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Eating Kansas City

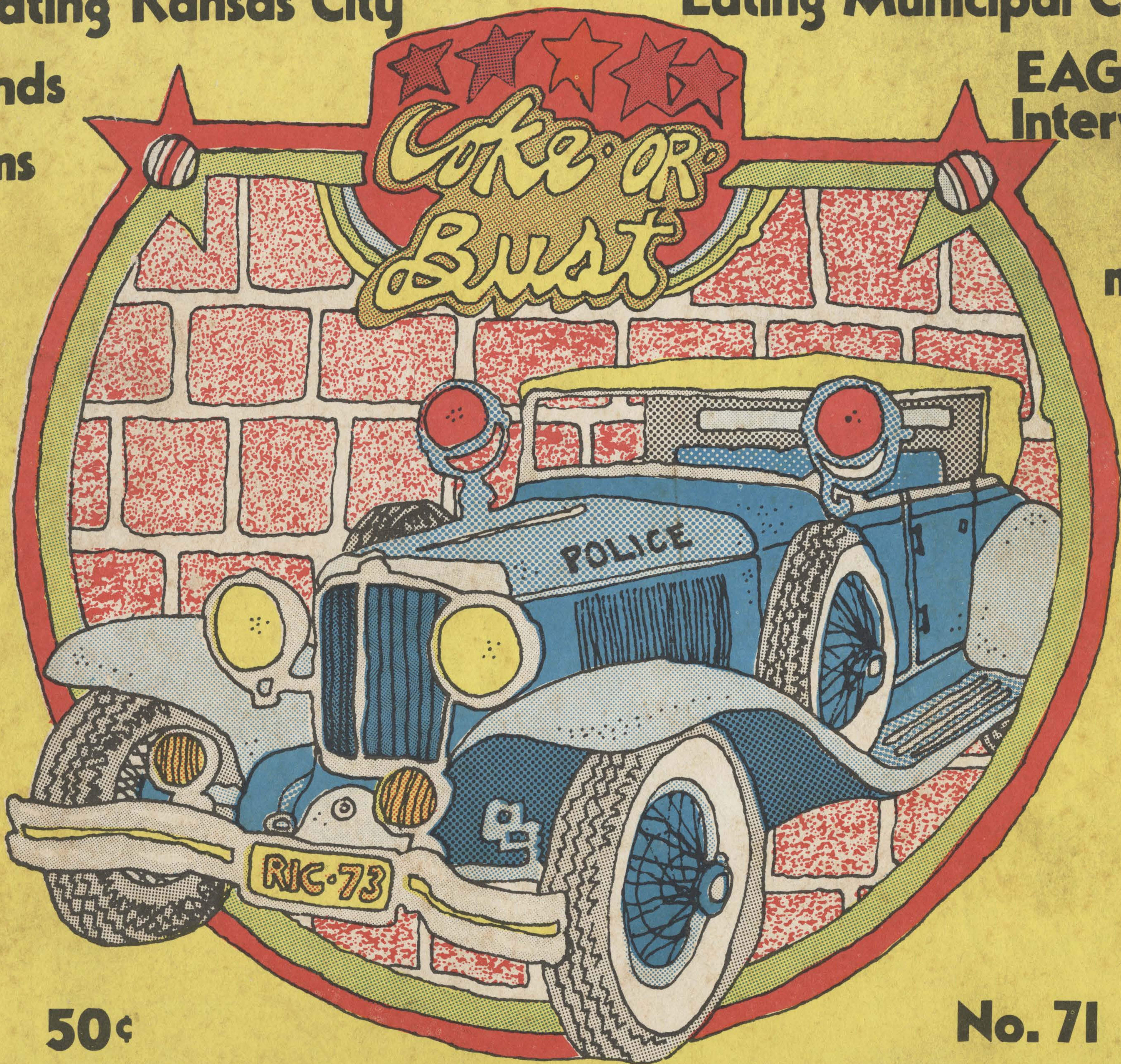
Eating Municipal Court

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No. 71



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WESTPORT TRUCKER*

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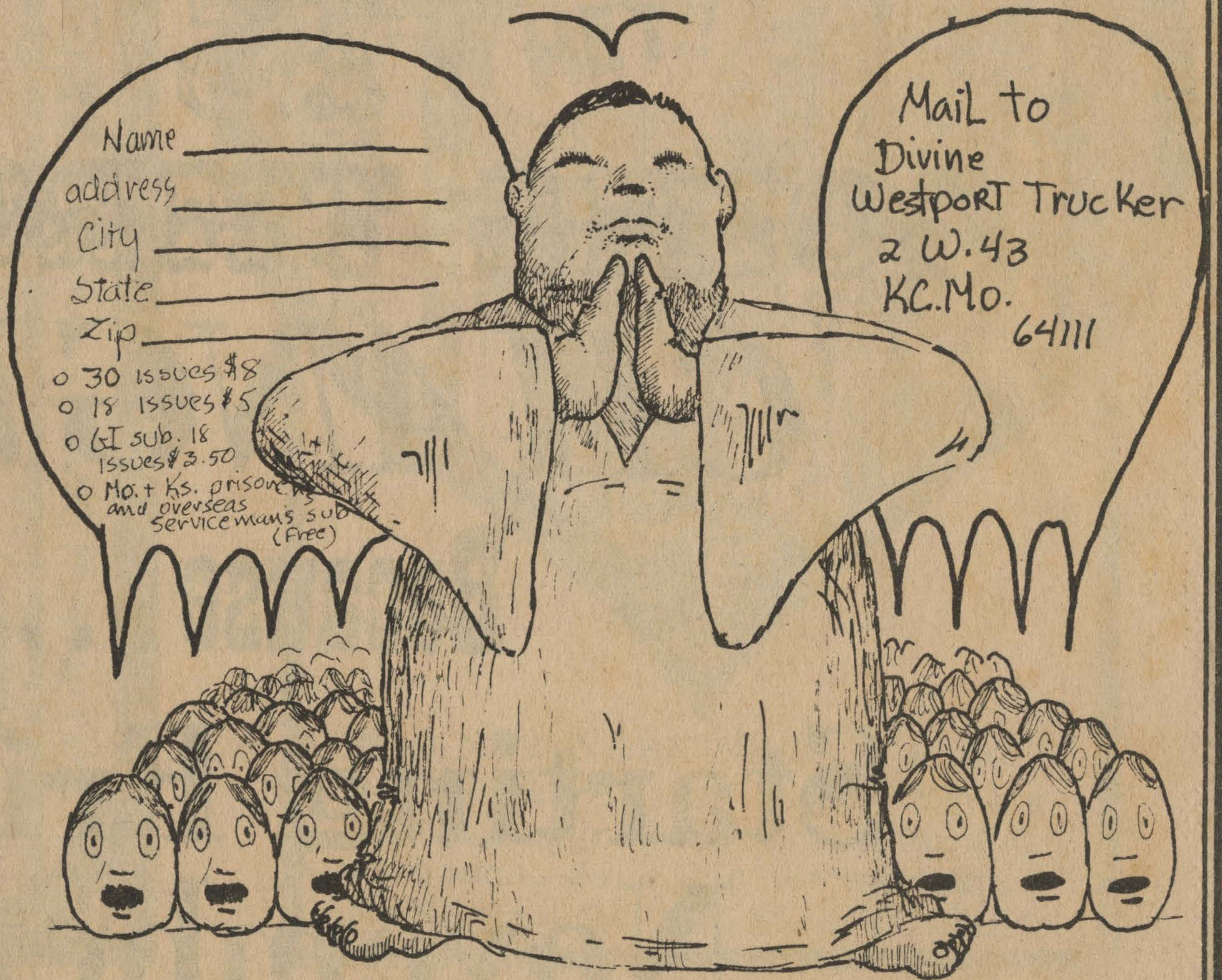
Broccoli Prune Pitt

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ATTENTION!!

**DEAR
READERS**

THE

TRUCKER

IS

GOING THROUGH

CHANGES

Because . . .

**Starting Friday,
November 2**

We're going to give you all the NEWS you can eat!

Beginning November 2nd you'll be seeing us a bit more often. Every Friday morning we'll be running off the presses fresh into your hot little hands. The *Weekly Westport Trucker* will carry film and concert reviews, free classifieds, features, and a heavy dose of national and local news coverage.

When we started putting out the *Trucker* in a magazine format last June we were aiming at giving the *Trucker* a slow but steady alteration of its physical layout and editorial content. We were attempting to make it a radical publication which could be as easily read by people in Florida as Kansas and have succeeded in doing that beyond our wildest, drug induced speculations. The New York staff is kicking ass and growing fast, our graphix/layout has tightened up considerably and the whole paper has reached a quality never even visualized when our staff began to solidify five long years ago this month. Unfortunately, we had to phase out much of the paper's localized format to do this and as one *Truckerite* put it, cutting local news "T'was a pisser." We tried to offer magazine-style features and newspaper-style news all in the same publication and rapidly found out how limiting such a format is. There were a number of directions we could go but all but one involved drastically cutting back on some aspect of our present news coverage or future expansion plans. Answer: A weekly newspaper aimed at a Kansas City/Lawrence readership (the *Weekly Westport Trucker*), a magazine aimed at nation-wide distribution (the *Trucker*) and, meanwhile, our eastern *Truckerites* are independently producing the *New York News Service* as a vehicle for New York writers.

Whereas the *Weekly Westport Trucker* will start cranking it out this November, this will be the last *Trucker* until the first of February. We are suspending publication of the monthly magazine in order to consolidate our efforts with the various distribution companies who will be handling the *Trucker* nationally.

'Nuff said. Who knows, maybe in another five years we'll still be around and you might even be still reading this rag (or rags).

Dennis Giangreco



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The Bust Book

Municipal Court

Welcome to Municipal Court, K-C-M-O. If you've been charged with violating an ordinance of the city of Kansas City, Mo., that requires your appearance before the court, you'll be experiencing justice at its assembly-line best. Once your trial begins, you can rest assured that your 6th Amendment right to a speedy trial will be vigorously upheld.

To make your association with the court as understandable and painless as possible, the following is intended as your guide to *pro se* (self) representation before the courts. The following is reprinted from the *Bust Book* published by the K.C. Chapter of the National Lawyers Guild—ed.

BACKGROUND INFORMATION

The Municipal Court of Kansas City, Mo., hears and determines those cases arising within the legal geographic limits of Kansas City, under the Charter. The Charter contains ordinances which regulate and/or restrict a wide variety of activities.

There are seven divisions, i.e., courtrooms, within the court. Courtrooms "A" and "B" are located on the 5th floor of the police station at 1125 Locust.) Courtrooms "C", "D", "E", "F" and "G" are located at 1021 McGee on the second and third floors. "A" court handles mainly those cases involving defendants who have been in the city jail awaiting their trial. (The city jail is located on the 8th floor of the police station 1125 Locust.) "E" court is used for "special sets", meaning those cases transferred from other courtrooms because of the nature of the case, or because the trial looks like it will take longer than 5-10 minutes.

In each courtroom you will find a clerk and a bailiff. The clerk handles the procedural aspects of the judge's caseload. The bailiff keeps order in the courtroom and delivers you to the proper persons if you're found guilty. Depending upon which courtroom

you're in, the clerk and/or bailiff might be able to answer questions you have about the court.

BEING MADE A DEFENDANT

There are two ways to become known to the Municipal Court as a defendant. The first, and most widely used method, is by the filing of an information. The ticket you receive from policemen is technically known as an information. Either the cop personally observed an alleged ordinance violation and filled in the necessary details for the information, or he was called to the scene of an alleged ordinance violation where he fills out the information based on what he sees and is told by others.

The second method used for listing you as defendant is by filing a complaint. For example if someone believes that his/her peace has been disturbed by you, and the police won't intervene, then that person can go to the Warrant Desk, 27th floor, City Hall, and swear out a complaint. The assistant city prosecutor who receives the complaint still has the discretion to refuse to file, but that person usually relies on whatever statements are made at the warrant desk. With the complaint drawn up, a warrant for your arrest is issued, to be processed by the police.

TAKING THE 5TH

The 5th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution states that "no person shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself." This provision is more commonly known as the privilege against self-incrimination. Municipal Court is considered quasi-criminal in its proceedings, which means the criminal rules of procedure are available to you as defendant. At the time of your arrest, the police are supposed to give you *Miranda* warnings. Think carefully about what you're doing before you make any statements to the police beyond your name.

Further, any statements made to witnesses of an alleged law violation can be used against you in court. If the police are charging you with something, it's to your advantage not to talk. If you want to take the stand at your trial, that's another ballpark, since by then you'll hopefully have had a chance to discuss the charge with a lawyer.

ONCE ARRESTED . . . WHAT ABOUT BOND?

Once a cop has placed you under arrest, your first concern is staying out of jail. Under Missouri law, the police can hold you up to 20 hours at the station without formally filing a charge against you and giving you the chance to make bond. If they decide to hold you for that period before filing an information, there's little you can do, except not talk. You're supposed to be allowed to make a phone call for the purpose of securing a lawyer. In most instances you'll know once you've been taken into custody what you've been charged with. The two main categories of charges are "general offense" and "traffic offense".

The Municipal Court rules of procedure provide certain guidelines for release of defendants prior to trial. (see Appendix A)

Concerning traffic offenses court procedures provide for the release of the defendant upon deposit of his/her driver's license in lieu of bail. (see Appendix B)

A great deal of discretion remains with the arresting officer or person authorized to accept bail. However, by your knowing the procedures for release without having to make money bond, you can more intelligently raise the issue with that person.

If the cop won't release you without bond, you'll need to find some money. Except for the offenses of parole violations and escape from the municipal farm, all ordinance violations are bondable, with bonds ranging from

\$25 to \$250. (see following page For offenses not specifically set out in the bail schedule, reasonable bail shall be set, but no bail will be set under the sum of \$25. Since none of the offenses listed in the bail schedule have bond exceeding \$250, no other offense should be bonded in excess of that amount.

While in the custody of the police, you're supposed to be allowed to make at least two phone calls. One call is to secure a lawyer. The second is to arrange bond. That second call might be to a family member, a friend, or directly to a bondsman. The police stations list phone numbers for the city's registered bondsmen.

The *only* reason for going to a bondsman would be that you can't come up with the full amount of the bond. The bondsman charges you a non-returnable fee in proportion to your bond, and then signs for your release. The fee schedule for bondsmen is:

BOND AMOUNT	FEE
\$25	\$5
50	10
75	12
100	15
200	30
250	40

If you go through a bondsman, you'll have to sign a contract stating that if you fail to appear in court as scheduled, he can sue you for the full amount of the bond, plus expenses involved. They may require you to secure a co-signer to that contract, especially if you're unemployed. By co-signing, that person is just as liable as you to the bondsman if you fail to appear in court. Further, the bondsman may require you to deposit a certain amount of money with him—collateral. This is in addition to the fee he charges and is returnable to you by the bondsman once you've gone to trial. Make sure you keep all receipts for fees and any collateral you might have to deposit with the bondsman. Failure to keep such receipts would almost surely result in your not getting your collateral returned.

Quite often bondsmen will not handle a bond that's been set at \$25. They don't make enough money off it to make it worth their time and paperwork. If it's more than \$25, you should be able to get the assistance of a bondsman. If they turn you down for some unjustified reason, such as appearance, let the judge know as soon as you go before the court.

As should be apparent from the above, it's to your advantage to avoid the hassle of a bondsman. By making your own bond, that bond will be returned to you once you've gone to trial. You've saved an unnecessary expense.

YOU CAN'T MAKE BOND?

If you're not released either upon a written promise to appear or by depositing your driver's license, and if you can't make bond, then you don't pass go, and it's straight to jail . . .

As stated in the foreword, the jail sits atop central control for the police, 1125 Locust. Once all the necessary papers have been filled out, you'll be waiting in jail for the next scheduled session of "A" court. If you're being detained overnight and you've been charged with a general offense, you

should be on the 8:30 a.m. docket. If it's traffic related, you'll ride the elevator down to the 5th floor tank for the 9:30 a.m. docket call.

Once your case comes before the judge, you'll be asked if you're ready to stand trial. (Your rights to an attorney and to a continuance will be discussed below.) If you're not ready for trial, and if the judge grants your request that your case not be heard at that time, it will be reset for the next morning and you'll be taken back to jail. *Before leaving the judge's bench, ask him to reduce your bond to a written promise to appear since you can't make bond.* He has the power to do that. Tell him you can't properly prepare for your case unless you're released, and that you have no money for bond. If he won't agree, you're back where you started, trying to make bond and/or get a lawyer.

YOUR RIGHT TO AN ATTORNEY

On June 12, 1972, the U.S. Supreme Court decided the case of *Argersinger v. Hamlin*, holding that: "absent a knowing and intelligent waiver, no person may be imprisoned for any offense . . . unless he was represented by counsel at his trial." Whenever the penalty for violation of a municipal ordinance includes the possibility of jail, and most do, you must be informed of your right to an attorney.

At your first appearance before the judge, you should be told of your right to an attorney. If you tell the court you don't want a lawyer, the court accepts that statement as your voluntary, intelligent waiver of your right to counsel. Be sure to assert your right. You then proceed to trial, unless a continuance has been granted.

If you want a lawyer, but can't afford one, tell the court. The court will have to appoint one for you. You will not be charged if you can show that you are financially unable to pay. In most cases the court will then contact the Legal Aid Society, 1029 Oak () to get an attorney for you. Or the court might tell you to get in touch with Legal Aid. Another alternative available to the court is to appoint any private attorney that happens to be in the courtroom at the time of your case. If that happens, and if you feel that lawyer isn't able to properly handle your case on such short notice, tell the attorney you want the case continued so your case can be properly prepared. Your best approach to securing a lawyer if you can't afford one is to get in touch with the Legal Aid Society as soon as you know when your case is set. Make plans to meet with one of the attorneys or law students who works in the Municipal Court section in advance of your trial.

If you want a lawyer, but don't qualify for court-appointed counsel, it's your responsibility to hire one, having that person with you at trial time. If you've been unsuccessful in finding one, or if the one you've found is too expensive, explain that to the court in hopes of getting additional time to secure one. The best method for selecting a lawyer is to go to one you know personally, or one who has been recommended to you by someone whose judgment you trust. If you still can't find one call the Kansas City Bar Association's lawyer referral service.

SUBPOENAS

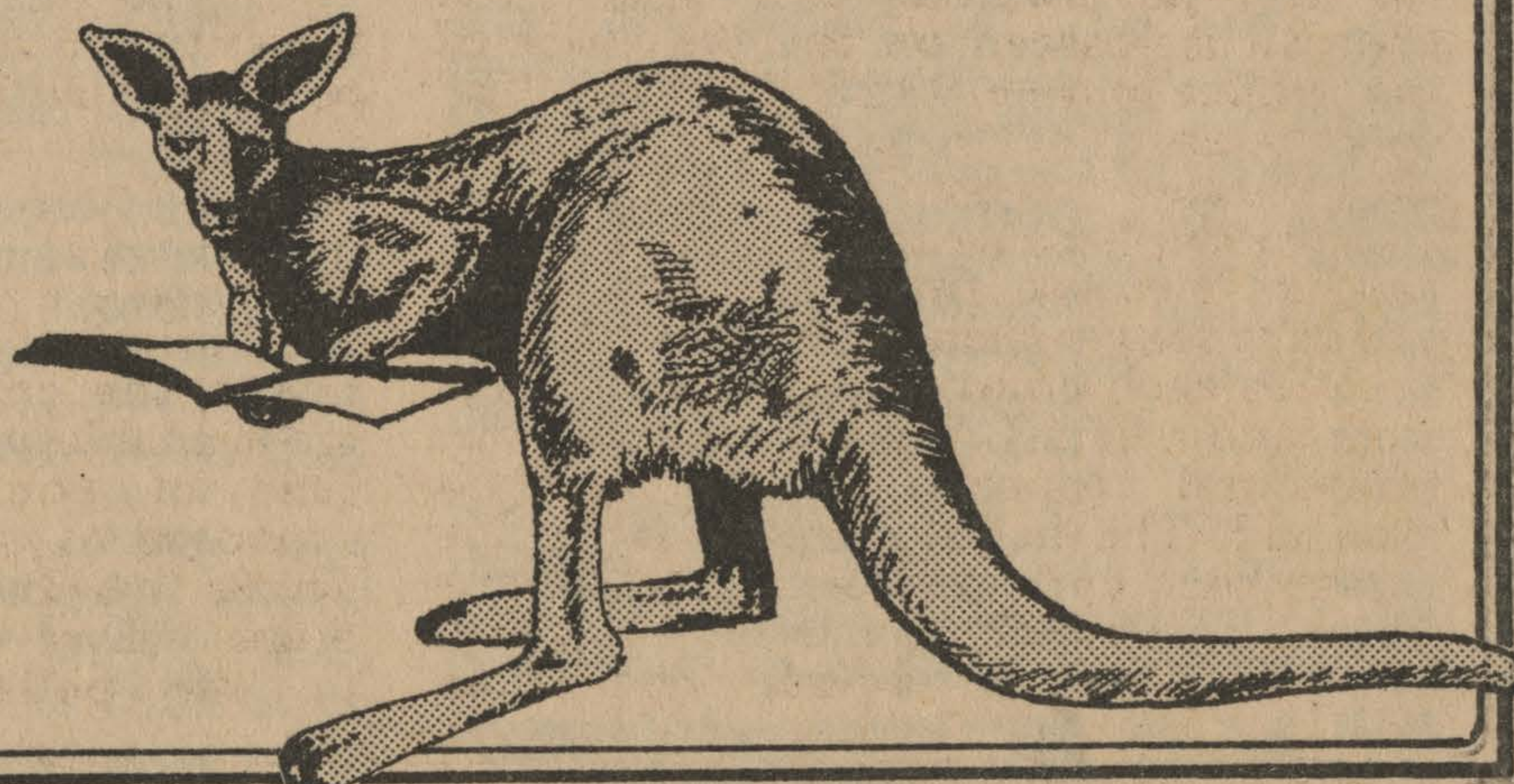
If there is a witness you want to be at your trial who is reluctant to appear in court, serve that witness a subpoena. Likewise, if there are certain documents or objects that you want presented at your trial that you don't have access to, subpoena them. A Subpoena to Testify and to Produce Documents or Objects can be gotten from the Municipal Court Clerk's office, 3rd floor, 1021 McGee. (Ask the clerk's office if you have any questions concerning the service of the subpoena.) Important: make sure you retain a duplicate copy of each subpoena served. If that witness fails to appear, present your duplicate to the court, stating that you need that witness before the trial can proceed.

DISCOVERY

Prior to the time of trial you might want to "discover" what the city has got for its case. Under court rule 8, you have the right, without going before the judge, to obtain the following information by requesting it from the office of the prosecutor not later than three days prior to trial:

1. An examination of any exhibits relating to the case against such defendant.
2. An examination of any statement made by such defendant relating to the case against him, which statement was reduced to writing by the arresting or investigating officer.
3. An examination of all other tangible evidence relating to the case against the defendant.
4. The names and addresses of all witnesses in the case against such defendant.
5. Details regarding the location of the violation alleged against such defendant, if such details are not stated in the information filed against the defendant.

A copy of a police report, or an alcoholic influence report and the result of any test administered to determine a blood alcohol level may be obtained from the police station or from the clerk of the court's office, upon



payment of the prescribed fee, which has been \$1.

The prosecutor's office is on the 27th floor of City Hall. The court rules do not state your request must be in writing. It might be to your advantage, however, to make your request in writing, dated, with a duplicate copy for yourself. You then hand-deliver this request at the time of your visit to the prosecutor's office. Under these court rules, subject to the exception of testimonial evidence, you can object to the use of any evidence at your trial that was not shown to you after having made a timely request.

PRE-TRIAL MOTIONS

This type of motion deals with those issues that need to be dealt with before reaching the trial of your case on its merits. It would be best to discuss pre-trial motions with an attorney, since there are special problems involved in handling them. In general, though, such motions can be raised orally and informally, after giving notice to opposing parties or counsel. Under the court's rule 12, "notice" would be

satisfied as long as you told the prosecutor of your intentions at the time your case is called for trial by the court clerk, prior to the swearing of witnesses.

Motion to Suppress. If you believe your case involves an illegal search or seizure in violation of your 4th Amendment rights, your motion to suppress the evidence so obtained must be pre-trial, unless, under the law, the evidence subject to suppression arises in the course of trial as a matter of surprise.

Motion to Disqualify the Judge. The motion to disqualify the particular judge you've been assigned to must be handled pre-trial, in writing, in affidavit form, and certified by you, the defendant. The court will allow only one such motion to be filed by the same party in any one case which means you're probably stuck with the second judge, since the prosecutor seldom asks to disqualify. This motion is granted at the discretion of the judge. If granted, he may transfer the case to another division for immediate trial, or refuse and proceed with trial.

Motion for Bill of Particulars. This is another example of a motion that must be heard pre-trial. When an information or complaint alleges the essential facts constituting the offense charged, but fails to inform you of the particulars of the offense sufficiently to enable you to prepare your defense, tell the judge that you want the prosecutor to file a bill of particulars.

