Martz, Ric Dyer, Larry
 Bowser, Joe Schwind, Tom Rose,
 Dudley, John Bockelman
 Photographers... Bob Wirth, Eric Menn,
 Wayne Pycior, Nancy Bishop,
 Kerwin Plevka, Jay Wilson
 Subscriptions... Jane Chafin
 Production... Dennis Giangreco, Jane
 Chafin, Tom Rose, Cherie Blanken-
 ship, Dennis Schaefer
 Distribution & Spiritual Direction...
 David Doyle, Ric Dyer
 Bindery Operation... Thomas Rose,
 Psychedelic Terry
 Mentor... Franklin Martz
 Merry Little Helpers... Steve & Patti,
 Mike, Tom, Herbie, Bambi, Bonnie,
 Brandi, Jim, John, Bill, Lynnie,
 and, of course, Bobby Watson

Advertizing... Randy Knight, Dennis Giangreco,

The Westport Trucker is published by the Mother Love Tribe of Westport, Missouri. If you have anything to contribute in the way of art, information, writings, brown rice, etc., bring it down to 4044 Broadway, Kansas City, Missouri, 64111 or call
 Unsolicited manuscripts and art work that we do not use will be thrown out after three weeks unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Subscription rates are \$5 for 26 issues and \$8 for 52 issues (foreign subscribers should add \$2). Domestic service men subs are \$3.50 for 26 issues. The Trucker is free to prisoners in Kansas and Missouri.

Street dealers can pick up papers at the Silver Cricket, 4044 Broadway and Love Records, 3909 1/2 Main. Truckers are available to Street dealers at 20¢ per copy and/or appropriate collateral.

IN THIS ISSUE.....

Vol. 3, No. 19, Issue No. 68, June 22, 1973

- 4, 5 . . . Trolley Bones
- 6, 7, 8 . . . Pinball, Valentine Neighborhood Story
- 9 . . . Eats, Patron Assaulted at Jimmies
- 10 . . . Impeachment with honor
- 11 . . . Kutchko's Vomit
- 12 . . . trucker Busts, Spaceman & The Blob
- 13 . . . Shorts
- 14 . . . Mickraning Madness
- 16 . . . "Kind of Middle-of-the-Roader"
- 17 . . . Clarence Kelley Goes to Hollywood
- 18, 19, 20, 21, 22 . . . Crystal City Blues
- 25, 25 Cinetrospective . . . Robert Rossen
- 26 . . . Films . . . Scorpio
- 27 . . . Let the Good Times Roll
- 28, 29, 30, 31 Ozark Mt. Folk Fair
- 32, 33 . . . Wisconsin Death Trip
- 34, 35 . . . Poison
- 36 . . . Letters
- 37 . . . Ozark Mt. Daredevils
- 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43 . . . Concert Reviews
- 48, 49, 51 . . . Album Reviews
- 50 . . . Free Ads
- 52, 53 . . . Summer in Da City
- 54, 55 . . . Calendar of Events

SUBSCRIBE

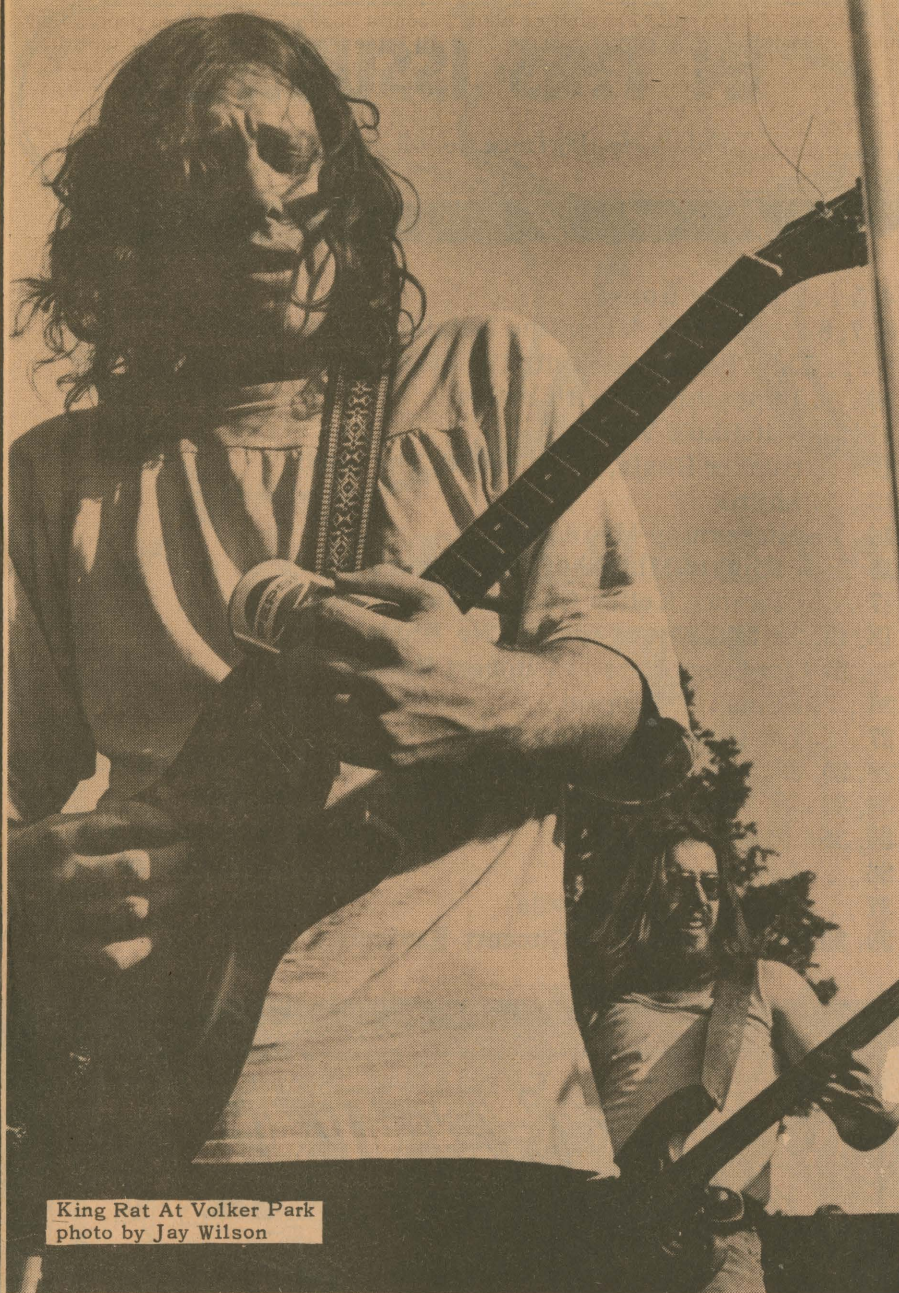
♥♥ to the ♥♥

Westport Trucker

- () \$8 for 52 issues
- () \$5 for 26 issues
- () \$3.50 for 26 issues
(G.I. subscription)
- () FREE! to overseas
servicemen & Kansas
and Missouri prisoners
of the Kingdom

★ NAME _____
 ★ ADDRESS _____
 ★ CITY & STATE _____
 ★ ZIP _____
 ★ MENTALITY _____

() \$9 for 50 issues (regular foreign sub.) ★



King Rat At Volker Park
photo by Jay Wilson

DENNIS GIANGRECO

Here we go again. The seventh year of free park gigs every Sunday at Volker Park is FINALLY gathering full steam. After having to cancel six of the first eight concerts because of various degrees of fucked-up weather, we were wondering if things would ever really get off the ground this year. Yes, Easter Sunday did come off OK with Pilgrimage, K.C. Grits and especially Slaughterhouse doing some fine, fine jams. And, yup, three weeks later King Rat did indeed kick ass up and down the park while J.C. Story-Teller made his neurological presence felt... But it wasn't exactly right. There were too many Sundays in between times where the skys were gray and nothing was going. June 3rd was again threatening rain. "Grug! we're going to have to call off another one."

"The fuck you are!" said Grits. "It ain't gonna rain."

"But the weather bureau says... and look at those storm clouds!"

"It is not going to rain."

"But..."

"It is NOT going to rain." It was K.C. Grits' third anniversary and neither the Tac Squad nor summer down pour was going to keep them from getting down to some serious boogieing. As they played on (and on and on) a steadily growing crowd filtered into Volker from surrounding Westport. Grits ended up playing a four and a half hour set that would at times gather to peaks of electrifying intensity. By the end of the day, Grits, with a little help from the Sun, finally burnt a hole through the clouds. The crowd cheered as the yellow rays crashed to earth. The spell had been broken and Grits brought everyone in on a safe landing to end their incredible set.

Since then the bands have been appearing regularly and the vibes have

been real clean. People have been exceptionally good about picking up the garbage when they leave the park and now that the city is letting us use their electric power all the bread handled from the brothers and sisters can now go to the Westport Free Health Clinic; instead of to electric generators. It looks like it's going to be a good year.

* * *

OUR FAVORITE BOSS JOCK

Much thanx to Johnny Duncan (1 to 5 a.m. on KUDL f.m.) who's done more to help keep us Truckerites truckin during the all-night layout sieges than he'll ever realize.

* * *

TRUCKERITES TO THE LEFT OF ME TRUCKERITES TO THE RIGHT OF ME

More people in the movie: Frank Kutchko is back with us and will be spewing forth VOMIT every issue now. Ron Lichty joins our New York City crazies and will be gracing these pages from time to time. Kerwin Plevka and Jay Wilson have joined the staff - mind body and camera. Dudley: "I do graphix." Simple enough, get it on Dudley! H.P. Haldeman Jr.: "After 4½ years you really ought to start keeping books." They're all yours, H.P. Penning articles locally with us now are newcomers Jim Tanner, Beatrice Westhues, Neil Haverstick, Hapnoid Flipner Jr., and Harry Freeman. Whew!

July 5th the TRUCKER will be opening new offices on the second floor above 43rd and Main, three doors down from the Good Karma House and catty-corner from the Vanguard Cinema. In spite of all the moving around'n shit we're having to do right now, we'll try to keep everything operating as smoothly as possible. What did Blue Cheer call it? Aaah... "controlled chaos."

* * *

The following is written as much for other underground press staffs as it is for this column's regular readers:

"THEY WANT SOMETHING WITH FLASH"

At times when the June heat is 10 degrees higher in the office than outside or when we've got fifteen more pages to lay out by day break, TRUCKER folks often take refuge from the crazies by scanning the pages of other underground papers and soaking up some of their energy and enlightenment. Of late, though, things have been getting a little weird. In the last year and a half undergrounds have been dropping like flies to



a multitude of hassles, which basically boil down to financial chaos, lack of creativity, and a few people doing most of the work.

Last June, I called up the New York ACE. Though it was mostly a social call, the said reason was to see if they were interested in having their paper sold in K.C. through Joint Effort, the distribution co-op. Answering the phone was Rex Weiner, publisher, copy boy, and an editor of the ACE. It turns out that Rex, who has many fond memories of his one visit to K.C., which included going to a TRUCKER distribution office and being mistaken for a New York speed freak who had ripped off a couple of dealers. We didn't dwell on that, however, and got along to the business at hand. He said that he could dig sending papers out but that the ACE had "suspended publication indefinitely" but added, "We might come out sometime in September." After a little more talk ("Is Jerry Rubin relevant?" "He's not as funny as Abbie.") we both promised to keep in touch and hung up.

I was saddened at hearing the news about the ACE. Its staff, including Rex, was made up of artists and writers who had worked for years on the, also now defunct, East Village OTHER. But that was just the problem. It was a staff of artists and writers without much in the way of production and advertising people. They never made it past issue number nine.

A few weeks later, the TRUCKER received a letter from Rex containing an article entitled "Love and Politics in Miami" which we later printed in issue #53. Anyway, we figured it would be real gas if we could get Jonathan Postal to do some graphics for it. Jonathan

had also been an old E.V.O./ACE staffer and had more recently been working on the TRUCKER (among other things he did the cover of our first all comix issue.) He then headed out to San Francisco and was working on the GOOD TIMES. Since we needed the graphics quickly I decided to call the GOOD TIMES and try to reach him directly.

It took three phone calls to get through to anyone who could think of who he was. Below is a shortened approximation of the last call.

"Postal, Postal, no I'm sorry but I don't remember him."

"He did that McGovern thing on the issue when you first started coming out twice a week," I said.

"Oh, yea, him, I haven't seen him around for a while but somebody was just talking about him the other day."

"I sent him some things in care of your paper, would you know if he got them?"

"Don't know. It might have gotten buried."

"By the way, how's it coming out there? Coming out twice a week is really beautiful."

"The GOOD TIMES has just ceased publication."

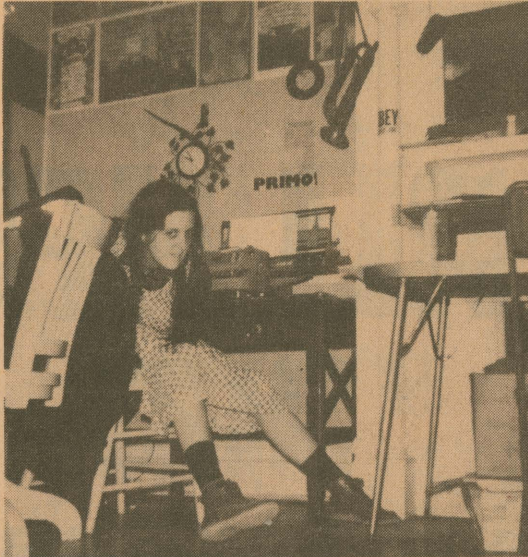
"What?"

"We're not coming out any more."

"That's incredible!"

"The last issue's just been printed today and is going out tomorrow."

"Incredible!"



"Yea."

"Well, Jesus Christ...We're even selling the paper here in K.C."

"Really?"

"Yea, the CITY SURVIVAL issue was jes' beautiful."

"Thank you."

"What's Benhari going to be doing now?"

"This IS Benhari."

"Far out, this is Dennis from the TRUCKER...the one that used to work with the Family Dog."

"Oh, yea!"

"What happened? I mean, the twice a week set-up seemed like it would work (The GOOD TIMES had been a 24 - 28 pager at 25¢ every two weeks but was now coming out twice weekly at eight pages for a dime.)"

"People just want something thicker, they want something with flash. We haven't really figured out what we're going to do yet. We might form a new collective and send out packets, like LNS, only instead of news, they'd contain graphics. Have you been watching for our comix?"

"Yea, but they've been kinda hard to follow...the mailman hasn't been delivering the papers as they come out, we get some late."

After a few more rambling thoughts about the newspaper biz, Jonathan Postal, and the cosmos in general, we bid good-bye, promising, of course, to keep in touch. We didn't.

I was thoroughly freaked. Aside from the previously mentioned papers the Berkeley TRIBE was no more, the Chicago SEED had just gone under (it later re-emerged in the fall), The FIFTH ESTATE, out of Detroit, has just laid it out to its readers that it is \$4,000,000 in debt and that its future existence is in question. SPACE CITY in Houston and UNDERCURRENT in Buffalo, HUNDRED FLOWERS in Minneapolis as well as

about a dozen lesser known papers had all folded, too. After working on this paper for over four and a half years I've watched it go through a lot of changes, but even though we have often had to hold on by our fingernails we've always managed to keep truckin' even if in low gear.

*Bye, Bye,
to the old
Trucker House*

Many papers survived last year's death valley days but enough oldies went down the tubes that it caused a kind of spiritual crisis around the TRUCKER, THE GREAT SPECKLED BIRD went through a series of head hassles at about the same time and at one point even announced that they were planning to shut down. Both the BIRD and TRUCKER snapped out of it, though, and I think are both coming out with much better issues than before they evaluated their positions.

Most everybody is at least a little hard up for cash these days and, needless to say, the undergrounds get the big squeeze too. When the money starts drying up, businesses (i.e. head shops, record stores, etc.) have got to conserve bread somewhere and "excess" advertising is usually the first to go. Most papers are not geared towards going after advertising and just take what is easily accessible and forget about everything else until it's too late. What do I mean by that? Simply this, by the time a staff usually realizes that they've got to start taking in advertising, they are in such a depleted state that they either don't have the people or time to solicit ads, or the paper itself may have shrunk to such a size or low quality state as to make people shy away from putting their money into it. As far as local ads go, it's imply a matter of doing it and doing it consistently.

National advertising is a whole other can'a worms. Seven years ago you could pick up a 20 page E.V.O. and it would have no fewer than 6 (SIX!!!) pages of record advertising, as well as its local ads and classifieds. To varying degrees, this held true for many undergrounds of that time period. Now, the record ads that as recently as four and five years ago dotted papers across the country are presently concentrated in various rock 'n roll periodicals which are often little more than glam-fan

CONTINUED ON 45

BONES

VALENTINE NEIGHBORHOOD STORY

NOT ALL HEARTS AND FLOWERS

CHERIE BLANKENSHIP

Seven separate lawsuits have been filed recently against Kansas City Life Insurance Co., each charging the same thing: that Kansas City Life has been purposely deteriorating the Valentine neighborhood. This neighborhood, bordered by 33rd Street, Pennsylvania, Valentine Road and the Southwest Trafficway, has been the subject of controversy since 1968, when the Broadway Area Association began formulating the first plans for a gigantic redevelopment of the area.

Kansas City Life is the principal member of the Broadway Area Association, a group of businesses interested in broadening Pennsylvania Avenue to turn it into a boulevard that extends from at least 31st Street to Ward Parkway on the Plaza, demolishing existing structures and erecting high-rise office buildings and expensive apartment complexes. The Broadway Association, alias the Penn Valley Redevelopment Corporation, includes such heavy weights as BMA, J.C. Nichols, Co., the VFW and Vendo.

On the other side of the ring stands the Valentine Neighborhood Association, a group of Valentine residents with their lawyers and other influential sympathizers such as Joe Shaughnessy, city councilman, James Baker, Westport's state representative, Harry Hall, Westport's former school board member and Dr. Charles Wheeler, Kansas City's mayor. They have actively resisted the big business redevelopment since its beginnings

voting down funds for the project in bond elections and getting the support of city election candidates in 1971.

BAA's most effective tactic to date has been to buy up houses in the area and then tear them down. However, since they don't own all the houses necessary for removal, they have allowed some of their houses to deteriorate without occupancy, with the intention of later declaring the neighborhood a blighted area, thereby gaining permission to destroy all the houses.

This is made possible by the Urban Redevelopment Ordinance, which allows the City Council to declare an area blighted and offer the area to a private corporation for redevelopment. The ordinance allows almost any area to be declared blighted.

In order to get the city to declare a neighborhood blighted, when the neighborhood is as well kept as the Valentine area, BAA found it necessary to blight the neighborhood themselves. Early in 1971, a resident out for an evening walk watched a strange scene unfold. In one of the houses owned by a member of the BAA, he saw a man open a second story window and throw a bag full of garbage and trash onto the lawn. Immediately a car pulled up and photographers got out to take pictures.

During the hearing of the BAA's Penn Valley Plaza Redevelopment project in the city council chambers April 1, BAA showed slides of a house that was dilapidated, in order to prove that

the area was blighted. After showing many slides of the various parts of the house that were in a state of dangerous disrepair, Wes Jennings, then Chairman of the Plan Commission, was asked to name the owner of the house. "The owner is Kansas City Life Insurance," he said. "We chose it because of ease of entry," he added when the Valentine residents at the meeting began to shout and applaud.

In February 1972, the Penn Valley Redevelopment Project was declared dead in a letter from Joe Shaughnessy to D.W. Gilmore of Kansas City Life. He understood that KC Life would tear down four houses that were run down and that no more houses would be considered for removal. In Kansas City Life's reply to this, Walter Bixby, administrative vice president, said the Redevelopment proposal "is no longer under consideration". In March, however, the same day they tore down the four houses, Kansas City Life applied for permits to tear down seven more buildings, without any commitment to rebuild on the vacant lots.

In May the residents of Valentine picketed the Kansas City Life stockholder's meeting to ask the stockholders to cease destruction of their neighborhood. Walter Bixby was indignant. "Is it a crime to want to spend millions of dollars in the form of new development in our own area?" he asked. He said that Kansas City Life has \$80 million a year to invest and that the VFW is ready to construct a \$15 million skyscraper at 33rd and Broadway.



Photo of Valentine Slum
by Kerwin Plevka

The people of the Valentine area have lived there all or most of their lives. They plan to live the rest of their lives peacefully there. A main artery running through that quiet scene would naturally rip it to shreds. Squirrels would move out, birds would leave, exhaust fumes would seep under their curtains at night. The area would become another Kansas City ghetto.

At a rally recently, where the Valentine group met with Frank Robinson, president of the Broadway Association, six other community councils pledged their official support to the Valentine Neighborhood Association. Also, the Westport Plan, rehabilitation and conservation of the neighborhood, has been adopted by the city. However, big business conspirators are not usually stopped by the clamorings of the rabble, or even by City Hall.

BAA conspires now to obliterate nine houses, although the city's dangerous building inspector has noted that, if the houses were kept locked and free of debris, they would be safe. Since BAA's goals are not directed towards safety, but money, they will have them destroyed, unless they can be stopped. That is where the lawsuit comes in. A hard hit in the bankroll is worth two blows to the conscience.

BAA has now conquered a third of the neighborhood. Twenty-four houses will have gone down, counting the nine yet to be demolished. Seven successful lawsuits could be the turning point for BAA's plans. A spokesman for the

Valentine group told the TRUCKER that the nine houses is only the tip of a large iceberg and that BAA's undercover tactics furnish them with "plenty to go on" as far as the lawsuits are concerned.

Larry Ferns, chairman of the Eastwood Hills council of southeast Kansas City, one of the community groups supporting the Valentine Neighborhood Association, has invited the leaders of more than 40 community organizations to discuss forming a city-wide coalition to back the Valentine group and others like it in the future. The date has been set for the meeting, which could be the beginning of a coalition as powerful as BAA.

As a resident pointed out to me, houses in England and Germany that have been standing for two or three hundred years are not uncommon. Why should these houses, only 65 years old, be abandoned as wrecks? Nobody wants to live in the ghetto, it seems, and the Valentine Neighborhood Association is on the way to insuring that Valentine and other areas won't become one.

The latest rumor circulating in the Valentine neighborhood is that the once defeated plan for redevelopment of their area will be re-submitted soon to the city.

K.C.'s largest chilled wine stock!
Over 170 different kinds of chilled wine

HEINEKEN \$2.98 **ANNIE GREEN** \$1.99
Beer ice cold 6 Pack ice cold now in 1/2 gal.

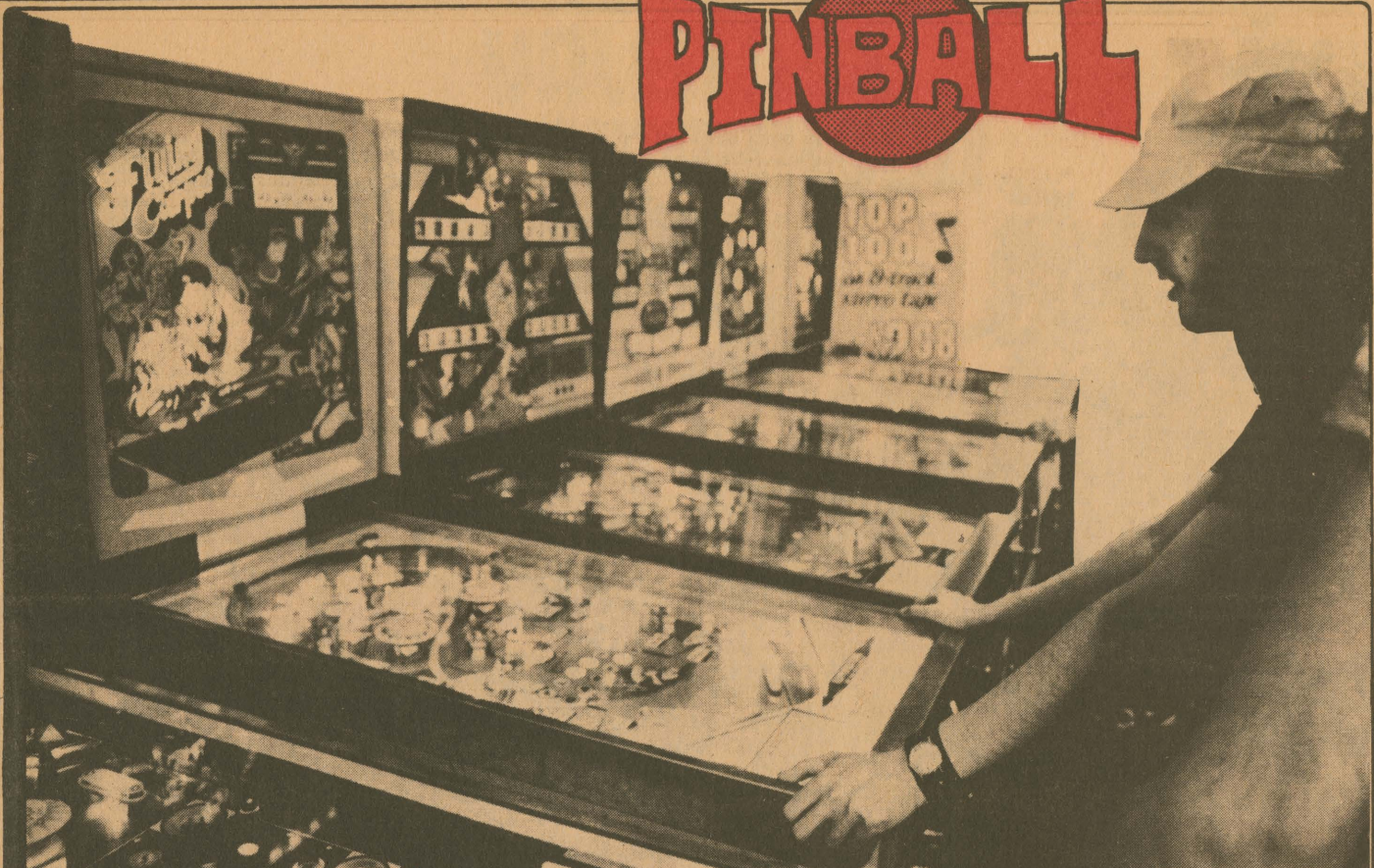
BLUE NUN \$3.65 **COSTA DO SOL** \$2.19
Liebfraumilch ice cold full quart portuguese

Convenient to Volker Park area

Holiday Liquor's 1315 E. 47th

OPEN JULY 4th! 8:30 - Midnite Mon. - Thurs. 8:30 - 1:30 AM Fri. and Sat.

PINBALL



HAPNOID FLIPNER, JR

Excuse me...I'm playing my last ball...clink, ching, ching, ding, ching, ding, POPPEPP!...Where was I? Now, oh yes, a lot of people have favorite sounds that bring them pleasure such as a feed-back guitar, chalk screeching on a blackboard, the sounds of sex, urine, farts, popping of dope seeds, dynamite, a TRUCKER salesman yelling "West-port Trucker!" money, but one sound that a number of us sinful degnerates have in common is the glorious sound of a pinball machine signifying a victory. Now my first love is really for a slot machine, but there are none to be found around her (oh really? - ed.) so I'll tell you about Kansas City's Pinball Madness.

Three of the best places in town to play pinball are at Wonderland, Phantasmagoria and Hannan's Grill. One of the worst is out at the amusement arcade at the Metcalf Shopping Center. Let's first get this worst one out of the way. At Metcalf you'll find that it is next to impossible to beat a machine. The rip-off is that they are nailed to tables that you can't shake. This keeps you from performing your art of jiggling the marble table to manipulate the ball in ways to capture good points. When one discovers these machines you usually hear the words that only a true pinball player will say...for instance..."Goddamn this fucking machine - shit". Also, after discovering that Kansas' State Law allows you only THREE balls, not the pinball masters perferable standard five balls, you might hear a few added "son of a bitch"'s to the "goddamns, fuck and shit." Not to stereotype a verbal abuse to every pinball player, but even the ladies, yes some sweet ladies tend to say

things that a male might get sexually excited over. Also, you only get two games for a quarter. If that's not a rip, I'll stop right here. It is a rip-off alright...who in his right mind wants to feed a machine a quarter to play his measly two games and walk out without even getting a chance to beat the machine...that's rip-offism at its greatest. Whenever I go out to Metcalf, I stay away from that place, like man it's got the capitalist plague...

