

No. 70

WESTPORT

50¢

TRUCKER

**FUCK YOU
IF YOU CAN'T
TAKE A JOKE**

**Condemned
to the
Cuckoo's Nest**

**Illegal Search
& Seizure —
the Laws**

**K.C. Kansas
vs. Propeller**

**Tums Spelled
Backward
Is Smut**



SHUT OUT BY BEDWETTING

SHAME
•
DEFEAT
•
FRUSTRATION



Greetings! I'm COACH BUTCH C. ROACH OF THE NEW WESTPORT TRUCKERS, A DAMN FINE BASEBALL TEAM, IF I DO SAY SO! AS A COACH, I GET TO COUNCIL A LOT OF YOUNG PEOPLE WITH PROBLEMS. IS BEDWETTIN' KEEPING YOU DOWN?



A LOTTA YOU KIDS GOT SMART AND USED THE NOCTURNAL EMISSIONS ELIMINATOR WE HAD IN THIS RAG A FEW ISSUES BACK. A BUNCH OF YA DIDN'T, BUT YOU STILL CAN'T LET THE TRAGEDY OF A SOAKED, STINKY MATTRESS EVERY MORNING GET YOU DOWN



HERE'S ALL IT TAKES!...

RIGHT, KIDS! THE TRUCKER'S A HIT EVERY TIME, AND NOW IT'S A DOUBLE PLAY WITH OUR FANTASTIC NEW OFFER. YOU CAN NOT ONLY GET IT IN THE MAILBOX, BUT, WITH EACH AND EVERY ISSUE, YOU CAN GET YOUR VERY OWN SECTION OF A NEW ACE COIN MATTRESS PROTECTOR !!



1 WHEN YOU GET YOUR TRUCKER, REMOVE IT FROM THE ACE COIN MATTRESS PROTECTOR SECTION



2 PUT THE DURABLE PLASTIC PROTECTOR ASIDE AND COLLECT ONE WITH EACH ISSUE!



3 AFTER YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH SECTIONS FOR YOUR SIZE OF MATTRESS, ATTACH THEM TOGETHER AND COVER BED.



4 AND THERE YOU HAVE IT. NOW YOU CAN WEE ALL YOU WANT TO, AND YOUR MATTRESS STAYS BONE DRY!



AND! THEY NOT ONLY MAKE SOCKO PROTECTORS, BUT YOU CAN ALSO USE THEM TO WRAP YOUR SOILED GYM SOCKS IN, AND WHY NOT UTILIZE THEM FOR STORING CANNIBUS RESINS AND COCAINE? THE POSSIBILITIES ARE ENDLESS, FANS!



SO GET WITH IT,
SLUGGERS!
YA THINK YA GOT WHAT IT TAKES?

ALL YA GOTTA DO IS FILL OUT THIS SEASON PASS FOR FUN AND EXCITEMENT! PLAY BALL!

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 BROOKES DESOTO-1973-DO I GET PAID FOR THIS?

WE CALLZ'EM AS WE SEEZ'EM

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Managing Editor . . . Dennis Giangreco

Kansas City
City Editors

Margaret Mary McMahon, John LaRoe
Associate Editor . . . John Arnoldy

New York
City Editors

Rex Weiner, Deanne Stillman
Associate Editors

Dick Armstrong, Barbara Wilson

Writers . . . Beatrice Westhues, Cheri Blankenship, Dennis Michaels, Neil Haverstick, Bob Grossweiner, Frank Kutchko, Harry Freeman, Tom Forcade, Mike Massing, Rat, Robert Foxx, Ron Lichty, James Andrew, Tim Bradley, Mike Dripps, Tim Bradley, O.J. Dart, Dave Bednark, Lawrence Alton, E.Q. Kimball, Robert Scott, Franklin Martz

Film Editors

Dennis Schaefer, Larry Salvato

Crank . . . David H. Perkins

Art Staff . . . Ron Harnar, Brookes DeSoto, Larry Bowser, Tom Rose, Ric Dyer, Ken Weiner, Da-Martz, John Bockelman

Subscriptions . . . Sheila Johnson

Photographers . . . Bob Wirth Eric Menn, Wayne Pycior, Nancy Bishop, Kerwin Plevka, Jay Wilson, J.W. Johnson, Barbara Wilson, E.Q. Kimball, Larry Salvato

Production . . . Ric Dyer, Tom Rose, Dee Lux, , Dennis Schaefer, Dennis Giangreco

New York News Service

Editors . . . Rex Weiner, Deanne Stillman
Contributors Ray Schultz, Dean Latimer

Spiritual Direction

David Doyle, Bobby Watson

Bindery Operation

Psychedelic Terry, Tom Rose

Mentor . . . Franklin Martz

Display Advertizing

Randy Knight, Dennis Giangreco (K.C.)
Barbara Wilson (N.Y.)

Offices

2 West 43rd Street, Kansas City, Mo.
64111; Tel (816) 561-0165

204 West Tenth Street, New York City
10014; Tel (212) 691-4072 (NYNS)

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Here are a few corrections on mistakes we had in last issue (No. 69).

Page 3, column 1, second to the last paragraph: Even though we had our new subscription rates in the sub. box we had forgotten to change them in our staff box. It's been corrected this issue.

The article "Watergate & the V.V.A.W." should be credited as being reprinted from WIN magazine.

Real big oops: The first paragraph (under photo) in the second column of page 16 should actually be placed after the 3rd paragraph in that column. Sorry

Frank.

The *Trucker* has had a huge number of people ask us, "Is Crystal City Blues really done by Veitch & Irons?" The answer is yup. The cartoons weren't signed except in the last frame of the last installment which is in this issue. You might find it interesting to note that the song lyrics on pages 21 & 22 are by Grunt Records.

Originally page 57 was page 23 but when we had to do a last minute shuffle of pages we forgot to change the page number.

The centerfold photo should be credited to Kerwin Plevka. It's accompanying article should be credited to James Andrew.

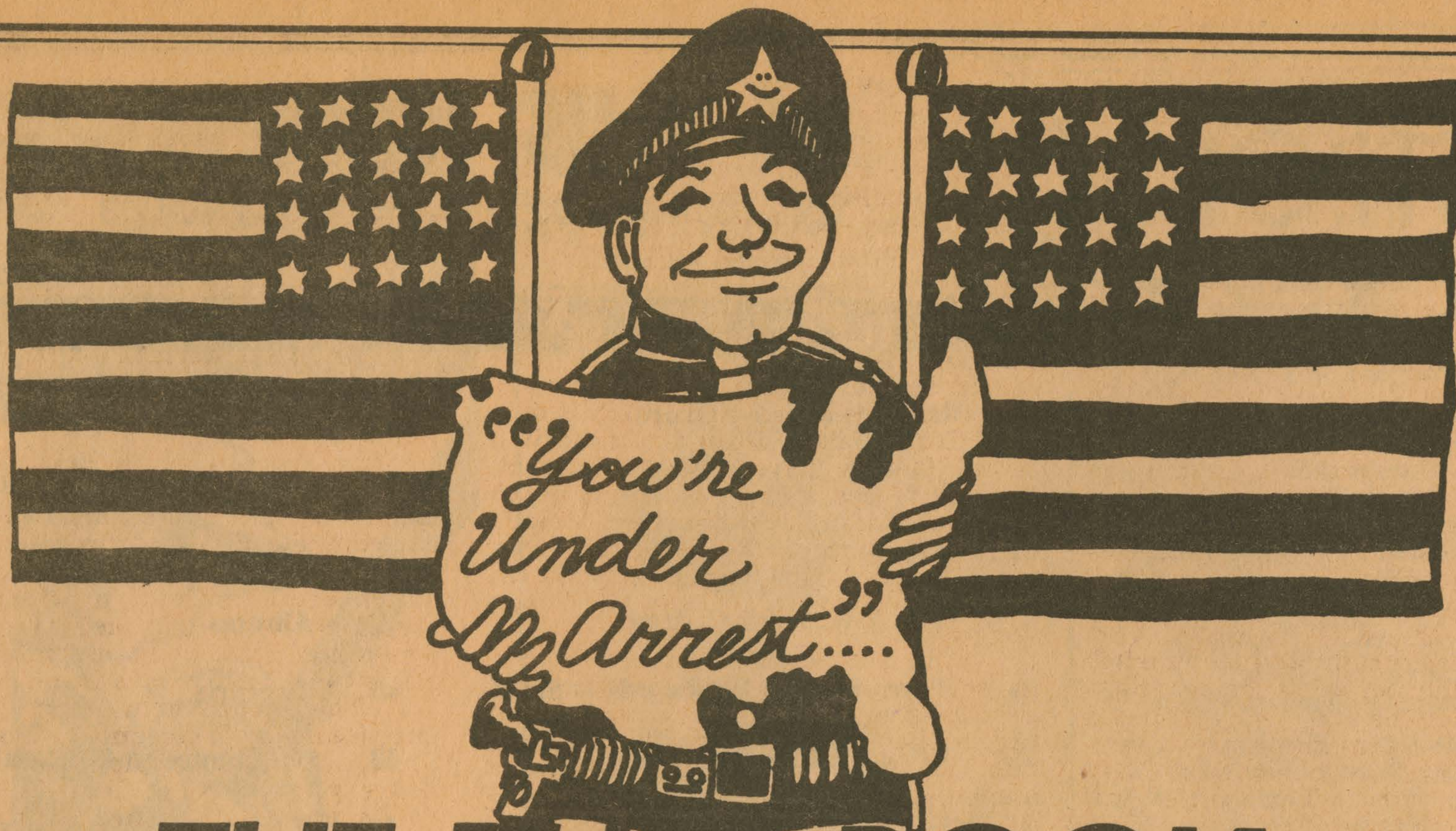
The review of Love-Devotion-Surrender on page 56 should be credited to Neil Haverstick.

There should be a "continued on page 55" at the bottom of the last column on page 35.

*forever trying to clean up our act,
Trucker staff*



Subscription Box On Page 2



THE BUST BOOK:

The Bust Book is a small but thorough and highly readable guide to how to take care of yourself within the legal system. The introduction—entitled “You’re Under Arrest”—explains that the book is written from the point of view that “survival on the streets depends more on what to do than on knowing your rights.” The introduction also states it is designed to be read and used by non-lawyers. Hence it is written in plain understandable English and emphasizes not only what your legal rights are but also how to make sure they are not trampled on too badly.

Written and published by the Kansas City Chapter of the National Lawyers Guild specifically for the Kansas City community, Bust Book claims to be no substitute for a lawyer's advice in a specific situation. Nevertheless this small handy volume contains quite a bit of information that should prove useful to many people in the community.

Bust Book appears on the scene here in Kansas City at a time when people really need information about how to take care of themselves legally. The F.B.I. has begun again to question various people around the community. F.B.I. agents are asking a wide range of questions about many different people. And Bust Book has a short chapter on what your legal rights are when questioned by the F.B.I. as well as some practical hints on what to do in the situation. The recent trial of the Kansas City Four leaves little room to doubt the danger and futility of ever talking to the F.B.I.

Furthermore, there are rumors that a grand jury is about to start meeting in Jackson County. And in recent weeks many people have been busted with what appear to be illegal arrests as well as illegal searches. Bust Book is must reading for those who will find themselves in these situations.

As noted before, Bust Book has a chapter on the F.B.I. It also has chapters on Drug law, search and seizure, arrest and bail, municipal court,

and gun laws. The municipal court chapter is interesting because it is a straightforward guide on how to represent yourself in the Kansas City, Missouri, Municipal Court. It explains the practices and procedures of that court in a textbook manner that certainly bears reading if you are going there without a lawyer.

Because of the increasing number of apparently illegal searches and seizures occurring in Kansas City recently, we are reprinting the chapter on Search and Seizure below in its entirety. The Bust Book is available from the New Earth Bookstore, The Genuine Article, Temple Slug, The Westport Trucker, as well as from various organizations and from any member of the National Lawyers Guild. If you want a copy and cannot find one, call the N.L.G. at [redacted]

* * * * *

THE 4TH AMENDMENT

The 4th Amendment says:

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no Warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by Oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and persons or things to be seized.

People enacted the 4th Amendment as part of the Bill of Rights to protect us from the kinds of searches British soldiers used to perform against the colonists in their homes and on the streets. The 4th Amendment only protects you from acts of the police or government agents. It does not protect you from the actions of private individuals who rip something off you and turn it in to the police.

SEARCH WARRANTS

The primary meaning of the 4th Amendment is that the police have to get a search warrant before they can

search you and seize your things, with certain important exceptions.

A search warrant is a paper signed by a judge that gives a police officer permission to search your house, car, store, locker or other property. It is supposed to be issued only when the judge finds “probable cause,” which means reasonable grounds to suspect that seizable property will be found.

The police do not need a search warrant in these situations:

1. If their search goes along with a legal arrest.
2. If they want to search your car, and it is moveable, and they have probable cause to believe that someone in the car has committed or is about to commit a crime, or that the car contains seizable items.
3. If they believe they have to act quickly to stop you from destroying contraband (e.g. eating your dope) or other evidence.
4. If you consent to the search.
5. If they are able to seize without searching. *They can take anything they find in plain view.* This includes whatever they can find with flashlights, binoculars or telescopes. So don't leave your dope lying around.

There are some limitations on the kind of search they can make along with a legal arrest. They can search your clothing and any bags or suitcases you are carrying. If the area around you is an area of privacy (e.g. your home, car), they can only search that part of it which is in your “immediate control”—this means the area where you might be able to get to a weapon. *So don't let them move you around.* This will only permit them to search a wider area. And if busted, memorize everyone's exact location at the time of the bust and search.

Also, the police can't search everybody around thoroughly, only the person arrested. But they can pat the others down for weapons, and if they find something that feels like a weapon, they can go into your pocket and see what it is.

An arrest search is not supposed to

be for evidence of an offense other than the one for which you are arrested. If they bust you for driving while intoxicated, they're only supposed to look for open liquor bottles. But don't count on it.

An arrest search isn't supposed to be conducted unless the police officer has a search warrant, an arrest warrant, or "probable cause" to search. So act calm, because if your actions seem suspicious (called "furtive conduct"), the courts will interpret this as giving the police probable cause to search, even if they had no reason to search you in the first place. Furtive conduct could include someone in your car suddenly leaning over as if to hide something under the seat when she hears the siren.

An arrest is not supposed to be made just as an excuse to search you. Nor is the search supposed to be made until after the arrest is made. As a practical matter the police may stop and search you, find something, arrest you, but then claim in court that they arrested you first. The judge will probably believe them.

So if you are stopped and searched, you should ask loudly (so that any witnesses around can hear you), "Am I under arrest?"

Remember *Who* searches you. If the arresting officer doesn't search you, but has someone else do it, then the search might be unlawful.

or contraband, (e.g. stolen property, dope, illegal guns, etc.).

They can't seize private papers which aren't contraband, instrumentalities, or fruits of a crime, even if they want them for evidence against you, no matter how lawful the search.

The search warrant must tell what the police are looking for and will describe its location. Only the place named in the warrant can be searched. The warrant will also be dated. It is only good for 10 days from the time it is dated. If they have a search warrant, demand to see a copy of it and check for these things. Remember exactly what the warrant says. (Legally they don't have to give you a copy of the warrant unless they actually seize something.)

The 4th Amendment is supposed to protect not only your dwelling but also the area immediately surrounding it (e.g. a shed right next to your house). But it doesn't protect areas not immediately around your house, such as an open field across the road. Any police officer can search an area like an open field and use anything he finds there as evidence.

Whether or not the police officer has a warrant, *never consent to a search*. A search which would otherwise be illegal may become legal if you consent to it, either by your words or by actions

or not, to use the degree of force necessary to protect themselves, prevent your escape, and keep you from destroying evidence.

Physical resistance by you will almost certainly lead to additional charges.

ARREST WARRANTS

An arrest warrant is a paper signed by a judge which orders a police officer to arrest the person named in the warrant.

In Missouri any police officer can make an arrest for a felony (serious crime) without a warrant, whether or not committed in their presence. Not all police in the state can arrest for a misdemeanor without a warrant if it wasn't committed in their presence. So remember what police department the officer who busts you is from.

The police can stop you for questioning and demand to know your name, address, business abroad, and where you are going. In K.C. they can detain you on the street for up to two hours if they think you haven't satisfied their questions. After that they must arrest you or let you go. So remember *when* you were stopped. And don't answer any questions (except to identify yourself and account for your presence). Ask if you are under arrest. If they say yes, demand to speak to your lawyer (even if you don't have one yet).

Be cool. Don't wiseass. Police may react to your attitude and abuse you even if they weren't going to originally.

SEARCHING YOU ON THE STREET

Here are some things to keep in mind for when the police stop you on the street:

1. Don't do anything that looks suspicious. You may give them an excuse to bust you when they had none before.
2. The police officer is required to identify himself so you know he is an officer of the law. Make sure he does.
3. Don't run away. This might earn you additional charges, or even a bullet in the back if he thinks you have committed a felony.
4. You are only required to give your name and address. You might want to have a short story ready to account for your presence (e.g. "I was just on my way to get something to eat.") The police officer may legally ask you to show him identification. If you don't, he might bust you for "failure to identify."
5. You can't be required to answer questions, either before or after arrest. *You should say, "I have nothing to say until I talk to my lawyer." Don't say anything else, no matter how friendly they act. They will only use it against you.*
6. If you use obscene language, you may get another charge slapped on you.
7. A policeman can stop you and pat you down, looking for weapons, without arresting you. He can't legally go through your pockets though, unless he feels something like a weapon (e.g. if you have a nail file on you, he might say it feels like a knife and use that as an excuse to go through your pocket). If a policeman stops you for investigation, pats you down, then splits, **CHECK** your pockets to see if he's planted drugs on you. Get rid of it before he comes

ILLEGAL SEARCH & SEIZURE

If for some reason their arrest is invalid, a subsequent search of you is invalid also. This means only that they can't use the evidence they seized against you in court. This rule has general applicability in the law of search and seizure: if the search was illegal for any reason, they can't use the evidence turned up in court. Until the last year or two, this was your only consolation if you were illegally searched by the police. A recent Supreme Court case indicates that you might be able to sue the government for damages (\$) now as the result of an illegal search and seizure. See a lawyer if you think you've been victimized in this way.

If the search is legal, either because they have a search warrant or for some exception listed above, there are still only certain kinds of things they can search for and seize:

1. "Fruits" of a crime (e.g. stolen property).
2. Weapons you might use to escape.
3. Instruments and means by which a crime is committed (e.g. places used in counterfeiting).
4. Property that is a crime to possess,

which a court could interpret as consent (e.g. opening your trunk for the officer if he asks you to). If you are searched illegally, make it clear that you do not consent, by saying loudly, "I do not consent to a search."

During a legal search, a police officer can seize anything described in the warrant, any contraband, and any weapons (including legal weapons). If the weapons are legal, then state that you own them and ask the police for a receipt and to tell you where you can get them back. (In real life, it doesn't always work out that you get them back.)

Remember, the police can seize property which is evidence of another crime if they come upon it in the course of searching for property named in the warrant. So if they're looking for stolen property and come upon your stash, they can bust you for that too.

They are supposed to give you a receipt for all property seized, along with a copy of the warrant.

You will probably be searched, whether or not you consent. They have the right, whether they have a warrant

around the block again.

8. If he tries to go through your pockets without arresting you, ask, "Am I under arrest?"

9. If he says no, say loudly, "I do not consent to a search." Get witnesses who hear you say that. Remember, an illegal search can be called legal if you consent to it.

10. If he says you are under arrest, ask what the charges are. Get witnesses to hear his answer.

11. Never confess to what he says you did. A confession or other statement might be taken to mean consent to the search.

12. Once you have been arrested, don't resist, even if you think the arrest is illegal. Resistance may result in a beating and additional charges, such as resisting arrest.

13. The police are supposed to tell you that you have the right to remain silent and that anything you say can be used against you. They may try to get you to sign a written consent for a search. *Never say or sign anything without your lawyer present.*

14. Remember anything you and the police say and do. Memorize their badge numbers.

SEARCHING YOUR HOME

Always keep your door locked. When someone knocks on the door, *ask who it is with the door still shut.* If you open it, the police will rush in and later claim you consented to the search.

If they identify themselves as police, ask if they have a warrant. If they say yes, ask them what for. Tell them to shove it under the door.

A. WITH AN ARREST WARRANT

If they have an arrest warrant, the best thing to do might be to have the person named in the arrest step outside, *lock the door behind him/her,* and have him/her surrender. This is, of course, a political decision. But remember, if they have reason to believe the person is in there, and they have an arrest warrant, they can break open the door anyway. By surrendering, the person might be able to prevent them from gaining entrance into the house and making a general search. Also, remember that the police may have the place surrounded, in case you're thinking of skipping out the back way.

If you let the police officer into your house, or he breaks in, he can search you and anyone there for weapons. A *legal* gun can be kept loaded in your home.

If they have reason to believe that the person named in the warrant is in the house and he/she has not surrendered, they can look through the places where that person might be (e.g. a closet, but not a drawer).

If the police come into your home with guns drawn, don't panic. Unless you think they have reason to shoot you on sight, you can probably figure that the guns are drawn for purposes of intimidation. Try to ignore them.

The police may try to move you around. *Don't* move around, because they are entitled to search the area immediately around each person for weapons. If they find dope while searching in an area where weapons might reasonably be found, they can bust everyone there for possession.

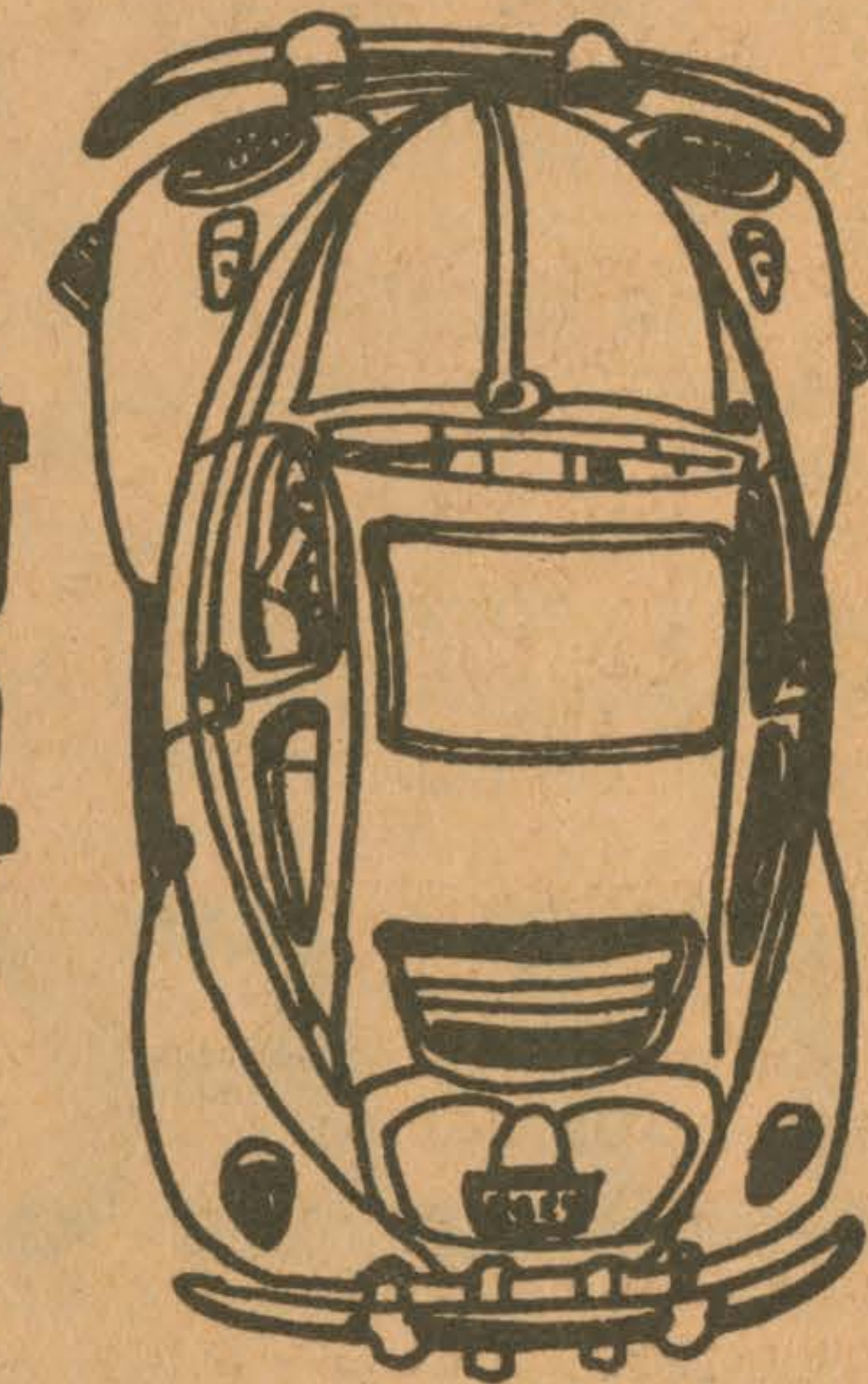
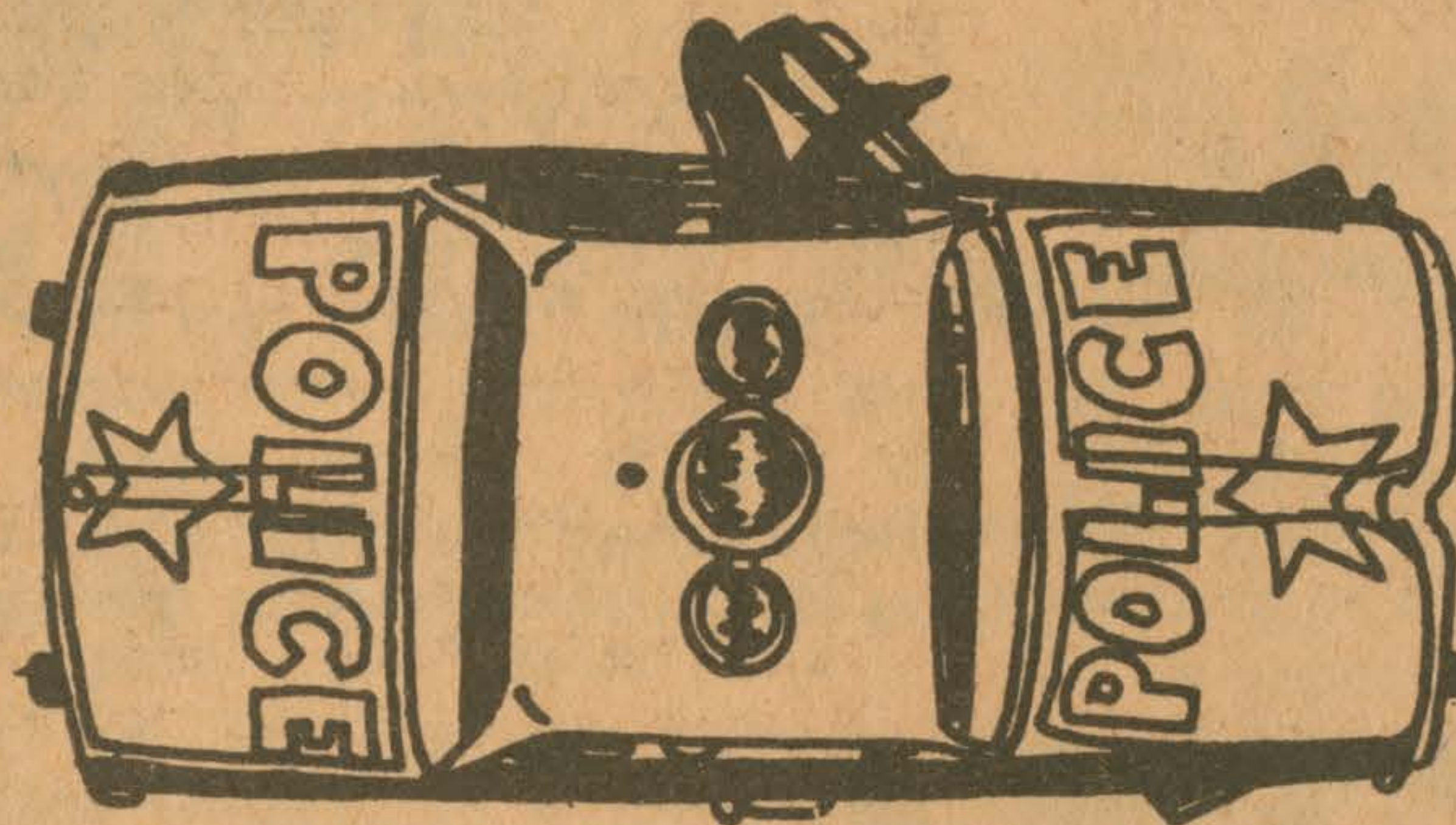
Police are not supposed to use an

arrest to make a general search. The arrest search must occur at the time of the arrest and in the area of the arrested person, and it is supposed to be confined to a search for weapons the arrestee can reach to fight with, and evidence the arrestee can reach to destroy.

B. WITH A SEARCH WARRANT

Except in certain situations (e.g. "hot pursuit," emergencies, consent, arrest or contraband being destroyed), a broader search can take place only with a search warrant, and only in the area described by the warrant. How wide the search can be depends on what they are supposed to be looking for (e.g. if they are supposed to be looking for burglar's tools, they can't legally search for them inside a cigarette package.)

They are legally allowed to stay on the premises only during the time "reasonably" necessary to search for and seize the property described in the warrant.



Even without a warrant, once inside, *they are entitled to go through the house looking for armed comrades, AND THEY CAN SEIZE ANYTHING IN PLAIN VIEW.* If they want to frame you, they will find or plant illegal property or dope and say it was in plain view.

If they do find illegal property or dope and ask whose it is, no one should claim ownership.

Only the person or persons who have the primary right to occupancy can consent to a search (e.g. your landlord cannot consent to a search of your premises).

But if dope is being sold in your house, the law views it as a "business premises" and you are assumed to have "impliedly" consented to a search if a narc gets in.

C. WHAT TO DO WHEN THEY'RE AT YOUR DOOR

1. Keep the door locked.
2. If someone knocks, ask who it is *with the door still locked.*
3. Police are supposed to knock, identify themselves and state their business.
4. If they identify themselves as police, ask if they have a warrant.
5. If they say they don't, say loudly, so witnesses can hear: "You cannot come into the house."
6. If they say they do have a warrant, ask them to shove a copy of it under the door so you can see it. (They may say there's a warrant on file but they don't have it with them.)
7. Once they've identified themselves and said they have a warrant, they can break in if you refuse to let them enter. This may cost you your door, but it will give you additional time if you need it and also will prevent them from later

claiming that you consented to the search.

8. After they say what they want, or that they have an arrest warrant, *walk outside and lock the door behind you.* You can talk to them outside and they can't go inside unless they have a search warrant. If you tell them the person named in the arrest warrant isn't there, they'll either have to leave or break in the door.

9. Check out the warrant. Remember the date issued, place to be searched, what they are looking for (or who, if an arrest warrant).

10. *GET RID OF YOUR DOPE.* Flush it down the toilet, if your plumbing can handle it. Don't throw anything out of the window. The place may be surrounded. Don't throw your shit in a trashcan next to your house. They can go through your trash.

They can bust everyone in the house on one person's dope. It is best to

know where everyone keeps their dope. Somy folks keep all their dope in a central location for E-Z disposal.

Never leave dope: *in plain view* anywhere in your house. This means all drugs, including pills without a prescription. No roaches in the ashtrays—they'll check these for sure.

They may say that the things they seized were in plain view, even if they actually had to open a drawer or something to find them. So don't keep contraband in obvious places. Seized items which were lying in plain view are much easier for the prosecutor to get admitted into evidence against you.

11. They can't legally search everyone there (except for a weapons patdown) just because they have a warrant. But they can search anyone they have reason to believe is carrying the objects of the search warrant.

12. *REMEMBER ALL DETAILS OF THE BUST:* time, badge numbers, their faces, what they say and do. Remember who is with you and where they're standing. Get a copy of the warrant. If they refuse to give you a copy at the time of the bust, get a copy at your arraignment.

If you get a chance, write down all the details of the bust as soon as possible. Some seemingly unimportant detail may mean the difference between doing time and being free again.

13. *DON'T TALK.* "I have nothing to say until I talk to my lawyer."

SEARCHING YOUR VEHICLE

The police can search your car if:

1. They have a search warrant.
2. They have arrested you in or near

the car.

3. They have "probable cause" to search the car and it is moving or capable of being moved immediately.

If they say your car was used to violate a federal or state law in which transportation is part of the offense (e.g. narcotics), then the car can be seized without a warrant. They can search your car immediately or wait until the car is at the police station.

After the driver of the car has been busted, they can search the car if the bust takes place in or near it. So don't let them maneuver you close to the car if the bust occurred away from it.

If you're driving your car with your headlights or taillights out, or if you've got a warrant out on you for traffic tickets, or if you drop litter outside your car, or if you've got dope in your car, you are inviting a bust. In deciding whether or not to stop you while you're driving down the street, the police will take into account the length of your hair, the kind of car you're driving, the color of your skin, and your sex.

If the bust turns out to be invalid, the search is also invalid.

If you say or do something suspicious ("furtive conduct"), you may give the police officer probable cause to search your car for evidence relating to matters other than the traffic violation, so be cool.

If you are coming into the country via Mexico or Canada, federal border officials can stop you and search your car on mere suspicion. They don't need probable cause, a supporting arrest, search warrant or consent. So watch out at the borders. (Especially since some folks have found out that border guards have been tipped off by the very people that sold them the shit.)

As in other search situations, the "open view" rule applies in the car situation—whatever a police officer can see in plain view (or with a flashlight at night) he can seize.

WHAT TO DO WHEN THEY STOP YOUR CAR

1. As soon as you see the red light flashing or hear the siren, carefully pull over.
2. If you see them tailing you in advance, don't make any sudden moves to the floor. Warn your passengers against the same. The police could interpret such moves as trying to hide something and could use such moves to

establish probable cause for a search.

3. Don't forget that if you split, even if they don't catch you, they'll probably have your license number.

4. After you stop, be prepared to show your driver's license and car registration. If your car registration is in your glove compartment, get it out and close the compartment so it won't be open in their presence. Don't move in a suspicious manner. Roll down your window, or get out of the car with license and registration in hand.

5. Be cool, calm and polite. Usually they will just ticket you for a traffic violation. Take the ticket, wait until they get back to their car, then slowly get back on the road, making sure to give a lefthand signal.

6. Even if they stopped you just for a traffic violation, if they find any evidence of another crime in plain view, or if they think you are drunk, or if their hot sheet indicates your car is stolen, or has been involved in a hit-and-run, or is otherwise suspicious, they can search you. Don't leave roaches in the ashtray, glove compartment or under the seat. These are the first places they will look. The best place to keep it is in your underwear or your shoes.

7. If they ask you to leave your car for any reason:

a) Get out with your registration. (If you leave it in your glove compartment, they will have an excuse to get into your car).

b) Stand quietly outside the car. It's probably too late to split. Ask if you are under arrest if they pat you down. If they say no, say, "I do not consent to a search" loud enough for witnesses to hear you. If they say yes, ask what the charges are.

c) Remember all details about what happened. Write everything down as soon as you can.

8. They are legally allowed to search the car *after* they bust you. You aren't required to help them (e.g. by opening the trunk for them). If you do, it may be interpreted as your consent for them to search.

9. They might make an illegal search and find evidence, then get a warrant on you. If so, the evidence already found can't be used in court. Although a confession under these circumstances might not be useable in court, you should never confess to anything.

10. If the arrest is valid, then the search that goes along with it will usually be valid too.

11. **DON'T TALK.**

12. Be cool. They'll react to your attitude. Tell them you have nothing to say until you talk to a lawyer.

DO NOT RESIST ARREST.

DO NOT SAY ANYTHING.

DO NOT SIGN ANYTHING.

DO NOT CONSENT TO A SEARCH except of yourself and your immediate surroundings (any search beyond your body should be protested).

GET A LAWYER.

Even if you read no further, remember the five cautions listed above. It's your freedom.

You can be arrested with or without a warrant. In either case, do not resist. The police are authorized to use force to counter your resistance. Do not *appear* to resist. What's at stake? Your life.

If you are attacked by police, assume a fetal position with your head covered and your body curled to protect your groin. From the corner of one eye, try to see exactly which attacker is intent on breaking your bones. Again, physical resistance could cost you dearly, and who's to say later who struck the first blow.

If the arrest is with a warrant and you submit, you have a right to know what the warrant says. Make sure of three facts:

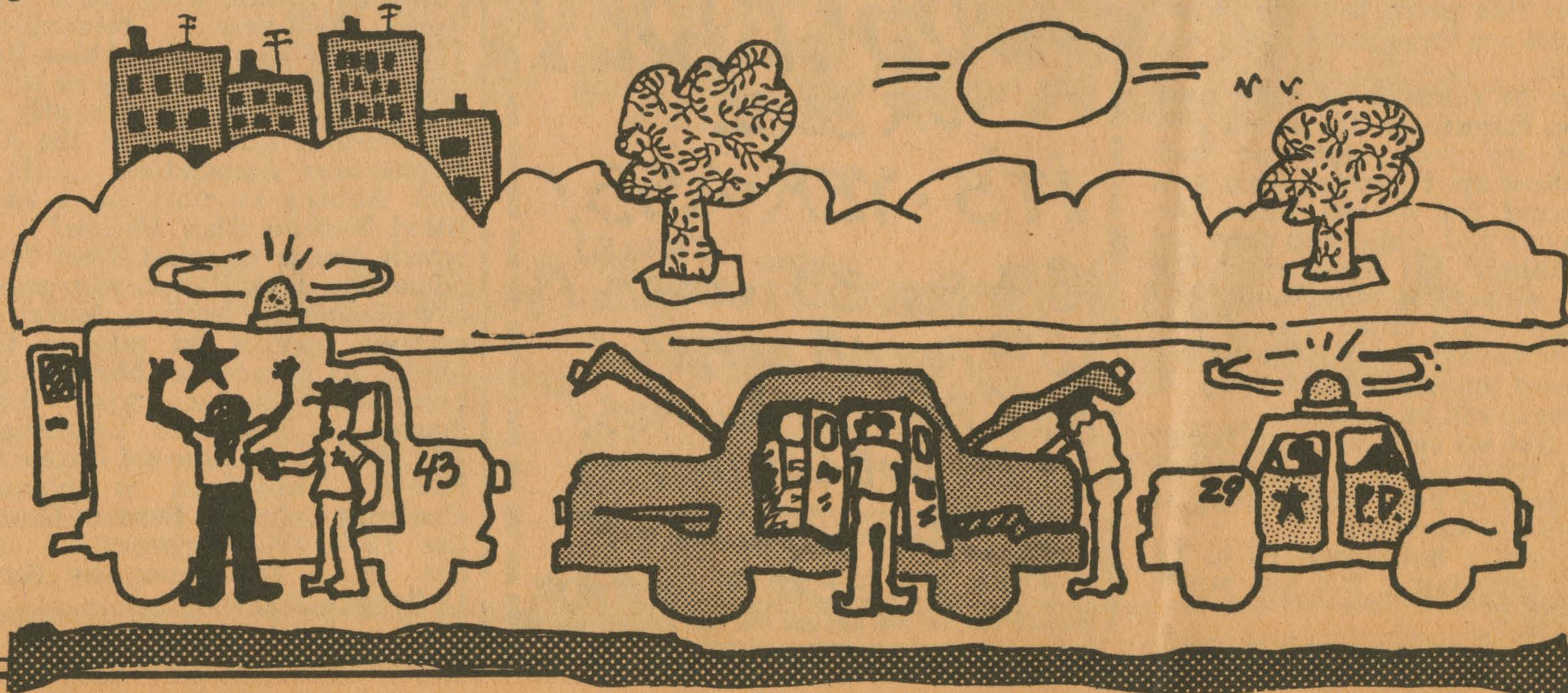
1. Your name is on the warrant.

2. The person who is arresting you is from the agency listed on the warrant, i.e., sheriff, policeman, federal marshal, etc. If a particular person is named to arrest you, ask for personal identification. (Make sure "John Smith" is John Smith.)

3. The warrant is signed by a judge.

If any of the three is wrong, tell the officer, but if he insists, go along with the knowledge that the illegal arrest could help your defense.

Without a warrant the police must have "probable cause." "Probable cause" is a legal term and no amount of talking will convince the policeman that he has no cause to stop you. So stow it, but remember carefully the circumstances of your arrest. It could help your cause if you go to trial. You must remember one other thing at this step of your arrest: the police can search you and your immediate surroundings without a search warrant. Do not consent to any further search.



BUST BOOK CONTINUED

They may search anyway, but make sure it is done over your protests.

At this point you probably will be read your rights. They are:

1. You may remain silent.
2. Anything you say can be used against you.
3. You may have a lawyer present for any questioning by police even if you cannot afford one.
4. You may stop answering questions at any time.

All the reading of your rights does is to tell you, "O.K., buddy, you were warned. Now let's hear you hang yourself." Don't do it.

Do not say anything except: (1) Give your name and address; (2) Ask for a lawyer. There are no other exceptions. If you have a story, it's for your lawyer to hear and no one else. You may be told that, "It'll go better for you," or that a "deal" can be made, or that they have so much evidence that only a confession and guilty plea can help you. **DO NOT FALL FOR IT.** If you have a story, it's just as good later, and you cannot be punished for not cooperating by talking. And if anyone has the power to "make deals," it is *not* the pigs.

At the police station you will probably be questioned, photographed, fingerprinted, i.e., "booked". You may be asked to sign a waiver of your rights, routine papers, etc. Do not sign. Again, there is an exception. If jailed, you will be given a list of your belongings; this is your claim check. Make sure everything is on the list, sign it and don't lose your copy. It will only make matters more difficult when you get out.

Once more, don't talk. Don't tell the truth and, just as important, don't lie. The lies can damage you severely at trial. Just refuse to talk.

Before being jailed, if that is the case, insist on making your phone calls. Take care to call someone who can help do one of the following:

1. Get you out of jail.
2. Get you a lawyer.

The person could be your lawyer, a friend who has money or knows a lawyer, a bail bondsman, your parents, your spouse, anyone. The important thing is that you want someone on the outside working for you and your release.

You may be jailed overnight or even over the weekend, but you will be taken before a magistrate to be arraigned. At this point bail will be set for you. There are three ways to get out of jail on bail:

1. You may be released on your own recognizance. Essentially this means you are released on your signature and promise to show up. However, what you sign is a bond for several times the amount of your bail. Failure to show up does three things: (a) You forfeit the amount of money on the bond. (b) You've committed a crime even if you were innocent before. (c) You've fucked over the bond system and the less it works the less it will be used.
2. You can put up cash for your bond. This will be returned to you regardless of the outcome of your trial as long as you do not fail to show up.
3. You can pay a bondsman 10 to 15 per cent of your bond. It's his; you'll never see it again.

The arraignment before a magistrate is basically the same in federal or state court. The magistrate will set your bail. Level with him when he asks for information for purposes of setting bail. Again, lies could be damaging, if other bail hearings are required.

In federal courts, if you are indigent, you have a right to a lawyer at this proceeding. In state courts you will not be appointed a lawyer until your preliminary, which is about two weeks after the arraignment.

Another important difference in federal proceedings is that if you can't get bail after 24 hours, under the Bail Reform Act you must be given another bail hearing. A third difference is that if the state system's got you, you can be held for 20 hours without being charged with a crime, but you can be held without charges for only 6 hours by the feds.

There are two more points worth mentioning. One concerns the situation when you've heard a warrant is out for your arrest. You can, of course, split. It would be hard to say that would never be the best decision. However, in most cases, it would be a bad decision and probably eventually futile. If you plan to stay, get a lawyer and go with him to turn yourself in. His being there assures that no one can deny that you surrendered voluntarily.

If you don't know a lawyer, or don't know one you can trust, it's better to surrender to a judge or magistrate. It's less embarrassing than having cops at your house or work and it looks better, especially for bail. And it's possible, through planning with your lawyer, to stay out of a jail altogether.

If you have to go to jail, don't be too curious about your fellow prisoners' lives. Don't discuss your case with them, except for saying what you were arrested for. Your cellmate could be a witness against you.

Do your best to avoid hassles. It's a dangerous place but common sense is your best friend. Remember that other prisoners are not the enemy.

Level with your lawyer. He can't do a good job without the truth and could very well do a terrible job if he gets surprised at trial by things you should have told him.

Keep your spirits up, don't panic, and know that your brothers and sisters support you.

New York Chatterbox

A New York lawyer recently returned from the Gainesville VVAW 8 trial reports that grand jury prosecutor Guy Goodwin is actually "Gay" Goodwin, and there is speculation that his incessant hounding of political activists from coast to coast is actually a twisted reaction to not having received Nixon's permission to join a local GLF chapter, sort of "if ya can't join 'em, beat 'em" reasoning... a certain Manhattan karate instructor has been hired by Elvis Presley as protection from extra-legal problems caused by his ex-wife (the defense man also bodyguards Ben Gazzara)... an "Enemies Party", was held August 15 at Jimmy's (the Max's Kansas City of "New Journalism") and the guestlist includes all the "enemies" on John Dean's list, plus a lot of "non-enemy" supporters, like one of the two remaining Mrs. Ernest Hemingways, Jimmy Breslin, Gay Talese, etcetera. The party was to benefit the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press, hosted by the new slick magazine, *New Times*, and organized by party-pusher Frank Crowther... Crowther also organized Norman Mailer's controversial "Fiftieth Birthday Party" and has made a career of playing Boswell to Aquarius. Anyway, Crowther was overheard to lament that Gloria Steinem, "such a good friend of Norman's", was peeved by Mailer's new \$20 "biography" of Marilyn Monroe. Steinem, according to Crowther, "only hopes that someone will walk all over Norman's grave when he dies the way he's walking over Marilyn's now"... Shirley MacLaine showed up at a demonstration in front of City Hall organized by *Screw* magazine to protest the recent anti-smut ruling of the Supreme Court. She was with Rex Reed... "Riverboat" captain Darren McGavin made small talk with three hippies at a recent screening of his new flick, "Happy Mother's Day, Love George." He asked the hippies for the news and they gave it to him... and while we're talking about "Beautiful People", New Yorkers are treated to TV commercials plugging the right-wing *Daily News*, featuring none other than Truman Capote and George Plimpton. Right-wing stuff must be camp this year... remember *Steal This Book*? Remember Abbie Hoffman? Tom Forcade? Well, they're still at it, a full two years later, currently battling over money questions at the American Arbitration Association... Is it true that Abbie's at work on a new book titled *Watkins Glen Nation*?... all of which brings to mind *Steal This Book* co-author, Izak Haber, who passed thru town recently with a Mozambiquean princess, trying to raise a thousand bucks to return to Mozambique and continue studies with his Sufi master... Fear and Loathing Dept.: *The Wall Street Journal* informs us that Hunter Thompson is planning to challenge Colorado Senator Dominick in the 1974 GOP primary... and you can ignore the hype; the New York Dolls are stinkola.

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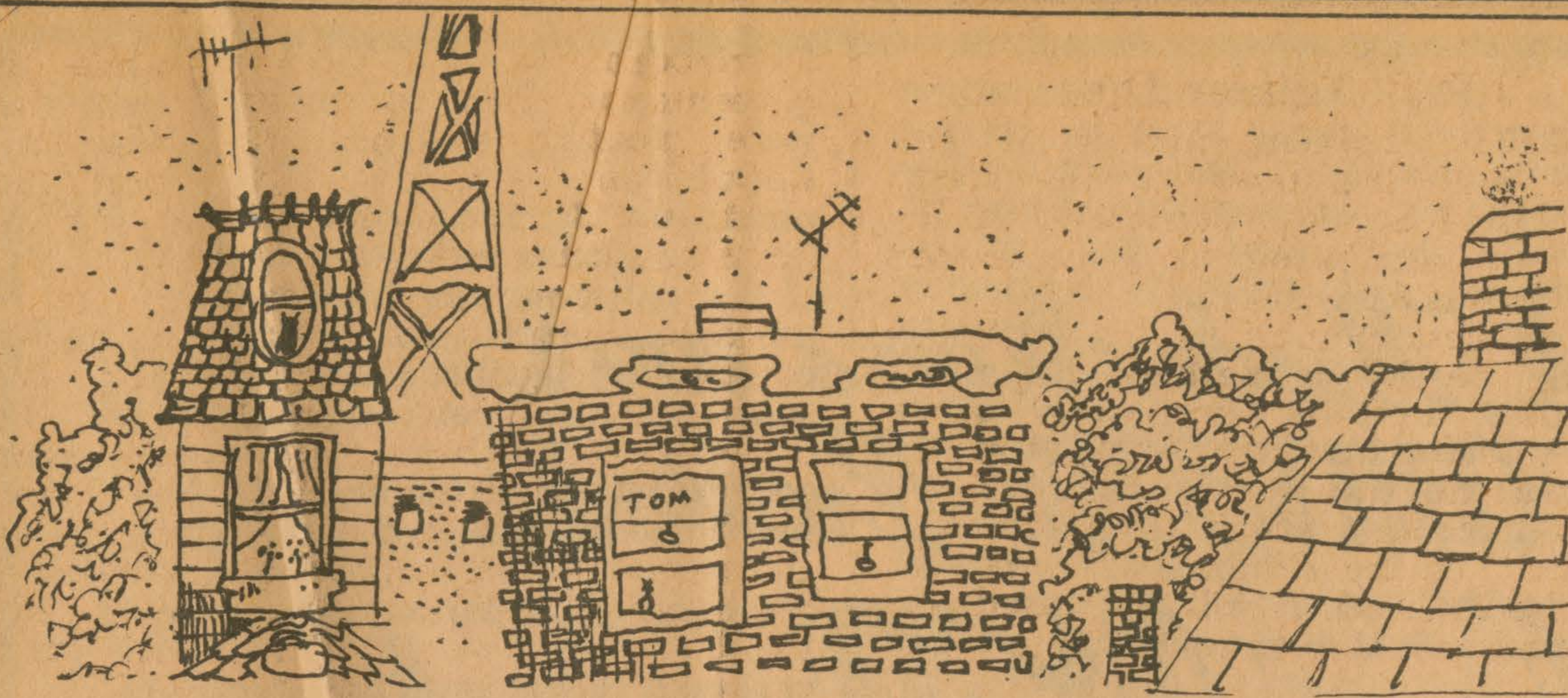
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The Kansas City News

For years the *Westport Trucker* has tried to be all things to all people. It has tried to offer magazine-style features and newspaper-style news on a publication schedule meeting the demands of neither format. Somewhere on or about Friday, October 26, that particular facet of the *Trucker's* schizophrenia will end.

The *Trucker* will roll on in its present format as a monthly magazine with features, concert and record reviews, comics, creative writings and other items of interest all carefully calculated to meet the growing American demand for funk. (Since out-of-town writers are beginning to take an active interest in the *Trucker*, the *Trucker* is taking an active interest in out-of-town distribution.)

But for news hungry locals, on

October 26 the *Trucker* will begin publication of *The Kansas City News*. The *News* will be a weekly newspaper dedicated to those who want their paper to be an insight into events as they are occurring rather than a record of events which have already occurred. The *News* will emphasize issues at the point where the citizen can do something about them—before they reach the stage where the government is doing something about the citizen.

Geographically, the *News* will be a neighborhood newspaper serving Westport primarily. As far as it is able, though, it will attempt to focus on the problems of all Kansas City neighborhoods without a journalistic voice of their own.

After October 26, the *News* each week, 15 cents Amerikan.

SHORTS

Led Zep Ripped

Readers of the *New York Daily News* were pitched into utter confusion by that paper's huge headline Monday morning, July 30: "Led Zeppelin Robbed of 203G!" it screamed. Led wha?

The rock group had been staying at the Drake Hotel on Park Avenue as they finished up a record-breaking tour of the U.S. After returning from a performance at Madison Square Garden, the group's manager, Richard Cole, discovered that \$203,000 in cash was missing from the hotel safe deposit box where he'd stashed it earlier. Only two keys to the box existed: one held by the hotel manager, and one held by Cole. It was, according to police, the largest single cash haul ever from a hotel safe deposit box in the city.

The box had not been forced open, reported Lt. John McKenna of the 3rd District robbery squad. Fingerprints were taken. Richard Cole was administered a lie detector test which he passed "with flying colors." The police say the investigation is "still being processed."

Meanwhile, Led Zeppelin flew back to England the same day with the remaining portion of their American booty, which is said to amount to enough to make the rip-off at the Drake look like petty larceny.

Books For Prisoners

There's not a lot to do in prison. That's hardly a hot news flash but for the brothers and sisters doing time it's a central fact of existence. In an effort to beat the boredom, most prisoners do more reading than the average college student but the selection of books in prison libraries is generally poor. Frustration added to frustration.

A recent book drive headed by Ms. Leslie Guillot of the Women's Political Caucus (and elsewhere) netted many new titles for the library of the state women's prison in Tipton, Mo. The list printed below, however, represents some special requests.

If you own any of these books and would like to do something better than let them gather dust on your bookshelves, you could mail them (at a special book rate) to the prison library or bring them by *The Trucker* office.

The books and authors: *Soul on Ice* by Eldridge Cleaver, *Trick Baby*; *The Pimp*; *Momma Black Widow*, all three by Iceburg Slim, *The Perry Mason* series by Earle Stanley Gardner, *Collected Poems* by Rupert Brooke, *Jurgen* and *The Way of Eben* by James Branch Cabell, *The Outward Room* by Millen Brand, *Remembrance of Things Past* by Marcel Proust, *Death Comes for the Archbishop* by Willa Cather, *Poems* by Emily Dickinson, *Collected Poems of*

Edna St. Vincent Millay, *Hatters Castel* by A.J. Cronin, *Five Novels* by Ronald Firbank, *Andersonville* by Kantor MacKinlay, *The Love Machine* by Jacqueline Susann, *Gone with the Wind* by Margaret Mitchell, 1984 by George Orwell.

They also request any books by the following authors: Somerset Maugham, Shirley Jackson, Eric Ambler, Alfred Hitchcock, Ray Bradbury, Robert Nathan, Frank Yerby, Truman Capote, Lewis Carroll, Oscar Wilde, William Faulkner, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Graham Greene, Victoria Holt, Langston Hughes, Franz Kafka and Lance Horner.

God bless and give til it hurts.

Granary Reopens In Westport

It seemed bad enough to turn 39th and Main over to the pinball wizards just to get a building across the street from the city market. But when the Granary moved to 5th and Walnut, it seemed as if they had also turned local taste buds over to the tender mercies of Quik Trips. Central Westport was without a health food store.

So the posters announcing "By popular demand, the Granary is returning to Westport" are leading candidates for a truth in advertising award. What has happened is that the Granary is opening a branch store in what was formerly the dining room of the Beautiful Day Cafe, 4059 Broadway, the corner of Broadway and Westport Road.

The Beautiful Day Cafe will still be there serving meals at the lunch counters and the 5th and Walnut Granary will still be there holding down the southeast corner of the city market. Only now there's a Granary at Broadway and Westport Road, too.