CONTINUANCES

The granting of continuances (postponements) of your case from its first setting is a discretionary power belonging to the judge. If you're pleading guilty to the charges, there's no real need to get involved in continuances. If you're pleading not guilty (going to trial), you need to know how to use continuances to your best advantage. Lawyers who understand the rules of the continuance game as played in the courts have occasionally won their case without ever going to trial. Rule 14 of the court concerning continuances states:

"The court may grant a continuance upon timely application of either

ORDINANCE	OFFENSE	BAIL	ORDINANCE	OFFENSE	BAIL
Chapter 4	Alcoholic Beverages	\$25.00 - \$100.00	26.121	Injuring Municipal Property	\$25.00 - \$100.00
6.19	Cruelty to Animals	\$25.00 - \$100.00	26.122	Injuring Street Lights, Poles and Hydrants	\$25.00 - \$100.00
6.53	Dogs - License, Collar or Harnesses Required	\$25.00	26.129	Contributing to Delinquency of a Minor	\$25.00 - \$250.00
14.5	False Fire Alarms	\$25.00 - \$100.00	26.130	Molesting a Minor	\$25.00 - \$250.00
14.8	Burning Leaves in Street	\$25.00	26.141	Indecent Conduct	\$25.00 - \$250.00
14.15	Sale and Use of Fireworks Prohibited	\$25.00 - \$100.00	26.151	Keeper of House of Ill Fame	\$25.00 - \$100.00
14.126	Setting Fire to Private Property	\$25.00 - \$100.00	26.152	Same, Renting Premises for Purpose (Immoral)	\$25.00 - \$100.00
14.155	Smoking in Bed	\$25.00 - \$100.00	26.153	Inmates, Same	\$25.00 - \$100.00
16.36	Littering	\$25.00	26.154	Frequenter (House of Ill Fame, Prostitution, Bawdy Houses)	\$25.00 - \$100.00
Chapter 18	Health and Sanitation	\$25.00 - \$50.00	26.155	Renting of Rooms for Immoral Purposes	\$25.00 - \$100.00
21.6	Occupation License	\$25.00 - \$100.00	26.156	Occupation of Room for Immoral Purposes of Prostitution	\$25.00 - \$100.00
21.20	Doing Business Without License Where Required	\$25.00 - \$100.00	26.157	Aiding Prostitution by Use of Vehicle for Hire	\$25.00 - \$100.00
21.86	Building	\$25.00 - \$100.00	26.158	Harboring Girls Under 17 in Houses of Ill Fame or Prostitution	\$25.00 - \$250.00
21.418	Unlawful Use of City License	\$25.00 - \$100.00	26.159	Procurers	\$25.00 - \$100.00
23.1	Parole Violation	Not Bondable - Notify Department of Community Services - Return to Municipal Correctional Institution	26.160	Soliciting for Immoral Purposes	\$25.00 - \$100.00
23.29	Escape from Municipal Farm	Not Bondable - Notify Prosecutor Return to Municipal Correctional Institution	26.167	Frequenters of Taverns, Disorderly House, etc	\$25.00
24.1	Noise and Disturbance on the Street	\$25.00	26.168	Prostitutes	\$25.00 - \$100.00
25.1	Public Nuisance	\$25.00 - \$100.00	26.169	Trespassing	\$25.00 - \$100.00
26.4	Mendicancy (Mooching)	\$25.00 - \$100.00	26.170	Gamblers, etc	\$25.00 - \$100.00
26.8	Desertion and Non-Support	\$100.00 - \$250.00	26.171	Confidence Men, etc.	\$100.00
26.13	Disturbing the Peace	\$25.00	26.178	Display of Deadly Weapons	\$25.00 - \$250.00
26.13.1	Assault	\$25.00 - \$100.00	26.179	Carrying Concealed Weapons	\$25.00 - \$250.00
26.13.2	Battery	\$25.00 - \$100.00	26.180	Carrying Firearms	\$25.00 - \$250.00
26.16	Making False Report	\$25.00 - \$100.00	26.181	Sale of Firearms or Ammunition to Minor	\$25.00 - \$100.00
26.17	Violation of Felony Registration Ordinance	\$25.00	26.182	Discharging Firearms	\$25.00 - \$100.00
26.19	Hawking and Peddling	\$25.00	30.71	Blocking - Loafing on Sidewalk	\$25.00
26.22	Impersonating an Officer	\$25.00 - \$100.00	33.78	Display of Rate and I.D. Card (Taxi)	\$25.00
26.24	Intoxication	\$25.00	34.88-34.94	Speed Regulations	\$25.00 - \$100.00
26.25	Drinking in Public	\$25.00	34.112	Leaving the Scene of Accident	\$100.00 - \$200.00
26.29	Loafing, Etc., on School Grounds	\$25.00 - \$100.00	34.113	Leaving the Scene of Accident	\$25.00 - \$100.00
26.35	Resisting Arrest or Interfering With an Officer	\$25.00 - \$100.00	34.114	Leaving the Scene of Accident	\$25.00 - \$100.00
26.50	Petit Larceny	\$25.00 - \$100.00	34.115	Careless Driving	\$25.00 - \$100.00
26.57	Ticket Scalping	\$25.00 - \$100.00	34.116	Driving Under the Influence of Intoxicating Liquor	\$100.00 - \$200.00
26.59	Withholding Property	\$25.00 - \$100.00	34.117	Driving Under the Influence of Drugs	\$100.00 - \$200.00
26.80	False Pretense	\$25.00 - \$100.00	34.273	Suspended or Revoked Driver's License	\$100.00 - \$200.00
26.84	Worthless Check	\$25.00 - \$100.00	34.274	No State Driver's License	\$25.00 - \$50.00
26.97	Failure to Pay Cab Fare	\$25.00	34.285	City Auto License	\$25.00
26.103	Premises Used for Gambling	\$25.00 - \$100.00	34.293	Altered-Defaced City License	\$25.00
26.104	Renting of Premises for Gambling	\$25.00 - \$100.00	34.286	Method of Displaying City License	\$25.00
26.105	Keeping Gambling House	\$25.00 - \$100.00	34.276	No State Auto License	\$25.00
26.106	Participating in Gambling	\$25.00	34.290	City Auto License (Transfer)	\$25.00
26.107	Frequenting Gambling	\$25.00		Warrants	(As stated on warrant)
26.108	Possession of Gambling Equipment	\$25.00 - \$100.00		Traffic Tickets (Parking)	\$25.00
26.109	Lottery, Policy Tickets	\$25.00 - \$100.00		Writ of Attachment	\$50.00
26.110	Establishing a Lottery	\$25.00 - \$100.00		Court Contempt Citations	(Not Bondable) \$25.00
26.119	Injuring Buildings, Fences, Trees, etc. (Private Property - Police Property)	\$25.00 - \$100.00		Witness Contempt Citations	\$25.00 - \$100.00

party for good cause shown, not to exceed (90) days. Except in cases of sudden illness or like emergency, telephone requests for continuances shall not be honored."

At the first setting of your case the court is usually quite receptive to a request for continuance by either the city (represented by the city prosecutor) or the defendant. Good cause for continuance might include: unavailability of your lawyer; a request for time to secure a lawyer; the unexpected absence or unavailability of a witness; or your own absence due to some unexpected occurrence. (The court won't grant a continuance because you don't have the money to pay an expected fine.)

DISMISSAL OF CHARGES WITHOUT A TRIAL

If the judge dismisses the charge because the city wasn't ready for trial, that judge has two options: "Dismissal with prejudice" and "dismissal without prejudice." Dismissal without prejudice means the city could refile the charge against you if it so desired. Dismissal with prejudice means the city is forever barred from filing that same charge against you again. Obviously, it's to your advantage that a dismissal be "with prejudice."

Another aspect of dismissal involves those cases where someone other than a cop is the main witness for the prosecution. The most frequent examples of this are husband-wife disputes, neighborhood disputes, etc. If the prosecution witness desires to dismiss the charges, that person can approach the bench when the clerk first calls the case, telling the clerk that he/she desires to drop charges. The judge will almost always go along with the request. That judge may charge the prosecution witness court costs.

FAILURE TO APPEAR

If you've been properly summoned for your court date, time and place, and you fail to appear, the court may order a warrant for your arrest, and forfeiture of your bond (if bond was set). In addition to your original charge, a new charge of being in contempt of court for failure to appear is added.

Witnesses whom you've subpoenaed, who fail to appear, can likewise be charged with contempt of court.

DEFERRED PROSECUTION

You've been charged with possession of grass, or shoplifting, and it's your first offense. You can't beat the charge, but you don't want a misdemeanor conviction on the police records. Try for deferred prosecution. Go to the city Prosecutor's office several days in advance of your trial, requesting deferred prosecution. You could wait until trial, but your chances of working this out at that late a time, with witnesses present, is unlikely. Tell the prosecutor that the offense was a one-time occurrence, never to be repeated. Tell them you'd be agreeable to letting the city probation office do an investigative report on you, to be presented to the court in support of your request. (This report would be similar to a presentencing report which checks out the validity of information you give the city probation office

concerning job, schooling, family . . .) If you've been busted for drugs, tell them you'll go to a drug counseling program weekly for 60-90 days, and that you'll have the directors of that program submit a report of your progress to the court.

At the time of trial, you approach the bench, already having arranged the deferred prosecution with the prosecutor. The prosecutor presents the request to the court for deferment of a hearing on your case for 90 days (the maximum charge allowed on a continuance). You admit guilt on the charge, but request that prosecution be deferred. The judge doesn't have to accept the request for deferment. If the judge grants the request, you return in 90 days, with reports in support of your not being tried on the charge. Even after the 90 day period the judge, if unsatisfied with the reports or with your general attitude, can make the decision that you should be tried. Alternatively, the judge might continue the case another 90 days.

You might want to bring in a respectable looking adult witness to support you in your initial request to the prosecutor's office. Likewise, when before the judge, it wouldn't hurt to have this same person, or another, appear with you in support of your request.

Deferred prosecutions are not granted very often. And if you've got a prior city or state record, your chances are even slimmer.

what you're recommending, or ask him what he'd be willing to do.

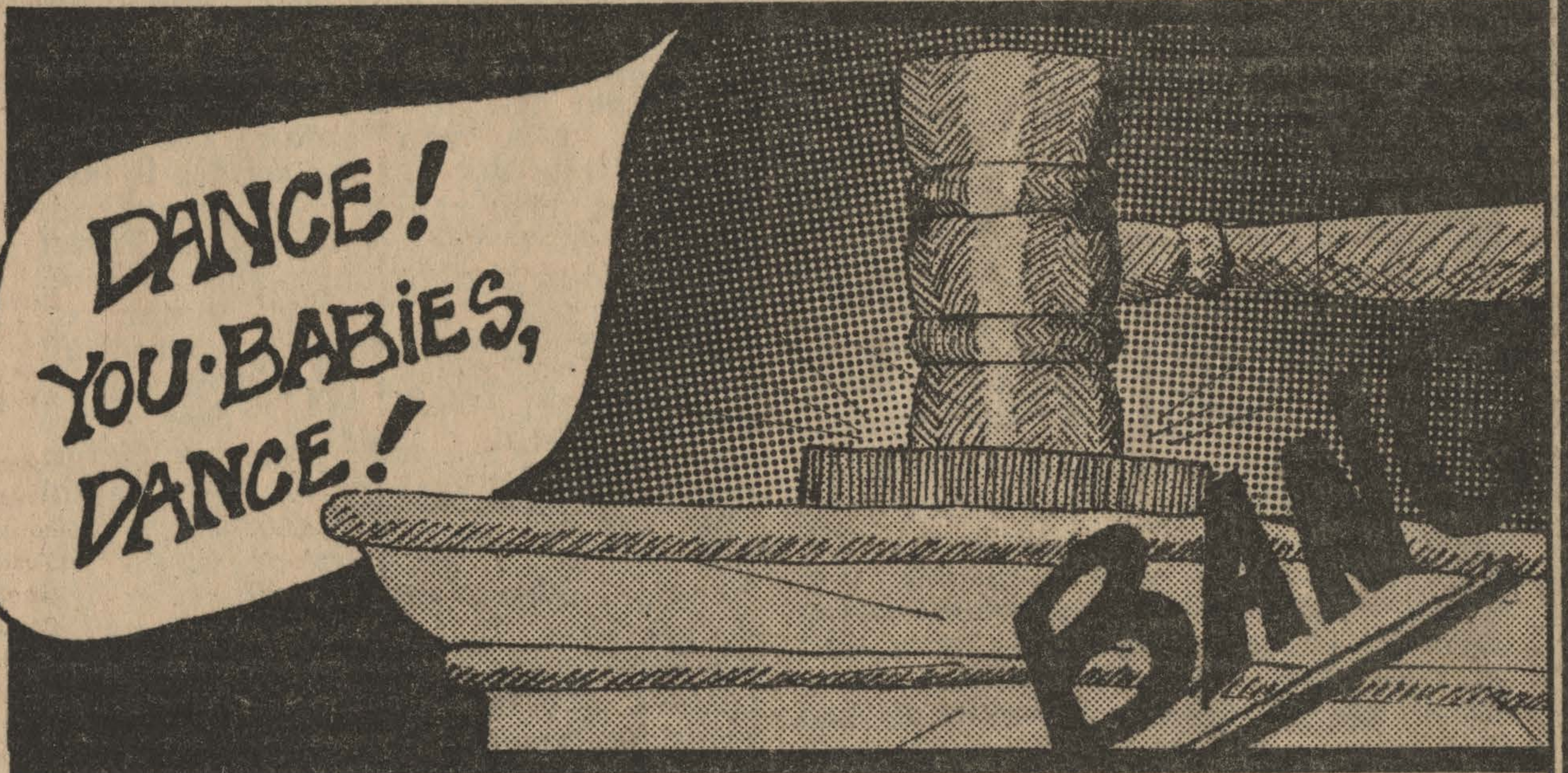
THE TRIAL

Trial procedure is regulated by Municipal Court Rule 10. Some important points to note: once under subpoena, witnesses are under a continuing obligation to give testimony, until excused; only one prosecutor can question you, if you take the stand; you can ask the court to have witnesses against you (e.g. the police officer) excluded from court while other witnesses against you are testifying (this prevents them from adjusting their stories on the basis of each other's testimony), but such a request must be made before any evidence is heard or statement made; you can have any exhibit that you offer returned to you.

If you're pleading not guilty, representing yourself, and you case is ready for trial, you need to know what you can do and what's happening. (See Appendix D for a brief summary of the most often used rules of evidence.)

The prosecutor begins presenting his case, introducing testimonial evidence (witnesses) and/or real evidence (written reports, physical objects, etc. . .). After he finishes his direct examination of each witness, you have the opportunity to cross-examine.

When the prosecutor has no more evidence to present in support of the charge, he "rests" his case. If you feel the city has failed to prove its case "beyond a reasonable doubt", move



PLEA BARGAINING

Given the large number of cases on each docket, the prosecutor might be agreeable to bargaining with you for a guilty plea. That's one less trial. Plea bargaining is used most often when you've got more than one charge outstanding. If you can't beat the charges, you try for the best deal possible. The prosecutor might be willing to accept a plea to the more serious charge, dismissing the lesser.

If there's only one charge before the court, you might be able to bargain on what fine or sentence the prosecutor would recommend if you plead guilty. (A money fine is better than probation, if you've got the money . . . Probation with a suspended sentence is better than going to jail.)

If you're going to try this, you need to be in your courtroom several minutes before the docket call. Approach the prosecutor as soon as he arrives. Ask him if he'd be willing to do

orally for a dismissal of the charge. Your motion to dismiss might also be raised on the more technical grounds that the information (1) did not properly state the time, date or location of the alleged offense, or (2) was not a plain, concise and definite written statement of the essential facts constituting the offense charged, or (3) was not signed by the asst. city prosecutor (the prosecutor usually signs the information just before the docket call). If you were charged by complaint, these same considerations apply, except that the complainant's signature, rather than the prosecutor's, must be attached. If the judge grants your motion to dismiss, the case is dismissed.

If the motion is denied, proceed with a presentation of evidence in your defense. After your direct examination of each witness, the prosecutor will cross-examine. Prepare your witnesses in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

EATING KANSAS CITY

by Mr. and Ms. X

National attention has glanced at the Kansas City eat scene several times in the last year. You get the stories of guys living in Manhattan who made quick hamburger trips back here a couple of times a year. Winsteads is invariably mentioned in these funk food odysseys. Malts are supposed to be made correctly only here according to these Wimpy types. But what is the real story on KC's food scene? Here the Trucker offers you a whirlwind tour of restaurants in the city that Ed Dahlberg once called Athens on the Kaw.—ed.

Denny's is an all night restaurant, pioneered on the West Coast and spreading like the Andromeda strain all over the United States as everyone knows, the one in question being located at 39th and Main. 39th and Main is like China—there have been many foreign invaders but they all end up Chinese. In other words, Denny's was instamatically sleaze-ized the day the doors opened. Rather than the chic silhouettes seated in the plastic grandeur that one imagines drawn on the architects' design forms, the preposterous nation of 39th Street slumps in the seats. There is no service. Unless you define the random behavior of speed-stunned, \$1.20 an hour, waitresses careening among the flies and bums, service. Not that it matters what you order. If cigarette packages warrant a Surgeon General's words of caution, the menu at Denny's should have it emblazoned on the cover. Death vegetables, barely tinted by possibly outlawed food coloring, head the list of emetics. The place is full of cops, managers who look like they used to repair TV's and electro-shock units for mental hospitals, and the infinitely patient customers, so weakened by Kansas City food that an hour's wait is almost a reprieve. Someone once remarked to us that it sounded like a

children's swimming pool in there. Indeed, I believe I have tasted piss in the water.

But you can always walk across the street to Jackie's Little Gem if Denny's hits you below the belt. Jackie's will too, but the service is fast, the food dirt cheap. The menus are sticky. And the Netherlands Hotel Coffee Shop is right down the street on 38th. Again, it is a matter of atmosphere, as Ravi Shankar used to say about the incense he burned during his performances. In this case, the atmosphere is created by the permanent guests of the Netherlands, who when they are not throwing themselves out the 6th floor windows or down the elevator shafts, are slouched in the Coffee Shop. Just as some eat spots are the favorite rendezvous for movie stars or junkies, the Netherlands is a gathering place for leapers. The food is typical of Kansas City's attempt to serve country cooking to the half-wits, idgits, pinheads, numbsculls and other IQ casualties who drift in from the countryside with water on the brain. Biscuits and gravy figures big on these menus. So does hot coffee featuring an oil surface in which one might glimpse, a la El Aleph, a universe of defectives.

In this neighborhood one is duty-bound to mention the Beacon Cafe on East 39, just off Main. Before it burnt down a few years ago the Beacon had the finest oil painting of a hamburger the authors have ever seen. In fact I once attempted to buy this painting when such items were revered as avant-garde, only to be told that it had been painted by an "artist" and was therefore not for sale. It was the Beaconburger, which is still being sold. The Beaconburger comes on like a tennis shoe fried in ass-crack grease. But, for every brown rice bagworm hanging around the Beautiful Day Cafe,

you will find a devotee of this burger dying in the Beacon.

Another neighborhood spot is the Bell Cafe across Main from Skaggs, where you have to ask for a key to get into the bathroom. There are other similarities to gas stations on display at the Bell. The waitresses do, in a sense, pump you your food. We have a friend who moved to Kansas City from San Francisco for a time and he once told us, as we cruised the city looking for a place to eat, that he could not face the waitresses in the Bell Cafe. This man was not very sensitive. I believe he would have passed the Beyond the Beyond Zen test for Buddah-hood, which is to take a sandwich from the hand of a corpse and eat it if given the opportunity. This opportunity, incidentally, could conceivably arise in the Bell. At any rate, there is a sense of confrontation awaiting the Bell customer. Nichols, however, at 39th off the Trafficway, makes the Bell's service and cuisine look like the Plaza III. Nichols' mashed potatoes and grease chops are slammed onto your table by androids with twitching faces. If you're contemplating suicide, Nichols can make or break you.

Moving a little further uptown there is Hannans Cafe on 47th and Troost, a favorite of pre-dawn truck drivers. This is the worst restaurant in the metropolitan area. POW's looked healthier upon their release than the regulars at Hannans. Even those acquainted with US prison food have intimated to me that the chow at Hannans is less than desirable. In the same neighborhood the esteemed Frank J. Marshall's can be found. Walking into Frank J's is like walking into the livingroom of a southern lynch king. Bowling trophies and citizenship awards decorate the walls. They routinely piped in the radio countdown of Harry



IF YOU'RE CONTEMPLATING SUICIDE, NICHOLS CAN MAKE OR BREAK YOU.

Truman's organ failure when the Bomber was heading home at Research Hospital. Also in this neighborhood, nostalgia demands the mention of Kansas City's Montezuma of Mexican Food, Mr. D., former owner of *El Toro*, a restaurant which has passed into the pages of history. D, a very religious man, used to prepare a fine *tostada de chile con queso* when he wasn't worshipping at the cash register.

And in this neighborhood of course there is the *Villa Capri* across from Hannans. The *Villa* offers late hours, the *Chariot Room*, a bar that is always empty, and a psychotherapeutic waiting period. You order, and, magically, an hour later the very food you named arrives. If you're high you will have forgotten what you ordered, or indeed, if you ordered, and then suddenly this insight into yourself hits in the form of cardboard meatballs or refried chicken. The *Villa* is especially lovely at Christmas time when the regal decorations hang like nooses from the fashionably low ceilings. Chicken *cacciatore* is their best dish. Never under any circumstances order veal *parmegiana*. Down the street, *Gates* offers samoa prophylactics, beer and barbeque. In an attractive mural on one wall, a pig without a mouth and a cow with the wrong loving eyes, glare into the grease-smearred faces of the clientele.

In Brookside, *Mark Anthonys* has replaced the beloved *Hendersons*. For several months, this routed *Hendersons* customers to *Leonards* on Gregory. But they are slowly crippling back to *Mark Anthonys*. *Mark* features waitresses who have all the charm of back ward nut-house nurses. Always ready to seat you, to serve you, to wipe you. The decor is baby-food plastic and the muzak is programmed to augment the *Stellazine* taken by Brookside's respectable senior citizenry. Half of the

dishes boldly declared on the menu are not available—"The beef shortage, honey". And the other half of the dishes are not worth ordering. I ordered a meat loaf dinner only to receive an hilariously small piece of meat lovingly put to beddy-bye on a piece of white bread. The *Menorah Medical Center Cafeteria* is vastly superior and actually less of a hospital setting.

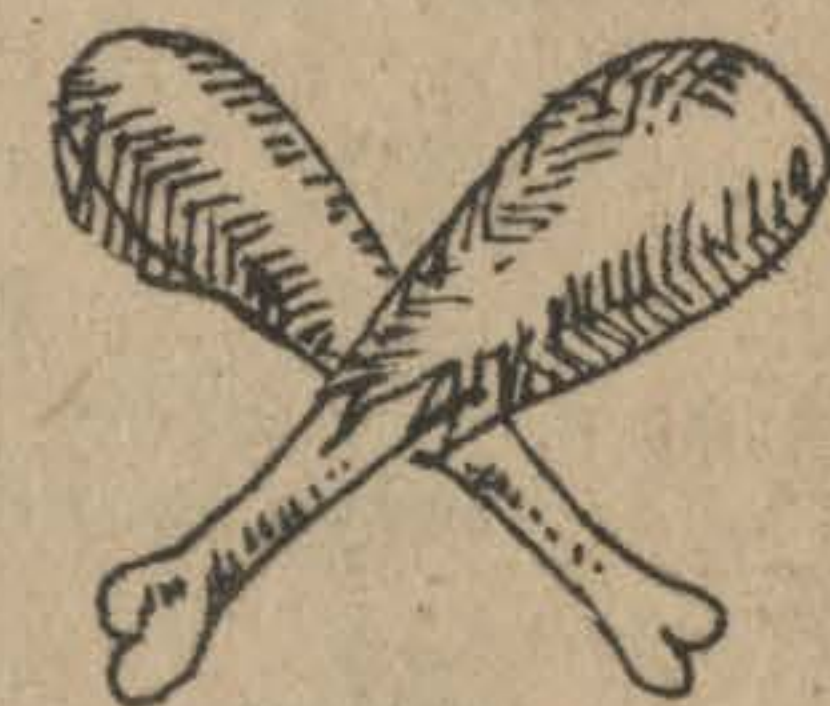
Lamentably the *Toddle House* is gone from this district. The *Toddle House*, with its faded photographic menu above the sleazy grill was a landmark 24-hour diner which showcased some after-every-bar-in-town-is-closed conversations so loaded with despair that Studs Terkel would have shit his Ham'n One right on the floor. I once heard a down and out, hung-over without-ever-having-passed-out *Midnight Cowboy* stumble on the most primeval insult known to western civilization during a little showdown with his goof-ball side-kick; ie, "Ah think you was pussy-whipped by yer muther." One does not come upon the raw material of psychoanalysis so easily these days.

Winsteads makes a tasty little burger if you're on the Plaza—lots of their own special sauce on a thin sheet of grease, topped with pickles. If you're still hungry, try one of the *Sidneys*. The *Sidneys*, including the newly remodeled *Bernards*, are all so similar to one another that they can be discussed or visited as a group. In general one is treated to despicable food and bad service of course. Usually you are seated between uptight parents and their screaming, food-splattered children and squeamish business-faggots. *Sidneys* waitresses adhere to the menu like the Bible. If you want a baked potato and the dish specifies french fries you can forget it. This chain has had such a long-stand strangle-hold on Kansas City

eating that even now, in the twilight of their kitsch empire, they remain arrogant.

In summary I would like to touch on *Otts*, a drive-in restaurant adjacent to the intersection of Bay and Columbus in San Francisco. *Otts*, featuring the *Ottdog* and *Ottcakes*, is perfect for the Kansas Citian used to *Sidneys*-style damage but stranded on vacation in the City of Dreams. The waitresses radiate an unfathomable hostility, the food could only be considered the diet of a creature unclassifiable: as omnivore, herbivore or carnivore. The place itself exists in an atmosphere so alien to our age that only texts like the *Prisoner of Chilon* capture the feeling.

In dreams prompted by bad food, it is possible to envision the waitresses of Kansas City, staggering toward some eternal table like the most cynical victims of repeated disaster. Menacing, inured to the agonies of those they serve, oblivious to any form of body language, beyond bribery, they will not give you what is not on the menu in every sense. They are paid practically nothing and the slob don't tip. They are, therefore, a cult. Disaffected monks toiling hopelessly in a world of sanpaku. If *Sisyphus* were allowed a meal it would be these denizens of purgatory that would serve it to him. The instruments of bad karma, they hand out the slow poison 24 hours a day. Looking into their eyes is like looking into the eyes of a surgeon who sees only the terminally ill. One goes from that encounter to religion or the bottle. Some have even gone to the grocery store.





Can You Solve this Puzzle ?

BIG \$\$\$ ON WATERGATE LECTURE CIRCUIT

(NYNS)—Convicted Watergate burglar James R. McCord attempted to begin a new career as a lecturer August 29 when he delivered a talk on Watergate to students at Illinois' Sangamon State College in Springfield. But McCord will have to pass up forty profitable invitations on the lecture circuit (he got \$2000 at Sangamon) due to a recent ruling by Washington Judge John Sirica forbidding the lecturing. Too bad for McCord, who was making more money, according to the *Chicago Daily News*, than former Attorney General Richard Kleindienst, who only got \$1500 at Sangamon College for a speech the day after McCord's. Nixon's look-alike however, Richard M. Dixon, who made the White House "Enemies List", will be making a college lecture tour this fall.

NEW YORK'S NEW DRUG LAW: JUMP-OUT AND SMOKE-IN

(NYNS)—New York's harsh new drug law went into effect midnight September 1. The first big drug raid occurred twenty minutes after twelve, when New York City narcotics cops smashed into a Harlem apartment, only to discover it was the wrong apartment. But it was too late. Fifty-six-year-old Ruby Baker had already jumped out the window, fearing the plainclothes cops were burglars.

Later in the day, about 100 people held a smoke-in on the street in front of Rockefeller's midtown office to protest the new law. The smoke-in, sponsored by New York YIPsters, featured pot, the music of David Peel, and about 30 narcs. There were no arrests.

UNDERGROUND PRESS BLAMED FOR WATERGATE

(NYNS)—Presidential speechwriter Pat Buchanan during testimony at the Watergate hearings recently pointed to a copy of the now-defunct underground paper *Quicksilver Times* when asked about "dirty tricks." "Look!" he screamed, waving the newspaper around. "They called Nixon Hitler! If that isn't a dirty trick, I don't know what is!" The committee then asked to look at the evidence themselves, it was passed from senator to senator until finally, Chairman Sam Ervin had the artifact filed with the rest of the official evidence.

WOMEN'S LIBERATION UNION TO OPERATE

NEW EARTH BOOKSTORE

After three years of operation as a radical bookstore, members of the collective which founded the New Earth Bookstore felt it was still not reaching its full potential. It was hard to find people to do the day-to-day work and it had never completely fulfilled its intention of becoming a focal point of movement activity.