Let's now look on the good side of this article. Wonderland has been around Kansas City longer than most of us have been on this Kosmic Earth. The quality and quantity of machines there is EUREKA to the eyes of the pinball madman or woman. At Wonderland you have to be 16 or older to play on the machines. But here is where you get the shakable, five-ball, three games for a quarter trip. One of my favorites is Superstar made by Williams and Co. Williams is kind of like Avis is with Hertz when a Gottlieb machine is around. I always prefer a Gottlieb but when it comes to Superstar I'll stuff it so full of quarters that it usually asks me for a break. So whenever you're downtown, drop in to Wonderland because the machines are great and the vibes are always good.

If you love the old nickle a game machines, travel over to 47th and Moost and go south about 200 feet and you'll find Hannan's Grill. There are two very hard nickle machines. They take a lot of skill, so if you've got the nak and not very much money I recommend it highly, plus the food is good and cheap. On East 39th Street, along head shop row, you'll find Phantasmagoria. Last week they put up a big sign that reads "ARCADE". Go through the glass

door, pull out your money and commence to go apeshit...machines galore, good ones, bad ones and the old faithful hard ones. This place is always packed because here you'll always find your freak brothers and sisters. Pool and air-hockey are two of their big attractions. Air-hockey is a game of skill based on co-ordination of eyes and hand. You hit a plastic disc across an air-cushioned table and try to score goals. Enough of that. Let's examine a small complaint. Some of the pinball machines there are in bad shape. Lights that don't work, points not given when supposed to and worse than that, the tables are a little off balance to where one might shoot the ball in to play and find it hitting nothing but the bottom pocket. This is my only complaint. If they overhaul some of the machines, I'll be as good as or better than Wonderland.

If you aren't too familiar with a pinball machine this is how it works...put a dime or quarter in the machine then wait a second to allow it to reset the points back to zero. After that, read your rules, some people prefer to do it before they feed it money, but I always wait. To me that's the excitement and challenge of the game. Next, shoot the ball up the table. Don't shake the table hard until you get the feel of it. A tilt always brings an instant bumper. Now that the ball is in play keep your index or middle finger on both hands on the flipper buttons and just flip the fuck out of that machine.

I hope I gave you some good advice on pinball places and machines here in Kansas City. Always keep your eye on that ball. So, until we meet again...cling, cling, ching, clang, ding, ding, Pop!!

EATs ON THE BUS

BARBARA
WILSON

After two 30-hour Greyhound bus trips in a ten day period I feel qualified to say that such an experience can be anything from interesting, amusing and fun to devastating. It all depends on your frame of mind, other passengers, and what you eat.

By conservative estimate at least 90% of the people riding buses for extended trips are stark raving mad or at least afraid of flying. This can make for an amusing social life aboard the bus. You begin by swapping reading materials and end up talking for hours about where you've been, where you're going, what you're passing through, other bus trips and your favorite all-time amusing stories. Sometimes even the bus drivers get into the act, using their intercom to conduct the trip like a guided tour. They announce the local points of interest... people sandbagging against rising floodwaters, strip mining in West Virginia, accidents on the New Jersey turnpike, etc.

It is possible to sleep during the night, at least between-stops. It helps if you have a pillow to put between your head and the window or armrest. Most bus stations sell inflatable pillows which are no problem to carry. Sometimes though one passenger will feel committed to keep all the other passengers awake. One man began the night by announcing that he had a heart attack in a bus station the week before and now was finally completing his trip. From this he went into his war experiences and then told everyone within hearing distance in what part of the country and of what disease all the members of his family (about three generations back) had died from.

Proper eating on the bus will insure a healthy arrival at your destination. For this reason I try to avoid eating at the bus stations. The bus will make two kinds of stops; one is called a rest stop and lasts from 10 to 20 minutes, the other is a meal stop and can last up to 40 minutes. Either way if you try to have a sit-down meal it is difficult. At most stops entire warm meals can be purchased in a cafeteria, but it takes a long time to get through the line leaving little time for consumption of the meal. Often the food is expensive, not of the quality desired, or a non-nutritional variety. For these reasons I try to bring my own food to eat while riding and maybe supplement it with some milk

purchased during the trip. These stops can be better used for exercising, cleaning up or brushing teeth.

Cheese sandwiches last long enough to bring, as do most fruits. Bananas are difficult, however. Raw carrots are an old standby. Peanut butter and jelly or honey is almost indestructible. The same goes for dried fruits, canned fruit juices are another possibility. Creativity is possible. Once I had cold steamed cauliflower with raw carrots and onions. A sauce for this made of miso and tahini was carried in a separate container (neither need refrigeration). Homemade cookies...you probably get the idea.

All of the above should hold true for automobile trips, although it is not quite as important since you can control more when and where you stop, although these stops can be expensive. Bringing your own food is even more important on a long train trip. Train food is notoriously expensive, limited and bad.

One caution to anyone actually planning a trip: be careful of the bars located in some bus stations. My fellow passengers told me of a couple of people who entered these during a meal stop and did not return in time to reboard the bus. I can't verify this as it happened before my part of the trip. But, it could not be too pleasant to find you've missed the bus and have to hang around the bus station waiting for another bus while your luggage goes on to arrive on time.

PATRON ASSAULTED AT JIMMIES

HARRY FREEMAN

The TRUCKER has received numerous reports of — to put it mildly — heavy-handed treatment of customers at several Westport area bars. One all too typical incident occurred recently at Jimmy's Jigger, at 43rd and State Line.

On the evening of June 6, two young women stopped in at the popular tavern. Soon after entering, Karen Campbell discovered she had left her keys in her car. Recovering her keys, she returned to the building but was stopped by Jimmy's current thug in residence, Robert Sealey.

Sealey demanded to see her identification in spite of her having been admitted earlier. She produced her driver's license. Not good enough for Bob. He demanded three pieces of ID one with a photo. Not having these, he ordered her to leave. Karen wasn't eager to stay but wanted to get word to her friend Barbara, who was still inside. Nothing doing! She wasn't allow-

ed to enter, nor would Sealey deliver a message. (About this time Sealey admitted two mini-skirted "cutie-pies" on the basis of drivers licenses only.)

Ms. Campbell then left the premises to attempt to reach Barbara by phone. After fifteen minutes of busy signals she returned to Jimmy's again and asked to deliver a message. Sealey's response was to grab Karen (she weighs about 100 pounds) and literally throw her through the door. Fortunately she sustained only minor abrasions.

Jimmy's is laid out along the lines of the Roman catacombs and such a disturbance can go unnoticed by a majority of the patrons. Fortunately, this attack was seen by someone who recognized Ms. Campbell and came to her aid.

Ms. Campbell has contacted a lawyer to press charges against Sealey and Jimmy's Jigger. We repeat, however, that this sort of incident has become common place in recent months. If you have been similarly treated, con-

tact the TRUCKER. These are public facilities and must be either subject to control or be closed.



THE
SUBMARINE

Open till

11:30pm Mon. Thurs.

2 am Fri & Sat

10pm Sun.

4532 Main

phone



7:30-9 daily exc. Sun

**BEAUTIFUL
DAY
CAFE**

Natural,
Wholesome
Foods at
Broadway & Westport

IMPEACHMENT WITH HONOR

ANNA SKLAR/L. A. FREEP

Watergate is evidently just the Tip of the Iceberg. Already the number of people involved is mind-boggling. Obviously, the White House knew. From the visible evidence alone, we know that the 1972 election was a fraud.

Some call for impeachment. Others call for more hearings. But, perhaps the wisest course would be to declare the election null and void. Samuel Rosenman, former special counsel to Presidents Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman and a President of the Bar Association of New York City, has suggested just that in an interview with L.A. TIMES Associate Editor Robert J. Donovan.

The shock wave from the revelations of Watergate have taught us all that the Committee to Re-Elect the President sabotaged the entire electoral process.

More than that, it appears likely that those who control Richard Nixon, those whom we still have yet to hear about, intended to establish permanent self-perpetuating power. The Citizens Research investigation Committee (CRIC) has begun to put the evidence together.

As early as October of 1971, with the surfacing of Louis Tackwood, an informer for the Criminal Conspiracy Section of the Los Angeles Police Department, and an agent provocateur, the elements of the conspiracy became known (see Vol. 2, No. 12 of the Trucker). Tackwood told of a special unit that would disrupt the Republican Convention, then scheduled for San Diego, in such a way that the left would be blamed and a situation would be created that "would permit the President to invoke special emergency powers leading to the arrest and detention of political activists throughout the country."

For those of us who want to remain sane, the thought of concentration camps, of an impending cancellation of the election, of an assassination of Nixon just to let Agnew walk in, all seemed like a paranoid nightmare. Who would willingly accept the descent into hell? Poets and madmen and women did. And

they were right.

A sample. In 1971, Louis Tackwood made several tape recordings. They are part of a book by CRIC editor and author Donald Freed, **THE GLASS HOUSE TAPES**, to be published this summer. Tackwood:

"I'm giving up only two names. There's "Martin" and there's "White". Alright, now. "Martin" was the code name for my contact, and I'm gonna tell you he's CIA all the way. Are you ready for this? He was in Dallas when they got Kennedy; he left out of there for the Carribean. And "Martin" is in on the cancellation of the election, some way, and in on the concentration camp thing. He's a stone killer.

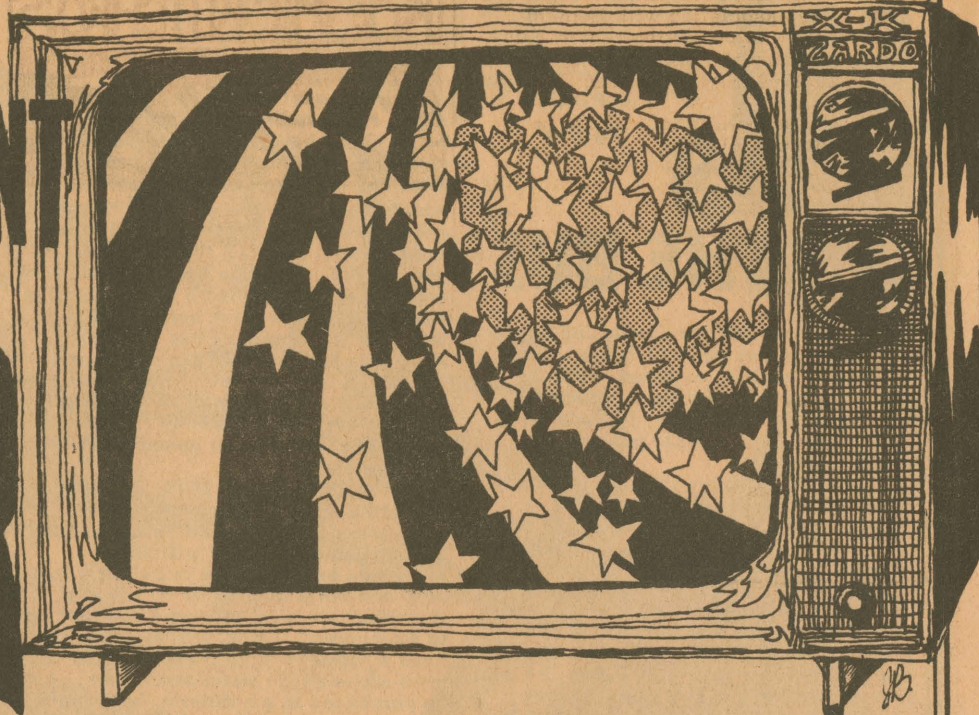
"Now the control, the man over Martin is "White". I only heard a little about him, but they say he's the money man, nobody's over him but the top dogs. Martin and White, that's all I'm gonna give you now. This is my life insurance."

We now know that James McCord, Jr. used the code name "Martin". Following his testimony before the Senate hearings, one would be a fool not to see that, indeed, McCord is capable of being a "stone killer". Bland and efficient, with just the right touch of sardonic humor, James McCord is, and was for hire. E. Howard Hunt, the mastermind behind the Ellsberg burglary in September of 1971, is, according to various press accounts, known as "White".

(These biographies have been supplied by Don Freed and will be part of a forthcoming book, **OPERATION GEMSTONE**, an analysis of Watergate, written by members of CRIC, including the author of this article.)

MARTIN

James McCord, Jr. began his undercover work in 1949 when he joined the FBI. In 1951 he switched to the CIA and spent the next nineteen years of his life working for them.



McCord was part of the CIA team that ended in the Bay of Pigs. Virgilio Gonzalez and Eugenio Martinez (two of the seven indicted and who pled guilty in January, 1973, for the Watergate break-in) were working with McCord in 1961 and maintained the contact through the years. Martinez worked with E. Howard Hunt in the raid of Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office in 1971.

According to Freed, "James McCord was a super agent. In the 1950s, CIA director Allen Dulles used him for the most sensitive "black" assignments behind the lines in the Soviet Union."

McCord was an interrogator working with downed US spy pilots in Russia. He eventually headed a special sixteen man unit (SAD) attached to the executive office of the White House. This unit compiled extensive files on civilians, formulated contingency plans for the White House "in case of emergency," and McCord was assigned to a task force on "Censorship of News Media and the United States Mail."

McCord retired from the CIA in 1970 and began his own security agency which despite lack of license for security services, was given a contract for security at the GOP convention in Miami. McCord was also the Security coordinator for the Committee to Re-Elect.

WHITE

E. Howard Hunt had worked for the CIA in a variety of assignments for over twenty-one years. In 1970 he left the CIA but was immediately hired by Charles W. Colson, Special Counsel to the President, to check leaks to the press and to conduct research on prominent Democrats.

Hunt was in charge of the raid on Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office and, according to testimony he gave before the Grand Jury in Washington, received extensive CIA assistance for that raid. Moreover, Hunt had forged cables linking Kennedy to assassination of Diem.

Hunt was planning director for the

Bay of Pigs invasion which brought him into close association with Bernard Barker (who helped in the raid at Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office, and who was paid \$114,999 from CRP funds Watergate defendants).

Hunt's prolific activities with the CIA included field agent work in Latin America, Spain and the Far East. In 1969, while still a CIA agent, he joined Robert R. Mullen and Company, a public relations agency located across the street from the White House. Head of the firm, Robert F. Bennett, "was a prime organizer for the phony campaign committees in which the first \$10 million of Nixon's 1972 slush fund was hidden.

Thus "White" and "Martin", named by Tackwood in 1971 as part of a major White House conspiracy to cancel the elections. Tackwood feared for his life. Now, so do Martha Mitchell and John Dean.

The links of the conspiracy seem to go beyond 1971. Some researchers are now investigating the assassinations of John F. Kennedy, Robert Kennedy, Martin Luther King, and the recent assassination attempt on George Wallace. The unanswered questions in all those "lone-man" efforts are now being examined with cross-references to the men involved in the Watergate break-in.

In particular, the curious liaison of CIA agents with ex-Cubans, with names appearing in various incidents, supposedly unlinked, may provide the thread by which we can learn the true nature of the "hidden government" in America.

Example:

FRANK STURGIS

Frank Sturgis, one of the convicted Watergate conspirators. Extensive Cuban and Miami business connections. Had been a key figure in the Bay of Pigs invasion. Formed a continuing friendship with Bernard Barker, worked with Lee Harvey Oswald and was questioned by the FBI after the death of John F. Kennedy.

Sturgis traveled throughout South and Central America. At the time of his arrest at Watergate, he was identified as a Miami aluminum-door salesman and "self-professed soldier of fortune engaged in fighting Castro and communism."

According to Freed, "Sturgis has a twenty-year association with columnist Jack Anderson. After the arrests at Democratic Headquarters, Anderson went to court immediately to vouch for his friend and long time source of information."

I always wondered where Jack Anderson got all his information.

The unraveling tale is still to be told. But if impeachment comes, then Spiro Agnew is not far behind. And Agnew has been strangely silent these past weeks. We can not afford Agnew. But we can not afford a continuation of the present regime in any form.

Investigations will continue. The Senate citizens' committees and Grand Jury's may begin to unravel the full tale.

In the meantime, the presidential elections of 1972 should be declared null and void.

For years we have felt the burden of William Butler Yeats, who spoke of anarchy unleashed upon the world, and we know now that rough beast who slouched towards Bethlehem, "its hour come round at last," was Richard M. Nixon.

KOSMIC KUTCHKO'S VOMIT

FRANK KUTCHKO

Spies, saboteurs, wiremen, liars, thieves and agents provocateurs are the players in the Nixon game plan. The theft of last year's election certainly ranks as one of the most successful conspiracies by a corrupt regime. All the paranoia we have had over a Nixon Gestapo quietly but efficiently eliminating the opposition is now found to be justified. For a long time unproven conspiracy theories about who really rules us have given us fears but Watergate is real with Dicky behind it all. These are dangerous days when criminals control the U.S. Government.

McGovern's loss looks different now that we know a few things like the Democratic Headquarters was wiretapped, Nixon people hired homosexuals to support McGovern and Muskie, thusly to freak out straight voters, Humphrey and Jackson were deliberately sabotaged thru bogus campaign letters. We didn't know John Ehrlichman at the White House had records of Senator Tom Eagleton's medical treatment for mental depression before it was leaked to the press. Eagleton when asked, refused to give McGovern the same information that Nixon's flunky had. We unfortunately did not know about John Mitchell's prostitution squads planted at the Democratic convention. One of the more unnoticed and dangerous activities were the Secret Service agents supposedly "protecting" McGovern but were secretly spying on him for the White House. We knew nothing about burglaries, Dan Ellsberg's psychiatrist, an underground paper, the WASHINGTON FREE PRESS, a Las Vegas newspaper editor, the Chilean Embassy and probably others. George just could not compete with all that evil.

Politics causes apathy because it seems to be separate and distinct from actual real life. When our rulers are mainly concerned about winning elections and keeping their war economy they hardly mind that millions of people are apathetic and alienated from their closed system. But politics is part of our existence though at times seems like a heavy boot on the neck. The associations we make to govern ourselves do not necessarily have to be based on deception, greed and power cravings. What is needed here is a strong community. Classic inspirations like Berkeley and Ann Arbor show that it is possible to get it together and create a new dynamic force in a local community.

The other alternative for Westport are projects like the Miller Nichol's Freeway. (see article page). Kansas City Life Insurance has its own conspiracy with a half billion dollars to finance it. They are now buying up houses and letting them deteriorate so they can bulldoze them over and rebuild the neighborhood on their terms. We're not unique here in this kind of struggle. Everywhere corporations are acquiring more and more property causing the quality of life to worsen. All we have is people together

to fight the monster organizations.

As the Constitutional crisis of impeachment approaches interesting fantasies present themselves. If Nixon was impeached the government would be paralyzed but that is better than what it has been doing the last four years. Nixon resign? A pleasant thought but it is out of character for King Richard to abdicate. At least we have the slight satisfaction of seeing Nixon impotent. A really bad fantasy is the one General Thieu, Nixon's good buddy, is using in Vietnam. Put all your opponents in jail and let the army take over in the name of National Security.

But things are not entirely gloomy. For comedians it has been a gold mine with enough jokes to easily last four more years. My favorite is that Nixon finally found a scapegoat - Pat. The Watergate fad opens possible commercial ventures. We already have games and buttons and bumper stickers. There could be Watergate Cornflakes and maybe some new sounds like Watergate rock. It is indeed possible to become rich over Tricky's misfortune as well as settling the unanswered Watergate questions. Why did Gordon Liddy give a secretary a six foot by four foot picture of himself with a gun? Did Bernard Barker really disconnect his walkie/talkie batteries to save money? What was E. Howard Hunt doing in that Howard Johnson bathroom right after the Watergate bust? Just who stuck that needle into Martha Mitchell? Is John Dean really an anal-compulsive? And so on...

Hamm's 6-Packs

12 oz. Cans

\$ 1 33

1404 Westport Rd.
39th & Warwick
43rd & Main
50th & Main

QuikTrip

Need any Screens
or Papers at 4 a.m.?
ALL Westport
QUIK-TRIPS have 'em.
Pipes & Clips, too!!!



...and what do the Trucker dealers say about the busts?

TRUCKER BUSTS UNCONSTITUTIONAL STREET DEALERS STILL HASSLED

After Bill Foster was busted in Kansas City, Kansas for hawking TRUCKERS on the streets, he and Dennis Giangreco, managing editor, filed suit against the city. On June 7, they won their case with Arthur A. Benson prosecuting for the TRUCKER. Judge Earl O'Connor in U.S. District Court declared seven city ordinances that allowed officers to harass and arrest Foster unconstitutional.

One of the ordinances set the price of a license "for distribution or sale of goods by a vendor" at \$25.00 a day or \$250.00 every three months (which would be about \$8.00 a day).

A TRUCKER dealer would barely make that much profit in a day's time. The ruling will prohibit the city from requiring licenses to sell newspapers.

Another ordinance required any newspaper or other publication to have the names and addresses of the editors, owners and all responsible persons prominently displayed. Another one required any political literature to be signed by the author or publisher.

This is a major victory, but the TRUCKER dealers can and are still being hassled under other ordinances both in Kansas and Missouri. This has happened five times in the last three

weeks on the Country Club Plazas where there have been four arrests and one ticket given for blocking pedestrian traffic. Various degrees of disturbing the peace, have also been cause for citations, as was the following charge. "Mr. Giangreco did offer and cry for sale the TRUCKER newspaper on the city sidewalks at Nichols Road and Broadway at (sic) TRUCKER paper in a manner as to collect a crowd."

The day following the victory in court, Bill Foster was again harrassed in Kansas City, Kansas for selling on Private Property: at the Indian Springs Shopping Center.

THE SPACEMAN & THE BLOB

CHERIE BLANKENSHIP

In 1897, a Dallas newspaper reported that an unidentified flying object had crashed at Aurora, Texas, and that the mangled body of the pilot-creature was buried in a nearby cemetery.

In May, 1973, the Kansas City Star reported that a mysterious blob, red and pulsating, was growing in the backyard of a Garland, Texas woman, where it had oozed from the ground several weeks before.

Similar blobs were seen on a hedge in North Dallas and on a telephone pole in a Dallas suburb. Arnold Dittman, a scientist who took spore specimens of the blob, confirmed that it was growing and that they didn't know what it was. The woman with the blob on her hedge was "scared to death."

Was there any connection between

the 1897 UFO crash and the blob? The Star seemed to think so, blending the two incidents into one article buried on page 21 of the May 29 morning edition, next to a Macy's bedspread ad.

The implication was that the blob was a mysterious life form from outer space, brought to earth by the UFO. Seventy-six years later (the blob's incubation period?), the spores travelled seventy-five miles to grace the backyards of Dallas and possibly obliterate the human race.

The blob could have been a hoax dreamed up by Dallas conspirators designed to draw attention from Watergate. In fact, the Garland blob is reminiscent of the Watergate scandal. When heavy rains washed it away one day, three more grew back in its place.

The credibility of the 1897 newspaper report is not good, owing to the

fact that the American people in that era were either completely insane or at least quick to jump to conclusions, especially conclusions that supported their superstitions. (See WISCONSIN DEATH TRIP p. 32).

The last report on the blob is that it is dead. The Garland woman couldn't wait any longer for the scientists' analyses, so she sprayed it with a mixture of insecticides. Scientists are now trying to bring the blob back to life for further study. Arnold Dittman says the blob is "a mutation of common ordinary bacteria or fungi or a combination thereof. But they would like to reconstruct the blob to make sure. They have so far been unsuccessful, since the spore specimens they collected died and the blob itself is dead. Superstition won out, in 1973, and now we'll never know.

SHORTS

GOVERNMENT TO BAN HEALTH FOODS?

The Food and Drug Administration has proposed the following regulations, which will become law unless they are overturned by the courts or through Congressional action:

Any food supplement product officially becomes a "drug" if it contains more than 150 percent of the new Recommended Daily Allowance considered by some to be absurdly low.

No mixture of vitamins or minerals is allowed unless containing all of the "approved" vitamins and minerals and only if their potencies are less than the maximum RDA.

The maximum RDA for Vitamin C will be 90 milligrams.

The maximum RDA for Vitamin E will be 60 international units.

Substances such as inositol, choline, manganese, potassium, rutin and other bioflavonoids will be illegal except through a physician's prescription.

It will be illegal to claim that cooking or other processing of foods causes nutritional losses.

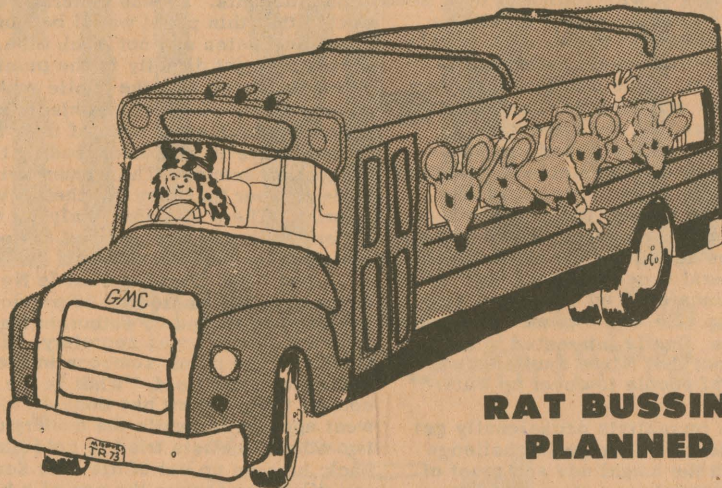
It will be illegal to claim that

there is a relationship between diet and disease.

A health food connoisseur can easily see that these regulations would make most health food store products illegal, including the literature sold in those stores. The last regulation, making it illegal to claim a relationship between diet and disease, will make a gigantic book-burning necessary. The bonfire could have to include everything from Adele Davis to the New Testament. Scientists will have to reconsider the causes of scurvy and rickets.

Commissioner Charles Edwards, who has ordered these regulations, has this to say: "I believe we have taken a significant step toward enabling the people of this country to act wisely in their best interests as consumers and guardians of their own health." In other words 'we're doing this for your own good.'

For more information, write Clearing House, Box 567, Borough Hall Station, Jamaica, N.Y. 11424, or write your Congressman a letter of protest.



RAT BUSSING PLANNED

Inner city spokesman, Dave C. Bell, has announced the formation of a new group of concerned citizens. The group, called R.A.T. (Right Arm Tactics) is instituting a program intending to clear rats out of the inner city area.

Rat control has been a source of frustration and humiliation to Kansas City residents for years. Recently, rats living near the Wil-Ray Auto Auction have been sighted slipping into Brush Creek. Some of these rats were said to be at least 18 inches long and weighing over 6 pounds. Rat-bite is common in the Westport ghetto, where the rats are bold and vicious.

RAT's plan, called Bus-A-Rat, involves catching area rats in a specially designed trap and driving them to the woodland areas of Mission Hills,

where they would be released. According to Bell, not only would these rats be given a chance to return to nature, but the inner city could be relatively rat-free in three years, providing RAT receives community support.

Bell's head engineer, Carl Scott, has designed a trap that even a child can use. RAT has applied for a federal grant for funds to manufacture traps that would ultimately be distributed free to area residents wishing to bus rats.

Bell admits there are still many problems involved in the plan. "The people in Mission Hills might not like it," he told newsmen. His remedy so far has been to hire a team of public relations experts, who will promote such things as rat adoption, rat wear, rat wall hangings and public rat fights in the Mission Hills area.