Hours: 9 a.m. through 6 p.m. Monday through Saturday.

Sal Capra Indicted

Sal Capra, a Kansas City, Mo., councilman since 1959 and one of the most powerful council members, was indicted August 28 on two charges of mail fraud. The indictments were brought by a federal grand jury using evidence gathered by the Justice Department's strike force on organized crime.

The indictments charge that Capra violated federal law by using the mails to report false quarterly sales tax returns to the state of Missouri. One indictment deals with the Apartment Lounge, 5012 Main, a drinking establishment in which Capra previously had a financial interest. The other indictment concerns the taxable sales at *The Streetcar Named Desire*, 4922 Main, a bar Capra owns in part.

Jasper Mirabile was indicted the same day on similar charges of mailing false returns about Jasper's Italian Restaurant, 405 W. 75th.

Capra surrendered to federal authorities the day the indictment was handed down. He was released on \$5,000 bond.

In a statement, Capra, whose councilmanic district includes northern Westport, claimed that he was innocent

of all wrong-doing. He said he was in no trouble with the Missouri sales tax people and that the Justice department was harassing him because he is a Democratic office holder and an Italian-American.

Capra is correct that federal laws concerning the use of the mail system have seldom, if ever, been employed as they are in his case.



New York Kills Its Own

Some people will do anything to get headlines in New York City, and in 1971, 1,466 individuals (according to police records) got themselves murdered. Few of them, however, got headlines or even so much as a column inch near the brassiere ads in the *Daily News*.

But 100 of the lucky stiff did get chosen for a computer study of homicide in the city conducted by the *New York Times*, which was made public on the paper's front page August 5.

The hundred murder cases were taken from every fifteenth homicide arrest report compiled by police in 1971, and represents a "sufficiently large sampling to permit broad conclusions about who kills whom in the city." (*Times*).

Prime murder victims, says the study, are black, unemployed males, walking around on a Saturday night between 8 and 12 p.m., who are killed by a gun, the trigger of which is pulled by someone they know.

Statistics in the study show that blacks in New York City are murdered eight times as frequently as whites. In 1971, 48 of every 100,000 black residents met violent deaths, as compared with 28 of every 100,000 Hispanic residents, and six of every 100,000 white residents. Of those arrested for murder, 60 percent were black, 25 percent Hispanic, and 15 percent white. In slightly more than four out of five cases, both murderer and victim were of the same race, and were known to each other, either as acquaintances, relatives, spouses, or other relationships, nearly 75 percent of the time.

So, out-of-towners take heart! New York murders its own.

J.R.R. Tolkien Dies

J.R.R. Tolkien, author of *The Hobbit* and the *Lord of the Rings* trilogy, died Sunday, September 2. His death was attributed to a perforated ulcer. He was 81 years old.

His best memorial is his work. His "Middle Earth" is perhaps the most substantial fictional cosmology since Dante's *Divine Comedy*. At the time of his death he was at work on a book titled *Silmarillion* which he considered a "prequel" to the *Rings*. The book will never be finished. It will be missed. He will be missed. May he rest in peace.

Pool League Forming (Billiards not swimming)

Those who take their pool seriously might be interested to learn that King Louie Ranchmart is forming a pool league. It will be a handicap league playing straight pool, 14-1 championship billiards. The objective of the league is to give the pool player a chance to compete with players as good or better than s/he is. Trophies will be awarded. Persons interested should contact David Woy after 5 p.m. at the King Louie Ranchmart Lanes, 95th and Mission Road.

Gainesville 8 Freed

It only took the jury four hours to decide the Gainesville 8 were innocent. The eight members of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War had sat in the Gainesville, Florida, federal

courtroom for five weeks while the government tried to prove that they were plotting violence at the 1972 Republican National Convention. And on August 31, it only took the jury four hours to set them free.

If there was any conspiracy, it looks as though it was the government's conspiracy against the VVAW. The supposedly violent nature of the anti-war vets has been given as an excuse for everything from illegal surveillance on the local level to the break-in at the Democratic National headquarters in Washington. ("We just wanted to see if the Democrats were paying the vets to cause trouble at our convention.")

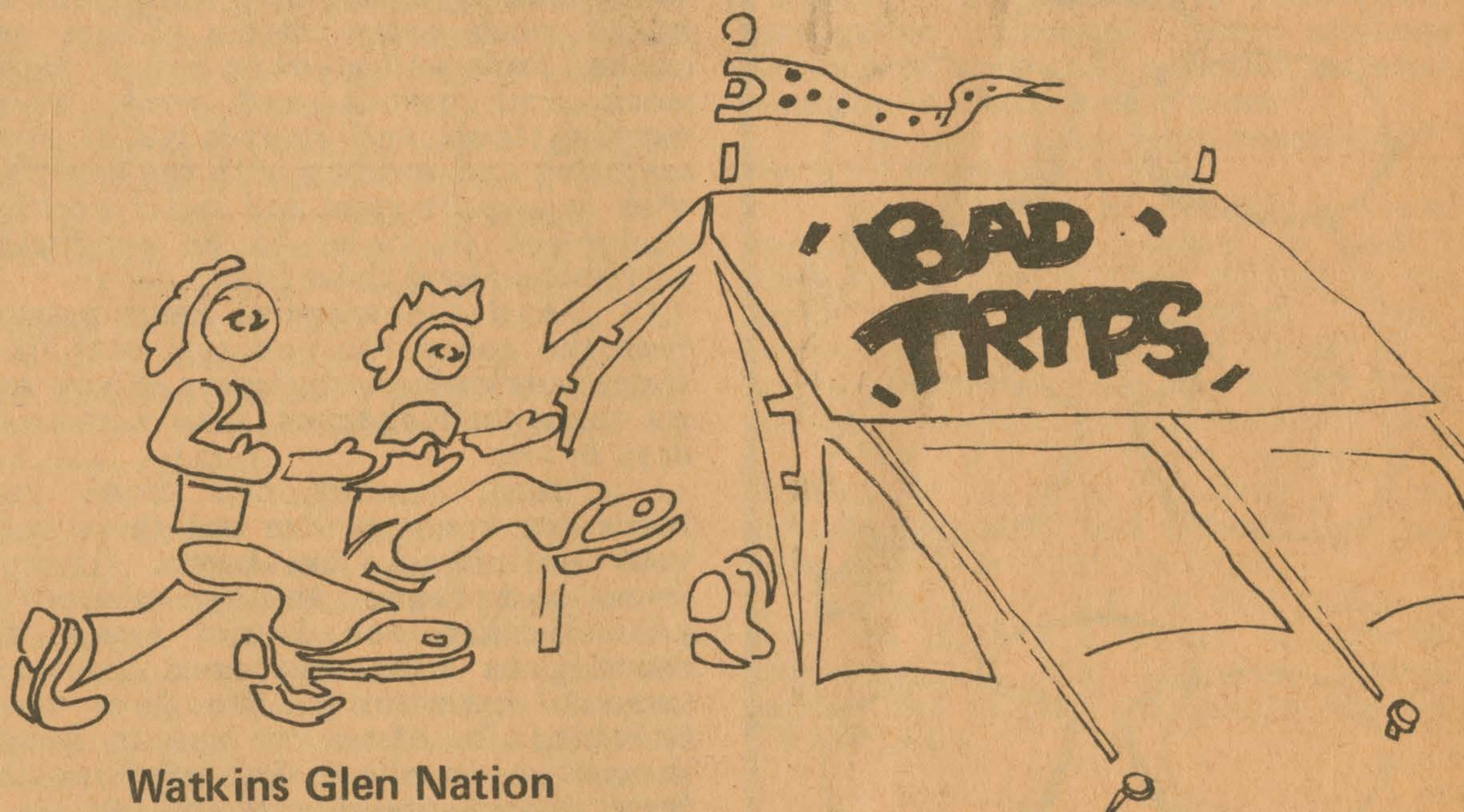
Like the other conspiracy trials of the Nixon era, it seems that this was only a form of legal harassment. Though the eight young men are free, their defense costs still saddled them with tens of thousands of dollars in debts.

The Gainesville 8: Scott Camil, Stanley Michelson, William Patterson, John Kniffin, Peter J. Mahoney, Alton Fodd, Donald Purdue and John Briggs.

44th Street Gallery

Jeremaya and his lady, Emu, are wanderers. Recently they crossed through Kansas City on the way to the Bayou country and passed on to us the story of a budding gallery and artists' cooperative.

For those of you who like your facts unadorned, the co-op/gallery is located at 1128 E. 44th St., 44th and Forest, and is operated by Arnie, Wayne and James who call the place the 44th Street Gallery. The projects they've got



Watkins Glen Nation

Nearly 150,000 people listened to the music of rock culture's three most legendary living bands, the Allman Brothers, the Grateful Dead, and the Band, while 450,000 other people wallowed in mud out of earshot of the stage a mile away.

It happened during the last weekend of July, almost five years after the fabled gathering at Woodstock. Billed by promoters as "Summer Jam", the concert took place on the 90-acre grounds of the grand prix race track in Watkins Glen, New York. The bands performed from noon Saturday ending with a jam session 3 a.m. Sunday.

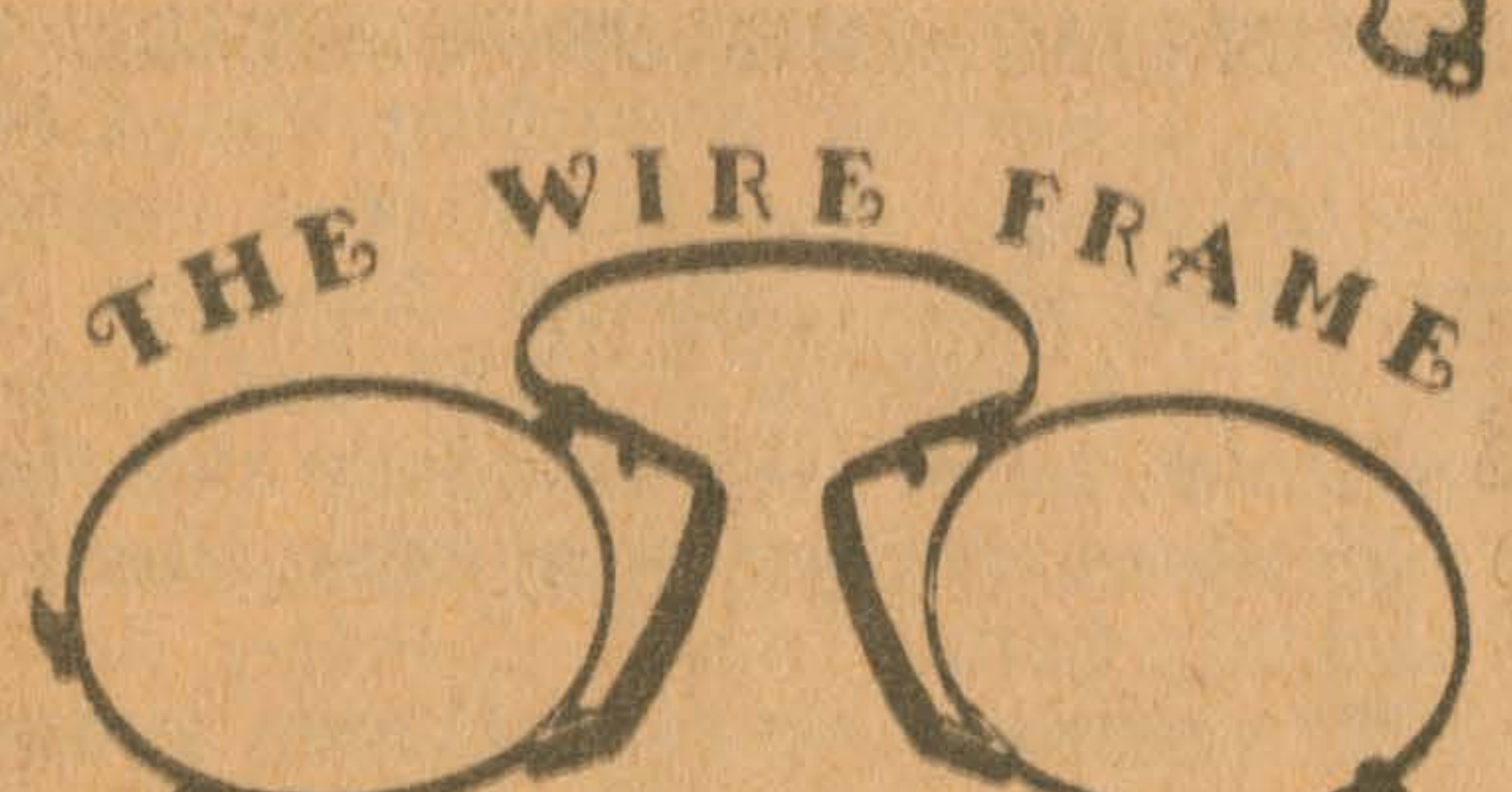
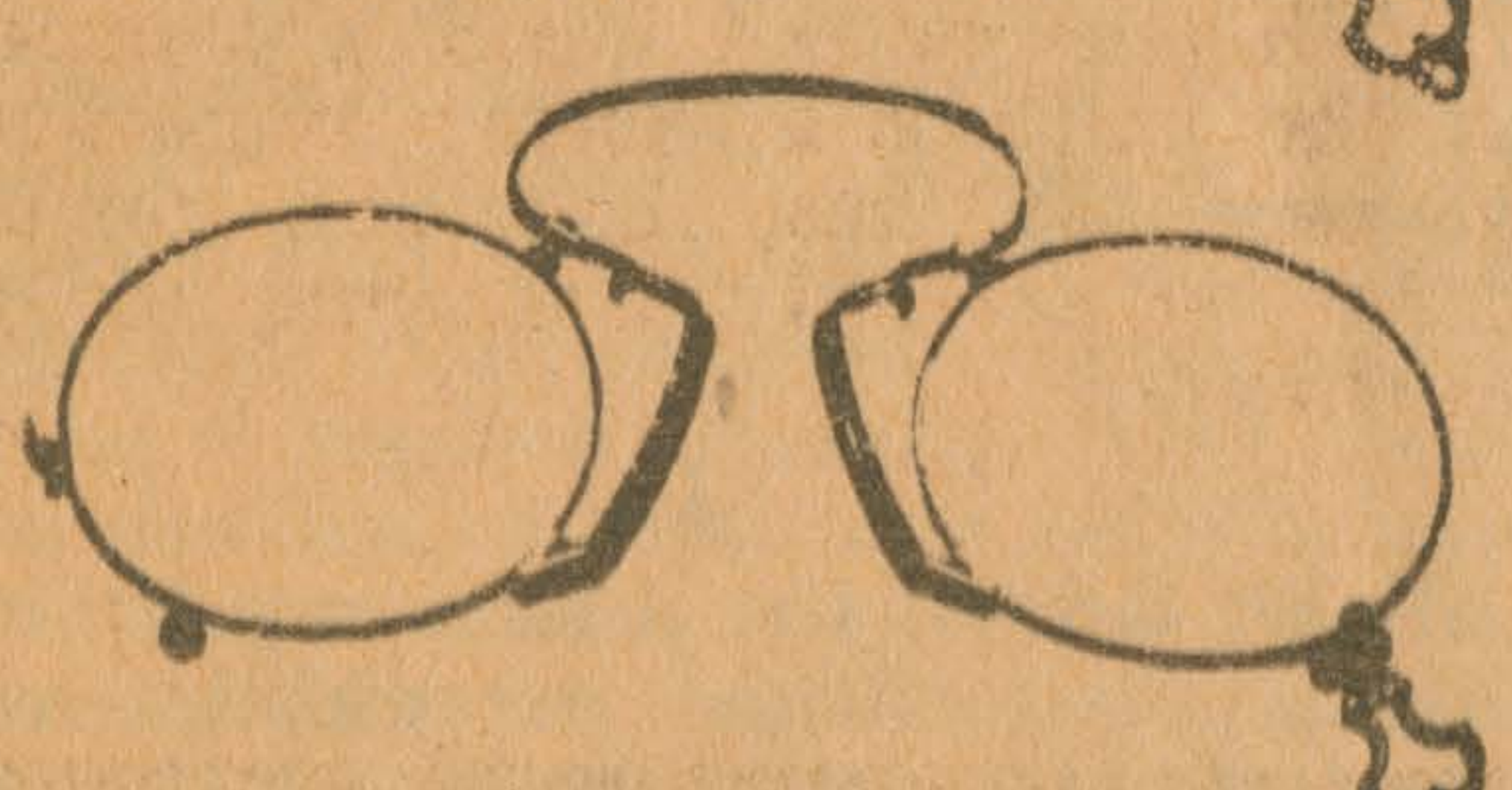
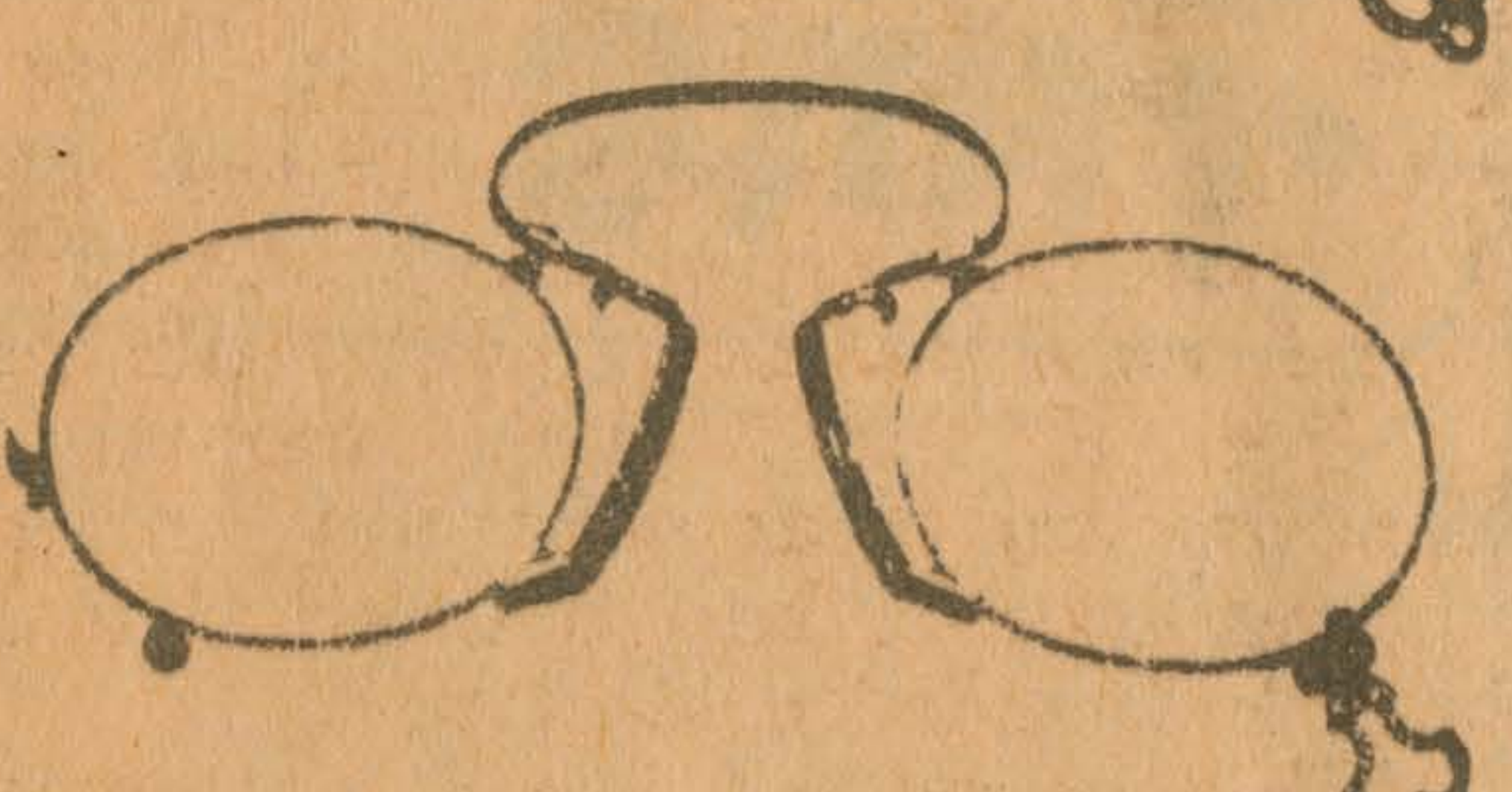
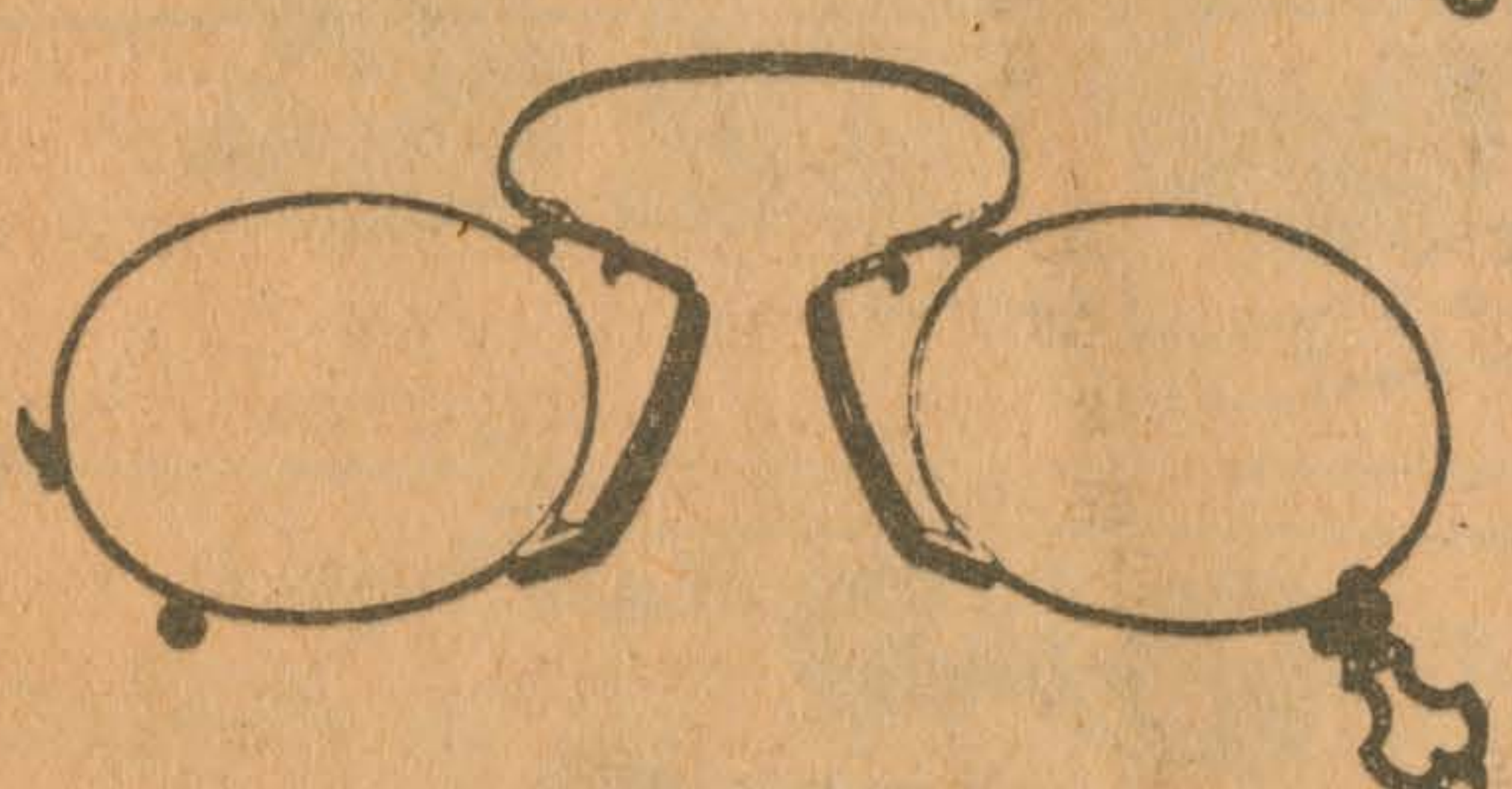
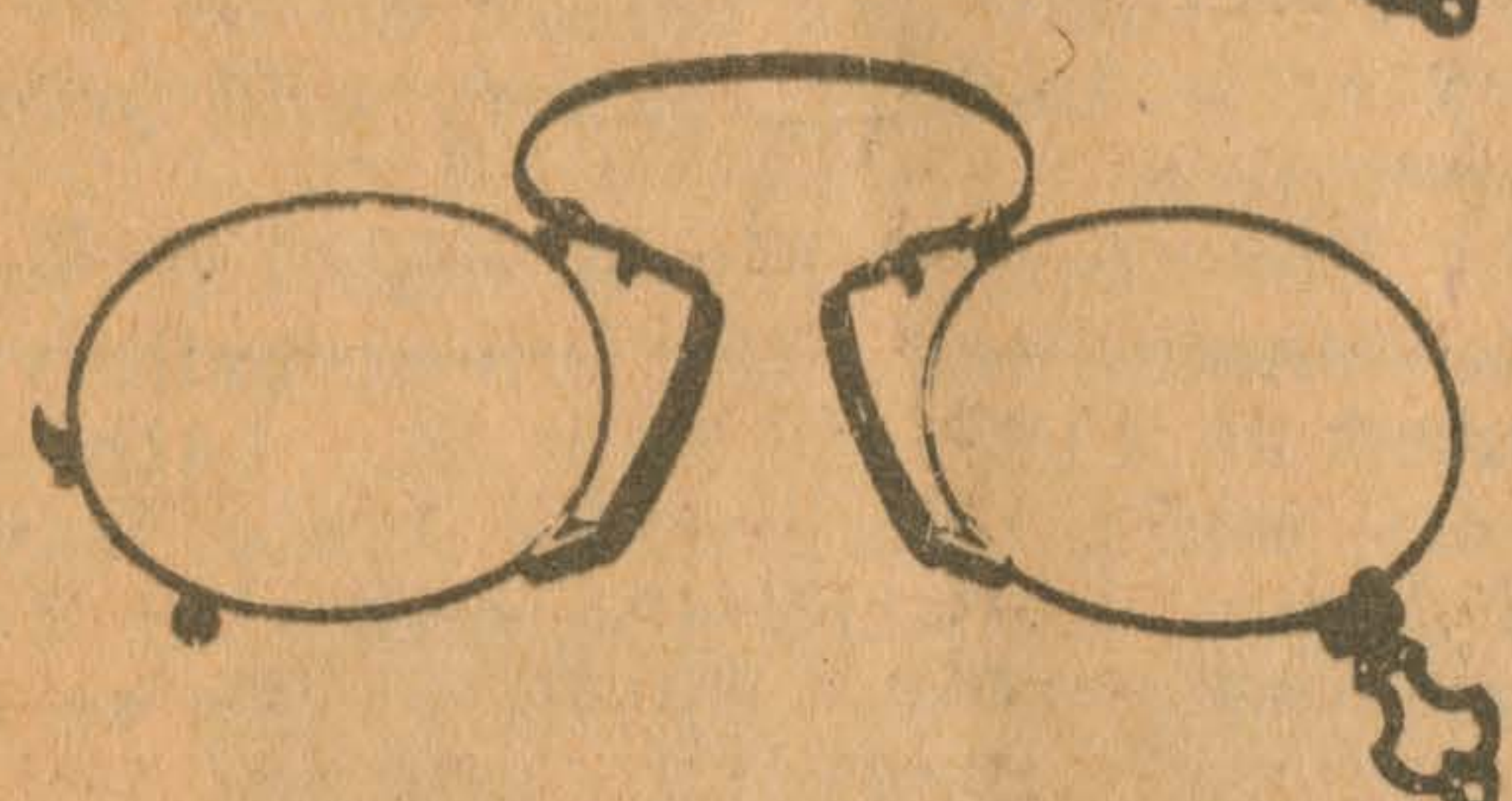
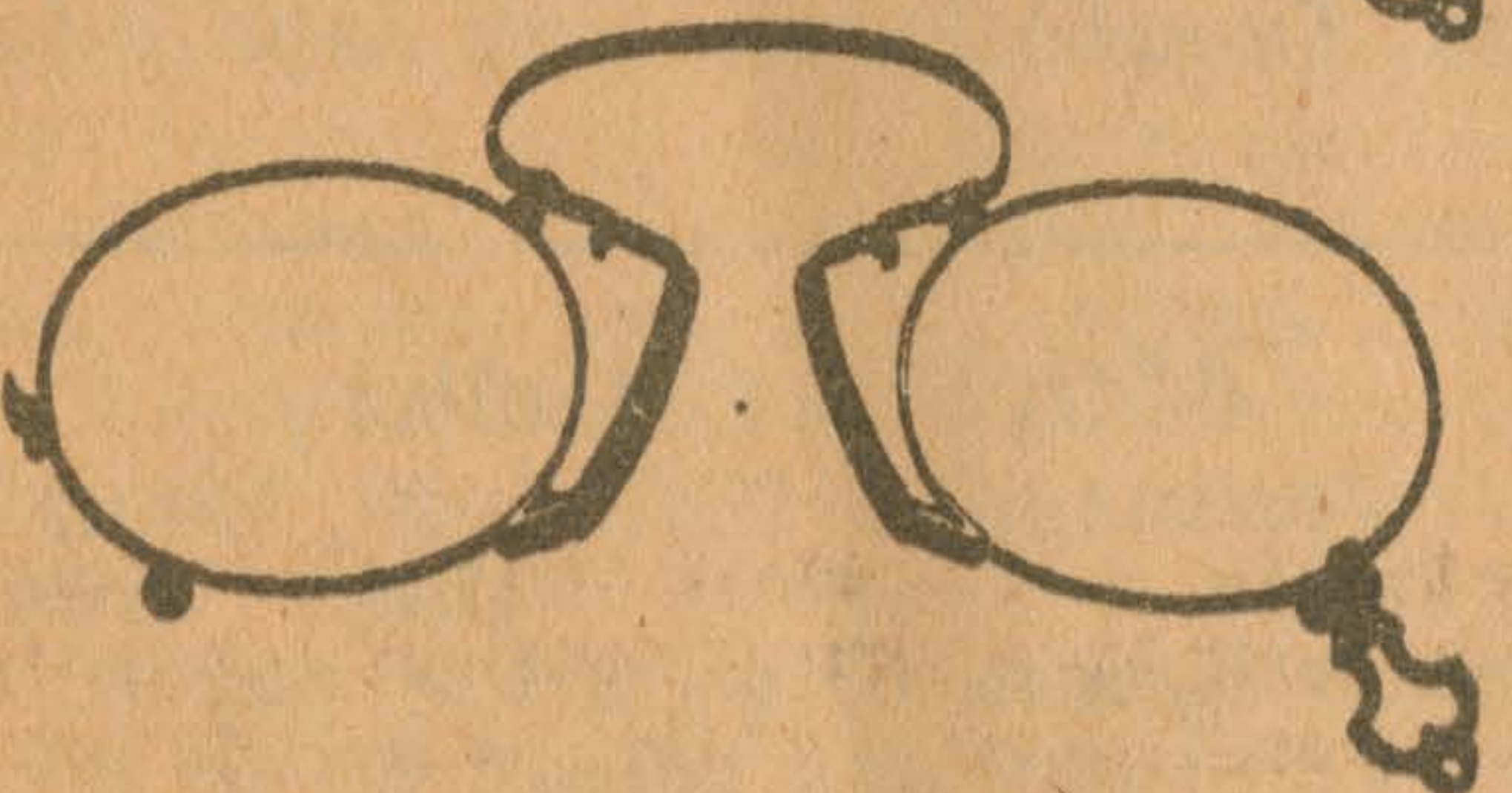
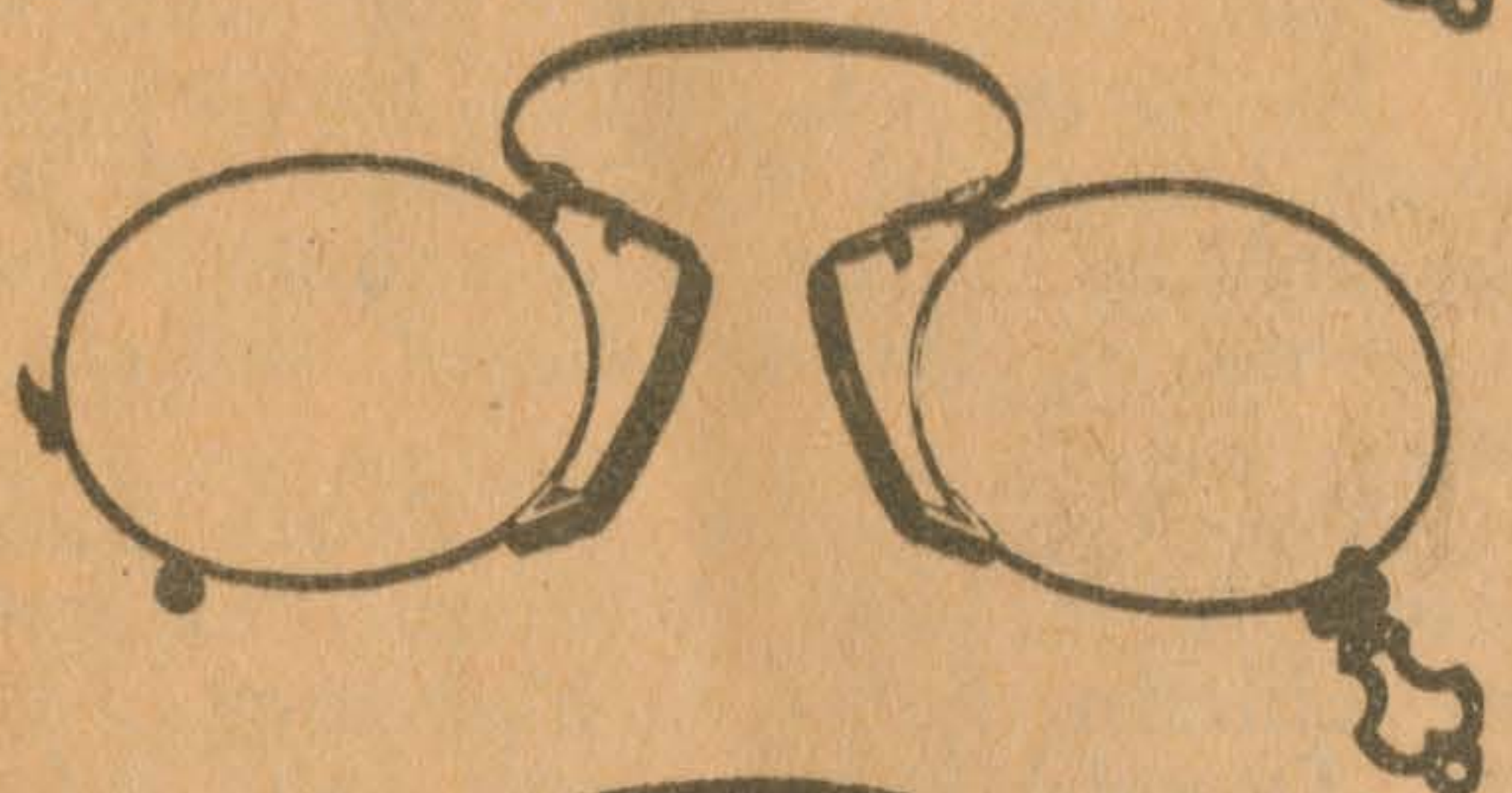
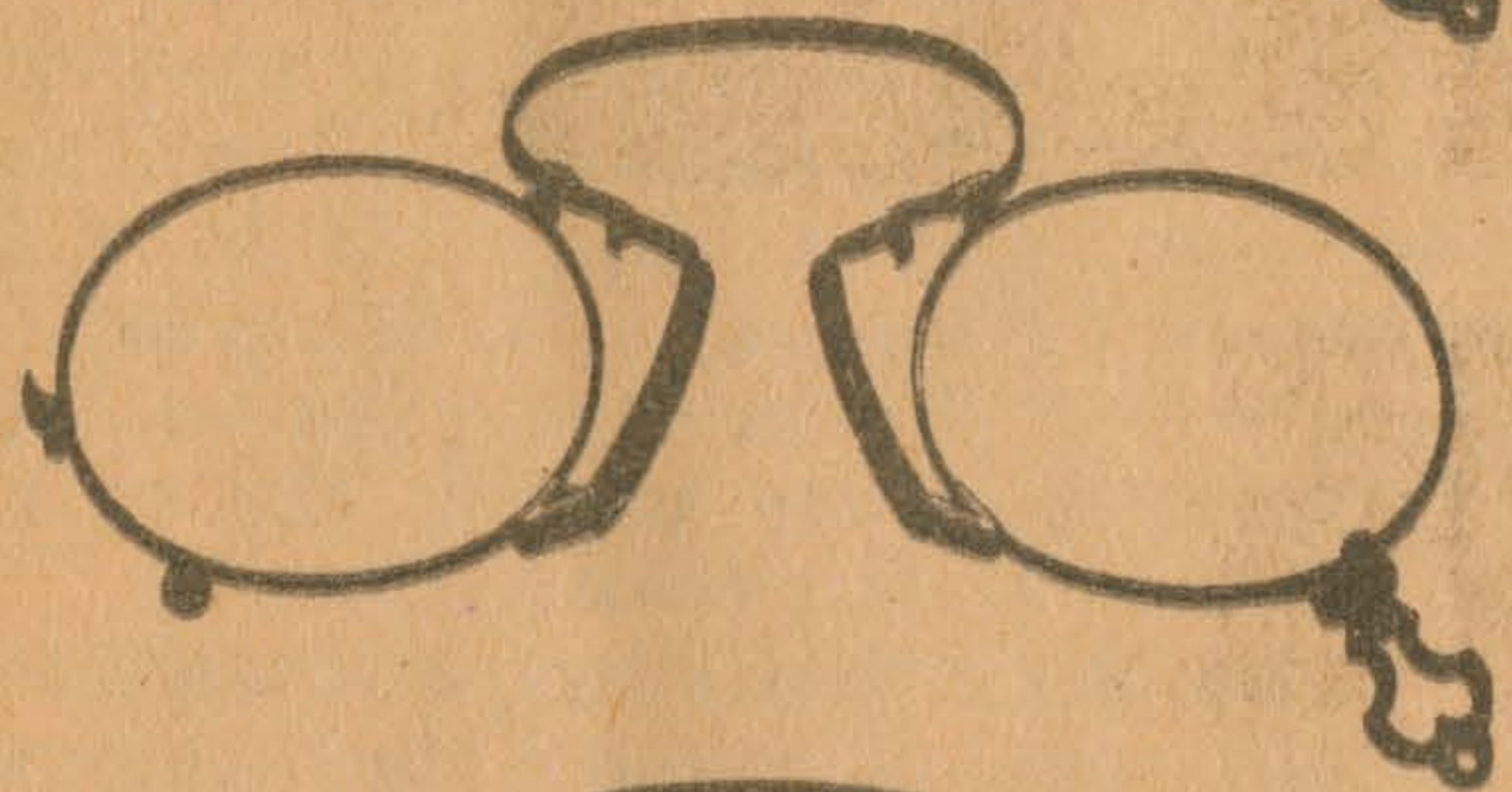
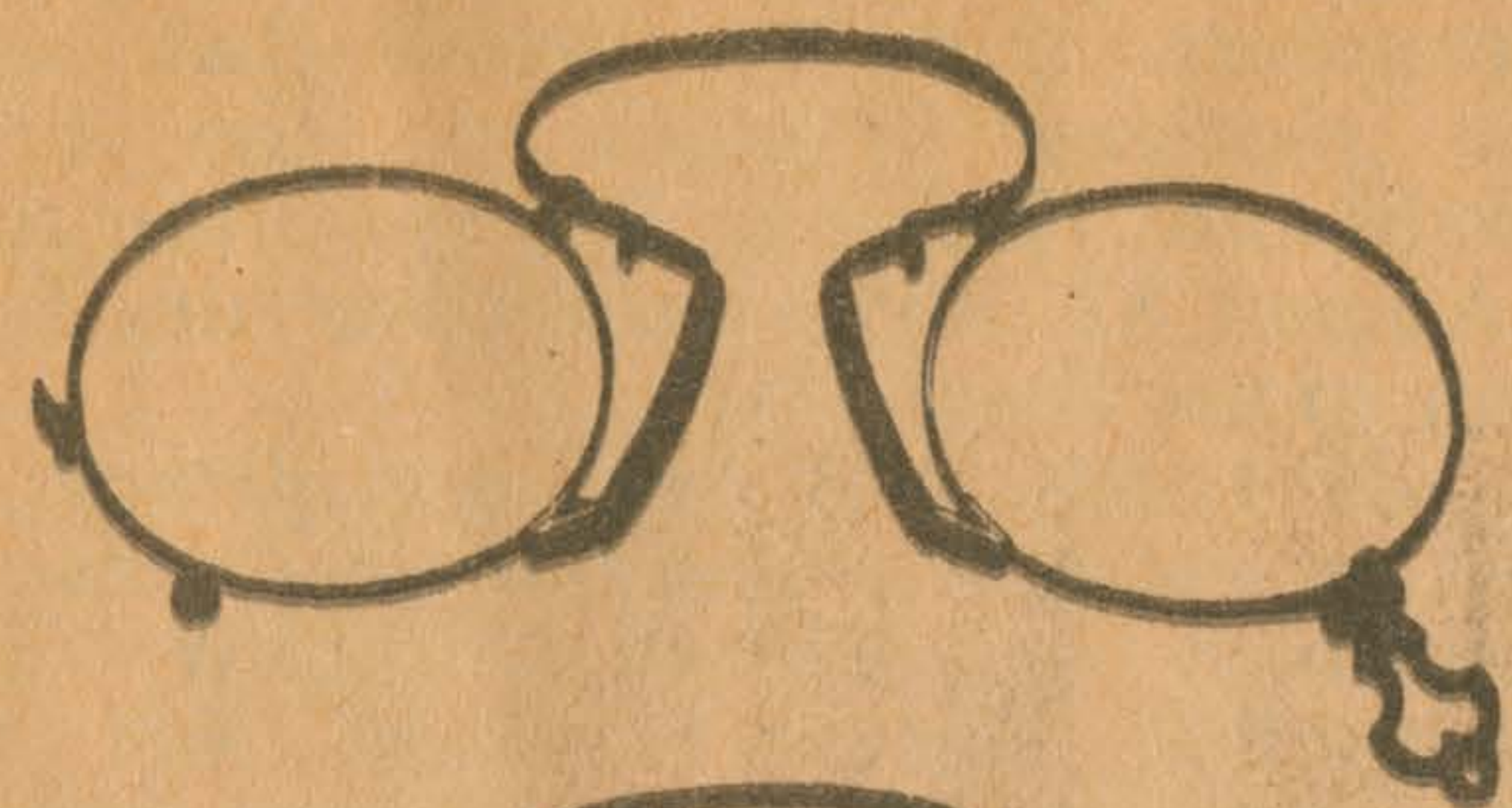
No one was reported born at the one-day concert, but two died during

the show. One of the deaths was Willard Smith, a professional parachutist who attempted to parachute into the gathering (thereby avoiding the ticket fee) holding a brightly colored phosphorus flare. Many thought the parachutist a beautiful sight until he hit the ground burnt to a crisp by the flare. The accident caused a sudden rush on the bad trip tent.

By using the Ticketron system, promoters Jim Koplik and Shelley Finkel were able to sell 150,000 tickets in advance at \$10 apiece. Finkel and Koplik report the concert's expenses to be "over one million dollars," about \$350,000 of which is said to be the bands' share. But the rest is pure profit.

SHORTS

CONTINUED



THE WIRE FRAME

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going now are an open show at the River Quay on September 22 and 23, the gallery itself where artists may work or sell their works at a 10 per cent fee and a cooperative purchasing plan by which artists order together and save money.

For the rest, let Jeremaya tell it his way:

"In city after city to now, our eye has been in contact with those of us who wish to create what we wish to sing to the masses/masters as truth. And now in K.C. we've arrived to find our dear friends Arnie, Wayne, James and all others through this door of perception to be building a masterpiece. The door is located at 1128 E. 44th, on the shady breeze corner of 44th and Forest.

"Upon arrival, you will feel as did I the freedom vibration of an evolved dream space—yes, right here on the planet. And it's a cooperative. Do you know how big and smooth and mellow an artists' cooperative can be? We've artists in all varied media and all artists who wish a service to humanity can come to this place called The 44th Street Gallery and render their ideas and form shapes of endeavor.

"We've the house—a two bedroom, two story solid structure of pure potential—and we have a living situation of folks whose ambition is to promote you, Sister Lady, Brother Man, to the max.

"The attic of the gallery is filled with drawing tables and equipment to fulfill your every dream. There are leather tools and a strong bench; paper stock and pastels and pens; wood working tools and knowledge of steel sculpting and welding with the heartfelt wish to acquire steel and metal working equipment in order to be producing perfection along those lines.

"And the supplies keep passing thru the gallery to you real neat like. We're purchasing in quantity so you can get your stuff cheaper. Like a store in days of yor.

"And, reading this now, you know we know you're out there with your unfinished, just begun, finished some and begun another pieces of yourself that you would really dig showing to folks but need the now present opportunity. We have been searching for those we see as seeing themselves to show their stuff at the River Quay September 22 and 23.

"As futures are dreams are our present projected warmth, the Kansas City Artist Cooperative has begun a real fine thing. Walk or hitch or ring the bell or something, wherever you are: we keep a full well so all may drink. Calling the cosmic canyon, or, Roll them nuclei, come on home."

Mimi Farina concert

"Heh, heh," the jester chuckled, "what does a war resister do without a war to resist?"

"Resist the next one."

A truthful answer. In this age of

The Big Lie and Double Think/Double Speak it's not possible even to be sure the dirty little war in Vietnam-Cambodia-Laos is over for American troops. Assuming it is, the seeds of the next war are sown already in fertile ground. Everyone talks of "learning the lesson of Vietnam," but so far no one has been tested. And the dunces are still at the head of the class.

Ain't nothing like a little education to combat the ignorance and during September the local Vietnam Veterans Against the War and the War Resisters League will give you your choice of educational medium.

Briefly stated, Mimi Farina will sing a VVAW/WRL benefit Tuesday September 18 at 8 p.m. at the All Souls Unitarian Church, 4500 Warwick Boulevard. And David Harris and Jack McClosky will speak September 26 at 8 p.m. in Pierson Hall at U.M.K.C.

Mimi Farina, widow of Richard (Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up To Me) Farina and sister of Joan Baez, was one of the founding sisters, as it were, of the folk and protest music movement. For her Kansas City concert, she'll be joined by Buzzard Creek, Nancy Holland, Peter Fisher, Jan Behrend, Mim Carlson and Bob Sukiell. Tickets for her September 18 concert are \$2.00 in advance and \$2.50 at the door and are available at Temple Slug and the New Earth Bookstore.

September 26 is the date, one dollar the price, for the talk by David Harris and Jack McClosky. To refresh some cloudy memories, David Harris was active in the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee in Mississippi in 1963. He was one of the leaders in the war resistance movement and in 1969 spent 23 months in federal prison for refusing induction into the military. While David was in prison he organized and led a successful hunger strike.

Jack McClosky spent five years as a Marine medic during which time he received a bronze star and three purple hearts. Jack founded VETS for Peace. After service he went back to school, acquiring a BA in Psychology and studying chiefly the PVS, Post Vietnam Syndrome, the problems confronting men as they return from Vietnam.

The bulk of the proceeds from the two events will go to pay the \$40,000 the VVAW/Gainesville 8 still owe in legal fees. Even though the Gainesville 8 were found innocent, the feds know how to make them pay.

Colby New Head of C.I.A.

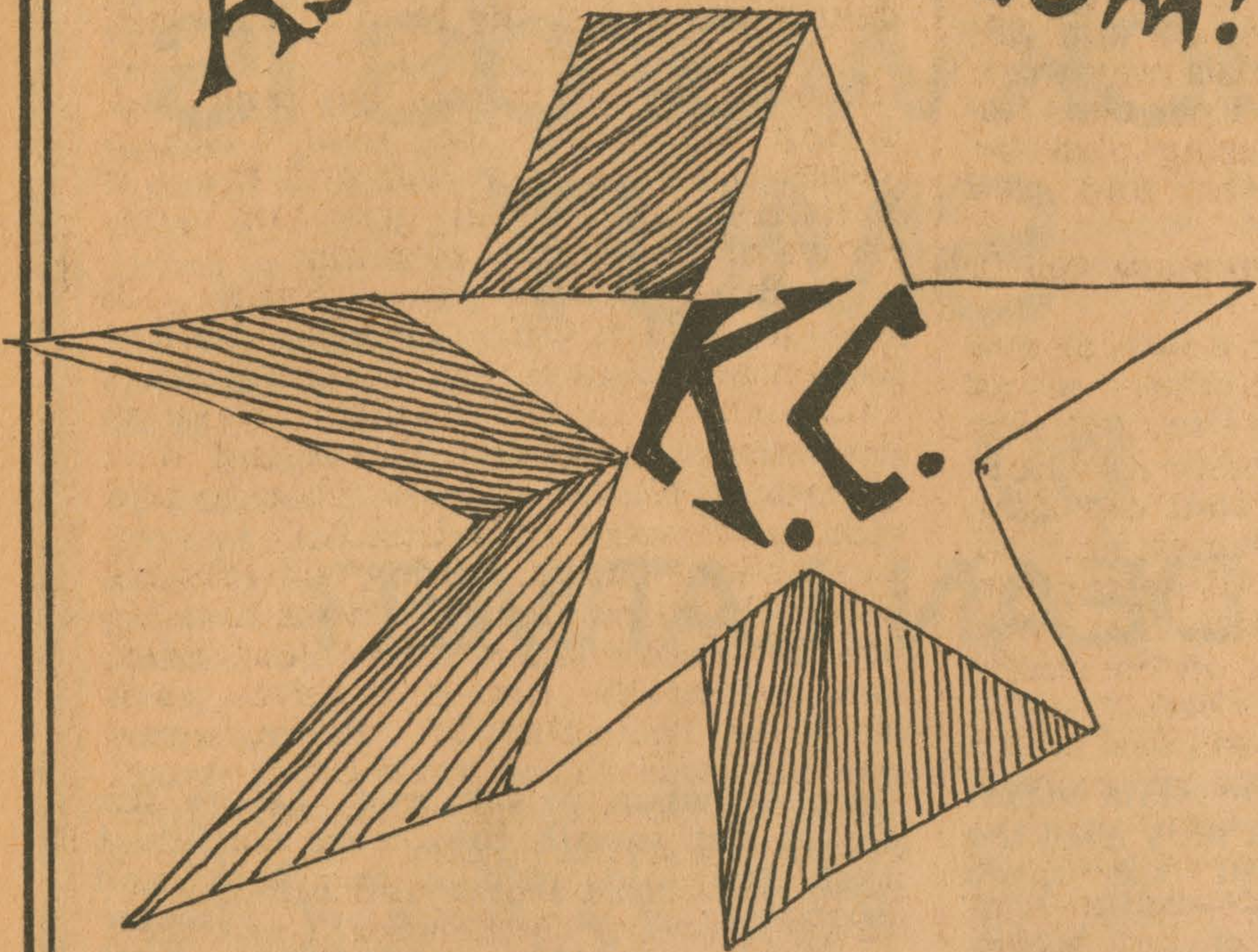
William E. Colby was sworn in September 4 as director of the Central Intelligence Agency. It was a gala Washington event as one of the C.I.A.'s "old boys" made good.

Colby spent his working life with the C.I.A., mostly as jobs so secret that nobody knows about them. But he spent a few exciting years in Vietnam. There he was in charge of the "Pacification" program (you mean all this time I was talking about pacification, you thought I meant peace?) and a program to control subversives in South Vietnam which is credited with the murder of countless Vietnamese civilizations.

At Colby's swearing in, Nixon called him "a true professional." He's a pro, all right.

WE SEE'Z EM'
AS WE CALL'ZUM!

V.V.A.W. VS Star



It's easy to knock the Kansas City Star company. His Honor the mayor of Kansas City attained his present position of eminence in part because of his skill at bad mouthing our largest metropolitan dailies. But it's very difficult to catch them dead to rights in an overt act of news manipulation. Last month the Vietnam Veterans Against the War did it.

At issue was an Associated Press story by Margaret Gentry about Clarence Kelley, former police chief of Kansas City, Mo., and currently "the nation's number one law enforcement official." The sharp-eyed young men at the VVAW got ahold of that story as it was printed in the *Kansas City Times* on August 13 and in the *Indianapolis Star* on August 12 and in *Denver's Rocky Mountain News* on August 13.

Oddly enough, they found that the stories printed in the *Indianapolis* and *Denver* papers contained some news about Kelley's actions in Kansas City that the local paper somehow overlooked.

The news that the Kansas City reader didn't get:

"Yale law professor Thomas Emerson assessed the appointment of Kelley, a 21-year FBI agent before serving as Kansas City, Mo., police chief, in these terms:

"It seems it's simply pursuing a line of least resistance to name a

professional police officer and ignore the problem. It's doing business as usual as if there hadn't been any new problems which have arisen and as if there wasn't a need to reassess the situation after the death of J. Edgar Hoover."

"Under Hoover, declared Schwartz, the FBI became 'largely a dirty tricks department which hasn't hesitated to act as a national secret police.'

"Referring to political surveillance and the files on individuals, he said 'those patterns and the extreme right-wing mentality which sees a subversive, a communist and a threat to the foundations of the republic in any kid with long hair, that probably will not change, at least not for a long time.'

"Criticism of political surveillance dogged Hoover's final years at the FBI at a time when protest demonstrations and marches reached a zenith. In Kansas City, Kelley was fielding criticism on the same subject.

"In a lawsuit still pending in federal court in Kansas City, the Vietnam Veterans Against the War (VVAW) accused Kansas City police of surveillance tactics restricting the constitutional freedom of association.

"Arthur Benson, a Civil Liberties Union attorney involved in the suit, said police tactics included recording license numbers of cars parked near VVAW

meetings; interviewing members' employers; preparing dossiers on people not connected with any criminal activity', and posing as news photographers at VVAW rallies.

"Kelley halted the latter practice and said it was conducted without his knowledge or approval."

Seizing the bull by the tail and facing the situation, the local chapter of the VVAW wrote a letter to the Kansas City Star company charging the use of "highly questionable editorial prerogative through the arbitrary deletion of politically sensitive material, resulting in distortion of news."