Recently, faced with the resignation of one of the collective members and the potential resignation of three more if changes were not made, the New Earth collective voted to accept the Women's Liberation Union's proposal to run the store.

The Women's Union wants the present collective members to continue to work and intends to change neither the name nor the stock of the New Earth Bookstore. All radical groups are encouraged to use the store to post notices, display literature, sell benefit tickets and order books at a discount (cost plus 10 per cent for handling.)

In addition, the women's union wants to expand service to the radical community. Some of the things they are considering are a lending library, a free store, a weekly educational display and bibliographies and an expanded craft section.

For women they are considering using the store as a location for divorce counseling and legal aid services and as a location for a women's art collective and gallery.

WESTPORT COMMUNITY COUNCIL MEETING

For years people interested in saving Westport from the bulldozers have been talking about forming a corporation to finance our own neighborhood renewal. Now the corporation is here—called the Broadway-Westport Neighborhood Development Corporation—and the possibility of funding from ye olde government's revenue sharing plan is a real one. At the next meeting of the Westport Community Council Harry Hall will discuss the corporation, its target areas and potential effects. The meeting will be Monday, October 15 at 7 p.m. in Room 303 of the Science Technology building, Penn Valley Community college, 3201 Southwest Trafficway.

U.P.S. BECOMES A.P.S.

NEW YORK (APS)—The Underground Press Syndicate has changed its name to Alternative Press Syndicate. The name change resulted from a vote of the members of APS.

Formed as the Underground Press Syndicate in 1966 by the five original underground papers in the U.S., APS is the oldest alternative news organization in existence.

The organization is made up of over 200 underground and alternative newspapers, magazines and news services throughout the world, and has a total readership estimated at over 20,000,000. APS has offices in New York, Buenos Aires, London and Hong Kong.

You can get a list of the member publications of APS by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to APS, Box 26, Village Station, New York, N.Y. 10014.

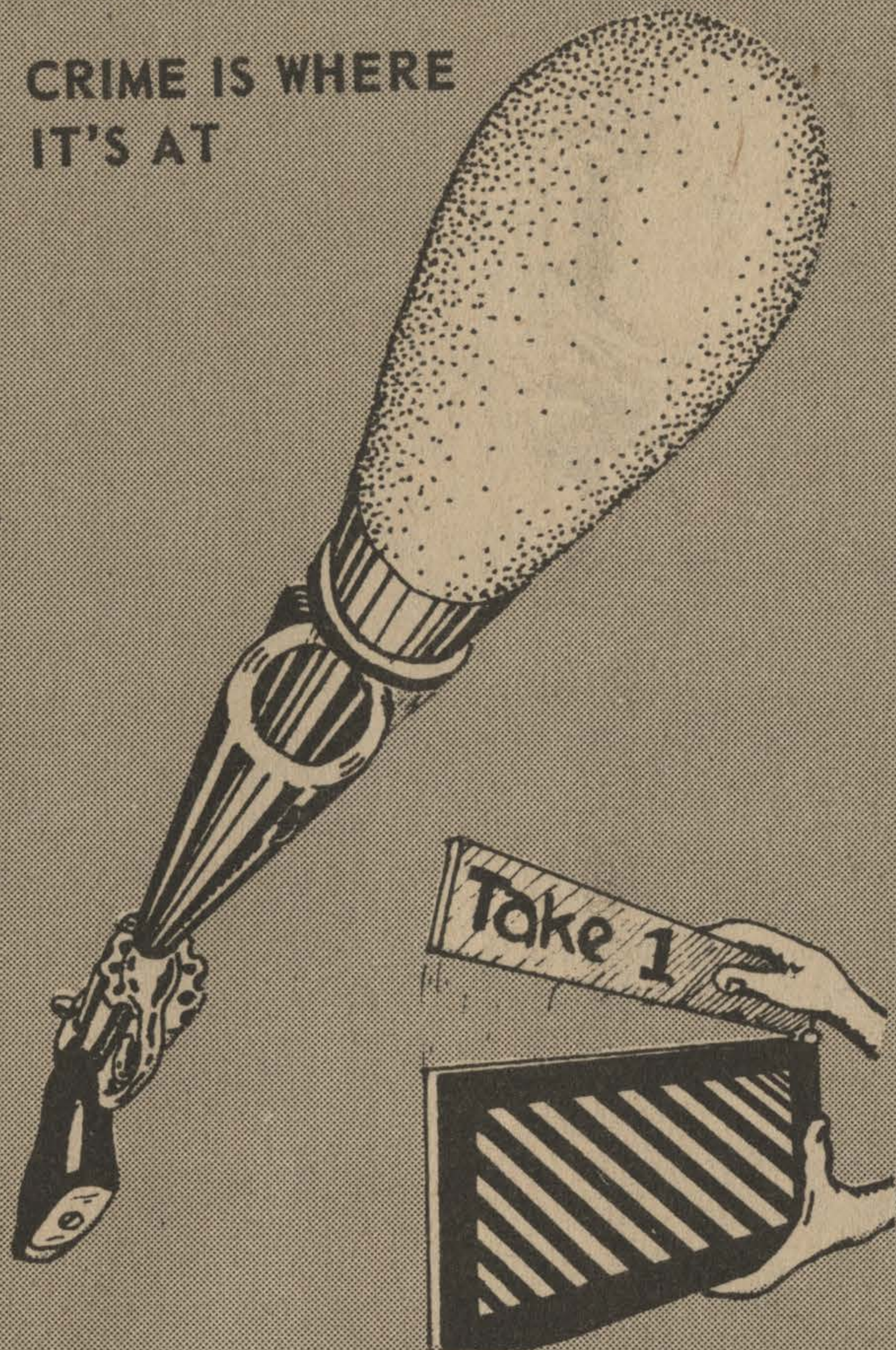


MOSQUITO HONORED

TIMBUKITU (APS)—The malaria-carrying mosquito was honored in Sierra Leone recently for making the country the "white man's grave" in past years and thus preventing Europeans from settling there and setting up "another Rhodesia".

The Order of the Mosquito has been created to reward acts of military or civil gallantry. Sierra Leone, in West Africa, was under British colonial rule from 1896 to 1961, when it became independent.

CRIME IS WHERE IT'S AT



BARBARA WILSON

Crime is definitely in this year. While the motion picture industry is glorifying it, New York candidates for Mayor promise to stop it and the Daily News sells papers because of it, there was yet another move up the social ladder of acceptance for crime.

Last week the NY Times came out with their annual fall "Report on Men's Wear", a magazine supplement. It is mostly advertising, and the two ads of distinction appear in the first few pages.

First is a full page, full color advertisement for a multi-zippered leather-like jacket with a fuzzy lining and trim. Two models are wearing the jacket, accessorized with black shirts and black caps, as they make their way up a fire escape. One is hanging onto a rope, the other a flashlight. There are only 35 words in the descriptive copy which include "break-in", "plan of masterful design", "cover-up", "ready-for-escape", "body", and "dead ringer". Apply them to the job or the jacket.

A few more pages into the magazine is a two-page (black & white) spread showing a coat named the "smuggler". The picture accompanying is of a smuggler in the smugler, flattened against a wall avoiding apprehension, as threatening car lights appear in the background. The headline indicates that the coat will not stop bullets. Further in the copy you find that it does "stop chicks." Then it suggests what the pockets can be lined with beginning with Cuban cigars, and moving right on through Swiss watches, snow leopard skins, a German P-38 and finally ends with gold bricks. Read on and you'll find out the coat won't wrinkle even if you're caught in the back of a truck between shipments of Picassos and Greek vases.

The smuggling coat costs a bit more than the break-in but smugglers usually play for higher stakes than second-story men. Good news. According to the small print, the smuggling coat can be purchased at Macys in KC or Boyd's in St. Louis.

MARIJUANA BUST OPPOSED ON RELIGIOUS GROUNDS

A church is an assembly of people for a spiritual purpose. Churches frequently have sacraments associated with them. The Aquarian Brotherhood Church, 3339 Gillham Road, is a church according to the laws of Missouri and its sacraments include marijuana and LSD. As a result, its founder, the Rev. Darrell Randall, is in the Jackson County Jail awaiting trial.

The charges stem from a raid the police conducted on the church in November of last year. They found the Rev. Randall in possession of marijuana, hashish, and LSD which the church uses as sacraments and some prescription pain pills. They are charging him with both possession and sales.

The judge set his bond at \$15,000 which means he'll sit in jail until his church can raise the \$1,500 necessary to convince a bail bondsman to get him freed.

"The possession of marijuana is a minor thing," explained the Rev. Darrell Randall's sister, the Rev. Martha Stratton. "The main thing is that our church exists and the police don't like it."

Thy police, the Rev. Stratton said, called the 39-year-old Randall 'scum' during the November bust and threatened to "get him" in order to keep him from influencing the youth of this city with the belief that man and nature and marijuana are all parts of God and therefore good.

"We don't say that marijuana and LSD are the only things which bring man together with the Spirit that is within him," the Rev. Stratton said, "but we are convinced that they are methods which sometimes hasten man's awareness of himself as Spirit."

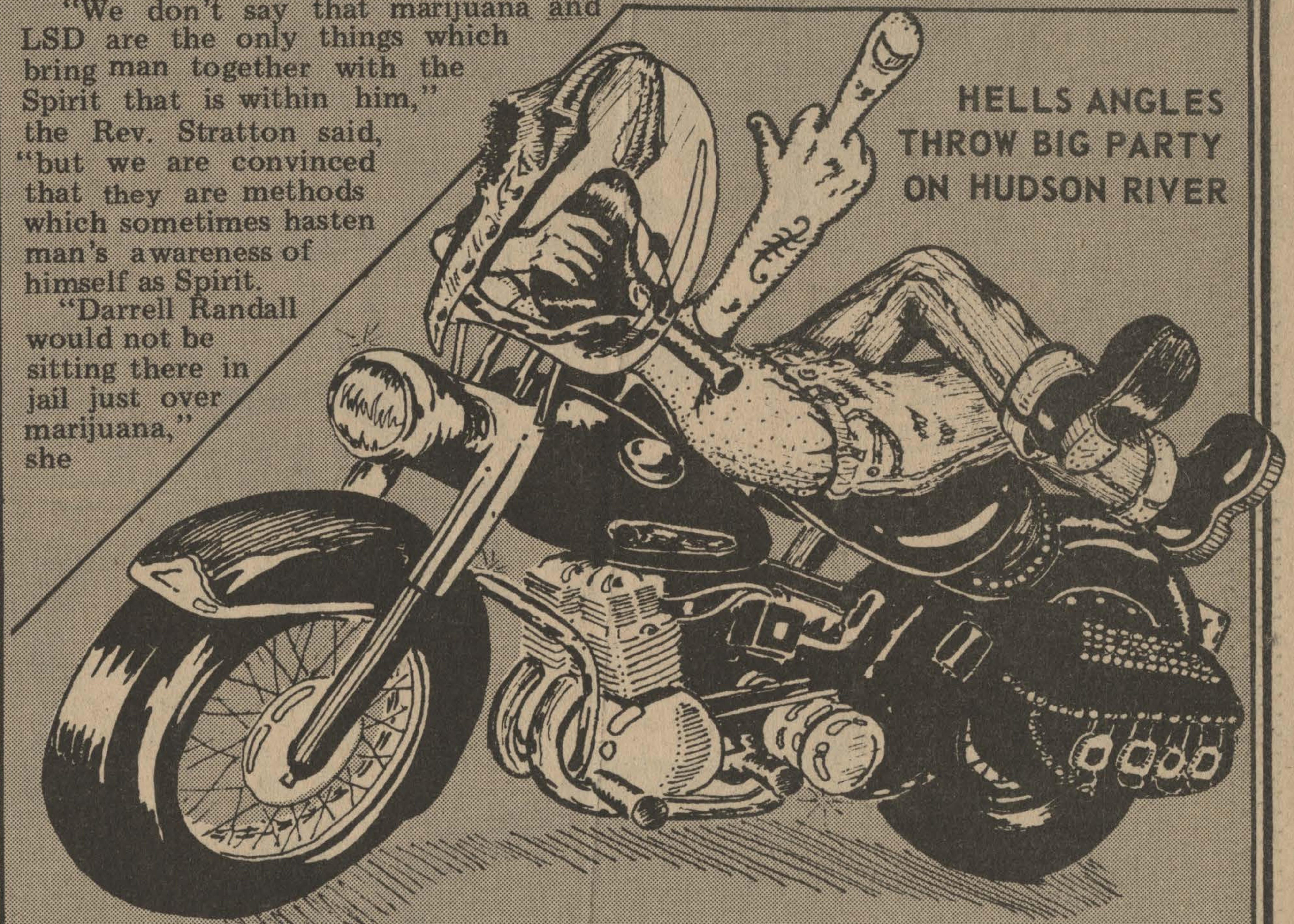
"Darrell Randall would not be sitting there in jail just over marijuana," she

said. "He's there because of his principles. He's there because he's opposed to laws which manufacture criminals rather than apprehending them. He's there because we're involved in helping the evolution of man by getting governments to serve the people rather than supress them."

The Aquarian Brotherhood Church hopes to rally to its cause those opposed to the practice of prosecuting victimless crimes. They also hope to raise enough money to get the Rev. Randall out of jail.

UNDERGROUND NEWSWOMEN TO MEET IN NOVEMBER

A Feminist Communications Conference is scheduled for November 2, 3, and 4 at Camp Agape, a conference/retreat center about 45 minutes north of Columbus, Ohio. The conference is for Eastern regional women who work in media, and coincides with a Western regional conference being held in San Diego. Discussions will focus on operating and funding a feminist news service, relations with national/local women's organizations, coalitions with local women working in the "straight" media, and defining a feminist perspective. For details call or write Mimi or Sunny at the Columbus Free Press, P.O. Box 3162, Columbus, Ohio, 43210.



HELLS ANGLES THROW BIG PARTY ON HUDSON RIVER

(NYNS)—The New York Chapter of the Hell's Angels Motorcycle Club hosted an unusual fete September 5. Billed as "A Pirates Party", invitations circulated, advertising "Jerry Garcia 'n friends, Bo Diddley, Elephants Memory, and Mission Mountain Wood Band, FREE, under the George Washington Bridge, north side, 4 pm, an outrageous memory."

The "outrageous" feature of this event became apparent to the crowd of nearly three-hundred people who braved

all sorts of obstacles to assemble under the noisy George Washington Bridge on the rocky banks of the polluted Hudson. A chartered boat came chugging up the river, decks swarming with the swarthy Angels who were merrily partying to the live music. Shore watchers were given the opportunity once the boat anchored to watch the party and listen to Jerry Garcia et al by way of an enormous speaker systembeaming the music ship-to-shore. The party lasted until late that night.



"American consumers are forced to pay more than a Billion dollars a year in unnecessary prescription drug costs because of prohibitions on retail advertising, over protective drug laws, exorbitant promotional expenses expenditures by industry and unreasonable mark ups."

Congressman Ben Rosenthal

THE AMA MEDICINE SHOW

LANCE HILL

There's always the sheer trauma of going to the drug store. Something intimidating about the vinyl pills and suspicious glaring lights. I guess that we all harbor some fantasy of maneuvering our way past the aisles of laxatives in search of a kind old woman in calico with a maternal smile and spoonful of lemon and honey to soothe our pain. Well,

Knowing how to cope with the world of pharmaceutical drugs has become a matter of survival in the past few years. Getting sick has indeed become a financially embarrassing way to die. The question of why should the common citizen court poverty to get well is best answered by a careful look at the business world of pharmacy.

If you have had to buy medicine in the past few years the overwhelming price was most obvious. People are inclined to believe that drugs with such mystifying names are probably expensive because of "all that research and funny smelling laboratories". In reality only six cents of every dollar that you spend on a prescription drug goes to research. Of the four billion dollars poured into the industry last year an incredible twenty-five percent was spent exclusively on convincing you that you needed that drug. While you thumb through old better homes and gardens in your doctors office the industry is spending \$5,000 a year to persuade your doctor to buy their brand name. What is most disturbing is that the tab is picked up by those in no condition to finance mass media advertising; the sick and the elderly. Only by careful examination of this enormous industry can we begin to see where profits are reaped from public ignorance. A glance at brand name prescribing begins to reveal how there is something to be gained from public ignorance.

Whenever a drug is developed it is given a generic name. When drug companies package this drug they give it what is referred to as a brand name. For instance the amphetamine with a generic name of Dextro-amphetamine sulfate has a brand name of dexidrine (familiar?). Or tetracycline, a common antibiotic, has a brand name of Lederle Achromycin. Sometimes a few molecules are shifted around or a few ingredients are added in an effort by the industry to equate difference with superiority. The cosmetic effect of those minor changes was pointed out by the former director of the Food and Drug Administration when a government study revealed "that there is no significant difference between so called generic and brand name products on the American market" and for 19

other classifications of drugs "... we cannot conclude there is a significant difference in quality between the generic and brand names tested."

But there is a big difference. In price. If you were to buy one hundred capsules of the anti-biotic penicillin under its generic name from a wholesaler it would cost you \$1.45. The same anti-biotic sold under the brand name of Squibbs Pentids 400 costs \$10.04. Or an antihistamine chlorpheniramine costs a mere \$1.05 for a thousand tablets. When it is packaged and sold as Chlor-Trimeton, the cost is \$21.66! A mark-up of 2000%.

What this means is that when your doctor writes down a brand name drug on your prescription chances are you'll be paying a price several times higher than if he had prescribed the generic equivalent. Because of extensive lobbying on the part of the drug industry most state legislatures have passed "anti-substitution" laws that prohibit pharmacists from substituting the generic equivalent and saving you money. If you walk into Skaggs with a prescription for Lilly Sandril which costs \$9.12 your pharmacist is prohibited by law to give you the same drug under its generic name (reserpine) for \$1.35.

Unfortunately these profits tend to be an integral part of the history of the pharmaceutical world. Their average profit is 9.1%, or twice the national average. This is chicken feed compared to the money accumulated in the fifties

during the antibiotics monopoly. Because of the monopoly three major drug firms were convicted of pricefixing on tetracycline by a federal court in 1961. The manufacturers were producing the anti-biotic for \$1.25 for one hundred capsules, but their price to the druggist was a consistent \$30.60. One manufacturer, Cyanamid, admitted to an overall profit of 84%. It was also during this era that the overprescribing of antimicrobial agents (the early penicillins) helped cause an epidemic of staph infections. To frequent use of anti-biotics creates tough resistant strains of bacteria. A simple operation could result in a serious infection because the patients doctor too often indiscriminately prescribed anti-biotics for a simple cold.

But why would a doctor become part of such a questionable venture?

Part of the explanation lies in the cozy relationship between the medical profession and the drug companies. Many doctors own stock in the pharmacy industry. Some medical centers have a pharmacy in the same building owned by the doctors where patients are told to "go downstairs and get this filled". The bottle, not the wallet. Many times the center will even have their own brand name at the pharmacy where they merely package the inexpensive generic drug and tack on a tasty profit. This relationship between the industry and doctors is

The following is a partial list comparing the brand name price to the generic price. It was taken from a speech to the Senate by Senator Gaylord Nelson.

Brand Name	Generic Name	Use	Brand Price	Generic Price
Bristol Polycillin 100 capsules, 250 mg.	ampicillin	antibiotic	\$14.85	\$4.70
Squibb Pentids 400 100 capsules	penicillin G	antibiotic	10.04	1.45
Wyeth Equanil 100 tablets, 400 mg.	meprobamate	tranquilizer	7.06	1.05
Carter-Wallace Miltown 100 tablets, 400 mg.	meprobamate	tranquilizer	6.50	1.05
Roche Gantrisin 100 tablets, 0.5 gm.	sulfisoxazole	anti-infective	26.73	9.85
Warner-Chilcott Peritrate 1000 tablets, 10 mg.	pentaerythritol tetranitrate	anti-anginal	27.00	1.65
Ayerst Premarin 100 tablets, 0.635 mg.	conjugated estrogens	estrogen	4.08	.35
Ciba Serpasil 1000 tablets, 0.25 mg.	reserpine	anti-hypertensive	39.50	1.35
Upjohn Reserpoind 1000 tablets, 0.25 mg.	reserpine	anti-hypertensive	8.39	1.35
Lilly Sandril 1000 tablets, 0.25 mg.	reserpine	anti-hypertensive	9.12	1.35

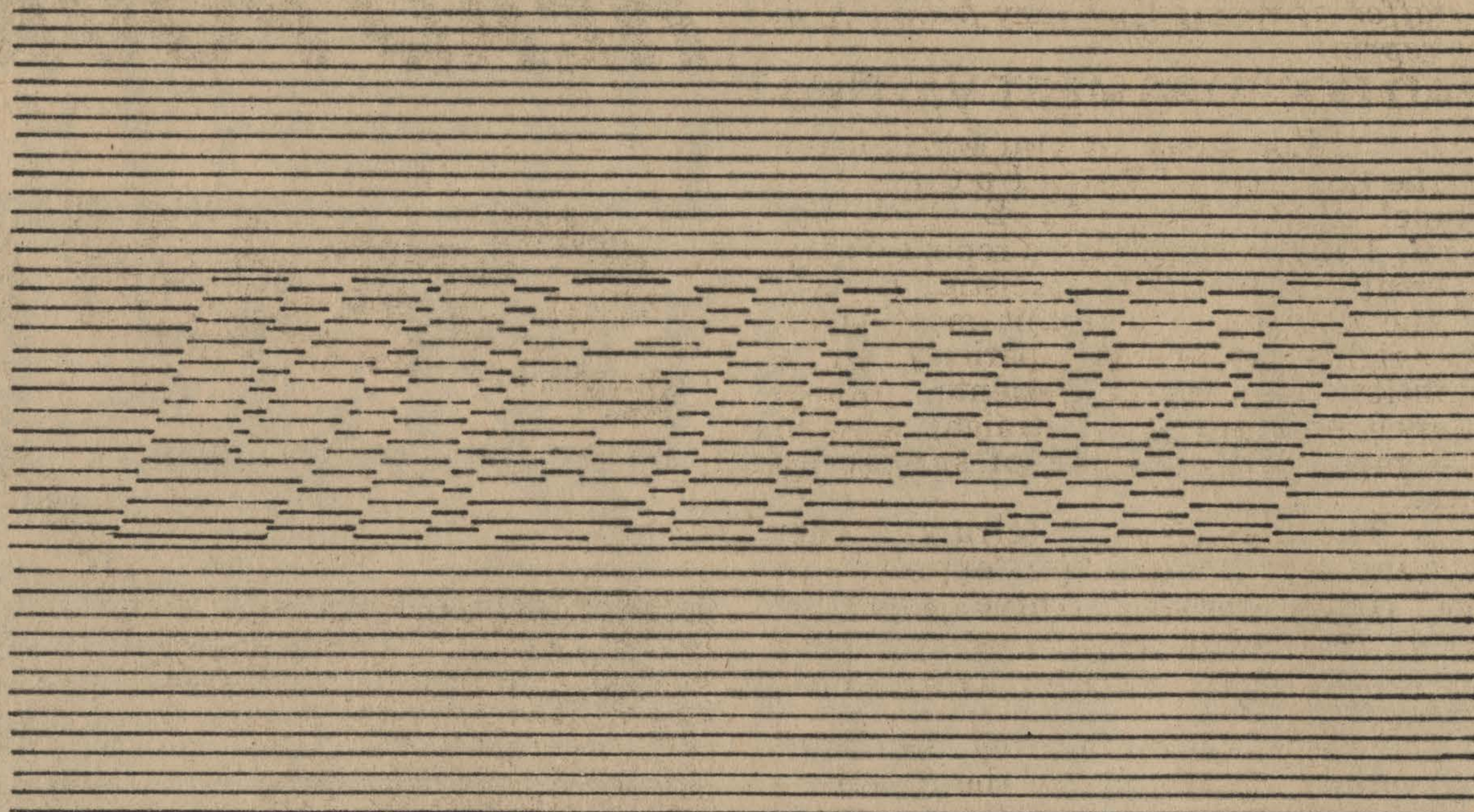
manifested in the powerful American Medical Association.

In 1973 at the annual AMA convention it was revealed that almost ten million dollars of its retirement fund had been invested in the drug industry. On top of that it was shown that in 1972 the Association received 8.6 million dollars from drug advertisements in its various journals. The largest one, The Journal of the American Medical Association, received half of its income from the drug industry. The Journal is the one that some stern medicinal looking man is holding on tv while telling you to drink lots of water and regularly gulp his high priced aspirin I mean it says so right here in this unbiased impressive looking magazine." Sure.

This is not to say that all doctors are corrupt ogres lurking behind stethoscopes waiting to steal the last dime from some aging sclerotic. But our society accepts readily the fact that decisions are often prejudiced when a profit can be made. For instance politicians are regularly asked to divest themselves of business investments that would affect their judgment. Even Veterinarians are prohibited from suggesting brand name dog foods. Maybe people should be afforded the same safety from biased decisions as our dogs are. Congress seems to worry about some disc jockey involved in payola, making a few bucks off playing an iron waffle album for a lid, but at the same time refuses to enact legislation that would stop doctors from making money on drugs.

That brings one to the familiar point of asking "What can be done?" First, simply as a matter of survival, you could ask your doctor to prescribe drugs by their generic name. Shop around, drug prices will often vary a great deal. It would be wise to follow the progress of Senator Gaylord Nelson's bill in the Senate which would alleviate a few of these practices. And of course you can keep a critical eye on your local state representative. What you have to keep in mind is that you are dealing with one of the most powerful lobbies in government. In the final analysis the problem lies in that it is relatively easy for the drug industry and politicians to cloud the issues by dismissing the public as unable to comprehend the "technical aspects" of medicine. Working together they find it easy to hide their money behind their jargon and enjoy a kind of drug induced affluence. The records show that when the drug companies were convicted of an offense they were inevitably given a small fine or light sentence. In all the pricefixing, false advertising, and bribery cases that the government convicted the drug industry of, not one corporation head or executive went to jail. Indeed, having the government courts prosecute drug companies tends to further the problem.