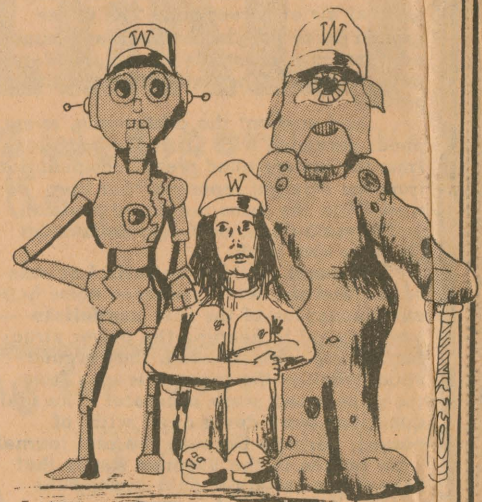
I'LL TAKE AN OUNCE OF LATVIAN

Miami (UPS) A Miami teenager was acquitted of marijuana charges recently after a Harvard botanist convinced a circuit court jury that there are three varieties of the plant, but only one is illegal. A second variety is a poison while a third is known to grow only in Russia, Dr. Richard Shultes explained. Once the leaves from the three are dried and crushed, not even an expert can distinguish them. "No chemical analysis will tell you one species from another," he said.

Assistant Public Defender Thomas Morgan immediately predicted that the jury decision would affect all marijuana cases filed "hence forward" unless police chemists devise a new test to distinguish one form of the plant from another. If the accused had been convicted, she could have been sentenced to a five-year term.

WESTPORT COMMUNITY BAND & MEDICINE SHOW

We at Westport Clinic are thinking of creating a band and medicine show to spread information, education and good vibes to people, children about personal growth, VD, Love, drug abuse, natural food and living, etc., and to have a good time. Musicians, script writers, dancers and singers, mime, costumes, fantasy, make-up, poets, whatever.....interested? Come! We need your talents. Saturday, June 23, 1:00 pm. 4008 Baltimore,



TRUCKERITES PLAY BALL

The staff and friends of the TRUCKER are now forming a softball team to face all challengers. Any softball fanatics wanting to help organize teams and games, contact us. These will not be jocko male chauvinist type games but rather mellow games where sisters are encouraged to participate.

MUCKRAKING MADNESS

RONALD LICHTY/THOMAS FORCADE

Journalists have been slapping themselves on the backs for weeks, pouring on the praise for their unequalled role in exposing corruption. But judging from a recent journalism conference — the second annual A. J. Leibling Counter — Convention — the enthusiasm for muckraking runs thick with threads of guilt for not smelling sooner the putrid odor of political decay.

The Leibling Counter-Convention, the annual conference of media pushers, was held at the plush Mayflower Hotel in Washington, D.C., May 4-6 by (More), the journalism review. The first one was conceived of a year ago as a gathering of reporters and writers to "discuss the real issues of American journalism." But the real issues this year were buried beneath a barrage of journalistic bullshit, yielding instead to self-adulation, job hustling, and getting laid, not necessarily in that order.

This year's journalists, though, at least looked different from the Nixon-intimidated breed of yesteryear. They looked like cleaned-up hippies and, had a vote been taken, it probably would have gone 90 per cent to impeach Nixon. And these were the journalists who were giving "unbiased" reporting of Eagleton's mental history while ignoring Nixon's shock treatments to Asia.

But the journalists realize they're Johnny's-come-lately, and it's resulted in a growing respect for their Levi-clad counterparts in the underground press. When, during the Watergate panel, underground press writers unrolled a banner from the balcony reading "Nixon's the One," it drew scattered applause and a general air of agreement. The underground press people sat back and munching popcorn contentedly during the Watergate autopsy. They already knew the verdict.

And so went the conference, every panel pervaded with attitudes and ideas from the underground press, compunction from the straight reporters that they weren't in the same untainted position, and nevertheless, self-aggrandizement for their own work.

A panel on "Journalistic Lessons of the Vietnam War" promised some honest discussion of the role journalists have played in keeping the power structure on top. But instead, they argued about whether the press releases from the government were accurate! The real questions were never dealt with, of course, perhaps because the real journalistic lesson of the Vietnam War is that honest journalists should demand the right to tell the truth or quit.

A panel on "Getting Subpoenaed: How to Fight Back" provided the opportunity to discuss broad questions of press repression. After an hour or so of nonsense, a writer for the Underground Press Syndicate got up and opened the discussion up into considering all forms of press repression. With the underground press, they usually don't bother with grand jury subpoenas. A marijuana frame-up, trumped-up obscenity bust, or a receiving stolen property bust like the L.A.

Free Press is usually sufficient.

But the die was cast. "Reliable Sources, How Reliable?" could have been a scathing indictment of the press and the government for being the purveyors of all kinds of lies, just because somebody with a high title is saying it. Instead, it turned into cute joke time. And the same thing happened at "Political Columnists: Can They Be Cosmic Three Days a Week", which featured John Kenneth Galbraith, Tom Wicker and Marilyn Means — all of whom must have trouble being cosmic one hour on Saturday night.

The Alternative media workshop offered a sharp visual contrast to the others, if nothing else. Instead of having the "panelists" on a stage addressing the "audience" through microphones, the chairs were rearranged in a circle, and the panelists sat in the audience, indistinguishable from anyone else. While the smell of Bolivian reefer (later heralded as "the Crippler") permeated the plush ball room, the gathering resembled a revival meeting in spirit, as the underground writers laid out their trip.

Art Kunkin of the L.A. Free Press epitomized that trip. He held the audience spellbound as he reeled off long lists of stories of national importance that had first broken in the underground press, proving it with copies of the papers. And in fascinating detail, he laid out the story of Sherman Skolnick's and Alex Bottos' investigation of the Chicago crash of the plane carrying Mrs. Howard Hunt and Michele Clarke of CBS. The story was that the altimeter had been tampered with and just to be sure, the pilot had been poisoned. (That the story hadn't been covered in the straight press became patently obvious that night at the Watergate Panel. There Alex Bottos surfaced from several months in a "Federal concentration camp" where he'd been incarcerated to prevent him from talking. He was swarmed by armies of reporters, finally interested in the apparent fact that Nixon snuffed a whole plane-load of people to cover up Watergate.)

While journalists occasionally get up the collective courage to challenge Nixon when the magnitude and proof of guilt is overwhelming, they still serve primarily as convenient conduits for the official reality, on every level and in every form, subtly, indirectly, directly and blatantly. And it was on this note that Kunkin closed, excoriating the establishment press for its lack of guts, the prime reason why it tailgates the real issues, year after year.

But it was left to Paul Krassner to state the essence of the difference. "The underground press has its force and impact because it begins with the supposition that the government is corrupt and writes from there."

"But how free is it when the workers at the Freep had to quit and start their own paper?" challenged a voice from the audience.

"But they didn't go to work for the Times. They started another underground



paper," was the retort.

One of the most interesting panels was "How Women Cover Washington", which was made up of semi-society reporters, perfectly coiffed and ultra-fashionably dressed, with finishing school accents. I was generally expected that this panel would be more funny anecdotes and not much else. Instead, they got directly to the point. They discussed how the public widely assumes they sleep with subjects of their articles, which even some of their subjects believe is standard, leading to some disgusting scenes. The women writers made it clear that they get their revenge in print. There was absolutely no misunderstanding of the power of sisterhood among these reporters.

But "Who Decides What Is News?" returned to the mediocrity of previous panels, punctuated by outbursts from Agnew's former press secretary, Victor Gold. At one point, someone in the audience asked Gold, "What is the most corrupt thing Agnew has done?" Gold went apoplectic, while the moderator and two other panelists tried to hold him back; he rose up out of his seat screaming, "Let me answer the son of a bitch!" Gold made a great target, but most of the other good targets during the weekend squeaked through by smiling a lot and mouthing liberal platitudes.

While the journalists have finally begun to question Nixon's actions as a body, they fail still to question themselves. There were many, many big names in journalism there, but no big ideas. Between bottles of beer and backpats, the Leibling Counter-Convention failed to produce what it promised.

The "counter" in Counter-Convention refers to the American Newspaper Publishers' Conference across town. But I wonder what's so counter about the Liebling Conference. Where I came from, the local country club excludes Jews. So the Jews started their own club. But it was never called a counter-country club.

726 1400

MR. HIDE'S LEATHER SHOP

in River Quay

Offers a superb, full line of fine, custom-designed leather goods.

Custom Clogs and Sandals

\$15

all styles
all handmade
all custom-fitted

19 E. 5th St.

Rainbow Waterbeds

Check These Prices:

Matresses All Sizes \$23.00 10 Yr. Guarantee
Frames Sanded & Stained with Fasteners
\$27.00

Fitted Liners \$7.00 Foam Pads \$7.00

Heaters, bedspreads, pedestals, fitted sheets
and a full line of water bed accessories

22 E. 39th

SILVER CRICKET

4044 Broadway, K.C., Mo.; in old Westport
13 South 18th St., K.C., Ks.

Waterbeds, Pipes, Clothing, everthing for your
head!!!!!!

11:00
to
6:00

Dave Martz Productions

"KIND OF MIDDLE-OF-THE-ROADER"

The ole home town chief of police is nominated to head the F.B.I. We've all watched TV and gone to the movies and know that being head of the F.B.I. is being responsible for truth, justice and the American way. So the discovery of an old Dec. 17 - Jan. 6, 1969 Vortex titled "SPECIAL BLACK PANTHER ISSUE KC CHIEF PIG KELLEY EXPOSED: INSURANCE FRAUD: DEAL GUNS TO MINUTEMEN" shocked the TRUCKER staff into action.

Insurance fraud! Dealing guns to the Minutemen! What would the nation say? What would the senators say? What would Jack Anderson say? Ah, the scent was hot in our nostrils.

The old Vortex printed four documents to support the two accusations made against Clarence M. Kelley.

Two were typed notarized documents from Minutemen describing their relationship with one Richard (Marvin) Bowman, "a Kansas City, Missouri policeman and a veteran of at least fifteen (15) years on the force." The first statement was dated October 9, 1969 and was signed by Jerry Milton Brooks. Brooks said he was Intelligence Officer with the Minutemen Organization in Norborne, Missouri from the summer of 1961 until December 5, 1965. Brooks said that he had recruited Richard Bowman to be contact man at the Police Department for the Minutemen Organization.

The second of the notarized Minutemen documents was from Gerald Harriman who said he was with the Minutemen Organization in Kansas City in charge of acquisition of fire arms and also instruction in small arms. He swore that in the latter part of March, 1968 he witnessed the transfer of arms from Clarence Kelley to Richard (Marvin) Bowman. "The said transaction," he said, "consisted of ten (10) large caliber pistols."

WOW.

The second set of documents printed in the Vortex were actual reproductions of an exchange of signed confidential memorandum between Lt. Col. Wm. M. Canaday and Clarence M. Kelley, Chief of Police. Canaday's memo was a report of an anonymous phone call he received from a woman who said she was the wife of a detective. She said that Major James R. Newman of the Kansas City Police force had defrauded the Kansas City Life Insurance company by reporting his son's recent death as an accident rather than the suicide she felt certain it was. Apparently the boy had been caught shop lifting shortly before his death. The woman charged the police department with covering up the facts about the boy's death so Newman could collect the insurance money.

Kelley's memo reminded Canaday that he had told him to tell the insurance man the whole story about the boy's death.

The circumstances surrounding all the documents made them look real good. The inter-office memos from the police department were stolen from for-

mer Freedom, Inc. head, Leon Jordan, by the Kansas City Black Panthers. Jordan was later murdered in gangland fashion in front of his tavern.

And Pete O'Neal (who was then chairman of the Kansas City Panthers and later took over Eldridge Cleaver's job in Algeria) first made the charge that Kelley had given guns to the Minutemen TWO DAYS after a Senate Subcommittee revealed that Kelley had turned 96 guns over to the U.S. Army's head cop Maj. Gen. Carl C. Turner. (Turner was in trouble for selling the K.C. guns and 800 more from other police departments for his own personal profit.)

The chronology went like this: On Monday, October 6, 1969 the Senate announced Kelley had given 96 weapons to Turner. On Thursday, October 9, Pete O'Neal charged Kelley with giving guns to the Minutemen. On Saturday, October 11, Pete O'Neal was shot in the right arm while waiting to meet someone in the parking lot behind the Jewel Box Lounge. He said two white men shot him from a car. On Monday, October 13, Pete O'Neal followed Clarence Kelley to Washington, D.C. Kelley was scheduled to testify before the Senate about his involvement with the Turner gun scandal. O'Neal disrupted the Senate hearing by shouting about Kelley and the Minutemen. He refused to turn his evidence - the notarized statements - over to the Senate investigators because they were agents of the fascist state. On October 30 Pete O'Neal was arrested by federal agents and Kansas City police. They charged him with transporting weapons across state lines, buying a gun with improper identification and purchasing weapons despite his previous felony conviction. Shortly thereafter Mr. O'Neal left the country.

Printed below is the report of our intrepid reporter Beatrice Westhuse:

I talked to several people disputing Jerry Brooks' story.

First though, from old STAR clippings, I could find nothing on the alleged arms dispursements to Minutemen, however: there was a lot on Minutemen - all legit for Kelley.

Harry Jones, the STAR staffer that covered most of the Black Panther and Minutemen material and events gave no credence to the story at all.

He said he knew Jerry Brooks, in fact he has seen him recently. Brooks is paranoid. He doesn't give out his phone number or address. Basically, however Jones doesn't put much stock in what Brooks says. Jones says he's never met Gerald Harriman, and believes it is a fictitious name. He showed great knowledge of the events listed in the old Vortex, and indicated that Pete O'Neal's claim in Washington was based solely on the two affidavits reprinted in it.

About Richard Bowman - Jones says Bowman said of a heart attack either during or soon after the '68 riots. He wonders why Brooks

chose to pick on a dead policeman rather than one of the 9,000 still alive.

Also about the insurance fraud: Jones thinks Kelley had nothing to do with it. He says for all appearance it was suicide, but it certainly could have been an accident with the kid tripping and the gun discharging.

So that's Harry's story. But another story coincides. I called Robert DePugh in Norborne, Missouri. He says "Four years in the penitentiary doesn't do much for the memory" - but "I know Jerry Brooks, I know him very well. Jerry is a wil-o-wisp, afraid of his own shadow, he pops in and out all the time." DePugh, who was the head of the Minutemen at that time, has served for an illegal armaments rap, and has been recently released. He would have no reason to hold up for Kelley, since he was tried, convicted, and can't be tried again.

Although he didn't know Kelley very well, he thinks Kelley's okay, in fact he called him a "kind of middle-of-the-roader."

He says all the arms confiscated by the FBI in New Mexico in July of '69 were obtained through legal channels. He says anyone could have gone to Sears and Roebucks and done the same thing. What made them illegal was the altering, they did to the guns afterwards.

More about Brooks: DePugh says "When it comes to radical, he's a real nut." He says that, "nothing Brooks could say is reliable. He's a little kooky...He gets his kicks out of stirring up trouble and intrigue."

Harry Jones said the same: That Brooks said one thing in court, another in a press conference, and go back to the trial statement in an interview.

DePugh says, "Brooks is a psychopathic liar."

Of the affidavits given to Pete O'Neal, DePugh stated. "That was Jerry Brooks' little adventure into forgery - counterfeit documents, he passed to Pete O'Neal."

Harry Jones had said he thought O'Neal believed in what he was doing when he raised the stink.

Also DePugh says Brooks would often join a left-wing movement, and then a right-wing organization.

DePugh said he's heard the name Gerald Harriman, but didn't know the fellow and wouldn't be surprised if he didn't exist. At first he didn't recognize the name Richard Bowman, but when I told him who he was, he said the person was familiar but he had never met him.

So there you have it. True paranooids - including some of the editorial staff - conjecture that the Panther's original reports could be true and DePugh, former head of the Minutemen, could be lying in order to get a Minuteman as head of the F.B.I. and then Nixon could arrest all the hippie/faggot/women/black/McGovern supporting/communists and make the streets safe for Democracy and insurance agents.

CLARENCE KELLY GOES TO HOLLYWOOD

Like an over-budgeted Hollywood of garrish productions, the Old World of the White House is falling apart. The awesome extravaganzas the world once thrilled to will never be funded again, maybe. And as the bounced script writers file before Watergate cameras we can remember some of the scenarios they were working on that we had come to expect so emphatically. Like GESTAPO-LAND, NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS, BUST JUNCTION and BOOTS IN THE FACE.

But central casting hasn't caught up, and as the old big budget Murder Incorporated days draw to a close, Nixon can't seem to stop nominating the little ceasars and czars of a bygone era. The five star generals, super cops, secret police and double agents are still thought to have box office around studios like FBI, not to mention headquarters. Clarence Kelley is one of these.

Despite its national image of a placid city of lovely homes, sports complexes and parks, Kansas City is a pretty rough town. Murder here, for instance, usually runs about even or a little higher than Boston and Miami. As the city that first addicted Charlie Parker to heroin, drug traffic has never been slow. The city is full of wierd crime landmarks from the Union Station Massacre to the Washington Buffet where Hickcock and Smith used to drink coffee. Pizza parlors and grocery stores blow up in the middle of the night and now and then well dresses Italian gentlemen are found slumped over the wheels of expensive cars where they didn't fall asleep.

You name it, it happens every night. Kelley's job was to control it.

What means did he use? What was his understanding of it?

The supposition is that Kelley reduced crime here. But what is the relationship between armadas of armed helicopters, which crash on landing countless undercover agents, wire taps, full-race squad cars, armored personell carriers, millions of match books with CRIME ALERT hot lines printed on them and the reduction of crime? I don't believe that relationship has ever been established as one of cause and effect to any satisfactory extent. Did he reduce the motivation for crime? (you're asking too much, punk, that's not his job) But if you haven't done that, what's left? A higher conviction rate maybe. More people waiting in the joint.

A couple of years ago the local media waged a terror campaign aimed at increased funding of police activities. Every night on television you got the dark street, the lonely woman on her way home. A couple of weeks of that and you're ready. Lock up baby — there aren't any people out there, just junkies and homicidal maniacs. Kelley was often featured on these little bedtime scenarios.

Some years ago the Chairman of the Black Panther Party here, Pete O'Neal, told me he had

evidence linking Kelley to the sale of weapons to white extremist groups. But Pete, who later replaced Cleaver as head of the International Section in Algiers, didn't last too long around here. And it wasn't entirely the cops' fault. What did Kelley think of Pete's community control of the police program? Well, Pete was black you know.

I remember seeing Kelley once with Nixon at the Menorah Medical Center here. Someone had blown up a police community relations store front on 12th street and Nixon wanted to make a personal visit to the hospital bedside of the injured police. I have never seen a gang like that pull up to any bar, hotel, club or restaurant in any movie in my life. It took thirty minutes just to park. The toughest gang in town with Mr. Big.

I was once investigated by the famed Metro Squad. The cream of the crop. Every afternoon they would come to my apartment and accuse me of murder. Sometimes I wouldn't even get out of my chair. I would shout COME IN. The door would fly open — an empty hallway. Then a couple of guys in suits walk in. In one of their more Dostoevskian moments they asked me — DO YOU KNOW ANYONE WHO IS CAPABLE OF MURDER? I told them everybody is capable of murder. They liked that, you know. Right up their alley. They wasted a lot of time on my friends and me. It turns out the guy who did it had just been paroled from Leavenworth, a transvestite farm boy. Killed her with a knife in a corn field. A classic.

Well, the sun is starting to go down. The anti-crime street lights will be coming on pretty soon, followed by the helicopters. As a long time resident of Kansas City's high crime zone (east of Troost Avenue, north of 47th street... sometimes Westport) I have lived with Kelley's policies for years. That is if he can be assumed to have any influence over the police. What can I offer you but these scattered personal images; BOOTS IN THE FACE, BUST JUNCTION? In summary I submit the speculation that Kelley does not know the meaning of the word avant garde. I offer the entirely unsubstantiated opinion that he has been a willing dabbler in high-class collusions of technology and force, the notion that he may believe he is reducing crime when he arrests and convicts lone and self destructive individuals in the last agony of their limited desperations. It is not possible for Mr. Kelley to view Mr. Nixon as a criminal UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES.

Night time. The endless foot traffic of tricks and connections, thirty eight caliber lovers, a few gentlemen of undeterminable race stepping into a liquor store with ski masks on. And there's the cops, on the "set" as they put it. Kelley and Nixon? Everybody on the street knows the truth, these guys are mean motherfuckers and they want nothing but trouble. Keep them around and you'll get plenty of it.

BOB FOXX



HOTCHA HOTCHA
DIG IT, HEADS, DIS IZ
EDDY GRIT SPINNIN'
TH' TOP 20 EVERY
30 SECONDS AT TH'
SPEED OF SOUND!

THIS CAT'S NAME IS ROLLO... ROLLO TURPENTINE. HE WAS BORN
IN A VACUUM FLASK ON SEPTEMBER 26, 2988 IN AN ELECTRON-
ICS LABORATORY IN CRYSTAL CITY, U.S.A.

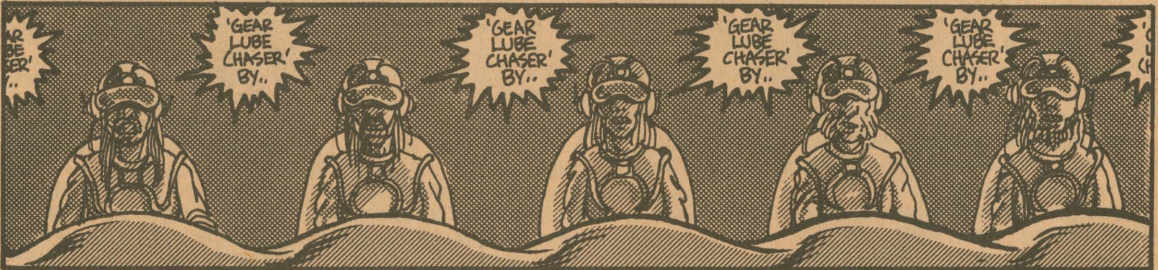


HERE'S
NUMBER
PICK
HE
K..

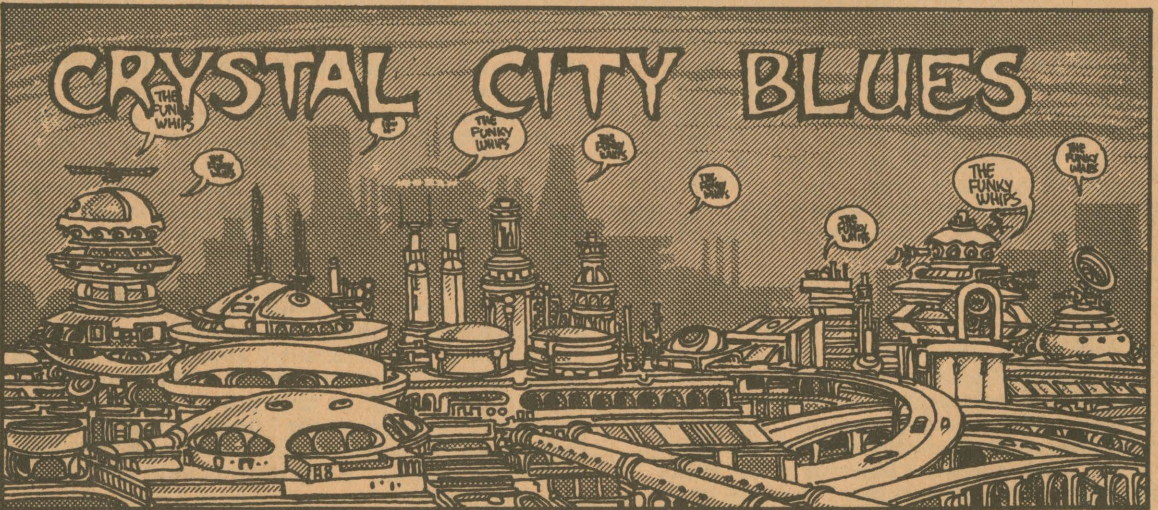
.. NOW HERE'S
THE NUMBER
THREE PICK
OF THE
WEEK..

.. NOW HERE'S
THE NUMBER
THREE PICK
OF THE
WEEK..

ROLLO HAS NEVER LEFT THAT LABORATORY. HE AN' ABOUT THIRTY
OTHER CREEPS AND CHICKS ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR MAKING THOSE
FAR OUT TV HEADSETS THAT EVERYBODY WEARS IN CRYSTAL CITY...



THE WORK IS EASY—NO THINK. YOU PLUG IN AT ONE A.M. TO GROOVY
HEADFOOD SOUNDS AND MOVIES AND YOU UNPLUG 23 1/2 HOURS LATER FOR
A QUICK SHOWER — IN BETWEEN THERE'S LOTS OF LAFFS...

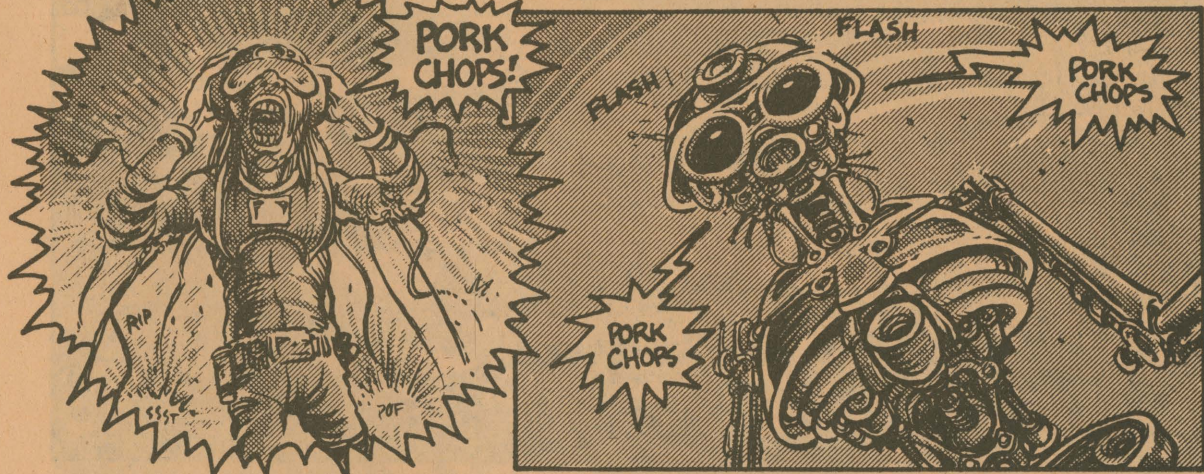


CRYSTAL CITY BLUES

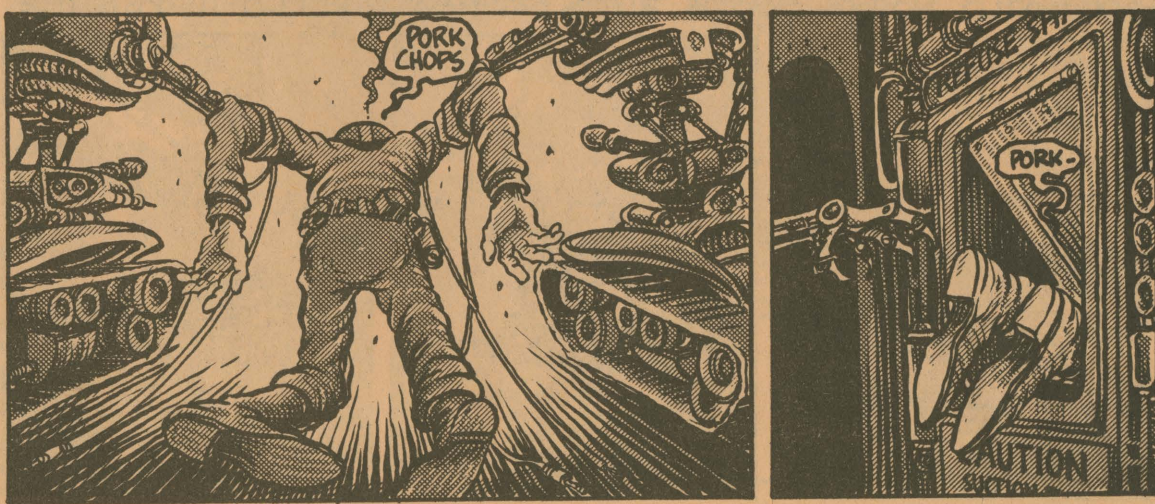
... SPEED INJECTIONS EVERY HOUR, SEX BREAKS EVERY TWO HOURS,
ELECTRONIC RELAXORS THAT GIVE YOU EIGHT HOURS OF SLEEP IN TEN
MINUTES ... 26 YEARS OF THIS GOOD LIVIN' AN' YOU BURN OUT LIKE
AN OLD MICROWAVE BATTERY...