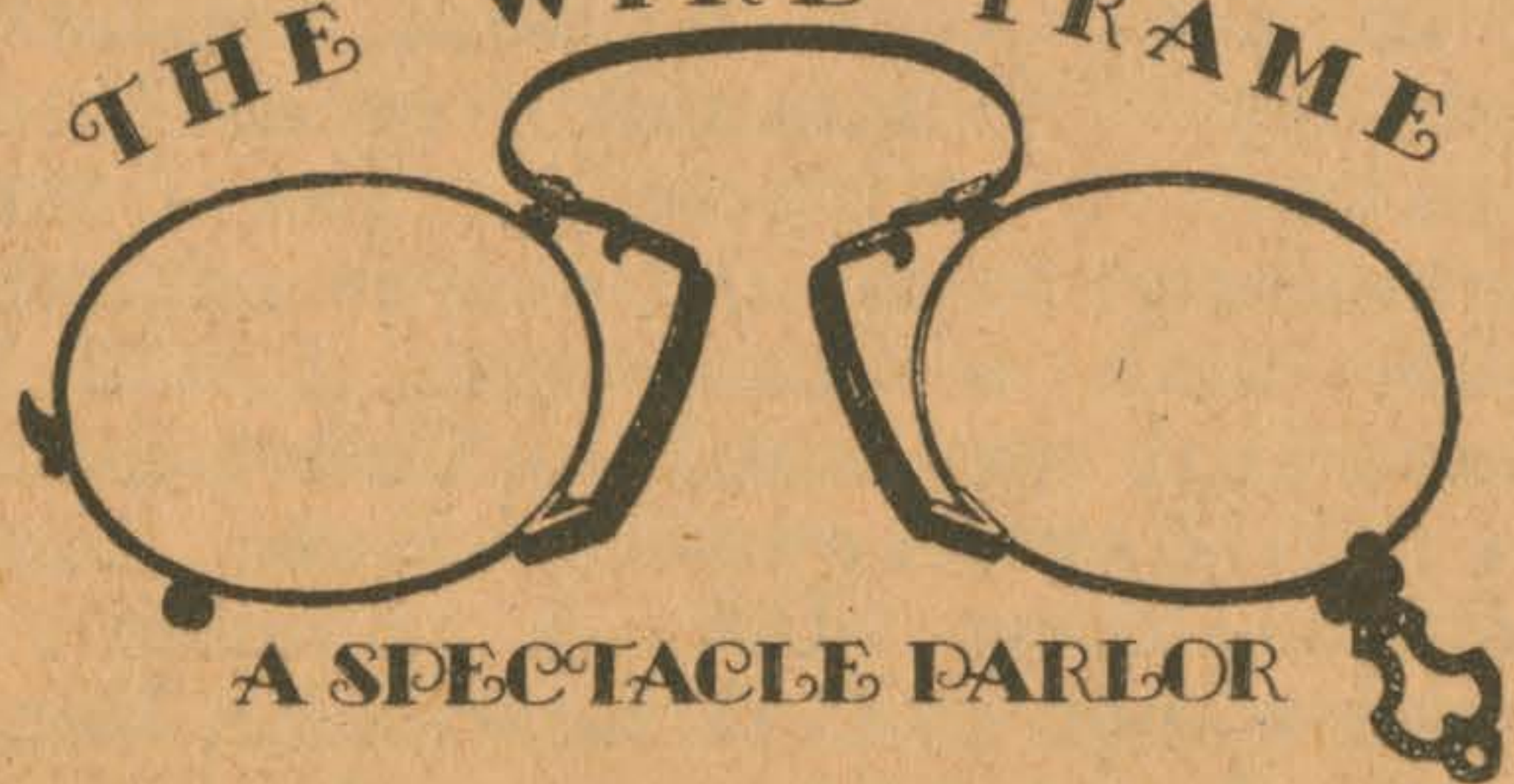
"Is this not de facto censorship?" the VVAW asked the Star.

"As the rest of the nation views our dirty laundry washed in public, must we Kansas Citians be left in the dark?" the VVAW asked. "Must everything be whitewashed for us? Must we be protected from the truth? Must our local realities be hidden from us?"

The VVAW letter closed by challenging the Star company to print the paragraphs it had deleted if it has nothing to fear from the truth.

Whether or not the Star company fears the truth is a matter of personal judgement. It has, however, printed neither the deleted paragraphs nor the VVAW letter.

THE WIRE FRAME



A SPECTACLE PARLOR

Tim R. Knight, Proprietor

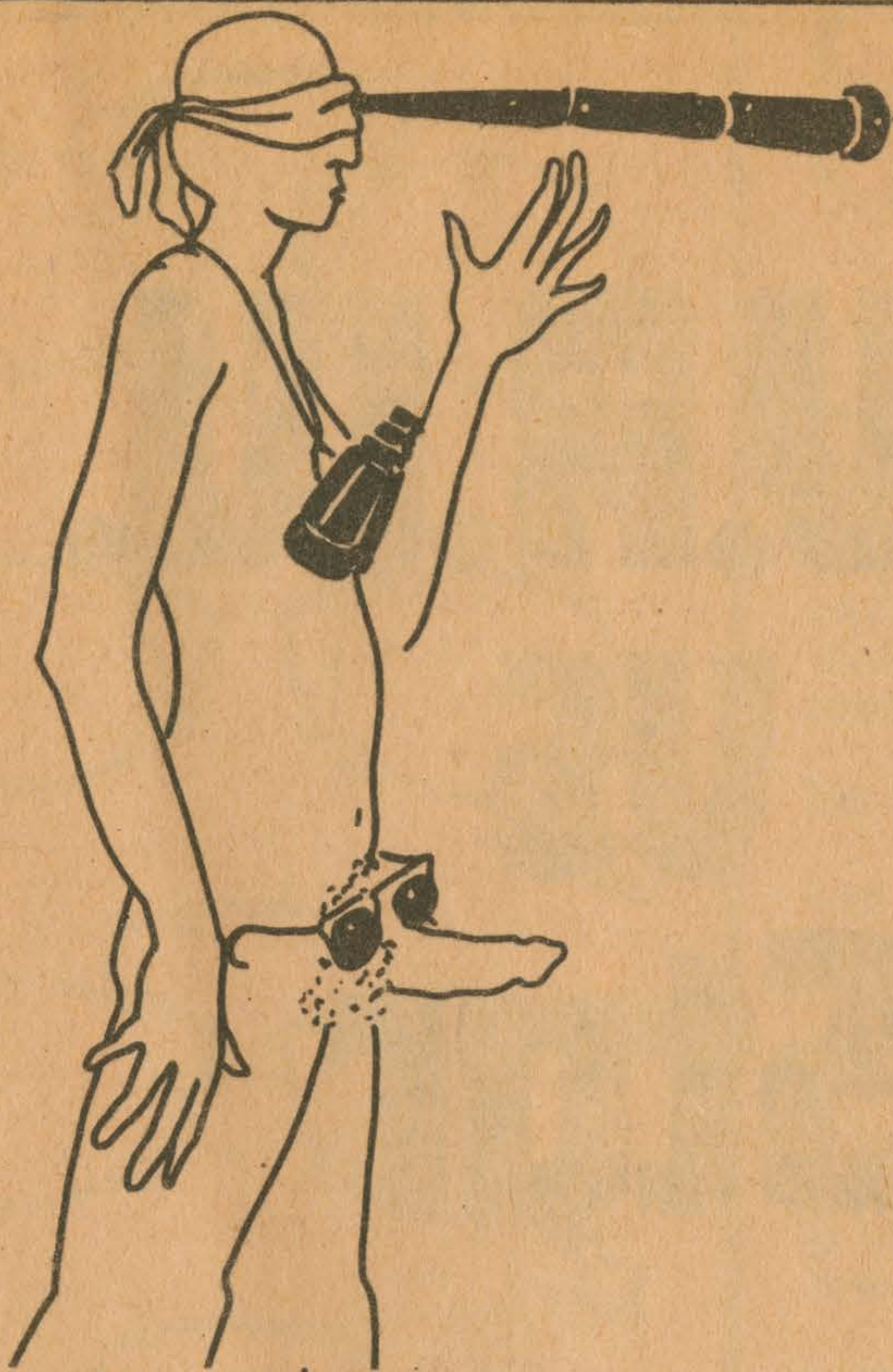
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AWAY WITH ALL PESTS—A film about the revolution in health care in Peoples China as told by Dr. Joshua Horn will be shown Sunday, September 16, 7:30 p.m. at Haag Hall Annex Auditorium on the UMKC campus, 5100 Rockhill Road. A discussion will follow.

Sponsored by the Westport Free Health Clinic and the Communiversity.



Tums Spelled Backwards Is SMUT

by
DEAN LATIMER

If the Nixon/Burger Court has its way, you'll soon have to buy Moby Dick in a plain brown wrapper, if at all. Dean Latimer is an expert on pornography and a veteran writer for the underground press. Dean wrote the column "Decomposition" which ran for years in the East Village Other and presently makes whimsical contributions to Screw and the National Lampoon.

* * * * *

"I am well aware of the importance of protecting freedom of expression. But pornography is to freedom of expression what anarchy is to liberty."—President Richard Nixon, November, 1970.

Next to Haynesworth and Carswell, Blackmun and Rhenquist looked like lawyers at least, so they were seated and now we have the results of *U.S. vs. Miller*, the heralded Crackdown Decision of 1973. The single most effective political tactic consistently employed by Nixon and his tong to turn the country Right has been to pose some unthinkable atrocious excrement before Congress, wait for the reaction to reach a hysterical pitch of horror and denunciation, and then with an ill grace to back down a ways and propose something a little less hideous: the resulting "compromise", which originally would never have been considered as an ante in the stakes, is accepted almost with relief by the moderate opposition. This is how we have a significant number of tiny-minded mediocrities on the High Court now, and this is how in the final analysis the new *Miller* rulings, which are entirely impractical and intolerable, will eventually be resolved. After a period of catastrophe and chaos, a new smut ruling will supercede *Miller*, a ruling which before this would have been regarded as abominably repressive, but by that time will look like the essence of moderation and permissiveness.

As of this writing, the capacious latitudes which new *Miller* guidelines extend to every opportunistic politician in the country have yet, apparently, to be appreciated by them. DA's in the

areas where smut has achieved its widest proliferation have to date only used the rulings to move against the more notorious fuck-and-suck flicks, but some communities have already begun to exercise their new prerogatives with cunning complexity. Detroit's new "public nuisance" statute provides, upon the conviction of a movie house or bookstore for smut, for the closure of the offending premises for a year, and the subsequent court-directed resale of the property. In Lorain, Ohio, city officials confidently expect the passage of a "smut" provision which will establish a community review board, having under its purview besides "lascivious and lewd" matter, any visual or written material which may pose a threat to public order by tending to the promotion of racial strife, or "riots". A new Florida state law encourages the seizure of pornographic material without prior judicial determination as to its nature, and so on, and so forth, all over the country.

This situation is not likely to improve under the new *Miller* ruling. Indeed, publishers everywhere anticipate an inevitable holocaust of local "smut" prosecutions, initiated with exceptional fervor around primary and election time every year from now on, directed against anything at all that may even hint of sex, with the inevitable expense of appeals to the State levels, until the High Court finally sees fit to alter the *Miller* rulings. Between now and then there will be a lot of money wasted, and a lot of political careers fattened on righteous smut-chasing publicity.

It is little wonder then that the wording of the petition for the rehearing of *Kaplan vs. California*, presented last week before the Supreme Court by counsel for an *Amici Curiae* coalition of six national book distribution companies, is a little distraught for a legal brief. Whoever Kaplan is, he seems to have been convicted for smut in California in 1971, and he is probably a little surprised, having finally gotten to the Supreme Court with his appeal, to find all these thouroughly respectable textbook and bestseller distributors climbing on his wagon. They are doing so now, they indicate in the brief,

because when *Miller* went before the Court last month they were confident that the old rulings in *Roth* and *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure* (1964), which extended First Amendment protection to anything presenting "redeeming social content", would survive more or less intact.

Imagine their astonishment, then, they suggest, when the Court up and deepsixed all previous obscenity guidelines and replaced them with a marvellously fuzzy-worded decision giving "local communities" jurisdiction over what is considered obscene; substituting for "redeeming social context" the ambiguous requirements that a work must present "serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value"; and suggesting as transgressions upon the First Amendment such material as may depict "sexual conduct prohibited by state statute, or mere "lewd exhibitions of the genitals." The moment this decision came down, the big distributors knew they were in deep trouble, so they jumped on the next smut case heading to Washington.

Predicting "a whole host of new obscenity litigation" about to bedevil the courts and torment their own budgets, the distributors reasonably ask for the Court to at least "clarify certain ambiguities" in the *Miller* test; they leave unspoken the obvious intimation that the test itself is so ambiguous that a clarification will necessarily involve a whole new test. As it stands now, *Miller* unrevised will eventually bring about a situation where national distribution of any material will be economically unfeasible, and the only stuff we'll have to read will necessarily be written and published in our own neighborhoods.

The *Amici* take pains to point this out to the Court without appearing mercenary. "Community control" of literature, supposing the term "community to be defined as anything smaller than a State—and it will be defined that way until the Court clearly says otherwise—will give every headline-seeking DA a chance to prosecute such as D.H. Lawrence, Henry Miller, James Joyce, and indeed, Rabelais and Doccaccio for filth. It would probably be easy, for example, to find in Omaha a jury that would hold its ears before a reading from *Gargantua*

and *Pantagruel*, and forever after that book would be banned in Omaha; whereas in Lawrence, Kansas, a college town, bookstores would always be ordering it. Besides the obvious injustice of an Omaha bookseller going to jail for something he would have had to sell in Lawrence, the Amici point out that for themselves, a "total overhaul" of their procedures that would hopefully deal with such an uneven situation would be neither "practical or economic." Even if it could be effected, it would necessarily drive up retail prices, inhibiting public access to books and information.

But then, it's not clear that Nixon and his judges consider public access to information a particularly good thing...

In any case, the economic realities of national publishing would necessarily prompt publishers to take "the only safe route" and "limit the sexual content of all their publications in such fashion that their works will not affront even the most restrictive of communities." The Court seems to figure that *Miller* won't result in any extraordinary repression of literature, since in communities where considerable latitude is permitted, saucy stuff can still be peddled. But of course this ignores the situation of a publisher who, for example, has brought out an expensive hardcover marital instruction text, with drawings and diagrams of human genitalia and essays on birth control, which now faces a certain bust in thousands of places all over the country. As a matter of fact, writers who have been compiling works of this nature for national publishers are already being told to keep their advances, but take the stuff elsewhere. Under the *Miller* guidelines, the Amici correctly predict, we will shortly have "the most restrictive communities establishing *de facto*, if not *de jure*, the standard for the entire nation."

Since the First Amendment—indeed, the Bill of Rights—was specifically promulgated to govern the majority's often-capricious notions of

how a Democracy ought to operate, the *Miller* test seems to represent a clear abridgement thereof. But then, except in situations where it applies to them, have we ever seen Nixon and his people ever pay more than lip-service to the Bill of Rights?

In short, the Amici beseech the Court to establish that the definition of "community" be taken to apply to localities "no more local than the Fifty States."

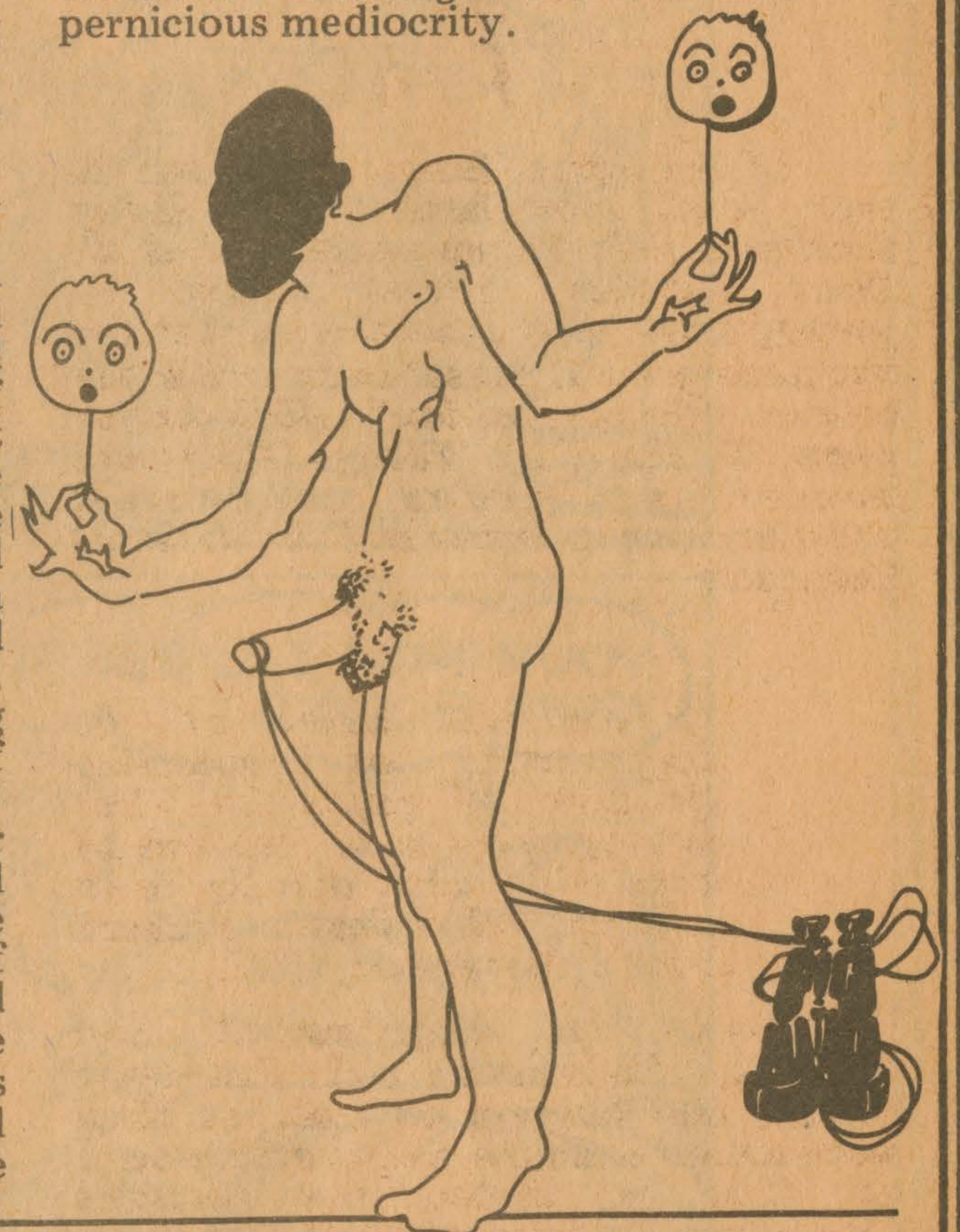
This in itself represents a compromise downwards from national standards for smut, but before long even this will look good to the booksellers. But it won't be easy street. In many states, birth control is considered immoral, and the directions with a tube of Emko could reasonably be construed as "depictions" of the act of controlling birth. Statutes defining and prohibiting homosexual conduct in some states could knock the first few chapters of *Moby Dick*, with Queequeg hugging Ishmael naked in bed, right off the racks. DA's running for re-election have grasped at flimsier straws than this.

And what the hell do they mean by "lewd" exposure of the genitalia? Any exposure of the genitalia, be it a blowjob shot or a diagrammed cross-section of the uterus, is considered "lewd" by a probable majority of Americans. Possibly the High Court meant by "lewd" the depiction of the male member in a state of temescence and was too shy to come right out and say so, but now even a photo of a woman in a bikini could be prosecuted as "lewd" exposure of breast and thigh. The Amici obviously anticipate having to hire lawyers to defend covers of murder mysteries.

What the publishers are asking for in this brief is a Court decision that will "solely allow regulation of the circumstances of dissemination" of sex-oriented material "to avoid exposure to minors and intrusion on the privacy and sensibility of adults offended by pandering and commercial promotion." This entirely reasonable

alternative to censorship—keep the filth in "adult" bookstores with no window displays—will of course be nixed by the court. Obscenity statutes lend themselves perfectly to exploitation by reactionary politicians, and their exercise benefits exclusively the conservative interests in our political system. This is not to deny that "liberals" have not frequently sponsored "smut crackdowns" and "Times Square cleanups"—generally in the last months of an election campaign, or after a particularly damaging political scandal—but the effect of such moves has always been to inhibit free communication, broad dissemination of radical ideas, and small private enterprise—all of which are anathema to the likes of Nixon and his hangers-on.

Miller will eventually be clarified, but like Blackmun's and Rhenquist's appointments, the clarification will establish nothing better than a pernicious mediocrity.



PORN MAKES STRANGE BEDSISTERS

DEANNE STILLMAN

"We won't take words like cunt or fuck out of the text just because we might be affected by the ruling on pornography," Gloria Steinem, of *Ms* magazine, told the New York News Service. "There's no point in self-censorship. This Supreme Court decision is a dangerous abridgement of First Amendment rights that in the long run will work against women. Although it's understandable that some women will welcome a crackdown on pornography," she continued, "they should remember that the effort to suppress obscenity comes from the same people who for religious convictions would like to suppress abortions." Steinem promised she "would even defend *Screw* magazine if its owners were busted, even though they have really hurt feminists like Bella and myself." She was referring to a full-page color drawing appearing recently in *Screw* which featured a caricature of a nude woman with streaked hair and aviator glasses surrounded by cocks of varying lengths and widths. The page was titled, "Pin the Cock on the

Feminist," and the woman was obviously Gloria Steinem.

Nancy Borman, staff member of the nationally-distributed women's newspaper *Majority Report*, also said that the "decision could hurt women because the people who are anti-smut are anti-abortion." Although Borman is against pornography because it "exploits women", she is also against the High Court ruling because it violates press freedom and "pornography will persist anyway. I don't like nudity used in a harmful way, but you can't make laws against it."

Sister, a feminist newspaper on the West Coast, has already been affected by the new ruling. The printer turned down the July issue because it planned to run photos of female reproductive organs with an article on self-examination. According to the printer, these pictures were "lusty and obscene" and might get him busted.

Female editors of New York sex papers have not yet encountered any legal trouble, but they are already making minor changes in their formats in a bizarre attempt to second-guess the

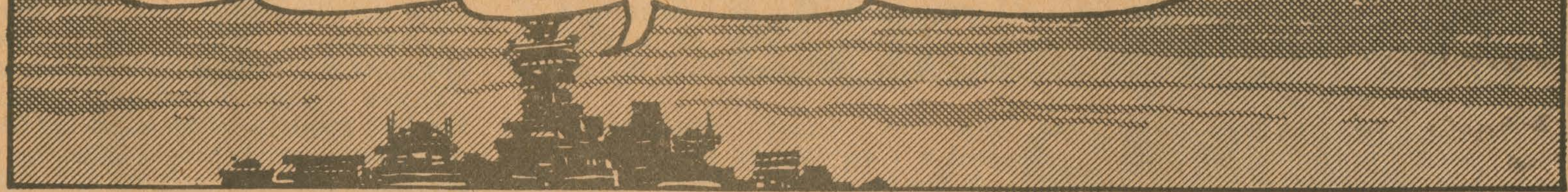
authorities. For instance, Lin Kory, editor of the *Naked News* said she has cut pictures of women fucking dogs, but her paper still features explicit s-and-m photos. "This law might affect us in smaller cities, but if it happens here I'd be surprised. The only way to keep any busts from happening would be for the money people to come forward and straighten things out," Kory stated.

Helene Buckley, editor of the dubiously-titled women's sexpaper the *Fertile Egg* said that "we might as well be under communism. This law can be applied to us because we run centerfolds with nude men. But we don't even have penises—our paper is pretty clean-looking."

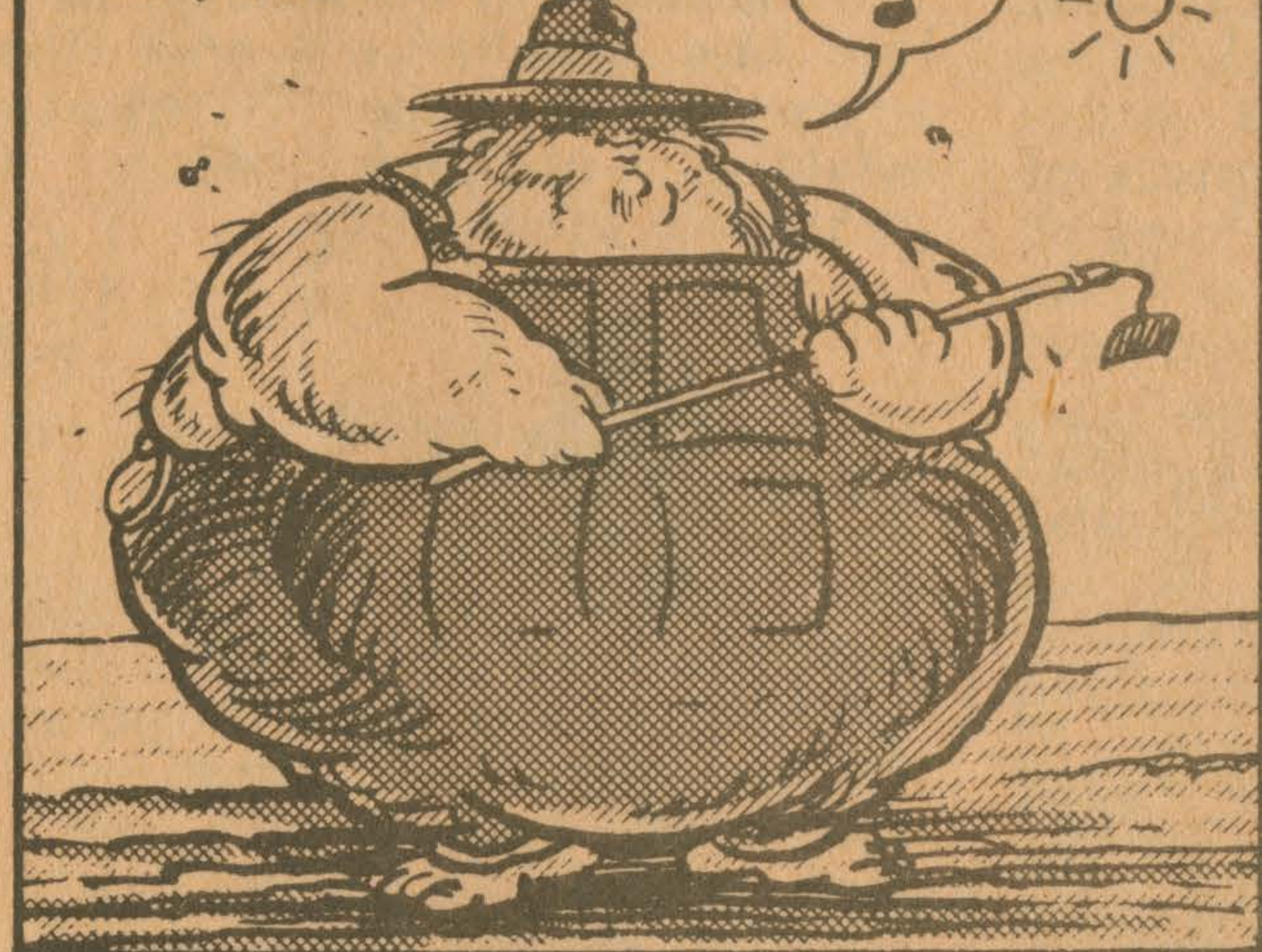
Since most law enforcers (like most editors) are on vacation now, heavy crackdowns on alleged obscenity probably won't come until fall. That could be when drawings of Fallopian tubes will appear in subterranean bookstores along with picture books offering page after page of full "hard-core" beaver shots. And *that's* when politics will make very strange bedsisters.

CRYSTAL CITY BLUES

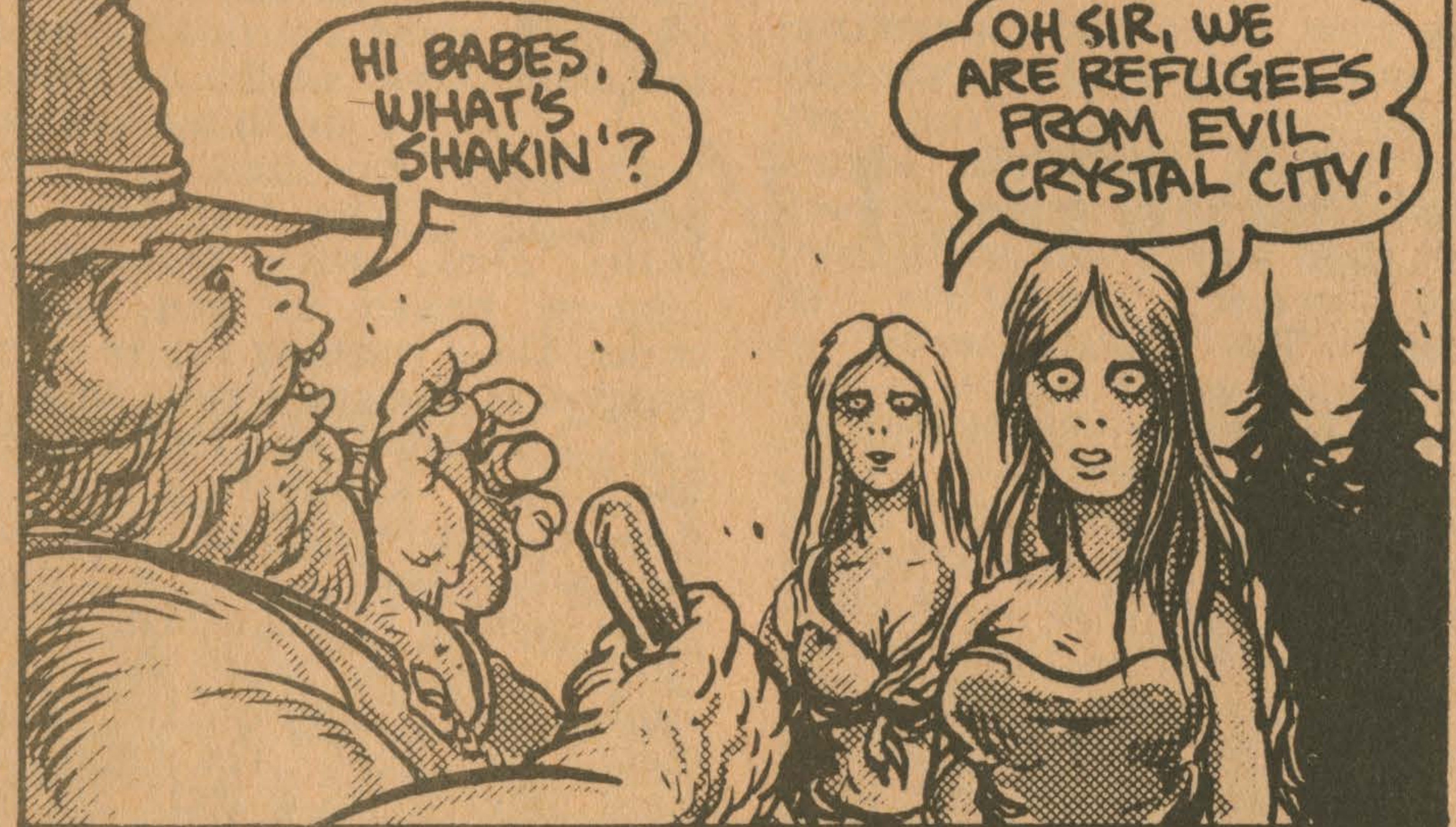
THE CREEPS AN' CHICKS WANT JUGHEAD MUSIC, THEY CAN HAVE IT- BUT NOT WITHOUT OUR SECRET INGREDIENT!



BACK ON THE GRUNT FARM. JACK'S HOEING HIS BRUSSEL SPROUTS...

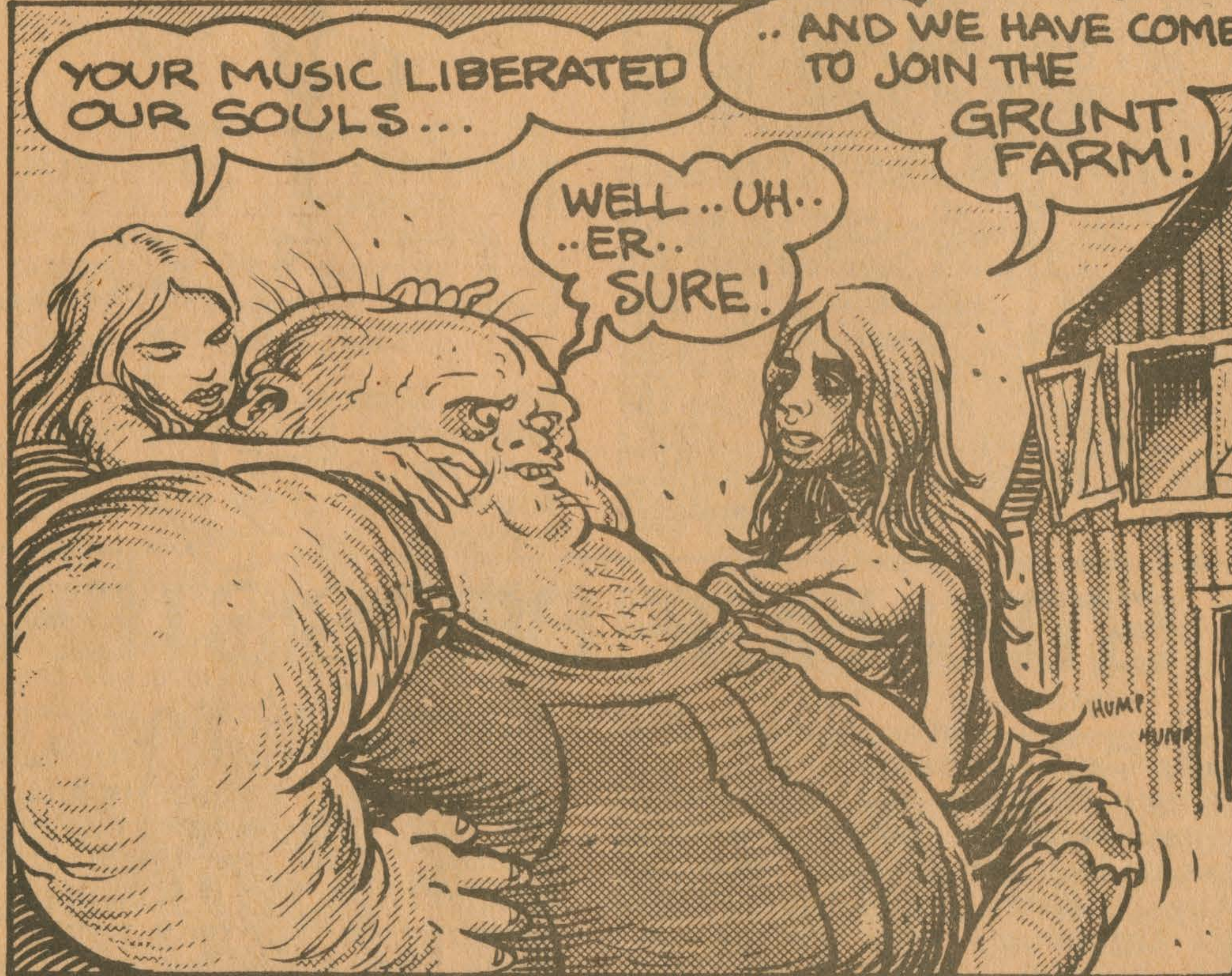


SUDDENLY, TWO LUCIOUS LADIES APPEAR OUT OF THE WOODS.



YOUR MUSIC LIBERATED OUR SOULS...

.. AND WE HAVE COME TO JOIN THE GRUNT FARM!



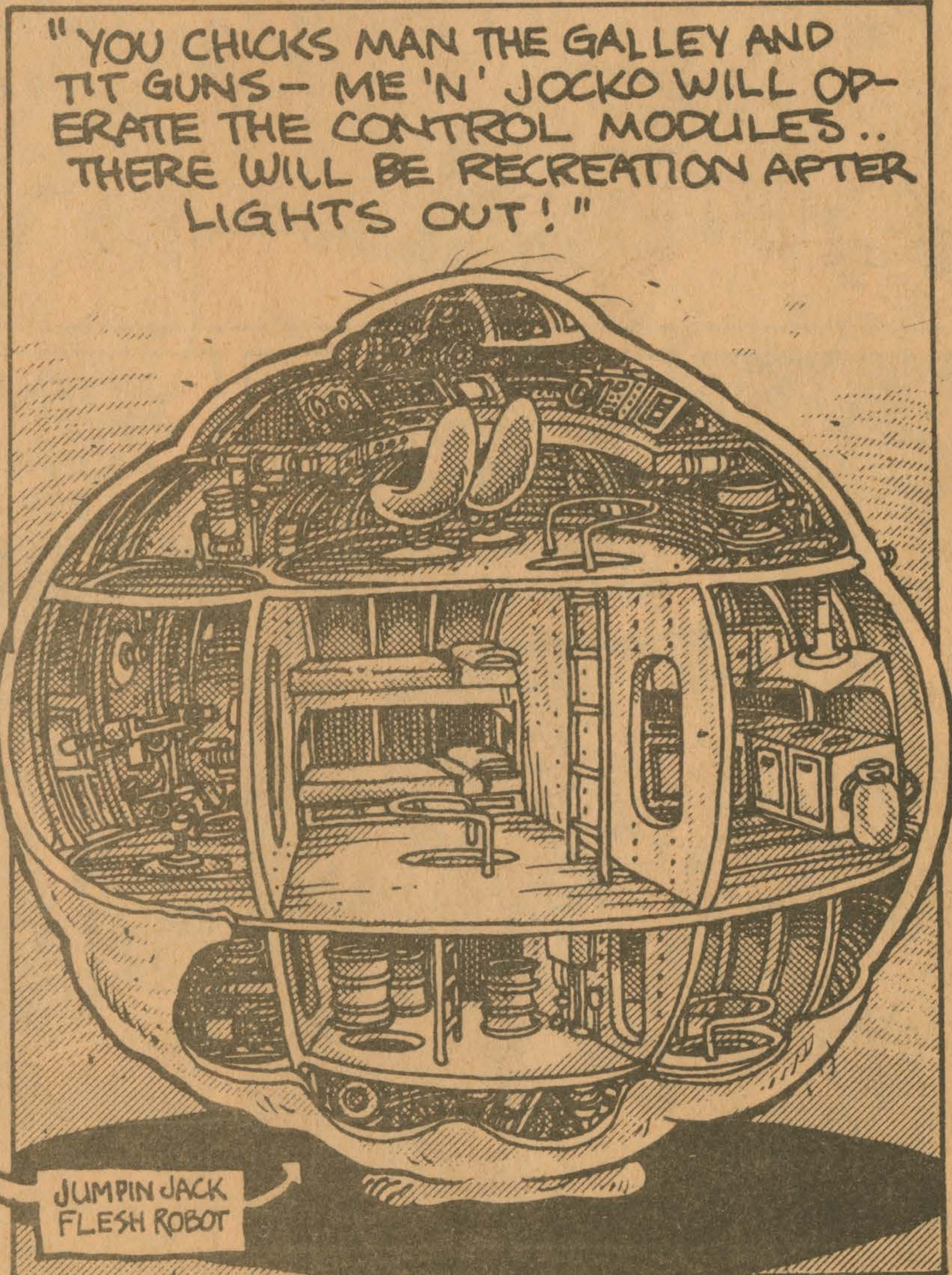
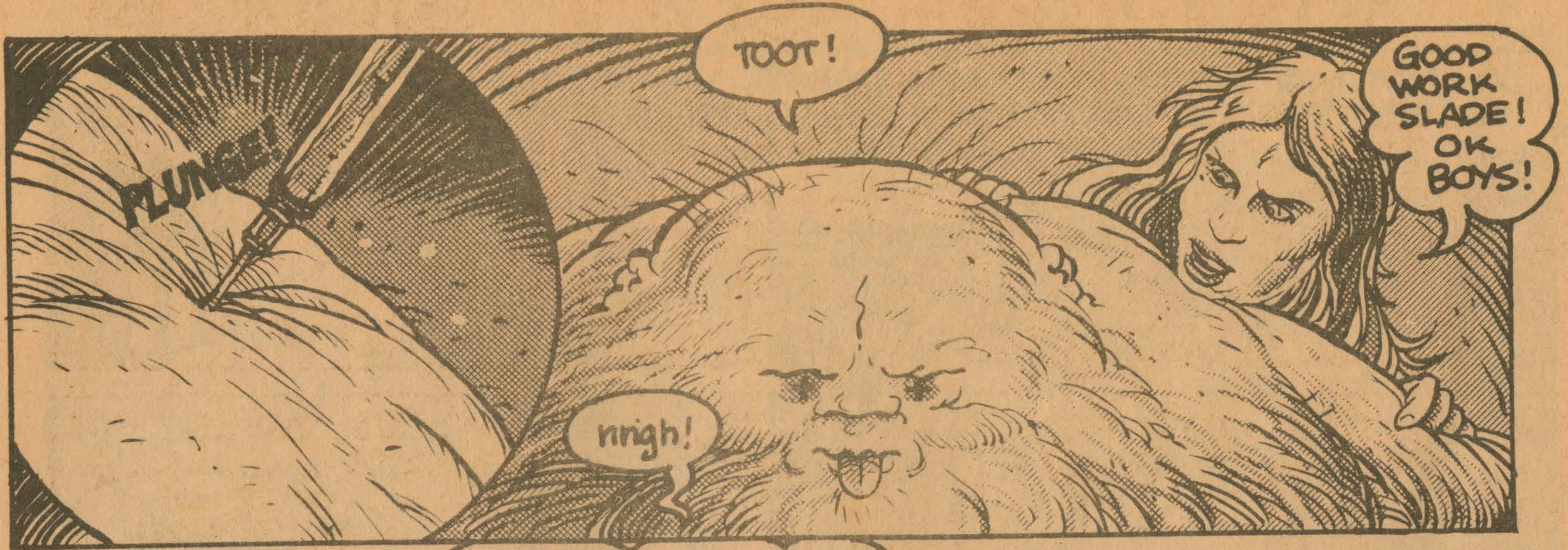
HOW CAN WE EVER THANK YOU?



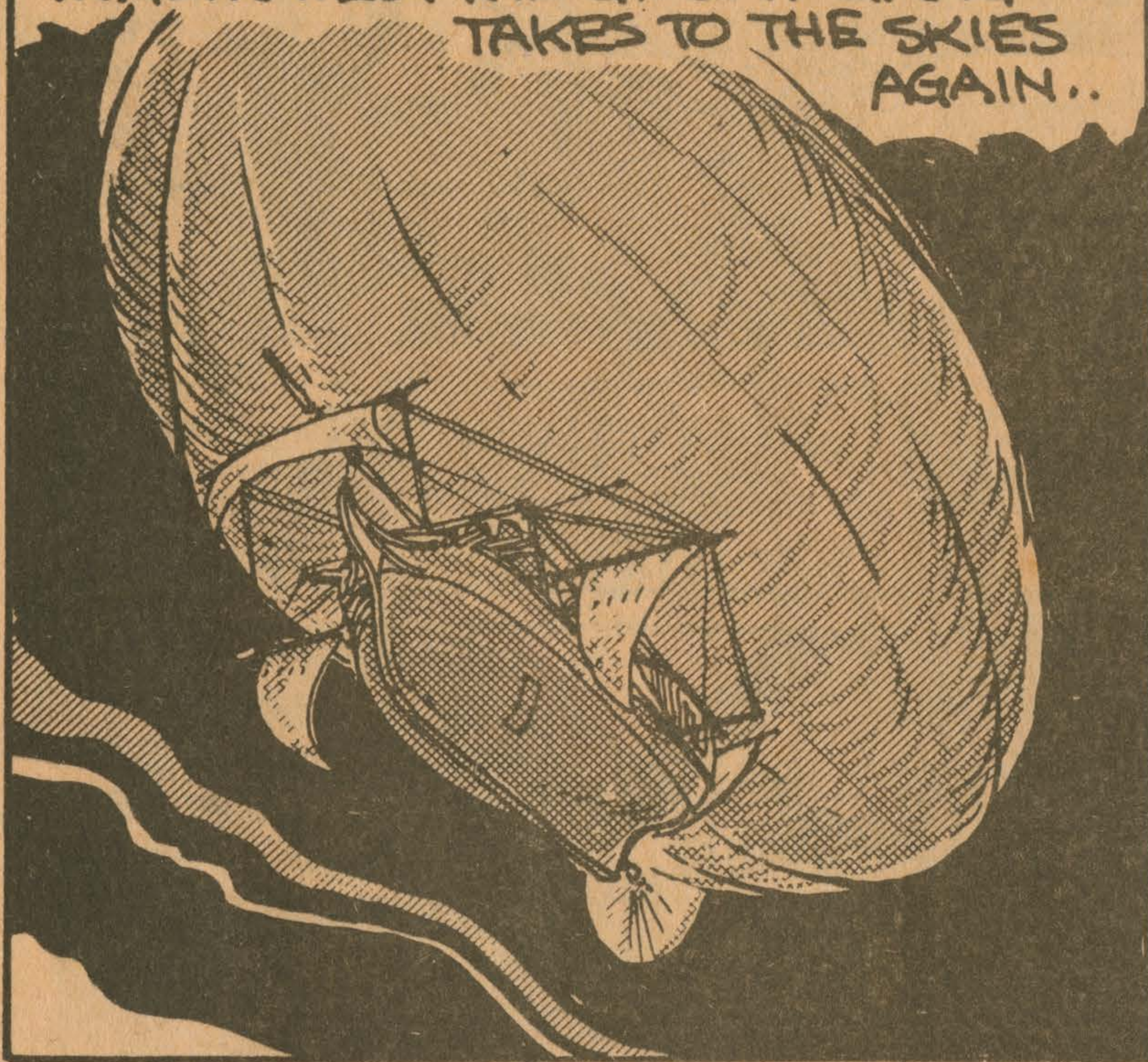
JACK MANAGES TO FIND A WAY..

HANG ON TIGHT, SIS!

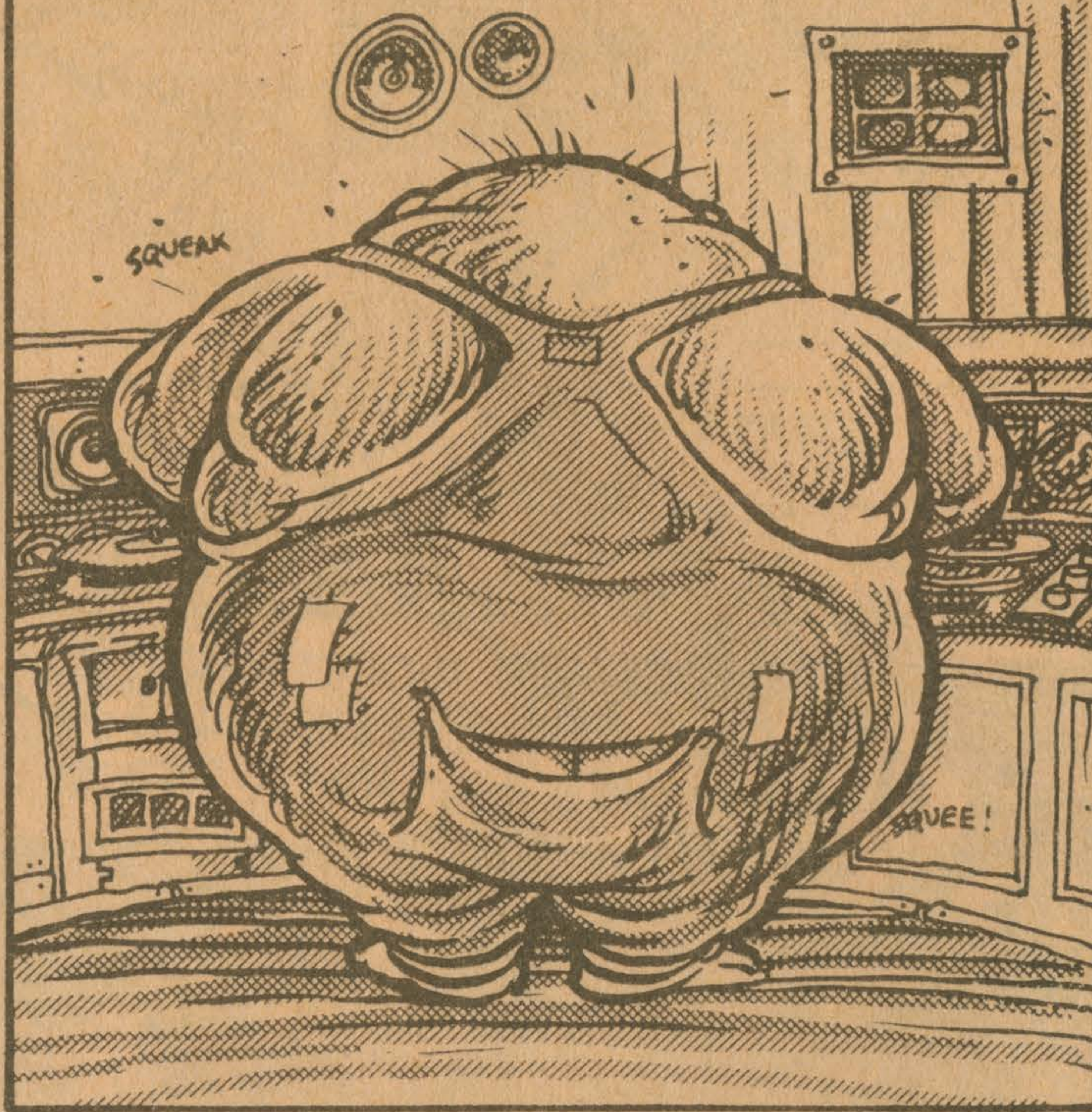




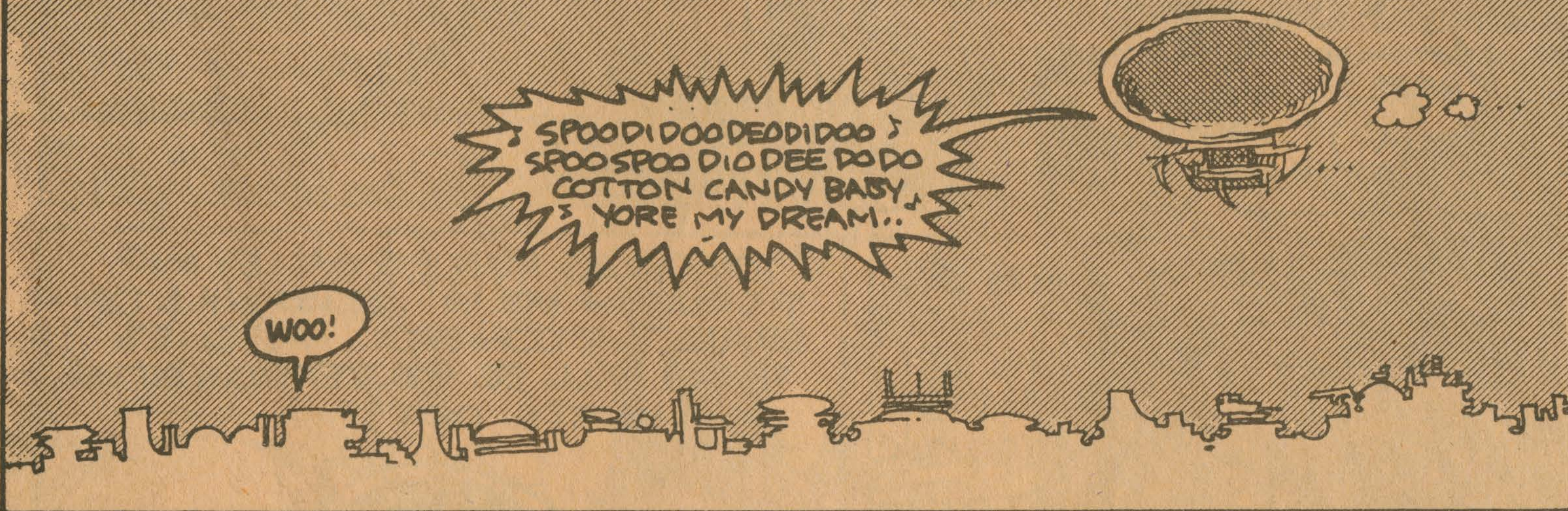
SO - NOT SUSPECTING THEY HAVE BEEN INFILTRATED, THE GRUNT GANG TAKES TO THE SKIES AGAIN..



.. ON THE ENGINEER'S DECK, "JACK FLESH" MANS THE BIG TRANSMITTER.



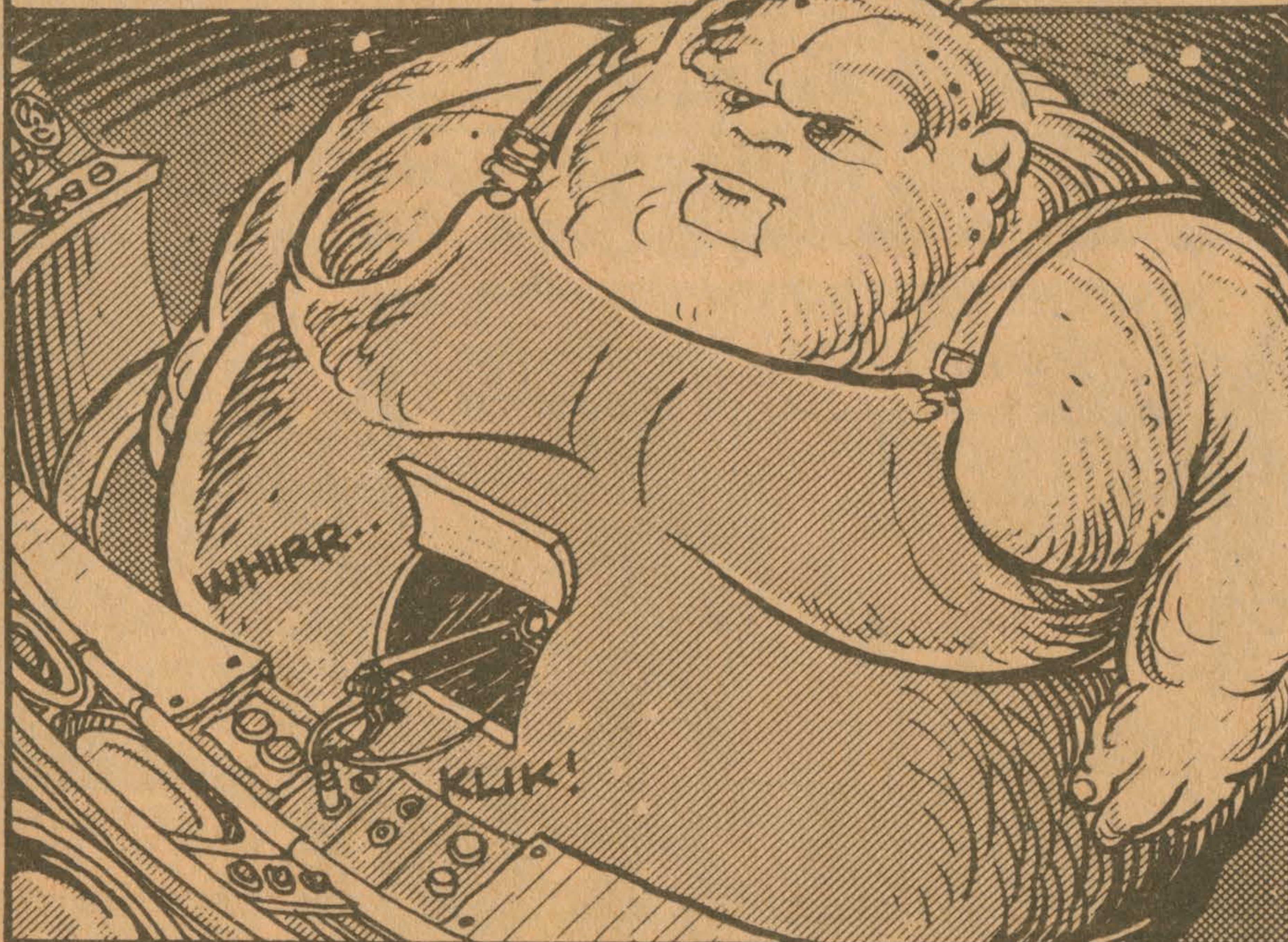
THE PIRATE STATION SOARS OUT OVER CRYSTAL CITY, WHILE THE GRUNTERS GIT IT ON WITH THAT OLD SUBVERSIVE BOOGIE!