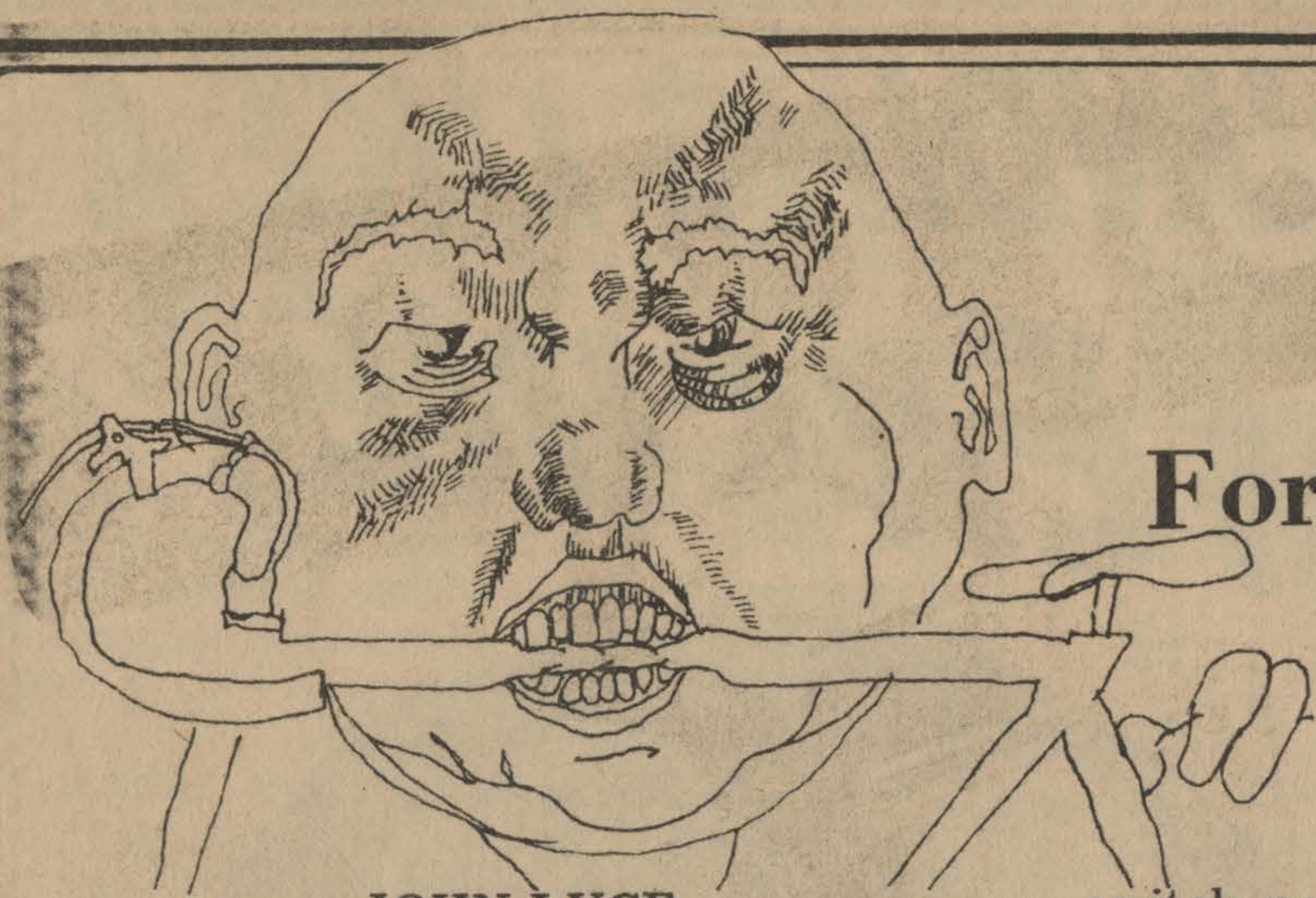
Foster Whitlock, chairman of the Ortho Pharmaceutical Corporation, a division of Johnson and Johnson, once declared, "I will match the integrity and morality of the pharmaceutical industry with that of our accusers any time". When you stop and think about it, it was the Nixon Justice Department (headed by John Mitchell) that was making the accusations in court. And when it comes to pricefixing, false advertising, and bribery, those boys aren't a bad match. Not bad at all.



General Hospital has one of the finest eye tests available in Kansas City. Rumor has it that many well to do (fat city) people have their eyes tested there rather than their uptown clinic. The test takes about an hour and a half and you will then have a prescription to take wherever you please. The cost depends on your income (they won't quote a price over the phone) and is usually well under that of private doctors. To get an appointment call [redacted], ext. 511 between 8 and 4:30.



The University of Missouri Dental School located at 650 E. 25th St. offers inexpensive dental care for those qualifying for their program. The work is done by students and constantly monitored by instructors. Fillings are \$3 apiece, bridges and crowns are about a fourth of the cost of regular dentists. The writer got a crown for \$35 when his regular dentist quoted a price of \$115. The procedure is to call on the first of the month for a registration appointment. This is usually in six weeks. During your first visit you will fill out paper work and be given a cursory exam. Usually they will accept you for work (it depends on whether or not there are enough students who need to do your kind of work). I found the work of a high quality and the Dentists seem to be human. A nice change.



JOHN LUCE

Government To Ban Foreign Bicycles?

Do you ride a ten speed bicycle? Do you own any European bike? Are you thinking of buying any of the above in the future either as a more efficient means of transportation, or as an alternative to the automobile? If you answered yes to any one of the above questions, you may soon be faced with two alternatives; one of which is to forget bikes as a means of alternative transportation, or to fight a new law sponsored by the F.D.A. and the Bicycle Institute of America that would regulate what kinds of bikes would be sold in the U.S., what equipment one can and cannot use on a bike, and what you must use on a bike to operate it legally. Your correspondent is a cyclist himself, who deplors this Federal intrusion into one's private interests. My only source of transportation is, besides my feet, the bicycle. I have been riding it in city traffic for 3 years and if this law were passed, I would have to violate the law in order to ride safely.

This law may have good intentions, but the authors were misguided (possibly by the BIA, who may have a private interest in the matter). The law is much too restrictive, and would have the effect of outlawing almost all good bikes. Among the illegal equipment, if this law is passed, will be:

1. All adult racing cycles.
 2. Almost every 10-speed touring cycle. Under this law, almost every 10-speed bike sold in the U.S. will be illegal!!
 3. All tubular tires, also called sewups, leaving clincher tires. Incidentally, almost all tubular tires are made in Europe, while most clinchers are made in the U.S.
 4. Almost all high-quality cranksets.
 5. All Mafac, Universal, and WEINMANN brake shoes and holders.
- Many more things will be outlawed, and also a "torture test" will be given to all bikes, which must be passed in order for them to become legal.

TIRES—All tires must have recommended tire inflation pressures molded into the sidewalls. This will not work on tubular tires, only on clincher or balloon tires—which are the two heavier types of tire; whereas tubular tires are much lighter and more efficient. Tires also must have reflectorized bands on them, which can only apply to clinchers and balloon tires (see Night Cycling).

BRAKES—Hand brake levers must be within "normal reach" of the cyclist's "normal riding" position. (Now the Government is dictating to us what normality is!) If the cyclist does not use the "normal riding position", he/she must, if they want to stop the bike,

switch positions which could be hard if one must do it fast.

Caliper Brake shoes must be fully replaceable. Fine, but the brake shoes must be retained in the holder so as to make it impossible to remove them—which quadruples the cost of replacement. Braking surfaces must have no stippling or indentations, and be protected from rust. Figures are dictated for brake cables and cable housings, and no bikes are to be allowed with front brakes only.

PEDALS—must have right and lefthead symmetrical, a slip resistant top and bottom—which cannot be applied with adhesive tape. This correspondent assumes that the Government is not thinking of all metal pedals as found on most 10-speeds, but on rubber pedals. My only question is, will all-metal pedals be outlawed? The latter type is the most slip-resistant of all.

Pedals intended for toeclips must be visibly marked "Caution: use of this pedal without toe clips is dangerous". One is reminded of the cigarette package warning.

Slip resistance will be judged by a simple test—the placement of one alcohol-cleaned pedal across the other and tilting it exactly 25 degrees in any direction. A slip of more than 1 millimeter disqualifies it!!!

HANDLEBAR STEMS AND SEAT POSTS—must be marked with minimum amount of insertion. At this level, the stem must support a load of 450 lbs., with the load forward and down at a 45 degree angle. This is roughly comparable to taking a sledgehammer, holding it 5 feet above the post in question, and letting the hammer drop. If the post fractures or is bent, it is disqualified!!!

DERAILLEURS AND CHAINS—Derailleurs are prohibited that get into the spokes when the driving chain loosens or breaks. Most derailleurs move away from the spokes when the chain loosens—the derailleur in that situation would tend to move away from the spokes toward a position of less tension, than to move toward the spokes to a position of more tension (if the latter happened, it would defy all laws of physics). This is totally illogical. They also are prohibited if improperly adjusted—this can be remedied by going to one's friendly neighborhood cycle shop, and learning how to properly adjust it, or having them do it. They must also use a "pie plate" spoke guard—which may look nice, but isn't necessary.

CHAINS—So far as chains go; fearing that one would break is about as stupid as fearing the earth will open up and swallow your house with you in it—and just as improbable.

NIGHTTIME CYCLING—This is

probably the most ridiculous part of the proposed law in that the government requires that one uses many reflectors on the bike—10 to be exact, and that the tires also have reflectorized strips on the sidewalls. Recently a U.S. tire manufacturer came out with, guess what, reflectorized tires, (and now a word from the sponsor). This entire requirement is silly. Why? (It sounds good). But a car's lights activate reflectors at around 60 feet, (a good light will warn cars of your presence at 500 feet.) At that distance, the car will either hit the cyclist, or swerve to avoid it, and possibly get in a wreck with another car. If the driver is homicidal, he will try to hit you anyway, reflectors and/or light be damned.

MISCELLANEOUS—The axle on which the pedal turns must be not less than 4¼ inches away from the front tire or fender. This requirement totally knocks out racing bikes, all foreign bikes, and the Schwinn Varsity (the only good American 10-speed.)

"TORTURE TEST"—This test has got to be one of the most ridiculous parts of the law. The test must be: (1) over 4 miles in length, (2) rider must weight between 150 and 185 lbs., (3) tires inflated at max. pressure, (4) shall include a 100 foot course of wooden cleats, one inch wide by two inches tall, spaced every 6 feet, to be run five times. Bikes must handle stably in turning and steering, and any failure of structure or components will not be accepted.

RESIST!!!

There is a way to change this law, and to kill others in the beginning stages. The law was supported in the beginning by the Bicycle Institute of America (BIA). They represent the makers of bikes in America—Schwinn, Huff, etc., and they constitute a large lobbying force in the halls of Congress. They have instituted in the Government "Toy Bicycle Mentality" which means that they feel that all bikes are toys, and they must be tightly regulated because of this. These manufacturers make toys, not bikes,—real bikes, and for their own advantage, they instigate laws such as this one. Laws that would give the buyer no choice, but to buy a "toy" bicycle—and wipe out all foreign competition. The people who would be most hurt by this are people who use bikes for racing, touring, and transportation.

People who use bikes for sport and transportation must form a strong lobbying force in Congress. This is, I hope, the long term goal of all cyclists. Certain action, though, must be taken now.

1. Write letters. Lots of them. The most effective and useful letters will be those with parts of the law outlined, and solutions which are more effective; suggested. At the end of this article will be addresses to write to.

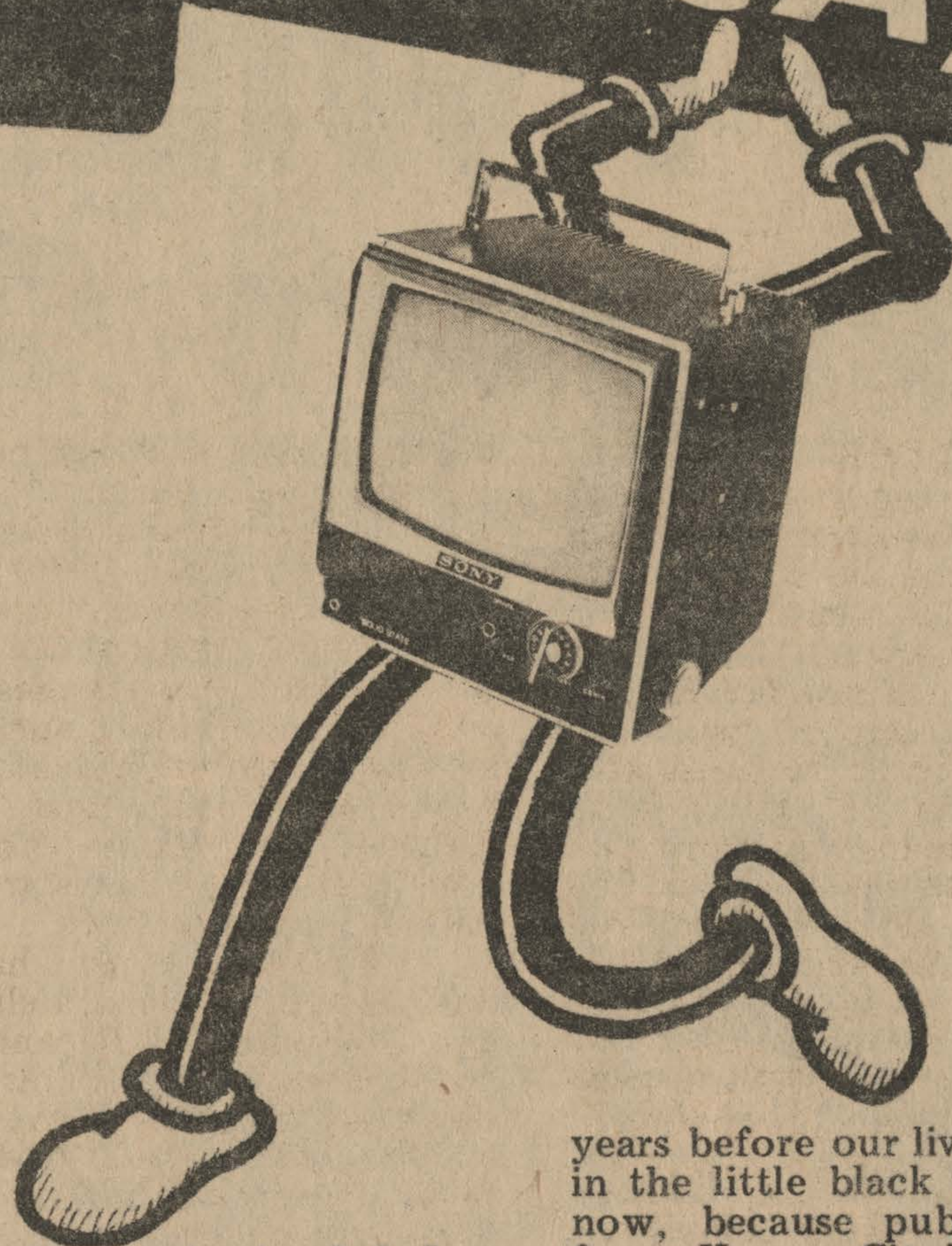
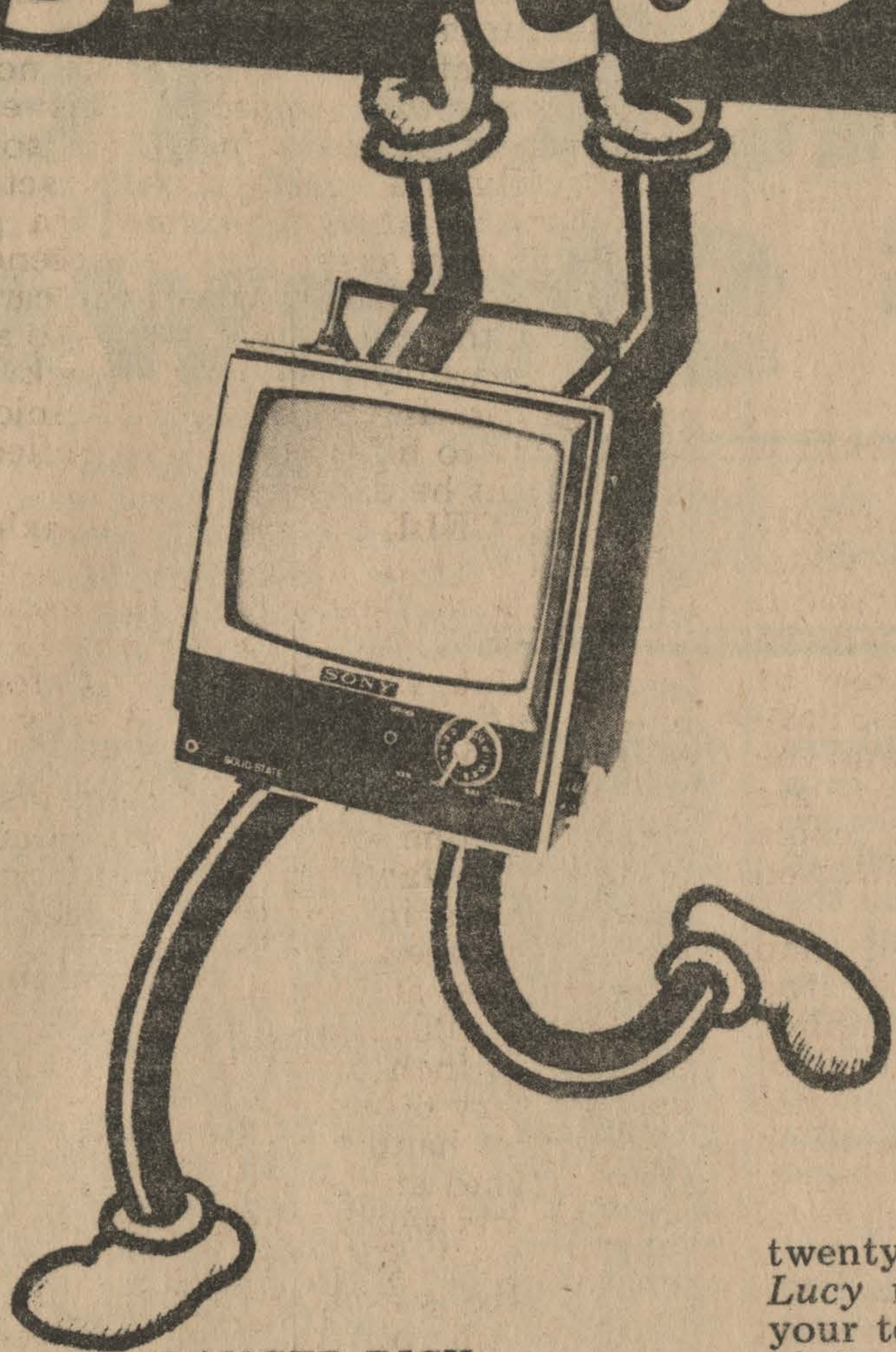
2. If you feel that you can express your thoughts more dramatically, telephone or send a telegram to the addresses mentioned below, and tell which parts of the law are bad, and how to correct them.

3. Last, but not least; join, form, or support an organization that will represent you in Washington, and help to change the government's attitude toward cyclists and cycling. The organization is below.

Organization—League of

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Short Course on CA/TV



RANGER RICK

CATV—Community Antenna Television, more aptly called Cable Television, because the signal is carried by wire from the point of transmission into the viewers home television set. This differs from Kansas City's current television situation of five *over-the-air* broadcasting TV stations. The trend from over-the-air broadcasting, to coaxial cable narrowcasting, which began quietly in Pennsylvania in the 1940s to improve TV reception in isolated or hilly countrysides has expanded at an almost exponentially increasing rate.

So far Kansas City, and most of the other top 100 television market cities have been exempt from this spread of cable, while the federals attempted to come to terms with this "electronic turnpike".

What this "thing" moving into Kansas City, ultimately affecting every watcher of television (at last count 95% of America), and attracting virtually no notice or discussion by Kansas City newspaper and television interests?

This "thing" is a tool of communication that in one quasi-mythological form will reduce your banking, utilities, mail, magazines, newspapers, education, entertainment, sports, politics, health care, crime-solving, food-buying, clothes shopping, fire protection, burglary-stopping, theatrical lives to the size of a TV screen. Your own, and your friends & neighbors births, lives, and presumably, if marketable, deaths will be carried with trillions of other electrons in a honeycomb of cables ties to every home, office, computer, and data bank on the earth and around the galaxy (via microwave beyond the earth).

Another view of the "thing" is a

twenty channel wasteland of *I Love Lucy* reruns, more easily tapped than your telephone, subject to failure at the hint of rain, costing \$60+ a year for boredom and depression, for oppression and suppression.

One massively imponderable factor divides these parameters, astride all the space between: The Federal Communications Commission has ruled that granting of franchises, and design of franchises for cable television are a local and state problem. That means cable for Kansas City is being designed in Kansas City; and also by FCC regulations, must be carried out with full public hearings addressed to the franchise design and granting.

Several years ago Kansas City was on the verge of granting a CATV franchise that would have been as useful as the CATV franchise operating in Kansas City, Kansas (granted in virtual perpetuity to a corporation which has done precisely nothing to bring cable to

years before our lives become enmeshed in the little black wire. But the time is now, because public hearings on the form Kansas City's cable future is to take will be within the next six months.

This is a two part article, and the teaser first part is to raise the issue as an issue affecting every age, ethnic, religious, political, and socio-economic group in Kansas City.

The Cable Study Commission tried several months ago to conduct public hearings on the Cable Question (a misnomer, because there exist at least 30 questions). Their first hearings were farcical, because rather than promoting a viewpoint, virtually all in attendance at the first hearing were asking, "What is cable? What is this all about?"

Those were two questions the Cable Study Commission had not yet answered themselves; and public debate on a question about which no one has a position is not debate.

The Cable Study Commission needed time to ponder these questions, and to channel the public questions of a Who/What/Where/When/Why/How-type

A Statistical Foundation from *Broadcasting Magazine*:

"There are 2,996 operating cable systems in the U.S., serving 5,663 communities. Another 1,763 systems are approved, and 1,604 communities have applications pending (out of approximately 15,000 U.S. communities). Systems currently in operation reach about 7.25 million homes, perhaps 22.5 million people—10.1% of the U.S. television-homes universe. Systems in the top 100 markets... are required to have 20-channel capability. Monthly subscriber fees average \$5.40... Installation fees average \$15.00."

K.C. Kansas). A few knowledgeable locals blocked the first franchise here, and a new local status exists.

Mayor Charles Wheeler appointed a Cable Study Commission to research cable, conduct public hearings, and design a cable franchise. Before the Cable Study Commission can act to implement any of their ideas, the issue must be given full airing at public hearings. These public hearings will be conducted a year or more before the first cable is laid; and 18 months to two

to a group that could answer facts, and show people how to develop a position appropriate to themselves, for later presentation to the committee.

The Metropolitan Inter-Church Agency was chosen as a group with broad socio-economic membership. Under the directorship of Kay Waldo and Jim Leffingwell, M.I.C.A. trained a number of people prepared to address any group in Kansas City on cable

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Follow Me And I Will Make Ye Graspers Of Straws

I don't claim I am a Messiah or anything like that. Just one simple thing — if you want peace, all right; I can give you peace. That's it. That's the whole deal.

DEAN LATIMER

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was God. And directly on the advent of Things, gurus and prophets and priests and shamans and mezzuin arose to shill the Word to those who weren't ready to hear it and be it and speak it themselves. What wretchedness and queasy shamefaced sickness is there in our race that drives us always to take our God strained through the likes of Shri Guru Maharaj Ji, cut and poisoned with all their ritual superstition, rather than drink it straight?

In case you hadn't heard, the Guru Maharaj Ji is shortly to inaugurate the Millenium, from the vicinity of third base in the Astrodome on 8 November. One thousand years of peace, through the grace of this smirking little Wog from Madras who is prayed to, worshipped, and for all we know *sacrificed* to all over the world as God Incarnate. This fat greasy son of a bitch is going to make everything all better again: the Piscean Age is on the wane and the Guru is personally escorting the Equinox into the Age of Aquarius.

History is like a great pendulum, swinging right now from darkness into light: doesn't the sun come up every morning to do the same thing? Well, so *there!* And by the way, did you hear the one about the ten blind men and the elephant? Oh, well, what about Jesus and the mustard seed? Or Mohammed and the salt merchant? Gee, you know all this stuff and you're still not a premie? Must be real heavy Karma standing between you and the Divine Light.

Yeah, the Guru is nothing if not ecumenical. This self-anointed little bag of Holy Cowshit has the cleverest propaganda machine going for him since Hitler, he sucks up every religion, every mystical obsession, every self-improvement fad from Zoroaster to Women's Lib, and dangles them out as bait for searching souls. There's something for everybody in the Divine Mission cosmology. Learn to rap Hindi with the best of them, tossing off words like *Karma, pradash, lila, satsand, darshan*, and *mumbo-fucking-jumbo* as though these were concepts that couldn't possibly be grasped by one

steeped in the dualistic *samsara* of Western thought. Or if you're a Vanished Civilization buff, the Guru-noids are hip to everything from Churchward's Mu to Plato's Atlantis. Concerned with ecology? The Guru gleefully predicts an imminent world-wide famine. Women will be greatly edified by the Divine Organization of Women, which guarantees a raising of consciousness so drastic that you'll wind up repudiating Women's Lib itself, and doing full-time evangelism for the Guru. Other eschatological entertainments include psychological game theory, behavioristic child-rearing, palmistry, sundry end-of-the-world Apocalyptic horrors, and bashing in the heads of those who mock the Avatar of God on this planet Earth. In fact, if the Guru and his Family weren't such nauseating thieves and charlatans themselves, it would be easy to condemn his followers as fully deserving of what they get from him: they are a uniformly self-righteous and infantile lot, the guru-noids, pissing their pants in doglike ecstasy every time His image is evoked, and blessed with a

HALLEY IN GOOD SHAPE AFTER GURUNOID BEATING

Pat Halley, the *Fifth Estate* reporter who was savagely beaten and almost killed by two devotees of the 15-year-old Guru Maharaj Ji, was released from Detroit General Hospital Aug. 21 in good condition after undergoing surgery to repair a caved-in portion of his skull.

The two assailants, 25 year old Richard Fletcher, from the United States, and 55 year old Juteswar Misra, from India, have reportedly confessed to the attack and warrants have been issued by the Detroit police. However, the two are not in police custody, even though the Divine Light Mission issued a release to the press indicating that the two would surrender to authorities.

Halley had his head split open by the two assailants only a week after he tossed a pie in the face of the teenage "Lord of the Universe" at an August 7 formal session of Common Council in protest of the Guru's claim of divinity. Halley later claimed that he "always wanted to hit God in the face with a pie." After the pie-tossing, the Guru claimed that he did not want Halley "arrested or hurt."

The two assailants, who are high-ranking devotees of the Guru, gained access to Halley's apartment after claiming to him that they were former members of the Divine Light Mission, and that they wanted to show Halley the secret "Divine Knowledge" which is the key to the Guru's religious teachings. They also said that they had information which would expose corruption within the Divine Light Enterprises, the Guru's massive financial arm.

The two assailants explained to Halley that, because of the "sensitive" nature of their information, they would only be able to relate it to him in complete privacy. Once they were alone with Halley in his apartment, Fletcher and Misra delivered four or more solid blows with a blunt instrument to Halley's head.



PAT HALLEY DISPLAYS PIE AND CAMOUFLAGE FLOWERS SHORTLY BEFORE GURU'S TESTIMONIAL.

selfish imperviousness to reality and reason that resembles outright brain damage. But the Holy Family's oppression of these fascist little peasants is so vile that it *transcends* this slavish lemming-like drive for self-subversion, and enters the realm of felonious fraud.

You have to understand *pradash*. The material things of this life are just so much ballast, chaining you to this issueless play of Maya like a dog to its vomit. To enter the realm of Light, and gain Peace, you have to relinquish everything, preferable to the Guru for resale in your local Divine Sales outlet: the less you have, the more *pradash*—upward mobility—you accumulate in your quest for Peace. So all these poor little bastards give away their heavy clothes in summer, and their air conditioners in winter, and the Guru's goons fence them, and the money goes into the Divine Pot.