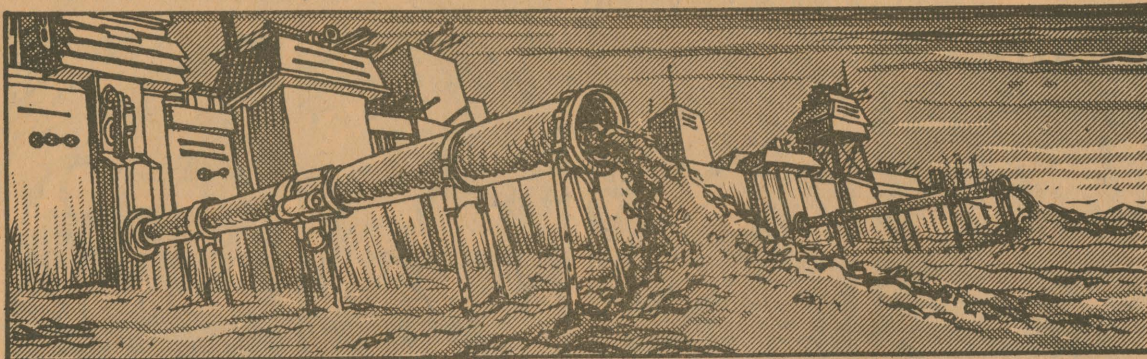
EVERY DAY YOU SEE A CREEP OR TWO POP THEIR BULBS ... IT'S THE END OF
THE RIDE FOR THEM ... THEIR WORK IS DONE!



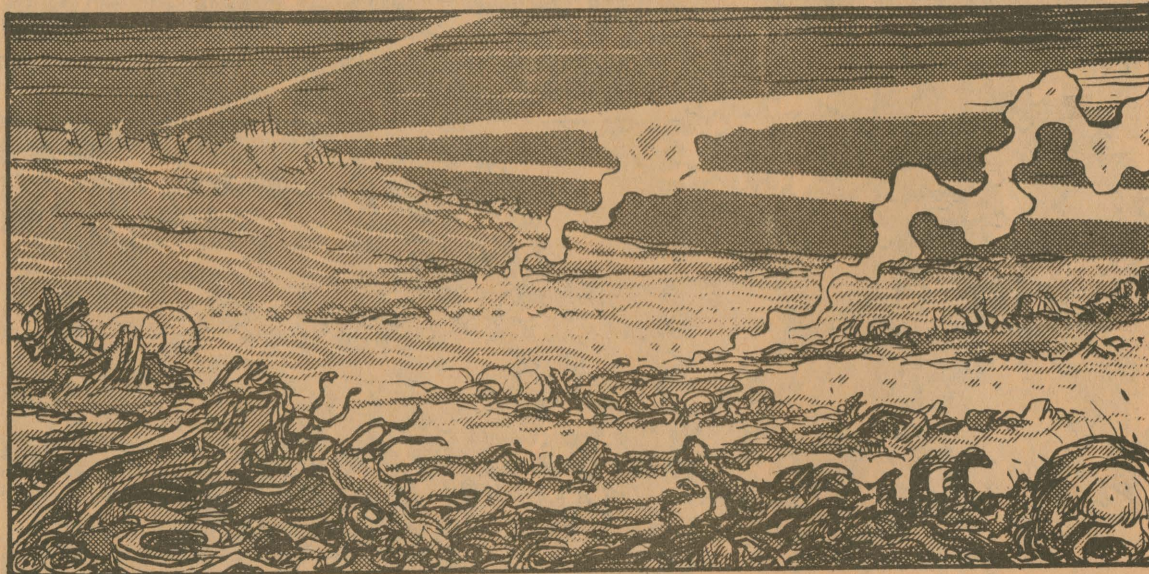
THE MAN COMES PRETTY FAST TO PULL 'EM OFF THE LINE AND PLUG
A FRESH YOUNG DUDE INTO THAT ELECTRONIC DREAM..



AN' THE BURNED OUT CREEP, HE'S TOSSED ON THE SLAG HEAP
OF ROTTEN CORPSES AND GARBAGE THAT RINGS THE BEAUTIFUL
SHINING CITY...



.. A NO-MAN'S LAND, A THOUSAND MILES OF REFUSE SWEEPED
BY DEADLY LASER BEAMS, PATROLED BY ROBOT DRONES
AND ANDROID SENTRIES...



.. NO CREEP WHO WAS USED UP AND EJECTED FROM CRYSTAL CITY EVER
LIVED TO MAKE HIS WAY OUTA THAT WASTELAND TO THE WEIRD OUT-
SIDE WORLD.. NOBODY, THAT IS, BUT A CAT NAMED ROLLO TURPENTINE.



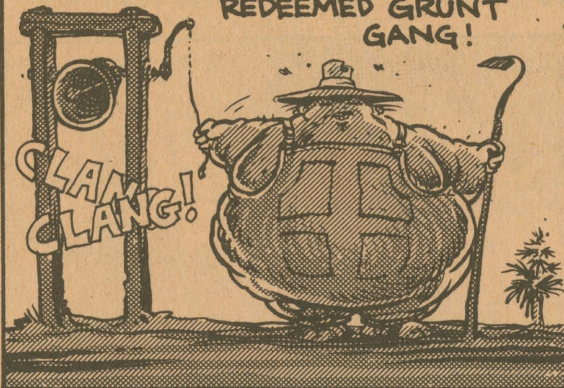
- FLASH TO THE OUTER EDGE OF THE WASTELAND, WHERE THE OUTCASTS AND MISFITS SCRAPE A MEAGER EXISTENCE OUT OF THE TIRED SOIL ..



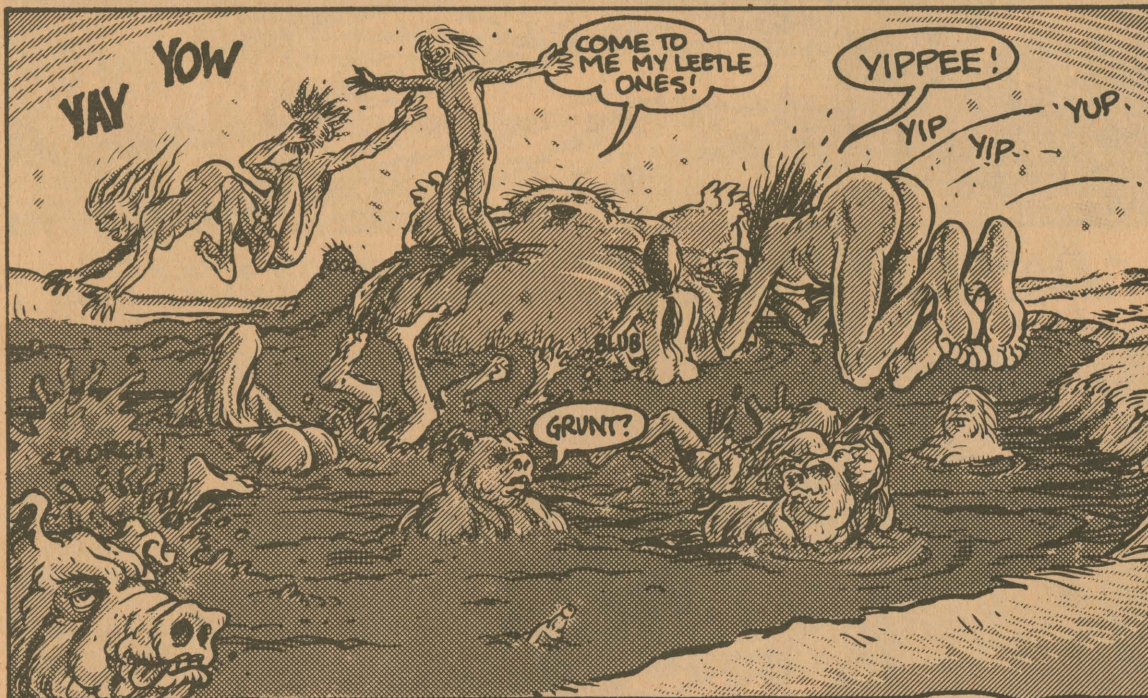
- FLASH TO THE GRUNT FARM, WHERE SOCIETY'S REJECTS CLING TOGETHER FOR PROTECTION AGAINST THE HARSH NECESSITIES OF LIFE .



- FLASH TO JUMPIN' JACK FLESH,
SAVANT AND GURU OF THE STILL UN-
REDEEMED GRUNT GANG!



SOOOO-EEE! HOG
WALLER TIME!



ALL IS ONE
IN THE COSMIC
SLOP! (CHAP. 4
V. 26)

HEY JACK-
DIG!

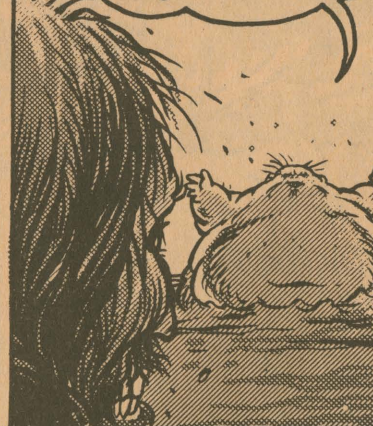


OUT OF THE DANK MISTS
THAT SHROUD THE GRIM
WASTELAND A FIGURE
COMES...

CROAK!



HEY HEY! WELCOME
TO THE GRUNT FARM
BROTHER!



CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE



3109 Gillham Plaza

Phone 931 6600

KUDL PRESENTS

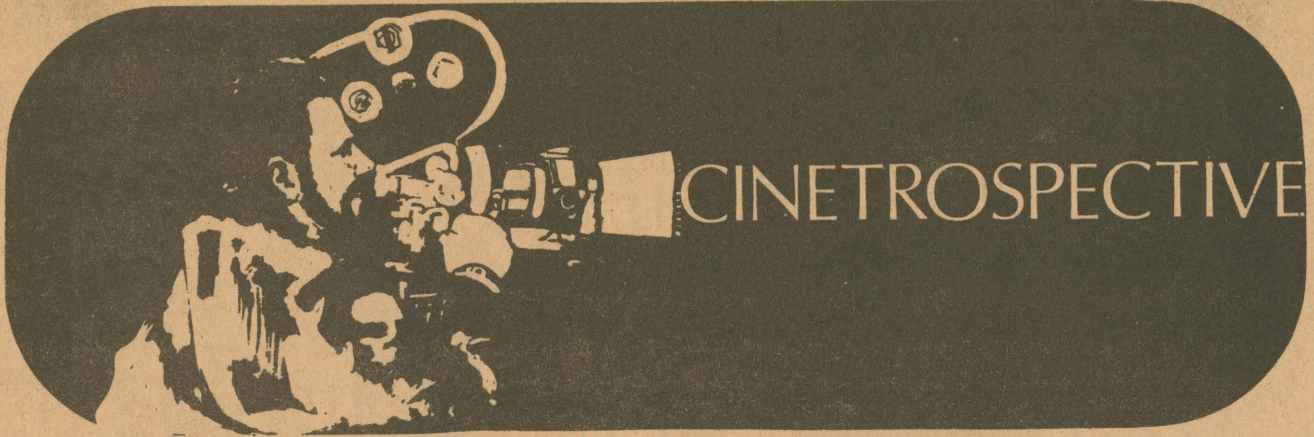
**Doobie
Brothers**

July 18th
Memorial Hall
8:00 p.m.
\$4.50 adv.

**Mahavishnu
Orchestra**

August 13th
Memorial Hall
8:00 p.m.
\$4.50 adv.

Tickets on sale at all B-A stores
and Kiefs in Lawrence. Money
orders: Cowtown Ballroom, 3109
Gillham Plaza, K.C., Mo. 64109
(money orders only)



ROBERT ROSSEN

DENNIS SCHAEFER /
LARRY SALVATO

Director Robert Rossen (born 1902) grew up in the New York East Side slums; he fought his way out of the ghetto and managed to attend three years of theatre courses at NYU. Shortly thereafter he gravitated to Broadway, writing, and directing several experimental plays. He came to Hollywood in 1936, under the auspices of a screenwriters contract with Warner Brothers. Rossen authored several social realism scripts and after doing eleven screenplays he got his chance to direct his first feature, "Johnny O'Clock", followed by the highly successful "Body and Soul."

In 1951, at the peak of McCarthyism, he was called to testify before the House UnAmerican Activities Committee. On the stand, he took the fifth amendment, saying only that he was not now a Communist. For the next two years Rossen could not pursue his chosen livelihood; he was blacklisted from the industry. In 1953 he volunteered to testify before the Committee. In his testimony he related his background as a member of the Communist Party in the and also named names of others in Hollywood who were also members at that time. His decision to confess his background caused him great moral anguish. He left the country for several years and made three films. He finally returned to Hollywood in 1959 to make "They Came to Cordura", followed by "The Hustler" and "Lilith".

Robert Rossen, as a man, seemed as complex as many of his films; it is probably true that many of the dilemmas faced by his young characters have basis in his own life. He was an idealist to the point of being a Communist in the 30's when the movement was synonymous with social idealism. But surveying Rossen's life, we find that he grew up in the slums during the depression and gradually worked his way up to the pinnacle of success in the film industry.

This apparent contradiction may be the key to Rossen's personality as well as his films. How a man can be a Communist and at the same time, be successful in an arch-capitalistic system such as Hollywood would seem to indicate a schizophrenic set of purposes and goals. Possibly this divergent situation suggests that Rossen was constantly undergoing a search for his own identity.

This question of identity is at the root of Rossen's best films. Although in most of them, the search for power and success is used as a metaphor for identity. Rossen himself explained, "The characters in my films have a drive for power and it usually does end in defeat, even historically, either because the character has burned all his bridges behind him and left a bloody trail in his wake or because he has lost his energy."

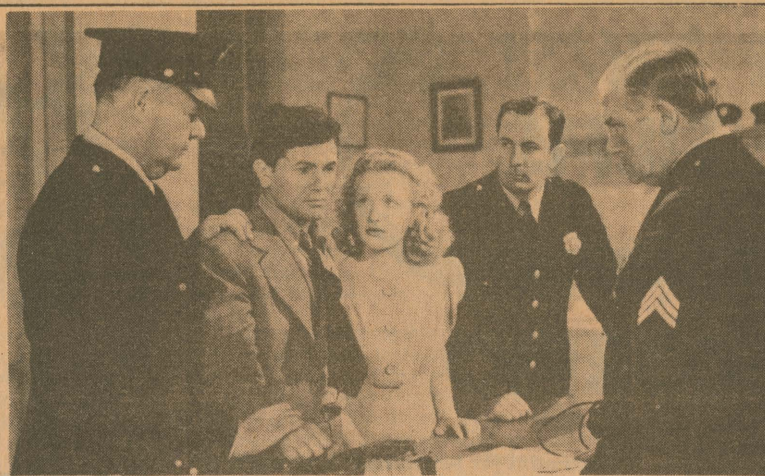
The Rossen character is the epitome of the young man on the way up. He firmly believes the philosophy of success being the only achievement and the only achievement being success. His characters rise from honest lawyers to corrupt governors, from tough ghetto kids to boxing champs on the take, and from two-bit pool sharks to top notch hustlers. Their rise many times is so fast that they lose sight of their true selves and are forced to integrate a new personality in to their recently successful lives. The value of life is obscured by their lust for power that they need and want. This power finally takes over their personality and in turn changes them into something less than human. Invariably they always fail.

It might be interesting to note the relationship between the Don Siegal anti-hero (Trucker Issue #66) and the Rossen characters. The Siegal character ends up losing in the end but he has no control over it. He is a victim of circumstance without the intelligence to alter his own life for the better. On the other hand, the Rossen character walks with open eyes into situations of dishonesty and corruption. He possesses the intelligence to alter his life, but instead uses-it to destroy himself. The final result is very similar. They are each, in their own way, pathetic failures.

In "Body and Soul", Charley (John Garfield) is one of these young men. He, like Rossen, lives in the slums and knows only that he must get out. In an early scene, he tells his mother of his plans to become a prize fighter.



JOHN GARFIELD — along with Bogart, he was one of the first in the cycle of alienated, rebellious and identity seeking characters. Garfield called on Rossen to direct him in "Body and Soul."



(Left) Warren Beatty and Jean Seberg in "Lilith." Ambiguous images and catonic postures produce a forceful, barren reality. (Center) John Garfield and Priscilla Lane confronted by the law in "Dust Be My Destiny" set in the Depression era. Screenplay by Rossen. (Right) Paul Newman in "The Hustler". The corrupting influences of money and success are coupled with complexity of human emotion and the distortion of love.

She warns him that he might get hurt but Charley coolly explains that anything is better than living out his total existence in the ghetto. As he begins his rise to champion, he comes under the influence of two main characters and a host of other minor-characters, all of them being symbolic to some degree.

One of the main influences is Roberts (Lloyd Goff), a boxing promoter / gambler. He becomes Charley's manager in a business sense and represents the main drives and forces of success and money. The other main influence is Peg (Lilli Palmer), who has fallen in love with Charley. By nature and career she is an artist: sensitive, moral and idealistic. These two characters could represent the two sides of Rossen in his personal life; one side as artist, the other as businessman.

In the struggle of good and evil, as represented by the two main influences, Charley succumbs more and more towards the evil and in particular, money and the power that comes with it. Charley explains his behavior saying, "I just want to be a success." Soon he becomes champion, but in so doing loses the larger moral battle. Finally Peg is forced to give Charley an ultimatum: either quit boxing or say good-bye to her. Charley is aware of what has happened to him; he realizes that he has given up a larger part of his humanity. He answers the ultimatum with, "I can't stop now."

In the end however, Charley, faced with his overwhelming downfall, experiences scruples of conscience. He refuses to take a dive in a fixed fight, losing money and perhaps his life.

"Body and Soul" met with both critical and financial success, which allowed Rossen to independently produce and direct Robert Penn Warren's "All the King's Men", based on the life of politician Huey Long. The main character, Willie Stark (Broderick Crawford) starts his career as an honest small town lawyer who seeks to win political office in opposition to a large corrupt political machine.

At first unsuccessful, Willie opportunistically seizes an emotional issue and becomes governor by popular vote. Somehow the power of the governorship

is never used by Willie for the aims which he intended when he was campaigning. Instead the ultimate power corrupts Willie and he pays only lip service to the honest social activism of his earlier days.

Jack Burden (John Ireland) is a cynical newspaperman who had discovered Willie's good deeds back when Willie was moral and honest. He writes about Willie up through his election as governor, and in essence silently witnesses Willie's corruption, but does nothing about it. In the end he comes to fear Willie as a dangerous political demagogue. Jack becomes instrumental in Willie's downfall, but not before soiling his record by writing fictional stories to aid the power mongering governor.

Broderick Crawford gives a fascinating performance; more convincing near the end when exhibiting perverse power and charisma, which the character Willie has over the rural electorate. In the end however, it is not the electorate who put a stop to Willie, but instead Willie is assassinated by a man who had ruined in his climb to the governorship. There is no realization by Willie that he has done anything wrong; and as he dies on the steps of the capital, he expresses disbelief that this has happened to him.

In 1961 Rossen turned again to the dual themes of power and success in "The Hustler". Fast Eddie (Paul Newman) is the hustling pool shark who has the drive for power that perverts his potential goodness and pulls him away from love and self-fulfillment. "The Hustler" seems to be a more refined and complex version of "Body and Soul", only here the battle field is the pool table instead of the boxing ring. The young seeker Eddie is torn between the gambler/manager and the woman who loves him, each vying for the unshaped energies of the young American, skilled but alienated, without apparent clear purpose. But "The Hustler" triangle is much more complex, meaningful and more fully human than "Body and Soul". The characters are more ambiguous and less stereotyped than before, thus eliciting more than just a stock response from the viewer.

Through a series of conflicts, all brought on by Eddie's lust for success, he comes to a greater realization of his identity. All his cockiness as the sure fire kid hustler is gone; he becomes much smarter. Seeing his hands in casts after being broken with pool cues and deeply feeling the death of the girl who had offered him love, he finds strength in this sorrow and pain and his spirit is regenerated. The ending, where he beats Minnesota Fats (Jackie Gleason) at his own game, is almost too oversimplified a finale for the character complexities that went before it, but it still ends a story of basic cynicism on a climactic, if not more hopeful, level.

Rossen, in "The Hustler" and his previous films, never came to grips with the essence of his character's root problem — that is, the question of identity. In his last film, "Lilith", this is the exact theme, no longer hidden through the metaphors of power and success.

Vince (Warren Beatty) comes home from military service to a small Midwest town. He has no ambition to speak of and accepts a job as a psychiatric attendant. In the asylum he falls in love with Lilith, a patient (Jean Seberg). Their relationship is one of emotional instability bordering on the insane. Vince is frustrated by Lilith's apparent saneness, coupled with her unthinking psychopathic behavior, sometimes sexual sometimes violent. In "Lilith", Rossen disposes of the stereotypes of some of his earlier films and goes deeper into the personalities and relationships in all their twisted complexities. "Lilith" was to be Rossen's last film; he was ill during the production and knew it would be his final project.

The film bears all the marks of a completely personal examination of a subject Rossen had tried to deal with all his life: love and identity. It is by far his most striking film. In a poll taken by Cahier du Cinema, it was chosen as one of the ten best films of 1964. Predictable in this country it was shunned by critics and public alike. But for Rossen it was a great success because, in the end, the artist in him won out over

CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE

FILMS

SCORPIO

LARRY SALVATO

If I had seen "Scorpio" two months ago, I would have thought this cloak and dagger thriller a bit on the hokey side. But now "Scorpio" which deals with a CIA attempt to eliminate one of its head assassins, seems infinitely more believable in the light of recent Watergate headlines. In fact, the rather detailed script is full of the shady proceedings being exposed by the current investigations: wiretaps, burglaries, extortion and even the mindless obedience to orders by subordinates.

Scenes filmed in the lobby of the CIA building in Washington, along with clear plastic wastebaskets with "BURN" lettered on them, add to the air of believability. The script even goes deeper into the murky psychological workings of the CIA bureaucratic mentality. The fanatic sense of loyalty to protect the people at "The Top" coupled with complete disregard for people below them on their chain of command makes for some interesting character aberrations.

The script, overall, is the strongest point of the film, but for one reason or another, the film is heavily lacking in the area of character development. The two main characters, Cross (Burt Lancaster) and Scorpio (Alain Delon) have the

potential for becoming fantastically interesting studies. Lancaster portrays an aging professional killer, who no longer fits into the increasingly bureaucratic, computerized CIA. His past history, going back to the Spanish Civil War, where he was a "premature anti-fascist", through World War II, to his present position as a CIA assassin are only briefly touched upon. We also get a few glimpses that suggest a much more complex personality: a strong and enduring love for his wife, a capacity to help his friends, but also to use them to his advantage, even his ability to kill in a calculated, professional manner. We know where the man is coming from, and a little bit about him, but not nearly as much as I would have liked. The same is true for Scorpio (Delon), who portrays Cross' protege in death and who is then offered Cross' job by the CIA if he kills him.

Their relationship on one level is almost father/son or teacher/student, and it seems at first that Scorpio has no intention of killing Cross. In the beginning Scorpio refuses the job, but then accepts it when the rewards become great and he learns of Cross' disloyalty. But even then, it is more of a game for him; a chance to test his own agility as an assassin.

Most of the film deals with the encounters as Scorpio chases Cross in a half-hearted attempt to kill him. Scorpio's personality is also a strange one. He has a strange fetish for cats, which borders on the sexual. His killing also seems to be rooted in some past psychosexual conflict. His relationship with his girlfriend seems a normal one, and the ending of the film seems to suggest that it is the only happy relationship he's ever had. But again, none of this becomes absolutely clear, but instead remains vague and unintentional.

One of the few characters that we do get a fairly complete character development is Scrgi (Paul Scofield). He is an old friend of Cross' dating back to the Spanish Civil War times. He is now an important Soviet official, and for many years, an adversary to Cross. But old loyalties run deeper than ideologies. Cross seeks his aid in the moment of need and Scrgi gives it gladly, but warns that when his superiors put on the pressure, he will turn Cross in. In one of the best scenes in the film, the aging adventurers become drunk and discuss the world as they see it. Scrgi declares that there is not much difference anymore between his organization and that of the CIA. He says that they are both run by



younger men with stupid faces, a taste for fashion, primarily worried with efficiency and computer hardware. Scrgi goes on to explain that this is why he (Cross) is being killed; because he slouches, keeps his hands in his pockets and doesn't display the proper attitude. When Cross questions Scrgi about why he is still involved with his government after all they had done to him (a prison term during the Stalinist purging), Scrgi explains proudly that he was a communist and always was a communist and that those people put him in jail because he was a communist, and he still puts up with it because his idealism is still intact. This in comparison to Cross, who perhaps was idealist in his youth, but now has turned to a cold pragmatist. Here again, an attempt seems to be made at a deeper realization of these two men and their world, but nothing is fully explored.

In light of these attempts at depth by the screenplay, the film never achieves its potential. The blame, for the most part, should go to the director, Michael Winner, who seems more interested in the technical tricks, than at the thematic subtleties. Winner uses his zoom in excess, not to mention the amount of effort he puts into having a cute transition. This is part of Winner's style, which I personally find pretentious and totally unnecessary. In fact I get the distinct impression that most of his films become slightly entertaining or relevant in spite of him. In the only other film in which Lancaster and Winner collaborated, "Lawman", the distractions were continually provided by Winner despite a basically good script. It would have been nice to see someone else try this script because it had more potential than the film it turned out to be.

ROBERT ROSSEN CONTINUED

the businessman. He died a year later of a coronary occlusion, shortly before his fifty-eighth birthday. Requiescent in pacis.

ROBERT ROSSEN FILMOGRAPHY:

As Writer:

- 1937 -- Marked Woman, They Won't Forget.
- 1938 -- Racket Busters.
- 1939 -- Dust Be My Destiny, The Roaring Twenties.
- 1940 -- A Child Is Born.
- 1941 -- Blues in the Night, The Sea Wolf, Out of the Fog.
- 1943 -- Edge of Darkness.
- 1946 -- A Walk in the Sun, The Strange Loves of Martha Ivers.
- 1947 -- Desert Fury.
- 1949 -- The Undercover Man.

As Director:

- 1947 -- Johnny O'Clock, Body and Soul.
- 1949 -- All The King's Men.
- 1951 -- The Brave Bulls.
- 1955 -- Mambo.
- 1956 -- Alexander the Great.
- 1957 -- Island in the Sun.
- 1959 -- They Came to Cordura.
- 1961 -- The Hustler.
- 1964 -- Liliith.

LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL

REX WEINER

...And now a pause for generation identification:

Hi! Remember me? I'm the Big Bopper (a few bars of "Chantilly Lace"). That's right. I croaked some years back in a plane crash that also made teen angels out of my pals Richie Valens and Buddy Holly. I'm here to tell you live folks how much we all dig the Fifties revival you're putting on these days. Man, it's real hep! Bringing back all the old groups and styles and even getting old Dick Nixon for Prez, wow! I just really want to thank you all for being such a swell audience the second time around for us and especially for all the nice royalties our old hits keep reaping. It's what our record companies like to call "solid gold." Bye, bye!

Right. No need to go into all the obvious odiousness of the current craze, for the nineteen fifties. Even Dick Nixon is beginning to regret having been brought back to kick around some more. How anybody could so blithely plunge into that tarpit of a decade like it was a Hollywood starlet's swimming pool is entirely beyond reason. Which is what makes this infatuation for the Fifties a fad.