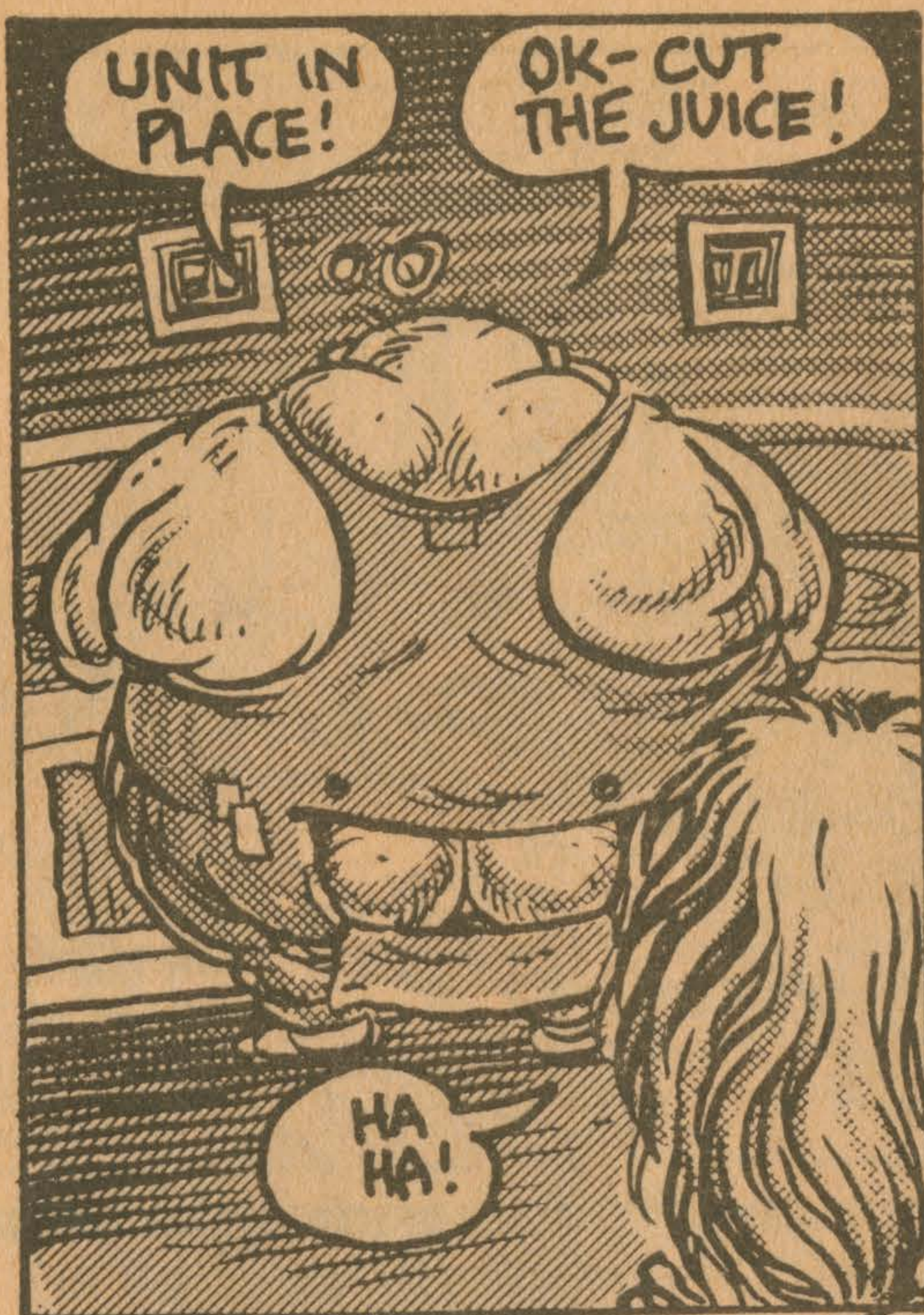


O.K. - LET'S SOCK THE MODULATOR INTO PLACE AN' BURN THOSE CREEPS AN' CHICKS BACK INTO SUBMISSION!



J. FUCKFACE LONGHAIR'S "SECRET INGREDIENT": AN ALPHA FEEDWAVE THAT KEEPS ALL OF CRYSTAL CITY UNDER INTENSE HYPNOSIS!

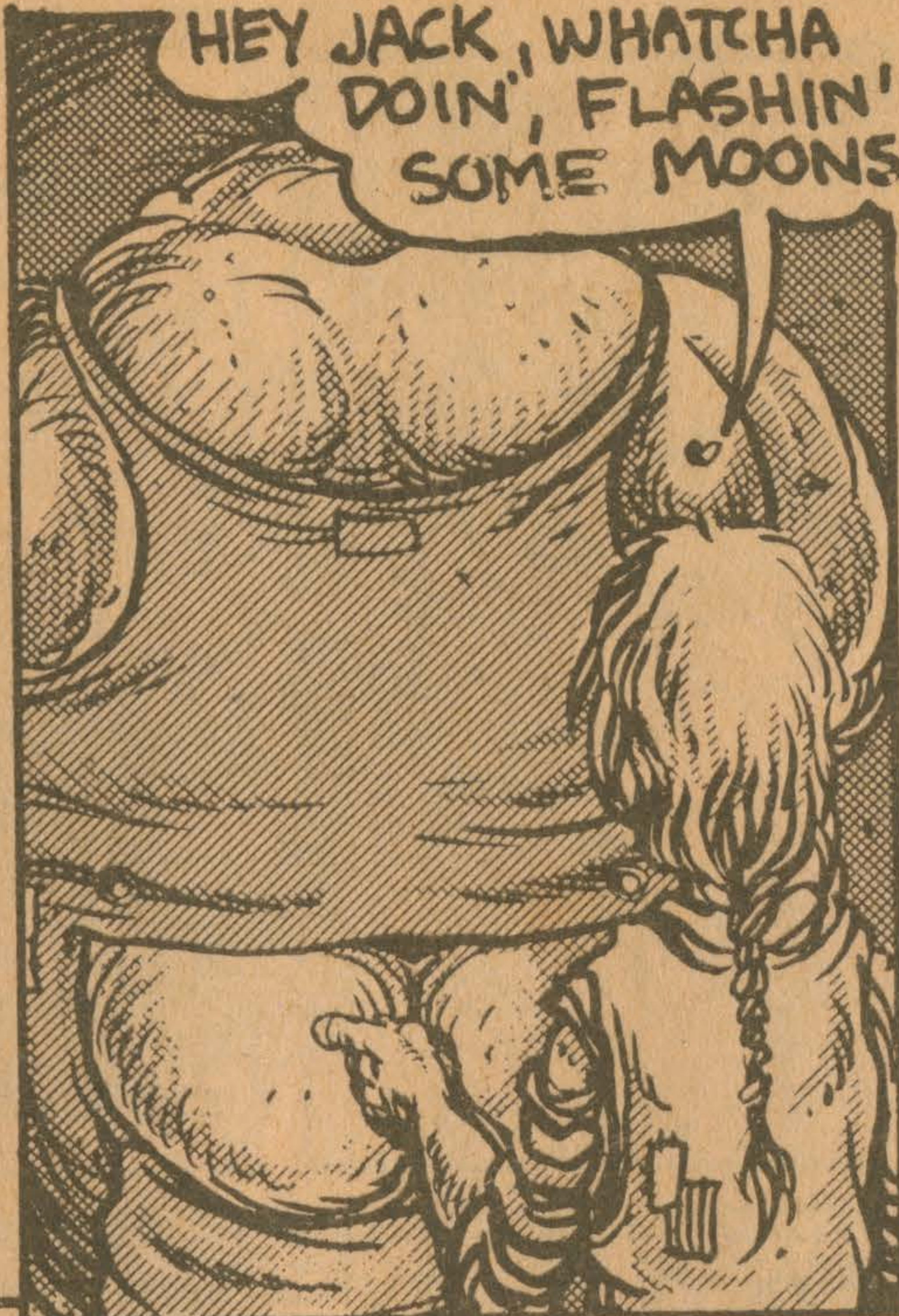




UNIT IN PLACE!

OK-CUT THE JUICE!

HA HA!



HEY JACK, WHATCHA DOIN', FLASHIN' SOME MOONS!



HEY! YOU'RE NOT JACK!



SOOOOEEE!
PIG! PIG!
PIG!



OK KIDS- TOO BAD THIS HADDA HAPPEN. NOW YOU ALL GONNA DIE!



WHERE'S JACK YA PIG MOTHERFUCKER!

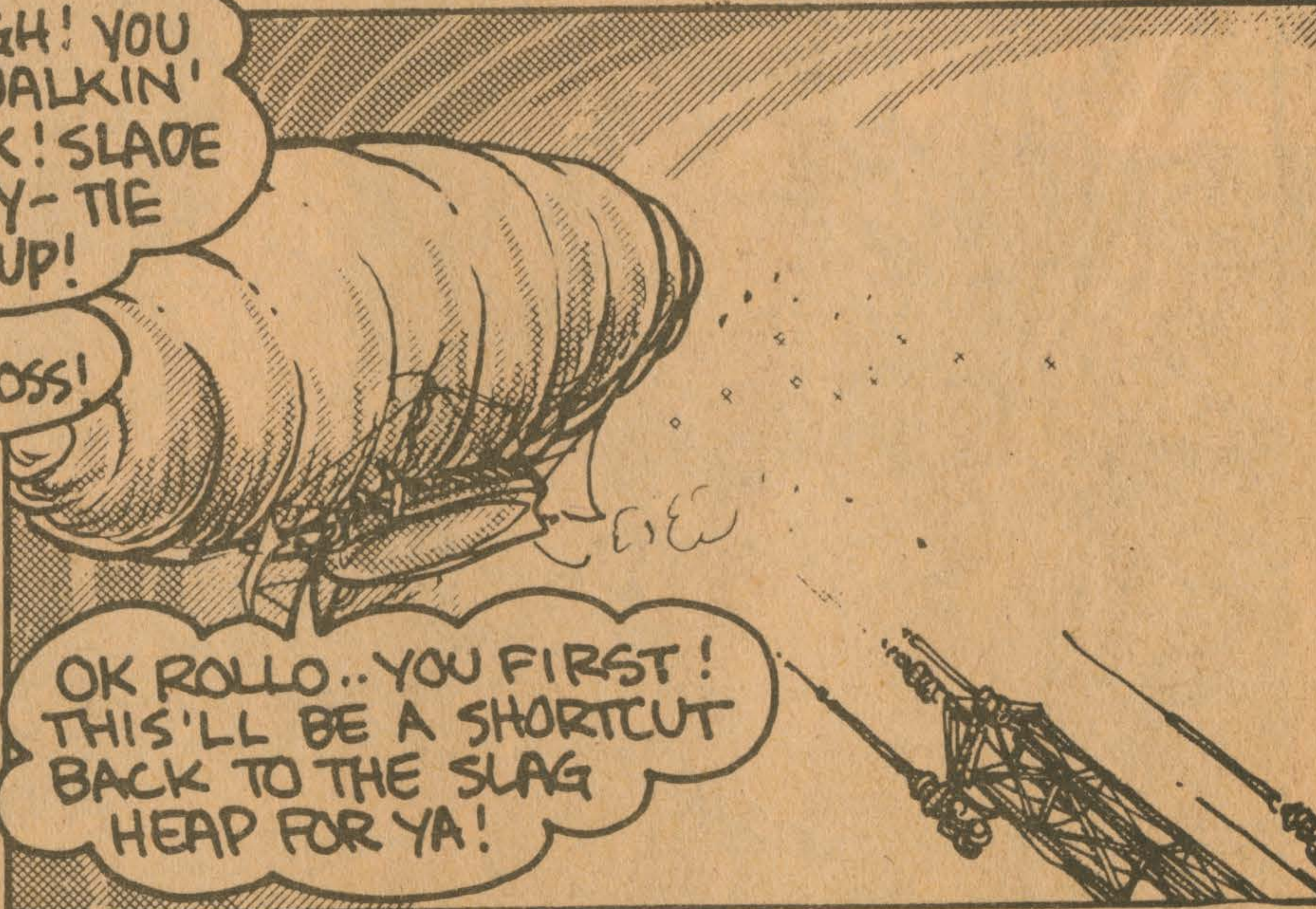
FACIST ROBOT!

OINK OINK!



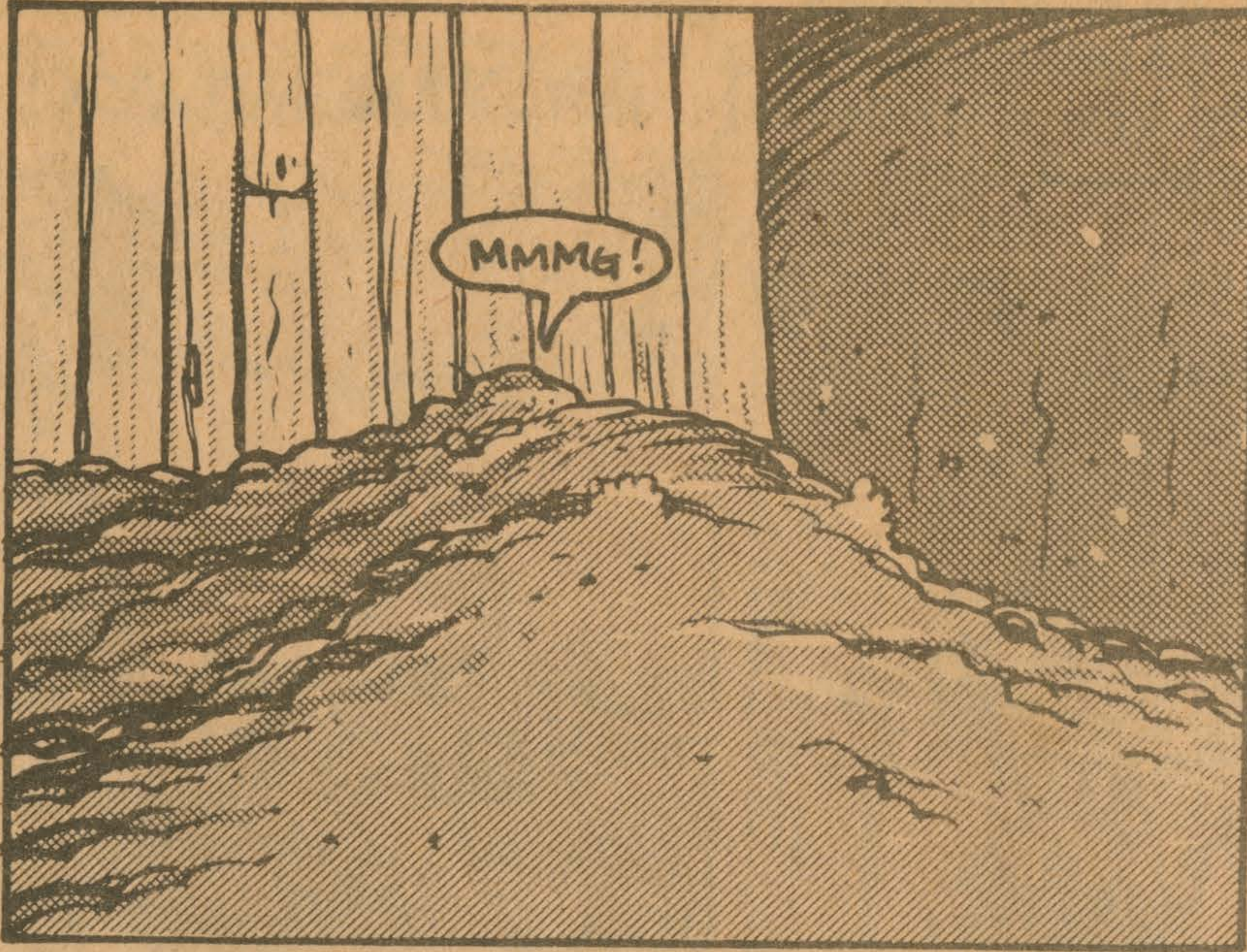
THAT'S ENOUGH! YOU CLODS ARE WALKIN' THE PLANK! SLADE AND TASTY-TIE 'EM UP!

YES, BOSS!

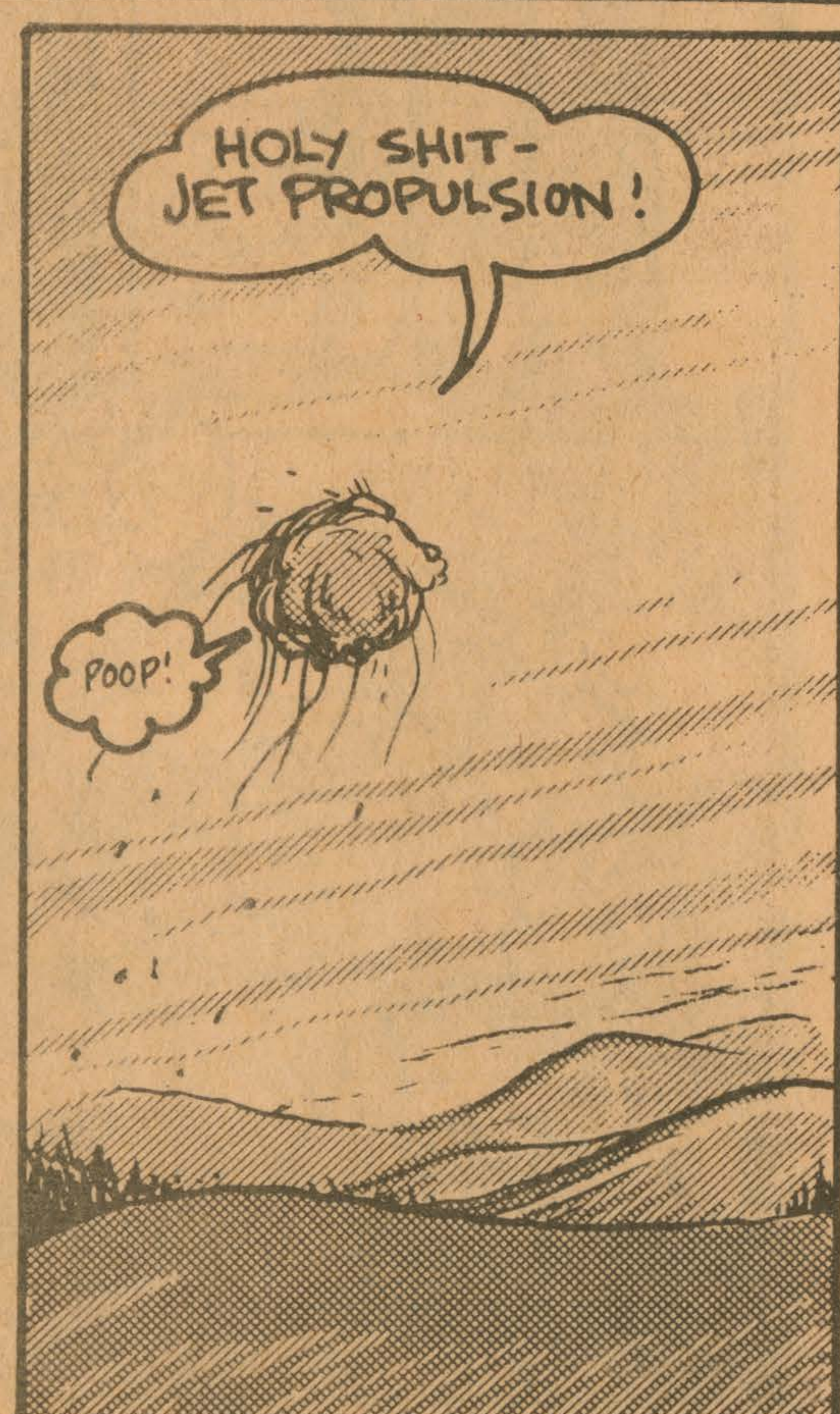
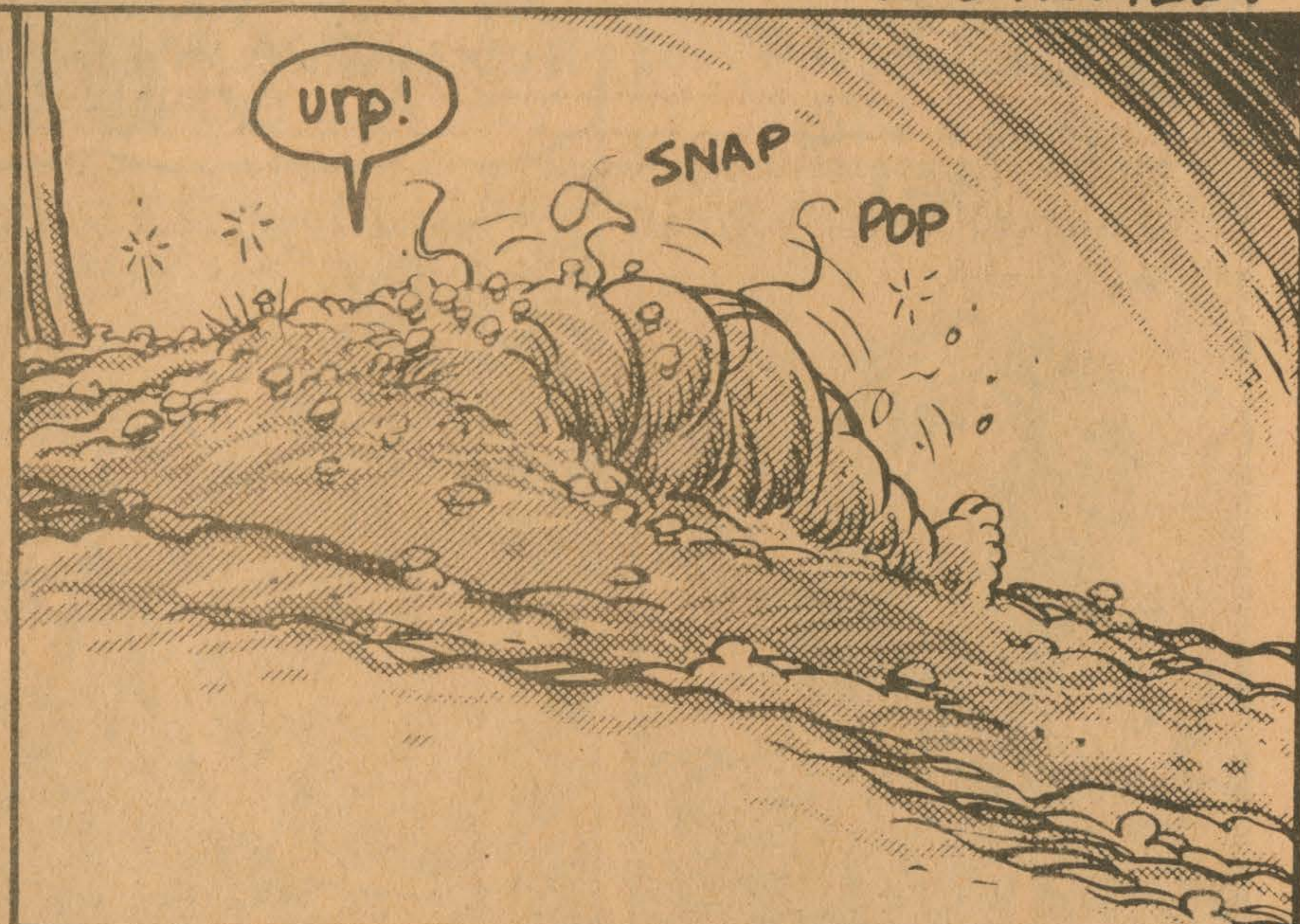


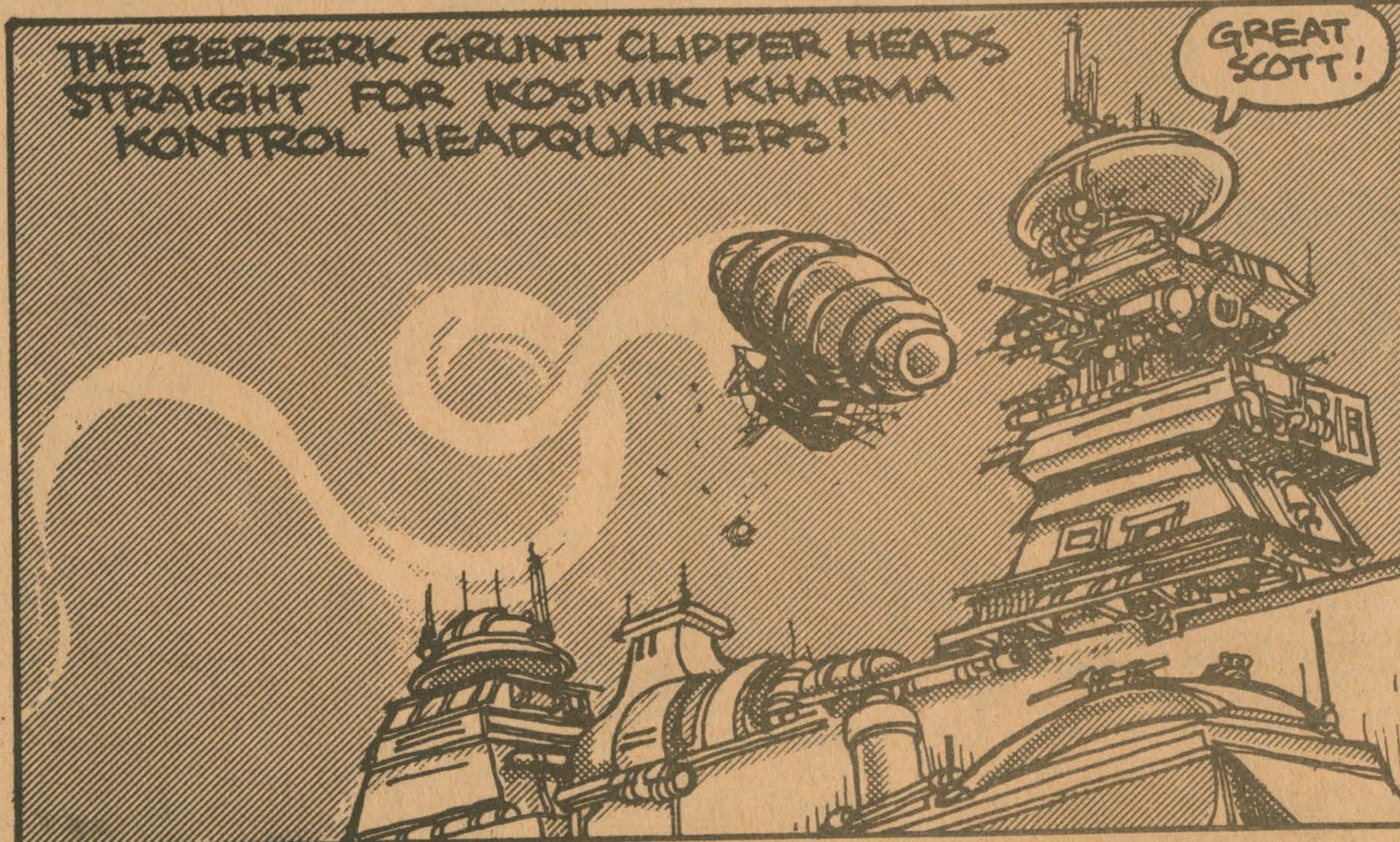
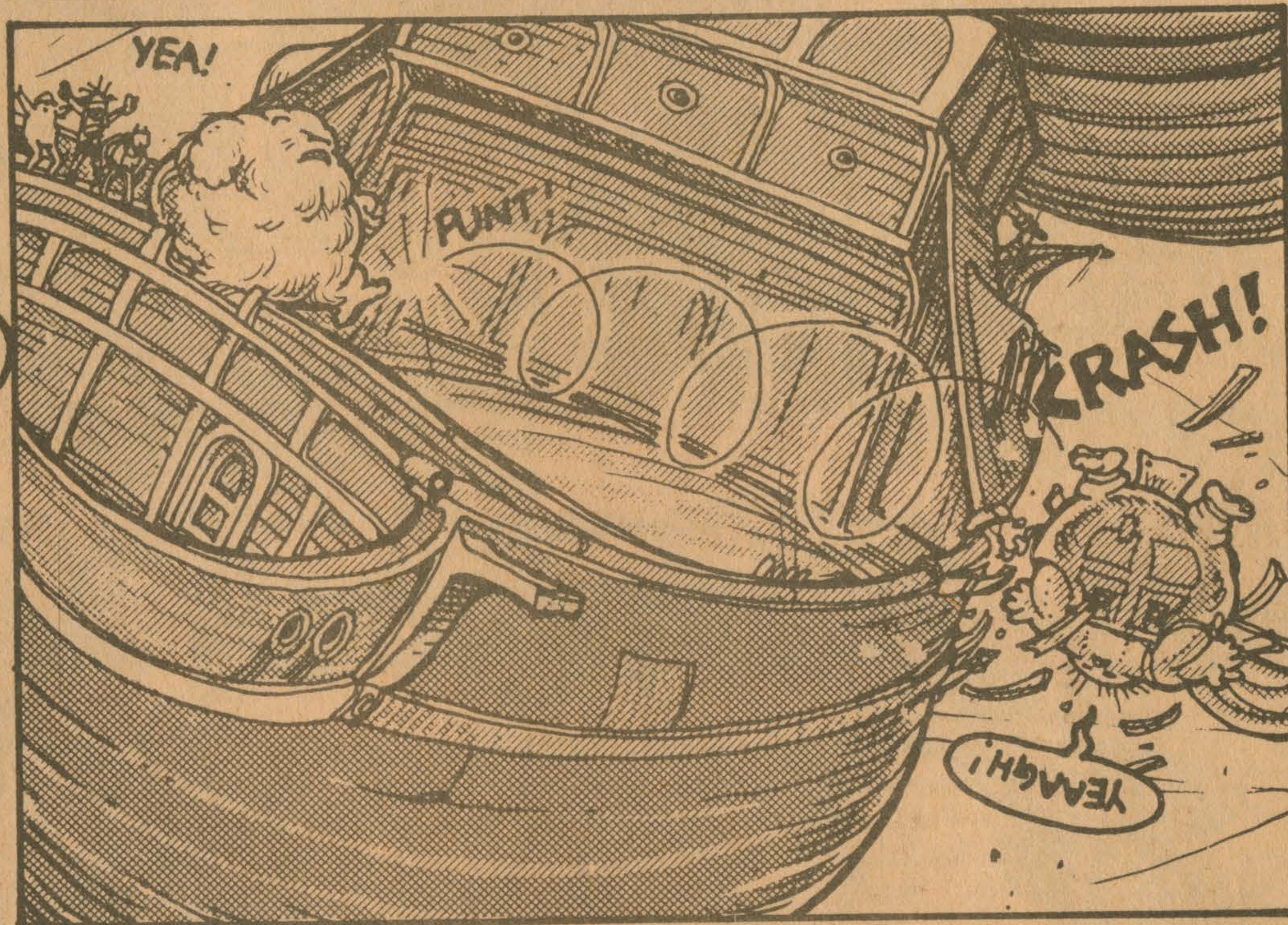
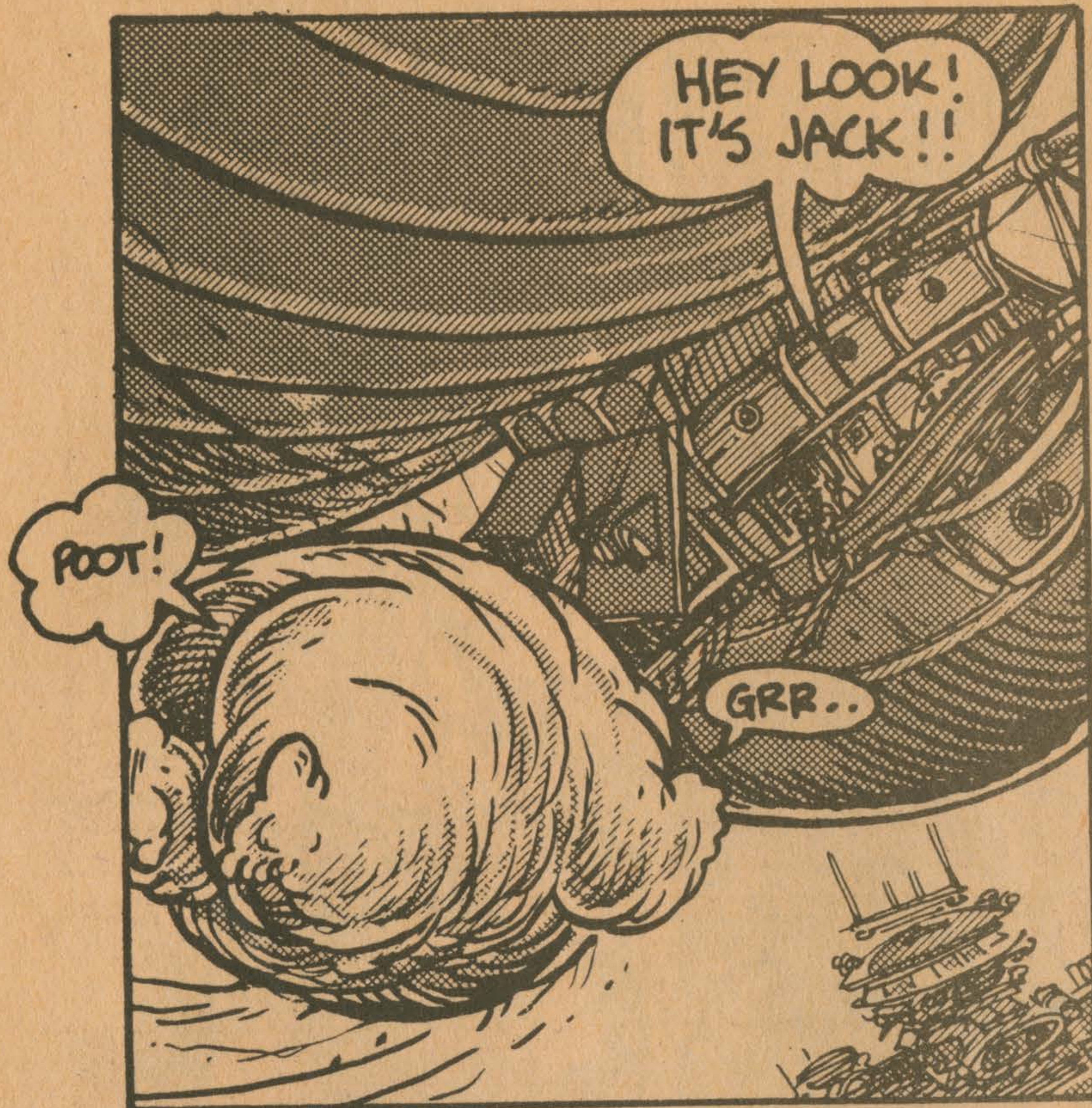
OK ROLLO.. YOU FIRST! THIS'LL BE A SHORTCUT BACK TO THE SLAG HEAP FOR YA!

MEANWHILE...



SEEMS TH' GRUNT FARM DIGS'VE BEEN ROOTIN' IN RADIOACTIVE SLAG - NOW SOME WEIRD MUTATED MUSHROOMS ARE GROWING ALL OVER THE SHITPILE!





THE BERSERK GRUNT CLIPPER HEADS STRAIGHT FOR KOSMIK KHARMA KONTROL HEADQUARTERS!

-AT THE LAST POSSIBLE SECOND...



DIG! THE WHOLE SHITHOUSE IS GOIN' UP IN CHUNKS!

BOUMP!

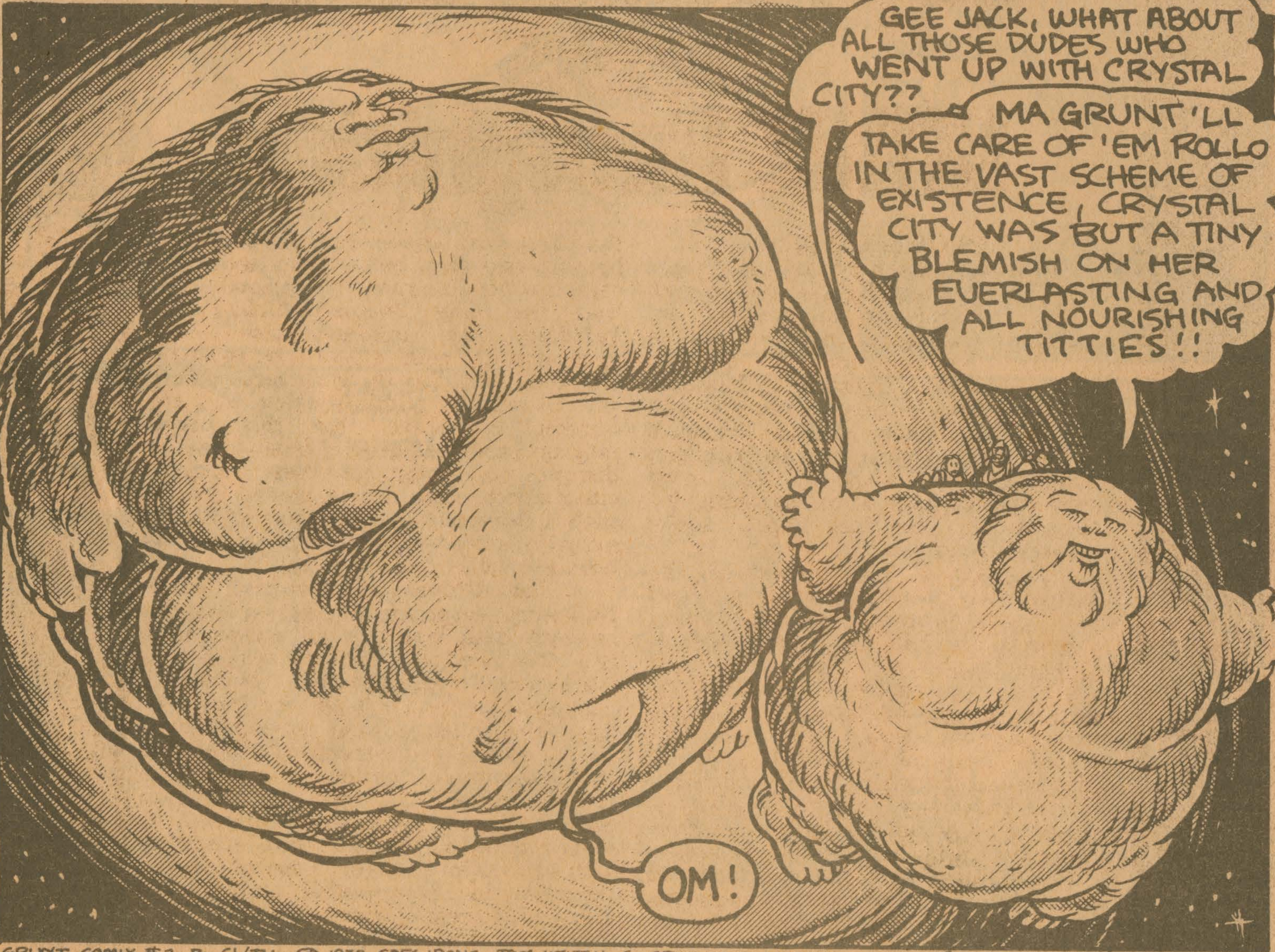
KABLOOM!



FAR OUT!

OH WOW!

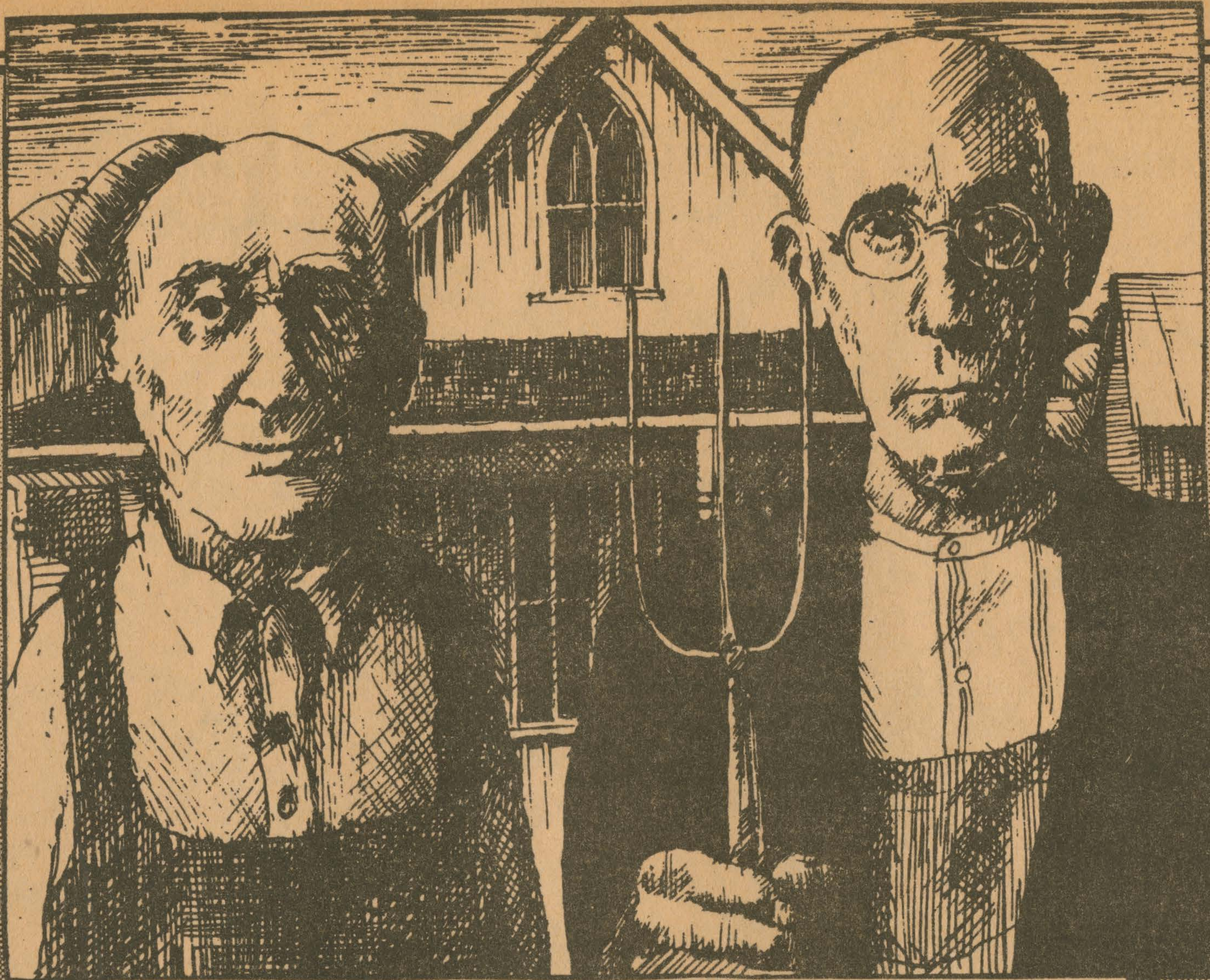
FONK!



GEE JACK, WHAT ABOUT ALL THOSE DUDES WHO WENT UP WITH CRYSTAL CITY??

MA GRUNT 'LL TAKE CARE OF 'EM ROLLO! IN THE VAST SCHEME OF EXISTENCE, CRYSTAL CITY WAS BUT A TINY BLEMISH ON HER EVERLASTING AND ALL NOURISHING TITTIES!!

OM!



Gay Peoples Union Seeks UMKC Recognition

DENNIS MICHAELS

Hearings were held August 13 and 15 in Columbia and Kansas City as part of an administrative process to determine whether or not gay groups can be recognized as student organizations of University of Missouri campuses. (The University recognizes a number of other groups—Women's Liberation Union, Anti-Pollution Committee, sororities and fraternities—organized by students for educational, political and social purposes on campus.)

The Kansas City portion of the hearings, scheduled to begin at 9:00 a.m., began promptly at 12:30 p.m. (Judge Cullen Coil, the hearing officer, had plane trouble.)

The hearing was attended by members of the Gay Women's Alliance, Women's Liberation, and the Gay People's Union of Kansas City, as well as interested students, faculty and staff of the University, and a number of ministers, psychologists and others whom the Union had invited to testify. A last minute decision was made to limit testimony to the student witnesses in order to avoid spending time on non-germaine issues.

The hearing began with an opening statement by Albert Riederer of the National Lawyer's Guild, for the Gay People's Union of UMKC.

Taking his cue from the material

that had been covered in the Columbia hearing two days before, Riederer cited case law to illustrate the Union's case: that the Gay People's Union had fulfilled the administrative steps necessary to gain official recognition, and that in order to deny recognition, the University administration had the burden to prove that the Union intended to break federal or state law or disrupt university activities. Riederer cited other cases which stated that in such a determination of recognition, the administration's opinion of homosexuality was irrelevant.

The University's counsel, Clark Newberry, responded by saying that the relevant case law did not apply, since the Gay People's Union was not a political organization. (Newberry managed to ignore both the fact that the Union had political purposes listed in its official statement of objectives and that some of the cases cited referred specifically to gay liberation organizations.) He further claimed that evidence would be presented indicating a direct tie-in between a recent alleged increase in homosexual activity in University rest rooms and the Gay People's Union (which Newberry consistently incorrectly called the Gay Lib Union).

After presentation of the opening statements, the first witness for the

CONTINUED ON 30

Condemned to the Cuckoo's Nest

The first journalist ever allowed to witness such a proceeding, Ray Schultz provides an inside look at a "mental health" trial. A dedicated investigative reporter, Ray's articles have appeared in the East Village Other, New York ACE and the New York Times.

* * * * *

RAY SCHULTZ

God knows what Willie Jones thought one recent morning when the nurse woke him and said it was time for his hearing. With barely enough time to adjust to being awake, he was given a bathrobe to put over his pajamas, and handed a dose of thorazine, and ordered to follow the nurse into the corridor where the lawyer was waiting.

The lawyer was a white kid who said he was on Willie's side, but tried to talk him out of requesting the hearing. He said that Willie certainly had a right to the hearing; according to the New York State mental health code, any mental patient who desires a legal hearing to win his or her freedom is entitled to one—why, they even have a special room for that purpose at the hospital. It's just that most folks who go through with the hearing don't really fare too well. Like any other court case, if you put the state to the expense of a trial, they're going to try to get you. It's better to take your medication—in a couple of weeks, who knows? But Willie had been through all that, and the doctors wouldn't make a deal. So on this rainy morning, with his eyes watering and his speech slurred from the thorazine, he put on his bathrobe and went out to meet the lawyer. In this condition, he was supposed to convince a judge that he could function in the outside world.

It was hopeless. Willie Jones was one of two persons to be judged at Manhattan State Mental Hospital that morning; both were accused of having delusions of persecution, and both had the book thrown at them. I watched this affair from the spectator rows and was shocked to see professional doctors—grown men—arguing hysterically that the two patients were sick and needed to be locked up like a couple of criminals. For my money it was not the patients who needed locking up.

According to New York State law, all it takes to commit someone to a

public mental institution for 15 days in New York is the statement of any two adults that the person has been acting strange. After that, a document signed by two psychiatrists (a two-physician certificate) is good for up to 60 days. Of course, you don't have to be an expert to know that the doctors sign these things like bad checks, so the state, in its benevolence, has decreed that a patient can argue his rights before the judge any time he wants. Very few cases get to the judge, though, according to Martin Rosensweig, a lawyer with the Mental Health Information Service, a state agency which provides free legal service to mental patients.

"We settle most of our cases out of court," he said. "We find you have a better chance that way. Most of the time, we just say to the doctor, 'Do you really think this person should be here?' Except for extreme cases, the doctor usually agrees. We have a very good working relationship with the doctors. I'd say we settle at least 75 per cent of the cases this way."

"What about the other 25 per cent?"

"Well, it's difficult," he said. "You really do have a better chance with the doctor. A judge comes in here, he tends to take an unsympathetic view, particularly if the patient starts talking. It's a delicate matter."

Rosensweig told me he attends several hearings each week in the two hospitals in his judicial district: Manhattan State and Bellevue, both of which serve mostly poor people. For months, I had been trying to get into a hearing, but the various officials told me they were closed to the press and public. Finally, after I signed statements agreeing not to identify anyone by name, Rosensweig opened the doors. "We're not trying to cover anything up," he explained. "Actually, we just want to protect the patients from exposure." He assured me I would be the first journalist ever to get in—at least in a professional capacity.

The hearing I saw took place in a room on the ground floor of the hospital. Outside was a corridor, and two small offices for the M.H.I.S. The scene in that hallway was extremely depressing. Rosensweig consulted with the young lawyers on his staff, while patients in bathrobes moped back and forth. A couple of patients tried to talk

to the lawyers, but were shooed away with remarks like, "Get back, we have a hearing this morning."

The hearing was scheduled to begin at 9:30, but the judge, Sydney M. Asch, arrived considerable later, followed by a retinue of two uniformed court attendants and a stenographer. They went into a small chamber called the "Judge's Robing Room", where they were greeted with warm affection by Rosensweig and his staff who then proceeded to discuss one of the pending cases with his honor. Meanwhile, the court attendants set up a couple of benches as a barricade in the hallway. They joked with the secretaries, and coffee was served.

The courtroom was a long room with powder-blue walls and square bars inset in the windows. In the front was a table for the judge, one for the court reporter, a couple of file cabinets, and tables for the opposing parties. In the back there were eight spectator rows—they were filled with young lawyers and doctors, even though this was supposedly a "closed" hearing. Asch entered in his robes, and more pleasantries were exchanged. A man from the state's attorney general office read off the week's docket: there were 12 names on it, but as Rosensweig had indicated, most of the cases were either postponed or dismissed. The first patient to actually appear was Willie Jones, in his bathrobe. He sat at a table on the right with the lawyers, who had filed for habeas corpus on his behalf. He seemed dazed; I asked one of the lawyers if he was drugged.

"Of course," he said. "It sounds unusual, but we'd actually rather have it that way. You don't know how the judges react when the patient talks during a hearing."

On the left, an elderly psychiatrist rose. Reading from a prepared report, he vigorously asserted that Willie was a paranoid schizophrenic with delusions of persecutions, and recommended six months more in the hospital. He continued that Willie, 43, had a history of mental illness going back to 1960, that he was grossly disoriented, with markedly flat emotions, and that he has to be maintained on 400 mgs. of thorazine a day, plus substantial doses of Haldo-bridol and Artane and that he was uncooperative and complained about his head being blocked. When he

finished, Asch said "That's impressive."

Even from the back of the room, it seemed like a stunning performance. All Willie Jones could do was hang his head, as if he had been accused of a series of sex crimes. The lawyers responded with a couple of mild, perfunctory questions.

"Isn't it true that the patient has been a voluntary patient for 14 months, that he willingly signed commitment papers?"

"Yes, he was voluntary until July, 1972," said the doctor.

"Is he presently oriented?"

"Yes, but at times he is not."

"Is there any record of assault?"

"No, but he has not cooperated with our programs, and he is very hostile."

"But he hasn't committed any assault or . . ."

"The state will concede the man is not dangerous," said the man from the state's attorney general office.

At Asch's urging, they discussed the usual hospital policy in such cases, which according to their remarks, seems to be early release of the patient. The doctor said, however, "If released, Mr. Jones would probably hole up somewhere, refuse to go out, and stop taking his medication. He is protected here. But if he should improve, I will be the first to recommend his release."

"Mr. Jones, if released, would you attend the outpatient clinic?" Asch asked Willie.

"Yes," Willie said.

"Would you accept welfare?"

"Yes."

"Do you have anything to say in your own behalf?"

"Yes I do." Willie stood up. The lawyers looked down at their desks. He began speaking in a slurred manner: "I haven't read the newspapers or watched TV. They're blocking my head—girls take my clothes, my penis, like fags, it is true. Thorazine, that is what they give me this morning. I smoke it. They make me eat what they want—they food is inedible, it's shit. I can't eat it. A patient has no rights on the ward—the patient cannot control the TV. This is a cold place. I am not mentally ill. This is true."

It sounded reasonable enough to me, but Asch sort of sighed, as did everyone, then announced he would consider both the writ of habeas corpus and the request for retention, but reserve the decision for a later date. Willie was led out, Asch shuffled a couple of papers, and said, "Petition for habeas corpus denied. Request for retention granted." They didn't even have the nerve to tell him to his face.

We barely got over this when the second case was led in, a 78-year-old woman named Mrs. Elizabeth who had been taken to the psycho ward at Roosevelt Hospital after piling garbage in her hotel room. She was dressed in a black cloth coat, and blue tennis shoes, and babbled absently to herself.

"Junk, junk, junk, I'm a garbage collector," she said.

"This is a slice of life," Rosensweig remarked.

The lawyers in the spectators exploded into muffled laughter. Meanwhile, a female social worker and male hospital attendant doted over the woman like concerned grandchildren, mostly trying to get her to shut up.

The difference between this case

and the previous one was the face that the M.H.I.S. really wanted to get the patient off; the social worker had been called in to give her professional opinion, and a possible compromise solution had been discussed with Asch before the hearing. Not surprisingly, the doctors were violently opposed. Another difference was that the patient refused to take the drugs, and was alert enough to follow the action.

A young shrink from Roosevelt Hospital got up and gave his presentation. He seemed to be personally concerned; in angry tones, he charged that Mrs. Elizabeth had let garbage pile up in her hotel room, and was doing the same in the hospital; that she was filthy and dishevelled, uncooperative, and had delusions of people stealing from her. This caused an immediate stir in the room.

"Maybe people are stealing from her," the lawyer said.

"They keep all my mail," the woman said. "They keep my social security checks."

"I'm a doctor. I don't know about that," the shrink said.