But the worst of all Divine Rip-Offs so far is the forthcoming Houston holocaust, personally hyped by Rennie Davis as the Great Soul Rush to Millennium '73. In the Guru's broadsheet, *The Divine Times*, Davis is admonishing all the nation's Guru-noids that they "can't afford to miss" the Guru's appearance, "the most significant gathering in American history." And indeed, the hopeful premie need but submit a mere \$75 "consideration fee" with his clipout application to attend the once-in-an-eternity event, with the remaining \$150-\$225 for bus fare, food, and lodging for three days—upon his acceptance by the Guru's committee. For be ye warned, *only 500 applications will be accepted!* The remainder, \$75 poorer, are instructed, "Do NOT, repeat, do NOT go down until you have filled out a service form and are called and given a date to arrive! Just going to Houston without permission leads to confusion. Please cooperate!" No use clogging the Astrodome with people who are *already* exchanging *pradash* with the Guru, eh, Rennie?

"Permission". Make no mistake about it, these people are fascist bastards. There's the Guru Ji himself, eternally smiling in his groovy Donny Osmond threads, spilling a doctrine for the attainment of Perfect Bliss which consists mainly of adhering so closely to his Lordship that everything you do is justified by your smack-like "love" for him, no matter what it is you're doing. Then there's Bal Bhagwan Ji, his eldest brother, an even greasier little moustachioed Wog, who is generally pictured next to his pet Cessna 340, caressing its gleaming flanks with manifest bliss and love: Shri Bal is the theorist of the Holy Family, spinning out one parable after another in his interminable Discourses, which purposely avoid making any particular point or sense, so as to demonstrate the fundamental ineffability of Divine Knowledge. And presiding over all is Mata Ji, the Holy Mother, a smiling, triple-chinned matron of 50-odd, who dishes out the fire and brimstone with true fundamentalist fervor: "The human race is now crossing all its limitations," she keeps *kvetching*, citing the Apollo Program and the arms race as instances of flagrant *hubris*: "We have rejected all our rules and regulations, and we are doing all sorts of bad actions." Mama is bound to spank.

Now, although he is worshipped



quite seriously around the world, the Guru Ji carefully avoids stating outright that he actually *is* God. In order to achieve the equivalent of the Eucharist from him, though—the miracle of the Divine Light transmitted indirectly to you from God, through the Guru and/or one of his mahatmas—you *do* have to concede that he's *greater* than God, in effect, since by giving you the Light he regulates its flow. The cart is mightier than the horse, yea, for it contains the mangos. Anybody desperate enough to grasp at this sorry straw is *bound* to worship the Guru forever after.

And the Light itself is a medicine-show gimmick, of course. They don't give it to you until you've demonstrated such a pathetic frenzy for spiritual succor that you'll swallow *any* horseshit, at which time they will admit you to its mysteries: in a darkened room, after instructions in the rudiments of Lotus meditation, the mahatma will press your forehead with his forefinger, bidding you concentrate on it, and with thumb and little-finger *press* your eyeballs until your retina revolts with an annoyed spurt of subliminal phosphorescence. That's the

celebrated Light. If you are so basely situated in your consciousness as to apprehend this gimmick and complain about it, you will be *satsanged* that this is a *symbol* of the Real Thing, which through prolonged meditation and lots of *pradash* you will eventually witness on your own, by the Grace of the Guru.

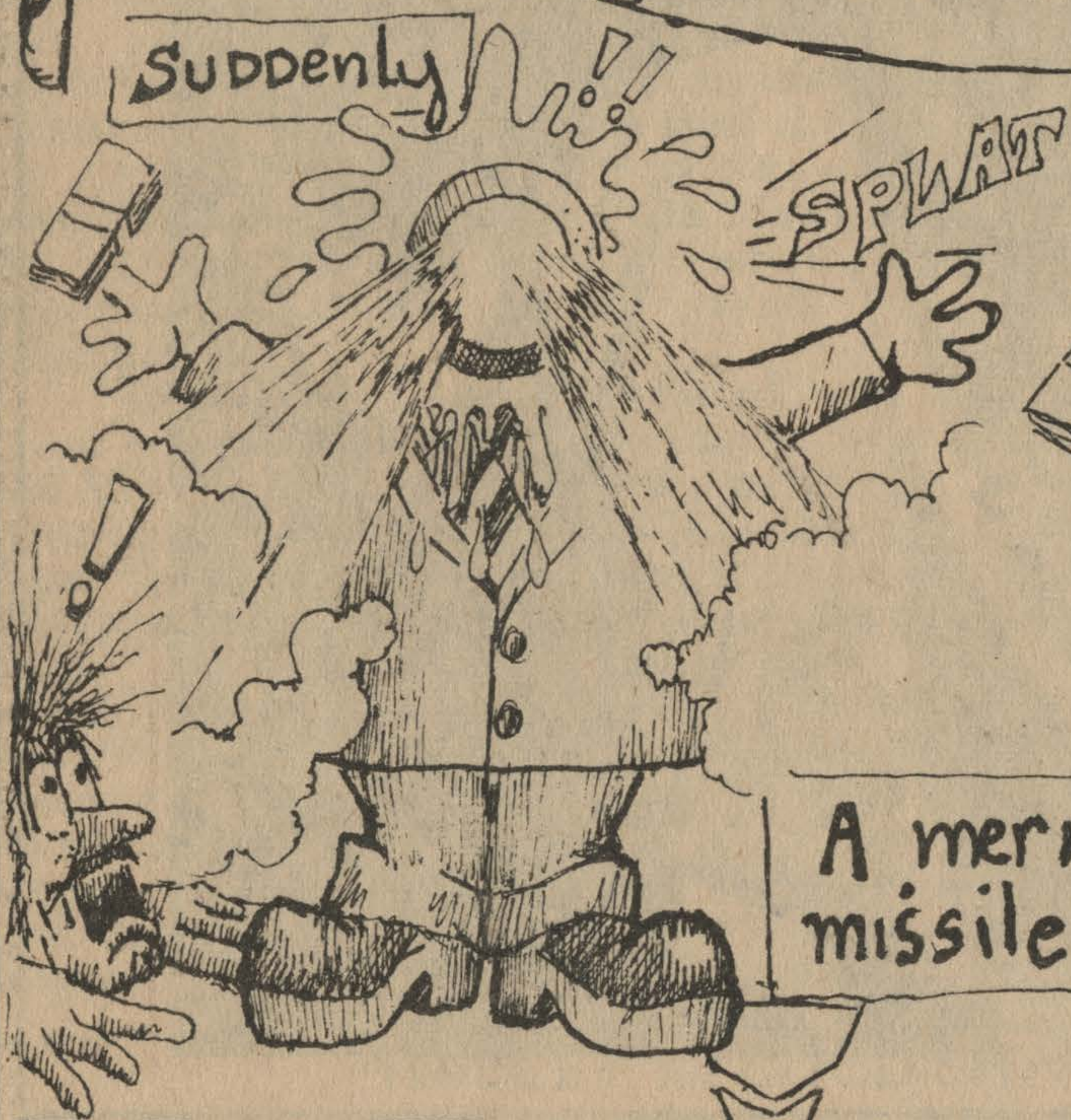
The fact of the matter is, of course, that you don't need a Guru to witness the Spark of God within you, no more within him than you. The truth of the matter is, you wouldn't like it if you *did* experience it. The bottom of the matter is that by setting up a guru to give you God you absolutely remove yourself from the direct experience of collateral selfhood *in* God, the threat of which is what drove you to set up a guru to begin with. We have been doing this since Time began, the Guru Maharaj Ji is only one of the more atrocious ripoffs to come down the pike. We are worms.

(Devotees of the Guru Maharaj Ji are requested not to pray for the sadly-benighted soul of this writer: he doesn't want any blood sacrifices on his conscience, after you get around to *that!*)

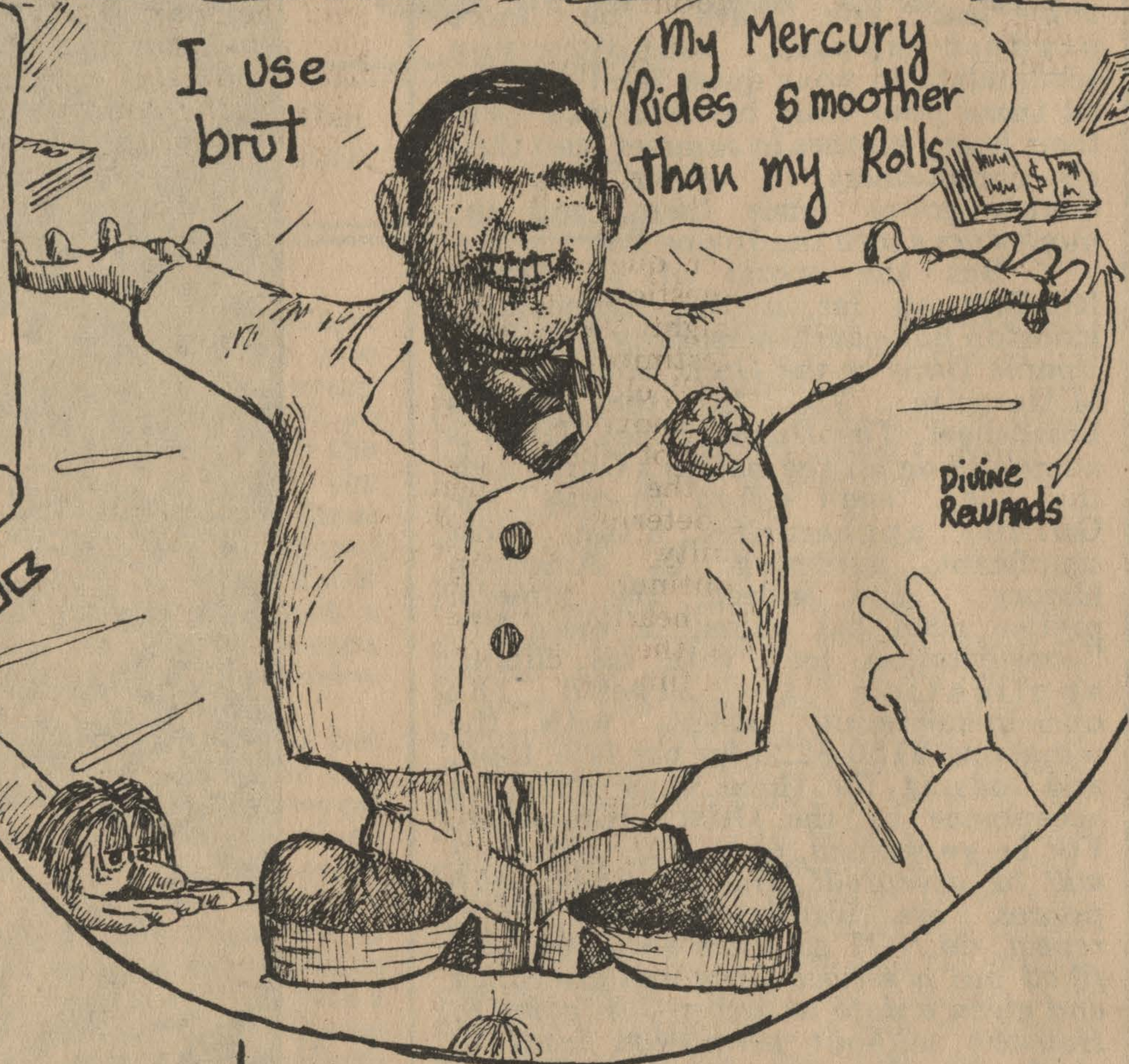
DIVINE FUNNIES

Our story:

The Guru is passing time making his usual profound statements.



A meringue missile strikes!

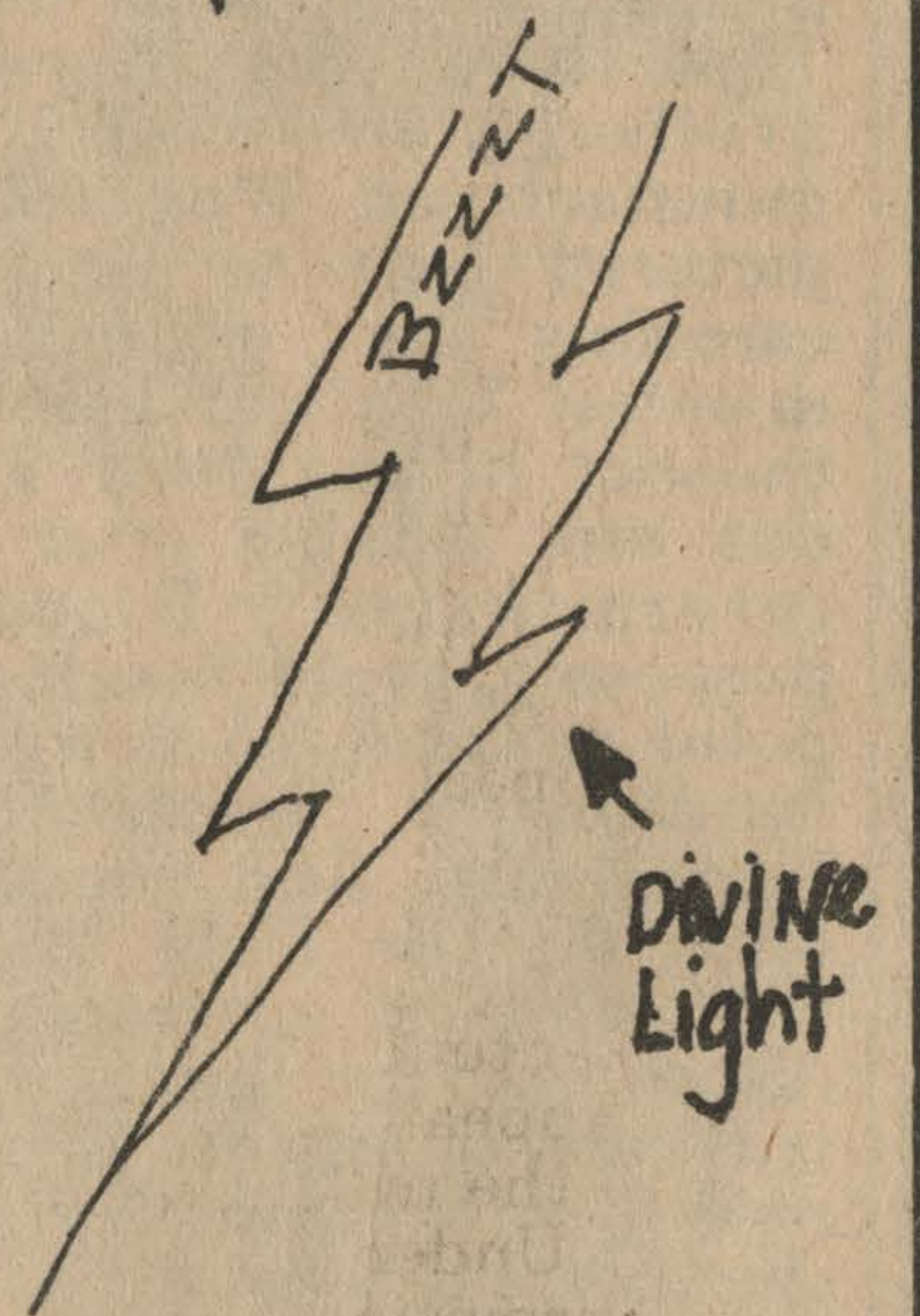


Do Not harm him.

And the perfect master gives divine guidance



AND HIS Disciples become

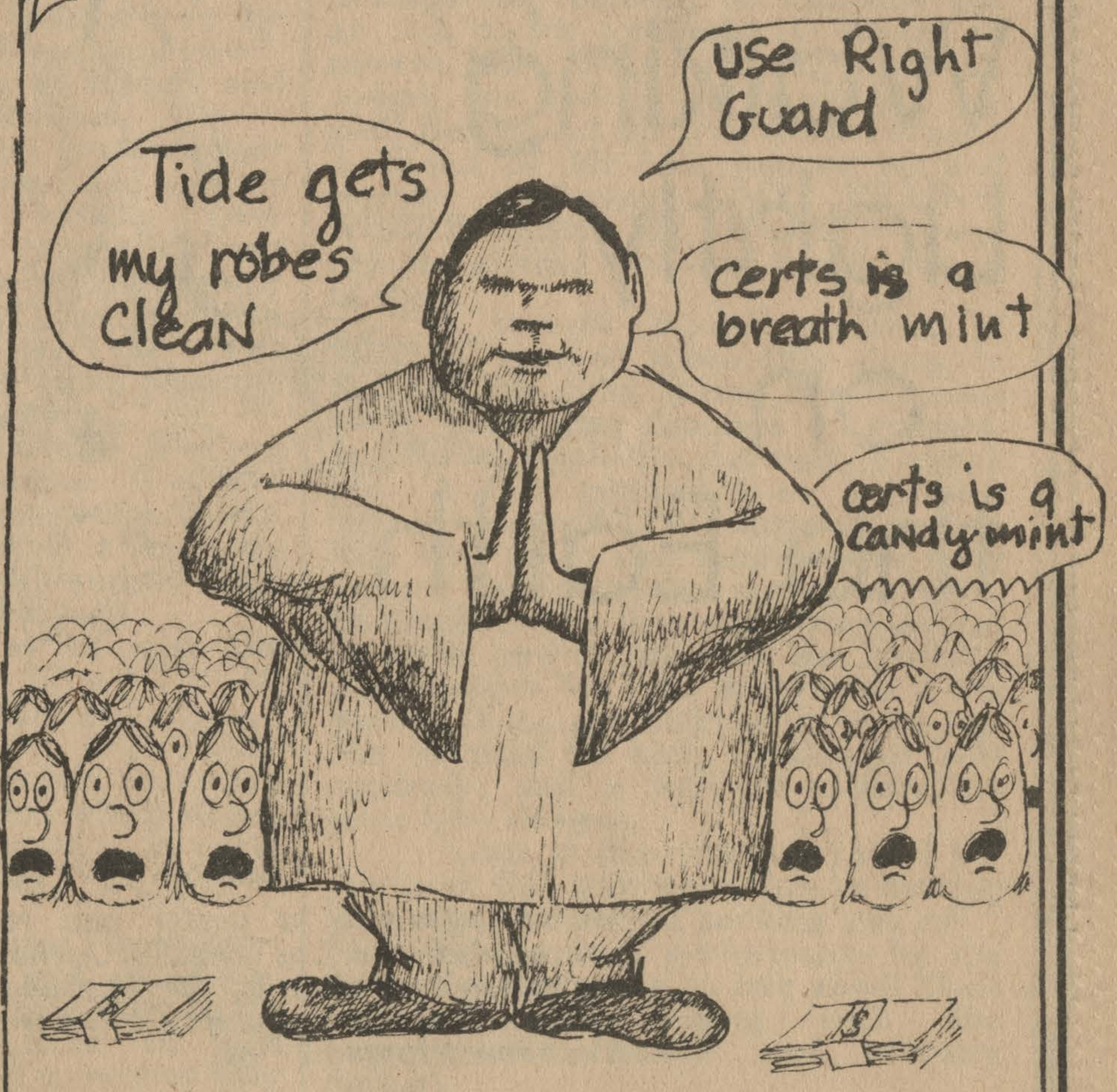




who dispense justice to Pat Halley with misra's silver hammer, shrieking their dreaded war cry.



WATCH For Further adventures of the Guru AND His Gurunoids..

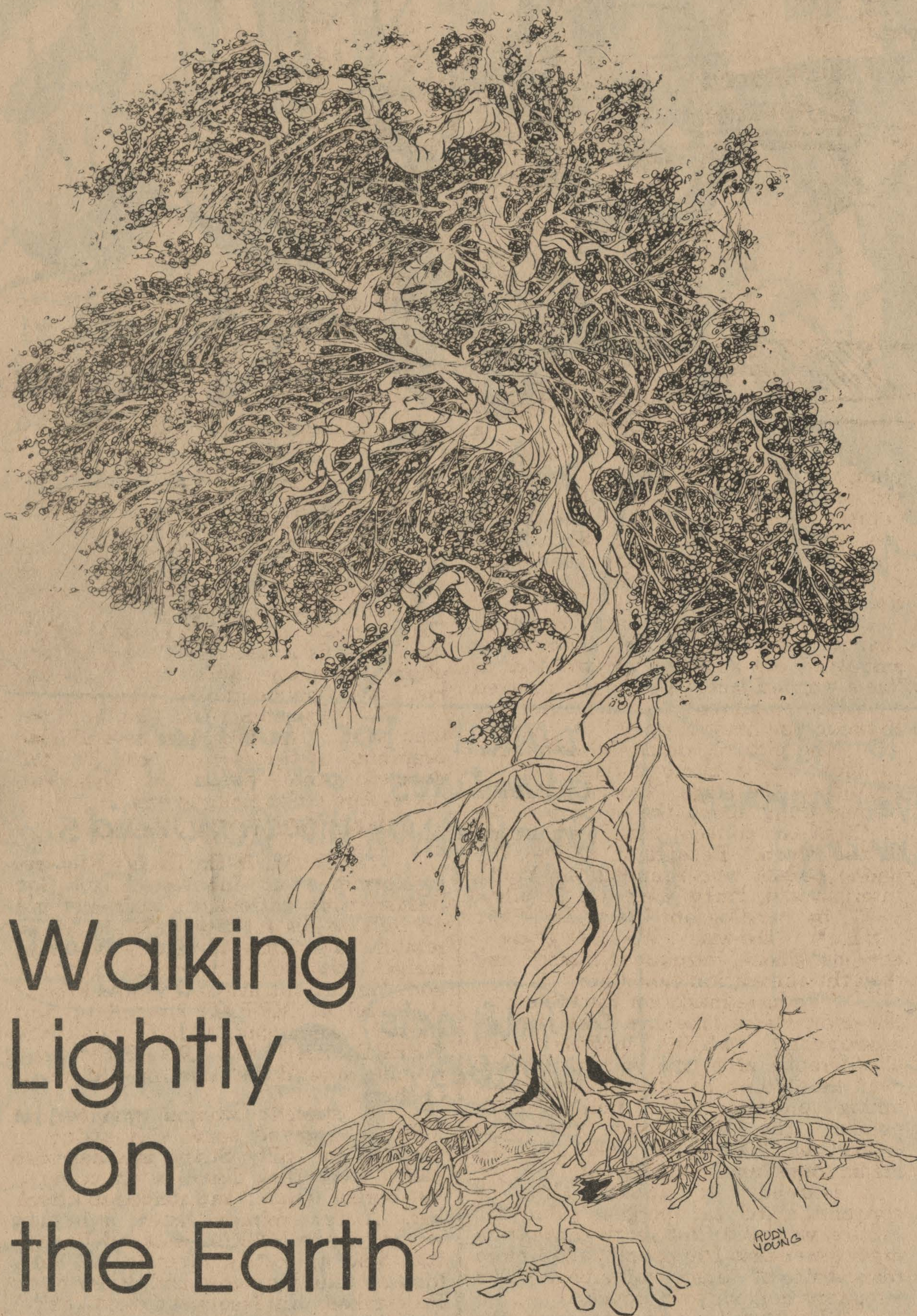


Tide gets my robes clean

Use Right Guard

Certs is a breath mint

Certs is a candy mint



Walking Lightly on the Earth

Ms. Sturgeon is a writer and radio commentator in Los Angeles. Although she doesn't mention it, the 'husband' in her article is noted science fiction writer Theodore Sturgeon.—ed.

NINA STURGEON

My husband and I don't go to the store much. We get most of our vegetables from our garden. We've recently begun to raise rabbits, and they will soon supply nearly all of our meat. Our son has never tasted commercial bread. We have made our own since his birth.

The family clothing budget is minimal. I make all my clothing, nearly all of my husband's. Our son's wardrobe and most of our household goods come from the Salvation Army. We design and make a large percentage of our furniture. The overall effect is simple, functional and very attractive.

My husband and I don't throw much away. Kitchen scraps go into a compost heap. So does the excrement and entrails from the rabbits. The bones are buried, and the pelts are tanned. By next fall, we should have enough pelts to make a bedspread.

Paper food, wrappings, newspapers and junk mail are given to a boy who is working his way through college by recycling paper. He keeps us supplied with fertile eggs from his own chickens in return for two loaves of bread a week.

We take glass, metal and plastic to a city recycling center. We have a 32-gallon-sized garbage can. It takes about three weeks to fill up.

Sounds like some fashionable play-act with the Whole Earth Catalogue as director, doesn't it?

Well . . . when you come down to it, there are quite a few differences. We don't live out in the country. We live in the middle of Los Angeles.

Another difference . . . we don't want to go back to the land. We have no intention of trading our car for a horse. We think electrical lighting is wonderful and ditto for electric typewriters.

If we had to describe what we are trying to do, we'd try to sum it up in an old Indian phrase . . . *we are trying to walk lightly on the earth.*

We have been doing this for 3½ years now. It began as an experiment; it has since developed into a philosophy. A philosophy is, of course, a way of thinking: our way of thinking has become our way of life.

Our life style is not back to the land, and it's not super technological oriented. The life style evolved, and is still evolving, from only two principles.

The main one is: eliminate the middleman. As much as possible, we provide for our own needs ourselves. When we can't, we try going to the source directly to exchange our skills.