But if there is anything at all that makes the fad worthwhile, it can be found in the new film, "Let The Good Times Roll." It is produced by Richard Nader, the man responsible for the "Original Rock and Roll Revival" concerts which feature resurrected groups from way back when singing their old hits, and the film is essentially a documentary of one of the biggest of these concerts held in Madison Square Garden. But the good thing about this film is that it doesn't stop with being merely another documentary about a big rock and roll event. Woodstock and Monterey Pop it isn't:

Instead, "Let the Good Times Roll" uses every bit of film technology and technique to examine the essence of rock and roll, what makes it so exciting, where it comes from, and why the music has come to define a generation. For this reason it stands on its own as a film, as well as an excellent entertainment.

Recorded in four-track stereo, a succession of performers boogie across the screen, performing their old hits from the Fifties for the Seventies crowd in Madison Square Garden. But as Chubby Checker is twisting away like he did last summer, the screen splits in half and a Fifties film clip shows not only a younger Chubby Checker singing the very same song (in perfect synch with the Seventies Chubby Checker), but also Fifties crowds on dance floors and beaches writhing away at the Twist. It is such an aberrant sight that it is awe-inspiring. Did we really do that?

Bill Haley, complete with spit curl, rocks around the clock, shakes, rattles and roll, and he, too, is contrasted with his image of fifteen years ago. His voice and spirit now, as then, is hearty and surprisingly exciting. The fact that this man and his simple (it seems now) music threw crowds into frenzy is proven by old film clips, while the new film shows that he can still do it, and triumphantly. Watching Bill Haley, only fifteen minutes into the film, a funny feeling begins to

transpire almost palpably in the theater audience. A warm sense of history is projected and sustained for the rest of the film. Rock and Roll did not begin with Alice or the Jefferson Airplane or even the Grateful Dead. Rock and Roll has been making people happy for quite a long time, has its own legends and legacy, and this becomes the major point of the film.

For each song the performers sing, a different theme is explored, using a tasteful amount of the split screen technique. Danny and the Juniors sing "Let's Go To The Hop" while dance scenes of the Fifties are flashed, including a parade of prom night photos. The Five Satins do "I'll Be Seeing You" as a photo-montage tribute is paid to Marilyn Monroe, Buddy Holly, James Dean, Joe McCarthy and all the other Fifties people who didn't make it.

Although all the performances in the film are top notch, the absolute peak is reached with Little Richard who first whips the Madison Square audience into

delirium and then climbs perilously atop a mountain of amplifiers to toss his clothes out to the sea of screaming people. The photography captures it all with brilliance.

Other appearances include the Shirrelles, the Coasters, and Bo Diddley. But the best is saved for last. Shown wandering into a field, Chuck Berry examines a rusting hulk of a bus. He explains that this is the bus he and his band toured in for so many years ("Boy, if this bus could talk it'd get us all convicted.") All of a sudden he bursts on stage singing that all-time road song "Maybelline," and the screen explodes in a montage of finbacked, souped-up hot-rods from vintage days. For a finale, Berry jams with Bo Diddley and it seems the film could hardly have ended otherwise.

"Let the Good Times Roll" avoids the pitfall of glamorizing the Fifties yet achieves the monumental goal of evoking the great liberating spirit of rock and roll. Awwwwww baby thatsawhut I like!



TAKE 1 . . . that's what we call the new excitement in entertainment! The "movie era" of "back when" is NOW at our TAKE 1, formerly RUSKIN THEATRE NO. 1 . . . If you've seen them before we will take you back again! . . . if you haven't seen them . . . come see what movies were "back when!"

TAKE 1 is an exciting atmosphere of hot popcorn, fresh candy, ice cold soda pop and the fun of yesteryear brought back for all to enjoy . . . right down to the pre-show music of the '20's, '30's, and '40's. Each program is handpicked to bring back original all time great performances of big stars that made Hollywood a household name.

DOUBLE-FEATURES from yesteryear on each program!

TWO CHOICES of programs weekly - regular programs nightly from 7 P.M. Plus 2 additional selections Fri. and Sat. Late shows! Sat. and Sun. matinees.

PARADE OF HOKEY HITS! ZANEY SERIALS! SING-ALONGS! (with the bouncing ball)

BEGINS WED,
JUNE 20TH



WALLACE
BEERY

AND

JACKIE
COOPER
THE CHAMP

CLARK GABLE
CLAUDETTE COLBERT
SPENCER TRACY



"BOOM TOWN"



JIM TANNER

Photos by Wayne Pycior
and Kerwin Plevka

OZARK MT. FOLK FAIR

If you missed the Ozark Mountain Folkfair in Eureka Springs, Arkansas over Memorial Day Weekend, you sure did.

It was a three day set and I can't do justice to all that music, but I can say that through it all: rain, mud, miles of walking and some insect rebellions, a round of cheer should go to the people who put the event together and to those who came to keep it together.

There were some of those fam-

ily-oriented — C&W / Bluegrass / Gospel sounds going around and at the other end we got Big Mama Thornton. Everyone was good, some were great and Earl Scruggs showed up. What I need is a well versed name-dropper from the groupies to get all these names in: John Lee Hooker, Mason Proffit, John Hartford, Leo Kottke, Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, etc., and there were a few newcomers there: Bessie Jones and Chick Allen; separately, together they worked

both sides fo the street and the corner too. Springfield, Missouri is home of the Ozark Mountain Daredevils and they play bluegrass; watch for them, they'll be at the Fourth Annual Down Home Watermelon Festival at Volker in late August.

It went like this:

Saturday: "Let's just say that there's a lot of people here and we're fiddlin' around."

Something about Orange Blossom Special got everyone off and

Everyone Was Good

that's the story of the daylight hours. There were a few breaks in the music caused by recordings and frizby flies. A sound speaker pops and we're off again. You and me were in that jug of Mountain Dew, too. A young Chick Allen gave out an excellent remedy for bummer; he also sells jawbones and treats diseases with herbs.

Near afternoon nap-time, the merry band of elves I was with retired to the landing site and listened to the coming and going of OUR helicopter. I awoke to the slight sound of drops on our microbus. By the time we reached the stage area, it was raining enough to shut down the electricity.

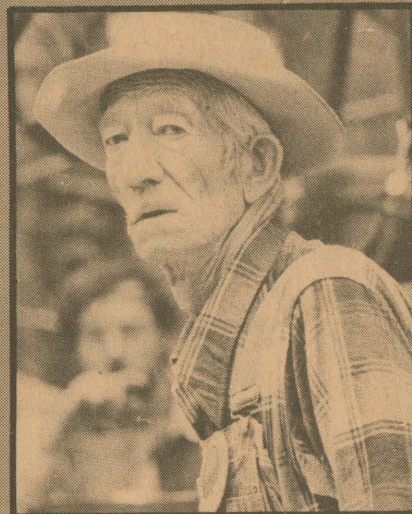
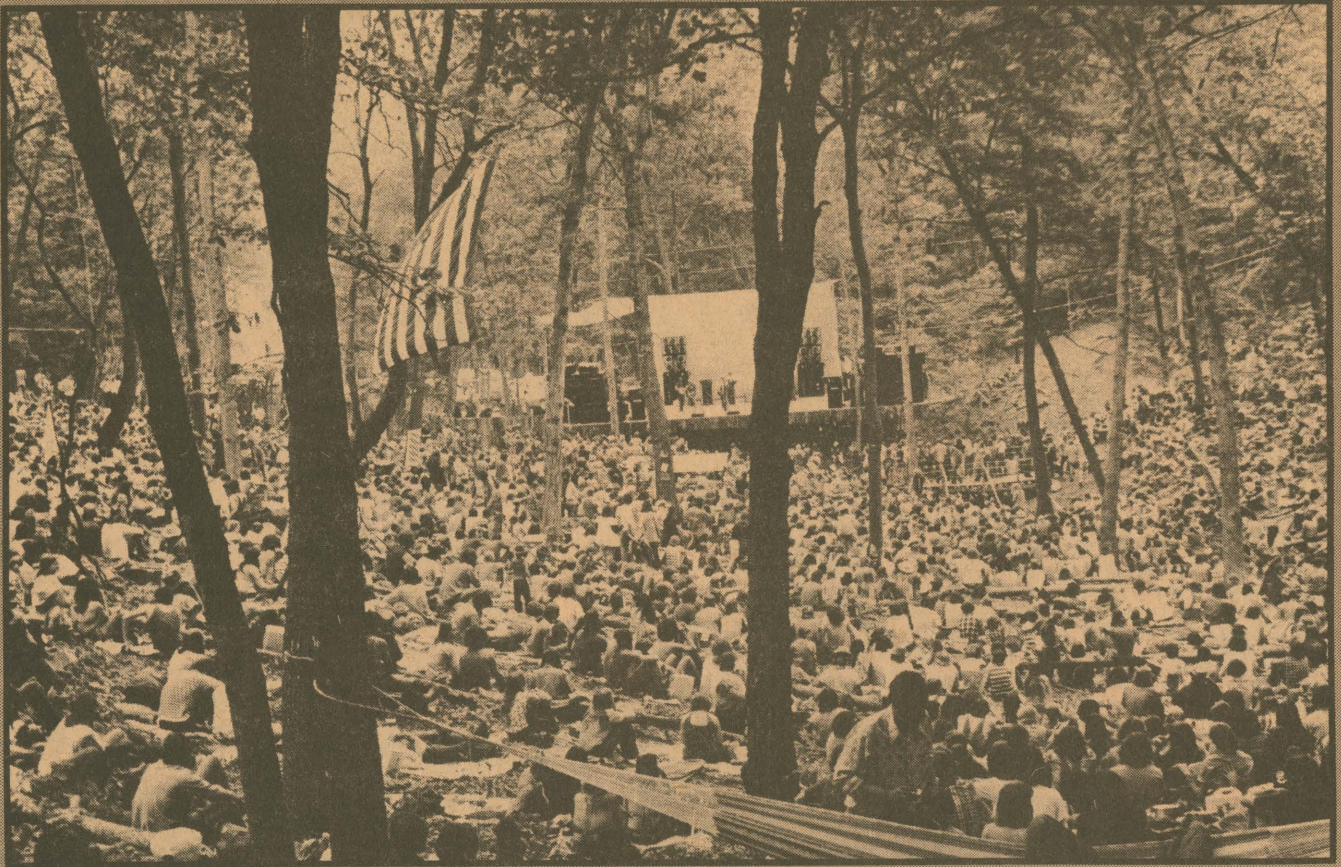
Spirits were getting lower, the rain just kept it up and everything was turned off. When thought that the whole world was going to sink, the band if the revolution started playing; one tuba! That tuba played for about four or five hours in the rain, ran up and down the hills and the scales, and kept the spirit alive through the flood. Our thanks, Mr. Tuba Man!

Times backstage were such as can be made after a night's rain. Plastic tarps scattered around, some dirt bikes with gas cans strapped on, a lopsided trailer. Something on stage in the way of music. Good spirits from the sun worked the mud-diness out of most faces by noon. I sat behind the ADA-JOHNS and tried to write it all down, 'cause I'd read the Sunday Star's report of what was going on down there in that "lush green ravine" and I didn't want to miss nothin' as they apparently had.

The Craft area left little to be questioned in the ability of the local hands to shape anything from silver to wood. I got off on most of the cosmowrights that showed their stuff. The two-teepee village passed almost unnoticed by the wagon trains, but a few of the scouts found out about the treaty being passed around and made immediate peace.

Continued On Following Page





Food, beautiful food! Cheap and natural in most places, worthy of at least a hearty grace by all. GRACE!

Bessie Jones said that she and the Georgia Sea Singers only sang gospel, and usually in church, but that she wasn't leaving. (She said she was glad to be here, 71 years old and without a doctor since 1924). Everyone was clapping away to her opening "Glad To Be Here" but the

acid howls pierced some of their "Amazing Grace". The day went on until the last hound howled and the rained-out acts of the night before

sandwiched the day in, until I could just barely hear.

A few words about Les Blank he makes movies about people and you should look for his work.

Monday featured more of the same in music, clouds and fun, although the family started dispersing into the cosmos early. The Folkfair ended with B.M. Thornton and several others who jammed, blew blues for awhile.

Some Were Great...



With grace, let me say to all who attended and to those who were there, thank you for getting the summer off to what I found a mellow start. To all who plan to get off at other such events, a few words are in order: be prepared. Be prepared for rain, mud, sunburn, insects, cheap thrills, and good times. Good boots is one example of something that cannot be substituted for; they should come at the top of your take-me-along list and should be something of the excellent design of the Viet Nam combat boot and its countless copies now available at your surplus store for about \$15. They last longer than a lid and get you off better than a spoon. Especially if you wear them to events like the Ozark Mountain Folkfair.

I didn't see anything but good vibes.



THE WISCONSIN DEATH TRIP

CHERIE BLANKENSHIP

"The 60 year old wife of a farmer in Jackson, Washington County, killed herself by cutting her throat with sheep shears."

"Mrs. Hiram McDonald of Eau Claire, rendered insane by religious excitement, attacked her children recently and wrecked the furniture and windows in her house."

"Tuesday last, A. Snyder, a man about 35 years of age and a bachelor who resides at Morrison's Creek, was found wandering in the streets of this city in an insane condition."

"Ex-Mayor Lohead of Glenwood, who was confined at the county poor farm when his term as mayor expired, made a murderous assault on Keeper Walby in the darkness."

"A wild man is terrorizing the people north of Grantsburg. He appears to be 35 years of age, has long black whiskers, is barefooted, has scarcely any clothes on him, and he carries a hat-chet. He appeared at several farm houses and asked for something to eat. He eats ravenously, and when asked where he came from, points to the east. He secretes himself in the woods during the day and has the most blood curdling yells that have ever been heard in the neighborhood."

These quotes, like the ones that make up much of the verbiage of WISCONSIN DEATH TRIP, are fairly typical newspaper accounts published in Black River Falls, Wisconsin between 1890 and 1910, during which time the town's population decreased by 14 percent.

Author Michael Lesy, who earned his Ph.D. from Rutgers for WISCONSIN DEATH TRIP, picked through 3,000 photos and twenty years of daily newspapers to construct this historical montage. Sprinkled amongst the news reports are various records from insane asylums and passages from a novel by

Glenway Wescott and paragraphs from SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGY. The whole is effective at recreating the mood of the period 1890-1910.

The photographs, comprising about one-half of the book, are of women and men and children suffering through what they called the Great Depression. The subjects are usually well-dressed with rigid, serious faces. Michael Lesy occasionally focuses on one face and blows it up to a full page, eyes shaded by the past, features blurred or water-spotted, but the expression is hollow-eyed and sensitive. All photos are black and white, of course, which, when Lesy borders his subjects in black, drones the mood of their deaths.

Their deaths were caused by incendiary fires set by tramps, suicide by drowning, hanging or drinking poison, murder by farm hands or maids, lynching, starving, or freezing to death in the Wisconsin wilderness. Children's deaths were caused by diphtheria, meningitis, smallpox or cholera in vast plagues that swept the schools and towns. These deaths were duly reported in the BADGER STATE BANNER of Black River Falls.

This book, however, is more than just a campy collection of nostalgia and funk. A photographer and historian, Lesy has attempted to portray the "psychic crisis" of the 1890's, which he feels "cannot be captured by the logic of observation, description, or explanation traditionally deployed in the narrative (which tells a story), the monograph (which permits systematic analysis), or even the documentary (which records the 'facts')."

Lesy's introduction and conclusion expand and develop the ideas implicit in his arrangements of the data. He has analyzed the psychology of the people of that era and found them to be of two

types: two types of psychotics. One is the paranoid who acts violently and is committed to an asylum and the other is the obsessive-compulsive who withdraws into silence, ritual or ceaseless labor. Both, says Lesy, are psychotic reactions to the particular stresses of the period, which include the transition from farm life to city life and the age of industrialization as well as the economic depression.

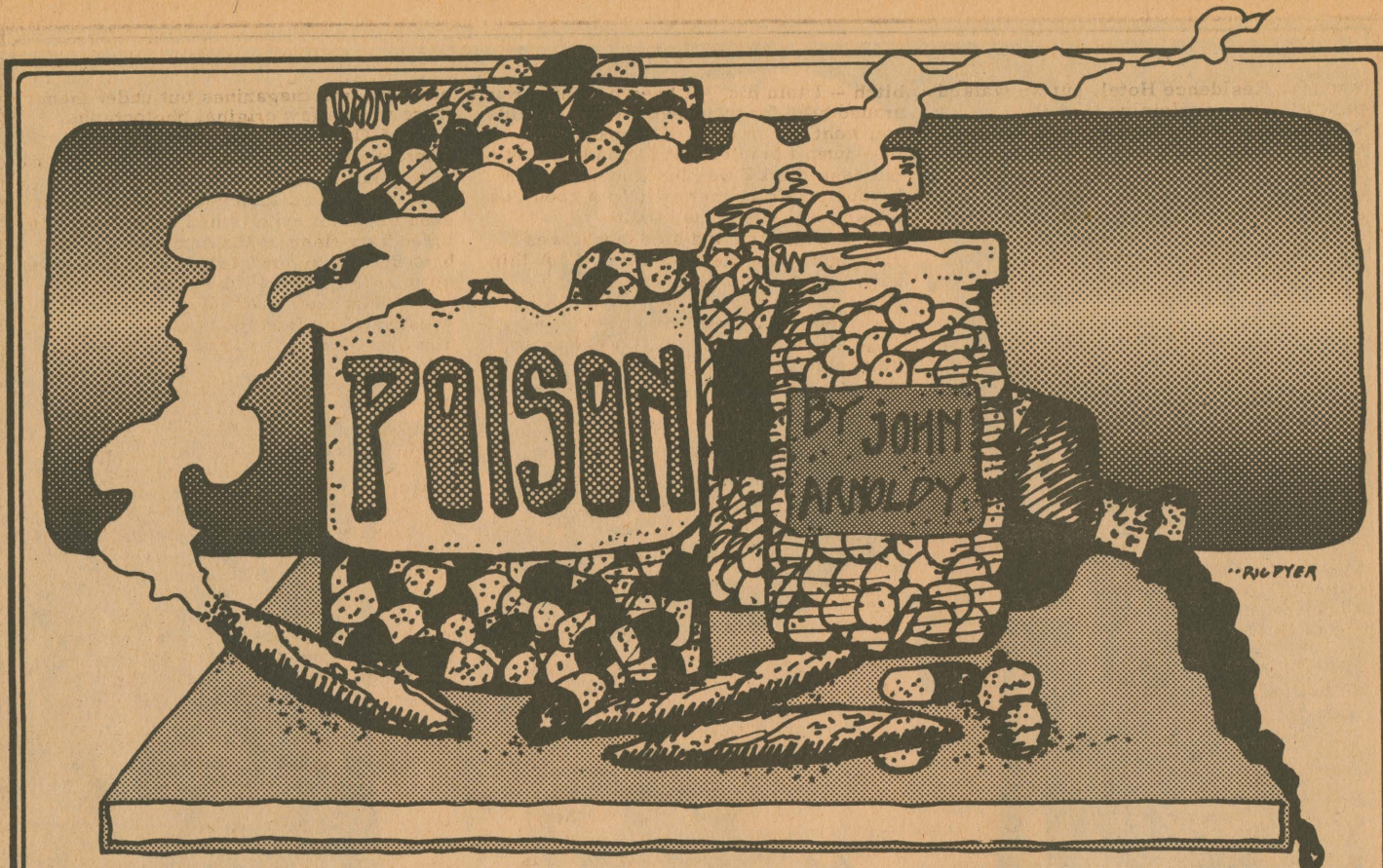
The qualitative difference between the two types is that the paranoid fails while the obsessive-compulsive succeeds. I got the feeling while leafing through the book that both types were pictured there. There was an Indian family in a little house and a baby in its coffin and countless families, standing or sitting, close-up portraits of old, old women and men, men sitting around their offices or standing outside their businesses, sad-looking children, elegantly dressed unattractive women, and many caskets and flowers with a picture of the deceased standing in front of or above the coffin.

In the text, Lesy includes items or paragraphs from the gossip column of the newspaper, which would startle us if they appeared in the STAR today. The gossip was highly personal and often times revealed the sex lives and economic details of people in the town. He also filled in some of the background information on the news stories and wrote a fairly complete history of the newspaper editor and photographer.

In the end, Lesy's attempt was successful. The odd photos and even odder quotes had an immediately intriguing effect. Twenty years of history came alive without even one comment from the author. Combined with his psychological, social and historical analysis, the book pierced layers of meanings, connotations and ideas that took almost a century to accumulate.

BOOKS





On Friday Kyser and I ate a poor breakfast at the edge of the Filipino district on Kearny — at the Island Cafe. It was about eleven o'clock on a swift, cloudy morning of light rain. The island was hot and packed with bums, mostly Chinese. Stooped-over men crowded the counter drinking coffee and soup. Thick coats hung from the metal hooks along the row of dark wooden booths that stood across from the counter. A noise of coughing, a labored racket of throat-clearing broke out constantly among the bent-down men at the counter. We made our way along the coats to an empty booth and sat down.

There was alot of coming and going in the place. A Chinese waitress with a face like a toy medal set plates of pork chops and apple sauce in front of us. A long cigarette hung from her lead mouth. Behind her, smoke drifted away from the mumbling counter toward the window covered with rain and calligraphy. After a while she brought us hot cups of greasy coffee and we hung around over a couple of Pall Malls while Kyser explained why he was shifting his clientele to old people.

"Look at it this way," he told me, "they have no connections but they dig drugs. Especially grass — unless there is a lung problem. But even then they can eat it." I told him I thought they were all broke.

"That's a myth," he said, "it's always a matter of what people spend the

money they DO have on, you know? They're used to spending money on drugs. It's a natural expense for them. They can't get anywhere on tranquilizers. A little relaxation but no flash. Grass, however, lowers blood pressure, quickens the appetite, encourages sleep — plus, Add it up. Put yourself in their place." I sipped my coffee and thought it over.

"Also," he added, "THEY ARE NOT BACKSTABBERS. You build up a clientele and it's yours. It's an open field. One of the last for grass." I drank off the rest of my coffee and asked him who this guy was that we were going to deliver to first.

"A very odd man," he said, "many years in a nut house." Kyser shrugged his thin shoulders — "He's OK."

Bums milled in the aisle looking for eating space, cigarette s, plates not hastily cleared away, matches, bits of change, forks — occasionally pausing at our booth and glowering down at us. When we looked up they would present us with vacant, pointless grins and turn back to the pacing. We dropped a few Pall Malls on the table and got up to leave. Beyond the crowded counter where a line-up of hungry men stood with their heads down, the waitress, scraped plates into a pot. The steam boiled past her damaged, dreaming face taking the smoke from her long cigarette with it into Chinese conversations.

The rain had stopped. We headed up Jackson toward the Empress of China. An odor of rotting vegetables, fish, tripe, sour poultry and meat turned bad hung in the moist air. For the thousandth time we walked down the money-beaten streets of Chinatown with its worn-out colored paper and plastic dreams. All along Stockton and Grant discolored hoses lay on the floors of butcher shops spilling fluid

through the fish heads onto the sidewalk. The fluid poured through piles of decomposing vegetables heaped at the gutter. Everywhere the Chinese worked their way along the used-up streets. We turned in the direction of the tunnel. An open-bed meat truck stood in front of a butcher shop and workers with hooks at the ends of their arms stabbed out hog carcasses.

A bird pecked at vomit. A Chinese tossed a cigarette butt under a passing Mercedes. The street darkened as the clouds rushed over like a forest of smokey animals in flight. A woman behind us laughed, I turned around for a moment and she fabricated for me a beautiful Negro smile.

We entered the tunnel, Kyser trying to say something to me. Traffic howled through the tunnel. We passed a man leaning against the monoxide-stained tile with his back to us and urine foaming around his shoes. We emerged on the other side of the tunnel, crossed Sutter, and made our way along boarded-up sidewalks into Union Square. It looked like the tropical islands in ship-wreck cartoons — a little grass and a few palm trees. The ship-wrecked bums lined the benches without beautiful women. Their faces shone in the foggy light like pale fists dropped open. Everywhere San Francisco creaked and strained on pulleys, wires, cables and steel; the clouds pouring over.

We crossed Powell. The people moved slowly along picked at by panhandlers and caught on corners in the flood of traffic lights or the thin wash of cloudy music that drifted away from beggars like smoke. We walked through the Tenderloin and on to the Civic Center. As we approached the library Kyser pointed out a building on our right.

"This is it," he said. It was the

Madonna Residence Hotel, but we walked past it (Kyser explaining that it was necessary to do this) to the Walk-in Cafeteria next door. I took a seat in a torn, red leatherette booth and ordered two cups of coffee while Kyser went to a wall phone outlined by cracked plaster. A thin wino in a gray suit sat with his back to me at the counter.

A man and a woman sat between me and the counter at one of several corroded formica and steel tables arranged in the middle of the cafe. They were deaf mutes who had apparently just come down to breakfast from a near by hotel. The ruins of an eggs and bacon breakfast stood in front of them and they were arguing with their hands. Their sleep-blurred faces followed wild hand movements with expressions of hatred. Now and then they would pause to light cigarettes and let a volley of hand signals sink in. I was still watching them when Kyser sat down — the man (who wore blue jeans and cowboy boots) had a beat-up metal brace sticking out of one of the boots.

"It'll be about ten minutes," Kyser said, "I always call before going up. He prefers it that way." Our coffee arrived in the hands of a waitress dressed in a stained, tight-fitting uniform. Bruises stood out all over her arms. As she set the cups down she worked a pair of plastic glasses held together by a soiled band-aid up her nose by twitching her lax face. Her eyes looked panicky and gigantic behind the thick lenses. We gave her the money and I noticed, as she labored in the direction of the counter, that her legs were also covered with bruises. Kyser blew over the surface of his coffee and explained that he had met the man we were going up to see one afternoon while he was waiting for the 19 Polk in front of the libaary. He told me the guy had spent the years between 1940 and 1960 in a Nebraska State Mental Hospital diagnosed paranoid after attempting to murder his family. Or at least, Kyser explained, that was one of the stories the old man told about himself. Kyser explained that the old man had been hounding everyone at the bus stop with a handful of tokens that he was trying to exchange for money.

"So I bought a few from him," Kyser said lighting a cigarette.

"And right away he shouts out **MOST OF THESE ASSHOLE DON'T REALIZE TOKENS ARE AS GOOD AS MONEY.** Anyway the bus pulled and everybody got on and I just sat down to talk to him. After this and that he finally gets around to the nut house thing. He tells me that's where he got on drugs — dope as he calls it. We finally tells me that he doesn't know anyone around here but that he lives in the neighborhood and for me to come around with dope and he'd buy. So the next few times I happened to be in this part of town I always made sure I had lids on me. But I never saw him around. Finally one afternoon I was sitting in here. It was raining and I just came in to get out of it. After a while, he came in. I expected him to be glad to see me but he ignored me. Figuring his vision might be bad I moved over next to him but he refused to admit that he knew me. It pissed me off. When he left I followed him outside. He started to run but I grabbed him. Look, son of a

bitch — I told him — I been hanging around here for two weeks with your lids you want 'em or not? He took me into that dump I pointed out to you and told the desk clerk I was his grandson from Missouri. Well, anyway he's a good customer now. His name is Bill."

I looked up and saw that it was pouring beyond the cafe window. A thin wino stood at the open door turning a dirty, complicated dollar bill green in the fixed neon above the street. Under a dead clock above the grill a newspaper had erased the waitress' face.



The desk clerk at the Madonna was a pale amputee who wore dark glasses and a Hawaiian shirt. "Bill's home," he said in a luxurious, feminine voice, "just go up". We went up three flights. The carpet changed on each flight. Once it was worn-out horse shoes and four leaf clovers in burgundy. On Bill's floor it was five pointed blue stars dimly visible in an evening of thread-bare blue. At 309 Kyser knocked quietly. I heard footsteps and a voice, "Who's there?" Kyserrattled the knob impatiently & — "Come on Bill, you know who it is, open up." The door opened on hammer-strong blue eyes set in a long stone gray face. Large swollen hands hung from the ragged cuffs of a silvery Thrift Shop suit. Thin, bent toward us, Bill stood back and let us in.