The official diagnosis was arterio-sclerosis—hardening of the arteries typical of old-age—but the doctor had several other complaints to make: Mrs. Elizabeth didn't take her medication (thorazine—"very effective with elderly patients"), had barricaded herself in her room, had shouted out the window for the police, and had threatened to jump out.

"They're liars," Mrs. Elizabeth said. "They wouldn't let me go on the street to buy some things I needed. I was calling the police. I was trying to jump out the window. I can't stand a liar, young man!"

Asch then brought up the possible compromise: putting her in a nursing home.

"She'd be a problem there . . . she refused to sign a paper allowing the social worker to go to her old hotel room."

"You consider that a problem?" "It's a problem if she goes to a nursing home where she will have to cooperate. I doubt that this type of behaviour will be tolerated in a nursing

CONTINUED ON 44



The Ameri-CAN Collection

7up



by
Larry Salvato

*Pop cans by the highway
are ugly many say
but in the night
reflecting bright
they gladly point the way
—seen on a Burma Shave sign*

Recently, a group of archeologists who were digging at a site in France were confronted with an aggravating problem. They discovered a Neandertal man's residence in a cave. They were surprised and confused that the same location had many artifacts from even earlier time periods—bones, teeth, arrowheads, rocks, etc. Finally after an exhaustive study, they came to realize that the former resident of the cave, a creature that could not yet be classified as human, had for reasons of his own found these items somewhere and decided to save them. We do not know what his motives were, but it is probably safe to say that he kept the artifacts for the same reasons that people collect things today. He, like his modern-day counterpart, perhaps kept them because to him they were valuable or they were a tangible link with his past, or maybe he just liked them and thought they were beautiful.

Even today people collect strange things: cars, oriental rugs, tinfoil, and string. Soda pop cans may not seem the stuff that would make a collector waste his time, but to Jim Curnute it not only is not a waste of time, he lives for them. Jim is the proud owner of a unique collection of soft-drink cans: 586 by count. Of these, not one is the same.

It seems, that there are a vast amount of small soft-drink companies scattered all over the U.S. Each of these small operations produces its own line of beverages for distribution in a limited geographical area. Jim didn't know how many of these soft-drink companies there are, but he suspects there are quite a few. This fact could be construed as a silent testimony to the American capitalistic system. It is one of the common beliefs in capitalism that given a free market place where the consumer is the law, there will be open competition and many products, each trying to outdo the other. This is not always true, but in the case of softdrinks, it is. It's comforting to know that soft drinks are the last bastion of true capitalism.

Looking at Jim's can collection for the first time, you begin to realize the scope and magnitude of this country. Here are soda-pops that you have never heard of, like *Pop Rouge*, and *La Grape*, from Louisiana, or *Piggly Wiggly Pop*, only found in Piggly Wiggly stores, whatever they are.

Jim claims he has travelled to some 26 states so far, and has representative cans from two foreign countries. Jim also confesses, that he still hasn't touched some parts of the country, but he becomes excited by the prospects. "We haven't been out west much yet, shit!, there must be some dynamite cans in Nevada and Colorado." Imagine, 586 cans and still 24 states and the rest of the free world to go.

Jim got started collecting cans

over three years ago almost as a matter of necessity. As Jim tells it, he was in Beaumont, Texas experiencing a dreary Christmas. To get into the spirit of the occasion, he and a friend ripped off a Christmas tree and brought it back to their apartment. After they set up their Yule-tide pride, they realized they had nothing with which to decorate it. Looking around his apartment, Jim discovered that some of the most beautiful and cheerful things he had were old pop cans. After he secured them to the tree, he went out and bought more to fill in the empty spaces. When the holidays had passed and the tree was discarded, he decided to keep the cans, and presto! the collection was born.

Since that time, Jim has raised can collecting to an art. There are two recognized methods of attaining cans: One, is to go to the store and buy them, and two, is to find them laying about the streets.

Jim says that he makes a point of going to little out-of-the-way grocery stores and vending machines as these are the best places to find interesting pop cans. Once he stopped at a combination grocery store/gas station in Chillicothe, Ohio, and found a veritable prize: a complete line of Uncle Jake cans. When he offered to buy them from the owner, he found he needed some type of coupon in order to make the purchase. Jim had no such coupons, and explained to the man that he collected pop cans. The man, apprehensive at first, giving Jim a strange look, thought that he was joking. However, when Jim offered to pay more than the retail price, the man broke down and sold Jim the cans without the coupons. Jim says he always has the same trouble when he tells people that he collects pop cans—snickers, funny looks and apprehension.

Of the two methods of collecting cans, finding the cans, not buying them, is clearly the aesthetic choice of the serious collector. "Finding an empty can is a trip." Jim relates that the true collector will go to strange places to find cans. Nothing can match the excitement of finding a rare can just laying by the side of the road, or in the bottom of a dumpster. Once, they were cruising down an Interstate in Iowa, and he saw a can laying by the road. Jim slammed on the brakes, got out and got the can, and sure enough it was one they didn't have. However, another time, Jim and a friend spent an entire afternoon hunting through a giant garbage-filled dumpster. They did find some cans, but when they returned home, they found they already had them in the collection and the whole afternoon was wasted.

Collecting cans is not without its drawbacks, or side effects. On the plus side, Jim is a recognized authority on the quality of soft drinks, and is available for consultation with large beverage companies who could use his professional knowledge. In case you're interested, Jim thinks that the finest cola in all the world is not what you might expect, but instead *Mr. Cola*, "The aristocrat of colas", only found in

cans, in Texas. The worst cola, on the other hand, is *Vess* cola, according to Jim, who says that the taste is like "a combination of aluminum and Greyhound Bus station urine."

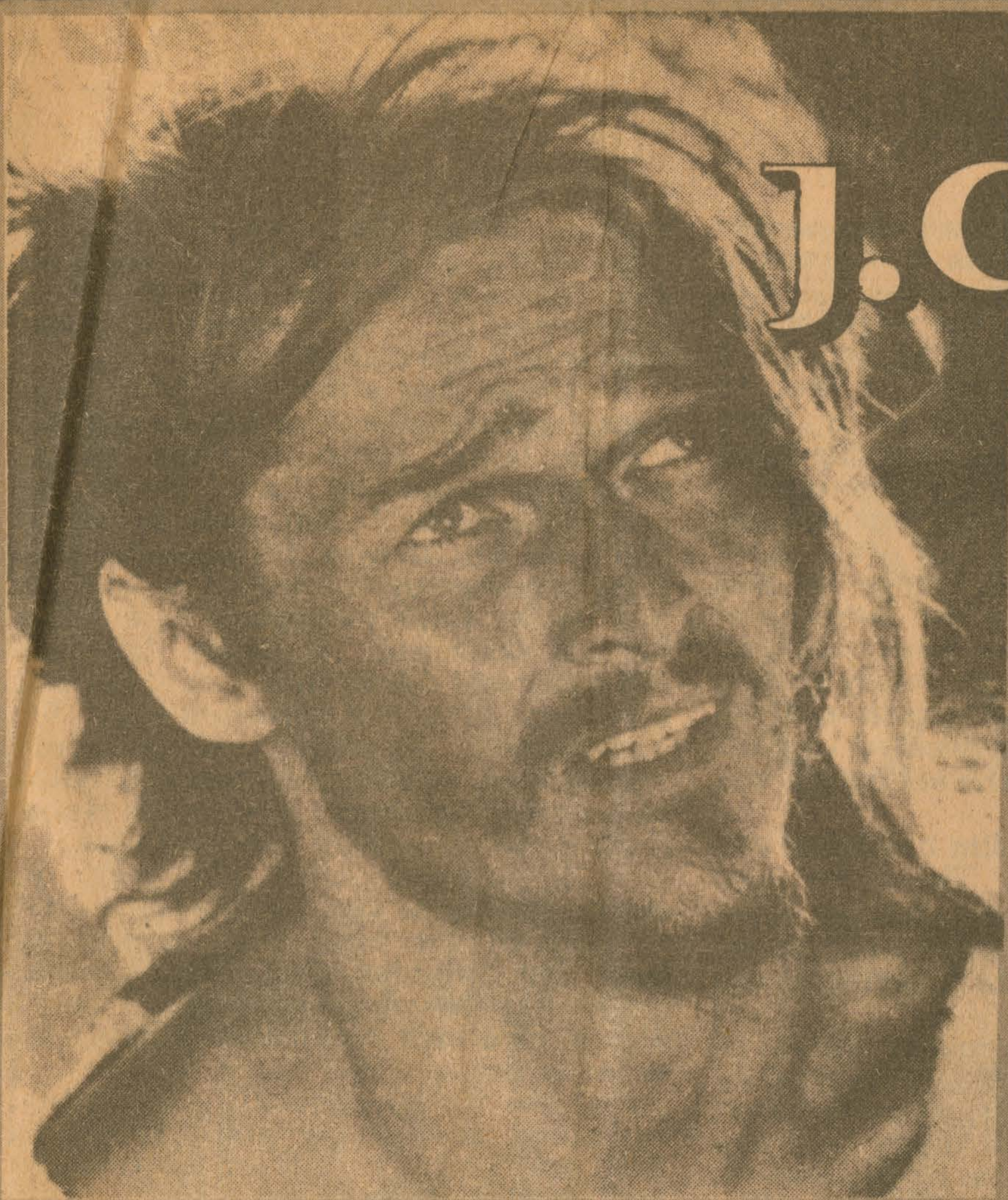
Other side effects are what large consumptions of soft drinks does to the human body. Some of these effects according to Jim are, "a lot of zits and upset stomachs." Jim also conceded "let's see I'm 23 now, I'll probably have sugar diabetes by the time I'm 26." No one denies Jim's willingness to sacrifice for his collection. He once drank 38 different soft drinks in one day, perhaps a record. After this soda-pop orgy, Jim experienced a strong hallucinatory response to what he felt was attributed to an ultra-high sugar level in his blood. Such devotion is truly heartwarming.

I enjoyed Jim's collection so much, gazing at the various intricacies of each of the cans, that I could not help but wonder that other people might like to view them also. I asked Jim if he's ever considered putting his cans on display. He related that he had called the Nelson Rockhill Gallery and explained to them he would be willing to put his cans on permanent loan/display at the gallery.

The person at the Gallery, had some difficulty understanding the concept of a can collection and explained that they didn't want Jim's collection. Jim was very offended, and was sorry the people of Kansas City would not be able to enjoy his cans, which he claims, are as enjoyable to view as any great painting. He has decided to give the Guggenheim Museum in New York a chance. If they refuse, he will keep them until his death, at which time he will will them to the Smithsonian Institute.

Whether Jim's cans are art or not is beyond my capabilities to determine. However, I do know that the cans look better sitting in Jim's living room than out at a park somewhere. It has been said that America has become a throw away society, that we throw everything away, from gum wrappers to our beautiful old buildings. Jim's can collection, breaks that cycle of disposal and is really, to me, a sort of high-intelligence recycling. Ironically enough, Jim pointed out to me the difference of the disposal wording printed on the top of an American can as opposed to an English can. The American can says "Please don't litter. Dispose of properly". The English can only says "Please dispose of this can thoughtfully". The English can leave the option open, that you may want to do something else with this can besides throw it away. The message on our can could be intrinsic to America.

As Jim sat surrounded by his cans, he related one story after another connected with the acquisition of them. Each can was different, each had its own story. To Jim it was obvious to tell, the can collection was an important part of his life, blending the experience of his past with the mission of his future. "It's really quite fulfilling when you think of it."



J.C. Superstar

Directed by
Norman Jewison

who sold out Jesus. Jumping, bounding and singing, Anderson overshadows the character of Jesus completely. Anderson shows some talent in the role and is one of the few performers in the film that can both sing and act credibly.

Yvonne Elliman as Mary Magdalene provides the only true emotional and sensitive moment in the film. Her performance of "I Don't Know How to Love Him", complete with camera dissolves and fades is a lesson in how to present a song visually. In addition Ms. Elliman generates some of the most ecstatic energy, utilizing her facial expressions coupled with her elegant voice.

But the opulence and pretentiousness of the film spoil the total effect. The evil high priests are dressed in black including their ominous hats. Herod is portrayed as a gay dude. Pontius Pilate is shown as a wishy washy Charles of the Ritz. Even Judas appears once in a leather fringe suit that looks like it was discarded some years back by Peter Townsend.

The Weber Rice opera itself, when considered alone, is intellectually vacuous. Director Jewison, in adding the visuals to the soundtrack, has tried to get around this flaw by editing the hell out of the film (no pun intended). He starts with one shot of a scene and before you realize how empty the scene is, he quickly cuts to another shot of the same thing. He moves the film so fast that the empty nothingness of the scenes doesn't strike you at first. Once you begin to realize this, you find the film to be one long empty string of frames, trying hard to be austere, but instead only dull.

"J.C. Superstar" is a musical account of the last seven days of Christ's life leading to his death and crucifixion. Is this what they call the Hollywood hype machine?

DENNIS SCHAEFER

"Jesus Christ Superstar" is a musical account of the last seven days of Christ's life leading to his death. Think about it... a "musical account" of suffering and crucifixion... it's enough to make you want to jump up and dance and sing, huh?

Well, believe it or not, "J.C. Superstar", replete in its opulence and gross in its splendor, has finally come to the screen, devoid of most of the sensitivity and emotion that this timeless myth possesses. Ever hip director Norman Jewison has staged the film being almost completely faithful to the original work as performed on Broadway. The only change is to move the setting to the Israeli desert (where else?). The film is visually barren in the use of sets, using the natural alienation of the location.

Unfortunately the actors and/or characters are as emotionally barren as the desert is visually. Ted Neely as Jesus is grossly in the wrong place at the wrong time. He fails to bat an eye and just goes on warbling his supposed mystical platitudes. Only twice does Jesus show any sense of being his own man; once when Judas intimates that Mary Magdalene is a prostitute, and the other when he finds traders and money changers in the temple. This portrayal of Jesus fails to give any insight into why his followers were so fanatically attracted to him or why the government feared his popularity and eventually crucified him.

The character of Judas (Carl Anderson) is much better drawn, showing his confusion as he approached his destined place in history as the man

Directed by David Greene

GODSPELL

DENNIS SCHAEFER

The Lansbury/Greene film production of the Broadway musical "Godspell" purports to be the Gospel according to St. Matthew retold in musical terms. More often than not, it turns out to be a sanctified picture of New York City inhabited by only ten residents; a sort of "Turista-de-force" for those who have never been there.

This time Jesus is a man/child who wears clothes of many colors, including a T-shirt with a bright red "S" on it just like nostalgia soaked Superman used to sport. The disciples (nine of them) are decked out in even more ridiculous, modern poverty garb.

Each character has their own particular facial quirks and weird idiosyncrasies which gives each his/her own particular personality. David

Haskell, Robin Lamon, Jerry Sroka and Joanne Jonas stand above the rest in displaying a great deal of enthusiasm in their time worn parts. However one main character that looms inanimately over all the others is that of expansive New York City. Producer Lansbury recieved excellent cooperation from Mayor Lindsay, while New York's finest blocked off streets, bridges, buildings and shut down the Statue of Liberty so that the production could be filmed in a setting devoid of the millions that inhabit it.

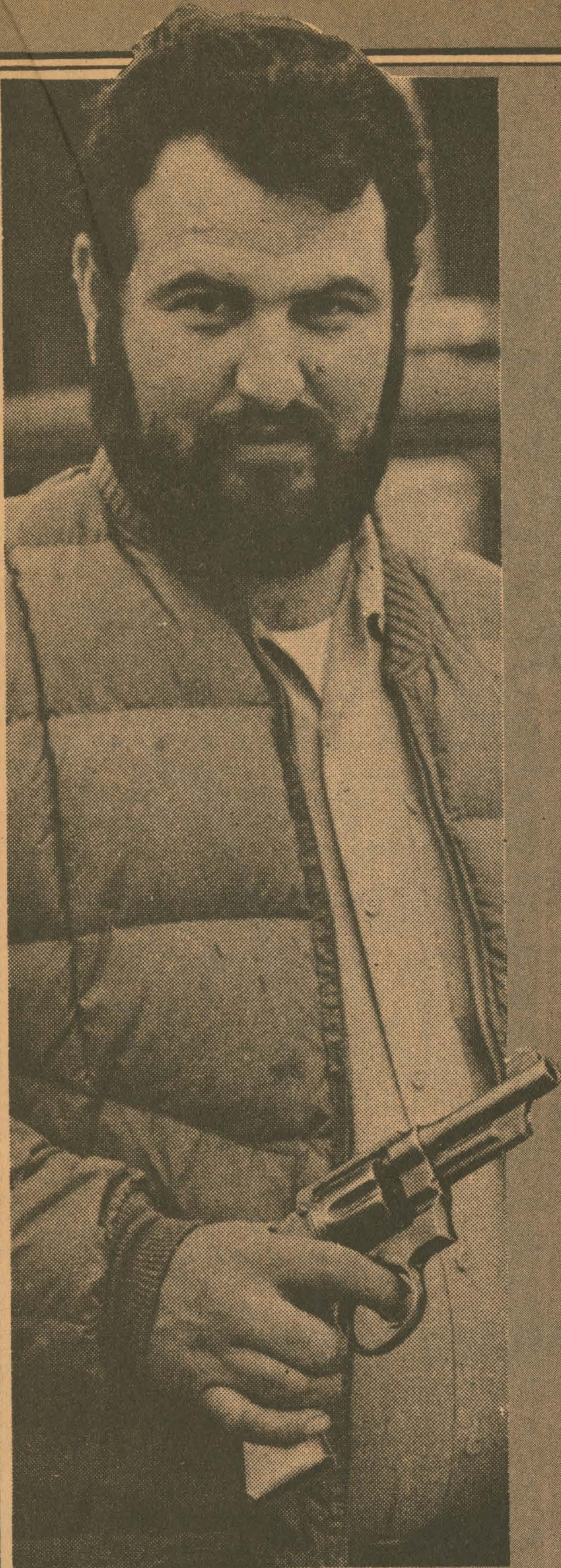
Of course, all the joyous celebrating and singing in the film eventually had to come to an end. We all know how Jesus meets his end. Looking in on the fateful evening of The Last Supper, Jesus breaks bread and passes a bottle that appears to be low

quality Barcelona (or most likely Cherry Kool-Aid). Jesus is then led to be crucified, tied to a chain link fence with scarlet ribbons. While Jesus suffers, great winds rock the fence and his followers wail in terror. Mysteriously, bright revolving cherry tops from squad cars blink in the background as Jesus gives up the ghost. Everything becomes very quiet, but not for long.

As the followers of the late great Jesus stroll down yet another deserted street, they turn the corner and find avenues teeming with modern society. Lyrically, they spread the word, "Day by day, oh sweet lord three things I pray" etc. This is symbolism?

Disregarding the subject matter, it can be said that the ten performers in the film display an incredible amount of energy in their roles, which is a very refreshing thing in itself. But still it reminds me of a television show of my childhood, only this episode is entitled "The Little Rascals Freak on Jesus".

FILMS



Director John Milius (left) displays a prop from the phallic department of American International Pictures. (Above) Look alikes: left, folk hero and gangster John Dillinger. Right, Warren Oates as Dillinger.

DILLINGER

Directed by John Milius

DENNIS SHAEFER
LARRY SALVATO

American International Pictures, mostly known for its motorcycle epics and horror pieces, has released a new film in the tradition of the gangster genre entitled "Dillinger". The film differs from most AIP movies in that it had a relatively large budget (\$1.2 million) and name stars (Warren Oates, Ben Johnson and Cloris Leachman). Most interesting of all is that this film marks the directorial debut of screenwriter John Milius. Most people have not yet heard his name, but he is fast becoming a "hot" director in film circles.

At 29, his chance to make "Dillinger" comes after his recent success at scriptwriting on "Jeremiah Johnson", "Dirty Harry" and "Judge Roy Bean"; for his work on the latter he received \$300,000. Aside from being a premier talent, he is also known as a right-wing, macho fascist gun nut in Hollywood circles and his reputation has been popularized in a scathing Pauline Kael review (also see Newsweek and Esquire for other articles). He

earned his obnoxious title through various bizarre acts of behavior, such as displaying guns prominently in his home, office and car. He even had a clause in his screenwriting contract for "Jeremiah Johnson" that stated that he would personally be allowed to kill all the animals that had to be killed in the film.

Now Milius has made his first film, "Dillinger", which seems to be a perfect vehicle for expressing his view of the world. The blood and gunfire of "Dillinger" is in the tradition of the genre alright, but more than that, the film points up the fact that Milius may be a prototype of Hollywood directors of the future.

Two years ago, after the success of "Easy Rider" and what looked like a definable youth market emerging for the film business, Warner Brothers started a program to attract young, talented, basically untried writers. They put them on a salary, and had the writers turn out script after script. Milius, a drop-out from UCLA film school, was one of those fortunate enough to be signed to a writing

contract. Besides him, Brian DePalma, Paul Williams, David Giler and Vernon Zimmerman were also signed. All have since gone on to direct films.

But it is Milius whose star shines most brightly. Due to recent promotion and publicity, Milius has become the darling of the Hollywood hypemakers, emerging as the next Peter Bogdanovich, the original schlockmeister of the 70's.

But unlike the work of Bogdanovich, "Dillinger" is neither glossy entertainment nor sentimental tripe, instead it is a fairly well made gangster piece. The character of Dillinger, played by Warren Oates, is a convincing, sensitive portrayal. Ben Johnson displays his usual professionalism as Melvin Purvis, the Fed whose preordained fate is the bogus honor of killing Dillinger. Michelle Phillips is surprisingly good as Dillinger's half Indian girlfriend. Cloris Leachman also throws in her two bits as "the lady in red".

The evocation of the 1930's is well done for the relatively small budget, but unlike "Bonnie and Clyde",

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GAY PEOPLES UNION

CONTINUED

Union was Glen Strobel, graduate student and teaching assistant in psychology. Strobel outlined the process by which the Gay People's Union had sought to follow the University regulations in order to gain official recognition, and traced the appeal process once recognition had been revoked up to the current hearing. He then outlined the objectives of the Union: its educational objective of educating straights about gays and gays about themselves; service objective, including counseling in cooperation with the University's Counseling & Testing Center; its political purpose of lobbying to change laws discriminating against gay people and ending police entrapment and harassment; and its social purpose of creating opportunities for gay people to interact as full human beings rather than in the sexist atmosphere of the meeting places (including public rest rooms) that gay people are currently restricted by society to meeting in.

Strobel was cross-examined at length by Newberry, who seemed to view the Gay People's Union as part of a sinister conspiracy to open the floodgates for the whole gay community of Kansas City to come pouring onto the campus to fuck and suck on University property. Strobel explained that the purpose of the organization was not to convert people to homosexuality or provide a place for lawbreaking; that the organization really had no aims other than those stated in its objectives; that study of gaiety was not advocacy of it; and that, far from disrupting the University, the Union would be promoting a more harmonious campus by the promotion of understanding.

Twice Strobel was unable to answer Newberry's questions. Questions beginning, "If homosexuality is an illness..." and "If recognizing this organization results in an increase of homosexual activities on campus...", Strobel responded that he could not, from his experience in gay life and with other gay organizations, make those assumptions.

The next witness was Robert Chrisman, senior in history and English and secretary to the Dean of Students at UMKC. Chrisman testified among other things to the atmosphere that prevailed at the Gay Awareness Rap Group (a Communiversity course convened by Strobel). Newberry asked Chrisman if he had ever been propositioned at such a meeting, or at a meeting of the Gay People's Union of Kansas City. "No," Chrisman answered, "and I would have been insulted if I had, because that's not the purpose of the meetings." Newberry seemed taken aback, and asked in a surprised tone of voice what the purpose was. Chrisman responded that it was education of oneself and others, of gays and straights. Chrisman ended his testimony by stating that he didn't care what people thought about homosexual behavior; but he did care that people think about homosexuals as people.

Mike Massing, stage carpenter with Missouri Repertory Theatre and senior theatre major, testified next. He spoke of the educational aims of the Union as an attempt to eliminate the misunderstandings prevalent between

gay and straight people. Newberry asked what some of those misunderstandings were, and Massing listed a few: that all gay people were child molesters, that homosexual behavior is compulsive, that homosexual contact is intrinsically casual, meaningless and promiscuous, that lasting relationships between gay people are not possible, that gay people are not fit to teach children in elementary schools or adults in college. All these misunderstandings, Massing explained, were invalidated by his experience. After testifying that the GPU-UMKC was not affiliated with any other national or regional gay liberation organizations, Massing was asked by the hearing officer to explain the distinction he had made in his testimony between people who engage in homosexual behavior and people who are gay: "What constitutes being gay?" After some hesitation, Massing answered that at least one fundamental part of being gay was the conviction that people have the right to determine their own sexual identity.

At this point the Gay People's Union rested its case. A parade of four police officers then appeared on behalf of the administration, testifying about the increase last spring of complaints about homosexual activity in a rest room at UMKC. Despite the best efforts of the University's attorneys, the officers' testimony simply did not support the University's contention that the increase in complaints was due to the publicity given the Gay People's Union's attempts to get recognition. Of the ten to twenty people apprehended (the witnesses had foggy memories about exactly how many people they had caught) over a six-week period, only two were even aware (from newspaper accounts) that the group had been formed, and neither of those people indicated that they had been lured onto the campus by the Gay People's Union.

Riederer asked Patrolman Harper, who had had the task of receiving solicitations, exactly what his job had been. Harper explained that he would hang around the rest room for ten to fifteen minutes at a time, waiting to be solicited. Riederer asked if Harper had done anything to indicate that he was there for any other purpose than to be solicited. "I would wash my hands," Harper answered, "or go sit in one of the stalls for ten minutes or so."

"Would it be fair," Riederer asked, "to assume that an attitude of loitering in a rest room encourages solicitation?" Harper didn't think so.

Next to appear was James C. Olson, chancellor of the University of Missouri-Kansas City. Chancellor Olson's objections centered on one aspect of the Gay People's Union's objectives: the proposed counseling service. Chancellor Olson had unilaterally decided, without consultation with any of the professionals on the UMKC Student Counseling and Testing staff, that it would not be in the best interests of the University to have "sick people counseling sick people". His administrative decision had been based in part, he stated, on his own considered belief that homosexuality was "abnormal and a sickness to be cured." The University administration sought to buttress its official position that homosexuality is a sickness by the testimony of Dr. Voth from the Menninger Clinic. Dr. Voth claims a

30-40% "cure" rate for homosexuals who come to him to have their sexual orientation changed (causing Strobel to ask, "What about the other 60-70%?"). In a calmly professional way, Dr. Voth presented the neo-Freudian psychoanalytic view of homosexuality. Although he believes that homosexuality derives from infancy, Dr. Voth also holds (conveniently for the University administration) that the years from 18-22 are critical years in sexual formation, and that the presence of an "identity group" on campus might prevent "borderline cases" from seeking a "cure".

Under cross-examination, Dr. Voth admitted that his "cure" rate was higher for people who had engaged in homosexual acts for only a short while or not at all than for others. Again in response to cross-examination, Dr. Voth stated his belief that the fact that his contacts with gay people were limited to those who were unhappy with their sexuality and sought him out for treatment did not color the accuracy of his view of the whole gay population, since his view was supported by the writings of other analysts who had the same sources of information that he did. He also stated that, although one could not infer from the presence of a recognized Young Socialist Alliance on campus that the University endorsed socialism, one could infer from recognition of the Gay People's Union that the University in some sense endorsed homosexuality. Asked if he had any doubts about the validity of psychoanalytic theory, Dr. Voth explained how he had once written a psychoanalytic criticism of psychoanalysis.

Dr. Voth's composure cracked only once. Riederer asked if Dr. Voth was familiar with the writings of a Dr. Szacz, who holds a radically different view of gaiety than Voth. Dr. Voth assumed an attitude of disapproval as he answered that he was. "Is Dr. Szacz a recognized authority in his field?" Riederer asked.

"Well, I don't recognize him," Dr. Voth snapped.

"He is recognized by others in the field, isn't he?" Riederer continued.

"Some people must recognize him, I suppose," Dr. Voth admitted grudgingly. Dr. Voth regained his composure, but retained his petulance as he answered one of Riederer's later questions: "Isn't it true that the climate of medical opinion about homosexuality is changing to a view which does not define homosexuality as a sickness?"

"I suppose," Dr. Voth replied, "if they keep bringing in people who don't know what's what to teach in the medical schools, yes, the climate of opinion could change. But that's not the way it was when I was in school."

After all was said, no conclusion was reached. Both sides felt that they had established all they needed to establish. Judge Coil will present a report to the committee designated by the University's Board of Curators to study the recognition question, and the Board is expected to make its decision in the fall. The Columbia Gay Lib group, whose case is also pending before the Board, is prepared to take the University to court (with legal counsel from the American Civil Liberties Union) if the two groups are turned down.

DILLENGER CONTINUED

a film wo which "Dillinger" owes its very soul, it fails to create that indefinable emotional mileau of characters actually caught up in time and place.

Mostly, the film lacks impact and freshness. In scene after scene, both the Feds and the gangsters continually let the bullets fly. One close up of a machine gun rattling off its lead and then cut to a shot of a snub nose .38 blasting away. Milius at his worst becomes overfly. self indulgent in depicting his own personal fantasies and obsessions. The viewer is treated to shoot outs, car chases and people dying in the streets with no let up in sight.

At one point, everything goes wrong for the Dillinger gang: they are attacked by the Feds and seemingly every other idle law enforcement official available. We are obliged to watch the stalking and killing of various members of the gang, each killed even more outrageously than the victim before.

The scenes are, however, well structured from conception to editing to produce a visceral reaction, but most of them do not have the depth of sympathetic, intellectual motivation that sometimes allows violence to transcend itself, as in the quarter-motion dance of death in "Bonnie and Clyde". Perhaps it is not fair to hold up "Dillinger" to the mirror of "Bonnie and Clyde", but it seems more than coincidental that "Dillinger" bears so many similarities to that watershed film of 1967.

Still "Dillinger" certainly has more going for it than most contemporary films. Milius displays in "Dillinger" a certain mastery of film art and style usually associated with directors much more experienced than he.



"Pretty Boy" Floyd bites the dust

The action sequences were shot and edited with great professionalism a la Peckinpah and Siegal before him. The best sequence is during an aborted bank robbery. The camera is outside in the street as we hear the sound of the hold-up going on inside the bank. The action starts as Dillinger is nicked by a Fed's bullet as the getaway car speeds up to get him. In a series of precise shots (the camera constantly on the move) an innocent woman is run over, her grocery package of oranges strewn all over the street. The getaway car speeds on, only to find the street blocked off by Feds at the other end. A gun battle ensues and the scene ends with Dillinger making a daring escape.

Scenes of Dillinger's boastful pride help to define his character. He tells a frightened bank teller, "You're being robbed by the John Dillinger

gang... that's the best there is." and then adding the dictum, "This could be the biggest moment of your life... don't make it your last." Or the scene where Dillinger is captured and brought to the Illinois Pen proclaiming "Ain't no jail can hold me", while shaking hands with the warden and smiling for press cameras.

Dillinger is a promising debut of a filmmaker with good, hard filmmaking talents. It is also obvious that Milius may not be the most creative or sensitive of the crop of young filmmakers now emerging; he is certainly not the subtlest of the lot. But American films have never been known for being subtle. Fast paced action and an entertaining story line with larger than life heroes and antagonists in a hostile environment has always been the mainstay of American cinema. Milius and "Dillinger" carry on that tradition.

THE SILVER CRICKET

135 S. 18th, K. C. Kans.

4044 Broadway, Westport

LEAVENWORTH PRISONERS FILE SUIT

During the month since the past Trucker, we have received two statements and some poetry from brothers in the federal penitentiary in Leavenworth, Kansas. The statements and poetry are printed below.

It's difficult to determine the truth about any incident taking place in a prison. By definition and custom, they are sealed off from the outside world. However, there are some hard facts about the Leavenworth pen during the past few weeks.

On July 31, 1973, there was a disturbance in the Leavenworth prison. In William Hurst's first statement he describes how he and Armando Miramon took four hostages in order to trade them for access to the warden, Loren Daggett, and the newspapers. Hurst doesn't mention that during the same uprising, in another section of the prison, a guard was killed by an unknown assailant.

After hours of negotiation, Warden Daggett agreed that to secure the release of the hostages he would meet with a prisoner's committee in the presence of Harry Jones, a reporter from the Kansas City Star, and a reporter from the Leavenworth Times. The guards were released, the meeting was held and after it ended every man who had participated in that meeting, whether he was involved with the uprising or not, was ordered into segregation, commonly called "the hole."

Some 40 persons were placed in the hole and, as we go to press, more than a month later, twenty to twenty-five of those men are still there. The second statement from Hurst deals with conditions in the segregation ("hole") area.

On August 31, the Kansas City chapter of the National Lawyers Guild sued Warden Daggett on behalf of the prisoners still in segregation because of the July 31 incident. The suit charges that the prisoners' right to due process under law was violated by the incarceration which took place without notice, without a hearing and without right to counsel or counsel substitute. Further the suit charges that Daggett was guilty of a gross abuse of discretion since he violated Bureau of Prison and institutional regulations concerning the administration of discipline.

The suit was filed chiefly to get the prisoners out of the hole and make sure the warden adopts procedural safeguards against further violations of due process. They urge a written notice of charges, a hearing before an impartial official, a written record of the hearing and the right to counsel.

It may be late this month, however, before any legal action is taken on the suit.

Meanwhile, Hurst, Miramon and the others are likely to receive criminal indictments for their part in the uprising. Charges may include conspiracy and murder.

The poems are by Norman, the Prisoner. They are the ones he knows by heart. All his other poetry was confiscated by the F.B.I. which seeks to

prove he used them to incite the inmates to riot.

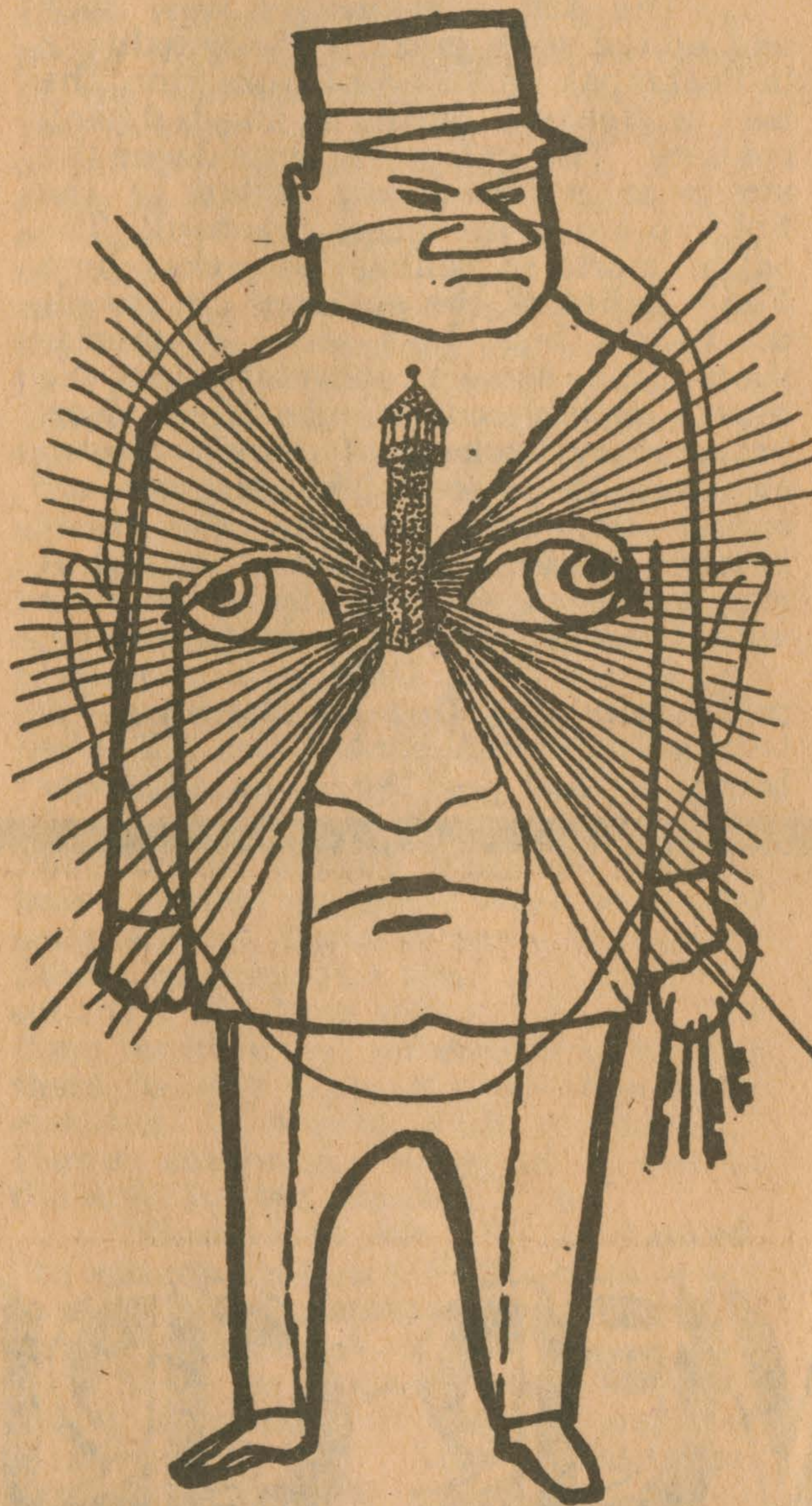
Hurst's first statement:

July 31, his view

I am writing P.D.I. and others so my brothers and sisters may know the truth about what took place July 31, 1973 at Leavenworth Federal Prison Camp.

On several occasions during the month of July, 1973 we tried "unsuccessfully" to present to the new warden "Daggett" the following list of grievances:

1. End racist policies now in effect at Leavenworth Federal Prison Camp.
2. Freedom of religion for all prisoners of Leavenworth Federal Prison



Camp including members of the Church of the New Song.

3. End arbitrary lockup of all prisoners, and release of all prisoners who are now locked up by such means, "including" our brothers who were sent to Marion, Ill. Federal Prison Camp and have been locked in the hole for some 18 months, the right to due process at all disciplinary hearings, counsel, right to confront witnesses and to cross-examine same.

4. More minority group guards on the job at Leavenworth Federal Prison Camp. No chicano guards or civilians are employed, very few blacks, none of which work in a supervisory capacity.

5. Re-organize the medical staff within the walls of Leavenworth Federal

Prison Camp, including psychiatric staff. Three prisoners have died "via" suicide, 1 prisoner through medical neglect in the past nine months.

6. End discrimination by the parole board of Leavenworth Federal Prisoners, (only 1% are paroled from Leavenworth).

7. End harrasment of all legal mail, attorneys, courts, press and the right to confidential correspondence to them.

8. End the ban of political books within the walls of Leavenworth Prison; allow books such as (Marx, Lenin, Engel, Mao).

9. That exploitation of our brothers in the prison facotry "cease." Prisoners are paid slave wages.

10. The return to all prisoners the interest our money has made while being held in trust by the United States Gov. and the bureau of prisons (which they have stolen over the last 300 years).

11. Investigation of Judge Stanley, District Court, State of Kansas, City of Leavenworth, who has constantly denied our petitions to his Court for redress under law.

12. To cease making cutbacks on our food allotments, and feed prisoners decent and proper food.

13. "Abolish the hole."

The new warden "Daggett" refused to even hear our cries for justice. We as an oppressed people were left no choice. The administration refused to listen, the courts (Judge Stanley) refused to act. When tyranny is law, Revolution is in order!

On or about July 20, 1973, a comrade was murdered by Dr. Jarvis, Dr. of Leavenworth Federal Prison Camp. This brother of ours was transferred here to await shipment to Springfield for medical treatment. He could not walk, he was a cripple. Somehow his medical records failed to be sent to Leavenworth with him, (which happens quite often). Dr. Jarvis made the decision our brother was "gameing" about not being able to walk. Dr. Jarvis "ordered" our brother to be thrown into a strip cell in the prison hospital. Our brother laid on the floor for eight days and eight nights, on the eighth night, he died, of an "alleged" blood clot in the brain.

Three other comrades of ours have also committed suicide while confined in the hole. Two by hanging, one by slashing his throat. (All were in need of psychiatric aid). All four deaths having been in the last nine months.

The entire prison population was deeply upset, had warden "Daggett" heard our list of grievances he might have been able to save the life of our brother who was murdered by "Dr. Jarvis."

This brings us to the morning of July 31, 1973, 11:30 a.m. The prison population was seated in the messhall, everyone was pretty up-tight that another of our number was lost. How things started are still not clear, it was a situation where everyone had had it!



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KERWIN PLEVKA

KORNY ROCK

NEIL HAVERSTICK

Well, I'll try to let you in on my feelings concerning Carney Rock, but just keep in mind that the review must be a product of the total experience; and to me, Carney Rock was a mixed sauce of hot sun, old friends, blue sky, a lovely girl's eyes and cold, leftover music. So I've been letting it all sit for a while, and here's what it looks like.

Yeah, I dug it, but only because I really get into so many people at once when the vibrations are of the same pitch. It was a big house party—the bands were my stereo, the shade was my living room, and if I wanted to step into my back yard and ride the rides, that was cool too. But *only* if I wanted to wait in slow moving lines for slow moving hour fractions; only the Roller coaster was worth it. But everyone seemed to get off real well, and if I'm not mistaken the performances ran on time and with a minimum of hassle and hangup. Of course, I was bombarded by pseudo-hip, un-funky, loud mouth (but generally well meaning) wax spinners from Lord knows where, telling me how heavy it was, telling me to get high and

have fun, and telling me to clap and cheer for these silly little bands like Sub-Zero and Hummingbird Square. Sorry, but I do not need that kind of crap breathed at me (is Ron Brothers really Prince Knight from K-SHE in St. Louis? I wonder . . .). But, what the hell, gotta take the good with the bad, right?

But what about the music . . . ? Safe, predictable, largely boring and aimed at a target of which I no longer consider myself a part. I mean, really—all those rock cats are standing up there playing that same beat, playing those same old true blue monotonous notes, over and over and over and over, hand over string, and generally playing a style of music which amounts to no more than the musical droppings of such legends as the Who and the Yardbirds, who besides being so much more creative than the groups today, were playing some of the best music on earth 6, 7 and even eight light years ago. Besides, the vibes that some of these guys radiate are kind of sad—"hey, I'm Joe Cock—Rockstar and you little girls lay down and I'll bless you with my

body." The just turned 18 kid in Spirit was the perfect stereotype.

But, of course there were some good moments. Slaughterhouse really surprised me. Whoever their vocalist is, he won best vocals of the day award, and the band was tight and got down. If they can get their own material together, watch out. But they got shut off too fast. Dr. Hook and the boys were excellent; I laughed my ass off, but they don't fool me; underneath that clowning around they can kick ass. They were as tight as you like, and quite frequently a glint of some hot lick or other would flash by. Ray's death defying triple yodel was outstanding. Those guys have a hell of a good time and get paid and laid for it. What else is there in this life?

But, to backstep, the music was mostly old glock. Most of the bands, including R.E.O. Speedwagon, aren't worth mentioning, but since I used to be a Spirit follower, I'd like to relate their set to you. Although bald Cass is a heavy man and skin beater, his musicians were piss poor. The vocals were so bad you couldn't stand it, and

those poor guitar players copped every note, nuance and effect they could from Randy California's magnificent soul. But, to no avail; it sucked, bad. California is a master, and these guys were your average rock and roll punks. And they did all of Spirit's best songs, running every one into the ground. Cass, why is such a perceptive, sensitive man like you fooling yourself with this bunch of losers? I don't understand how you can so proudly announce your new group and retain the name Spirit. I know you got ears with which to hear.

The idea of Carney Rock was beautiful and it worked. Even if the music wasn't of the highest quality, everyone had a great time (I'm possibly one of the few people there who didn't like the music). It seems that Enigma could bring at least *one* mindfucking group in with the dregs; (*they're bringing Blue Oyster Cult on the next one—ed.*) I suppose if Nugent had made it I wouldn't be so pissed at the sounds, but he didn't and no suitable substitute was arranged. So be it. Better luck next time.

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BLUES PROJECT REUNION

BOB GROSSWEINER

The Byrds tried it, released an album, but it failed to regain the old Byrd's magic. Buffalo Springfield might (hopefully) give it a try, and the rumors about the Beatles doing it again are just rumors. It was billed as the Blues Project Reunion: Roy Blumenfeld, Danny Kalb, Steve Katz, Al Kooper, and Andy Kulberg, but it almost didn't get off the ground. Only two concerts were originally scheduled (N.Y. and Wash.), but the Central Park performance was postponed due to a horrendous rain all day Friday June 22, and wouldn't you know it, by show time the skies were clear and the temperature perfect for a night under the stars.

Sunday afternoon was a nice hazy

day for a concert. Starting off with an oldie, "Goin' Down Louisiana", it was apparent that the magic was not there. Kalb's voice was flat, and they seemed to be going through the motions of trying to recreate the past. "Steve's Song" was better, and it was obvious that they would just be playing their old songs. This was not going to be a special performance with new material, and Al even had the sold-out audience of approximately 6,000 yell out: "Oh no, not again". When either Steve or Al sang, the old Blues Project was grooving, unfortunately Danny's vocals were off. After awhile it was also apparent that they didn't improvise instrumentally on their 1966 arrangements, and it would seem that they would have a hard time making it big in 1973. But, the fans



loved them. And, Al was in good humor when he dedicated "I Can't Keep From Crying" to Alvin Lee of Ten Years After and thanked him for buying his car (royalties).

The concert took a sudden change for the last three numbers. The Kulberg classic "Flute Thing?" inspired Koop to do some electronic keyboard wizardry, and Roy did a picturesque drum solo including planned sequences of misses. This led to their classic: "Wake Me,

Shake Me", and the old magic was finally there—with Kalb showing why he was considered one of the premier guitarist back in 1965-7. An encore of "Two Trains Running" was the dessert, and it was too bad that there was no more. But, the folks at MCA recorded this tour for a future release. Although I won't go out of my way to get this LP, I will be anxious to listen to it and compare it to their 1967 live at Town Hall album.

Climax Blues Band

AN INTERVIEW

BOB GROSSWEINER

The Climax Blues Band (a.k.a. Climax Chicago) are one of the best "new" blues-rock groups in a long time. Although they started as a group back in 1968 and have released five albums on Sire Records, they just made their first tour of the United States when their last album, *Rich Man*, took off. Not only has Sire remained loyal to their group when most record companies would have dropped them due to lack of sales, they have lots of loyal fans in America too. Throughout the tour they were surprised to hear requests from all five albums and especially the first two which are collector's items by now, and I haven't even been able to get hold of them. When I called Sire, they didn't even have copies for me to listen to.

Climax is now a quartet: Thirty-three year old Colin Cooper on sax, clarinet, harp, rhythm guitar, as well as a lead vocalist; lead vocalist/guitarist Peter Haycock who is the youngest member at twenty-two; bassist and vocalist Derek Holt, 24; and the new drummer John Cuffley (33) who used to be with Emile Ford and the Checkmates, that English group that had a string of million sellers in the early '60s in England.

They have toured Europe (Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, and Germany) and now most of the United States. They played Milwaukee three times; once on a bill with the J. Geils Band and the James Gang. Peter: "The next day we were on a flight to Minneapolis with the J. Geils Band. Peter Wolf (that crazed vocalist for Geils) was on the plane reading this paper and kept looking at us for what must have been a half an hour. Finally he got enough courage and came over to us and showed me the paper. In the concert review of the night before, we got nine out of the ten paragraphs and

Geils only got one. We really respect Peter an awful lot for doing what he did. He didn't have to do it you know." In other words, the Climax Blues Band blew the J. Geils Band off the stage that night in Milwaukee, and that is a mighty big accomplishment especially if you have ever seen Geils live.

This interview was held on the day before they headlined the Academy of Music in New York City in late June. Colin, Peter, and I as well as a few beers sat down in their hotel restaurant for a few hours. What follows is a somewhat edited version of our discussion: Colin starts off with a bit of their history. (Try to imagine English accents.)

COLIN: Pete and I had been in the same band for seven years. I used to have to ask his mother if he could come out and play and have to promise to get him back by a certain time. I remember one night we went to a party somewhere, and Pete was about fifteen and got very drunk. We got Pete home about 12:30, and he wasn't allowed to play for a week. That was a long time ago. This band has been in existence for four and a half years, and we have been a pro band for just three years. And the drummer we have in the band now has only been with us for seven or eight months. Oh, but I've known him for twelve years or more. He's been in different bands on and off.

PETER: Colin, Derek, and I had been in a band together a year before Climax started, and we were a soul band. I personally played in several bands before for a year. We all got together with George [Newsome] who was the original Climax drummer, and he used to roadie for our soul band. We were really fed up, we weren't doing anything. We decided just to form a band strictly for fun... just to play something we enjoyed playing. So we

got a semi-pro band in Stoke, Kent which was the nearest big city to Stafford, and we started a blues club. The first week we had a dozen people in the room. We sort of went around with a paste brush and posters that we made ourselves. The next week we had twenty-four people, then thirty-six, etc., until we had to move to a bigger room, and after a year I think it was, we had a manager. And it was getting quite professional by then. Actually the first two albums that we did were made semi-pro, and we still had day jobs which turned out to be something of a disadvantage because we couldn't promote those albums properly. We weren't on the road five or six nights a week, we were just playing on the weekends semi-pro and consequently those albums didn't do anything sales wise. The second of those albums is still one of our favorites, and I think it was a big disadvantage being semi-pro. Anyway, Sire plans to re-release those first two albums that are so hard to find.

What is the difference between semi-pro and pro?

PETER: In England, you see, because of the size of the country and the amount of people who play, there used to be, but it's dwindling now, a really big semi-pro scene where you work in the daytime and go out with your band at night. Pro is when you play all the time, and that is your only employment.

COLIN: One of the things about the band was there were a lot of Americans in England in the summer and on the continent, and whenever we played to American audiences they'd say you ought to go to America cause you'd go over well there. And we have been trying to get here for two years.

What are your roots?



COLIN: Me personally, I just started playing New Orleans jazz, not Dixieland jazz, but dry notes playing clarinet for five years, and there is a lot of blues in that. I got into all the blues like Robert Johnson, Son House, but Muddy Waters is my all-time favorite—his band with Little Walter and Otis Spann is, in my opinion, the finest band that there ever was in anything.

The albums state that the writer of the songs is Climax. Is there a primary writer?

PETER: Generally all the work is shared. Any tune coming out of the band is generally that everyone has a say in it. Until recently Colin has written all the words—90% of them. I suppose that I have done a lot of the arranging, and Derek has been the melody man, but that's until very recently. It isn't really as straight forward as that—it is sort of a cooperative way of writing.

COLIN: You want to get people involved in the whole thing. If someone writes a song in another band, and only one guy writes, he gets all the bread and gets all the ideas on how things should be done. The rest of the guys, you know, never seem to get involved in the same way as if everybody feels whatever they say about the song, if they think something should be changed, then there is no big ego and the band knows. The only other band that I was in that recorded was dreadful. One guy in the band used to write songs furiously and as soon as he got to the studio he used to spend 90% of the time threatening the producer that he wanted his songs while the rest of us spent the time waiting around to be told what to play. And this is no way to record, to think, to be. Our band is just the opposite—everybody knows they are going to get credited for the thing—even the drummer who does one lick or one

thing, he is going to be credited with it.

Whatever happened to your keyboard player?

PETER: When we started we were just a fun band, and the guy who played keyboards, Arthur Wood, was the oldest member of the band and couldn't turn pro because he had to support his family. He is now working in radio. We try to get him on the albums though. One of these days we are going to have to persuade him to go on the road with us because I know he would knock everyone flat over their heads, and we are working on this all the time. I would love to get him on the road again.

How do you pick the blues songs from Robert Johnson, Son House, and the other blues greats that you perform?

PETER: Basically, the ones that have a particular influence on individuals in the band at any particular time.

COLIN: Son House in particular because he came to England two years ago, and we did three gigs with him, and he is a legendary figure. He did "Grinning in Your Face" and it had a tremendous impact on us—an amazing song.

How did you feel about performing with Albert King and T-Bone Walker at Carnegie Hall last month?

Well, Albert has been my number one hero for, well, ever since I have been playing—ten years or so. So you can imagine how much affect it would have on me personally to have idolized this guy for so long.

COLIN: Every guitar player in England plays something from Albert King, and he had a big effect on Eric Clapton.

Is Albert bigger than B.B. King in England?

PETER: I should say that he is just as

big in England today. Let me tell you a story about our producer who was a big Cream freak at one time. I think that this was when we were recording our third album, and I took an Albert King record to the studio and said listen to this please for a minute, and he listened and said that it was someone doing a take off on Eric. And where it all is: This was so many years before Eric made it big, and the producer just couldn't believe it. So many of the licks, like "Strange Brew" and all that, came from direct pinches from Albert King.

Which album was that?

PETER: *Born Under a Bad Sign*, I think.

There is another King in America that is pretty famous and that is Freddie King. Has he had any influence on you?

COLIN: I don't know much about him. I just heard *Texas Cannonball* and really liked it. I would say that he doesn't have much influence on the band because we haven't seen him, and we just heard him a few months ago.

Were there any white blues artists like Paul Butterfield or John Mayall that has had a lasting affect on your music?

COLIN: Yes. Paul Butterfield for me. I forget which album it was but there was an album when they first started, and after we heard that we played some of those songs—maybe half the album.

That sounds like East-West—one of the albums without horns. What are your feelings about the Steve Miller Band that was once known as the Steve Miller Blues Band until Paul Butterfield told them to drop the word "blues" because people will expect blues all the time?