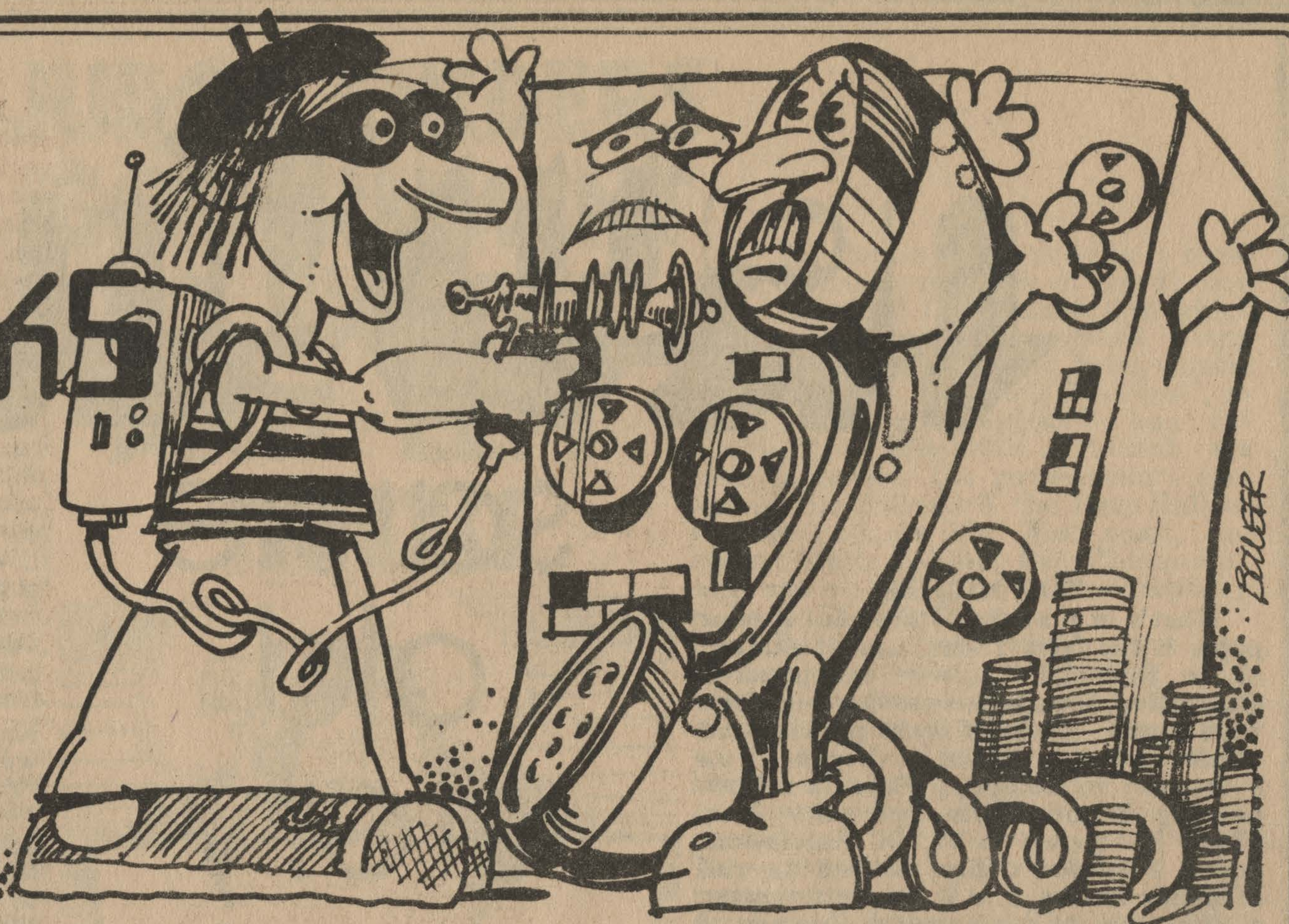
When this is not possible, we buy with cash, but from thrift stores or garage sales. when we have to buy something new, we will not buy any brand which we have seen advertised extensively through the media.

This life style has taught us more about human nature than a psychology course could teach us. We have learned how to be self-sufficient, and that's a wonderful feeling. We have an immense sense of being alive.

Gradually, we are learning to walk lightly on the earth. How will this effort help the world? We don't know. It's our answer. It won't work for everyone. But we have discovered that the things you do are more important than the things you say.

PHONE PHREAKS JAM- BOREE

RON LICHTY



"Welcome to the Second International Phone Phreak Convention," read the banner in the grand ballroom of New York's Diplomat Hotel September 8.

Into the room streamed a myriad of people—over 300 in all. First, there were the mostly long-haired phone phreaks, who were in the vast majority. Then there were the media people, a score or more of them, the *Village Voice*, NBC, AP ad nauseum, reporting the latest chic scene. And then there were the phone company employees—the on-duty ones, that is—there to let the phone company know what the technofreaks were planning next.

The large ballroom filled up fast. Around the floor people played with electronic displays demonstrating the technical aspects of how tones work, how the red box (a device which simulates the sound of coins dropping into a coin phone) works, how the blue box (a device used to place free long-distance calls) works.

On signal, a half dozen video tape monitors sprang to life and the convention began in earnest. The screens portrayed the technology of using a keypunch—employing it to spindle extra holes in a Bell Telephone billing card—in a sequence titled "The Next Best Thing to Being Rich." Novitiates closely watched the TV screens; the more experienced and more knowledgeable phone phreaks moved into the corners, quiet clusters of technological guerillas exchanging subversive wisdom.

The TV picture shifted to an outlaw version of "The Shari Lewis and Lambchop Show". Complete with canned laughter, the two puppets and the long-haired show host demonstrated what *not* to do to a telephone billing card, mangling it into an unuseable wad. Then, finally, the puppets made a credit card telephone call, carefully explaining each step along the way.

And then, the commercial, modelled after one of those drippy cosmetic ads. "I called a friend using a

phony credit card," moaned a sorrowful girl with tear-filled eyes. "The phone company called her and she told them I was the one who called. She didn't know any better. But now they want me to pay over \$20 in calls. What can I do?"

"Well, Sue, get your friend to change her story," the calm voice smoothed out some of the wrinkles in Sue's worried face. "Unless she's signed a written statement, they have nothing to prove you made the call."

The pictures on six screens faded to snow and a hundred pairs of eyes shifted to the stage. Spelled out on a banner hung above the stage was the motif of the conventions: "Two Dimes Is Too Much." Beneath it, Al Bell, the phone phreak who founded the Youth International Party Line on Mayday, 1971, by handing out brochures at the "Shut Down Washington" demonstrations, introduced himself and then the convention guidelines.

"We have masks on the table near the door. Please take one. Last year we discovered while looking over photographs after the convention was over that some of the media people taking pictures were Bell security people. The masks are for your protection. Besides, it will give the media something to talk about."

Indeed. It looked like a convention of cat burglars. But the caution was valid—last year's convention drew fewer than 100 people, a few more than half of them suit-and-tie clad telephone company employees.

"Pa Bell is trying to raise the charge for a local call from 10 to 20 cents, citing their increased costs," continued Al in an angrier tone. "That isn't the reason. In 1966 Bell published a direct distance handbook which states, 'The local call will be raised to 20 cents by 1974.' To that, we say, 'Two dimes is too much!'"

Video tapes and workshops continued all morning and afternoon, exploring both old and new ways to rip off Pa Bell, from the boxes, red, blue and black (a device used to receive long

distance calls free), to tape recordings of coins dropping into pay phones to building phone taps.

But the real show was the phreaks themselves and their incredible wealth of technological know-how of defeating Bell and all of its space-age circuitry. "To protect our great country from itself," reads a leaflet. "To rip off the phone company before they rip off me," says a phone phreak. Whatever.

It's happening. And, like the video tape said, "The blue box is only the beginning of the electron war. It's the people's tones versus the corporate tones. And we're going to win."

MAD DOCTORS continued

"Flash! While Dr. Bach y Rita was performing a lobotomy on an unsuspecting patient, he suddenly got an itch on his forehead. He started to scratch the itch, forgetting that his scalpel was still in his hand. Oh, my god! He cut out his own frontal lobes." A friend of MP-PAC jumped up and started screaming, "MY BRAINS! WHERE ARE MY BRAINS!" and running around the room in wild search of them.

A straight woman member of MP-PAC sprayed some silly string in Serber's ear. Silly String is a harmless party favor that dissolves on contact, but Serber freaked and started to attack her. A few minutes later, a lesbian woman from MP-PAC sprayed Bach y Rita who up to that moment had been looking mildly amused and rather cool. He freaked. His face went from Jekyll to Hyde and he attacked her, pushing past another MP-PAC member as if she weren't there, and kicking her in the leg. She returned his kick, missing his balls narrowly, and a look of satisfaction came into his eyes.

"Look at him enjoying this. I bet you look this way when they're beating you with chains and sucking you off." So ended the day's performance for the men who had come to talk about their experience in dealing with the pathologically violent and sexually deviant.

new times

same old story

TOM MILLER

What's in a name? Quite a lot if your paper is the *New Times*, one of a dozen or so financially solvent independent alternative newspapers serving big cities with heavy doses of local politics and music coverage. Since it began in an apartment in Tempe, a Phoenix suburb housing Arizona State University, *New Times* has grown to 35,000 circulation, added a Tucson office, broken a series of major stories, and is now attempting a stock sale to raise capital upwards of \$100,000.

The scene shifts from the easy-going pace of the desert-based *New Times* to a smooth office in midtown Manhattan. George Hirsch, one of the original powers behind *New York* magazine, is putting together a new publication. It will appear fortnightly and contain news from around the country served up in the successful *Time-Newsweek* format, but with the biases of such liberal heavies and stellar *New Journaloids* as Nicholas Von Hoffman, Jimmy Breslin, Studs Terkel, Gay Talese, Sara Davidson, and others. Hirsch says he managed to raise a million dollars more than was needed to start the magazine and had to figure out how to return some of it to investors! Not bad for a publication no one had yet seen. By the way, the name of the publication is to be *New Times*.

"I had never heard of the Arizona *New Times* before I named this new publication," Hirsch claimed in a recent interview with APS. "In fact, a friend of mine suggested the title."

Back in Arizona a friend of staffer Dan BenHorin showed him a *Business Week* clipping. The *New Times* had been caught with its masthead down, in three years it had never bothered to trademark the name. Quickly *New Times* engaged the services of a Washington patent attorney who for \$35 trotted over to the U.S. Patent Office to see if someone had "patented the mark," as the procedure is called. The report: no "New Times" on record yet, but for \$115 plus a \$35 filing fee he would file it. No thanks came the reply from the desert, we'll do it ourselves.

They did. Finally, *New Times* appeared to be safe from the clutches of the New Yorkers.

In the third week of May, Hirsch learned of these upstarts thousands of miles away via letter from the Phoenix law firm of Arnold & Satz: "We understand from a variety of sources that you and your organization are contemplating the publication of a magazine to be called *New Times*," the



The "New Times" at the page top is the masthead of the *Arizona Underground*. Above is the offender.

letter began. "Curiously enough, this law firm represents a rather active publication called *New Times*. We are writing to apprise you of our client's existence and their prior use of the name you have been considering." Concluded lawyer Wayne Satz: "The people at *New Times* understand your enthusiasm for their name, as it has served them well, but ask that we remind you that the mark can have but one lawful holder."

Twenty-four hours later Satz received a call from Stephen Mann, an attorney with the New York firm of Trubin, Sillocks, Edelman & Knapp. Mann was friendly enough on the phone, he called from Park Avenue in New York to North 35th Avenue in Phoenix. He allowed as how his boys could of course use the name; after all, the man who wrote the book on patent law was retained by that very firm, and assured them everything was all right.

Mann seemed to sense that a meeting with the Arizona *New Times* staff might be productive. Anyway, he just happened to be going out that way on business, so he could easily make a short detour.

Mann's jet arrived, and soon he was seated at Herb Applegate's Olde English Pub along with Satz, three *New Times*

staffers—Jim Larkin, Michael Lacey and Ben-Horin—and interested law student Dan O'Hanlan. The talk was at first somewhat small. Lacey was surprised to learn that Trubin, Sillocks, Edelman & Knapp had a basketball team. "So do we," Lacey told the New York lawyer, "only we could beat you." As strategist for the home team Satz had warned the others not to give ground, just feel out Mann's position. So it was some surprise to hear Mann saying he could not simply pay the *New Times* outright for its name. Ben-Horin recalls Mann as saying, "Mr. Hirsch—well, he can't go back to his investors for more money, that'd be a loss of face." Could they change their name to "Arizona *New Times*"? Nope. "Listen," Mann warmed up to the locals, "we're essentially in the same ideological camp. It's ridiculous for there to be infighting between us. Isn't there something else we could do for you?" Facetiously Ben-Horin suggested a staff trade. Mann mentioned the possibility of perhaps, oh, Jimmy Breslin doing an article for the Arizona paper.

It is now 15 weeks later, and the *New Times* is beginning its stock sale. While they haven't received any articles from Breslin yet, their attorney just got a letter from Hirsch's lawyers. "If your client is still concerned about confusion, although we do not believe any exists because of the differing nature of the publications, perhaps he should consider changing the name to 'Arizona *New Times*' or 'Southeasters (sic) *New Times*.'" Attached was a memo from Walter Derenberg, the man who wrote the book, outlining the Hirsch group's legal position. Essentially, it says that there is substantial difference in the nature of publication, format, price, distribution, audience and frequency of the two publications. Derenberg also told Mann: "We understand that your client adopted its 'New Times' title without knowledge of the Arizona newspaper and has already expended substantial sums of money and effort in promoting its new publication. This factor . . . can only help your position."

Back in Arizona, *New Times* envisions a worried George Hirsch cussing out some underling for the mess, muttering how much he stands to lose—not in money, see, but in prestige—as a result of these small-time publishers in the southwest. Hirsch could stand to lose plenty, since *New Times* is now talking with a heavyweight Phoenix law firm about legal action against the New York publication.

JUDGE ORDERS GOVERNMENT TO EXPOSE ANTI-LEFT TRICKS

REX WEINER

Judge Damon Keith delivered his sternly-worded order to the U.S. attorneys in Detroit on July 5: it ordered the government to disclose "whether and to what extent representatives of the White House staff, including the so-called Intelligence Evaluation Committee, . . . the CIA, FBI, NSA, Departments of Justice, Treasury, Defense, and Secret Service participated in any activities with respect to . . . this case . . . consisting of burglary, acts of sabotage, mail searches, electronic surveillance devices, provocateurism, breaking and entering, or any and all other espionage tactics used against the Defendants herein . . ."

The case is *U.S. vs Mark Rudd et al*, and Judge Keith's order may yet result in the most spectacular exposure of illegal government activities since James McCord began to sing his Watergate tune. Specifically, at the disclosure hearing set for Tuesday, September 24, the government may be forced to tell us what their game plans have been against the radical left, especially concerning the Westherunderground. It's going to be quite a show.

In New York, Gerry Lefcourt grins just thinking about it. There's the gleam of anticipation in his lawyer's eye. As an attorney for the Panther 21, the Chicago 8, the Black Liberation Army, Weatherpeople, all these years he's gone to court and found himself up against a wall built by government infiltrators, government surveillance of him and his defendants, dirty tricks and outright sabotage. In 1970, the entire building on Union Square which housed Lefcourt's office was burnt to the ground. Checking through the rubble afterwards, he found one particular file strewn about: it was Mark Rudd's.

"Almost every lawyer who ever handled Rudd's case has been burglarized," says Lefcourt, whose new office on Broadway has been ransacked three times, his home twice, over the past few years.

The government will have to talk about this, too, since Judge Keith's order includes disclosure of all government espionage activities against the attorneys in the case.

The case began in July of 1970, when then-Attorney General John Mitchell announced the indictments delivered in Detroit against 13 Weatherpeople. The indictments of "William Ayers et al" was "Pure public relations in the midst of chaos," explains Lefcourt, pointing out the government didn't have anything on the people named in the indictment, but at the time it must have seemed like the country was blowing up around them, what with all the demonstrations and various bombings. Nixon had seized upon the now-infamous Internal Security Division, filled it with such rabid right-wingers as Robert Mardian and Richard Kleindienst, and increased the Division's budget almost tenfold. After Mitchell's announcement of the indictments, there was a sudden rush of Grand Jury convenings all over the



country from Vermont to Tucson, and many young political activists became reluctantly familiar with the name "Guy Goodwin", chief of the Special Litigation Section of the I.S.D., who roamed the country fishing for Weatherpeople, or whatever else he could snag, like Leslie Bacon. (Though the I.S.D. has been merged into the Justice Department, Goodwin directed the recently unsuccessful prosecution of the Gainesville 8). Behind all the Grand Jury activity lay a nationwide government espionage campaign which included phoning tapping, mail-surveillance, "surreptitious entries", infiltration, etcetera ad nauseam.

The government's activity in these areas, in clear violation of the Fourth Amendment of the Constitution which insures the individual against illegal searches by the state, was being carried out under the "Mitchell Doctrine", in which "national security" was the justification. Mitchell's argument was used to bolster the government's case against the Chicago 8, the Dave Hilliard Panther case on the West coast, and against White Panther Pun Plamondon, who was on trial in 1971 for conspiracy to bomb CIA facilities.

But in Plamondon's case the defense appealed, maintaining that wiretap evidence had been illegally obtained by the government. The appeal went to U.S. District Judge Damon Keith, a liberal, who ruled that the wiretapping had been unconstitutional, overturning Plamondon's conviction. The government appealed, and once more found the U.S. Court of Appeals rebuking their actions. The government finally asked the Supreme Court for a review of the decision and on July 19, 1972, (two days, coincidentally, after the Watergate break-in), the court unanimously held that neither the President nor the Attorney General had legal right to suspend the Fourth Amendment for any individual. The "Mitchell Doctrine" was overturned. And rather than turn over its wiretap evidence in the Plamondon case (which was all part of the larger nationwide wiretap search for Weather-fugitives), the government just dropped the case. They did the same in the Ellsberg trial, rather than pursue the matter after Judge Matthew Byrne had dismissed it. The government did not want in either case to reveal the extent of its "White House horrors", as Mitchell later termed his dirty work.

But the government, for reasons open to speculation, did not drop its case against the Weatherpeople. Instead, it handed down a huge new indictment in December, 1972, against "Mark Rudd et al" charging conspiracy to commit "overt acts" in ten states, fifteen cities. Attorneys Lefcourt, Sanford Katz, William Bender, Michael Kennedy, and Paula Roberts sued the government for disclosure of all wiretap evidence. The government stalled and fought, at first maintaining that there was no such evidence, finally delivering a small portion of wiretap transcripts. (Guy Goodwin arrived in Detroit with two trunkloads). The defense petitioned the judge once again for complete disclosure, the judge just by lucky chance being Judge Damon Keith. "You mean," he asked the government prosecutors, recalling his decision two years before on the Plamondon case, "you haven't turned over that stuff yet?" So, on July 9, Judge Keith set September 24 as the date for an evidentiary hearing at which the defense may call any witness it wants to talk about "government misconduct" regarding the nationwide campaign against political activists.

"Well, a lot of names come to

continued on 53

Dare To Struggle, Dare To Win

The story of the Gainesville 8 is the story of seven Vietnam Veterans Against the War and one VVAW sympathizer who were tried in the Gainesville, Florida federal court for conspiracy to disrupt Miami Beach during the 1972 Republican National Convention. The story of the Gainesville 8 is the story of what happens when the Nixon administration confronts an anti-war organization. It is a story of paranoia justified.

Looking back, it seems the Gainesville trial began in April, the year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Seventy One, though the indictments were not handed down until July, 1972, and the jurors not selected until a year later. The trial began in April, 1971, because the evidence indicates it was then Richard Nixon first decided the Vietnam Veterans Against the War were a threat to his administration.

The VVAW brought themselves to Nixon's attention in two major anti-war actions in April 1971: the Winter Soldier Investigations and Operation Dewey Canyon III. By the time April ended, Gainesville was inevitable. Only nobody told the vets.

The Winter Soldier Investigations, held April 6 and 7 in Detroit, were war hearings conducted by the young men who had lent their bodies as weapons of the war. For the first time the American public learned of the Vietnam war not from government communiques nor media commentators but from men who had participated in the fighting.

The two days of hearings had three major results.

First, the veterans blew the whistle on the first play in Nixon's secret game plan to end the war. They revealed the existence of a secret Marine invasion of Laos called Operation Dewey Canyon ordered by Nixon shortly after his inauguration in 1969. They demonstrated that the well-publicized invasion of Cambodia had not been the first time American troops carried the fighting outside of South Vietnam.

Second, the Nixon administration was caught in a direct lie. At the same time administration spokesmen were denying the existence of an action in Laos called "Dewey Canyon", they were announcing an incursion aimed at severing the Ho Chi Minh trail called "Dewey Canyon II." The VVAW gleefully made Dewey Canyon I and II national news while the administration changed the name of Dewey Canyon II to Lam Som 719. The 1969 invasion of Laos was not officially acknowledged until 1973.

Third, a former Marine sergeant who had served 20 months in Vietnam in 1965 as a forward observer came into

by Margaret Mary McMahon

national prominence as a spokesman for the Vietnam Veterans Against the War. His name was Scott Camil and he was Florida regional coordinator of the VVAW. He lived in Gainesville, Florida. Though he didn't know it at the time, his person and the VVAW organization had been linked interchangeably in governmental eyes. Scott Camil equals VVAW. VVAW equals Scott Camil.

Whatever impact the Winter Soldier hearings might have made, however, was quickly overshadowed by the veterans' second protest later that month. This time the place was Washington, D.C., the week of April 19, 1971, and the action was Dewey Canyon III, billed by the vets as a limited incursion into the foreign countries of Congress, the Supreme Court and the Executive branch with the mission of severing the Nixon-Agnew trail.

This was the week that VVAW members declared themselves Nixon's enemy and he, in turn, became theirs.

Dewey Canyon III was one of the most unique demonstrations of the sixties. It may find its way into history books. The only thing like it was the veterans' "Bonus March" in the 20s. But the bonus marchers were assembled in Washington to demand money from the government. Money wasn't the issue at Dewey Canyon III. For the first time in U.S. history, veterans were marching in protest to a war still in progress.

Dewey Canyon III was not a gathering of experienced demonstrators, of those who had participated in civil rights marches or the 1968 Democratic convention protest or the previous years' moratoriums. For most of the veterans, like John Musgrave, now Great Plains regional coordinator of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War/Winter Soldier Organization, it was their first demonstration. Their protest could not be dismissed by reference to professional troublemakers.

Nor was Dewey Canyon III marred by the behavioral and rhetorical excesses of the 1968 Democratic National convention protest or the 1969 Days of Rage. Dewey Canyon III was a dignified, creative, peaceful and deeply moving week.

The veterans lobbied with the members of congress from their home to convince them to support legislation to end the war. They performed guerrilla theater skits showing the public exactly how search and destroy missions were conducted in Vietnam and how one went about interrogating a Viet Cong suspect. They conducted a

memorial service for the war dead in Arlington National Cemetery.

"At the same time as our memorial service," John Musgrave recalled, "they were burying a 19 year old boy who had died in Vietnam. When they played taps over his grave, we broke down. I was crying so hard I couldn't walk."

The government could not discredit their demonstration by pointing to its violence nor could it play on the nation's prejudices to stir up opinion against them. These were not, after all, members of Agnew's effete corps of impudent snobs. They weren't draft dodgers or cowards. They were veterans, men who had worn the uniform and served their country and many bore the marks of service on their bodies.

When the government found it could not blunt the point of the VVAW demonstration by calling them names or capitalizing on disruptive behaviour, it attempted to end the week of protest by force. And the use of governmental force failed. The National Guard of Virginia refused to move against men who had served their country honorably.

None of the Guardsmen, of course, disobeyed a formal order to clear the vets out of their encampment. They merely made it so clear they *would* disobey. The order never came. Instead 400 guardsmen and Ted Kennedy, came to the campsite to be arrested with the veterans if the order to clear the camp was given.

And that *terrified* Richard Nixon, as John Dean was later to testify at the Watergate hearings. Always before the police and the guard had been eager to wade into a demonstration and mix it up with the peace creeps. But this time, they refused. And where is a government's security if not in force?

John Dean said Nixon was scared. Even in the veterans' most cynical imaginings they were still too naive to understand what happens when you frighten an experienced paranoid. The VVAW made it to the top ten of the enemy list.

Unaware of the forces they had set in motion, the VVAW closed the week of protest more or less as planned. One thousand one hundred young American veterans lined up in front of the 7½ foot barrier their government had erected to keep them off of the steps of their nation's Capital building. One by one they stepped forward and, each man making a personal statement, heaved their medals over the barricade, returning their war decorations to the government which had given them the war.

And then it was over, this April 1971 month of VVAW protest. The veterans were elated. They thought that they had

Dare To Giggle, Dare To Grin

won.

"At the end of the week," Musgrave said, "I thought the war would have to end. I thought: how can the country deny us?"

There is no record of what Nixon thought.

The war did not end. The VVAW had confronted the Nixon administration and the time was coming when the Nixon administration would confront the VVAW. They were on the enemy list and the story of the Gainesville 8 entered its second stage. It was time to begin the year of conspiracy.

For the VVAW the year was one of disillusionment and determination. The war did not end and they found that innocence, exuberance and love were not enough alone to change the world. They dug in and learned to live with anger and to organize, organize, organize.

In June 1971 the VVAW again turned its attention to Washington, lobbying for the passage of the McGovern-Hatfield amendment which would have shut off funds for the war by December 31 of that year. The amendment failed and the VVAW undertook a three week fast of protest on the Capital steps.

The young men returned to their homes and began regional actions to go with their national efforts. In the Kansas City area the local project was Operation Concern, a convoy of supplies to Cairo, Illinois to support Cairo blacks who had boycotted the town's stores in a struggle against its fierce racism. Other regions founded medical clinics and drug half-way houses and worked on solving some of the problems of the country.

The organization's problem was how to effectively protest the war. There had been so many kinds of protest for so long that the demonstrations of all the anti-war groups toward the end of 1971 has a strained, desperate quality. The VVAW's Christmas "Peace on Earth" demonstrations were no exception. There were a series of related actions all over the country, the most noticeable of which was the capture of the Statue of Liberty.

By that time the Justice department and the F.B.I. had been on the VVAW's case for eight months. The Statue of Liberty caper was not calculated to endear the vets to the feds or dampen the federals' ardent desire to do the VVAW some damage.

The vets, however, were still proud of their activism, proud of their non-violence and proud of their willingness to take individual responsibility for their actions. They were still convinced that if you were totally up front and had nothing to

The Trial of the Gainesville 8



hide, you had nothing to fear from federal agents.

It's not as if, by this time, the VVAW was unfamiliar with federal infiltration. That summer, for example, the St. Louis chapter had discovered that Mike King, the regional coordinator for eastern Missouri and Illinois, was a paid informer.

"He was a loud mouth," Musgrave remembers. "He got himself elected by calling for action, action, get into the streets. He had all the rhetoric down pat."

In late '71 or early '72, the Kent State chapter of VVAW was invited by a man named Rhineholt Mohr to buy an RPG rocket launcher and an AK 47 Chinese assault rifle. At first the chapter thought Mohr was crazy but then decided he must be some type of police. They set him up by telling him that they would buy his armaments, arranging a meeting time and place and then telling the local police to be on hand to keep the rendezvous. Mohr was arrested and revealed as working with the F.B.I.

Despite the fact that a regional coordinator had already been revealed as an agent, the VVAW was still not aware how thoroughly they had been infiltrated. In February, 1972 when the regional coordinators met in Boulder, Colorado and voted to demonstrate at both the Democratic and Republican national conventions, there were three undercover agents present and participating at the meeting.

"We assumed," said Musgrave, "that informers were real dildos who didn't know their ass from a pork sausage. We thought as long as we didn't do anything illegal we had nothing to worry about. We didn't know at the time how well organized the federal agents were."

They got a hint in March 1972 when Bob Ritz, one of the men who had been at the Boulder meeting, published an article in the New York Times saying there had been a split in the VVAW organization and the radical element had taken control.

Musgrave, who chaired the meeting in Boulder, received a copy of the Ritz article from VVAW's national office.

"That was the first real proof to me that they were willing to lie to discredit us," Musgrave said. "It was physical proof that they were trying to smear us."

Shortly after the article appeared, Bob Ritz took a job with the United States Agency for International Development, a C.I.A. front.

Meanwhile, planning was underway for the demonstrations at the two conventions. At that time it was VVAW policy that the region in which a demonstration was to be held would be responsible for planning. When the Democratic convention was to be held in Miami and the Republican in San Diego, the southern region, headed by Scott Camil of Gainesville, was to plan the Democratic protest and the California region was in charge of the Republican action.

When the ITT scandal hit the front pages in the Spring of 1972, it forced the Republicans to relocate their convention to Miami. Scott Camil and the southern region, assisted by Peter Mahoney, a former Army lieutenant and one of the VVAW's six national

coordinators, were handed the whole ball of wax. They were instructed the demonstrations were to be totally non-violent and legal in every respect.