His tiny room was crowded with used furniture; sofas and chairs worn colorless, a rug with its design scuffed into a blur, lampshades exhausted by light, various dim glasses. The room had an odor of whisky and cigarette smoke. Bill gathered up several piles of old newspapers from the chairs and suggested we sit down. I watched him moving around the room. He moved briskly, the big hands gathering up copies of the San Francisco Progress. A huge, dark, run-down desk stood against one of the walls and there was a radio on a little table adjacent to the desk. Some kind of jazz from an earlier era hummed from the radio; Benny Goodman maybe — I wouldn't know. A small electric heater rested on the floor next to the desk emitting an orange light. His window showed the Civic Center Plaza deserted in the rain and beyond it the gloomy City Hall. When I looked away from the window, Bill was watching me with his night-blue eyes.

Bill left the room and returned with some cups. He poured us a few fingers and offered a bottle of cloudy water to be passed around in the event we might want to back it. He sat down across from us at the shadowy desk. Above him on the wall pin-ups had been tacked in a row. Chinese girls with heavy lipstick and eye make-up stretched above him on motel furniture. Some of them had placed their small hands over their nipples, others squeezed themselves between their legs, some spread their smooth, technician thighs. These pictures had

been cut from magazines but under them there were a few original photographs, also of Oriental girls, in positions of intercourse with Americans. They looked very small in relation to the American men, their faces attacked by some intent concern, their eyes turned away from the incendiary flash of the camera. Bill bent his mouth down into a neolithic grin, showing large, rock-like teeth.

"Who are you?" he asked me — his eyes watering from the booze. I told him I was just a friend along for the ride.

"What ride?" he said, "This ain't no ride. Kyser here gives me a fair deal, ain't that right Kyser?" Kyser nodded and pulled out a big, fat joint rolled in stars and stripes and gave it to Bill. We passed a few joints and I watched Bill's eyes turn stoned under the Chinese pinups — like a night growing brighter without any moon. Kyser pulled out a couple of lids and placed them on his lap.

"No food stamps, just cash," Kyser said. Bill said nothing but Kyser went on — "They don't give change back anymore and besides I've moved again and I don't have a kitchen anymore so they wouldn't do me any good."

Bill took a long drink. "Those cocksuckers what's a little change to them?" Bill turned around and opened a dark, shadowy drawer at his desk. He handed Kyser forty bucks and Kyser gave him the lids. Bill tossed one in the drawer, opened the other one, and carefully rolled off a few joints with his rough, swollen farm hands.

"The cops may be around today," Bill stated matter of factly.

Kyser seemed to take the remark in stride only glancing up at Bill over the joint that fumed between his thin lips.

"They need guys like me," Bill continued, "I'm a spotter and there are never enough of them. Fact is I know of a body right now. An old fella down on Howard. Been dead in his room about three days. Down in the Mars Hotel. Died alone didn't have no friends. I seen him with my mind's eyes last night. I know of a girl too out by Seal Rock pulled down in an undertow. I been seen' her for about a week. I called the cops on both of them but they ignored me. Soon as they find that fella on Howard they're gonna be over though, I'm sure of it. It takes a while to weed out the fakes but once they get onto me I'll have steady work." Bill turned around to his desk, grabbed a glossy sheet of paper that had photographs of pills printed all over it and handed it to Kyser.

"See that one I circled at the bottom I want some of them, how bout it Kyser can you get me some?" Kyser handed me the sheet while he lit a cigarette and thought it over. It was the CIBA page from a Physicians Desk Reference and Bill had circled a white tablet at the bottom of the page — RITALIN 10 mg.

"Yea," Kyser said after a while, "sure no trouble getting it but what do you want it for Bill, I mean why not just take some regular speed?"

"It ain't speed," Bill said annoyed, "it's a psychic energizer and I figure I'll be able to spot better on it. I'll be able to concentrate on the people instead

CONTINUED ON 43

LETTERS

Dear Mr. Giangreco:

I have been meaning to write to you for some time now, but never got around to it, but since your latest effort, I feel I must. I have enjoyed the WESTPORT TRUCKER for sometime, you have some really fine things, but you continue to amaze me.

You have some really outstanding covers on your newspaper/magazine and some incredible colors. In addition, the overall style of the paper is easy-going, yet well done and intelligent. Which makes me wonder: Do you misspell all those words on purpose, or don't you know any better? I have entertained the idea that you guys are really dumb. I have also considered that you think its "funky" to spell words wrong. Just to make sure, I have enclosed 50¢ for a down payment on a dictionary, or maybe a fifth graid (sic) speller.

Truly,
B.R. Wemedy
Independence, Mo.

Dear Editor, Sir;

I wish to register a complaint to you against your paper. It seems to me you could publish the WESTPORT TRUCKER, just as well and with just as

good results, leaving out all that pornography. I am speaking specifically of the classified ads for swingers and the unethical comics.

The fact that you allow people to solicit fellow 'swingers' through the "Free Classifieds" in your paper seems to indicate that you condone their perverted non-natural sex lives. From the other content of your paper (those great film and concert reviews) it would not seem to be the case that you are bent on setting up shop for Perversions Unlimited. It's really in bad taste. I realize you consider yourself an Under ground Newspaper, but I don't think that would necessitate your being a Pornographic newspaper. Why can't swingers join communes like all them other perverts?

As for those comics, with guys and their dong's flapping out all over the place, looking like plagerized "ZAP" comics, this also is unnecessary, and not in line with some of the other really high-class aspects of the paper. If God had wanted us to masturbate we would have been born that way.

Straighten up!
Will Che Bioff
Raytown, Mo.

Dear People,

Let me tell you about a terrible experience I had today.

It was (was) a beautiful sunny day in K.C. and my three-year-old daughter and I were casually strolling through the Plaza.

While passing by the Cake Box my daughter exclaimed over all the colorful cakes in the window. As we paused to look at all this color and gaiety my eyes were drawn to one particular cake which had on its top a toy tank and several plastic soldiers. One actually looked like he had been shot by the tank with his arms outstretched. (If those little olive drab creatures weren't mass-produced he probably would have had an expression of terror and pain to boot.)

I have to admit I was dumbfounded.

Has our society, time, morals (whatever you want to call it) come to this?

I have visions of some lucky little birthday boy trying to blow out the candles on a monstrosity of this type and receiving as his birthday presents forty G.I. Joes, toy guns and a "play" military uniform.

It's hard to imagine any sane parent purchasing such a cake for a festive occasion for a child.

Gee, maybe they could make cakes with coffins on top for wakes and such. Or they could hire Alice Cooper for more insight and inspiration.

In closing, I'd just like to say - Is this sick or is this sick?

Sincerely,
Day Rew
Kansas City, Mo.



KBFEV BUMPER STICKERS!!! WIN VALUABLE PRIZES...

IF THE NUMBER ON Your BUMPER STICKER MATCHES THE NUMBER MENTIONED ON THE AIR...

ALBUMS, THEATER TICKETS, DINNER CERTIFICATES MANY MORE!

Get Your Bumper Sticker at These Locations:

Liberty Cycle, I-35 & 71 By-Pass In Liberty, Mo.

Harrigan Motors, 64th & Troost Barry's Record Rack, 95th & Antioch in the Cherokee Shopping Center

Northeast Sport & Motors, 4401 Truman Rd. & 7333 Troost

J.C. STORY-TELLER

In March of this year I met the members of Ozark Mountain Daredevils in a bar on Main Street. We sat around drinking beer while rapping about music. At that time it mostly was about my music because I was giggin' there that night. I felt that we had become friends not only because we had something in common with our music, but that we loved the life we live.

Since then we only met on rare occasions in the Good Karma House. Our usual words were "how's it going with you?" The Daredevils were always doing more than I was. Some musicians can find themselves in a jealousy trip over such small trivial things, but when one loves success he finds himself not getting into that. He'll find himself only getting overly excited for his friends.

Because of my positions as a musician and music reviewer for the WESTPORT TRUCKER, lots of people have asked me about the Daredevils. So, to keep my voice in good shape I thought that an interview with the group would inform you more about their happenings better than my usual second hand news. Dennis, plus Bonnie of Good Karma thought it was a damn good idea so they set it up for me to go to the Procol Harum concert and interview the Daredevils.

Sweet Jane and I got to the concert with our spirits strung high but soon felt bummers when that bastard stage doorman kicked us out while Stan Plesser was trying to tell him to let us in. I guess the doorman didn't like our cheerful attitude. Stan got it all straightened out like he always does but we were still stuck outside. Fifteen minutes passed and the bastard finally let us in. We strolled down the hall with me picking my nose and Jane saying "I'm going to fuck this up, I know I am." But before

I could confer back to Jane, Randy set her down in a seat and gave her the whole story about the Daredevils in less than two minutes. Then someone asked "where's your tape recorder?" I then snapped to the fact that I didn't have one. So what you're about ready to read, I hope isn't as confused as when I was trying to let it all sink in.

All of the members of the Daredevils formed together not by man and woman, but for the love of creating music with good vibes. Larry, the drummer, told me that they had no intentions at that time to become a group and try to make the big time. They just wanted to play at places for the hell of doing it. But when the people freaked out over them, they decided to become the Ozark Mountain Daredevils. Larry said that he's still caught up in the daydreaminess of it all. Soup, the bass player, said it's like you are here now but tomorrow is a mist and that he can't imagine what the future will be. All the rest of the guys had the same feelings.

Randy, the lead guitarist, told us how it all came to be. They jammed, they formed the group. His brother became their manager at this point. His brother took the news to Frank Polte and he really liked it. Frank then honked it on to Herbie, then Herbie gave it to Paul Peterson and together they handed the Daredevils to Stan Plesser's mind. Stan then took the news to California. Warner Brothers were one of the first recording companies to hear them, but they thought that the Daredevils didn't have enough to offer. Stan told us that he didn't give up because he loved their music. So he honked on A&M Records. Now here's where the action begins. Dave Anderle, a producer for A&M came to K.C. to hear them and dug the fuck out of their music. Anderle then took the music to Glen

Johns of Olympic Studios in London and he wanted to record them. So then Anderle got a lump sum of front money for the Daredevils. It wasn't a \$600,000 front like Johnny Winter got but enough to pay their expenses for the round trip plus room and board while in London. Also there is a good amount left over for promotion for the album and starting expenses for a tour in September. Fuck, that's fantastic I said...fantastic. I then felt the feeling of how they, the Daredevils feel now.

Paul Peterson asked me if I'd like to gig with the Daredevils in August when they play in Volker Park. I said sure. The whole month of August besides playing in Volker Park is going to be vacation time for the Daredevils. After they finish the album in July, Soup told me that he and his lady are going to South America. Larry said he'll just go fishing and sit in the sun in Springfield. Buddy, Randy, Steve, and John said that they'll just fuck around. Stan told Jane that Frederick March was his favorite actor. Then he serenaded us with his song for Captain Kangaroo. After Stan's beautiful song we all just started talking at the same time with Larry autographing a picture of him self for Jane and then Derek Sutton walked in...and the fun walked out.

Oh, yeah...Randy wants me to tell you that they do all kinds of music, not just bluegrass and country & western. Yes, the Daredevils are one of the best versatile groups that I have heard in many years. Their conception of music is bent with everyone in mind. Through the years I've had the pleasure to be associated with Z.Z. Top, and many others but I feel the greatest admiration for the Daredevils because they are real people just like you. They aren't just my friends, but yours too.

OZARK MOUNTAIN DAREDEVILS



CONCERTS

James Brown at the Apollo

DEANNE STILLMAN

James Brown isn't exactly the "sex machine" that he was a few years ago. But then, his nickname is no longer "Mr. Dynamite". These days Brown is billed as "The Godfather of Soul" and appropriately, his act is a little tamer, a bit more polished and somewhat less enjoyable than the solo riots which once made his show notorious. And these days, Brown supports Nixon, as godfathers are wont to do.

But if this guy's expecting a White House invite, he'd be wise to put someone else in office. And he'd also be wise to come up with a new, wholesome, integrated audience. Discreetly scanning the crowd at the Apollo on a recent Saturday night, I spotted only two white faces — mine and that of my courageous partner in desegregation. I guess the rest of the Saturday night crowd was at Reno Sweeney's or Max's or something, thinking they were seeing a really good show. Which is really too bad since James Brown was in town only because he was filling in for Ike and Tina Turner who had cancelled and he's still the best, the funkier, the sweatier and the most get-down show around. James Brown still packs 'em in at the Apollo for one week straight, as few performers are able to do year after year. James

Brown still makes the Four Tops look like the Four Paraplegics and he makes the latest glitter attempts at "shows" look like so many third grade class plays.

Appearing exactly at 9 PM as scheduled, Brown followed the kind of thunderous introduction generally associated with dragstrip advertisements: "...and now-ow-owwww ladies and gentlemen, bruthuhs and sistuhs, here's the-man-you've-all-been-waiting-for, the Godfather of So-oh-ul, Mr. Ja-ay-aymes Brow-own!! Decked out in black sharkskin duds with angled zipper pockets, a trim black brim and a fresh marcel, Brown funk'd his way across the stage while the young girls seated down front swooned and screamed and ahhed. His big back-up band, the fa-ah-ah-bulous JB's, played quick snatches of his myriad hits and the trumpet section pirouetted on cue every few minutes. The sax players rocked to and fro, the two drummers did the old in-out in-out beat, and the bassist played the line he was to play for the next three hours. Brown presented frenzied fans with about five short minutes of his famous choreography — his slide, shuffle, boogaloo, and a new dance that's probably called the Funky Robot which would probably make anyone else look pretty unfunky. Just when the audience started to dig the music, it stopped.



Cowtown Ballroom will undergo more changes this summer, after a big change recently when Bonnie Harney and Mike Waggoner took over the management from Frank Polte. After the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band concert, which will be video-taped and recorded for an album, Cowtown will close down until September for redecorating, which will include new bathrooms. The remodeling has been scheduled for this summer because Cowtown doesn't have air conditioning.

The TRUCKER asked Mike if there would be any changes in format this fall when Cowtown reopened. He said he thought there had been too much repeti-

tion of bands, and although he plans to repeat several himself, like Ravi Shankar Fleetwood Mac and Z. Z. Top, he would concentrate on booking more bands that had never played Kansas City before.

When asked if he would be using more local groups, he answered that there were several problems with that. One was that there weren't enough local bands with original material and that the big name bands usually brought a band with them. He complained that people don't want to pay, even when the ticket price is greatly reduced, for local talent. However, he said he would be booking Grits and Ozark Mountain Daredevils.

The ticket prices will be the same this fall, and Mike and Bonnie will try to schedule three shows a month.

Mike expressed disappointment with the turn-out for the Trucker Benefit concert, where local bands were scheduled. Even though the average ticket price was only \$2, only three hundred people came, which caused him to have second thoughts about featuring local talent again.

The JB's pointed their instruments at Brown who smiled like someone who knows what you want and WILL give it to you — eventually. The audience of course was primed perfectly for a carnival of raunch.

But instead, Brown maestroed the JB's as they played the music he wrote for the new flick "Black Caesar". Occasionally he played the organ. This stuff sounded like some soul version of Ferrante and Teicher and it was disappointing to see Brown spending half an hour of my time standing calmly behind the keyboards without even shouting "Good GAWD y'all!!!" at least twice.

This was merely the beginning of the entire James Brown revue though and was brilliantly designed to keep the audience hanging right in there. The godfather disappeared for a while, and the other acts on the bill — members of "The James Brown Family of Soul" — appeared, on after the other, no delays, just like an old vaudeville show. There was even a comedian, Clay Tyson, who, according to the program, "should have been one of the biggest comics in the 'biz'..." His funniest shtick was an imitation of James Brown which won't get him booked on the Johnny Carson show, but like the program says, "...there's a lot of politics th'at keep a brother from making it when he doesn't have the connections..." Also on the bill was Harlem's answer to the New York Dolls, four guys called the Variations who camp it up like nobody camps it up. Dressed in purple velvet shorts and top-coats, knee-high boots and derby hats, they sang, danced, talked demersaulted, push-upped and cartwheeled their way through the recent Temptations hit, "Papa Was a Rollin' Stone". It's too bad they're not playing the Mercer.

Brown reappeared wearing his trademark cutaway suit and kept promising the hopped up audience he would "do my old stuff too," but he never really did enough, not that enough would ever be enough. He wailed a few lines from "It's a Man's World" and "Lickin' Stick" and danced up a quick typhoon while strobe lights flashed throughout the rest of his act, making it seem as if there was more to it. The highlight of the show was Brown's famous cape-shucking exit routine which everyone was REALLY waiting for. He kept coming back and dancing, and for the finale was bare-chested and sweating enough to ruin fifty suits. A devoted following was at the foot of the stage, enjoying a sweat shower and clamoring for a hand-shake with "The Godfather of Soul". The rest of the audience stared at the mystifying man in the spotlight, wondering as always how in the hell does James Brown get down the way he does?

Jimmie Spheris

JAMES ANDREW

On Saturday night, June 2, Memorial Hall was packed to the roof with Jimmie Spheris fans. They had showed up to give him ovation upon ovation for his supreme performance.

While I sat listening to Jane Getz I flashed on a concert program that was almost exactly like this one. In it there

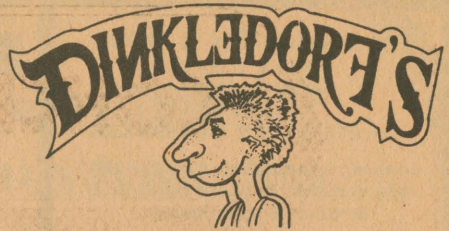
was a fuzzy headed lady playing the piano doing a short 30 minute set. After she finished, a tall, lanky acoustic act strolled on the stage and played his simple mellow songs. He received ovations for his so-called humor. Yes, he even gave all his fame credits to his piano player, the same way Jimmie Spheeris did for Jane Getz. Their concert was exactly like Carol King and James Taylor, but Jane Getz has a lot to learn from Carol King.

Jane Getz is a very nice performer, but I had to strain too much to hear her. Getz's best song in her set was "The Original Tap Dancing Kid". After she received an encore for her performance, the star walked on stage. The crowd went wild. Every song sounded the same for a while until he did a bluesy tune. Spheeris used Getz on piano for a few songs but it was usually just him and his bass/lead guitar player. Spheeris and his accompanist were very tight, considering, however, that his music

isn't all that complicated.

My first impressions of Jimmie Spheeris, I'm glad to say are good ones. Even though his style is so closely related to that of James Taylor, for whom I hold no admiration. The biggest difference between them is that Taylor's music is always prone to sad, down happenings, whereas on the other hand, Spheeris is a mellow, everything-is-beautiful composer. Also with the Jack Nead's Pro Sound P.A., run by chief engineer Rocky Rude, things ran a lot smoother. That sound system, which is Sunn's biggest had the best sound put-out for an acoustic act that I have ever heard.

Jimmie Spheeris received five encores for an evening of that good, mellow, down-home music. Even though I thought he was good, I have to say that I wouldn't go to see him again. He's a little too mellowed out for me. In all, it was a good time and a good concert.



DELI

having a party or a few friends over?
ASK ABOUT OUR 5 FT. LONG

BIG MOTHER HOGIE

IN KANSAS CITY'S RIVER QUAY
512 DELAWARE 421-5255

HOURS: Mon. thru Thur. 11:00 A.M. — 10:00 P.M.
Fri. & Sat. 11:00 A.M. — 1:00 A.M.

WE'RE BACK!!!



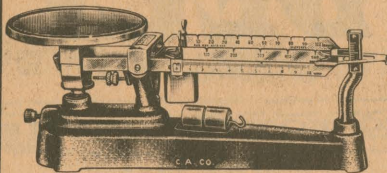
- authentic hawaiian shirts
- cowboy shirts
- mexican peasant shirts
- pre-owned denims
- faded blue jeans
- overalls
- jean jackets
- jean skirts
- dresses from the 30's and 40's
- fur coats and chubbies
- leather jackets
- panama hats
- tuxedo tails
- antique jewelry
- silk gowns
- satin robes
- bedjackets
- gangster suits
- velvet dresses
- felt hats
- suede zip jackets
- original platform shoes
- work shirts
- athletic jerseys
- chocolate ants
- crazy quilts
- tapestries
- barrels
- fur muffs & boas

And still at 819 Vermont Street in Lawrence, Kansas

Brookside Toy & Hobby
330 W 63rd St
in the basement

LABORATORY GLASSWARE

scales, telescopes, microscopes
pig embryos & other biological
& mineral specimens...



"It's all in the name of science."

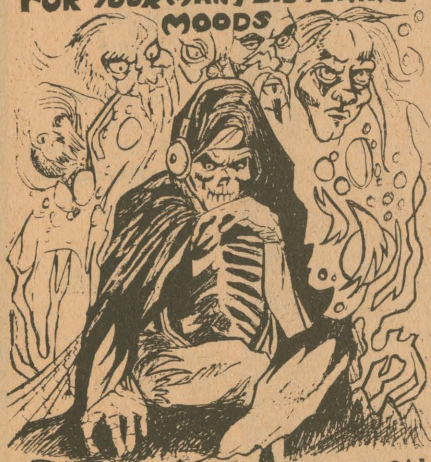
roots
barks
leaves
& flowers

Medicinal herbs for all occasions

HOUSE of
HEZEKIAH

504 Walnut in River Quay

FOR YOUR MANY LISTENING
MOODS



RHYAN'S
RECORDS

10 E. 39th
K.C.Mo.

Deep Purple Rory Gallagher Fleetwood Mac

NEIL HAVERSTICK

A few words on Rory Gallagher and Fleetwood Mac is quite enough. I have never been so bummed out about a concert in my life; but the biggest disappointment was the warm response that these poor, rather sad musicians received from the crowd.

Gallagher is a fair vocalist and a guitarist of very limited technique in the fields of blues and rock n' roll; very uncreative, sloppy and boring. The cat has no style. He and his band did some stale, mediocre rock and roll and some blues that almost made me sick. The pianist did a blues solo which amounted to playing as fast as he could for 24 bars (with no regard to such an insignificant matter as taste, of course), and Gallagher's choice of notes and phrasing was so far removed from real blues feeling that I simply could not believe it — no shit. And to think that I thought he was so good with Taste 4 years ago; my my.

Fleetwood Mac, however, was even worse. I had to leave and walk around it got so bad. They just wouldn't quit. They are very average and undistinctive, both as songwriters and musicians, and the keyboard player somehow managed to hold the same chord throughout the entire set. She, as well as the lead vocalist, can't sing too hot either. Just when I thought they were done, Kirwan went into a long, unaccompanied slide solo which was trite and tasteless, exactly like the rest of their set, and they proceeded to play for another half hour, encore and all. Why? It was literally inconceivable that so many people actually liked that crap. They must have wanted to get their moneys worth very bad.

Deep Purple was next. Blackmore, Paice and Lord can play hot riffs around most other rock musicians. All three have unique styles, are very creative and lyrical, have enormous speed and utter control — one could go on and on. However, since they began to make a pile of money, they have chosen to play music which is nice and safe and sadly commercial instead of such as "The Painter", "The Shield", etc. I have the distinct impression that most of their present fans are unaware of their albums before "In Rock".

Anyway, on this night they failed to impress me, generally. Of course as a unit they are impeccable — sleek, tight, intuitive, etc. Individually, however, there seemed to be no real fire except for Paice, who besides playing like a real fiend all night, did a real tornado of a solo which left me gaping and wondering how he finds so much on such a small set of skins. Billy Cobham, beware. Blackmore seems to have quit progressing and did nothing which really impressed me except for a few brief flashes here and there. His best riffs in "Lazy" were shadowed by Gillan's stupid harp solo. Lord was kind of slick and flashy and seemed to have forgotten that he does have balls; he had technique in abundance but it meant not a whole hell of a lot.

His synthesizer solo was cheap and quite out of context with the rest of the band — he just wanted to demonstrate all the neat weird noises it could make. Not everyone was taken in by it.

The real sad fucking thing is that Deep Purple is one of the few bands in the quite enviable position of having the talent and power to raise the mass level of consciousness regarding music. The other two that come to mind are The Mahavishnu Orchestra and Yes. Unfortunately, it appears that cold hard cash has won out in the case of Deep Purple. I sure wish they would decide to create once again because they are more than capable.

Country Joe Kinky Friedman

BOB GROSSWEINER

Max's Kansas City, located at 17th Street and Park Avenue South in New York City, is the watering spot for the hip, pseudo-hip, freaks, glitter, you name it, and it is now the best place to see music live in the Big Apple. The party starts every night (after most of us are off to bed) downstairs where the restaurant and bar and chick peas are located. Upstairs is a small room that is good for show-casing new talent for name performers to work out as they would rather play this smaller room than the bigger ice cream parlor, The Bitter End.

Making his New York debut for six nights of insanity at Max's in early May, Kinky Friedman and his Texas Jewboys took the town by surprise. After build-ups in NEWSWEEK and ROLLING STONE, he made page two of the prestigious NEW YORK POST.

Country music is not strange being from Texas, but Jewish country music is. "Cowboys and Jews, in fact, have a common bond," Kinky has stated, "They are the only two groups of people in the world to wear their hats indoors and attach a certain amount of importance to it." Promoting his new Vanguard album, "Sold American", the press party included shrimp creole, brown rice, matzoh and many ten gallon hats.

From the ballad of that famous sniper, "Ballad of Charles Whitman", to the beautiful chorus in "Ride 'Em Jewboy" to the social satire in the hill-billy "We Reserve the Right to Refuse Service to You", Kinky and the Texas Jewboys will be a household name by the time the national tour is over. Among the Jewboys are guitarist Billy Swan (Kris Kristofferson's bass player) and Willie Fong Young (a sephardic?) on bass. The highlights were when Kinky and Little "Jewford" Selby (keyboards, accordian, toy trumpet) exchanged whimpets during the numbers. Who knows maybe a comedy album will be forthcoming.

A surprisingly delightful album in the country and western mold, but the stage act is the total experience. Kinky's

CONTINUED ON 42

Budget Tapes & Rdcords at 4552 Main is now a Company store. This means we are now one of the many Budget stores all over the country which are stocked by our own warehouses and will get you the newest releases faster and at our low prices of \$2.99 and \$3.99 , our hours will remain the same, Monday thru Friday 12 P.M.-9 P.M.-Saturday 12-8 P.M.. There will be a \$2.99 special every week on a new release or an artist's complete catalogue. Hope to see you soon.
Pleasant weather.

Mike at Budget



That's just the way it is...



Temple Slug

43rd & Jefferson

material will soon be recorded by Glen Campbell who plans to do the title track, "Sold American".

The next three nights at Max's K.C. saw Country Joe McDonald returning to the concert trail after living in France where he recorded his new Vanguard album, "Paris Sessions". His new band is aptly named the All-Stars featuring Dorothy Maskowitz (formerly the singer in the incredible United States of America) on keyboards and backing vocals; Tucki Bailey on sax and beautiful flute; Ana Rizzo, drums and vocals, who was the singer for the funky Grootna; and bassist Peter Albin who was with Big Brother and the Holding Company. Also appearing for this glorious engagement was Barry Melton on lead guitar who will remain for this entire tour. Sitting in for a few numbers was another original member Big Brother, Sam Andrews on guitar, and Mr. James Cotton on harmonica.

Doing old Country Joe and The Fish standards ("I Feel Like I'm Fixin' To Die Rag," "The Fish Cheer (Gimme an F)", and of course "Sweet Martha Lorraine") as well as his newer solo endeavors ("Hold On I'm Coming"), the new sound is very much jazz inspired with Tucki's flute adding a new dimension to Country Joe's sound. We will be looking forward to a recording of his newest anti-chauvinist song: "Sexist Pig".

Joe was splendid in a long print calftan with long flowy hair, purple and

red nail polish, shoulder length silver earrings, beautiful neck hangings, and the most exquisite glitter surrounding his eyes and cheeks. It was a beautiful welcome home — a splendid time by all.