PETER: It is strange but everyone we

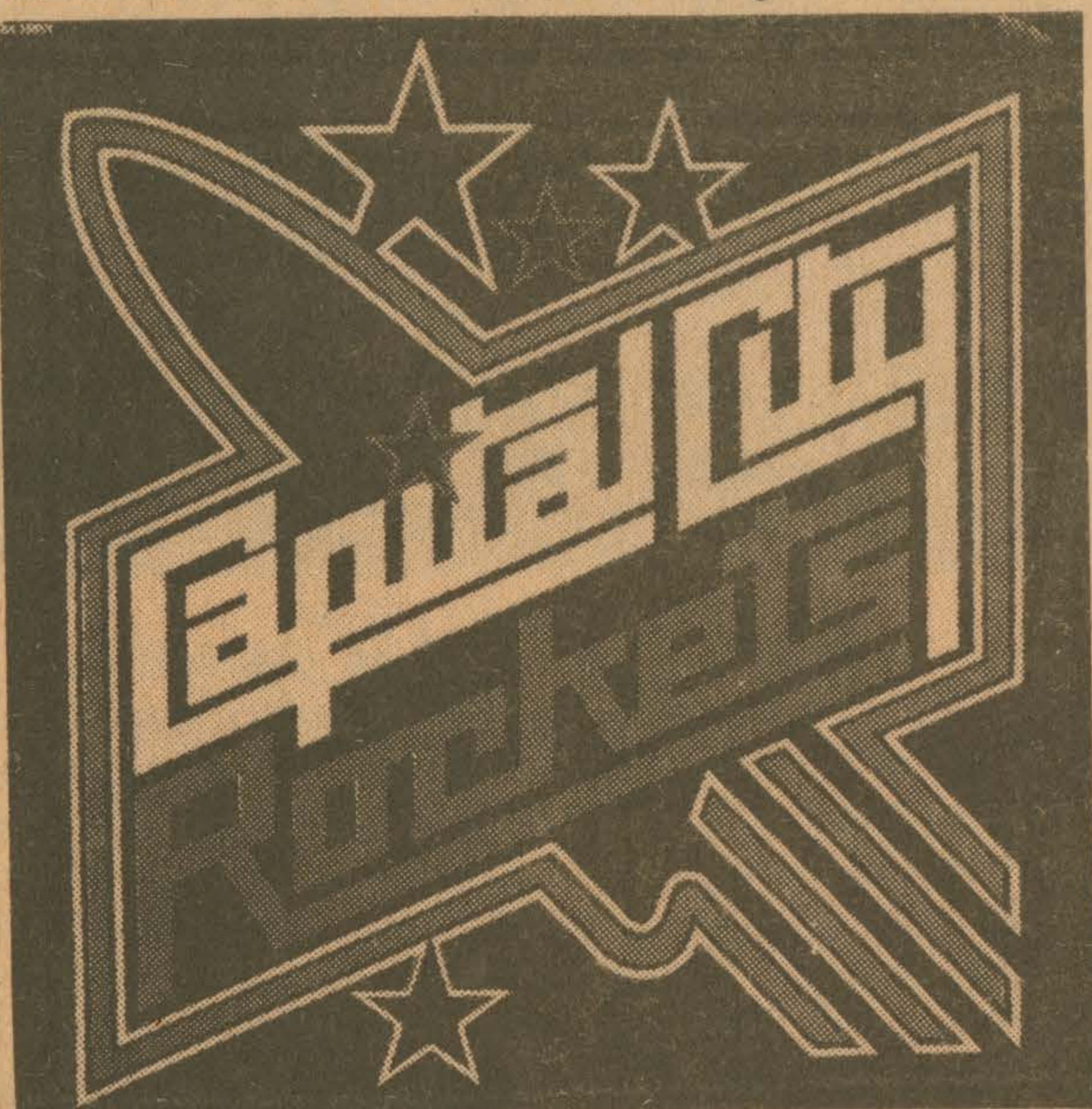
CONTINUED ON 62

33 Shots

by
BOB GROSSWEINER

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Ten Wheel Drive
Capitol ST 11199

BEWARE: Genya Ravan is no longer with Ten Wheel Drive. She has been replaced by another female, of course, vocalist: Ann B. Sutton who was briefly with the Rascals and even belts them out like Genya at times. Since the team of Aram Scheffrin (guitar)/Michael Zager (organ) is still the backbone, it is obvious why they kept name of TWD and why they sought a replacement in the Genya mold. But, their first LP, *Construction No. 10* (Polydor) is still their definitive work. A nice horn rock album here, but we need more than just another nice album these days.



Capital City Rockets
Capital City Rockets
Elektra EKS 75059

Roller Derby and rock 'n' roll are here to stay and both have more than a few things in common, and when you get down to the nitty gritty, roller derby is rock 'n' roll: fast, flashy, flagrant, and above all gut-level entertainment. The Capital City Rockets, a quintet from Ohio, are dedicated to both roller derby and good ole rock 'n' roll. The doublelyric guitars with a pulsating bottom and Jamie Lyons on vocals (he sang "Little Bit O' Soul"—the no. 1 million selling single for the Music Explosion back in the late '60's) means ten compact entities with good lyrics like "Breakfast in bed is what I need" (We all do) and more. So get your skates on and rock 'n' roll to the Capital City Rockets and dig some pure and honest music.

Michael Murphy
Cosmic Cowboy Souvenir
A&M 4388

Michael Murphy is a talent that will have to be reckoned with because he is too good to overlook meaning that you should go out of your way to hear his country (but he ain't real country & western) style stories about the West—human experiences and believable personalities. No fiddles and no violins so he really wails into a rock groove

after a bit. His second A&M disc starts off with "Cosmic Cowboy (Part 1)", and you are hooked right away as there is no turning back since you want to "ride and rope and hoot" just like everyone else. Michael is from Austin as is Willie Nelson, Doug Sahm, and Jerry Jeff Walker meaning that Austin just might be the next big music center. A fine band (that also backed up Jerry Jeff on his latest—also extremely fine) with Bob Johnston producing, Michael and his stories will be around for a long time to come so you better start now.

The Sutherland Brothers and Quiver
Lifeboat
Island SW 9326

The Sutherland Brothers released a pair of nice albums (including one entitled *Lifeboat*) that went nowhere; Quiver issued two good ones that got lost in the tons of releases. The Sutherlands were looking for a band; Quiver was looking for new composing and singing talent. Thus what may be a rock first: the combing of two bands with *Lifeboat*, an appropriate title, the



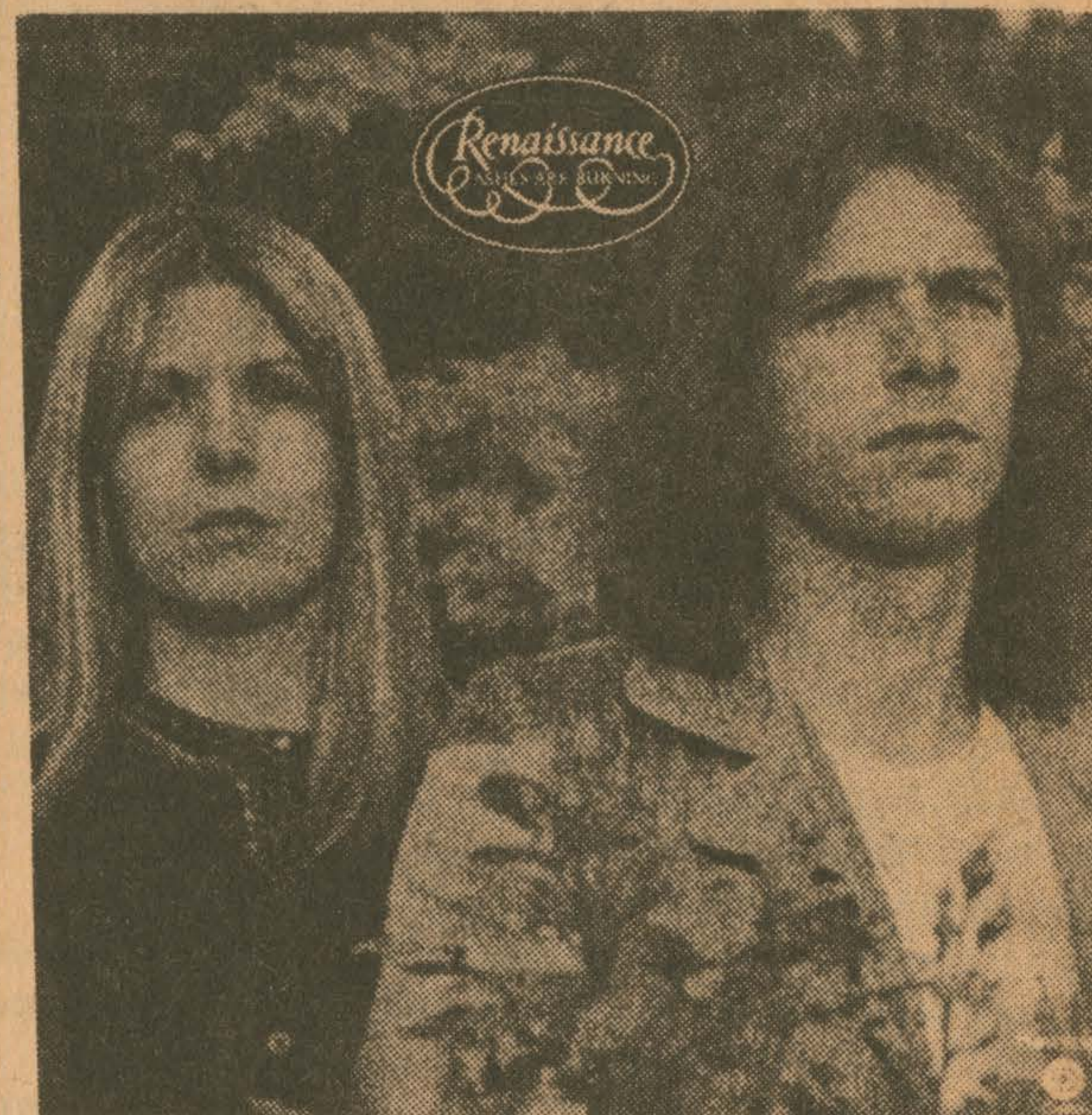
SHORT TAKES: These gems deserve more space but space is limited so here goes . . . Rocket Records (Elton John's new label dist. by MCA) has just released three debut discs that are conspicuous with the absence of Elton. But, they are still some of the finest new releases: Elton's new guitarist Davey Johnstone's solo *Smiling Face* (MCA 340) is an acoustic oriented group offering with flashed of Pentangle; Mike Silver's *Troubador* (MCA 348) is more of a folk singer with lots of six and twelve strings; and Longdancer is a new young group with four part harmonies reminiscent of CSN&Y and *If It Was So Simple* (MCA 339), I'd be able to define this fine disc better for you . . . From Grunt we have Jack Traylor and Steewind's *Child of Nature* (BFL1-0144) that reminds me of early acoustic Airplane with Jack and Diana Harris singing double lead (visions of Grace and Marty) in one of the most enjoyable "finds" of the year . . . In this age of Billie Holliday revivals primarily due to the film *Lady Sings the Blues*, there have been lots of recordings re-issued, but the best by far is *Strange Fruit* (Atlantic SD 1614) . . . Stanley Clarke, the bassist for Chick Corea, has released his first LP as leader. *Children of Forever* (Polydor PD 5531) is especially strong on the only non-vocal track as the sessions were produced by Corea who also performed . . . One final summer surprise: The Bob Dylan soundtrack *Pat Garrett & Billy the Kid* (Columbia ICC32460) is pure delight especially the instrumentals—it puts you in such a good mood . . . see ya next issue.



result. Hopefully they will not be overlooked again (they are on the Elton John tour) as they are more than good with Muff Winwood producing. Iain and Gavin (the brothers) are exceptional vocalists, and Quiver and the brothers are good instrumentalists with acoustic guitars and organ dominating the sound. Some good ole rock 'n' roll including a fine version of "Not Fade Away" with Dead-like vocals. A pleasant surprise as the lifeboat has been saved—catch a ride.

Badger
One Live Badger
Atco SD 7022

When Tony Kaye, the keyboard player for Yes, departed, he formed Badger whose first album has just been released and was recorded live (Yes was the headliner) which is quite unusual for a debut disc. And with five of the six cuts over seven minutes long, there is a lot of stretching out meaning good guitar and keyboard solos. The ethereal "On the Way Home" has good vocal harmonies as Badger (guitarist Brian Parrish, Roy Dyke on drums, and bassist Dave Foster) produces thought provoking music. A rock quartet that is at times reminiscent of Yes (and is produced by Jon Anderson of Yes, by the way), Badger has the goods of what it takes to become real big—but the question remains, will they be able to produce in the studio?



Renaissance
Ashes Are Burning
Sovreign ST 11216

Classical rock (is there such a thing?) at its very best. This Renaissance has nothing to do with Keith and Jane Relf's Renaissance that was formed from the ashes of the Yardbirds except to confuse you. Yet, both were dedicated to the same form of long, inspiring music. Here we have Annie Haslam's crystalline high-pitched vocals heightening the sound, and she is beautiful to listen to. With a keyboard domination as well as a fine loose guitar, the string arrangements add a grandeur feeling. "Ashes are Burning"—the eleven

CONTINUED ON 44

and

Child
Jack Traylor



GRUNY

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ALBUMS

drums.

Let's not let this talent slip by unnoticed again. This has been happening too often lately—just look at Little Feat. Oh, I almost forgot, in cameo appearances were Leon, Bonnie, Merry, Mick, Nini, Billy, Rod, Bette Y El Mysterioso.

Harrison, Leon Russell, Dr. John, Merry Clayton, John Simon, Gram Parsons, Ben Sidran, and Delaney and Bonnie's horn section) primarily due to the lack of public performances. He was doing sessions (Dylan, Cocker, Harrison, Leon Russell's Asylum Choir) and began producing (Roger Tillison, ex-Byrd Gene Clark). In between his solo efforts, he played at the Concert for Bengla Desh, and Jesse realized it was time to get out of the studios and seek the inspiration of a live audience. He now has a new record on a new label (Epic) and is getting together what should be a very tight road show.

Whereas *Jesse Davis* has a strong Leon Russel/Delaney influence and *Ululu* has a Dr. John funk feeling, *Keep Me Comin'* seems to be an evolution of Jesse's brand of music. The first two albums featured many good songs (some written by Merle Haggard, Harrison,

JESSE ED DAVIS: KEEP ME COMIN'



Leon, Van Morrison, The Band) with single potential that never materialized; his latest are all (except one) by Jesse and John Angelos, his harmonica player, and maybe a single will push the album this time.

There are no earth shattering lyrics here, but the music is just fine, and Jesse's vocal and use of chorus is very effective especially on "She's a Pain". With the backing track layed down first he filled this natural single with "She's burnt me and it's a shame/She's a pain, pain, pain." A 1956 Andre Williams tune, "Bacon Fat," is in a semi-talking blues style about a new dance that was sweeping the South. There is a countrified "Who Pulled the Plug" with Bobby Bruce on violin and ends in what appears to be a chorus of little children. Jesse's vocals are especially pleasing on "Keep Me Comin'".

There was good planning by the producer (Jesse) as four of the ten cuts are instrumentals which breaks up the sameness most all vocal albums have, and these are his first recorded instrumentals. The use of a seven man horn section and Jesse's guitar blend nicely on "National Anthem", and the "6:00 Bugalo" really does what its name implies. The only name musician on the album this time is Jim Keltner on

Jesse Ed Davis
Keep Me Comin'
Epic KE 32133

BOB GROSSWEINER

We first heard of Jesse Edwin Davis (an Indian from Oklahoma whose mother is Kiowa and father Commanche) when he was lead guitarist on Taj Mahal's first three albums—to some this was Taj in his finest hour. Jesse left to go solo, and he released two fine critically acclaimed albums for Atco (*Jesse Davis* and *Ululu*). But, as some record gems seem to do, they went nowhere even with name sidemen (Eric Clapton, George

Sharks
FIRST WATER
MCA 351

Copperhead
COPPERHEAD
Columbia KC 32250

BOB GROSSWEINER

Here we have two bands, one English (Sharks) and the other American (Copperhead), with more than a few things in common. First, both have famous members (Andy Fraser, John Cipollina) who left big groups (Free, Quicksilver) at their peaks to start their own bands. Second, the publicity placed these new groups on a pedestal for almost a year before the albums were released. And, now the results can be looked at.

Sharks. When you think of a shark, you think of a killer piercing and jabbing and never giving up and probably never losing the fight. Free was a shark—listen to "All Right Now" as well as their other potent songs. Andy Fraser was more than just their bassman/composer—at times the bass was the lead instrument. Add guitarist Chris Spedding, one of the finest English sessionists (Jack Bruce, Nilsson) who never had his groups' (Battered Ornaments, Nucleus) albums released in America; former Mylon drummer Marty Simon; and Snips—just Snips—a singer who used to be with an appropriately named group Nothin' Ever Happens. Sharks. A group that you'll be hearing a lot from in the future.

If Sharks resemble Free, don't fret, there are a few easy explanations. John Mayall alumnus Andy Fraser obviously was an important influence in

CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE

The Allman Brothers Band
Brothers and Sisters
Capricorn

TIM BRADLEY

After losing two front members in accidents that would have dissolved a lesser band, the Allman Brothers Band have learned that their strength is not in their members but in their group. The title of the new LP reflects this theme, and on the inside of the album jacket, the whole happy healthy family is pictured on what must have been one of those mellifluous Macon mornings. Even the dogs are grinning.

Brothers and Sisters opens with the sizzling slide guitar of "Wasted Words," whips right into the peppy, poppish "Rambling Man," and then falters just a little. "Come and Go Blues" has the feathers but not the flight and is saved only by some tasty tinkling on piano by newcomer Chuck Leavell. "Jelly Jelly" is a sluggish blues that sits on the end of Side One like a box of day-old cat mistake.

But turn that record over! Side Two combines such good music with such flashes of incendiary brilliance that it had me worried over the mere holding of my water. Lead guitarist Richard (it's no longer Dicky) Betts' playing on "Southbound" is hotter than a two-dollar pistol and the wide, sweeping "Jessica" assures the listener that Duane

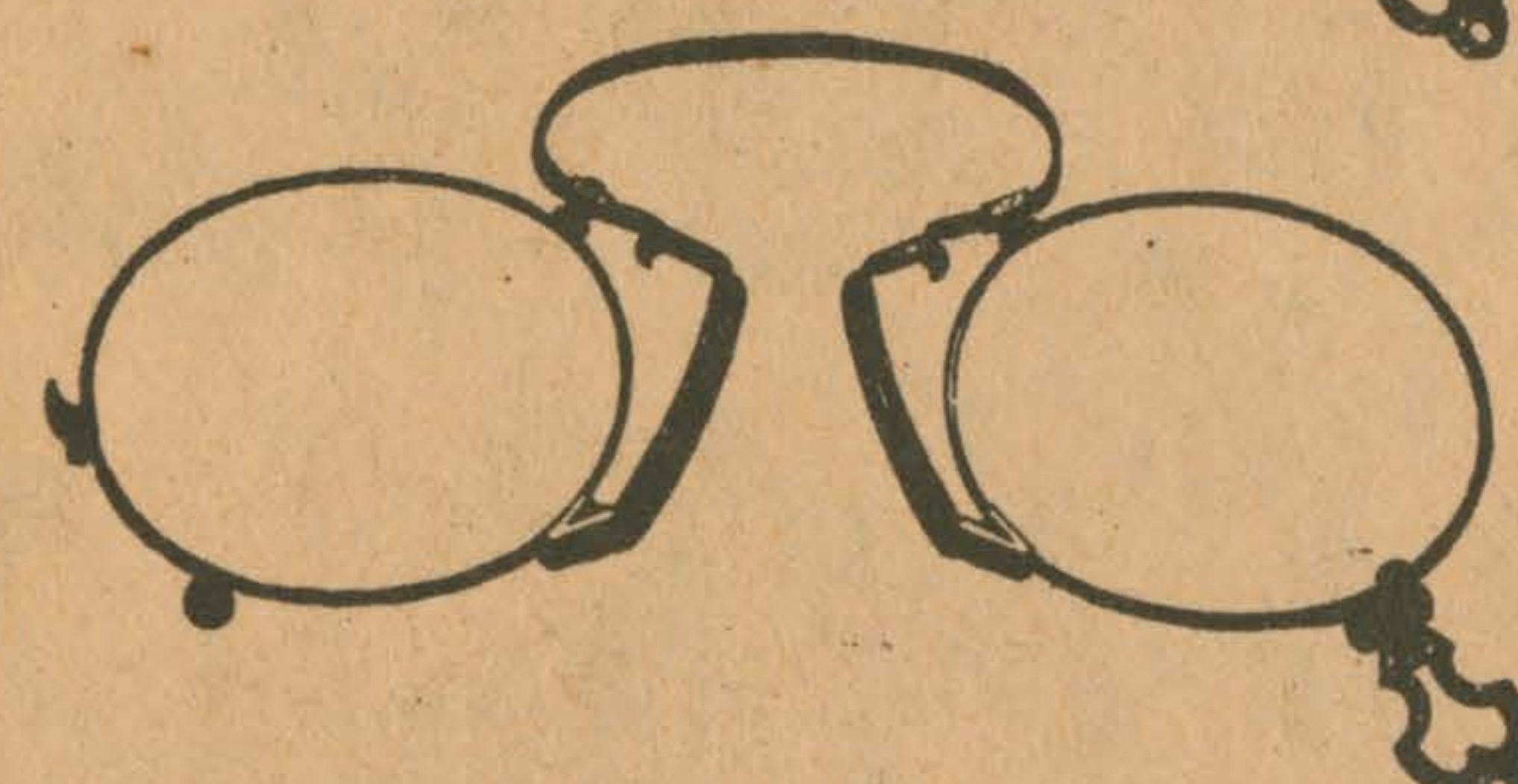
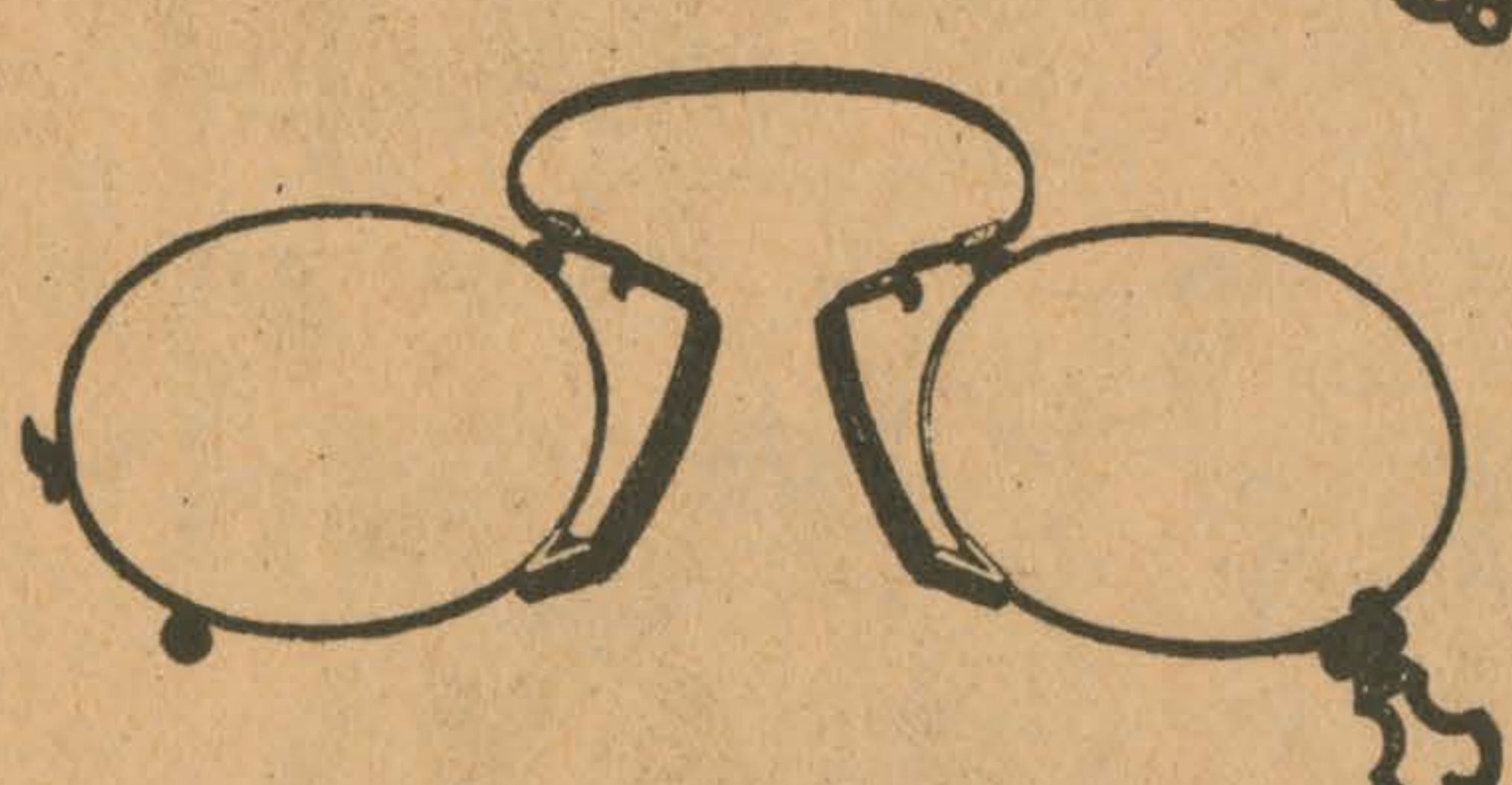
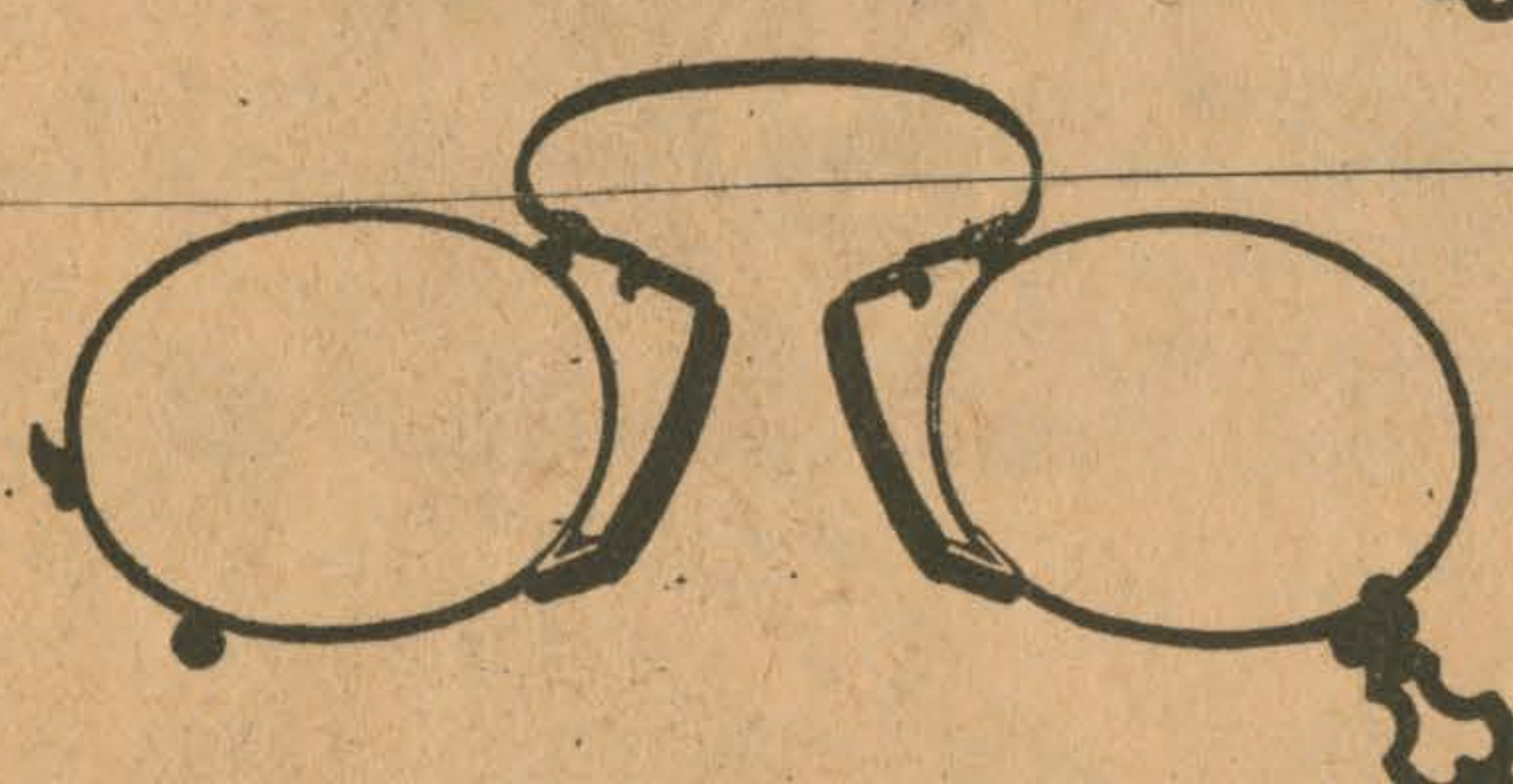
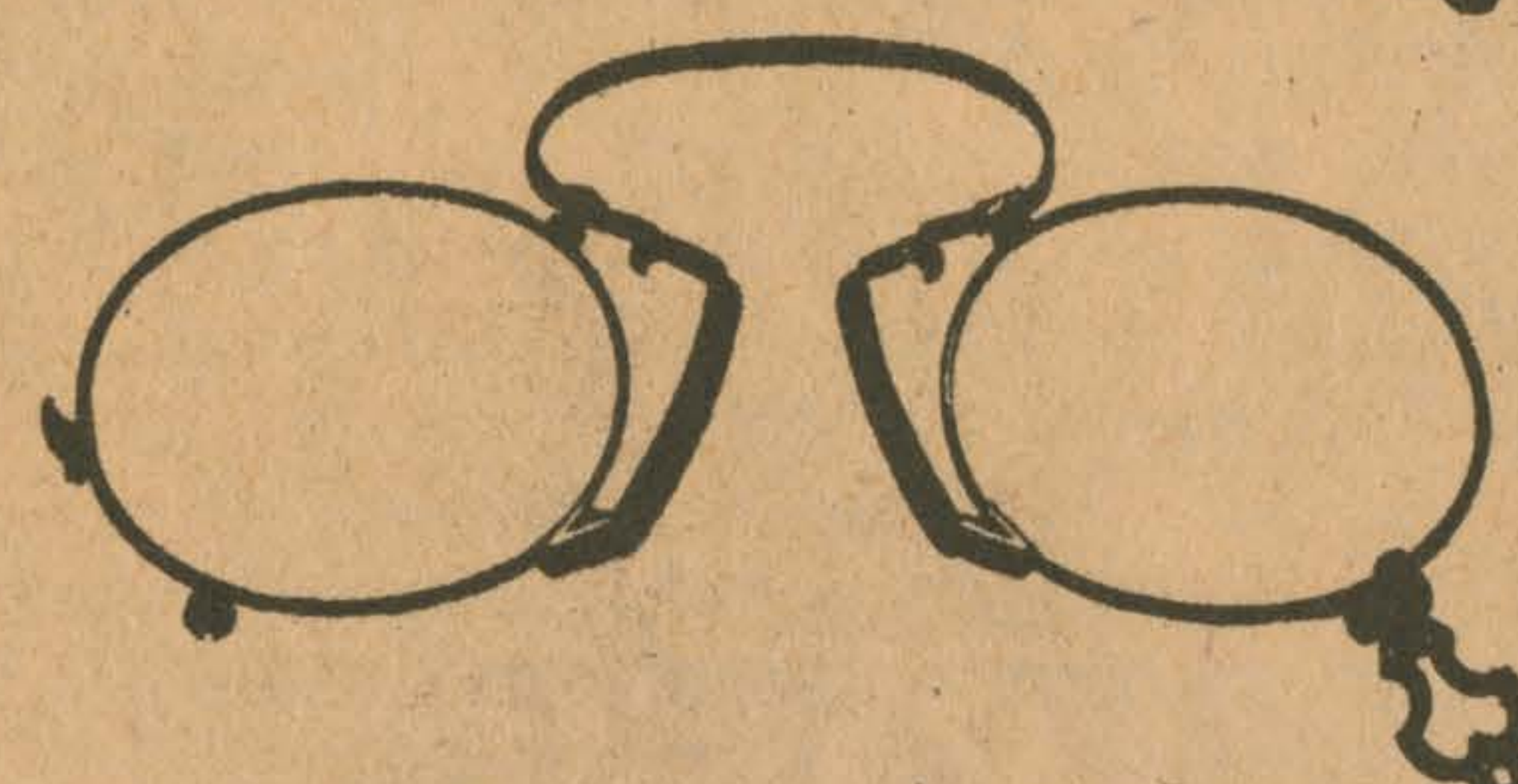
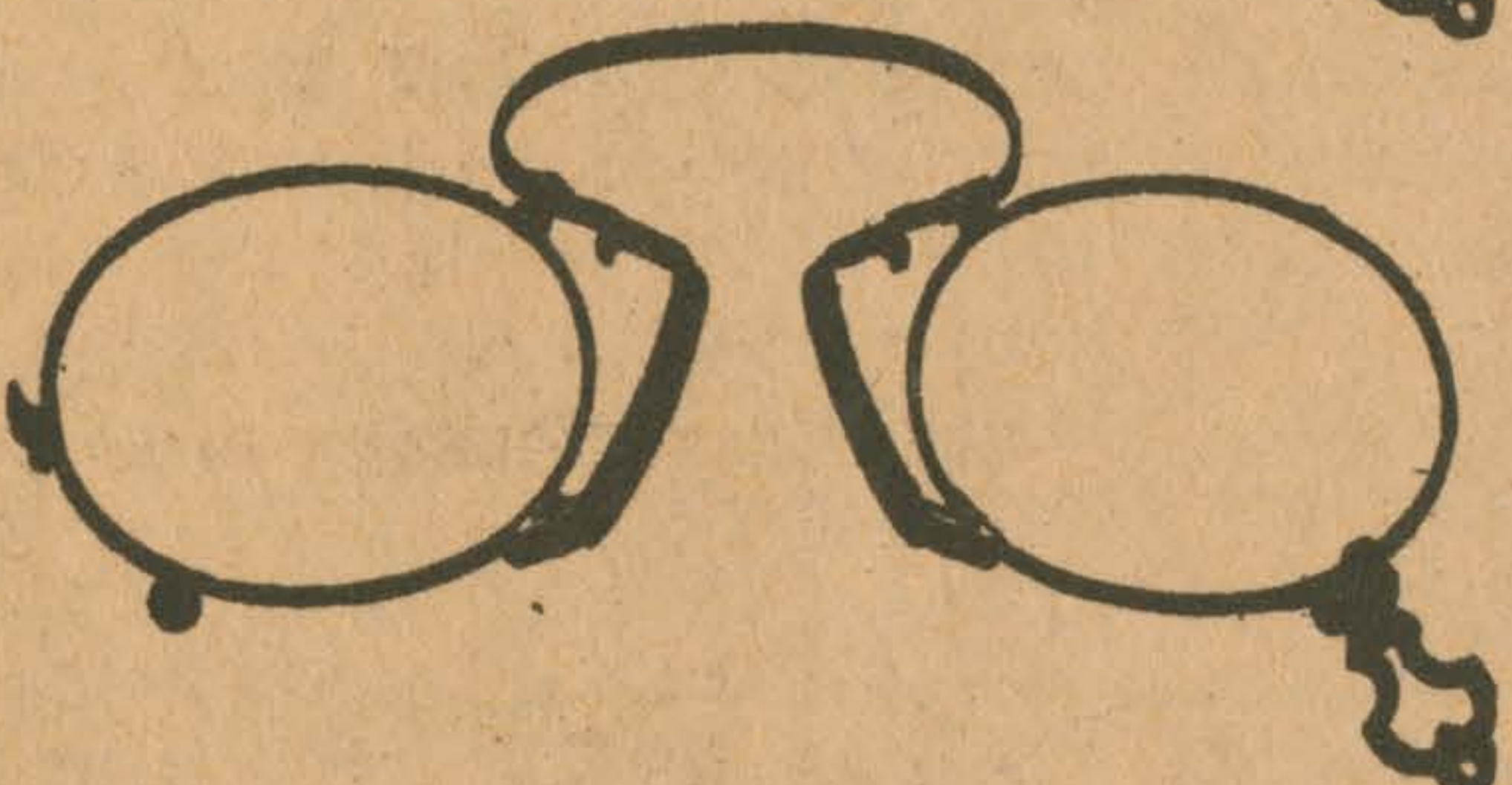
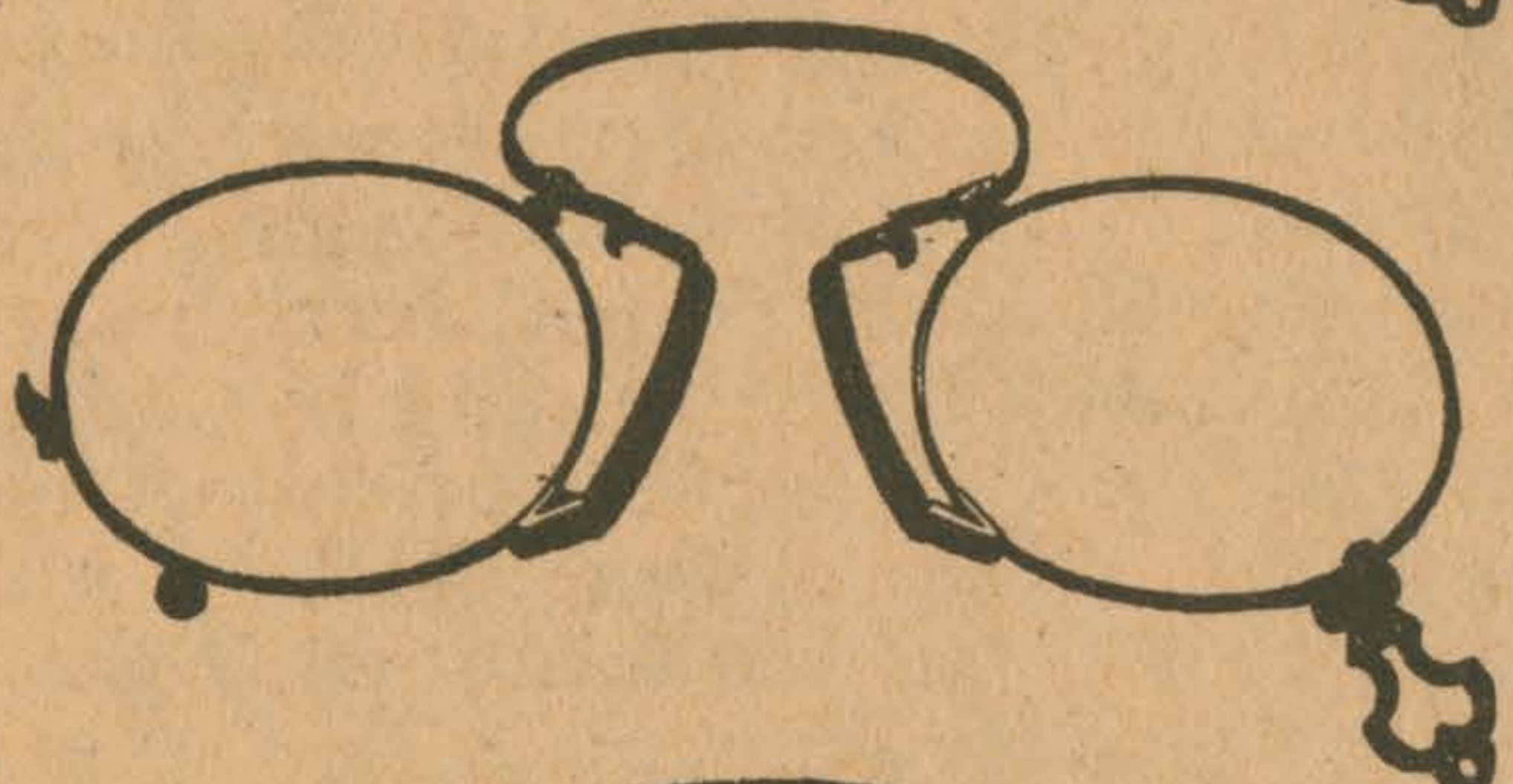
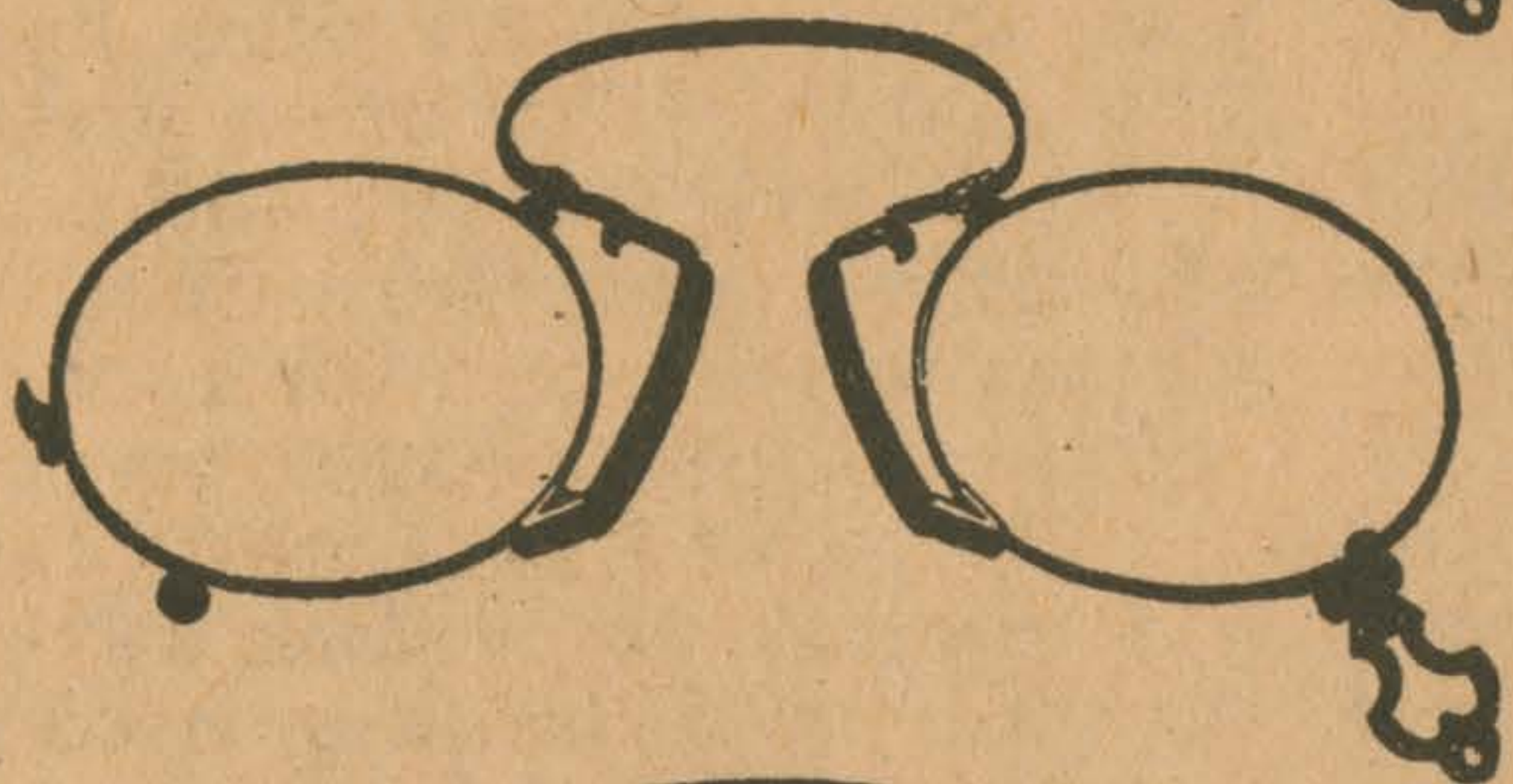
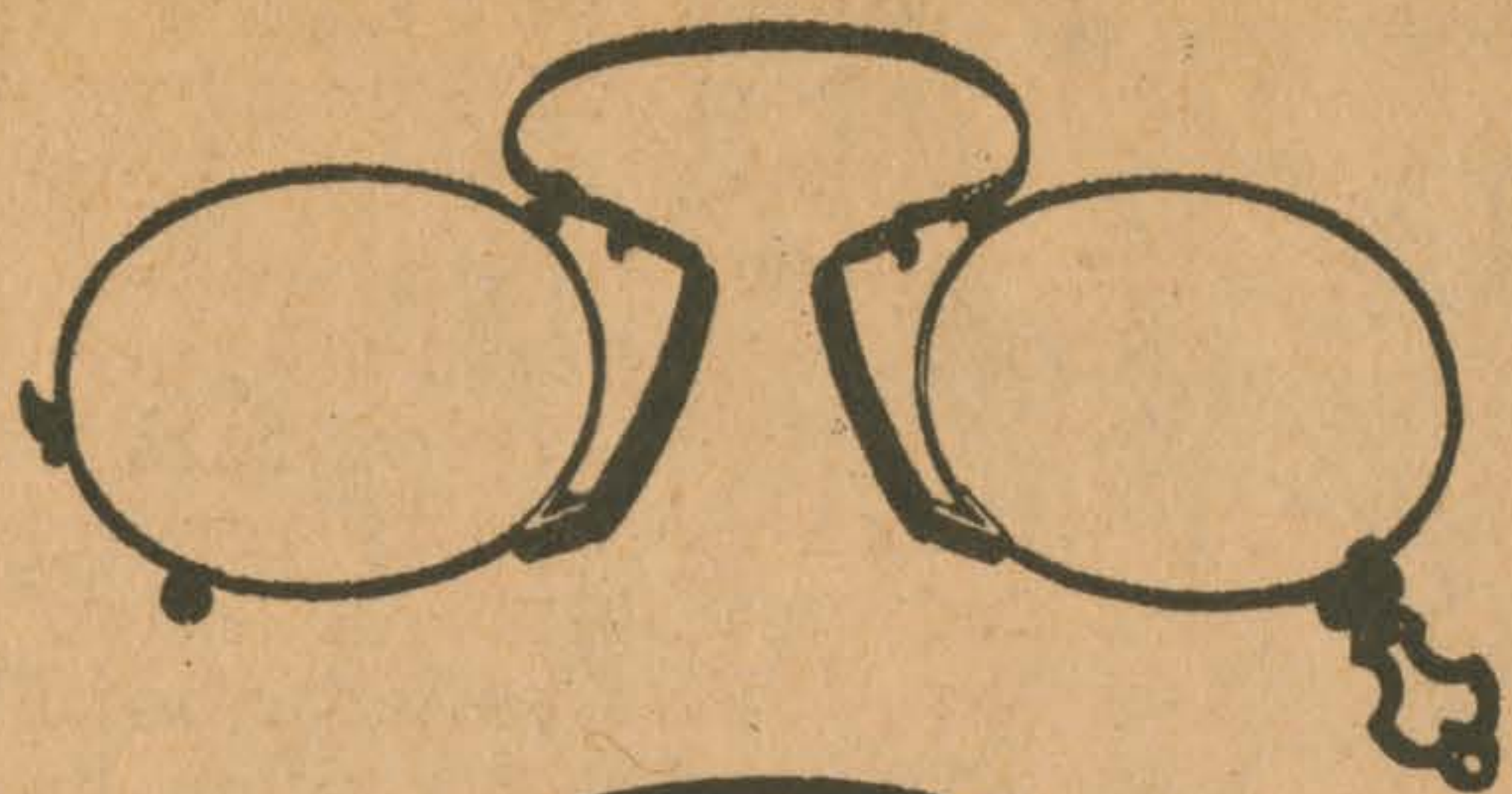
Allman and Berry Oakley have not gone to the worm forgotten.

The surprise of the album is the delightful "Pony Boy," in which Betts and buddy Tom Talton show off their considerable acoustic acumen to the accompaniment of stand-up bass and brushed drums. The tune represents a kind of ritual return to the roots for the band and is the first all-acoustic number

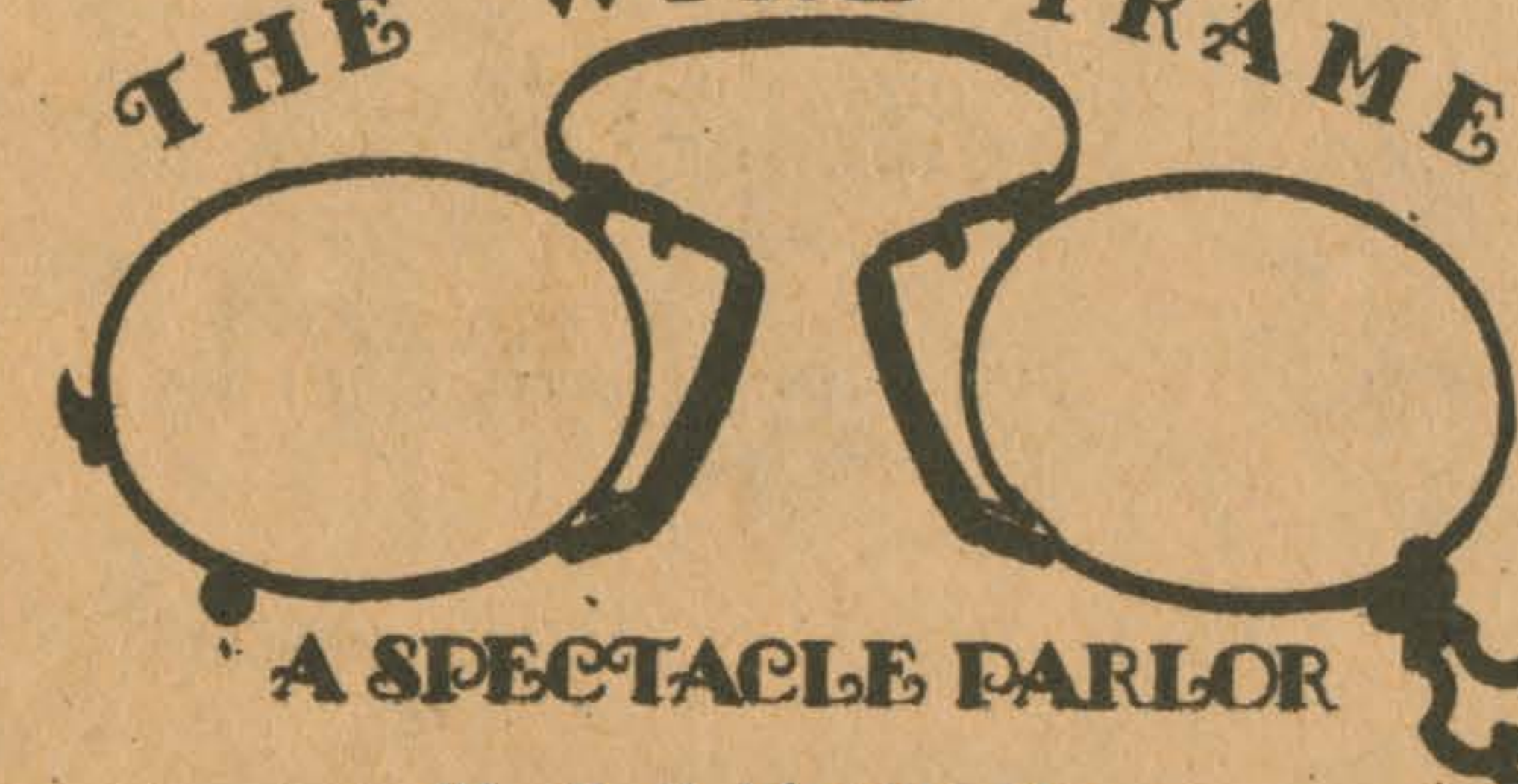
they've recorded.

After weathering a covey of catastrophes that hinted at karmic conspiracy, the Allman Brothers Band have produced a mostly superb album. *Brothers and Sisters* ends on a firm positive note with the spontaneous laughter that finishes "Pony Boy" and I say with unmitigated fervor that these are my boys.





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area where John was unbenevolent. We start off with the hard driving single "Roller Derby Star" that is one of the best songs in the somewhat tight compressed format (the four minute kind). There is still some of the old magical San Francisco guitar sound audible, and a mellower piece like "A Little Hand" works effectively because of its contrast with the rockers. Lyrically Copperhead is not going to have many cover versions (look at the titles "Kamikaze", "Kibitzer", "Spin-Spin" with lyrics to match) as they are basically a fun group. Thus we have to look at the vocals as another

mushy. Now, I don't mean to badmouth the others in the group, by any means, but good, tight hard rock groups are a dime a dozen these days, and they are all saying approximately the same thing. Fine. But *real* talent and power in rock seems to have choked to death on its own overload of fuzzy notes about (co-incidentally) the same time as Jimi Hendrix stepped out on this life about 3 short years ago. There just aren't a whole shit-load of people worth laughing or crying about that I've heard lately. April really does a lot to change that scene, though. She is so heavy that I get off better by staring at the literally



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astounding masterpiece of art which she painted on her customized ax than by listening to a lot of people play notes. Really. If you think I'm overdoing it, just take a long, slow look at the inside of the new album's cover. She also plays that ax—yes indeed.

In all fairness, her guitar playing is not the only positive feature of this album. This group plays *together*, and since Mike (The Loser) Pinera is gone, they sound like a new band. (Of course, Mitch Mitchell is also gone, but that's show-biz). To get an idea of their empathy, listen especially close to the solo breaks; they seem to breathe at the same time. Also, as with most Atlantic albums, it's produced as a goose—maybe one hair too slick for this band's sound. But since albums are only to tide people over until they can see their heroes in live, sweating performance, don't judge too harshly by sounds on wax.

The songs are all pleasant enough, well arranged, well written, and performed with deep feeling. Some of the words are excellent, and the rest are certainly sung with sincerity. My personal favorite line goes "Was the world created/within a holy tear/or did he make a world of fools/blind to all that's near?" Quite nice. The drums and bass also haul ass, providing a whirling stage for April's atomic solo creations. Of course, she doesn't play constantly. The vocals are well served up with a raw edge for the most part, tastefully done, with pretty melodic harmonies interlaced. There are a few mellow, open-green-hills-with-beautiful-blue-sky-and-fluffy-white-clouds type songs, one of which April sings with a strong feeling of inner peace.

As nice as all this is, when April cuts loose with the sounds, the group plays some sort of abracadabra games with your head and places it inside this flaming wind tunnel where just about anything can happen. No shit. She can grease people like Terry Kath or Larry Coryell or Steve Howe just by clicking on her wah-wah pedal. That's not to say that these other cats are bad, just that she is so much better. She is one of the thimblefull of rock musicians that uses speed for actual effect, playing long electrical screams of passionate intensity. She is such a liquid, unpredictable creature; her playing is one half jungle cat, one half laser beam. It's been a while since I've heard someone play with such constant intensity, let alone such bizarre, outrageous creativity. She fries me, good. Truthfully I say that one of my life's goals is to see her play once or twice. The first time I heard her play it touched me and at once left a permanent scar.

So—let me get this all tied up. Needless to say, I'd like to see her stretch out more on future albums. Her method now in the studio seems to be one of fairly tight solos, but I really do think that she ought to let some of her ideas develop much further in the near future. I think she has a great reservoir of sounds and ideas which remains just out of view. Listen to the excerpt from Guitar Concerto No. 1, 44 seconds of controlled beauty into dissonance which could lead to very peculiar places if left to wander on it's own. Enough—I think of April Lawton as some sort of rare being, made of beautiful vibrations of light and sound. If you buy this album, I only hope that you can receive as much from her many gifts as I have.

Jerry Jeff Walker
JERRY JEFF WALKER
 Decca DL 7-5384

BOB GROSSWEINER
 Mr. Bojangles is back. After what seems to be an eternity, Jerry Jeff Walker has released a new album of twelve delightful songs. "Mr. Bojangles", that underground hit in New York City somewhat paralleling "Alice's Restaurant" back in 1967 or so, is not on this set; you'll have to refer to his two Atco albums that it appears on. There is no song on this disc to match it either (it is by far one of the best folk songs of all time), but this album is probably his best and most consistent effort to date.