"By concentrating the planning in the southern region we gave the government a situation to invent a conspiracy around," John Musgrave observed, looking back.

At the time, though, the organization's attention was absorbed by the events surrounding its April '72 steering committee meeting in Houston, Texas.

"We were really scared," Musgrave recalled. "There was an unannounced 75 per cent alert of the U.S. military. We were getting status reports from men on bases all over the world and calling out the information to the press. It seemed we were on the brink of the third world war."

"I certainly wouldn't have been surprised if we had been arrested. We were talking about our futures including prison and execution. We felt like we were on the chopping block."

The axe didn't fall that time. Instead the government waited a month and announced the mining of harbors in North Vietnam and the bombing of Haiphong. The situation touched off a new wave of protest with the VVAW at the forefront.

Nixon was scared. And the VVAW was still too naive to understand what happens when you frighten an experienced paranoid.

On June 17, 1972, seven men were apprehended inside the Democratic party headquarters in the Watergate building.

Also in June of 1972, the VVAW's southern caucus was in high gear planning for July's Democratic convention and August's Republican convention. They were negotiating with the police and with city officials to make sure that they had obtained all the proper permits and that the channels of communication were open. They were making sure that there would be toilet and medical facilities available and plenty of food and water.

On the surface things seemed to be going well but immediately before the Democratic national convention strange scenes developed.

Scott Camil, for example, was approached by a man named Pablo Fernandez and offered a chance to buy 50 sub-machine guns for protection during the demonstration. Camil refused. Later, it was revealed that Fernandez was employed by the Miami Police department, the Dade County Public Safety department (Miami County police) and the F.B.I.

Major Adam Klimkowski, commander of the Miami Police Department later explained Fernandez's actions by saying, "We were hoping for the overt act necessary to produce a charge of conspiracy."

Speaking of conspiracy, it should be noted that Fernandez was a friend of Bernard Barker, one of the Cubans captured while breaking into the

Democratic headquarters in the Watergate complex. Fernandez and Barker had traveled together to Washington D.C. to attack radicals who demonstrated at the funeral of J. Edgar Hoover. And there is evidence that Fernandez was offered money to discredit the VVAW by the friendly folks at the Committee to Re-elect the President.

And then, right before the Democratic National Convention, Billy Lemmer, regional coordinator for Arkansas and Oklahoma, admitted to the VVAW that he had been all along a paid "political monitor". He gave them an eight hour taped interview and then went into hiding with the F.B.I.

"Lemmer admitted that he'd talk people into doing things and then bust them," Musgrave said. "I never liked him. I always thought he was a prick but I never thought he was a pig."

The axe Musgrave had been expecting in April was finally beginning to fall.

The day before the Democratic National Convention opened in Miami, a federal grand jury began to hear evidence in Tallahassee, Florida's capital. Twenty-three members of the VVAW were ordered to testify.

The twenty-three sat in the Tallahassee grand jury waiting room while the Democratic National Convention took place hundreds of miles away. Of the 23 members subpoenaed, only 11 were called into the grand jury room to testify. Of those 11, four refused to answer questions and were jailed by federal judge David Middlebrooks until they chose to answer or the grand jury was released. They spent over 40 days in jail without bond until they were released over Judge Middlebrooks' protest on order of U.S. Supreme Court Justice William Douglas.

The federal prosecutor facing the grand jury was Guy Goodwin, chief of special litigations for the Justice department's Internal Security division, famous in his way for bringing charges against Philip Berrigan for a plot to kidnap Kissinger, the Camden 17 for draft file destruction and Leslie Bacon for allegedly holding information on the bombing of the capitol building.

Some found facing Goodwin, reputed to be a touch swishy, a radicalizing experience. There was, for example, Bob Weston, a short-haired vet from Tuscaloosa who had been only moderately active in the VVAW. It made him nervous to sit in the waiting room with all those long hairs but facing Goodwin made the long hairs definitely the lesser of two evils.

"I couldn't figure out what the queer fucker wanted from me," Weston commented afterward.

Goodwin showed him a group of pictures of VVAW members taken while they were in the military and asked Weston if he recognized any of them.

"Hell, no." Weston said. "All these pictures have short hair and all those fellows have hair down to their assholes."

Reminding him to watch his language, Goodwin showed Weston some long-haired pictures and asked him if he had ever seen those faces before.

"Yep," Weston responded, "I saw all these guys sitting in the waiting room."

Weston was told to step down and

"Where are our dead brothers? We're looking for our dead brothers.
Have you seen them?"

—Dewey Canyon III



LNS

has since become an active member of the VVAW.

Meanwhile, the other vets demonstrated at the Democratic National convention as planned—peacefully, legally, and almost unnoticed.

On July 13, 1972, the last day of the Democratic convention, six members of the VVAW were indicted for violation of the 1968 riot act. They were charged with conspiracy to disrupt the Republican national convention and their bail was set by Judge Middlebrooks at \$25,000 each. The grand jury remained in session to hand out further indictments as they received more evidence. The entire VVAW steering committee was convinced indictments against them would be the jury's next order of business.

Those indicted on the first go-round were Scott Camil, the Florida regional coordinator; Pete Mahoney, the national coordinator working with the southern caucus; John Kniffin, a former Marine tank commander and Texas regional coordinator; Bill Patterson, a former helicopter door gunner and chapter coordinator for El Paso; Donald Purdue, a former Marine combat engineer and member of the Florida chapter, and Alton Foss, a former Navy corpsman confined to a wheel chair and a member of the Florida chapter.

They were charged with conspiracy to "organize numerous 'fire teams' to attack with automatic weapons, fire and incendiary devices, police stations, police cars and stores in Miami Beach," with plans to "fire lead weights, fried marbles, ball bearings, cherry bombs and smoke bombs at police in Miami Beach by means of wrist rocket slingshots and crossbows" and with

plans to disrupt communications systems. If convicted, each of the "conspirators" could have received five years in jail and a \$10,000 fine.

The six were released on bail by July 15 but the grand jury stayed in session.

"They nailed regional leaders and a national leader," John Musgrave commented, "but they also nailed two guys who were just chapter members. That was to instill fear in the membership, to have them fear for their own safety.

"But after facing the North Vietnamese army, we weren't afraid of Guy Goodwin."

But the vets wanted to make sure folks dealing with Guy Goodman had plenty of ammunition to use so they spent the month of July 1972 organizing educational symposiums and distributing information on the federal grand jury system and what they considered Nixon's political use of it.

They also spent the month organizing for their action at the Republican National convention, the Last Patrol. It was called the Last Patrol because they wanted it to be the last patrol before the end of the war. They were expecting convoys of veterans from all over the country to participate. And they were expecting trouble.

"What we were paranoid about," Musgrave said, "was people coming in for the demonstrations who were agents provocateurs. After the indictments especially we knew that the government wanted violence to make it seem like we had planned it that way."

Musgrave arrived in Miami around August 10 to start planning security for the veterans. His first night in town someone stole his pack, sleeping bag and camera.

Before the convention opened, the Land Government, delegates from each of the organizations which planned to demonstrate, worked to set up a structure to make Flamingo Park into a community. By agreement with the city of Miami, the Land Government was responsible for what happened within Flamingo Park. The police would not come into the area. Security was up to the demonstrators.

"We organized a guard for the front and rear gates to the park," Musgrave explained, "and assigned roving patrols within the park. I felt safe with the women's anti-rape squad. I figured if anyone broke through our lines I could always call them and they'd handle it."

Conflicts within the Land Government developed even before the main body of demonstrators arrived.

"The women and gays we depended upon," Musgrave said, "because they were dedicated and there to make a point. We couldn't depend on the Progressive Labor Party, the S.D.S. or the Zippies for anything but problems."

Whatever philosophical personal or tactical rifts that developed within the demonstrators camp, however, were abruptly overshadowed by problems from outside.

On August 20, the day before the convention opened, the vets were busy moving their campsite to a larger area when they noticed a commotion on the stage in the Expose 72 area. Twenty-five American Nazis had thrown a woman speaker off the stage and were standing there chanting Sieg Heil and Heil Hitler.

"Suddenly we were the movement policemen," Musgrave said. "The people turned into a mob to kill the Nazis. They're animals and they evoke an animal response. People were trying to

attack them with tent pegs and rocks. We formed a wall around the stage to protect the Nazis from the people.

"I'm thinking 'these are the people my daddy fought' while the crowd was beating on us to get at them. I asked their leader what they wanted and he said they wanted the microphone for 30 minutes. They wanted all the banners and signs to be torn down and replaced with Nazi slogans.

"I said 'You're crazy, man. We can barely keep the people off of you now.' One of the other Nazis came over to talk to me. I said 'what do you want?' and he said 'just to get out of here alive.'

"One of the vets took one of the Nazis by the arm and started to pull him off the stage when his friends picked up a chair and hit the vet in the face. That was it. We carried them out and threw them in the street. The ones that got hurt our medics looked after and we escorted them through the streets to protect them from the old Jewish folks."

In another incident the same day, a man claiming to be a vet walked into the VVAW campsite bringing with him everything listed in the indictment as weapons: a wrist sling shot, lead weights, fried marbles (marbles heated until they cracked and were ready to shatter), fireworks, crossbow arrows and molotov cocktails.

"We broke up his weapons in front of the press," Musgrave said, "and turned him over to the police. All this happened the day before the convention. We knew it was going to be a great week."

On August 21 the Republican convention started and the demonstrations started. That afternoon

while the S.D.S. was trashing delegates, the VVAW marched across Miami to Miami Beach High School where the National Guard was billeted to let them know that the vets respected them as people.

Later in the week came the VVAW demonstration that gained them the most publicity. With the disabled veterans in the front of the line of march, they walked eleven miles from the park to the Fountainbleu hotel without a word.

"We rallied there against a solid wall of state police in helmets with riot batons and flack jackets," Musgrave said. "They were scared, you could see it in their faces. Here were a thousand veterans with combat experience wearing jungle utilities, jungle fatigues, marching up in dead silence, without a word. They didn't know what to expect.

"They kept the state police behind a fence and one of them spit on the deck and said, 'I can't wait until tomorrow night because we're going to get out of here and bust your heads.'"

The next day, Wednesday, August 24, 1972, the scene was set for them to do just that. The action scheduled for the afternoon was a sit-in in front of the convention hall but the police headed it off by placing buses bumper to bumper all around it.

The VVAW had a meeting that afternoon and, after heated discussion, voted to leave Miami Beach and to rally the next day in Gainesville where the Gainesville conspirators were scheduled to be arraigned.

That evening it all let loose. About 5 p.m. people started stopping traffic on Collins Avenue. The police threw vomit gas and tear gas and the demonstrators

threw rocks. About 8:30 that night helicopters started gassing Flamingo park and before the night was over the police had used so much gas that they had to shut off the air conditioning in the convention hall. It hung over the city like a cloud.

But the VVAW came out of it smelling like a rose.

"If they hadn't indicted us before the convention," Musgrave pointed out, "they wouldn't have had anything to indict us on. We were continually lauded by police and press as a major peace keeping force. Even C.M. Kelley called our actions superb."

And so, on to Gainesville where on Thursday, August 25 the indicted VVAW members were arraigned before Judge David Middlebrooks while 600 veterans marched through the downtown area to the four-story federal building which contained the court.

On entering the courtroom, the veterans passed through a metal detector which buzzed continually because of the shrapnel in their bodies.

"How do you plead?" Judge Middlebrooks asked the defendants.

"I am guilty of war crimes against the Indo-Chinese people," said Camil, Kniffin, Purdue, Mahoney and Foss, "but not guilty of these charges stated."

"I have already admitted to the murder of ten innocent Vietnamese civilians," said the much decorated helicopter door gunner, Bill Patterson, who tried to turn himself in as a war criminal at the time of the Calley trial, "but I am not guilty of these charges stated."

The judge had been a 50 mission bomber pilot in World War II and had volunteered to fly in Korea where saturation bombing, itself a war crime



Bob Wirth

according to the Geneva convention, was common practice. When the veterans entered their pleas, he commented he was considering raising their bail because of their admitted war crimes but since he knew the American government would not allow its soldiers to commit war crimes, he would assume they were lying.

After the arraignments began a lengthy series of pre-trial hearings.

The defense had to struggle continually to keep the government from moving the trial from the college town of Gainesville, where the conspiracy was alleged to have taken place, to the military town of Pensacola.

"If the case had been heard in Pensacola," Musgrave pointed out, "it wouldn't have been a trial; it would have been a court marshal."

During the pre-trial hearings, which lasted almost a year, the defense tried to raise the issue of illegal electronic surveillance, to challenge the legality of the federal conspiracy statute and to document the government's abuse of the grand jury system. They also tried to demonstrate the government's use of agents provocateurs and the links between the Gainesville trial and the government's Watergate conspiracy.

They were rebuffed at every turn, first by Judge Middlebrooks and after September when Middlebrooks excused himself from the case, by Judge Winston Arnow, a retired Army major.

"Middlebrooks excused himself because of prejudice against the defendants and defense," said Musgrave who was one of the VVAW's two public information officers for the trial. "He was jumping up in the court room and screaming. It was hurting the government case. But we weren't overjoyed to get Arnow. We knew he felt the same way only he was smooth. He had the Southern gentleman cool."

The defense got their taste of things to come from Arnow's conduct of the pre-trial hearing at which former Attorney General and former head of the Committee to Re-elect the President John Mitchell testified. The defense was questioning Mitchell to determine if the Justice department had been conducting electronic surveillance of the VVAW and to discover if the Committee to Re-elect the President had attempted to infiltrate and discredit the VVAW. The defense lawyers, however, couldn't get past the prosecutor's objections to their questions. Everytime the prosecution would object, Arnow would sustain their objections.

After 30 attempted questions, 30 government objections and 30 judicial rulings in favor of the prosecution, Arnow told Mitchell he could go home. Within the week Mitchell was indicted in New York for receiving an illegal \$200,000 contribution to the Nixon campaign from Robert Vesco.

On October 18, 1972, John King Briggs and Stan Michelsen were indicted by the grand jury, bringing the number of "conspirators" to eight. Actually, Michelsen, a former Marine and active member of the Florida VVAW, was not indicted for conspiracy; he was indicted for knowing of the conspiracy and not telling anyone about it.

The indictment of Briggs, who is neither a veteran nor a member of the VVAW, was almost inevitable in its way. At the third pre-trial hearing when the defense asked the government to



L to R standing... John K. Briggs, Peter Mahoney, Stanley K. Michelsen, William J. Patterson, Donald Perduce
L to R sitting... Scott Camil, Alton Foss, John Kniffin

produce the weapons mentioned in the indictment, they came up with one case of wrist sling shots seized from a hippie shop called Wang Dang Doodle. John King Briggs was the clerk who had ordered the sling shots for the store.

"We don't have much material evidence but we can prove the conspiracy," said chief prosecutor Stuart Carrouth, assistant U.S. attorney for northern Florida.

As if the conspiracy charges were not enough, in February the state of Florida brought a group of charges against Scott Camil. An incident where he recovered \$100 for some friends from the people who owed it to them resulted in charges of kidnapping and kidnapping for ransom. A party Camil was attending was raided and he was charged with six counts of delivery and possession of drugs including marijuana and PCP. By the time the conspiracy trial was over, all the Florida charges had either been dropped or Camil was declared not guilty.

"All it proved to us," Musgrave said, "was how badly they wanted to nail Camil"

July 31 was the day scheduled for the beginning of the trial. And as the trial date approached, belated public revelations concerning the theory and practice of Watergate made sense out of certain elements in the Gainesville case.

Alfred Bladwin, for example, a former F.B.I. agent employed by the Committee to Re-elect the President (C.R.P. or CREEP to its friends), turned state's evidence on Watergate and was quoted by the *Los Angeles Times* as saying Watergate burglar James McCord ordered him to infiltrate the VVAW. Baldwin said he refused. But his testimony demonstrated the plumbers were interested in the vets.

There was separate testimony by Vincent Hannard, a Florida private investigator, that Watergate burglars Bernard Baker and Sturgis tried to recruit him to disrupt and discredit the VVAW. He refused because they offered him so much money he assumed the job would be dangerous.

In attempting to justify his actions, James McCord explained that during the months before the Democratic National convention he had been receiving intelligence reports weekly from the

Justice department's Internal Security Division indicating the VVAW was plotting violence.

The data he received, came from a computer operation in Miami funded by the Justice department to record rumors concerning the two conventions. Any information concerning radicals, whether the source was revealed or not, was fed into that computer and disseminated to police departments throughout the country without any attempt to check for accuracy. As the computer people say, it was a case of garbage in, garbage out.

But McCord evidently took the garbage seriously and mentioned as one of his reasons for breaking into the Democratic Watergate headquarters a desire to confirm whether or not the "violence oriented" VVAW was receiving funds from Democratic sources.

A memo from H.R. Haldeman sheds light on McCord's statement. "We should tie all of the 1972 demonstrations to McGovern," Haldeman wrote, "and thus to the Democratic Party as part of the peace movement. This is a good counter offensive to be developed."

The trial of Pentagon Paper "thieves" Daniel Ellsberg and Anthony Russo also made sense out of a puzzling little incident which happened in July, 1972. The law office of Carol Scott, an attorney who had represented Scott Camil, was broken into and only Camil's file was taken. A similarity between that and the plumber's operation at Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office was noted by the defense.

But just prior to the trial, Judge Arnow blocked all mention in the court room of possible links between Watergate, the White House Plumbers and the Gainesville 8.

And on July 12, 1973 Judge Arnow issued a court order attempting to shut off any publicity about the Gainesville trial. In what became known as the gag rule, Arnow argued that the Gainesville 8 by actively seeking publicity were attempting to influence potential jurors and, therefore, threatening to obstruct the administration of justice.

"When a balance must be struck between free speech and fair trial," Judge Arnow wrote, "the preference

How do you plead?
Guilty of war crimes against the Indo-Chinese people; not guilty
of these charges stated.

must be for fair trial—"

To assure that prospective jurors would not be influenced by publicity, the judge prohibited the defendants, attorneys, witnesses, prospective witnesses and "all persons in active concert or participation with any of the foregoing" from making any public statements. Period.

John Musgrave and Bart Savage, who acted as press bureau for the Gainesville 8, didn't believe they were covered by the gag rule. On July 26, 1973 they held a press conference to announce national demonstrations for the first day of the trial, July 31. Musgrave read a statement claiming that the Gainesville prosecution was initiated to give the plumbers an excuse for Watergate.

The next morning, Judge Arnow called their lawyer and asked them to an "informal discussion" in his chambers.

"The informal discussion," Musgrave said, "included an armed federal marshal, a court reporter and four or five witnesses.

"Arnow asked us if we felt we were covered by the court order. We told him we felt we were not. He informed us that we were indeed covered, that our press bureau was covered and that the whole Vietnam Veterans Against the War organization was covered.

"We told him that was the biggest gag we ever heard of."

Arnow said any violation of the gag rule would constitute criminal contempt of court and carry a prison sentence of six months on each count.

That night, the vets filed an emergency petition to the 5th district court of appeals in New Orleans asking them to overturn Arnow's gag rule before the July 31 demonstrations.

The court of appeals failed to act.

And so, while the Judge interviewed prospective jurors inside the court room on the first day of the trial, Bart Savage opened the week of protest giving a statement at the VVAW campsite outside of town blasting the gag rule as unconstitutional. He expected to be arrested promptly.

But the attention of the court was distracted.

It seemed that after a hard first day in court the defendants and their attorneys gathered in their conference room across the hall from the court room for a brief meeting. As they were talking, Pete Mahoney, one of the defendants, was letting his eyes and attention wander.

Suddenly, his eyes were riveted to the vent at the bottom of the closet door. He saw a shiny shoe, a pants leg and a briefcase.

"My God," he said softly, "there's somebody in there."

Without causing a commotion, someone went to tell the judge. Judge Arnow got four federal marshalls and, accompanied by ten or eleven reporters, they arrayed themselves in front of the closet door.

Billy Joyce, the head marshal, put a key in the lock and threw the door open to reveal two men in suits with a briefcase full of surveillance equipment.

"Close that door," the men shouted.

"Boys," said Billy Joyce softly, "I think we ought to take a walk to the Judge's chambers."

"We're federal agents," they said.

"Get your butts out of there," Billy Joyce said. And the men did.

In Judge Arnow's chambers, with the press present, they identified themselves as agents Carl Ekblad and Robert Romann of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. They said they were in the closet at 7:30 in the evening making a routine check of F.B.I. phone lines to make sure they were not tapped. All of the phone lines in the building were in that closet.

When the defense attorneys wanted a complete investigation of the incident, Judge Arnow said they were making a mountain out of a mole hill.

Agent Romann, however, admitted under oath that he was working on the Gainesville case. And, though the F.B.I. national office said the equipment they were carrying could not be used to bug a telephone only to de-bug one, no one knew for sure because Judge Arnow let the two agents walk out with their briefcase unexamined.

That night the VVAW and supporters marched through the streets of Gainesville carrying candles and wearing gags. When they reached the steps of the court house, they ripped off their gags and shouted "Jail Nixon! Free the Eight!" The two F.B.I. closet agents were in the courthouse and federal marshal Billy Joyce advised them to leave through the back door.

The next morning Musgrave read a statement to the press concerning the F.B.I. in the closet.

"We can now see," he wrote, "that the gag rule was instituted to protect the government from the disclosure of information pertaining to incidents like this."

As a result of that statement, Musgrave, like Savage, was eligible for arrest.

"We figured it was just a matter of time until we would both be in jail," Musgrave said. "We began the long wait."

The two are still waiting. For, while they were not arrested during the trial, the statue of limitations on contempt is one year. They will not be free of the threat of arrest until August, 1974.

The first week of the trial was devoted to jury selection inside the court room and demonstrations outside. There were guerilla theater skits every day and every night there were demonstrations outside the court house after the court was out of session. (Demonstrations were prohibited within a block of the court house while court was in session.)

By the end of the week, Gainesville was running out of candles for candlelight marches, the police had learned the words to "Solidarity Forever" and were singing along and the federal marshalls would gather outside the court building to see the skits better.

A particular favorite was the one where several vets were discussing a demonstration and all but one were

shouting in favor of violence and shooting. "I thought we left all that behind us in Vietnam," the lonely voice laments. Suddenly an agent jumps out from behind the bushes and announces that they are under arrest. "We're F.B.I.," the violent voices chorus. Turning en masse to the lone figure, they arrest him for conspiracy. Fade out.

The week of demonstrations included a people's fair showing the regional activities of the VVAW to let the people of Gainesville know that the VVAW was more than an organization of violent revolutionaries. The VVAW also presented a concert with three bands. As a parody of Judge Arnow's gag rule, the vets called it "The VVAW in active concert." Word got back to the vets that the judge saw the concert bill and was not amused.

"Well," Musgrave shrugged, "you know the slogan 'Dare to struggle, dare to win'? Around the press bureau we used to say 'Dare to giggle, dare to grin.'"

The final event was a march and rally in front of the court house. Tom Hayden, Virginia Collins of the Southern Conference Education Fund, Anthony Russo and Pete Seeger spoke.

It was a week the VVAW felt good about. The week of rallies had put them on good terms with the city and the federal marshalls and, inside the court room, the defense lawyers thought they had selected the perfect jury.

The jury was young; its average age in the 30s. It was predominantly female; seven women to five men. There were three blacks, one a Vietnam veteran. Folks who had been at the Harrisburg conspiracy trial said it was a better jury than they had. And theirs had given them an acquittal.

The government's case was built mostly on the testimony of informers. Their star witness was Bill Lemmer, the former regional coordinator for Arkansas and Oklahoma.

"I sat right up front in the court so that Bill could see me," Musgrave said. "His testimony was extremely polished and theatrical but then he'd had a year with the F.B.I. to work it out. He was suave and sure of himself one minute and playing the puppy the next. He came across like a cross between Robert Wagner and John Dean. I think they prepped him on Dean's testimony.

"When he was testifying he would look the jury right in the eye like it was a fireside chat. He was either flirting with them, doing the puppy or explaining to them like they were farmers what it was like to be a political monitor with those violent revolutionaries.

"I couldn't tell at first how the jury was taking his testimony. He started out smelling like a rose. But the thing about Bill has always been if you let him go on he gets more and more fantastic and spreads all over like a weed. I think after the first few days the jury was on to him.

"I remember one time he lost his place in the testimony. Jack Carrouth didn't ask him the question he was expecting and he got flustered and said, 'Excuse me, sir, but didn't you want me to explain how I knew about the weapons?' When Carrouth asked him that he was visibly relieved. You've got to remember he spent a year with the F.B.I. preparing his testimony. If you've ever done drama, you know how he felt.

If you lose your place in the script, if someone doesn't feed you the line you were expecting, it can really throw you off."

Lemmer's testimony, though intended to send the vets to jail, provided the trial with some of its rare moments of humor. Two instances stand out.

In the first Lemmer was talking about the infamous wrist rocket sling shots the veterans were intending to use in their violent disruption of the Republican convention. Lemmer testified the vets were planning to hide the sling shots by strapping them to their legs under their bell bottoms or by secreting them in the groin area.

Now, a wrist rocket sling shot is not a sling shot of the forked piece of wood with rubber band variety so fondly remembered from our childhood. It is a metal sling shot with a metal support extending from the grip so that the operator can rest it on his forearm as well as holding it in his hand, thus assuring accuracy of aim. The thing is L-shaped and fairly bulky.

Hearing Lemmer's testimony, John Kniffin, who along with Scott Camil and Bill Patterson was acting as his own defense attorney, rose to cross-examine.

"Mr. Lemmer," Kniffin said, holding a wrist sling shot up for the jury to see, "Could you please describe to us how one would go about hiding this sling shot in the groin area?"