George Benson Quartet

NEIL HAVERSTICK

It's opening night at the Landmark. We arrive, getting an excellent front row table. The room is small and there is a two drink minimum. We get a rum and coke and screwdriver to start. That must be the drummer there; he's dressed sharp, looks intent; sets up, takes his time with his blue metalflake, sawed in half kit. Next comes a short round bass man in a blue hat and a tall skinny kid with a guitar case. But then we say, there HE is, that's him. He surveys the scene, sets up, unscrews a fuse from a faulty amp. Was it a Fender? I can't remember. Remind me to fix this tomorrow, says he.

First set.

Now all is in readiness. He says softly, we're going to begin this set with...and it begins with an energy that doesn't quit burning, glowing all night. All music. They go quickly from song to song, quickly from note to note, riffs

which make us look at one another with laughter. Black hand moving, prowling restlessly over black hollow guitar. Notes tumble and pour out, chords climb from top to bottom. Now young Earl Klugh will play for you; listen close. A little nervous, but very mellow. Over a bit too soon. They finish the set with more liquid music, then quick.

Second set.

Again the quiet voice and the black ax. How does he do all that? So what? A peak is reached so soon — I'm exhausted, uplifted. Funky snapping, popping, never-stopping, popping, never-stopping rhythms on those weird looking drums. Then ode to a kudu: magic improvisation a delight to see as well as hear. Rhythms within rhythms. I catch a smile from the drummer and we communicate, understand each other. Waitress, a grasshopper, more people. Hey George, sing us a song; soft ballad, more. Hey, I'm a guitar player that sings, too, he complains (but not too harshly, you know) but I'll sing. And he does, so fine.

Third set.

Guitar acrobatics that make me suck in deep breaths and say ooooooh. Leaping over strings, diving, soaring, plunging, dodging. Twisted, turning lines of snake-line runs. So much soul. Young Earl again: when you wish upon a star. Harmonics totally, like bells and chimes. George smiles and nods, knowing. I feel like a child again. But it's late and it's a party. Shouts of approval, acknowledgement. All RIGHT, man. Clapping

JEANS PLUS

209

OPEN:
M.-F. 10:30-7:00
SAT. 10:00-6:00

We're at 209 Westport, across from Mario's Truck on in when you have a chance!

JEANS PLUS TRUCKS INTO OLD WESTPORT

The new Jeans Plus Store in old Westport isn't quite like the other 7 Jeans plus stores. The decor is more fitting with the Westport area. It has an all new Women's Dept. And all the merchandise is brand new . . . the latest styles . . . even some new fall fashions.

and whistles. Go George. We're going to finish out with a song by John Coltrane past master. And he begins the end, grimacing, pouring out his soul again, almost painfully, or so it seems. Then it's over for good. Thank you for giving so much of yourself to me. Goodbye.

Midnight Concert

KUDL is sponsoring their first anniversary concert at Cowtown Ballroom Saturday, June 30. The show will begin at 12 midnight consisting of Garland Jeffries, Charlie Daniels and several local groups: J.C. Story-Teller, Chessman Square, Together, Hot Ice, Backward Memory, Tide and more. This concert is free, although tickets must be obtained in advance because there is a legal limitation on the number of people that can attend. Ticket information is not available yet, but listen for it on KUDL in the coming weeks.

The concert will last eight hours and will be simul-cast on color TV and FM stereo radio. There will also be a small breakfast served after the concert.

POISON CONTINUED

of the animals. Lot of dead animals come to my mind. Don't want to see no more dead animals."

Kyser seemed suddenly exhausted, his face looked worn-out and his eyes looked lost in old thoughts - "OK Bill... I'll get it for you." His voice was as thin as smoke.

"Might be some dead kids in the Haight," Bill continued, full of enthusiasm, full of hope, crossing his legs and re-crossing them. "I got an image last night. Broken glass and blood. But I couldn't be sure. If I get this stuff maybe I can figure it out."

Bill turned his blue eyes on me. "I seen my own family dead once," he said slowly, "it was bad cause I saw I was the one had to do the killin. It was an order. I tried to follow it but I was took away before I could. It was a test. And I passed the test but it put an awful hardship on me being locked up so long. I seen the living dead in there, boy. Murdered all day by the nurses of evil luck. It was pitiful but I saw how it had to be so. Anyone of em could have got out but they had become dreams. They had become the nurses dreams and I believe the nurses closed their eyes on nothing but beauty at night because their dreams were in the halls during the day. It was the nurses were damned. Soon as I saw that, I did my job and showed evil to em all day long so they could sleep on beauty at night. Some of them nurses will never get out of there." Bill burst into laughter and slapped his leg.

At that moment a terrific banging shook the door. Bill sat motionless, carried away by his thoughts. A voice rang out - "OPEN UP." I watched Kyser's pale face; expressionless, tired, empty as a doorway. Finally Bill got up with a sort of self-satisfied expression on his face and threw the door open. A young man walked in dragging an exterminating outfit at his side. He wore a baggy, gray uniform and he had an inno-

CONTINUED ON 44

THE GRANARY

fundamental foods

5th & Walnut

COME SEE US AT OUR NEW STORE
IN THE RIVER QUAY



On the N.E. Corner of 48th & South Bound S.W. Tfwy.

ENIGMA PRESENTATIONS
Presents

James Gang

Special Guest

Brownsville Station

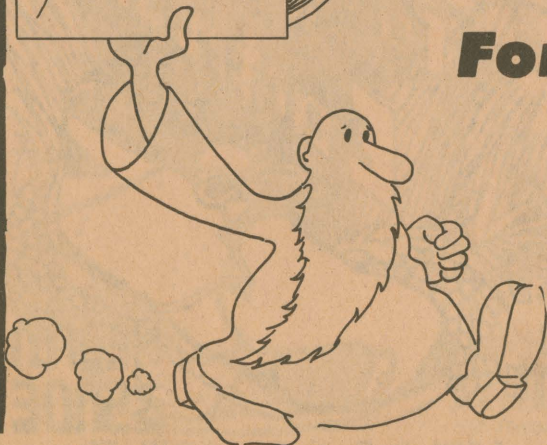
Sat., June 23, 8 p.m.
Memorial Hall

Tickets Reserved: \$5.50 & \$4.50

at the Choosey Beggar, Capers Corner,
2nd Coming, Poo-Bah, Record Bar,
& Keif's

LOVE RECORDS
3909 MAIN

**We Buy
Records
For 90¢
Tapes
For \$1.00**



POISON CONTINUED

cent teenage face. He looked embarrassed when he smelled the grass.

"Sorry," he stammered, "but I got to exterminate every room in the place. It will only take a second."

"Sit down," Bill commanded him. The kid took an empty chair and Bill handed him the joint he had been fingering. He lit it up for the kid and told him to smoke it by himself for a while. Puffing on the joint, the kid flashed Kyser and I nervous glances.

"Ain't no point in spraying those roaches in here," Bill announced finally. "You can't kill roaches. Can't kill any bugs. They're every one of them a little piece of death and they got a single mind bigger than the ocean that is mulling things over all the time." The kid grinned sheepishly and tried to pass the joint back to Bill who waved it away magnanimously.

A rainy silence fell over us. I watched the orange rays from the little electric heater pour over Bill's old rug and disappear near the foot of his desk. The music rose in clouds of static from the radio. I stared at Bill's still, plaster-white hand draped over the dark desk drawer. I could see in the shadows of the drawer beneath the hand hundreds of photographs. The hand dropped into the drawer and I leaned forward following it. The hand sorted restlessly through the snapshots. Finally the fingers (with their dark, horned nails) turned up a picture like a card in a game of solitaire. "There's your grandma," Bill said. I examined the face of a young woman who stood on the porch of a farmhouse smiling into winter light. "She was a kind woman," he said "who died too hard. It would break her heart to see you now." The picture fell from the rock fingers. He turned up another one. A little girl sat on the running board of an old black car. Her dark eyes stared suspiciously at the camera as though the person behind it were a stranger. "There's your mother," the voice said. "She's gone now forever. Toward the end she forgot you. Even though she had waited so long for you to tell her the truth." The picture dropped into the shadows. The dry fingers tipped up another one. A heavy set man in overalls who carried a rifle walked with a boy across a field in the direction of a chicken house. In the distance dark clouds rose above the chicken house and a little glint of sunlight pointed from the broken windshield of a wrecked car by the side of the chicken house. "There's your grandpa and me," the voice said. "His life came to nothin but sorrow and hate. He was a fool who lost everything he ever wanted. He ruined me and I have ruined you." The picture of the man and the boy remained in my view for a long time. Far away I could hear the radio. When I looked up again Bill was asleep; his hand lying in the open drawer. His face looked like a stone worn-out by rain. I closed the door quietly behind me and went down the stairs over the threadbare stars and four leaf clovers. In the lobby the clerk had vanished from his ornate desk. It was dark when I stepped into the street that flashed with rain and traffic.

I found Kyser sitting over coffee

TROLLEY BONES CON'T

means well, but their list is of the big, big, biggies in the advertising departments who will not mess with a local or even regional publications. The TRUCKER ended up sending stuff out for five months before we realized we were sending it to the wrong folks. The list can, however, be used to try to obtain albums for reviews if the people on the receiving end can take the time to send it to the proper department. For an underground publication, the best place to go after record money is on the local/regional level. Every major record company (and a surprising amount of the small ones) have reps and/or distributors not only in different areas of the country but also in most large cities. For instance, the TRUCKER can talk to Warner Brothers/Reprise people that are here in K.C. but to get in touch with someone from M.C.A. we've got to talk to their people in St. Louis. The best way to find out who the people in your area are is to start checking with local concert promoters and record stores that you have good relations with and to simply ask them who you should talk to. Try to work ads in conjunction with local concerts. And PLEASE, don't start anything unless you know that you have at least one person to follow everything up.

(3) Your main competition is going to be the radio stations, especially the ones that portray some degree of hipness. What any large advertiser is going to look at before they spend one penny is your cost per thousand. This is especially important if you're not too well established in your area. In simple terms it means this: How many people will see an ad in the paper worth X dollars versus how many people will hear an ad or ads on the radio that cost the same amount of dollars. Also, be sure and check out any differences there might be between a given radio station's audience and your readership. Have your shit together before you open your mouth.

There has to always be a certain amount of flux and flow on underground papers. If a paper folds because of internal problems, I don't cry. When a paper dies, a new one is usually started soon afterwards. It's usually just a matter of a much needed rebirth to help keep viewpoints fresh 'n truckin' or a shedding of dead wood. It's a natural process. But when a paper goes down the tube for economic reasons - especially when it's a paper that's been around long enough to know how to wiggle out of a financial bind - I get really pissed, saddened and pissed. And there are too many people working on or with papers right now who have an immense amount of energy, knowledge and creativity but who can't work with a paper as much as they'd like because the papers can't support their basic needs like food and rent. Record companies, management agencies and a fair sized cluster of "super star" rock 'n rollers are sucking incredible amounts of money out of freak communities and young people in general who are all too willing to fork it over for a little toned down boogie woogie. The undergrounds have the potential to get some of that cash back into their communities, make themselves stronger and more flexible. To keep the communication - and the energy level - high, real high.

the **GENUINE** *2 East 39th*
10-9 weekdays
10-7 Saturday
ARTICLE
TURQUOISE



pueblo *navajo* *zuni* *navajo*

U-TOTEM

51ST AT OAK **5311 TROOST**

felix camera store



SINCE 1913

PHOTO SUPPLIES CAMERAS
 AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL

AGFACHROME SLIDE FILM
 135-36...Reg. \$5.40...With
 Processing only \$3.69

2317 INDEPENDENCE BOULEVARD

241-5409

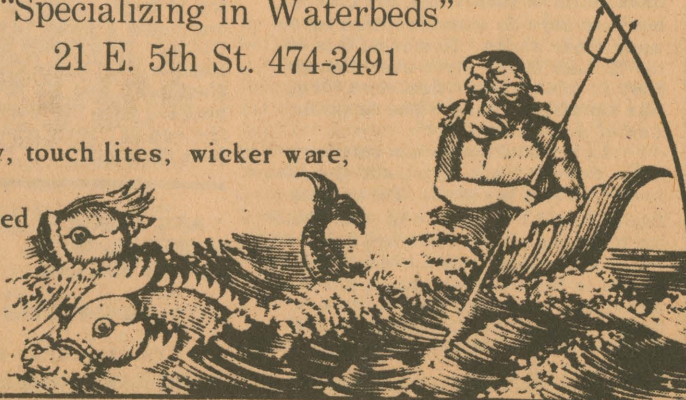
A new store
 in the River Quay

Brand X

"Specializing in Waterbeds"

21 E. 5th St. 474-3491

handmade jewelry, touch lites, wicker ware,
 pillows, imported
 bedspreads, crafted
 pottery, waterbed
 frames and
 accessories,
 spoon rings



ALBUMS

RORY GALLAGHER
"BLUEPRINT"
Polydor PD5522

BOB GROSSWEINER

Rory Gallagher has a new album, "Blueprint", and it will surprise his critics and hopefully please his fans. His group is now a quartet rather than a trio, and this extra person refines the sound that was once raw. Each has its strengths, but in total this album is easier to listen to.

His group is nameless (it seems that everyone has given their groups names like Snape, Honkies, Dominoes, etc.), but it is tight. Only Gerry McAvoy remains on bass as the new members are Rod de' Ath on drums and percussion and Lou Martin on keyboards and guitar. This is the first time that Rory has used piano since Vincent Crane sat in for two numbers back on his first solo effort for Atco, and the piano plays an important part of this album — sometimes even lead.

Rory's ego is somewhat diminished on this LP as this is a real group effort. (Remember Rory was voted guitarist of the year for 1972 by the melody Maker Pop Poll over Eric Clapton). On the slow "Banker's Blues" the piano is featured as well as some interesting harmonica. The percussion is mixed well and the bass is strong. And with two guitars, Rory doesn't have to overdub as much. The raw power is still there but not as prominent as before. There is even a nice acoustic instrumental "Unmilitary Two-Step."

He is one of the very few English bluesmen that is still into blues rather than rock, and we should be grateful for that. Look at where the music of Ten Years After and the Savoy Brown Blues Band have progressed to. I presume that they are all original songs (no credits or publishers are given), but they sure do seem inspired by so many other songs. However, this is the British Blues Style even though Rory is Irish. His titles even seem like rip-offs such as "The Seventh Son of a Seventh Son."

Lets not dismiss his music as he is changing his style, and the piano is certainly a big plus. This is his fourth solo LP and he was with Taste for three (only two released here) as well as the Jerry Lee Lewis sessions. If this is his best release or not is an individual taste, but he sure has remained pure in the blues idiom, and the future looks bright especially with his stateside tours.

THE VELVET UNDERGROUND
"SQUEEZE"
Polydor 2383 180 Super

JAMES ANDREW

The new Velvet Underground is trying hard to overcome the Lou Reed dominance. Lou Reed said that without him they are the Velvetens..this is oh, so true. This album is a rip off from the first song to the last. Even the "o's" are taken from someone else. Picture this: you're listening to this album and you think you're hearing "Tommy" by the Who, but, his name becomes "Little Jack", that can sure do your head in. "Crash" is a nice song but the music is from the Beatles' "Martha My Dear". "Caroline" could either be "409" by the Beach Boys or "Little GTO" by Ronnie and the Daytonas. "Wordless" is a rip-off from Leon Russell's "Carnie" album. "She'll Make You Cry" could be a song by the Beau Brummels titled "She'll Make You Cry" or the flying Burritos "Try So Hard". "Friends" is a low to the earth rip-off from Lou Reed's "Who Loves the Sun?" of the "Loaded" LP and "Candy Says" from the MGM Velvet Underground album. Remember Jack and Jill? Well now they are junkies in the Velvet's song "Jack and Jane". "Louise" is a rip-off mixture of a Beatles' song that I can't remember the name of, plus Three Dog Night and Leon Russell...now that's unique.

"Squeeze" could sell very well because none of the members of the group are listed on the album. So a faithful Velvet fan could buy it thinking Lou Reed is there. To make it more of a cinch, there are no photographs. Also, a good selling point is the suggestive drawing on the front cover of a man's hand squeezing or jacking-off the Empire State Building...now that's CAMP.

Although the album is a ridiculous play for current attentions, it is pleasing to hear. The engineering is fine, and one hears a great variety of Golden Oldies. Now Sonny and Cher, America, Humble Pie, Alice Cooper, Elton John, Badfinger, and JO JO Gunne have competition with the Velvet Underground in the age of "let's rip-off those great songs from the past."

"ANN ARBOR BLUES AND JAZZ
FESTIVAL 1972"
Atlantic SD 2-502

BOB GROSSWEINER

The Ann Arbor Blues and Jazz Festival took place September 8-10,

1972, in Ann Arbor, Michigan and was held in honor of the late great pianist Otis Spann, who was with Muddy Waters for a long time. More than a sampler, this is an historic document. You are well acquainted with some of the performers, but some of the other gems are slipped in for your listening enjoyment.

The highlights, oh wow, they are all highlights. Even some of the people who performed at the Festival (Miles Davis, Siegel-Schwall, Pharoah Saunders, Archie Shepp, Robert Jnr. Lockwood, and others) were omitted for reasons unknown to me.

The first side opens with one of Hound Dog Taylor's famous rousing slide guitar instrumentals that only has lead guitar and drums accompanists. Koko Taylor's incredible "Wang Dang Doodle" also features Willie Dixon (who penned the tune) trading off vocals with her in one of the best double vocal songs ever written and also features Rick Wright's dancing piano. Finally we have a live version of Dr. John's "Walk on Guilted Splinters" — taking us back to 1968 when he was at his best — and I can't wait for a live Dr. John album. Bobby "Blue" Bland's song unfortunately is bland, and the side ends with the R&B great Jr. Walker and the All-Stars doing a medley that includes his classic "(I'm a) Roadrunner" which is nice to have again, but the studio version seems to be unbeatable.

The second side has a nice three part medley by the new lady of the blues, Bonnie Raitt, that is, of course, good. It is a tribute to Fred McDowell with two parts written by Fred and one by Sleepy John Estes. I just love her voice and National steel guitar. This is followed by two giants of the blues: Howlin' Wolf and Muddy Waters. Introduced as the world's greatest blues singer, Howlin' lays down some juicy harmonica in "Highway 49" with Detroit Junior's piano wailing in a very fine live recording. Muddy does one of his all time classics, "Honey Bee," and needless to say, he keeps up with the pace set by Howlin' Wolff. Then some progressive jazz by CJQ (Contemporary Jazz Quintet).

Side three has Freddie King doing his famous driving version of Don Nix's "Goin' Down" — a song that seems to be good no matter who does it (also listen to Jeff Beck's version) — but when you do such an incredible studio version, it is practically impossible to beat it live and he doesn't. Otis Spann's wife Lucille is an old time blues star too, and she sings with Mighty Joe Young a very moving "Dedicated to Otis" with Mighty Joe on guitar and Rick Wright again on piano. A lyric sampling: "The piano was his first love / And me I was number two / That man of mine / Was so good to me / Play the blues Otis / Play the blues for me." Luther Allison, who is beginning to receive the acclaim that he deserves, will surprise you with his talking guitar in one of the best cuts on this two record anthology. Hopefully Luther will get the recognition that he deserves as he is in the class of the three kings. The Boogie Brothers with Sister Sarah Brown (who?) do a nice boogie, of course, featuring Steve Maddella on harmonica, and when are they going to release an LP?

The last side has the too often neglected Otis Rush and his magnificent guitar in B.B. King's "Gambler Blues", the longest cut (7:38). Sippie Wallace

first recorded "Women Be Wise" in 1929, and in 1972, 43 years later, it sounds just as beautiful, and Bonnie Raitt (who did this song on her first album) gives her some support. Guitarist Johnny Shines does a traditional song that I've always liked, "Dust My Broom", and he is accompanied by the Boogie Brothers and Sister Sarah Brown. The set closes with the master of space music Sun Ra and his Solar-Myth Arkestra.

By supporting this album you are helping to support the continuation of the festival, and some of these artists will be receiving (hopefully) their first royalty checks in a long time. This is the best blues collection since Vanguard's three volume "Chicago - The Blues Today" (VSD 97216-7-8) which includes Otis Rush, Johnny Shines, Junior Wells, J.B. Hutto and His Hawks, Otis Spann, James Cotton, Big Walter Horton, Johnny Young, and Homesick James and His Busters. Both are highly recommended. Support this year's festival.

GEORGE HARRISON
"LIVING IN THE MATERIAL WORLD"
SMAS 3410 Apple

TIM BRADLEY

With the Beatles, George Harrison was always a dark, shadowy figure, the thinker of the group. He didn't write much, but when he did, his songs and guitar work shone with fierce, surgical precision. Listen to the frantic, biting guitar solo on "Taxman" or the terse lyric of "Within You, Without You." He was the first of the foursome to seriously experiment with his music, witness "Only A Northern Song" or "The Inner Light" or even his own "Wonderwall Music."

After the Beatles, George went on to produce "All Things Must Pass," to spearhead the monumental Bangla Desh benefit, and just recently to put out his second solo album, "Living in The Material World."

Sadly, this album does not measure up to anything that has gone before. The disk features the usual Apple corps of cohorts, and for the most part, is a real yawner. Lame, lackluster lyrics are supported by sparse empty melodies and a few of the songs seem to be keyed a tad bit out of George's range.

All the slower tunes are cluttered with shimmering violins and annoying horns that would be more at home in a television signoff. The uptempo numbers sound exactly like you'd expect them to - catchy, but fortyfive, with one side a fast song, the other a slow, since all the songs sound the same anyway.

The lyrics are all about what a drag it is being rich or how the world better shape up. George Harrison is getting carried away in his role of Purveyor of the Universal Truth. With this album, the only Cosmic Question that comes to mind is: Who is that naked girl in the window on the inside cover?

THE ELVIN BISHOP GROUP
"ROCK MY SOUL"
Epic KE32563

DELANEY
"SOME THINGS COMING"
Columbia KC31631

BOB GROSSWEINER

You are probably wondering why Elvin Bishop and Delaney Bramlett are reviewed together. Well, they both have new albums, and Delaney co-produced Bishop's along with Elvin.

Delaney is a good producer (Eric Clapton solo, John Hammond's latest, the uncredited first Bobby Whitlock), but the major criticism is that the artists albums sound too much like the producer's songs. (This is also true of Leon Russell when he produces). Elvin really needed a good producer since his first two LPs were nice but not potent. "Rock My Soul" is also nice, somewhat potent, and surprisingly has no songs written by Delaney and none in the old Delaney and Bonnie style.

Although no song rocks like "Feel It" or is as smooth as "Crazy About You Baby" from Bishop's second LP, this album is uniformly tighter. Both sides end with instrumentals: "Lost Mile" features a beautiful duet on slide with Elvin and Delaney. Jo Baker, Elvin's old lady, sings lead on four R & B cuts, and Ron Stallings sings lead on the soulful "Holler and Shout" - the title should give you the feeling of the cut. Delaney's major contribution was to teach Elvin how to sing so that he doesn't always appear to be a hillbilly, but Elvin still does one of his famous talking blues. Being one of the greatest guitarists today it is unfortunate that Elvin doesn't get to work out like he did with Paul Butterfield. This album is a tight group effort that rocks with its souls and strengths Bramlett's production credits.

Note: Steve Miller is credited on piano and organ, but this is really Stephen Miller, ex-Linn County, who has been with Elvin a few years.

"Some Things Coming", Delaney's first solo recording, is not the typical Delaney and Bonnie album. It is more soulful and eclectic as a female chorus takes the place of Bonnie. The difference is that there is no female lead vocalist for Delaney to riff off except in "Try a Little Harder". The final product is very pleasing, and it seems that some of the soulfulness of the Bishop sessions were into Delaney's even though the D & B discs had plenty of soul.

Most of the cuts feel like the old D & B; the ones that don't, seem to stand out. Without Bonnie there is more emphasis on instrumentals with the feeling of Delaney snapping his fingers and dancing in circles. The title cut has an African flavor with percussion as lead. A female chorus is the only vocal on the pure R & B "Keep It Going" also featuring a funky horn section. The brass dominates the jazzy "Try a Little Harder" which is basically instrumental. And with more singing than before, Delaney cooks behind relatively unknown musicians that will probably be well known soon.

It is unfortunate that this fine Bishop album will slip by the public unnoticed (he should be seen live to really be appreciated) and Delaney will be criticized for splitting up with Bonnie (her LP is forthcoming). But, the people who have digested them will know their beauty and pass it on to their friends.

ROY BUCHANAN
"SECOND ALBUM"
PD 5046 Polydor

NEIL HAVERSTICK

Roy Buchanan is truly a rare guitarist - the kind that makes other guitar players just look at each other with weak smiles...know what I mean? He is, without a doubt quite astounding. It's quite obvious that he is a master of his axe and that his limits are largely self-imposed, as with other masters like Ravi Shankar or Django Reinhardt.

His technique is flawless and quite highly advanced, especially in terms of tone quality and string bending, but is always a means rather than an end in itself. Besides his absolute sincerity, he is one of the most mature, self assured and logical guitarists I've ever heard and can kick the ass of almost anyone you care to name. But the real significant thing is that he is one of the small handful of men who have created a truly unique blues style on the electric guitar - B.B. and Albert King, T-Bone Walker, Clapton and Hendrix (and just possibly McLaughlin) come to mind. But where Clapton is the white extension of B.B. and Jimi was the psychedelic Albert, you can't really say that Buchanan is an offshoot of the older black dudes; this is quite a position to be in. He is more of a source than a tributary, and is the most convincing white blues man, along with the notable Captain Beefheart.

Anyway, here is his second album, and comparisons to his first are unnecessary. It is no better or worse; it is just another part of his very wide range and touches on feelings not necessarily presented in his first album. It's funky as an old barn and takes you through a panorama of many different feelings before it lets you go. Highlights are many. "Five String Blues" is a plea to Jesus and builds to the most agonized, tormented crying from a man's soul I have ever heard - I'm begging you / don't let the Devil get the best of me. "After Hours" is a slow blues, and each 12 bar is something new and unexpected. Buchanan is one of the most unpredictable, un-cliched guitarists yet. "Tribute to Elmore James" is so damn logical and swings like mad, but the nicest song on the album for me is "Thank You, Lord". It's delicate beauty is in its total simplicity and warmth - he probably sings his kids to sleep with it. A fragile lead like drops of water over an acoustic, harp-like rhythm.

Roy Buchanan can be best summed up by the word sincere. No frills, no bullshit. When he rips off a fast run, it takes effect because it means something. He has the most flowing, conversational lyric style I have yet heard except for Django Reinhardt; I feel like I know the man after two albums. Please, buy this quick if you dig the blues. Except for his first album, it is about the best thing on the market today. And when is Good Karma going to do us all a favor and bring him to good ole K.C.?

Continued on
Following Page

DOMENIC TROIANA
"TRICKY"

Mercury SRM 1-670

BOB GROSSWEINER

When you sit down and put on a new album not knowing what to expect, and all you can do is smile, then it has to be a fine disc. Canada's Domenic Troiana's second solo LP, "Tricky", has that good feeling.

You are probably wondering who Domenic is. His previous incarnations started with his first group, the Disciples, who teamed up with Ronnie Hawkins when his backing group, the Band, split. After backing up David Clayton Thomas before he split to join Blood, Sweat and Tears, he formed Mandala (Atco) which evolved into Bush (Dunhill). While working on his very fine first solo album for Mercury (SRM 1-639), he joined the James Gang (ABC) where he remains today. Thus he is one of the rare acts along with Rod Stewart and Al Anderson (NRBQ) who records his solo LPs on a different label than the group he is associated with.

Where as the James Gang is basically rock and roll, Troiana's solo efforts are based more in the rhythm and blues field, and, at times, it is hard to believe that he is in the James Gang. "Tricky" is tight with a good mixing of the chorus and fine instrumental jams in which Domenic's guitar is as strong as the other instruments. "As You See Mee" features ex-Family John Weider's beautiful violin while "All I Need Is Music" features the synthesizer of Monty Stark.