Some of the songs were recorded live in Jerry's new hometown, Austin, Texas, primarily with Michael Murphy's band (Bob Livingston on bass, Herb Steiner on pedal steel, drummer Michael McGary, pianist Gary Nunn, and Craig Hillis on guitar; some live in New York City with David Bromberg on guitar and violin, Raun MacKinnon on piano, drummer Andy Newmark, ex-Cat Mother violinist Larry Packer, Joanne

Vent and Ellen Kearney doing background vocals, and others; and one tune was recorded somewhere in between. As you can see/hear, Jerry surrounds himself with some of the finest musicians around in those cities.

Jerry Jeff's trademark is his expressive voice and tasty arrangements in the sphere of his narrative lyrics. "Charlie Dunn" is a ballad about a boot maker down in Austin who has been making boots for fifty or so years, or if you want to look at it in another way, a great advertisement for Charlie. I'm almost tempted to send for a pair. Jerry loves to sing about people, and "Curly and Lil" are two of the nicest people he ever met as Larry Packer's violin is featured. David Bromberg used to be Jerry's main accompanist before David went out on his own (listen to David's version of "Mr. Bojangles" on his second album). When Jerry heard that David would be stopping by the session, he wrote a song of reminiscences entitled "David and Me", and it is a beautiful, mellow duet with just Jerry and David.

Lyrical Jerry Jeff Walker is one of the best poets around. "Hill Country Rain" is a rocker with a lush chorus
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**ALBUM SHORTS
CONTINUED**

and half minute title track, is one of those great long songs that you want to keep listening to. This is their second and best elpee, so if you dig classical(?) rock, then dig Renaissance.

**Jimmy Cliff
Unlimited
Reprise MS 2147**

I finally found a good definition of reggae in the LP's promo: "Featuring a strong accent on the second and fourth beats by the rhythm guitar and drums with a contrapuntal rhythm in the bass line, reggae is an up-beat blend of African syncopation and the funkiness of American rhythm and blues along with topical and double-entendre lyrics influenced by American folk protest and gospel music as well as calypso from nearby Trinidad." With more variety than the very fine Wailers, Jimmy Cliff includes some R&B material (Otis Redding inspired), yet this is still the best reggae disc to date. Just listen to the incredible opening track, "Under the Sun, Moon, and Stars," and twelve others in forty-five minutes of pure stone delight and then join me on my trip to Jamaica. His first album "Wonderful World, Beautiful People" is being re-released by A&M, and he is featured in the soundtrack to the film that he starred in; *The Harder They Come* (Mango Records dist. by Capitol) which also includes reggae by some other artists as well.

**Joe Walsh
The Smoker You Drink, The
Player You Get
Dunhill DSX 50140**

This is Joe Walsh's second solo album since he departed the James Gang (*Barnstorm* being the first), and they both are some of the finest sounds to be released in a long time. But, I have been having a hard time to find the needed adjectives to describe his incredible arrangements and production cause his music is quite unique in the rock idiom. A multi-instrumental quartet that has the drive and power and style to become America's top group, *Barnstorm* (the group) is potent. When they use that voice bag, well, that's when those incredible adjectives are hard to find. The mix is superb and the effect so stimulating (flutes, synthesizers, four part harmonies)—just listen to "Rocky Mountain Way." Walsh, who was responsible for the best of the James Gang, not only has a better group and concept to work with, he has released one of the best albums of the year—better than the James Gang ever was!!!!

**Bedlam
Bedlam
Chrysalis CHR 1048**

First known as Ball (for the Ball brothers Dennis and Dave), then as Beast, they finally decided upon the name Bedlam and have finally released their first record produced by Felix Pappalardi. Dave Ball (guitar) was

previously with Procul Harum for their live disc; drummer Cozy Powell hit the skins for Jeff Beck's second group, bassist Dennis Ball; and singer Francesco Aiello equal Bedlam. Though their name does not reflect their tight group offering, it has flashes of Mountain and to a lesser extent, Cream. The only disturbing factor is that Francesco's vocals are not grade-A on a few cuts, but when they do "Seven Long Years" everything begins to mesh with Dave's slashing guitar and Aiello's inspiring vocals. It is good to see the Pappalardi/Collins writing team back in action, and they have found a group that we will be hearing a lot from for a long time (unless they break up).

**CUCKOO'S NEST
CONTINUED**

home... Besides, it's not in the best interests of the patient to be moved around."

"Yes, dislocation is terrible," Asch agreed.

"She's already been dislocated!" the lawyer said.

"Yes, that's true," Asch said.

Asch gave a rambling speech about the right of the elderly to choose their own destinies; he cited a personal decision by the late Justice Jackson to remain working to his death instead of retiring early: "If Justice Jackson can choose his own destiny," he said, "then why can't this lady?" Mrs. Elizabeth remarked again, "I can't stand liars." Then the social worker was called on: she gave a small talk about a marvelous nursing home she had found on the Upper West Side, just right for Mrs. Elizabeth. The only hitch was that welfare wouldn't pay for the home because Mrs. Elizabeth had saved \$1500 of her own money and wouldn't part with it. "It's for her burial," the social worker explained.

"Well, she doesn't need that now," Asch said.

"She's worried about it," the social worker said.

"Here's my credentials—I'll show you the kind of people I worked for," Mrs. Elizabeth said.

"I can tell you're a smart lady," Asch said.

Gently, Asch gave her this choice: go to the home and pay with your own money until it runs out, at which point welfare would take over, or stay at Manhattan State. He gave her a week to decide, and ordered her returned to her room.

"I want my hotel room back," Mrs. Elizabeth said.

"I'm afraid that's not in the cards," Asch said.

Mrs. Elizabeth was led out, the lawyers and the social worker congratulated each other on their solution. The hearing was over.

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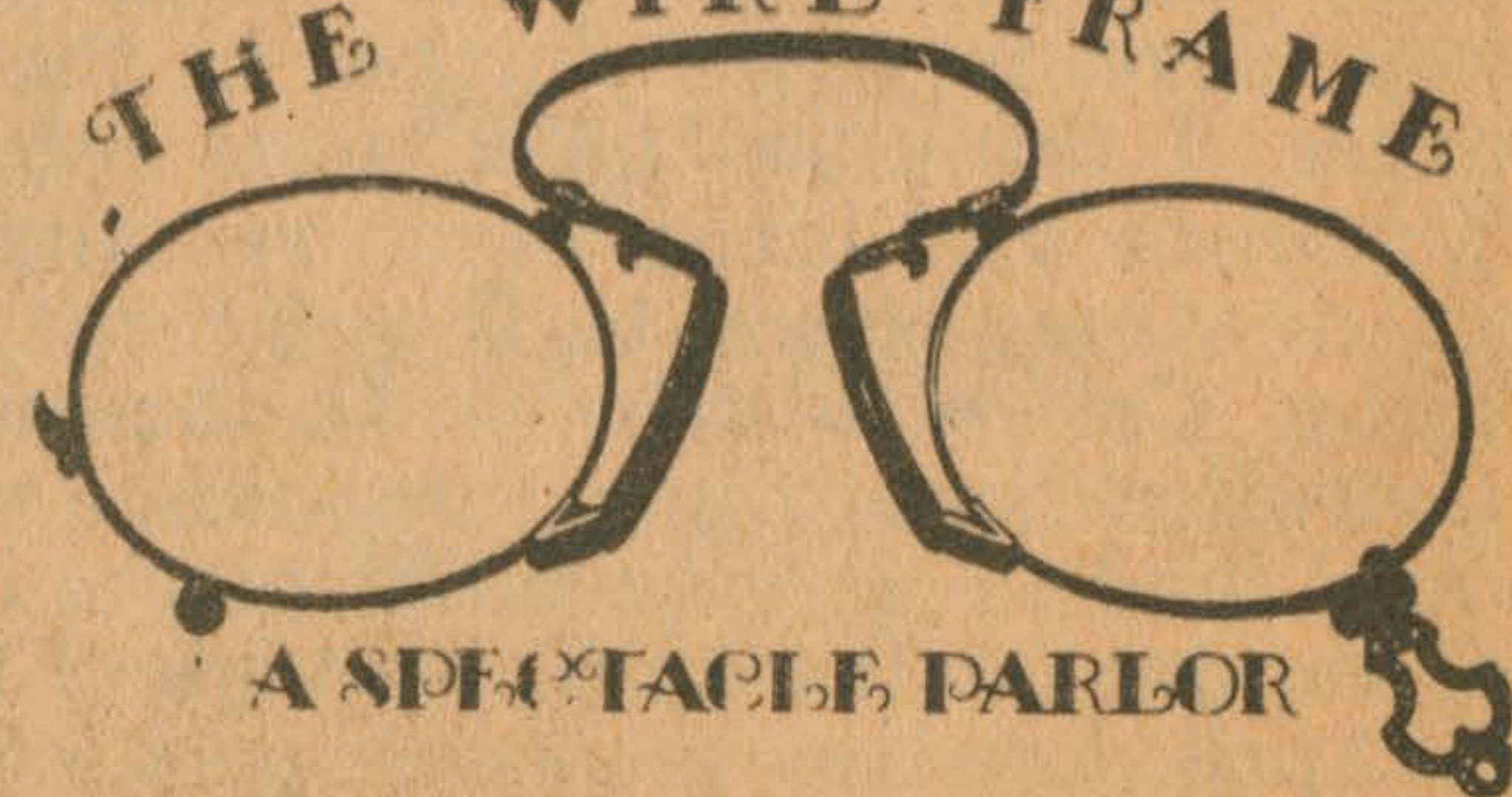


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**ALBUMS
CONTINUED**

while Herb Steiner pedals away on the pedal steel. "Cause I get a feelin'/Something that I can't explain/Like dancin' naked in the high hill country rain," is just a sample of his beautiful imagery in a song about living day to day, and he continues, "I ain't worried 'bout tomorrow/I'll get by best I can." Craig Hillis supplies some fine slide on "Her Good Lovin' Grace", a song about his old lady coming home: "Ain't it so good just to see her/Walkin' up the street/You know that she comin' to love you/And lovin' you, that's just what you need to set ya' free/Just the good lovin' grace of her sweet smilin' face/And there'll be light in your life once again/When she comes along she'll be hummin' a song/And, like sunlight she'll brighten your day."

"When I Had You" is a peaceful, almost eerie, song about telling your loved ones how much you love them before they drift away and how much you will miss them: "When I had you, I had things to do/An' I never took time for you/Now that you're gone/All I've got is time/And all I do is think of you/We never want the things/We've already got/We always want what we can't have.../Well I know you're gone/I know you won't be back/But I can't believe I'm so alone." A simple lyric yet it seems to have happened to most of us.

Of the twelve songs, Jerry wrote ten; Guy Clark wrote the other two, and

those hip to Townes Van Zandt should recognize the name. "That Old Time Feeling" is quite mellow while "L.A. Freeway" is a rocker about moving. Guy writes the way Jerry feels so look out for more from Guy Clark in the future.

There is a song about finding a guitar (which Jerry later named Angel) for ninety dollars that was worth much more during a low period in his life which has Michael Murphy, himself, on accoustic guitar and features the dobro of Patterson Barrett. And I won't even

tell you about "Hairy Ass Hillbillies" and "The Continuing Saga of the Classic Bummer or Is This My Free One-Way Bus Ticket to Cleveland?"—you'll have to do it yourself.

I'm glad Jerry Jeff is back. And my speakers told me a secret that I would like to relate to you: "More music like this and I'll last so much longer."

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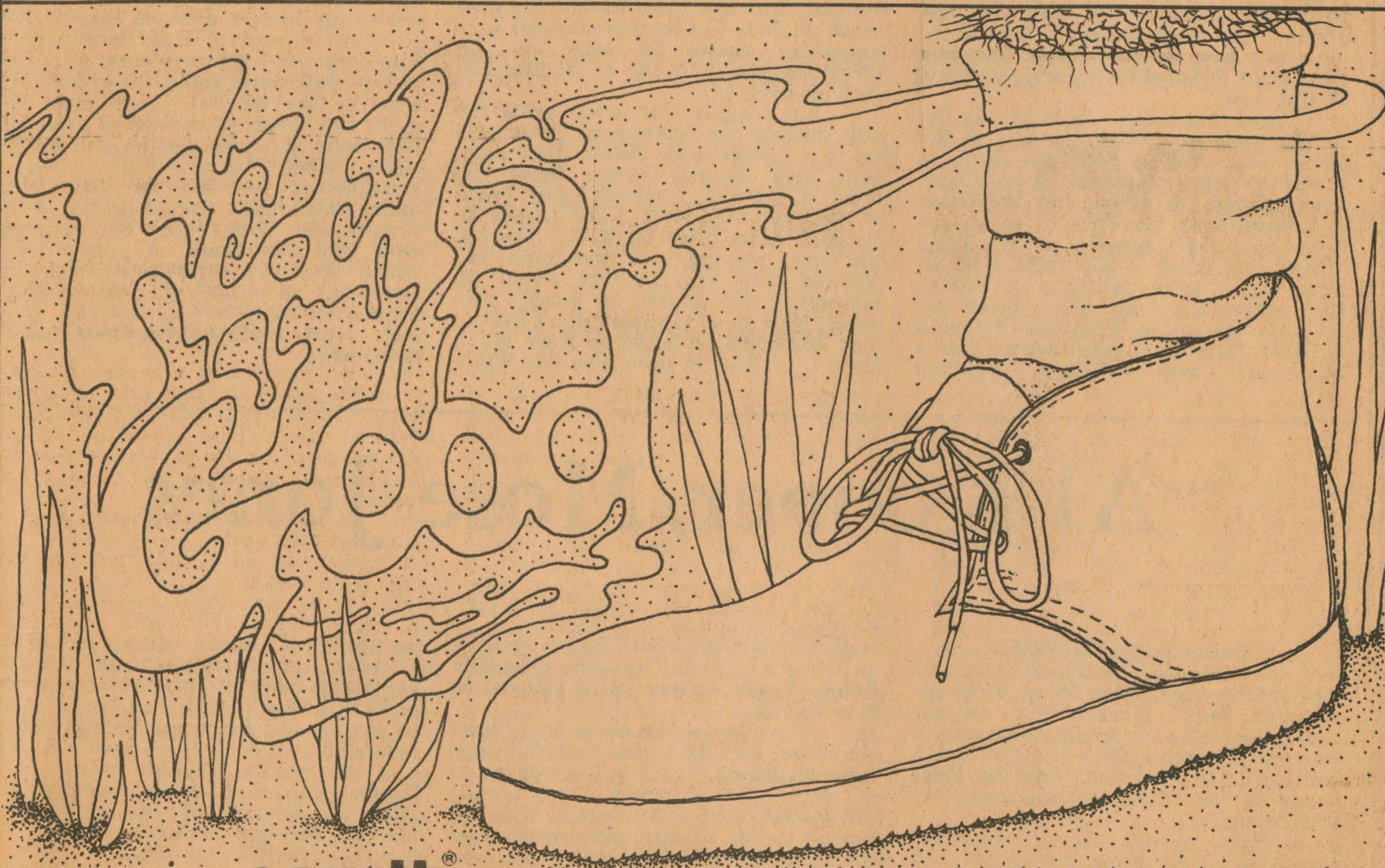
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Barnstorm/Focus

NEIL HAVERSTICK

You know, lately I've found myself getting *way* down on about 98% of all musicians I hear, but mainly in the field of music known as rock or hard rock. I especially cannot comprehend how these musicians, who I consider to be extremely inferior technically and/or conceptually, can actually attract such large, seemingly enthusiastic audiences. Really. I have changed enormously as of late and have come to the illuminating conclusion (finally) that what most people get all juiced up about musically is a total piece of shit, no way around it. Now I don't expect everyone to leave prints as big as Jimi, but my god Most musicians today seem to be doing either these vintage 1953 Albert King riffs or old Bach runs, all dolled up in a psychedelic shell. Now admittedly, that's what white rock has always been, a big rip off of every other musical form in sight; but at least some people (like Beck and Nugent) do it with balls and a lot of class. But just about every rock group I hear these days is a pale ass stereotype. Too bad for us all. Originality is surely at some all time low.

And that last sentence easily, neatly sums up 2/3 of the acts at the Focus concert Wed. nite, the thirds in question being Navasota from Texas, who opened the show, and Joe Walsh and Barnstorm. Needless to say, most everyone got off, especially when Walsh played. As usual, I did what I go to these events to do, which is stare at all the painted-doll females and laugh my ass off at the music. While the first band did their bump and grind boogie I ate a hot dog with mustard, babbled

flowingly to my sympathetic companion, and occasionally noticed the stage. My friend said she felt like she was back in our old high school's gym. How appropriate.

Then a short break, and back for J. Walsh and crew. The nicest thing about their set for me was the candles on the piano; a real nice touch. However, how Joe got famous is beyond me, I assure you. In his set he only played 3 notes that said anything at all to me; I counted them. Their songs all ran together in a most monotonous manner, and the musicianship was just there. Oh sure, they were tight and heavy and enthusiastic, but why should I want to listen to Walsh play guitar (he dominated the set) when there are a dozen guitarists in K.C. 30 times better? It is pretty obvious to me that most rock guitar players these days suck, and Joe is the epitome of everything I dislike. No technique, no creativity, and not *one* little risk taken, no new or unusual horizons even *hinted* at. Who needs it? But, I guess this cat must have something cause he sure got an ass-kicking demand for an encore. To each his own, O.K.?

But, happily, Focus was worth the wait; mainly Jan Akkerman. Those guys are in a classical-rock class of their own, with long, diverse themes being the order of the day. I haven't heard much of their recorded stuff, I don't want to; Focus is a very live band. All they did was start playing, and wandered and jammed their way through about 45 minutes of pure music, for music's sake alone. Now in all fairness I don't believe that Akkerman is going to leave much more of a dent in time than Joe Walsh

is, but he sure plays one snazzy guitar. I mean the cat is crazed—you would be too if you could play like that. The high point of the night was an electric sitar solo which literally dazzled me, as Akkerman was the drone and soloist, all rolled up into one. As this solo developed it become increasingly more complex; when the drummer joined him they gradually picked up speed, and in some sort of frenzied, hellacious communion, they raced madly together towards the point of release, climaxing and collapsing together in to one of the better drum solos I have seen. It was a pulsating amoeba of rhythms and microrhythms which, even if it was a bit like surgical stainless, held together like some dizzy spider's web. The keyboard-fluter-vocalist was a competent instrumentalist, but ran the same dull arpeggios by, over and over again. No good. But the man did have a catchy vocal style, kind of like if you slipped some choir boy castrati a little acid in his holy wafer. They finished up with Hocus-Pocus, their little AM joke to make a few bucks. Akkerman *Laughs* as he plays all of these terribly complicated-technical Q-minor scales and long, outrageous-bastard classical riffs. This band may not ever be as big as Slade, but that's cool. The majority of people in this world only like what they are able to comprehend, which is usually very little; and Focus, with Akkerman as the obvious star, is in some zone that the average concert goer barely even *knows* about, much less digs. I'm afraid that most of the concert attractions that come to this town are not to my narrow minded, biased taste.

All measured, I *did* have a good time, because I kept my sense of humor in top shape throughout the ordeal (and I get in free—ha, ha). Credit must also go to the keeper of the sacred guest list. She really is a nice person, and we got along much better than when I encountered her for the first time, under unfavorable circumstances, at the Commander Cody event. So, until my next acid comments on humor rock, which obviously is just *one* of the new directions in music that Joe Walsh's promotion says he's pioneering, good luck with finding something worth listening to.

Al Kooper/Mose Jones

BOB GROSSWEINER

Al Kooper headlined but his newest discovery, Mose Jones, stole the show at Max's Kansas City. Al has moved from the Big Apple to Atlanta to start his own label, Sounds of the South dist. by MCA, and *Get Right* by Mose Jones is the first release with Al producing.

Mose opened the show and showed what good Southern music is all about: rock and boogie. Plugging their fine album the quartet's (guitar, bass, drums and keyboards with good vocal harmonics) music is driving and tight. After each song they reassured the

audience that Al would be on shortly, but they were doing just fine especially Randy Lewis on bass with his soaring falsetto voice.

Al played a few songs by himself on guitar and on piano including one from his Blood, Sweat & Tears days and a very fine cynical new tune "New-Fashioned Love Song". With his ego no longer visually apparent Kooper was in the best of form that I have seen his perform in years. Expecting Frankie and Johnny (his previous back-up band with another fine album produced by Al on Warners), it was good to see Mose Jones come up again. Since Koop had

laryngitis, he took us on an incredible 45 minute jam (switching from guitar to keyboards midway) that led into a segue of "I'm a Man", and the audience began to get up and dance—something that is indeed rare at Max's these days.

An encore resulted but without Kooper who went to see a doctor. With Atlanta's Sounds of the South and Macon's Capricorn labels all one can say is *support Southern Music*.

P.S. If you were at the Mar Y Sol Festival and dug a group called Stonehedge, one of the unknown show stealers, you should be advised that they are now known as Mose Jones.

Commander Cody

New Riders of the Purple Sage

NEIL HAVERSTICK

Let me tell you all about it, this rock and roll event. I went into it with a very open (and intoxicated) mind; I had heard very little of either group, but all indicators were green. So, since I knew Commander Cody and the Airmen were a self-admittedly shit kicking bunch that preferred to play in funky bars, I proceeded to place my mind in the funky bar zone by gulping some tequila and toking some of that good smoke with my fellow concert goers, after which we loaded ourselves into the fabled Red Goose and clanked our way to the Music Hall (somehow I wound up driving, which would have been okay if there would have been any brakes on the vehicle).

When we got there, me and my lady were supposed to be on the guest list but weren't, so I directed all my charm at the chick with the list and immediately dazzled her, gaining us admittance without any further delays. We climbed upstairs to find some seats, and as we entered the cool, softly lit auditorium we were greeted from the stage by an assortment of psychedelic amps dressed in hot pinks, yellows and

strange designs of color. I noticed that the music hall was really elegant looking and has many rows of plush seats designed for tuxedoed men and their coiffured women to sit quietly in and listen to large orchestras play symphonic pieces. Hmmm.

After what must have been hundreds or even thousands of seconds, a mellow Frank Polte wandered onstage and bid us good evening for Wild West productions, and then the show rocked off with the Commander and his band. These guys came to us in plain wrappings and played their asses off for some time. They had tight, rocking instrumentals (Cody's ice water boogie piano sparkling and tinkling in and out of the other instruments), and for the most part had those small town-boy-makes-it-big vocals to match, in true rock and roll style. The one vocal flop was *Riot in Cell Block No. 9*—Cody just didn't sound as *Bad* as Richard Berry's strongarm delivery in the original Coaster's hit. Also, I didn't think the lead player was as strong with his voice as Billy C. Farlow, the dark haired cat with glasses, but he wasn't bad by any means. Picked nice guitar,

too.

But any slight down in the vocal dept. was over compensated for by the sheer energy and drive of this band's boogie. These guys are good, sincere rock and roll musicians, and had a bag of tricks which contained, among other offerings: a big band arrangement which really caught me off guard; a slippery fiddler; and a steel player who just wouldn't quit pulling all these hot, hot licks out of his pedaled ax. Yes; for some non-stop white rock and roll, this is the band to pay a call on.

It's too bad that the other group of performers, none other than the New Riders of the Purple Sage, couldn't quite measure up. It could have been the much mentioned bad night which hits even the greatest from time to time, but the Riders sounded real tired and bored. Sure, they were all good musicians, inoffensive as they come; but they didn't come on too hot after the Commander and the boys seared their mark into our brains. So, after several forgettable tunes which all ran together in my ears, we decided to split. And that is how it went.

Eagles

Livingston Taylor / Stanky Brown Group

BOB GROSSWEINER

When everyone was either at Nassau to see Mahavishnu/Mothers of Invention/Leo Kottke or at the Academy of Music to see Roger McGuinn/Commander Cody, I made my first venture to Passaic to see another well balanced concert headlined by the Eagles and Livingston Taylor.

The first act was the Stanky Brown Group, a trio from New Jersey, with an interesting combination of piano (Jim Brown), acoustic guitar (Jeff Laynor), and bass (Richard Bunkiewicz) that gives a very pleasing sound. Most of the songs were originals including a quiet good time gospel "Virgin Mary is Pregnant Again" with the lyrics "Everyone thought they were just friends/How are we going to tell the Lord." and a song about what they believe to be their life style, "Easy Living". When Jeff did an unaccompanied tune, I realized that they would be really impressive in an intimate club in the city. Stanky Brown will begin recording their first album very shortly, and I will be anxious to hear it.

Livingston Taylor has a stage personality as does his brother James, and then the enigma begins: Does Livingston's music resemble James' or does James' music resemble Livingston's. It doesn't really matter, but it is an interesting puzzle. Liv captivates his audience with a Taylor trademark: A hypnotizing voice that draws you into each song. His

The Eagles start off with their big hit, "Take It Easy," but it seemed to be too fast, too loud. By the next song, they could do no wrong. With four lead vocalists each Eaglet shares the spotlight. After a mellow "Peaceful Easy Feeling", "Bitter Creek" had two guitars, bass, and congas with Bernie Leadon singing lead. Drummer Don Henley sang lead in "Desparado", the title cut from their new Asylum album, which is about money and love always winding up in the same place: confusing you. Bernie played some fine bluegrass banjo while Glen Frey added a nice slide accompaniment in a tune about the freedoms upon reaching the age of twenty-one (I thought that the age was eighteen now). "Outlaw Man" reached a peak in the concert even though it was faster than the recorded version with driving guitars, deep bass by Randy Meisner, splashing drums, and an echoing chorus. Good jams replaced the tight numbers especially in the closing songs like "Witchy Woman."

There were three encores. The second included two songs: one about getting drunk and passing out (electric) and then an acoustic song about waking up the next morning (which is more like it—remember Livingston did a heavy waking up song). The last encore included "Tequilla Sunrise" and the heavy rockin' Chuck Berry's "Oh, Carol". With three hit singles from their first album, the Eagles should have no problem filling halls unless Mahavishnu, Zappa, the Byrds, and Commander Cody are in town.

comments between songs even reflected my feelings, "I've never been to Passaic before, but I heard alot about it."

With songs from his first two albums as well as his forthcoming Capricorn one, Livingston was a delight. He rocks with "Six Days on the Road", mellows out with "Dr. Man", slows down for "Falling in Love With You", and he changes from accoustic guitar to piano for some numbers. Walter Robinson, stand-up bass, is still the only accompanist, and the sound gets jazzy especially when he picks away, and he uses the bow at times to give a fuller sound. When the set was reaching what could have been a monotonous stage, Livingston switched to banjo for "Cornbread and Buttermilk" and some bluegrass picking on "Foggy Mountain Breakdown". Back to accoustic guitar for a humerous love song that really pleased the audience: "Rubber ducky/you're the one/when I squeeze you/you make a noise/you're so fine/I'm fond of you." He then did a very powerful song about getting out of bed in the morning—more energy than I seem to ever have in the morning. Some non-originals ("Somewhere Over the Rainbow" and "With a Little Help From My Friends") lacked the power and beauty that the originals had. He closed with his famous, and possibly best, song, "Carolina Day", only to be confronted with an encore that began with Liv playing flute—a tune so familiar that I couldn't think of the title. It was a nice end to what was a long set.

Three Dog Night et All

BEATRICE WESTHUES

It was the first of its kind—a "Superconcert" they called it. Royals Stadium opened its arms to over 35,000 fans assembled to see "Three Dog Night" August 2.

It must be mentioned that three other fantastic groups also appeared, but that the neatly-dressed, middle-class Americans had come to see Three Dog, was obvious.

Costumes ranged from black hot pants and white boots to traditional "hippie" garb. With such a sedate crowd, discipline was not a problem, even though the crowd, assembled by 6:30 for a 7:30 show, was not entertained until 8:30.

If it had had false starts, the actual show's main drawback was its shortness. Set ups took much too long, but the sound was great. Even sitting on the top bleacher, vibrations seemed likely to bring the house down. The crowd was allowed to sit at will and did. But that was alright, the sound came through clear as a crystal bell, even in the john.

To quell listener's tensions while waiting for the show, the scoreboard did its tricks. There seemed to be a bit of lack of creativity, however, as it limited itself to Royals spots, ads for local Top-40's disc jockeys, all kinds of other ads, and at it's best, a quiz that was geared to a third-grade mentality. Oh, how I grimaced seeing, "Who was the Beatle's original drummer?" came across. What was worse, someone near, smart-alecky asked, 'who was their drummer after him', and boastfully blurted—Ringo Starr. If John, Paul, Goerge & Ringo had witnessed that, they'd get back together.

The crowd did stupid-ass things, like throw programs made into airplanes into the back net and cheer at a flying frisbee caught by the net. At 7:30 sharp, clapping resounded for miles, but all hung on.

Belated is better than nothing as Rueben and the Jets took the stage. They were going to spread sound "all over the walls, between everybody's thighs and all over tha place." While the fountains gushed yellow, and orange, and blood red in the background. The huge sound board, raised above the crowd was middle man for music that had the whole place "Ji-rate-ing."

Rueben's show was what the old songs would have sounded like in quad, so loud and so clear. Unfortunately the performance was interrupted by applause for the latest Royal's score flashed overhead. But the Jets jazzed it all over the place—and well. They had fantastic sax numbers, especially with the assistance of a girl in red. Though not easily discerned from a distance, it sure looked obscene. The music was guitarable and great and went unappreciated.

After a long wait, T-Rex arrived, excusing themselves, saying they had lost their equipment. But even on borrowed equipment, they did an easy job, and aroused an atmosphere that Tina Turner must be around

I must mention the lighting in passing. The colors were vivid and unmixed—pinks dotted with whites and blues created illusions of designs, thanks for lights and sound to Pink Floyd Lights.

The smells of grass were only obvious on the fringes and in the very center—no mass movements here.

Mitch Ryder added himself to the West show and there was some recognition of this great musician. But not until the final blazing drum rolls did everyone sit up and take notice. Whether it was the fire in the drum or the anticipation of Three-Dog Night

doesn't matter. Three-Dog Night came on late, but were appreciated to expectation, however, a lot of great music left unappreciated that night.

somewhere. I thought T-Rex would raise all those folks to their feet, but once again the music went over their heads.

Leslie West and His Wild West Show came on like a lead balloon as the crowd watched toilet paper flaming through the spotlights.

West did bring on some good old acid-rock, and I could tell the audience was getting ready. The sound permeated every atom of space. Sound removed space, and they appeared as small persons only a few inches in front of me, instead of many hundred feet, and regular people.

Ann Arbor Blues On The Air

If you like jazz a lot, a good place for you to be on the weekend of September 7, 8, and 9, is in Ann Arbor, Michigan for the Jazz Festival. Can't go to Michigan? The next best thing, is to hear it live...

KCUR-FM will broadcast live from Ann Arbor, Michigan, the "Ann Arbor Blues and Jazz Festival 1973" September 7, 8, and 9. KCUR is 89.3 on the FM dial.

Beginning Friday, September 7, at 7:30 p.m., the festival performers will include Count Basie and his orchestra with Jimmy Ricks, Leon Thomas and his band and Freddie King and his group.

The festival continues all day Saturday, September 8 from 10:30 a.m. to 11:15 p.m. Featured artists will be John Lee Hooker, Yusuf Lateef, Detroit Blues, Contemporary Jazz Quintet, Big

Walter Horton Blues Band, Jimmy Reed and Charles Mingus. The highlight for Saturday evening will be the Ray Charles Show '73 with the Raelettes.

On Sunday, September 9, the festival opens at 10:30 a.m. and will conclude at 10:30 p.m. Afternoon performers will include the Infinite Sound with Roland Young and Glenn Howell, Houston Stackhouse, Joe Willie Willkins and the King Biscuit Boys, Victoria Spivey and her Band, Ornette Coleman Quartet, The Johnny Otis Show.

The evening session will be opened by Hound Dog Taylor and the Houserockers. Mighty Joe Young Blues Band, Homesick James, Lucille Spann, and Sun Ra and his Intergalactic Discipline Arkestra will round out the three day festival.

KCUR-FM is a member of National Public Radio and is the radio station that broadcasted the Senate Watergate Hearings this summer. Unfortunately it is not stereo, but if you can't make it to Ann Arbor, you can hitchhike on the radio.

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BRUCE RICKER

Laura Nyro sings a song on one of her albums called the Wind. Originally it was done by Nolon Strong and the Diablos, then by the Jesters. Nolon Strong is a dead junkie . . . so much for the victims of show business. Which brings us to the movie "Let the good times roll" and the music and the fifties. Bo Diddley and the Italian guys who look and prance like Ben Gazzara or chuckle like Tony Franciosa, Alan Freed with 23 acts and for once a movie that is close to history. All the stars were the closing acts at the Brooklyn Paramount, Chuck Berry, Little Richard, Bill Haley and the Comets, Fats Domino and Bo Diddley. The lesser acts, Danny and the Juniors, The Five Satins, the Coasters, and the "sexy" Shirelles represent all the white groups with that one hit record, and all the Negro groups who died early, like the Spaniels, Drifters, Moonglows, Channels, Heartbeats, Flamingos, Teenagers, and another victim, Frankie Lyman. ("Why Do Fools Fall in Love") Long live Oscar Wilde and the "essence of romance is uncertainty."

The importance and value of Let the Good Times Roll is that the stars are all good entertainers, hence it is not nostalgia. The texture is still there, Little Richard is just as musically outrageous as the Divine Miss M, and although Little Richard bills himself as the king of rock n roll, he is actually a princess cinderella surrounded by wicked stepsisters (brothers) delighting in the fact that the slipper doesn't fit and fully aware that it will never fit him in spite of his delicate beauty.

Bo Diddley is another matter. Chuck Berry as well, but they are worlds apart as Montgomery Clift and James Dean. Similarities do exist, both did time for taking girls across state lines. But Bo is tough, the gunslinger who plays to wipe you out while Chuck figures he can outsmart you with snake oil. Be a moral thinker then and choose the appropriate death. For as long as it has a beat, you can dance to anything, including Sammy Davis, Jr.

The movie works. Unfortunately as David Perkins, the caustic K.C. writer at large, so aptly puts it, every time he goes to see a movie the audience confuses the film for him. In this case, most of the audience view the movie as a glimpse back into their happy childhood, the acknowledgement of which, when loudly voiced in the movie house, rings with the sighs of people who never liked music, but were only caught up with the sounds of their generation. And since most were weaned on television, the sounds are static variations of the starspangled banner going off the air prematurely. The resulting spectacle then in Jimmy Hendrix at Woodstock leading the Amerikan nation in songs of exotic sparkling sexuality, creating a fantasy of

orgasm to supply the current to keep the television on past the establishment time. (The continuity is provided by the fact that Jimmy Hendrix played backup guitar for Little Richard in the old days). So much for abstract bitterness.

One forgets with the passage of time that the high school middle class kids of the fifties never went to a rock and roll show. Alan Freed's shows were continuous performances, beginning at noon with the last show going on about midnight. At the last show, there were no females left in the audience, only the remnants of alienated adolescence, from the latent existentialists to the small time hustlers covering the pool rooms.

Who did I leave out. Fats Domino is in the movie. A warm soul, a black Santa Claus. Who in the movie is playing Las Vegas at Christmas time? But anything is better than Debbie Reynolds backed by Betty Grable's ex-husband, Harry James, belting out Beatle hits. (See fear and loathing by hunter-thompson). Then there is Chubby Checker, another likeable sort, who indirectly was responsible for Liz Taylor and Richard Burton permanently getting together. (They just filed for divorce, Bruce, and besides, what does this have to do with the movie—ed) For at one time the NYC Nightlife cluttered around the Peppermint Lounge with Joey Dee and the Starlighters. The

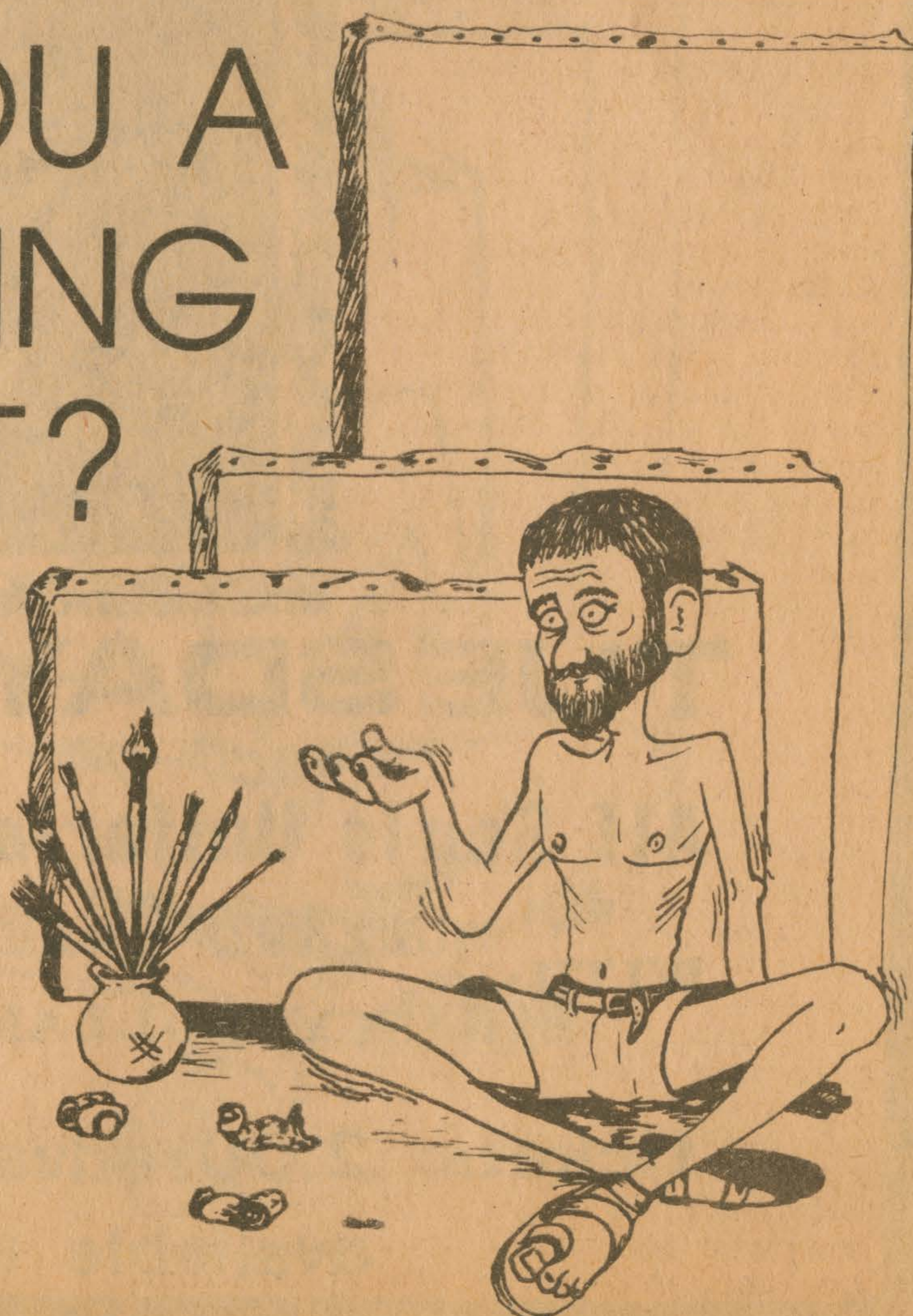
Lounge was formerly a pickup bar on 45th Street in the subtle outskirts of Times Square. This neighborhood soon proved to be too much for the jet set. Sybil Burton then opened up a place on 54th Street between Lex. and Third Avenues called Arthurs where she met the 19-year-old leader of the house band, Jordan Christopher. Sybil married Jordan. Liz dumped Eddie Fisher, who in turn had walked out on Debbie Reynolds. Liz Taylor and Dick Burton then became united in what turned out to be one of the most successful financial mergers of 20th century show business. (So what does this have to do with the movie?—ed) Happenings such as just described did much to revive the noble art of astrology. For what else could be responsible except the Stars for such a logical pattern of a chain of events.

To end this thing, lines from a song by Jackie Wilson, "To be loved, oh what a wonderful thing, to be loved." And who knows that better than Marlon Brando. In The Wild One, in response to the query, "What are you rebelling against," he earnestly replies "What have you got to offer?" and apparently when one reaches 45 (The Last Tango) you accept humbly a unisex teen angel who mercifully has a murderous heart. (Amen—ed)

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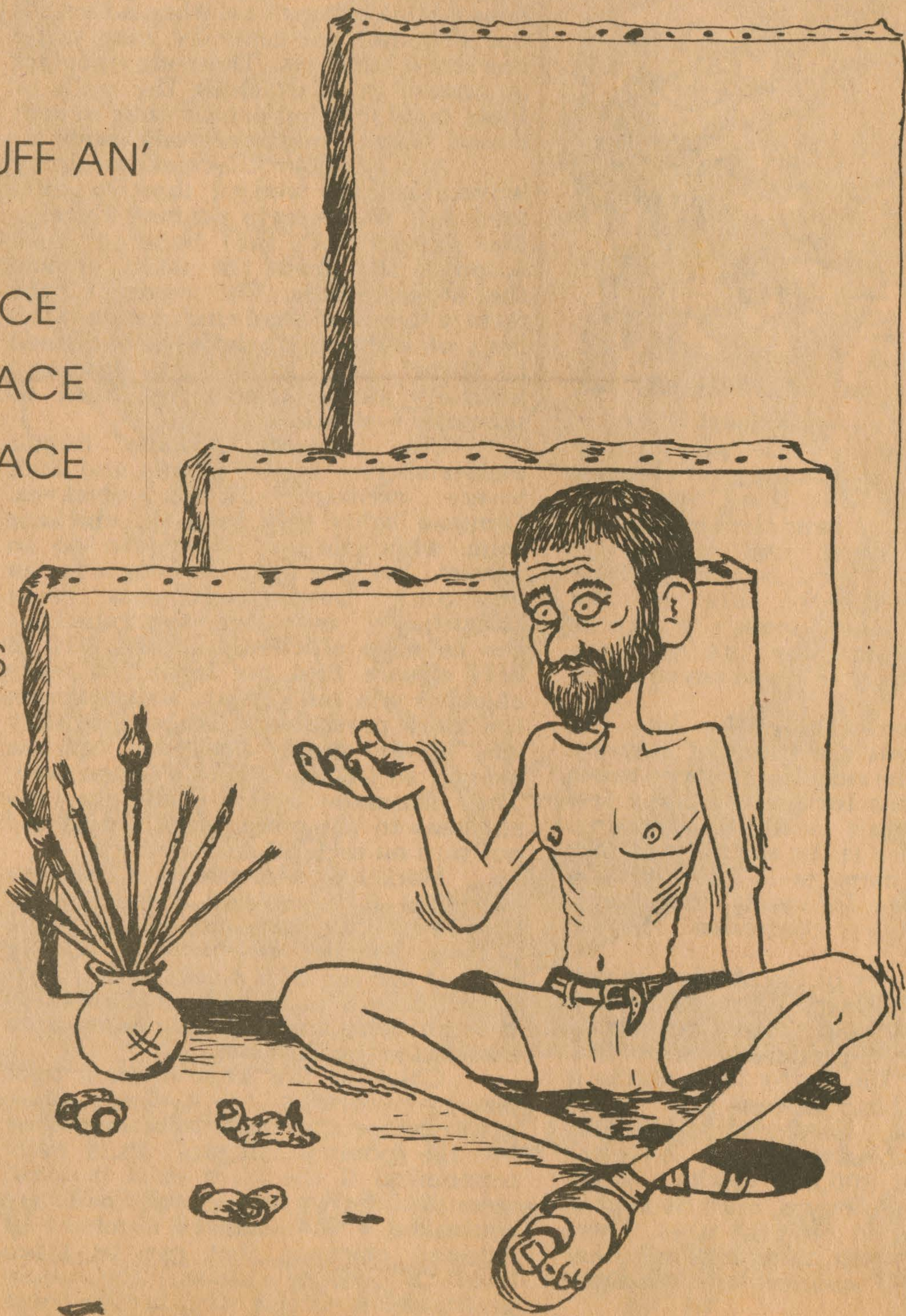
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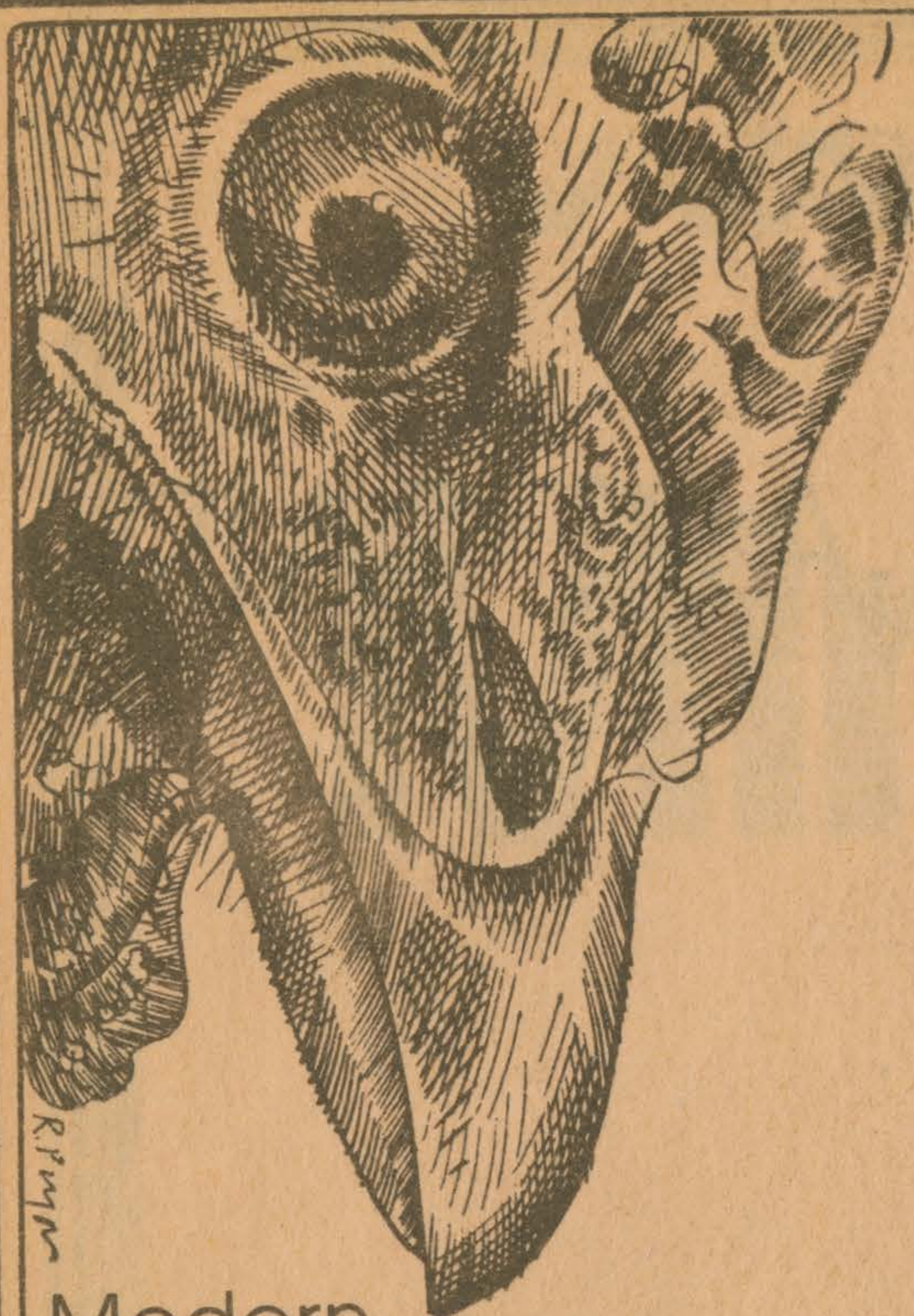
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(SOON!)





Modern
Poultry
Processing:

No Chance
To
Chicken
Out



Landcaster Independent Press

Remember that little pink or blue chick that you bought for your children last year? Cute little thing, wasn't it? Remember the fat hens clucking around barnyards, pecking and scratching? Recall that early-bird rooster greeting the sun? Well, the life of the modern-day chicken doesn't fit any of these stereotypes. The life of these chickens is enough to make anyone turn blue.

Somewhere along the line the chickens fell into the hands of industry and science. The small farmer who raises enough chickens for himself and a few for the market is slowly disappearing. Taking his place is the scientific farmer who keeps as many as 117,450 broilers (chickens grown for eating) in modern, environmentally controlled broiler houses.

In the story of the chicken, which in this article refers primarily to the broiler, the broiler house is only a middle step in the chickens' short life. First step for the fluffly little chicks is the traumatic birth process.

Martin's Hatchery, Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, hatches approximately 300,000 chicks a week. These chicks, now eggs, must be kept in incubators for at least 18 days. There they develop with thousands of other eggs in a controlled-temperature environment.

After 18 days in the incubators, the eggs are put into hatcher for three days. Small windows on the hatcher

doors afford the opportunity of peeking in at the chicks as they hatch out of the eggs. Each hatcher contains some 14 tiers of egg trays. Sound crowded? You haven't heard anything yet. But all of this crowding is done "scientifically."

When the little chicks hatch they are taken out of the arms of the hatcher and stuffed into waiting plastic trays. The chicks are piled on top of each other, peeping continuously. The crowded conditions continue, each chick being only one of many more, all on their way to be sexed.

What is "sexing"? The chicks are segregated at the early age of one day into male or female trays. (Male broiler chickens develop faster than females, and therefore are ready for the market sooner, so for economic reasons the chicks are segregated all the way down the line.) At Martin's the wing feathers of the chicks are quickly checked. If it's a female, it's flipped into one tray, if a male, another. Next for the newborns is a vaccination against Marek's disease, a form of cancer in chickens. Finally, if it is requested by the buyer, the chicks are debeaked. Now they're ready for the next step.

Here come the trucks. We're on our way to a modern broiler house. Ironically the term is very apt. These houses (this being a case when a house is not a home) are generally long metal one-story buildings. There are openings at precise intervals along the walls of these buildings, but usually they're kept closed. Step through one, look inside.

A solid floor of chickens. Dirty white, standing wedged together; slim feed and water trays running through the length of the building feed automatically from the tanks outside the broiler house. The owner of the farm is shoveling dead chickens onto the back of a dump truck. What happened to them? They suffocated. Heat and humidity don't always pay heed to scientific evaluations.

This Lancaster County farmer maintains two broiler houses and each house contains 34,000 chickens. Dimmed lights help keep the chickens calm while they're waiting to go to market. Yes, the light dimming is for an economic reason. It has been scientifically estimated that chickens can be most efficiently allotted 7/10 to 8/10 square foot per bird. The more chickens you can get into a given space, the more profitable it is, because they can hardly move, they use up less energy, so less food goes a longer way. The dimmed lights encourage the chickens to eat more (grow faster) and not turn on each other in hysteria.

Market day for the male chickens comes at 6 weeks and 3 days, when they're at an acceptable weight, 3 pounds. Females will be ready shortly after at the age of 7 weeks and 3 days. It will take 8 hours to load the 34,000 male chickens from the one house onto a truck for the final step.

Chickens are kept in such tight places, according to a Penn State poultry expert, in order to make money for the poultry industry. It is more economical if the birds exist in small areas until grown and all conditions are controlled. The larger number of 3-pound chickens that can be taken from a broiler house, the more profitable it is for the broiler-house owner and the processing plant.

The chickens are inspected to maintain the quality of the meat, but

there are absolutely no regulations which govern the way in which chickens are raised other than economic regulations—the more "perfect" the birds, the better they sell.

"The poultry industry is giving the American public what it demands," the Penn State spokesman said, elaborating that the Americans want to eat chicken.

At one broiler house crowded conditions are the worst you will ever see. There is nothing to describe adequately the nightmare world of dimmed lights and chickens suspended in that twilight world before death. Some might call it a living death, but according to scientists and poultry experts it is an acceptable standard for the chicken. All his wants and needs have been scientifically measured to one uniform standard.

You might think anywhere the chickens went from here would be good, right? Wrong! Next those cute little chicks that were rushed into 3-pound chickens go into small cages, eight or nine to a cage; the cages are stacked row after row on a tractor trailer which heads for the processing plant.

One such processing plant in Lancaster County is Victor Weaver, Inc., 403 South Custer Avenue, New Holland. According to a brochure put out by Weaver over 12 million broilers are raised in the county and 56 per cent of them are used by Weaver. Weaver's have some 22 of their own broiler houses in this area, and our farmer is one of those who sells to Weaver.

These chickens are one of nine tractor trailer loads of broilers which are processed at Weaver's daily. The trucks line up and wait their turn to be unloaded. The chickens huddle together as they have constantly in the short six or seven weeks of their lives.

Then science and automation do their work. Seventy thousand chickens a day are killed and processed at Weaver's. To be more precise, a semi-automatic "kill unit" takes care of 10,080 birds an hour, which adds up to 125,000 pounds of chicken processed daily. Time wise, it takes 18 minutes from the time the chicken is unloaded live until it's dressed. Put another way, 168 birds are processed per minute.

Government inspectors and Weaver inspectors (according to Weaver officials) constantly check the quality of the "chicken" as it proceeds, head down, feet clamped to a moving assembly line. Along this line are stationed some of Weaver's 1,000 employees. They take the "chicken" apart.

The feather are loosened by boiling water, mechanized pluckers remove the feathers, and the cutters take over. Each employee performs a specific job. Some gut the birds, some pull out the rear ends, some cut and slice until the chicken is reduced to two legs hanging from a moving assembly line, and finally even these vanish into the product—Weaver's Country-Style Chicken.

The boilers have ended their short existence. They are now chicken-packaged, depersonalized in death as they are in life into efficient, economical market products.

This is the story of the chicken whose existence is controlled from birth to death so that society's needs are most efficiently met.

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Continued

Tables and meal trays started flying through the air, windows were smashed, I next found myself in the prison laundry with four hostages and a fellow Chicano Comrade Armando Miramon.

We secured the laundry. We then called Warden "Daggett" by the laundry phone. Contact was made and we asked him if he was ready to hear our grievances now that we had four pigs to bargain with. He begged us not to kill them (pigs). We explained their lives were in "his" hands, not ours. After some 10½ hours of negotiation an agreement was made. He "Daggett" would sit down with a special committee selected by myself and Jessie Lopez, who did not participate in the riot, no reprisals would be made against them for joining the committee. Two members of the press would be present, so he "Daggett" couldn't double-cross us. When all these people were seated at the same table and Jessie Lopez told us along with two members of the press that this indeed was a fact, we would then release the pigs. After 10½ hours Jessie Lopez informed us, along with Harry Jones, Jr., *Kansas City Star*, and one other unknown reporter of the *Leavenworth Times*, everyone was now seated, with "Daggett" and the press. We released four pigs, "As Agreed". Committee members were as follows: Jessie Lopez, Pico Rivera, California; Juan Hernandez, Los Angeles, California; George Santiago, New York City, N.Y.; Frank Harris, Kansas City, Mo.; Odel Bennet, Memphis, Tennessee; W. Jasper, Philadelphia; Jack Abbott, Salt Lake City, Utah; Dennis Kaniss, Salem, Oregon; W. Butcher, Kalamazoo, Mich. Armando Miramon, and myself also sat in at this meeting. The committee I might add, was comprised of 3 Chicanos, 3 Blacks, 3 Whites. "Comrades all."