"Tricky" is a side-long medley starting with a great R & B tune from 1959, "Fanny Mae", with some honky tonk piano from William Smith, the only hold-over from the first solo LP. This leads into a horn-riffed "Blues for Ollie" followed by a Steve Miller inspired "I'll Get My Own" and ends with a percussion laden "The Greaser". An impressive side, but, unfortunately, somewhat repetitious.

If you are not a James Gang fan, don't shy away from this album since it is at another extreme. Domenic Troiana is an excellent vocalist, guitarist, and lyricist (he penned all except "Fanny Mae") who is at home with rhythm and blues as with rock and roll. As co producer, he establishes himself as a talent that must not be overlooked. One can only hope that he concentrates on his solo work more and does a solo tour. Who knows maybe he can influence a change in the James Gang before he gets lost in it.

CHARLES DANIELS
"HONEY IN THE ROCK"

Kama Sutra 2070

BOB GROSSWEINER

Once upon a time there was a group known as the Youngbloods who were produced at times by Charlie Daniels including "Elephant Mountain" - the best they ever released. When Jerry Corbitt split to go solo, Charlie produced both of his fine neglected LPs, and Jerry, in

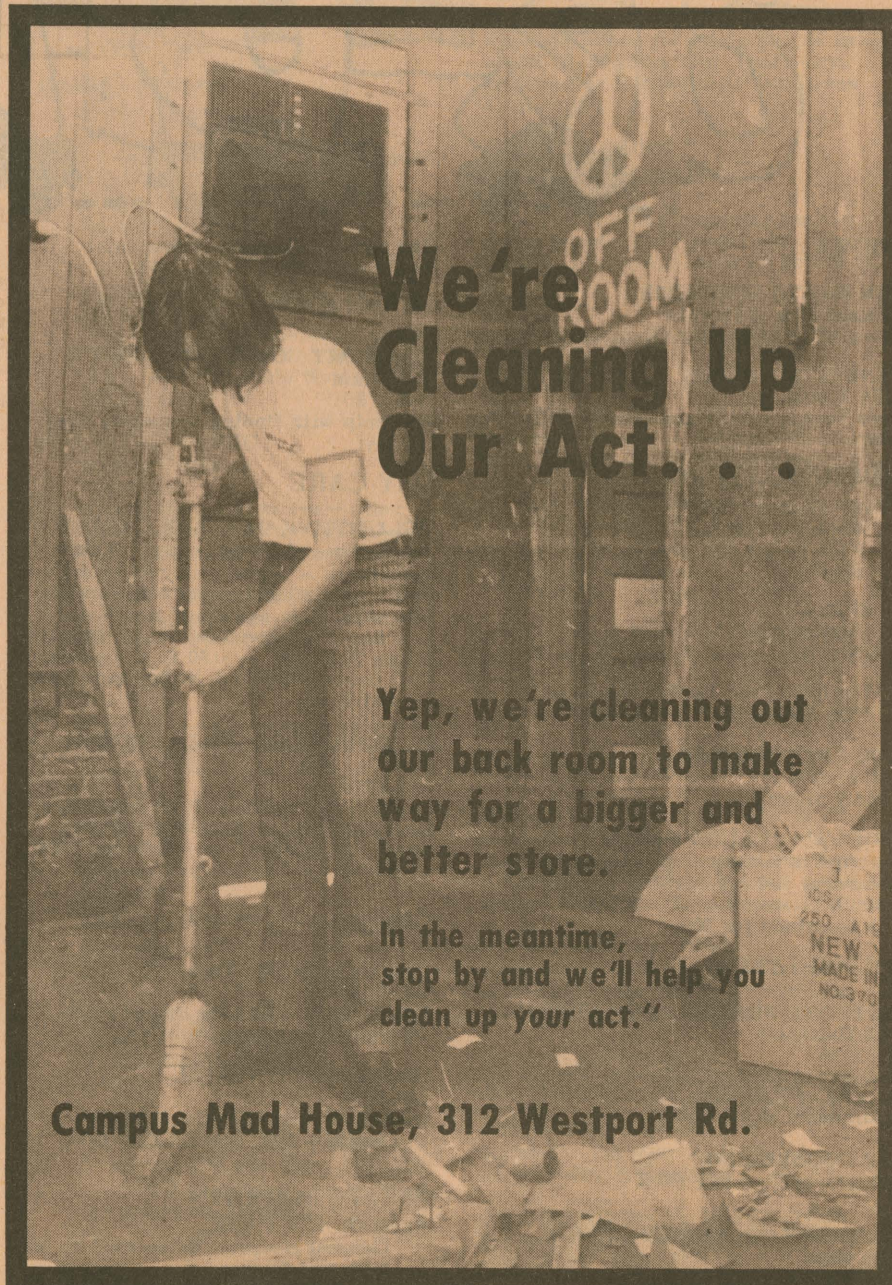
turn, produced Daniels' first on Capitol. Charlie played lots of sessions during this period including three Dylan albums, Leonard Cohen, Ringo Starr, and Flatt and Scruggs. Now this is his second Kama Sutra album and his best by far. His first two had interludes of interesting work, but Charlie surely has gotten his shit together here and even a single is moving.

The first side is just fine starting off with a very funky "Funky Junky" that stresses Charlie on guitars and vocals with nice vocal harmonies and double drumming. This leads into another intriguing piece, "Big Man", with some kind of percussion rattle that keeps bringing me back to it. It also features a pulsating fiddle and Charlie's deep strong vocal. "Why Can't People" should be the follow-up single as it has really beautiful, strong and potent lyrics: "Why can't people / just be people / Leave each other alone / Then every child can have a home in the sunshine / Why can't all my brothers and sisters /

Reach out a helping hand / Why can't people just be good neighbors." It goes on to say that "Why can't people realize that we are all God's Children" with a female chorus prominent throughout. The side ends in a long "Revelations" which starts off accoustically then builds up with Charlie stretching out on guitar leading into a jam that reminded me of early Doors.

The second side has that droll, cinematic ballad in a Johnny Cash hill-billy style that is moving as a single, "Uneasy Rider". It is about some hippie and his car (with peace signs) getting a flat and stopping by a redneck bar in Jackson, Miss., to make a phone call for help. The rest of the side, unfortunately, is mediocre including a ten minute cut.

This album is not all winners, but there are many pluses including one incredible side and one song from the other I had almost given up on Charlie, but he has revitalized my interest; and I anxiously await to see his new road group.

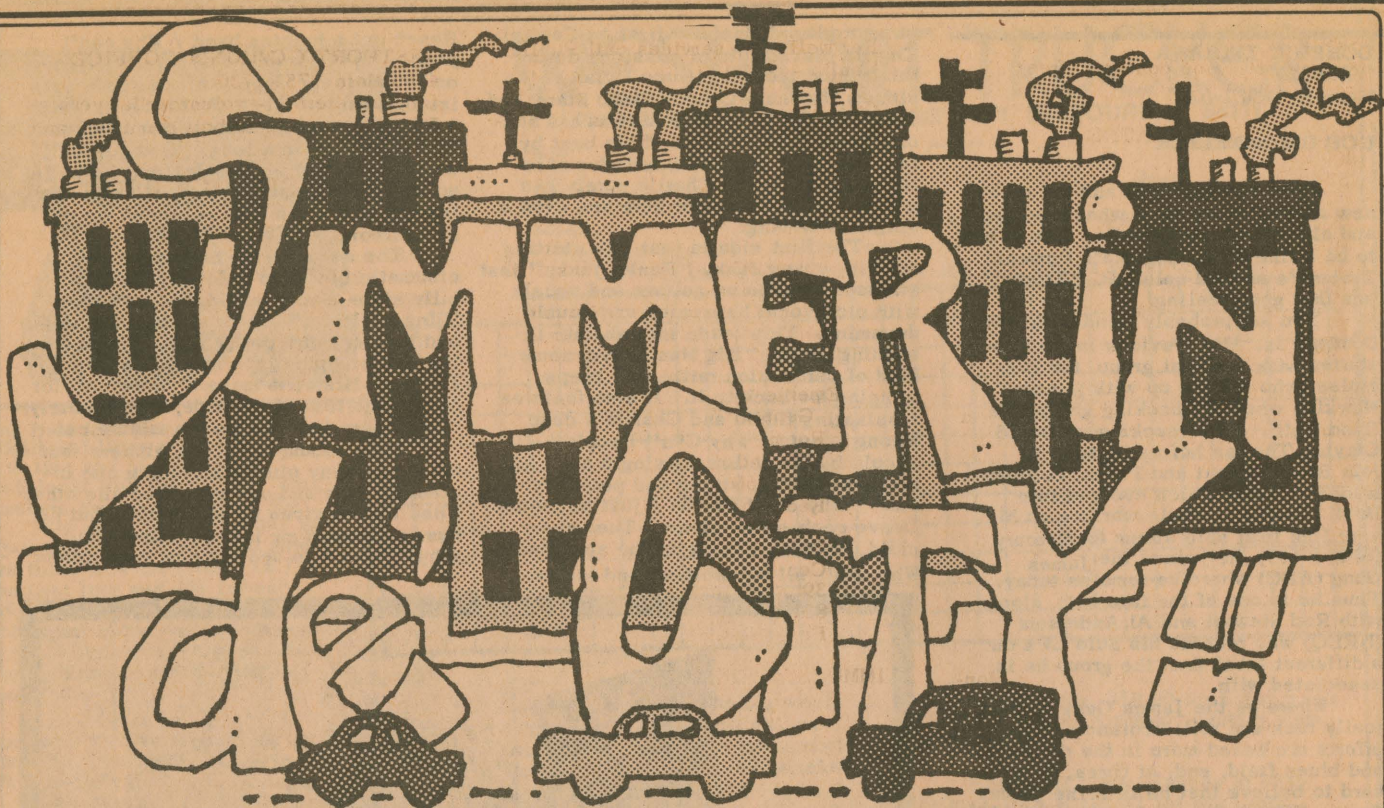


**We're
Cleaning Up
Our Act. . .**

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

**In the meantime,
stop by and we'll help you
clean up your act."**

Campus Mad House, 312 Westport Rd.



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

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 nite 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

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 Fahrenthold

WESTPORT COMMUNITY OFFICE
4106 Main

Emergency resource list available

ENTERTAINMENT

COWTOWN BALLROOM
31st and Gillham

VOLKER PARK
Sunday afternoon concerts (free)
561-0165

FOOLKILLER THEATRE
809 E. 31st
753-9496

NEXUS COFFEEHOUSE
8401 Wornall Road
363-1881
Open 8:00 - 12:00 P.M. Weeknites
8:00 - 1:00 P.M. Fri. and Sat.

FOOD

WESTPORT FOOD COOP
931-8130 or 561-3503 - ask for Kevin
Produce, dairy and natural grains at
cheap prices

WESTSIDE FOOD COOP
2017 West Pennway
221-3335

GAY

GAY PEOPLE'S UNION
5225 Rockhill
Meetings: Sundays 2:00 P.M. and Mon-
days 7:30 P.M.
A group of women and men seeking to
liberate themselves through conscious-
ness raising, education, services to
the gay community, political action,
and creation of alternative social set-
tings.

GAY COUNSELING
Call 333-4472 or 561-5762

HEALTH CARE

WESTPORT FREE HEALTH CLINIC
4008 Baltimore
931-3236

Clinic Schedule:

Mondays - Medical Clinic 7:00 p.m.
Tuesdays - Family Planning Clin-
ic 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 re-
ferral 1-3:00 p.m.
Door opens at 10:00 each weekday

BIRTH CONTROL

Family Planning
3222 Troost
531-0203
Free family planning services in-
cluding birth control, pap smears,
pregnancy tests, information. Fam-
ily planning clinics at various times
and locations, including Tuesday
nite at Westport Free Health Clinic

Planned Parenthood
4950 Cherry
931-4121

Birth control, family planning, prob-
lem pregnancy, information and
vasectomy counseling. Fees charg-
ed at cost or by donation.

CHILDREN'S MERCY HOSPITAL
24th and Elm
471-0626

For care of sick children go directly to
emergency room or call for an appoint-
ment - fees charged on ability to pay

For well baby services call Public
Health - 274-1291

DENTAL

UMKC Dental School
24th and Holmes
221-3500
10:00 AM - 1:00 PM
Some fees charged

Jackson County Public Hospital
Dental Clinic
Little Blue and Lee's Summit Road
Call 374-4415 for appointment -
fees charged on ability to pay

Emergency:
General Hospital Emergency
Room
24th and Holmes
421-8060
Fees charged on ability to pay

University of Kansas Medical
Center - Emergency Room
39th and Rainbow
831-6500
Fees charged

IMMUNIZATIONS

Public Health
274-1291
Immunizations offered at various
locations
8:00 - 4:15 PM Mon. - Fri.
No appointments necessary

PREGNANCY TEST

Family Planning
531-0203
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
531-0203
Alternating clinics every other
Thursday by appointment only at
3222 Troost and 36th and Indiana

PROBLEM PREGNANCY

Problem Pregnancy and Abortion
Referral 796-2969

Birthright
444-7090

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

V.D.

Public Health VD Clinic
2317 Kenwood 274-1591
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 931-3236
Mon. 7:00 PM and Thur. 5:30 PM
Other VD Clinics at various times
and locations throughout the city
call 274-1591

LEGAL

WESTPORT COMMUNITY OFFICE
4106 Main 753-1730
Lawyer referral - volunteer lawyers
Best time to call is between 10AM and
5PM

MILITARY SERVICE PROBLEMS

**VIETNAM VETERANS AGAINST THE
WAR**
306 W. 39th 753-1619
Meetings every Tuesday night 7:30

MILITARY COUNSELING
Call 561-5762 5PM - 7PM
Contact Mike

VIETNAM VETERAN COUNSELING
personal, job marriage, etc.
4106 Main 753-1730
Mon. and Wed. 9AM - 3PM

RUNAWAYS

POOH HOUSE
3621 Charlotte 561-2316
Runaway house for young people be-
tween 13-18 years old. Short term
interventive counseling. Donations
appreciated

SYNERGY HOUSE

Park College Campus
741-8700
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
333-4155

WOMEN'S SCHOOL

Operates out of the Women's Center at
5138 Tracy. Child care and transporta-
tion can be arranged. Courses include:
Gay Women's Alliance
Fridays 8pm call 333-4155
Group Dynamics and the
Woman's Movement
Tuesday 7:30 pm 753-0986

The Many Faces of Oppression
Saturday, July 7, 1-4 pm 531-1410

Rap Group
call 531-0277

YOGA AND MEDITATION

ANANDA MARGA YOGA SOCIETY
5501 Forest 361-8050
A socio-spiritual organization which
gives free instruction in yoga and med-
itation. Call for times.

DIVINE LIGHT MISSION

29th and Campbell 561-2816
Knowledge imparted by fifteen year old
Satguru Marharaj Ji, perfect master

KUNDALINI YOGA

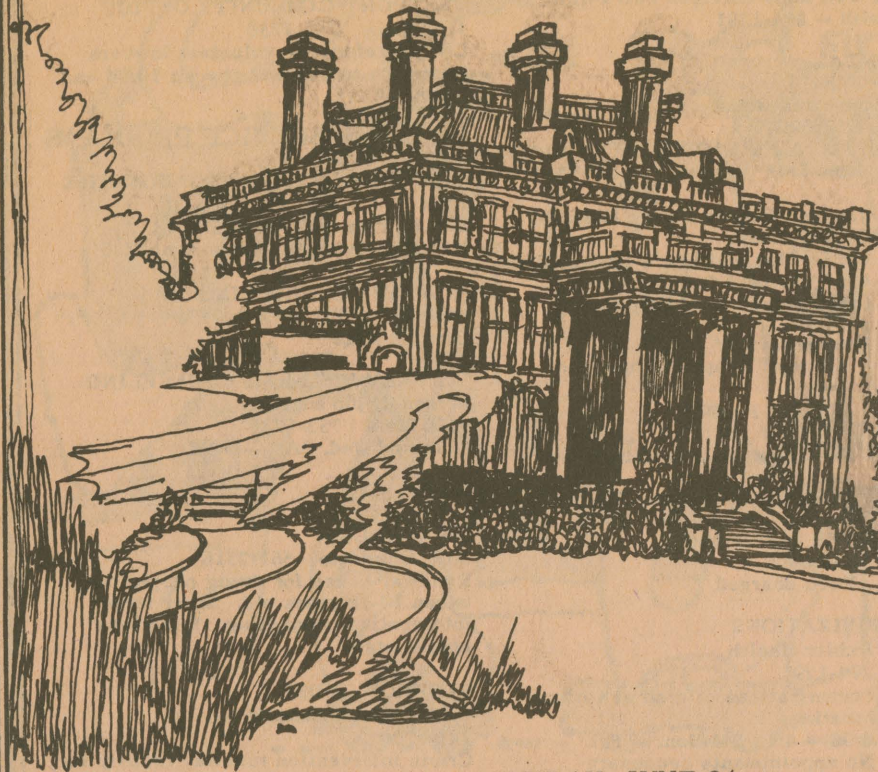
Techniques as introduced by Yogi
Bhajan. Instruction by a student tea-
cher at 4815 Holmes
Monday - Saturday 7:30 PM
\$1 donation appreciated

TRANCENDENTAL MEDITATION

As taught by Maharishi Mehesh Yogi
6301 Main 523-5777

Calendar

June 22



memorabilia
61-81-2

FRIDAY, JUNE 22

SOUNDS Catfish, show and dance band, Landmark, Union Station, now thru June 24, call for info, 9:00 pm - 1:00 am.

—Wild Tree, Nexus Coffee House, 8401 Wornall.

—Elaine Moore, flute, UMKC Graduate Recital, 8:15, Stover Auditorium, free.

FLICKS "Man — The Measure of All Things", Civilisation Series, 8:30 pm, Action Art Center, 111 W. 5th St.

—"Manson", Vanguard Cinema II now thru June 26. Call for info.

—"Tarzan the Apeman", the original film with Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan, Bijou Theater, 425 Westport, Now thru June 26, call 561-2885 for info.

—"The Sorrow and the Pity", now thru July 5, Festival Theater, call for info.

THEATER "When Mommy Got the Blues", three act play, 8:00 pm, Foolkiller, 809 E. 31st, \$1.50.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23

SOUNDS James Gang, Brownsville Station, 8:00 pm, Memorial Hall.

—Wild Tree, Nexus Coffee House, 8401 Wornall Rd.

FLICKS "Tarzan the Apeman" (see June 22).

—"The Sorrow and the Pity" (see June 22).

THEATER "The Year of the Pants", featuring Ken Coyt, ballad singer, 8:00 pm, Foolkiller, 809 E. 31st, \$1.50.

SUNDAY, JUNE 24

SOUNDS Catfish (see June 22).

—Street Theater Players, Nexus Coffee House, 8401 Wornall Rd.

FLICKS "The Sorrow and the Pity" (see June 22).

—"Tarzan the Apeman" (see June 22).

MONDAY, JUNE 25

FLICKS "Tarzan the Apeman" (see June 22).

—"The Sorrow and the Pity" (see June 22).

TUESDAY, JUNE 26

SOUNDS Tim Buckley, Landmark, Union Station thru July 1, call for info.

FLICKS "Manson" (see June 22).

—"Toccata For Toy Trains", African Odyssey: Red Bicycle",

"Dr. Leakey and the Dawn of Man", 11:45 am, 12:45 pm, K.C., Mo. Public Library, 1211 McGee, free.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27

SOUNDS Tim Buckley (see June 26).

FLICKS "The Adventures of Robin Hood", Bijou Theater, 425 Westport Rd., Now thru July 3, call for info.

—"Man-The measure of All Things" Civilisation Series, 7:30 pm, K.C. Art Institute, Epperson Audi.

THURSDAY, JUNE 28

SOUNDS Tim Buckley (see June 26).

THEATER "Straight Up", directed by Vincent Dowling, Missouri Repertory Theater, UMKC, corner of 51st and Holmes, 8:30 pm.

FRIDAY, JUNE 29

SOUNDS Tim Buckley (see June 26).

—Bill Haymes, Nexus Coffee House, 8401 Wornall Rd.

FLICKS "The Hero as Artist", Civilisation Series, 8:30 pm, Action Art Center, 111 W. 5th St.

—"The Adventures of Robin Hood" (see June 27).

THEATER "Straight Up" (See June 28)

—"When Mommy Got the Blues" (see June 22).

SATURDAY, JUNE 30

SOUNDS Bill Haymes, Nexus Coffee House, 8401 Wornall.

—Cowtown and KUDL free birthday party, featuring Garland Jeffries, Charlie Daniels, J.C. Story-Teller, Chessman Square and others. Tickets available at all B.A. stores. Starts at midnight.

FLICKS "The Adventures of Robin Hood" (see June 27).

THEATER "Straight Up" (see June 28)

—Vaudeville Skits and Readings, feature performer Peter Fisher, 8:00 pm, Foolkiller, 809 E. 31st, \$1.50.

WRESTLING Exhibition, Municipal Auditorium Arena, 8:30 pm.

SUNDAY, JULY 1

FLICKS "The Sorrow and the Pity", (see June 22)-

—"The Adventures of Robin Hood" (see June 27).

THEATER "Straight Up", 2:00 pm and 8:30 pm (see June 28)

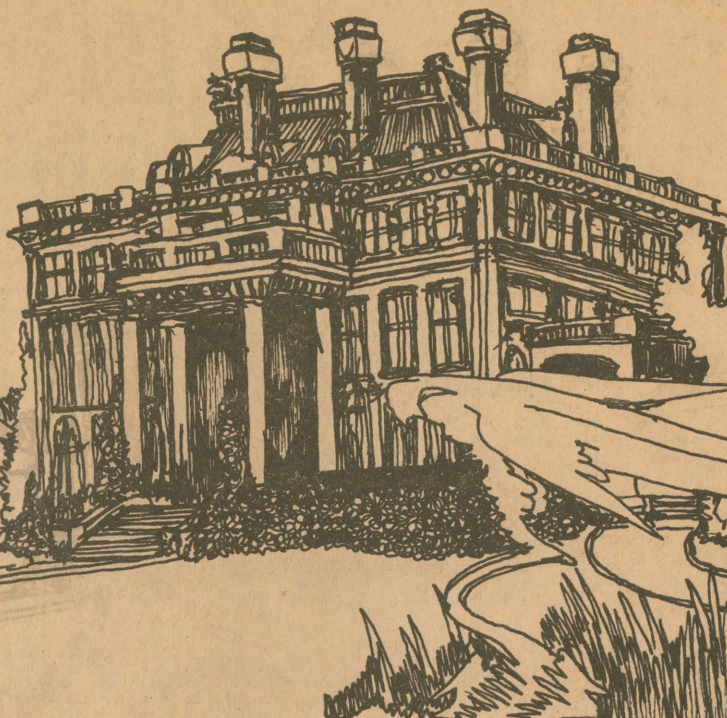
MONDAY, JULY 2

FLICKS "The Adventures of Robin Hood" (see June 27)

—"The Sorrow and the Pity" (see June 22).

of Events

July 11



TUESDAY, JULY 3

SOUNDS El Chicano, Landmark, Union Station, thru July 8, 9:00 pm - 1:00am
FLICKS "1776 - The Saga of Western Man", 11:45 am., 12:45 pm, K.C., Mo. Public Library, 1211 McGee, free.
THEATER "Straight Up" (see June 28)

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4

SOUNDS Jethro Tull, Steeleye Span, 7:30 pm, Municipal Auditorium
-El Chicano (see July 3)
FLICKS "The Hero as Artist", Civilisation Series, 7:30 pm, K.C. Art Institute, Epperson Audi.
-"Yankee Doodle Dandy", James Cagney, best actor 1942 for this film, now thru July 10, Bijou Theater, 425 Westport,
-Fellini's "Spirits of the Dead", Vanguard Cinema I, now thru July 10, call [redacted] for info.
-"Harold and Maud", Vanguard Cinema II, call [redacted] for info.
THEATER "Straight Up" (see June 28)

THURSDAY, JULY 5

SOUNDS El Chicano (see July 3).
-Jeffrey Price, trombone, UMKC Graduate recital, 8:15, Stover Auditorium, free.
FLICKS "Yankee Doodle Dandee" (see July 4).
-"Spirits of the Dead" (see July 4).
-"Harold and Maud" (see July 4).
THEATER "Birds", Aristophanes, Theater Truck, Graemoor School, 5100 N. Sycamore, 6:30 pm.
-"Pygmalion", Missouri Repertory Theater, UMKC, corner of 51st and Holmes, 8:30 pm.

FRIDAY, JULY 6

FLICKS "Protest and Communication", Civilisation Series, Action Art Center, 111 W. 5th, 8:30 pm.
-"Yankee Doodle Dandee" (see July 4)
-"Spirits of the Dead" (see July 4).
-"The Ruling Class", Vanguard Cinema II, call [redacted] for info.
THEATER "Pygmalion" (see July 5).

SATURDAY, JULY 7

FLICKS "Yankee Doodle Dandee", (see July 4).
-"Spirits of the Dead" (see July 4)
-"The Ruling Class" (see July 6).
THEATER "Pygmalion" (see July 5).

SUNDAY, JULY 8

SOUNDS Charles Lloyd, Blue Valley Lark, 23rd and Topping, 7:00 pm, free.
FLICKS "Yankee Doodle Dandee" (see July 4).
-"Spirits of the Dead" (see July 4).
-"Bananas", Vanguard Cinema II, call [redacted].
THEATER "Pygmalion" (see July 5).
-"Merry Wives of Windsor", Shakespeare, Blue Valley Park, 23rd and Topping, Theater Truck, 5:30 pm.

MONDAY, JULY 9

FLICKS "Yankee Doodle Dandee" (see July 4).
-"Spirits of the Dead" (see July 4).
-"Bananas" (see July 8).

TUESDAY, JULY 10

FLICKS "Pigs", "Winer Geyser", "Beaver Valley", 11:45 am, 12:45 pm., K.C. Mo. Public Library, 1211 McGee, free.

- "Yankee Doodle Dandee" (see July 4).
-"Spirits of the Dead" (see July 4).
-"Slaughterhouse Five", Vanguard Cinema II, call [redacted] for info.
THEATER "Pygmalion" (see July 5).
-"Birds", Aristophanes, Theater Truck, Blue Valley Park, 23rd and Topping, 6:30 pm.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 11

FLICKS "Protest and Communication", Civilisation Series, KC Art Institute, Epperson Auditorium, 7:30 pm.
-"Casablanca", Humphrey Bogart, Bijou Theater, now thru July 17, 425 Westport,
-"International House", Marx Bros., George Burns, Gracie Allen, W.C. Fields, Vanguard Cinema II, Now thru July 17, call [redacted] for info.
-"Slaughterhouse Five", (see July 10).
THEATER "Straight", Missouri Repertory Theater, UMKC, 8:30 pm.

This Calendar is free,
So send your shit to me:

L.J. CALENDAR
Westport Trucker
4044 Broadway
K.C., Mo. 64111

SOUNDSTORM '73

A GATHERING AT THE ROCK

JULY 2, 3, & 4

MANY CONCESSION BOOTHS — PLENTY FOOD AND WATER
AMPLE PARKING SPACE FREE CAMPING — ART EXHIBITS
LEATHER CRAFTS — FREE HAY RIDES

R.E.O. Speedwagon
Electric Light Orchestra
Styx Siegel Schwall
One Eyed Jacks
Canned Heat
Spirit Quicksilver
Guild Malo

and 30 regional groups plus more
MONSTER acts to be added

Advance Tickets \$7.00 for all three days
AT GATE: \$12.00 for 3 days \$7.00 for 2 days \$5.00 for 1 day
no refunds no exchanges

K.C. Ticket Outlets

Silver Cricket, 4044 Broadway
Silver Cricket, 13 S. 18th K.C., Kans.
Temple Slug, 43rd & Jefferson Wild
Childs 7 E. 37th
Genuine Article 2 E. 39th

PRODUCED BY: GOLDEN FREERS
TALENT PLACED BY: SOUNDSTORM TALENT

WESTPORT TRUCKER, 4044 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo. 64111

BULK RATE
U. S. POSTAGE
PAID
KANSAS CITY, MO.
PERMIT NO. 526