The press listened, Warden "Daggett" did not! Shortly after our meeting which lasted some 3½ hours to 4 hours, "Daggett" arrested every member of our committee and placed false charges against them and threw them in the hole.

Warden "Daggett" is a scared man, he saw nine men in brotherhood for the first time in his life, all nine "Comrades" fighting for the same

common cause, collectively coming together, bridging all gaps to elevate themselves as one people. Since that meeting some 200 comrades have been arrested, false charges laid against them, and thrown in the hole.

It is true we are in prison. It is true we are in the hole. But Warden "Daggett" and his pigs also know—We Are In Solidarity!!!

Quench not the Spirit, Power.
Comrades William
Hurst, Armando Miramon

Statements About Conditions In Segregation

1. Racist policies of segregation, White prisoners confined in white cells. Black prisoners confined in black cells. Not one cell is integrated.

2. Light in ceiling is kept on 24 hours so as to make it impossible to sleep.

3. Solid wooden door is kept closed on certain prisoners so as to torture them with complete and absolute isolation and cut their fresh air supply off.

4. Some prisoners are forced to sleep on the floor as 4 and 5 prisoners are in cells built for 2. In other cases the beds have been removed so certain prisoners must sleep on the floor.

5. "No" exercise is made available in the fresh air. Exercise indoors is made available at the discretion of the guard 1 15-minute period every 2 weeks.

6. No law library is made available.

7. We are not given the full rations of food that prison population receives, we do not receive main line soup, mile "3 times a day," bread, salads w/dressing. We in seg receive only what guards choose to feed us. We under law are entitled to all food we require same as population of compound.

8. Our Commissary is severely cut, only \$15.00 a month; population is allowed to spend \$35.00 monthly.

9. Since we in seg have complained of roaches, and vermin, the pigs spray our cells while we are in them causing our skin and eyes to burn.

10. Nothing is made available to clean our cells, toilet, floor, etc.

11. Showers aren't made available

on a steady basis, only at whim of guards.

12. Shaving equipment is unsanitary "irregular". No haircuts.

13. They cut handles off our toothbrushes so as to degrade and humiliate us.

14. Toilet paper is made scarce for the same reason.

15. Clothing supply is made available only when we receive a shower (which sometimes goes for weeks).

16. No tables, chairs, are in any cells, we must eat seated on the floor.

17. Guards constantly read incoming personal mail and comment about same. Constantly harrass outgoing mail by not picking same up on schedule.

18. No reading material of worth is made available.

19. We are under severe conditions, yet the Dr. Jarvis refuses to prescribe sleep medication for any of us, even though the conditions created by the guards are designed to keep us awake until we pass out from exhaustion.

20. I, William Hurst have suffered a bacterial infection of the throat, Streptococci, also am now being treated for another infection of the throat, Ecol, and also suffering from a fungal infection of the groin. How long are we to be kept under filthy conditions? (Verified by medical records).

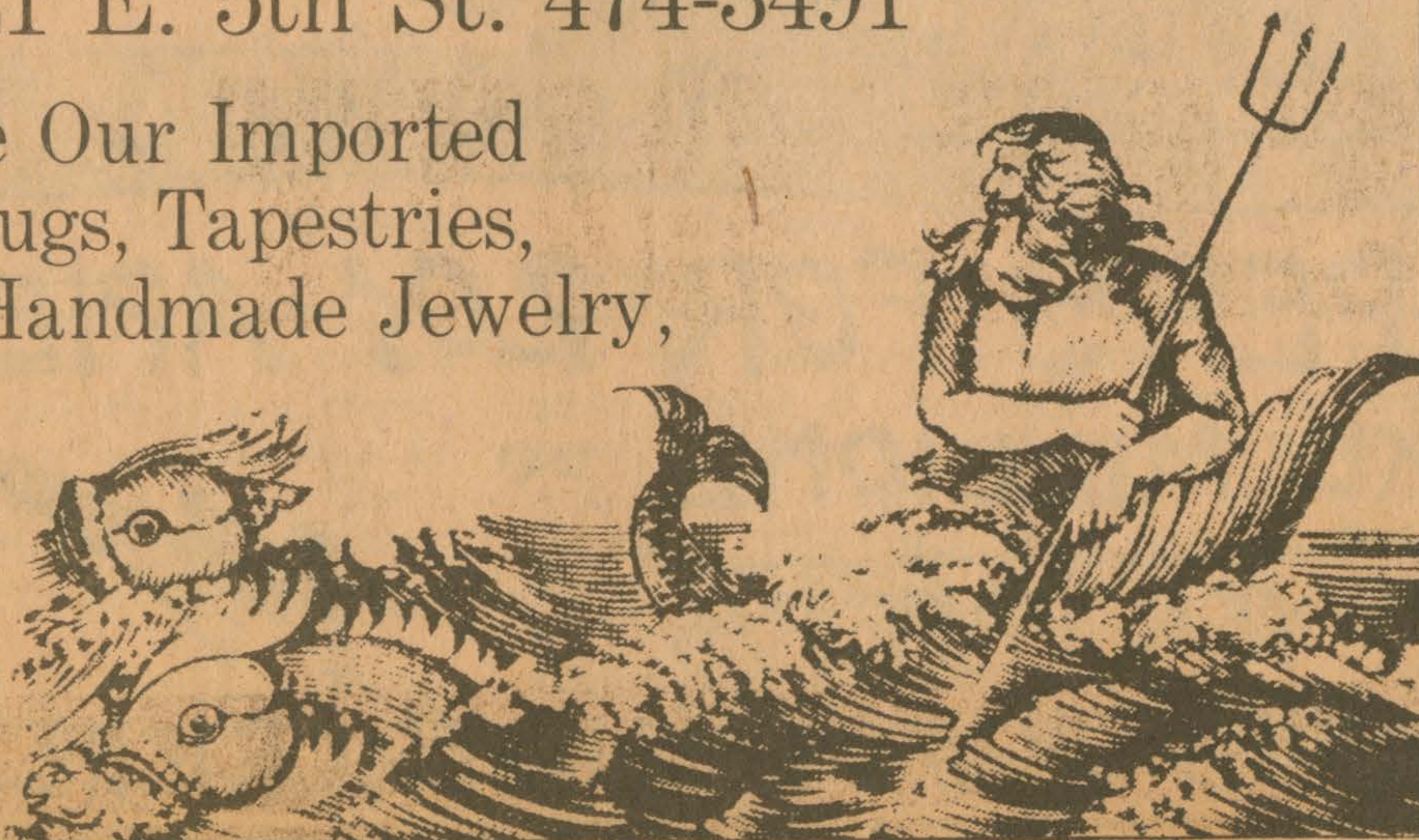
21. No church services are available for any men in seg including Church of New Song members!

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Analysis of chart for the beginning of the Senate Select Committee on Watergate

Richard (The President) Nixon would have us turn our attention from Watergate to the people's business. Since we are one of those yellow journalism rags which believe Watergate is the people's business, we offer for your approbation the analysis below.

You will note, no doubt, being perceptive and, besides that, gifted with profound insight, that our authors John Sandbach and John Van Horn have not chosen the easy path of political commentary and sour grapes. No. Being men of courage and dedicated to astrological science they will share with you the light shed on the Senate Select Committee on Watergate by the stars themselves. This is no common commentary.

Read on.

The chart contains a single opposition occurring between Moon conjunct Neptune in Sagittarius and Sun conjunct Venus, Venus in Gemini and Sun in Taurus. This mutable opposition signifies a concern with people and personal relationships and sets a tenor of compromise and an interest in investigating the interrelationship of more subjective attitudes and alliances rather than being strictly interested in the analysis of events only.

The Moon and Sun in opposition have not helped these investigations. This aspect causes interference between the conscious thinking mind and the more intuitive capacities of the emotions. This has shown up in the divergent interpretations of law and the meaning of such terms as "interests of national security," "balance of powers," and "presidential privilege." These catch phrases, when they have shown up in the hearings, have been argued in terms of logical interpretation, as opposed to what some other interest has felt to be right. Also, these hearings started about 2 hours after the full moon which has always been identified with high intensity periods.

Planets in Houses and Signs

Four planets, (the Sun, Mercury, Venus and Saturn) are located in the eleventh house, the house of reformer's dreams and efforts. The Sun in this house, when positive, can bring divergencies to a common reconciliation, or, at worst, bring about a concentration on side issue and dispersion of energy through partisan concerns. The Sun's being in Taurus further indicates a sense of form and perspective, a practical outlook, as well as a sense of humor.

Indeed, the whole purpose of the committee is explicitly the reform of election law, and tacitly the attempt to curb the Nixon administration's constant abuses of power, its suspension of the Constitutional rights of American citizens, and to restore Constitutional checks and balances. There has, it would seem, been some departures from these concerns, constant departures from effective lines of questioning, etc., as the individuals on the committee each pursued his own interests or thoughts; and, at the last, Baker seems to have

gone a little soft on Administration witnesses, and Gurney challenged the value of the hearings at all.

The Sagittarian Moon indicates a moodiness and idealism, while its presence in the fifth house, the house of drama and recreation indicates the kind of exhibition of individual skills which can make one the life of the party—a real attention-getter. This has added to the carnival atmosphere of the hearings, which detractors from the hearings have pointed up, and may, in the long run, be seen to have clouded important issues. On the other hand, it has kept the hearings lively, and may have contributed to their educational value.

Mercury, again in the eleventh house, and in Taurus: these influences indicate logical thinking and endurance; a self-orientation that depends on the prevailing social vision, (as, indeed Congress is directly answerable to the public and is dependent on the social vision of the majority). The bent here is one which should aid the public in evaluating current developments.

Venus in the eleventh house shows an unswerving fidelity to major vision,

but its being in Gemini can indicate a bent toward compromise. Certainly there has been a constant effort on the part of the committee at large to uncover the truth and to preserve and maintain the integrity of the Constitution, which, we shall hope, will remain uncompromised.

Saturn in Gemini indicates logical thought and thoroughness, as well as a preoccupation with difficult problems, while its position in the eleventh house indicates the subordination of all personal motivations to the flow of the moment and to the individual interests which they further. This would indicate a shift in focus, or a series of such shifts as individual interests would be forged and abandoned—some of the inconsistencies in the value of questions posed by particular members of the committee, partisanism again.

Mars in Pisces indicates a wait-and-see attitude, an indication toward secret societies (executive sessions, national security issues, etc.) and perhaps a lack of self-control; while its position in the eighth house indicates, among other things, an

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initiative which is oriented to the interests and rights of others—Constitutional rights. Mars is in point focus, so there is a very strong chance that (1) things could break down behind a yet to be contracted passivity, or (2) that the committee will prove effective in mobilizing energies toward the re-establishment of individual rights and freedoms. This, of course, would be aggravated by the partisan indications spotted so far, and by the Venusian tendency to compromise.

Jupiter in Aquarius indicates an overweening humanitarian orientation, and a viable sense of social justice; while its position in the seventh house, the house of relationship and exchange of ideas would provide a forum where conflicting interests would be forced upon their own resources to battle for themselves.

Uranus in Libra indicates an irritable reformer, and its position in the fourth house indicates most importantly, the expression of independence as well as the probability of a sudden, upsetting and eccentric end to the matter.

Neptune in the fifth house may help the Moon, in that same house, to obscure the real issues of these hearings. Its Sagittarian indication shows a possible lack of discrimination, which could lead to an unhealthy dependence upon external circumstances to determine the direction of the hearings.

Pluto in the third house indicates an obsession with gathering facts and a fusion of individual destinies with social elements. Its Libran indication shows a great potential either to benefit or to harm humanity at large.

The North Node in Capricorn shows a striving for clear and definable goals and a responsibility toward others, and its location in the sixth house, the

house of work and service, is indeed the indication of the committee's whole purpose.

A Study of the Watergate Midpoints
(Note: This is an employment of a highly analytical system of horoscope reading developed in Germany, mainly by Mr. Reinholt Ebertin, and known as *Cosmobiology*.)

The most important planetary complex in the chart is the T-square, Sun/Venus opposition Moon/Neptune, with Mars squaring the axis of this opposition. This gives Mars a key position, puts it in point focus and makes the proceedings energetic.

Venus equals Mars/Neptune: "Wealth of Plans. Help at the right time."

Venus/Mars/Neptune equals Uranus/Ascendant: "The suffering of threats, injuries or wounds, inclination to become physically violent." (Martha Mitchell?) also, "The experiencing of disappointment or flashood, the sudden undermining of associations." also, "The communication of one's feelings to others"

Midheaven equals Venus/Jupiter: "warmhearted meeting with other people."

Midheaven equals Mars/Jupiter: "the love of enterprise and the ability to make favorable arrangements."

Midheaven equals Jupiter/Neptune: "a visionary, fortune hunter or speculator."

All these indications would point to a somewhat circus-like atmosphere surrounding the proceedings. It goes certainly without saying that the senators conducting this hearing are adding greatly to their notoriety if not popularity, and some of them having the motives of fortune hunters is entirely probable.

Probably the most significant

midpoint emphasis is the North Node equals Uranus/Pluto, reading: THE DESIRE TO ACCOMPLISH IMMENSE TASKS IN TEAMWORK WITH OTHERS. THE EXPERIENCE OF SHARING UPSETS OR EXCITEMENT WITH OTHERS.

Venus equals Mercury/Saturn gives: "the inclination toward unfaithfulness."

(Note: all readings in quotes are taken from R. Ebertin's book, *The Combination of Stellar Influences*.)

Analysis of Degrees

The Sun (26 31 Taurus) shows an easy-going smooth and seemingly effortless performance of grueling work. Self-confidence is indicated, and a manner which inspires confidence, even though there is an indication of possible secretiveness, (executive sessions, etc.). This degree indicates the dignified offering of the fruits of wisdom to exuberant youth. (Ervin as chairman, the Senate committee picking up the ball from an aggressive press, etc.)

Moon, (0 38 Sagittarius) indicates an aura of power and competence, great rhetoric, and may be aggressively unpleasant to anyone not captivated by these proceedings. There is an ability here to use debate in a manner that causes opponents to end up arguing against themselves, (especially with the Moon in this degree, by appeals to emotions). The Sabian Symbol for this degree is a gathering of army veterans reliving old memories: and the Senate has indeed become like this image; ineffectual, doddering and living in the past. There is, however, a cohesiveness and power generated from common experience.

Mercury (23 07 Taurus), shows a strong spiritual intuition, but may produce a tendency to build on shaky ground with weak materials, (and

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indeed, the materials obtainable, so far, by this committee have been, by necessity, weak; and, if the tapes become major evidence, due to the ease of faking such materials, may continue to be so). The Sabian Symbol for this degree indicates a return to primal values.

Venus (6 25 Gemini), indicates a separation of mental abilities from emotion. Emotions can be strong, and considerable emotional energy will be invested in a love of domestic security. There is an ability to gather detailed information in a dispassionate manner. The analysis may lack depth: he wants facts unclouded by why and wherefore.

Mars (6 36 Pisces), shows a gambling instinct, and a moody disposition which isn't always friendly. There is a difficulty in this degree of settling down to a logical mode of operation in the pursuit of logical goals.

Jupiter (11 50 Aquarius), shows an early promise which becomes dissipated, and can indicate too much dependence on brute force. Generally the indication is of a motivation which moves from general to personal, and which gives a mastery over the situation which may be quite individual. In other words, this may indicate a drawing in of the concerns and energies of committee members from universal to personal concerns, from the broader to the more explicit concerns of the committee.

Saturn (20 24 Gemini), indicates an excessive curiosity which arouses situations which are too hot to handle. Generally, this indication is dangerous in the political field, there one is likely to stir up too much action with too short a stick; an impetuous

onsurge, blind struggle, which has indeed marked the hearings so far, operating with total lack of solid evidence and being fought at every step by the administration.

Uranus (19 36 Libra), shows a desire for power, along with a need for concentration and awareness. There is a focus on permanent rather than on transient values—ancient wisdom brought to focus. Any rebelliousness will be directed to a return to traditional values and directed against the exercise of naked and unprecedented power.

Neptune (6 20 Sagittarius), indicates a tendency toward service work for a group (the public), or a total loss to vanity.

Pluto (1 48 Libra), indicates an attempt on the part of the committee to lead the public into the establishment of what is right. This degree is honest and uncompromising, and a large sweep. Renewed encouragement is indicated.

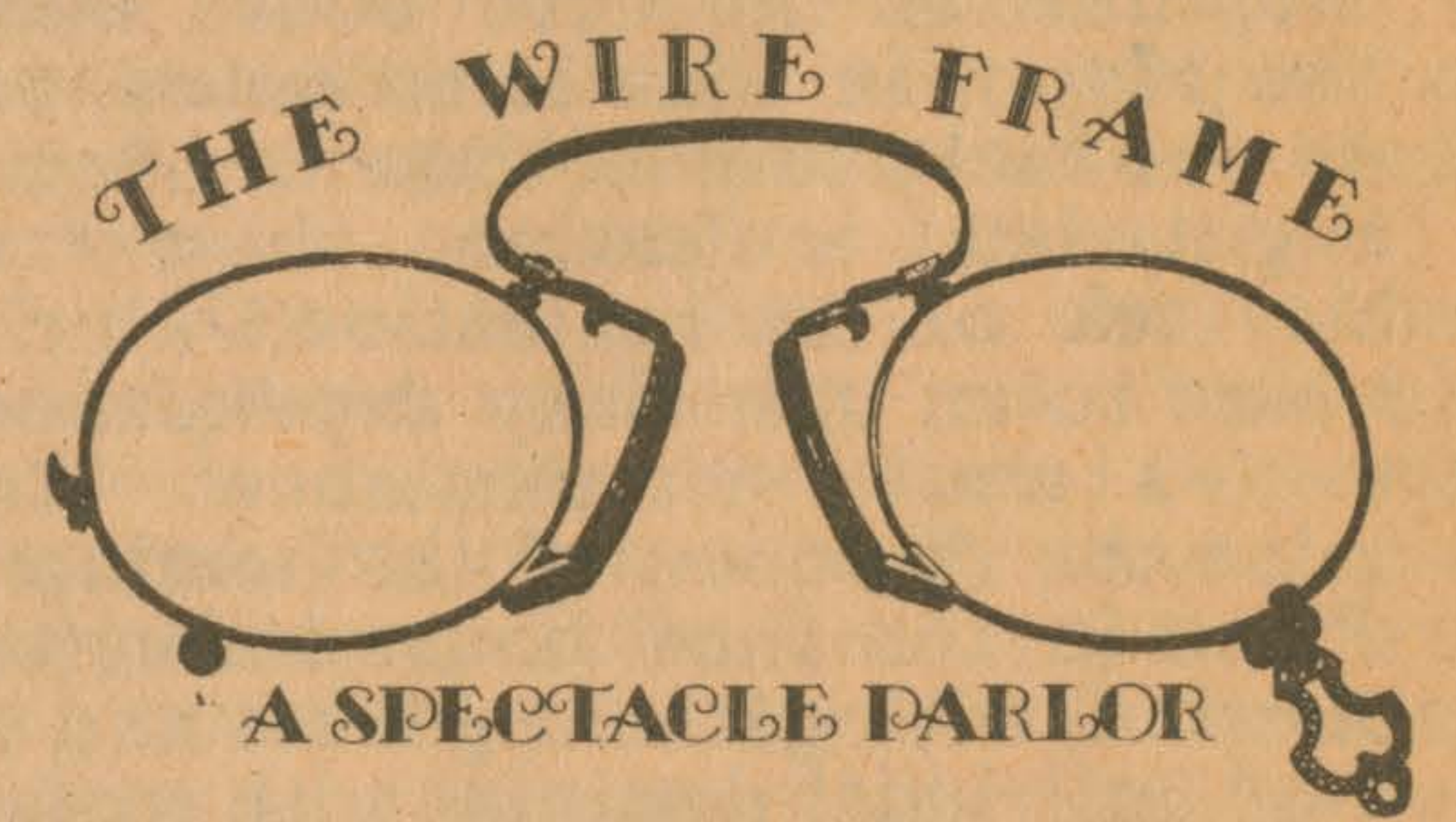
Ascendant (24 22 Cancer), shows a concern with mastery and an ability to overcome obstacles. A goal orientation imposed by the public. This degree indicates the restoration of strength and self-discovery, a support of unconscious elements in every fearless and positive stand of the ego (Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office break-in became very important to the committee—at times overshadowing the Watergate affair, the area of direct concentration).

* * * * *
How does the future look for these investigations? First of all, the Moon in the cusp shows that they are only a prelude to more that will come. The Moon in the first 3 degrees of a sign in horary astrology traditionally means

that the matter at hand is in only its earliest beginnings, so that nothing completely decisive will come out of it. In other words, these hearings are more like the beginning than an end in a chain of events.

There is a decisive indicator of culmination, though, because by progression, the Moon will conjunct Neptune in this chart about Oct. 28th, 1973. This will produce strange or peculiar twists, one will probably be the turning up of new information. On about Oct. 31st, the Moon will progress to an opposition with Venus. This will cause a lot of conflict and will weaken powers of assessment and estimation. The Moon will square Mars about six days later. This will be the most tense and quarrelsome period of the hearings.

Further in the future, around Jan. 11, 1974, the progressed Moon of this chart will have reached Saturn. This will produce self-control, a sense of duty, care, and attention. This will more than likely coincide with the committee's delivering of their report to the Senate.



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BEATRICE WESTHUES

Theatre seems to be thriving in Kansas City, if the openings the new Dinner/Theatres are any indication. But straight theatre must not be ignored in this day of multi-entertainment. One of the best opportunities to see really good theatre for Kansas City indigents, is the Missouri Repertory Theatre. Housed at the UMKC Playhouse, the company is in its tenth summer presenting professional productions. Six varying and versatile plays are in rotating performance: several reviewed below:

"Straight Up" by Syd Cheattle is a bawdy Irish comedy. Dialogue in this play is all suggestive, and what it suggests! Although nothing new, it is a well-written, and well-accumulated piece. Direction by Vincent Dowling, of the Dublin, Abbey Theatre, is very workable, as action goes on behind backs and in split-second synchronized timing.

The story revolves around Ned, a convict given a chance for parole by working in a neighboring household. Played by Michael Mertz, Ned is a bit sweet, naughty, and charming. Harriet Levitt as Beryl is fun, but comes off as a Jewish Irish mother, if there is such a thing. John Q. Bruce as the man of the house is excellent. One wonders where they got that dirty old English gentleman. Priscilla Lindsay as the daughter is good, but not completely convincing as a 16-year-old. But then she is precocious.

Special mention goes to Steve

Ryan as the 6½ foot retard taken in by the household. The scene where he enters in drag, lipstick crookedly applied, brought down the house. This is a thoroughly entertaining performance, a play without too much food for thought.

"Othello": Not known as one of Shakespeare's more "fun" plays, the production of "Othello" is as good as it can be. Shakespeare, normally good at comic relief and constant use of puns is not up to par in "Othello". The actors too seemed to feel it, as upon many occasions, lines were garbled.

Hannibal Penney, Jr. is almost too good looking to play the brave tragic Moor. It's difficult to see a Moor in the character, reciting Shakespeare in perfect English—Shakespeare-style. His energy for emotion, though, was a thing of envy. Sally Mertz's Desdemona is adequate, but the audience should fall in love with the blonde beauty, and she did not evoke these feelings. Sally does have a nice voice, and gets to give a small example of this. If she had sung more of her lines, perhaps fewer dry eyes would have left the place.

Claude Woolman's Iago, on the surface did not seem evil. But beneath the cloak of friendship, lies all the coniving and fiendishness of a man unsure of his own capabilities, and jealous of everyone else's. I hear Woolman is in the hospital, and may not be able to return. It is a shame, his motivations and energy lend a certain interest to an otherwise dull play.

"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest." Ken Kesey's novel as adapted by Dale Wasserman is one of the more popular and talked-of productions. The play itself does not live up to expectations. The dialogue becomes trite and at times completely lacks action for which the players have to make up. And indeed the actors do a great job under Tom Gruenwald's direction.

Robert Elliot as Mac has enough energy to keep a whole production going, which he needs to do. Ronetta Wallman, well plays a stereo-typed dictatorial nurse down to the dimples in her phony face.

Claude Woolman's Chief Bromden is adequate but lacks a little intensesness that is needed at the end. Still you can't help but cheer his each new triumph.

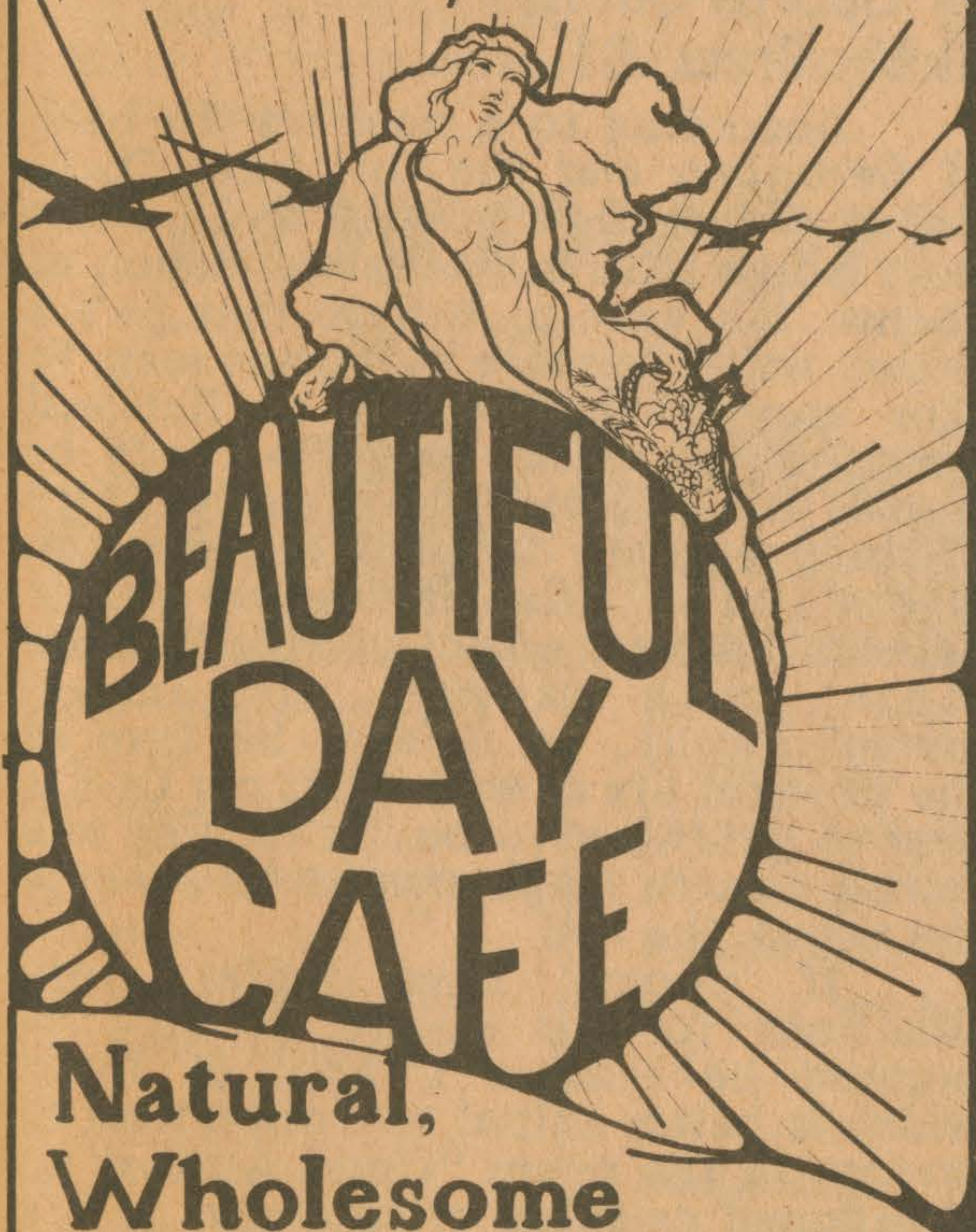
All the psychos on the ward were great, each with their own psychosis. All except one that is. Steve Ryan's character has a place in the plot, but although a bit eccentric, he doesn't seem to belong in an asylum.

Jim Daniels, as a guy constantly seeing people that don't exist, flying planes that don't exist and playing cards with nobody adds a good touch of the ridiculous. Gary Johnson's bomb-crazed maniac is sulky and mysterious and Robert Smith's sex-introverted old man, (with a voluptuous wife) was well characterized. Seeing Hannibal Penney as an emotionally unkempt looney, it's hard to believe this same person was the dignified "Othello". Michael Mertz added a touch of tragedy with his stuttering Billy.

The stark-white setting, designed by Richard Ferguson-Wagstaff is noticeable, and functional and that's about it.

Except for bad hitches in dialogue, the play is good. It's even better when you realize the actors take the cue to build those bad spots into great crescendos of applause.

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BOOKS

BkMk is pronounced *bookmark*, and it's the name of the Johnson County Library's poetry press. Edited by poet Dan Jaffe, BkMk has published books by a dozen poets over the last year and a half. The following article reviews the three latest BkMk publications. Two of the poets, Robert Slater and David Perkins, are Kansas Citians; both are among the sixty nation-wide winners of 1973 National Endowment for the Arts creative writing fellowships, which carry a \$5,000 stipend. George Cuomo is a novelist who teaches at the University of Massachusetts.

BkMk books are sold at the UMKC bookstore; they can also be ordered from the Johnson County Library, 8700 W. 63rd St., Shawnee Mission, KS 66202.

Survival Kit

by Robert Slater
BkMk Press, \$1

Robert Slater demonstrates a highly refined control of his craft in the *Survival Kit* poems. His language is always simple and direct; the lines seem almost to have written themselves. They defer so unobtrusively to their imagery they are difficult to quote outside the context of the whole poem.

But one can try. In "The President of the Tenor Saxophone" Lester Young returns with a "Saxophone case full/Of gin bottles, munching/Cracker Jacks. Pockets//Full of Frank Sinatra." On the page these lines have an eerie silence despite the noisily specific images they invoke.

Vivid details give Slater's poems an authority which I find very satisfying; he writes with unpretentious good humor, and occasionally just for the fun of it; even in his more serious poems, though, the wry edge is usually there. In "Upper Mississippi River Get-Away" an old (or maybe young) cuss from Iowa takes his family on a long trip down the river, "Down through towns where/Sisters and football players/Drown each summer..." Finally, in southern Mexico, "... He gets high/With Indians and insults/Anthropologists. Vulnerable/To the smell of hot oil/One night he felt/A barge whistle vibrate/The air in his lungs./He wet the bed,/Felt a search light/Between his shoulders./Dreamed of Cairo/And a Cape/In Missouri."

Several of these poems deal with getaways, with an escape that leads into the fastnesses of the imagination. In a beautiful poem called "Explorer" Slater warns, "Somewhere within these landscapes/Shapes change without warning./No man is ever the same/After seeing them."

Two poems come from paintings. One of the paintings is a Fantin-Latour portrait group; in the poem, Slater almost turns his short unpunctuated lines into brushstrokes. In "Lautrec: Model Seated In Studio" he addresses the model with a hypnotically seductive description of herself as if he were her lover. But in the end he brings us up

by Lawrence Alton

short, reminding us she is trapped in a painting: "Your face has not been seen//In nearly 80 years." Slater returns again and again to these gulfs in space or time which separate what we can do from what we can imagine. In a dutch-uncle poem for his friend, poet Raymond DiPalma, he reminds him that "The Savoy Ballroom is closed//Forever. Remember, you are/In Ohio. Now. Not/New York. Not 1946."

Slater has the ability to unfold surprises at the center of his poems that their first few lines would never have dreamed of. One tantalizing stanza in "Explorer" could almost serve as his *ars poetica*: "These songs are foreign./This same music puts//Camels to sleep and makes/Us think of apples/In Belgium."

Survival Kit is a good introduction to the work of a fine poet.

License To Kill

by David Perkins, with illustrations by Mark Roeyer
BkMk Press, \$1

David Perkins' regard for language generally leads him to use as little of it as possible in his poetry. Many of the poems in *License To Kill*, his second book, are marked with this tight-lipped quality; they seem to have been pared down almost to a silent core. Many of them omit punctuation; two of them omit verbs altogether.

Two of Perkins' love poems show the different effects he wrings from this economy. In "The Lovers", extraordinary passion is presented with an impersonal formality, generating erotic friction between image and form.

THE LOVERS

walked across the room
bursting with eyes embraced
on the move
squeezed one another
pressed through one another
emerged back to back breathing
one another
walked ten paces turned

Another love poem, "Mexico", is an urgently subjective telegram of desire:

I argue with the dark
over who will undress
you

quickly quickly
Mexico in my jeans

An exception to this terseness is "Three O'Clock Sun", a long, brooding poem in which the poet reflects on the "otherness" of his lover after making love in the afternoon. Perkins' perplexed loquacity is unusual in this piece, but the theme is not; most of the poems turn around the sensations of solitude, often in its menacing aspects. Consider the grim humor of "Defrosting Instructions":

They found us drowning
in the icecube tray
No trouble spotting you

they said
with the words
help help
stuck up like
popsicle sticks

In "Driving Across Kansas" the monotonous loneliness of the landscape hits the driver like a slap. In other pieces books become detached from their letters; people become detached from their names, their voices, and finally their identity altogether. "No One" concludes, "But I shouldn't complain/If I were a shade more visible/I'd be sent out for beer"

"Landscaping" is a bitter political poem: "The new american gardner/sports a Hiroshima thumb." In "FFA" the Future Farmers pause in their locker room horseplay to ask a threatening and enigmatic question: "are we/to plow old america/sometime in the future,/or are we/to farm america's future now?"

Many of Perkins' poems have used an unsettling animism, personifying books, refrigerators and half a dozen other commonplace objects to undermine the simple security we derive from taking our lives for granted. Only one of the *License To Kill* poems returns to that motif, and that is the title poem itself. In it, the poem itself—or the words themselves—take over in order to address the reader directly. The poem confesses that it is powerless: "... You imagine/we are in control. You imagine/we are moving your lips./You imagine that as each of us strikes/behind your eyes what goes off/is us, and not your own dynamite." Does the poem reveal this to flatter us? Hardly: "There is no pleasure in it;/you are taken in so easily./.../We are bored with this."

In Perkins' poetry the things of the world threaten to strip themselves of the benign meanings in which we have dressed them, revealing themselves as alien and indifferent to our fates.

Geronimo and the Girl Next Door

by George Cuomo
BkMk Press, \$1

According to a note on the back of *Geronimo and the Girl Next Door*, George Cuomo is a novelist and a short story writer; this is his first collection of poems. It's easy to believe that he's a fiction writer because his poems seem to turn around the kernels of fictional situations, as if they might actually be studies for projected short stories. Two of the poems are dramatic monologues; in one, a Falstaffian Benvenuto Cellini defends his love of gold to Sir Thomas More with angry eloquence; metaphorically, he defends his love of the physical life as well: "but my God is near to gold/near to bodies turning and rolling/near to laughter/near to the cup, the sword, the bed..."

If Cuomo does prefer story situations for his poetry, it may be because he relishes a kind of irony which is better suited to fiction than to poetry. In the poem "Good Advice" an abandoned neighbor child comes to the narrator's house during a flood carrying in his arms his wounded or dying dog. Thy poem beings, "Simply! Simply! said Henry James/And we certainly tried. The two of us/Lived simply in our simple house, our names/Not even on

the box . . . " Cuomo seems to say that trying to live simply isn't enough; that the abused little boy who washes the dog's blood off his hands "By (simply) splashing them in the water, /Smiling, saying he liked the feel of the water" somehow manages the grace of living simply in a way that the sophisticated narrator and his wife cannot. Cuomo no doubt realizes there is a good short story in this, but as a poem it seems to have been squeezed into a flavorless anecdote.

Cocteau says that what a poet wants is not to be admired but to be believed. In "On the Death Of a Student Hopelessly Failing My Course", Cuomo describes a young man who "... lacked whole galaxies of talents . . ." The poet strains my credulity when he asserts that the student even "... lacked means of being hurt." And: "Failure themed his small life, comforting him." After explaining, then, that the kid was worthless and that he actually *liked* being worthless, Cuomo washes his hands of him and attaches a hokey fireworks-display grandeur onto his death: "He died racing a fire-red sports car, /Soaring from a mountain roadway to spread /A giant arc across the still night sky." The poet sounds like he wishes he could have been there to see it.

Cuomo turns his didactic tendency to good effect in "Nature is Electrical". The world he describes is disconnected and dying of its own mundaneness, yet "... when the woman /turns out the light across the street /Rabelais roars in his cowl, /Oedipus slaughters at the crossroads. //Nature is electrical; in storms /compasses spin with every flash."

It's too bad that most of Cuomo's poetry lacks this strength; it's too bad more of his poetry doesn't have the swashbuckling expansiveness of "Benvenuto Cellini", or the humorous charm of this quatrain from "The Dancer": "The orchestra abandons /Music for alarms; /The girl he picks at random /Perspires in his arms." Unfortunately, though, much of the writing in *Geronimo* is homely; too many of the poems seem ill-thought out or pretentious.

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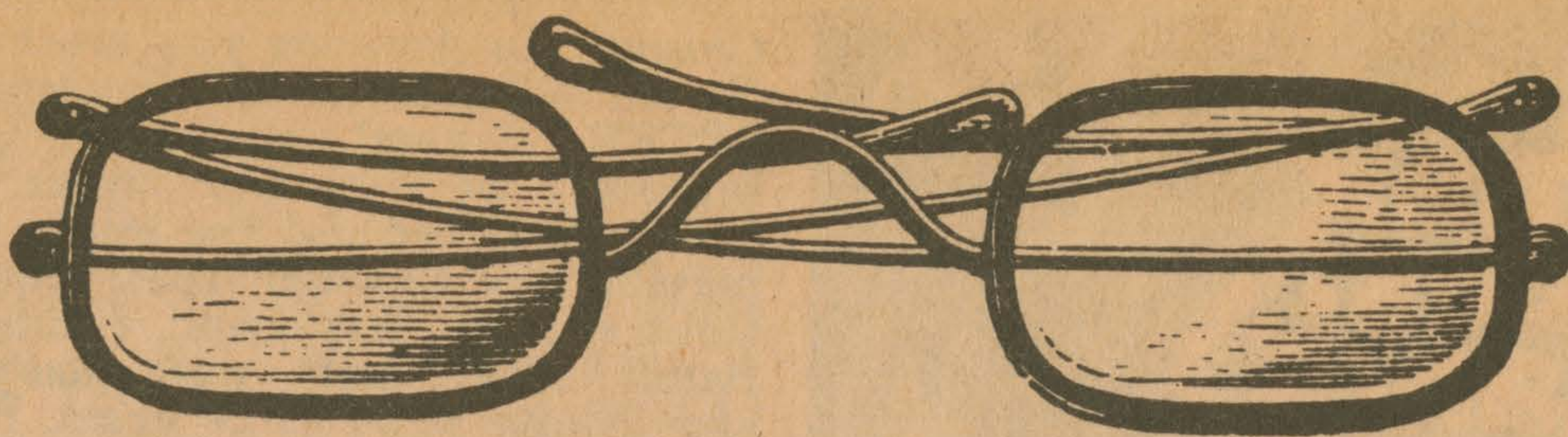
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Climax Blues Band

ever talk to brings up the Steve Miller Band. The Steve Miller Band, to me, is the closest parallel to Climax there is but not musically since the music is so different, but the way he uses so many different influences and directions and still retains his own image. I would like to see our band play that way and when our band works in that way, I will feel very happy about it.

COLIN: When the Miller Band was playing in England recently, the road people used to tell us that we played like the Steve Miller Band, but I never heard them, and when I did, I could really see why but I can't explain it.

Are there any artists in the blues area that you would like to perform with that you haven't?

COLIN: Muddy Water is the obvious one.

Your new album, Rich Man, seems to be more in the area of rock rather than the blues or it seems to be leading into the area of rock. Why have you changed your musical concepts?

COLIN: You have never heard the second album. That second album is totally the farthest away from the blues we have done. Of all the albums this one has the most different type of things on it. For *Rich Man* it wasn't deliberate—we didn't say we weren't going to play anymore blues on it. There is a lot of material on this new album that has been around for a long, long time—lots have been around for three years or so—but we were discouraged from recording it, such as the song *Mole on the Dole*.

Do you think that you'll go back to recording more blues like on the third and fourth albums?

COLIN: Oh, yes! Everyone in the band has been into a lot of things, you know. They have been into a lot of things in all sorts of bands, and all these sorts of things are there. The blues thing—just going back to playing straight forward blues has allowed everybody just to get their heads back together again. The blues is the basic slice of rock; of all music; jazz; everything.

Will there be a single from the new album?

COLIN: I would like to think so. Yes, "Shake Your Love" has been released. The strange thing about singles is that in England singles are absolutely the all important thing—you can't get any airplay with an album unless you have a single out.

Then do you concentrate on making singles?

COLIN: No, the record company will usually pull something from the album if there is a cut with single potential.

In England you are known as Climax

Chicago; in America you are known as the Climax Blues Band. How come?

PETER: Several reasons, I suppose, originally we were the Climax Chicago Blues Band because the music we were playing was Chicago blues. Climax was Colin's local jazz band (Climax Jazz Band) and that was many years ago—twelve years to be exact. People in our home town associate Colin with the word "Climax", but our band played Chicago blues. So it was logical to call it the Climax Chicago Blues Band. When we turned pro, we found that whenever we were billed we were getting tiny little type face in the advertisements, and we had to knock something out, you know, and by calling it the Climax Chicago Blues Band was a very long name anyway, and people couldn't get into the habit of saying it. It just became a question of what to knock out, and we also found out in England that the words "Blues Band" after that second blues wave, if you were a blues band, you just couldn't get much work cause people associated you with the millions of blues bands who were playing very boring twelve bars and getting into very long boring guitar solos. So we just knocked off the "Blues Band". But, over here there didn't seem to be that sort of bad taste associated with the word "blues". In England, the word "blues" meant four young guys in denim being very introverted boring the pants off everyone so that's the reason we knocked off the "Blues Band". But, over here it just didn't seem to be like that so we are called the Climax Blues Band.

Do you envision changing your name again by dropping the word "blues" in America?

PETER: That is possible, but I don't think it can be done until we break through in a big way. People at home very often just call us Climax anyway. We would just like to go out as Climax or the Climax Band, but unfortunately there was a studio band over here known as Climax that had a big hit record, "Precious and Few"—just session musicians who made a gold record. But, we are trying to sort that out. At the moment everyone knows that our band is Climax, and it would be nice to just use it.

You probably have been anticipating touring America for a long time. How has it compared to your expectations?

COLIN: I was very scared at first about coming over after hearing all those horror stories from other English bands, like Mott the Hoople, about what it is like in America. The impressions that we got of America were horrid and scary. But, when you play Northern Ireland with bombs going off, it's something too—scary—and they told us that American people were hostile, but I don't think that they are.

PETER: The people seem to be friendly. Maybe it is because we are English or maybe it is because we are long-haired musicians.

Maybe it is because you are just friendly people. Now, this is your seventh week in America, and you'll be here one more week. When do you return to the States?

COLIN: We will be back in September.

For how long?

COLIN: This was supposed to be a four week tour but was extended to eight; it will probably be a six week tour extended to fifty-two (laughing).

When do you start recording your new album?

COLIN: We'll go home... hopefully get a holiday which probably will only be one week. One thing about the band is that three of us live in a small town of only 50,000 people while the drummer has lived close by for fifteen years, and we all want to go back to the same town cause we are home sick. It sounds silly, we have been to Europe, but this is the first time we have been a long way from home, and I'm sure it makes an enormous difference.

In your tour that has taken you all over the States and appearing with many bands, are there any bands that have really impressed you?

COLIN: I really enjoyed Rufus at the Whisky—they really knocked me out. And a Black band from Chicago called The End were really good as well as a band playing in Milwaukee called...

PETER: ... Some Blind Lion. I was really impressed with the support bands that opened the shows in the clubs—just very ordinary nice guys who really knew how to play.

(Derek and John came down to the resaurant to join us at this point. All the beer was gone and as we ordered a pre-dinner snack, the tape ran out. They said "Hi" to the blank tape though.)

The Academy of Music was only half filled, but the concert was aired live on WNEW-FM, a rarity for a New York City concert and could have possibly been heard by millions of listeners. I must admit that this was the first time I saw the Climax Blues Band in performace, and I must also admit that I was not overwhelmed by the set either. There seemed to be a long dry period until they were able to build up some momentum, but the audience loved them (two encores worth) via shouts of "Rock 'n' Roll" and "Boogie all night." When some firecrackers exploded, Peter stopped his slow blues tune and exclaimed "Wow! man, we surrender."

They performed songs from their five albums as well as some unreleased tunes. Highlights included a song dedicated to New Yorkers, Jimmy Reed's "Goin' to New York"; "You Make Me Sick"; and "All the Time in the World"; Peter is the primary singer, but Colin's deep vocal on Mose Allison's "Seventh Son" was not only a sharp contrast to the rockers, it was one of the most moving blues interpretations that I had heard in a long time. Colin's sax and harp added a spark to the blues based quartet while Derek layed down a deep bass bottom, and John eventually got in the customary drum solo—only his was more tasty than most others in this the era of long, boring solos.

But, the real crowd pleaser was Peter Haycock who is going to have a really big following soon if this performance is an indication of what he normally does on stage. His fluid guitar along with his incredible stage presence was overwhelming on this hot, humid night. And, he did something that only a few guitarists could pull off: Colin, Derek, and John went to the wings while Peter did a ten minute solo

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EATs

Baa Ba
Gorilla
Droppings

it is by no missteak that this an-columninum is deadacatored solely to that scrumtous Chuck Stake. (ennui-window) ennui, in his resighpie is an emptyness akin to nothing yet ironyidiotically not acheing too someone elsey windows are ovens of the future—tints polar solarized fries DULL and BLAND taste bids saladmandeer soup one achives a higher state of TOEtill BOREDOM-doom from Archives and Freeholyyies than Pico-pico in Jam Cesspolls The We Wait to Eat You League is a no-no spurt from the Buddah** and Yum-yum Lake Mechanism. take a part of something less (gesstimate if you wash) add only what isn't remaining sustaining your brain in one head, your head in one brain, nevermind the brien or the colourings of "blank" and "while" THIS IS WHAT WE PERSONALLY DEVOUR OUR SELPHS OF ONLY BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WAITERS in the state of bahrain they say "YOUR HEART IS YOUR HEALTH" digest your feelings for at least three ours after every mood

CONTINUED

composition of his own that had the audience going wild as they kept pushing him all the way to a dramatic climax. Anything Climax did after that was all uphill. "Gonna jump and shout/Gonna scratch and fight/Gonna shake your love tonight" could incite any audience, and it did as their best song, "Shake Your Love," had a new life in this live setting. Climax has obviously been working on their vocals, and *Rich Man* is their first album where they seem confident with their voices as they really went all out on the Academy stage. If more of their songs were like this, then I could easily see them upstaging J. Geils.

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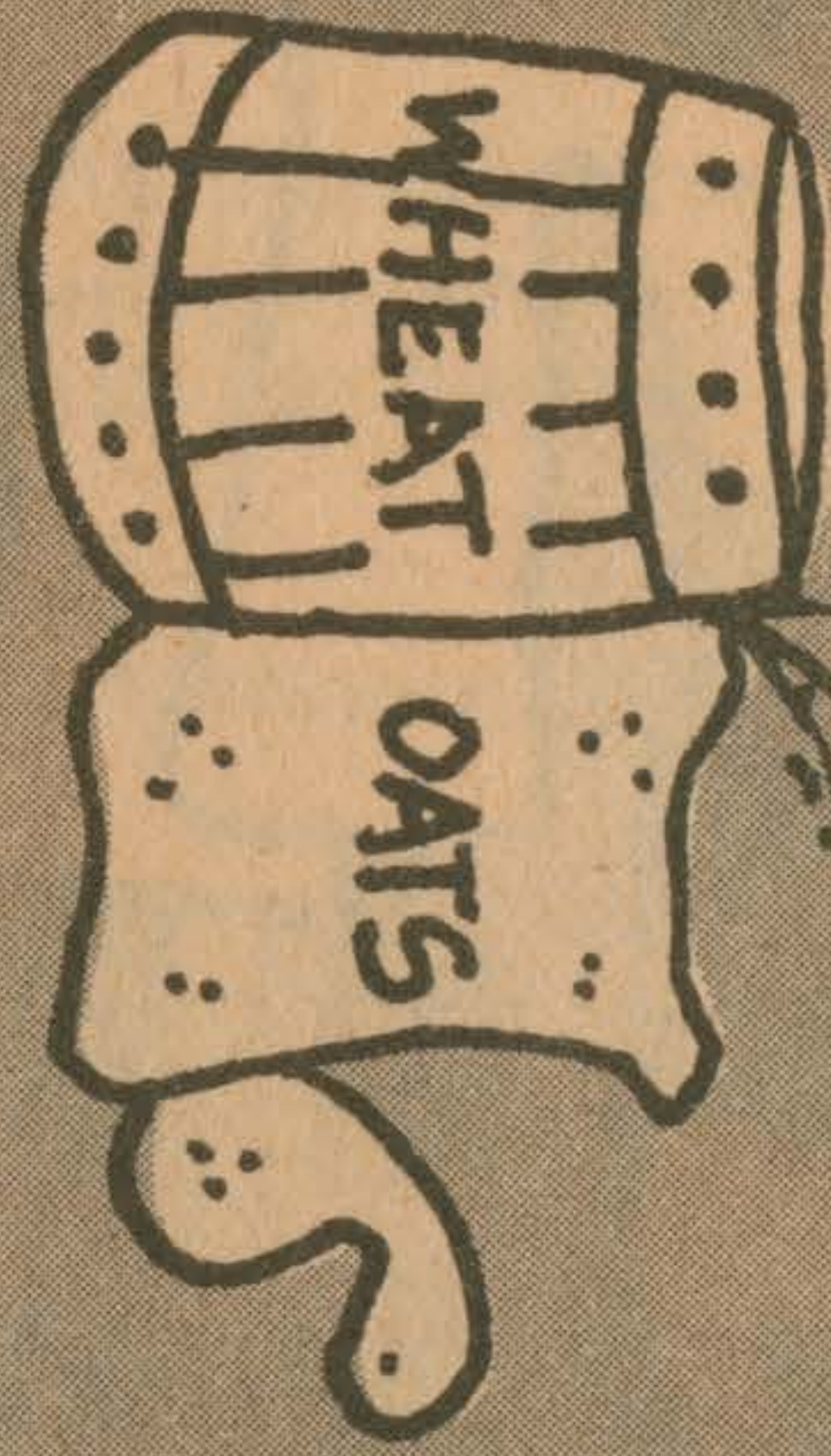
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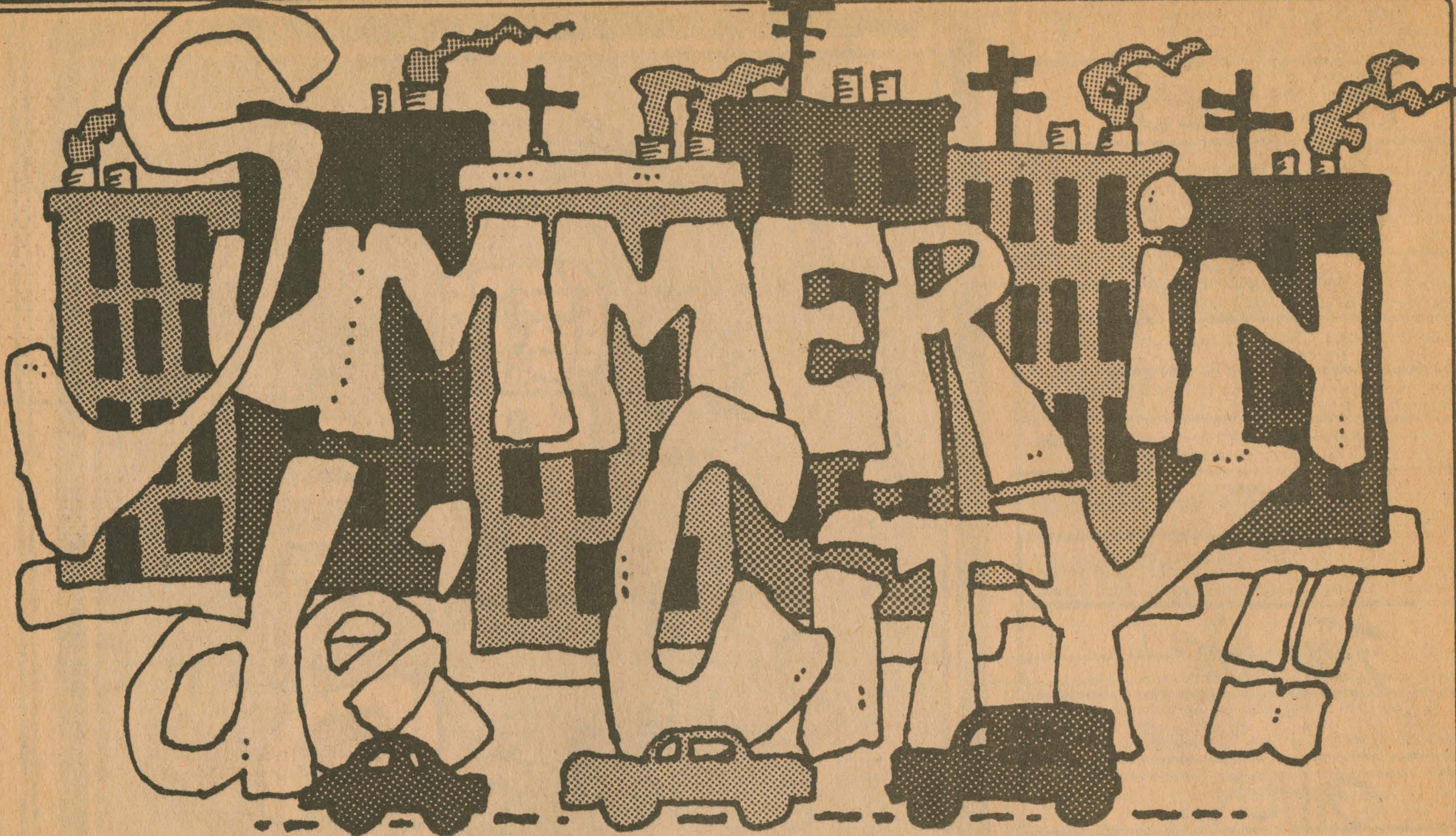
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