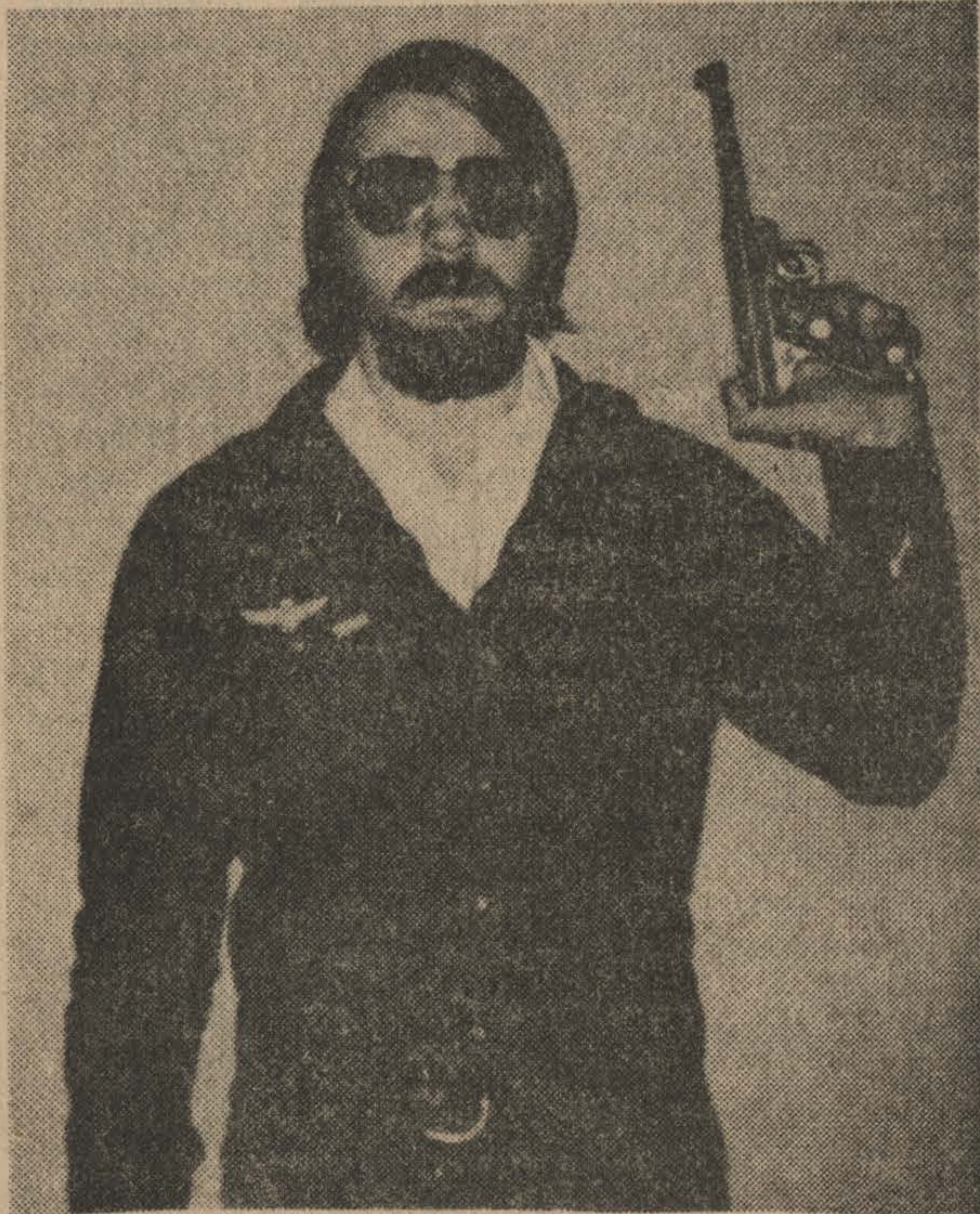
"Objection, objection," said Jack Carrouth, Robert Schneider and William Stafford, the prosecutors.

"Sustained," said Judge Arnow.

"Well, then," Kniffin said, taking another tack, "Mr. Lemmer, could you please show us how to hide this sling shot in the groin area?"

Objection, sustained, sit down, Mr. Kniffin. Dare to giggle.

The second bit of Lemmer testimony stirring levity in the court room



William Lemmer, police provocateur

concerned the vets reaction to the revelation he was an undercover agent for the F.B.I. According to Lemmer, Scott Camil was quite interested and drew him apart for a separate conversation. According to Lemmer, Scott wanted Lemmer to use his contact to get him a \$14,000 a year job with the C.I.A. using the code name Red Dragon.

The vets in the court room guffawed. The judge sputtered and said he

didn't want any more outbreaks of laughter in his court room.

Bill Patterson, who was defending himself, stood up and said that he'd like it entered in the record that he didn't hear any laughter.

Following Patterson's lead, Morton Stavis, Doris Peterson and Nancy Stearns, defense attorneys from the Center for Constitutional Rights, said they hadn't heard any laughter. Cameron Cunningham and Brady Coleman, Texas defense attorneys, said they hadn't heard any laughter. And chief defense attorney Larry Turner, a former Florida state attorney, said he hadn't heard any laughter.

His jaw tightening, Judge Arnow turned to the federal marshal.

"Mr. Marshall," he asked, "Did you hear any laughter in this court room?"

"Ah, no, sir," the marshal replied. "I didn't hear anybody laughing. I did hear a few people blowing their nose."

He sat down, trying to keep from grinning. Another outbreak of nose blowing occurred in the court and the judge didn't say anything at all.

But Lemmer's testimony was not all fun and games. To demonstrate the veterans' "state of mind of criminal intent," Lemmer was allowed by the judge to discuss actions not mentioned in the indictment and not subject to proof.

Lemmer described the method by which the vets were supposed to be making home-made hand grenades. He said they were going to dip a cherry bomb into epoxy glue, then into B-Bs, then more epoxy, more B-Bs until it was the size of a baseball. A coating of fiberglass would hold the thing together.

"It would result in fragments not detectable by x-ray," Lemmer testified. "The only way you could remove the



fibers is by probing. It would resemble the anti-personnel bombs allegedly dropped in the Hanoi-Haiphong area."

He also testified that Camil was organizing a political assassination squad, code named Phoenix II after the C.I.A.'s Phoenix program which assassinated hundreds of suspected communists in South Vietnam during the sixties.

The prosecution did not need to provide proof for any of these charges.

The defense, on the other hand, was prohibited from questioning Lemmer in regard to his medical or service record. At one point, Lemmer had been offered a psychological discharge from the Army.

The defense was giving only limited rein to probe into Lemmer's role as an agent provocateur.

"Mr. Lemmer," Larry Turner, the chief defense council, asked, "Could you define the word 'agent provocateur'?"

"Sir," Lemmer said, "my interpretation of an agent provocateur is someone who goes into a situation, works people into violence, precipitates violence, then gets them arrested but does not get arrested himself."

"You don't consider yourself an agent provocateur?" Turner asked.

"Certainly not, sir," Lemmer said.

An agent provocateur, however, is exactly what Lemmer was. In Arkansas, for example, Lemmer helped Michael Damron, who he described as his closest friend, write a bomb threat to Dean Rusk. Damron was arrested and sentenced to six months in jail.

He taught 17-year-old Mark Vanceil how to make a molotov cocktail and helped him plan a bombing at the University of Arkansas in Fayetteville where they both lived. When Vanceil approached the campus he was

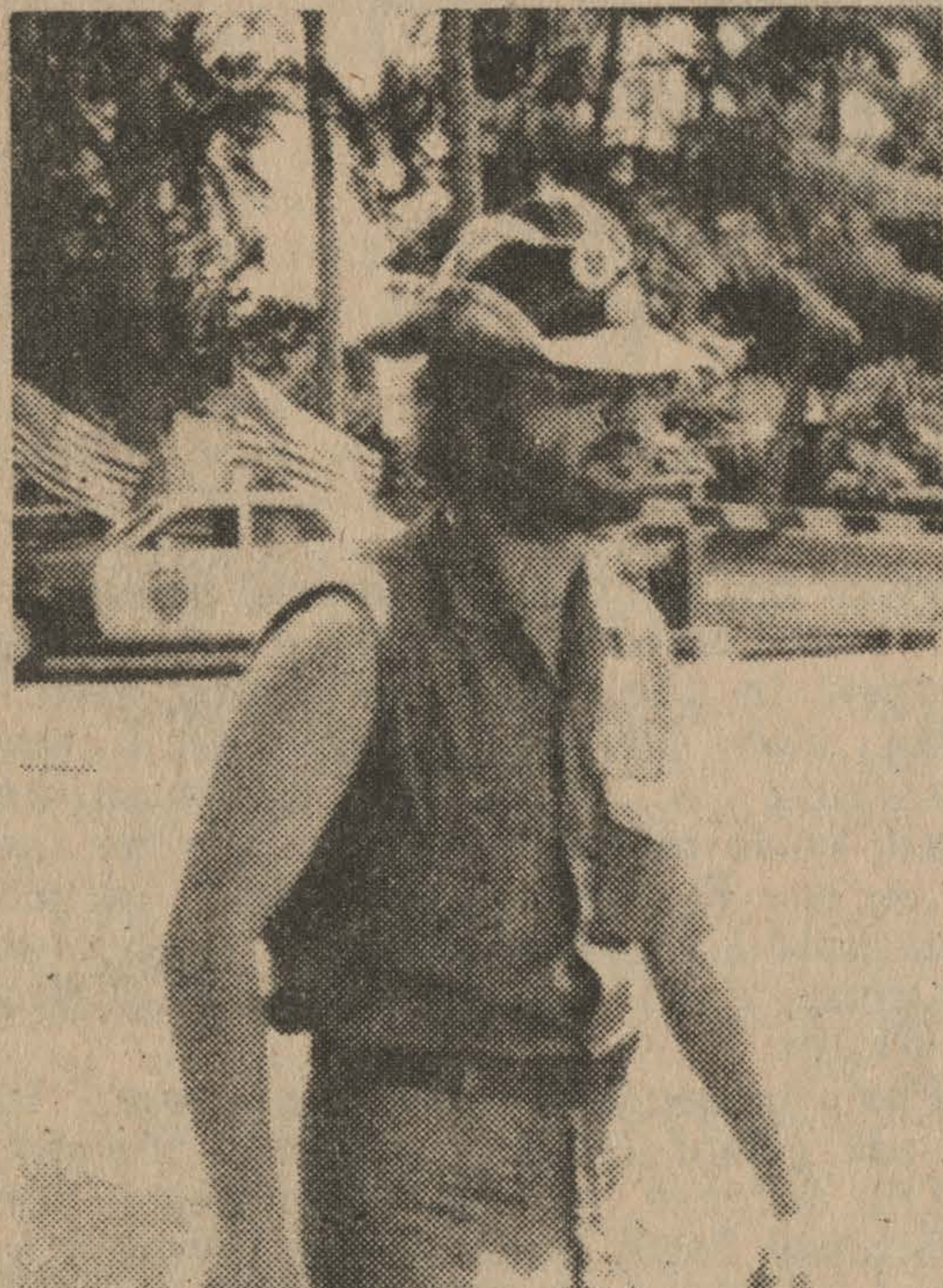
apprehended by the F.B.I. and sentenced until his 21st birthday.

Lemmer led a group of approximately 40 persons onto the grounds of Tinker Air Force Base in Oklahoma. They were arrested for unauthorized entrance onto a military base. Lemmer was released on his own recognizance; the others were not.

Veterans who attended VVAW steering meetings with him report that he was urging people to form fire team affinity groups and go underground.

About all that Lemmer's testimony really accomplished, however, was to make the jurors nervous. For the length of the trial they were required to live in a motel, forbidden to see anyone but their families and not allowed to read any news reports of any crime—including Watergate.

On August 13, five jurors dropped a little note to Judge Arnov. "Perhaps the jurors have become paranoid," they wrote, "but three quarters of our residence phones have been acting very strangely: cut off, hollow sounds like they are being monitored, weird voices asking 'Is this the number?' Of course



Jerry Rudolph, alias Salt, was an undercover agent for the Dade County Public Safety Dept. He and his partner, Harrison Crenshaw (not pictured) infiltrated the Florida VVAW. When their cover was blown, they joined other cops in busting Zippies Tom Forcade and Cindy Ornstein for possession of explosive devices (a gas can and candle). The VVAW drew careful distinction between itself and the Zips; the government didn't.

we said, 'None of your business.' "

The jurors' phones were not tapped but the Judge revealed they were being monitored by federal marshalls to prevent any communication with the VVAW. The reporters covering the trial asked to have the phones in the press room checked for taps, too. None were found.

Meanwhile the trial lurched ahead, fueled mainly by the testimony of infiltrators paid by the F.B.I. or the Dade County Public Safety Department.

Two of the Dade County agents had infiltrated the Florida VVAW chapter and were there at the Gainesville planning sessions. They were Jerry Rudolph, a white agent nicknamed

"Salt", and his black partner, Harrison Crenshaw, alias "Pepper."

Salt and Pepper's testimony escalated government descriptions of the types of violence the VVAW planned almost to the point of absurdity.

Cross-examining agent - Harrison Crenshaw, Larry Turner repeated some of Crenshaw's accusations.

"Alton Foss said he was going to shoot cops with Bazookas, Thompson machine guns and throw rancid pig's blood on them?" Turner asked.

"Yes, sir," Crenshaw responded.

"Did he also mention B-52s and nuclear submarines?"

Most of the informers who testified, like Salt and Pepper, had been exposed by the VVAW long before the trial began. But one, Emerson Poe, came as a complete surprise.

Poe had lived with Scott Camil for a while; Camil considered him one of his best friends. He was one of the head Florida VVAW coordinators. He had participated in defense meetings while the trial was going on. And he had been an F.B.I. informer all along.

"It turned out," Musgrave commented, "that Poe's testimony was good for the defense. The only weapon he testified to was sling shots and he stressed that those would be used only for self-defense which was an important distinction legally. And he vouched for Scott's character. Scott will do anything for a friend. I guess that feeling isn't lost on anybody who's sane."

Finding out that one's best friend is an informer isn't the sort of thing recommended to help one's sanity. That sort of psychological knock out punch was one of the chief by-products of the trial.

Paranoia is defined as the illusion of persecution. After Gainesville, it was impossible for the vets to be called paranoid. They were persecuted. They saw their worst fears, and things beyond their worst fears, realized.

At the trial the government presented 28 witnesses, most of them informers. The defense presented one, an expert who testified that the explosive mixture of potassium permanganate and glycerine the vets were supposed to have brewed is not an explosive at all. It won't blow up.

On August 31, a little more than a month after the jury was selected, the seven women and five men retired to judge the government's case on its merits. In four hours, including a lunch break, they returned to pronounce the defendants not guilty on all counts.

The month long trial and the year of hearing preceding it cost the Vietnam Veterans Against the War more than \$200,000. The money went for transportation for the lawyers from New York, Texas and Florida. It went for phone bills in excess of \$200 a month. It went on mailings soliciting funds and spreading information. It went for bail and for xerox bills and to purchase Salvation Army/Goodwill style office equipment.

"Most of the lawyers' work was donated," Musgrave said, "though they did receive living expenses. We had to buy our justice from the court, not from our lawyers."

The organization is still more than \$40,000 in debt. Contributions can be sent to: Gainesville 8 Defense Fund, VVAW/WSO, 306 West 39th Street, Kansas City, Mo. 64111.

Though the government failed to put any member of the VVAW behind bars, it accomplished the things which seemed to be its objectives all along.

"The government made us channel all of our money into our own defense," Musgrave said. "It made us spend all of our time and energy keeping out of jail and keeping our name clean rather than working on the issues: ending American involvement in Southeast Asia, reconstructing Vietnam and securing amnesty for those who chose to leave the country rather than fight."

There are those who think that the government accomplished more than that by its Gainesville offensive. They

Asked to produce the conspirators' weapons, the government come up with one case of wrist sling shots seized from a hippie store called Wang Dang Doodle.

believe that by the timing of the grand jury hearings and the indictments the government squelched VVAW demonstrations at both conventions. Further, by instilling a deep-seated fear of agents provocateurs, the government may have managed to alienate the VVAW from the other groups at the conventions, particularly the Youth International Party (YIPs-Zippies) whose tactics and style differ greatly from the Vets.

"But we also won," Musgrave said, "because we got some good publicity. Everything that happened at that trial was good for us. And we proved two things to the America people: first, that our conduct is consistent with our public statements; we are a non-violent organization, and, second, that the government will go to any length to pervert justice to its own ends.

"I don't expect that this will be the last trial of this nature. It seems to me that political conspiracy trials started with the Nixon administration since the Justice Department is the mirrored image of the president. Over the next three years I expect to see more trials of this type. It's consistent with the philosophy of this administration.

"A great deal depends on the next president. But I'm not hopeful. Neither party is working for constructive social change and anyone who does will continue to be viewed as an enemy.

"To me, this trial was an illustration of governmental misconduct in the rape of justice. It was the broom closet bastard child of a Watergate father."

LEGALIZE COCAINE!

Ever since 1937 when that overambitious narc Harry Anslinger browbeat an overworked Congress into banning heroin, cocaine and marijuana, coke has been a dirty word in America unless it was part of that great American registered tradename soft drink, Coca-Cola, the ersatz near-coke spiked with caffeine since the FDA removed the actual cocaine in 1906.

To the average Joe, cocaine is the same as heroin—just another one of those white crystal drugs. But there is a difference, and viva la difference! Cocaine is not just a stimulant. Coke was being used by Incans as a psychedelic long before Cortez became the first of a long line of adventurers going down to South America to score.

In fact, cocaine is much like marijuana, in that it can be a stimulant, a relaxant, a psychedelic, an aphrodisiac, or anything it needs to be, apparently.

Yet, little is known about the mysterious, powerful drug. The last person to do much research was Sigmund Freud, who gave up his studies when a friend od'ed. Indeed, unlike marijuana, it is possible to injure yourself with coke. But the precautions are scarcely known, causing unneeded paranoia and unnecessary injury.

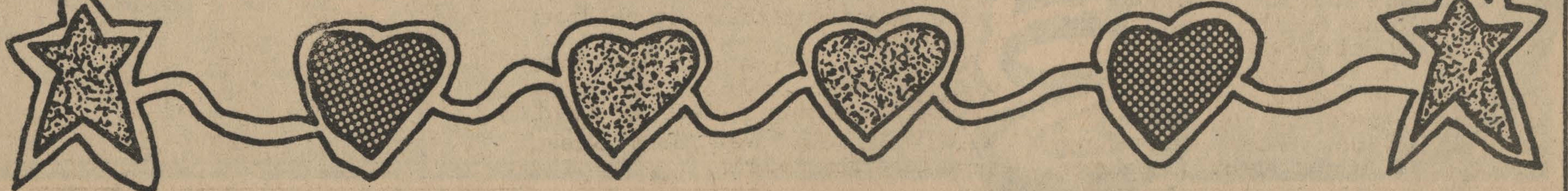
In this time of war, pestilence, famine and conquest, one might ask who cares about cocaine? Who cared about penicillin or polio vaccine? Who cared about LSD-25?

We feel that cocaine has potentially fantastic physical and psychic properties, far beyond a simple high, that are being experienced by some right now, but still await scientific definition and application.

Further, we feel that hedonism and only hedonism can be the basis for future society, and so we propose to bring this issue into the wide open, here and now, by advocating the legalization of cocaine.

LEGALIZE COCAINE

LeCoke



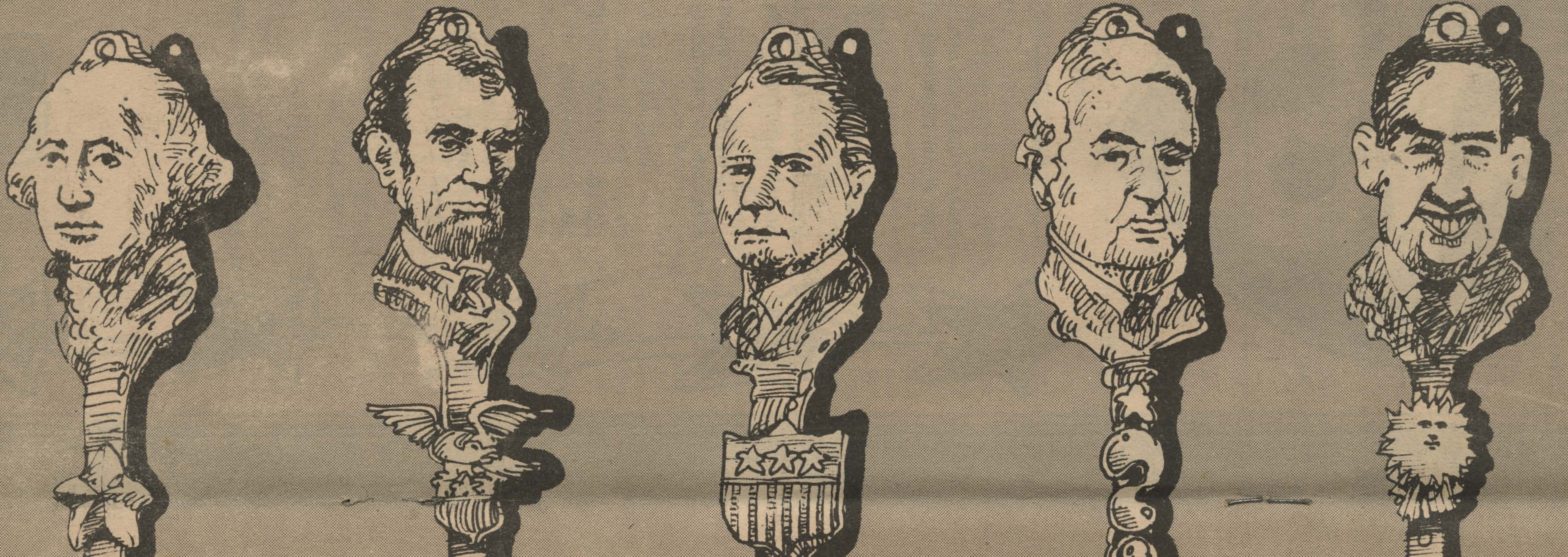
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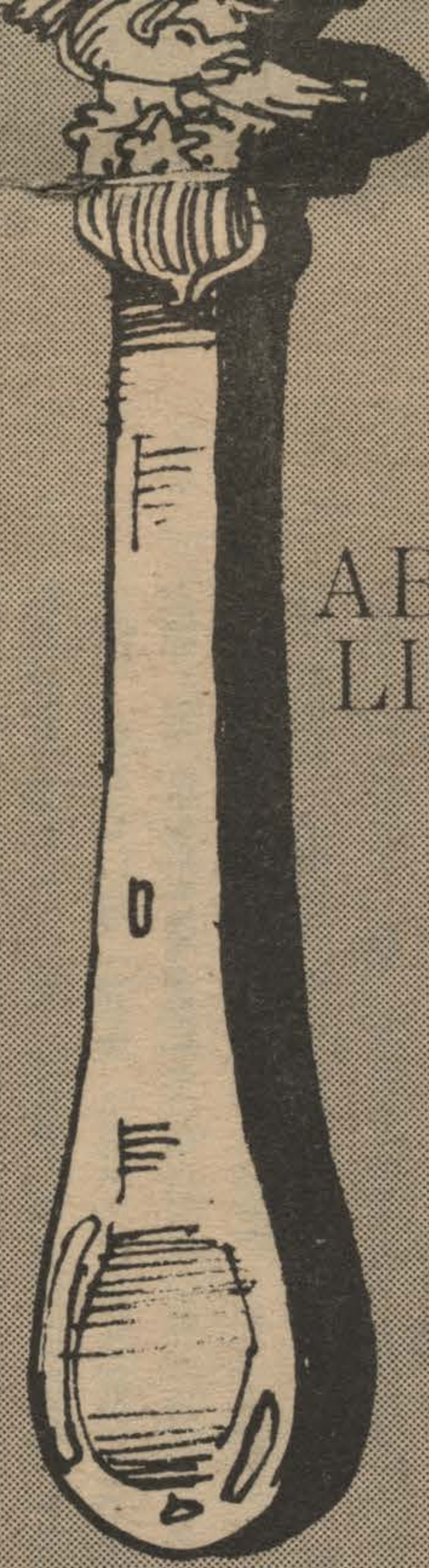
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EVERYTHING YOU EVER WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT COCAINE



... BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK

FROM THE DAILY PLANET//TAKE OVER

Among the mountains of Peru there grows a relatively inconspicuous shrub, known by the Indians as "Khoka", (from which comes our word coca) which means plant of excellence or simply "The Tree". To the people who lived in so harsh and inhospitable an environment, its power to banish hunger, discomfort, and fatigue must have been more than ample justification for so basic and important a title. Little is known about pre-Inca use of coca, although in 1917 Safford of the U.S. Department of Agriculture reported a Peruvian mummy, dated between two and three thousand years B.C., found buried among sacks of coca and containers of lime. The cultivation and use of coca was well established long before the first of the Incas, and, despite international bans on its non-medical consumption, continues today.

Coca played a vital role in both the economy and culture of the Incaic nation, which in its prime encompassed an area corresponding to modern Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, and parts of Chile and Colombia, and included over ten million citizens. The major social structure was a three part pyramid; the few Incas, royalty and aristocrats, comprising the apex; the Curacas,

minor nobility, the middle; and the Purics, commoners, the base and bulk of the structure. One's status directly determined one's religious, political, and social rights. Coca use was a privilege of the Inca class and, in special cases, the Curacas. Its use was of primary importance in religious ceremonies and in divining and curing rites.

Mortimer (Mortimer, W.G., *Peru, History of Coca, "The Divine Plant" of the Incas*, 1901) writes that "once a year he (the Inca) entered the most sacred place in the Temple of the Sun . . . to give thanks and crave for continuous protection." He adds, "Special sacrifices of coca were made at these times and, in fact, it was considered essential that supplicants should only approach the alters with coca in their mouths, and the idea was prevalent . . . that any important affair attempted without an accompanying offer of coca would not prosper." It was, and is still, believed by the Indians that if at the moment of death a person were given even a taste of coca, his soul would surely see paradise. It is not surprising that one of the highest awards given by the Inca was the right to chew coca,

nor that the leaf itself was considered to be worth far more than the finest silver or gold. Obviously, very few Purics were users of coca; which created an intense superstitious awe of and craving for the "divine leaf". Thus, up until the appearance of the Conquistadores, the use of coca was highly ritualized and of considerable importance to the social integrity of High Peru. The 16th century Spanish rape of civilized South America destroyed this cultural framework.

With the collapse of the Empire and the execution of Atahualpa, last of the Incas, by the Spanish, the restrictions on coca use suddenly ceased. The Incas and Curacas were ruthlessly massacred. The Purics alone survived because of their numbers and usefulness as a labor pool for the invaders. Coca use soon became almost universal among the Indians, a practice which the Spanish attempted at first to eradicate but soon encouraged because of its usefulness in subjugating the Purics. Under the effects of coca the Purics worked longer, harder, with less food, and quietly endured all manner of indignities. After fifty years of slavery the nation population had dwindled from over ten million to less

than two million. The natives were severely abused both physically and socially. Coca alone enabled them to endure. According to a United Nations survey in the 1940's, over 25 per cent of the population still found coca necessary for survival.

Coca touches almost all aspects of the modern Indian's life. It is integrated deeply into a number of important social functions. The ritual use of coca leaf is begun as the young males demonstrate their manhood by assuming heavy labor loads and by entering into trial-marriage contracts. Once married, men and women become full citizens of the community. Life is monotonous and difficult, and the couple finds relief from its hardships in coca. The Quechua believe that by taking coca before retiring one can foresee the happenings of the coming day. If the aspects are evil, it is felt that the magical powers of coca can be called to counteract the threatening forces. In many communities the ritual of house building includes placement of coca leaves beneath the four foundation stones as a sacrifice to "mother earth". The Indians have been far more successful and intelligent in re-integrating coca into their society than have the Europeans and Americans.

In 1550 Cieza de Leon observed a peculiar habit of the Indians, " . . . always carrying a small leaf of some sort in their mouth." In 1555 Augustin de Zarate, upon returning to Spain from Peru, wrote of the sustaining effects of coca on the Indians who mined ore for the Royal purse. His works received little attention. Near the end of the century, Garcilasso de la Vega, son of an Inca princess and a Spanish nobleman, and owner of many large coca plantations inherited from his parents, published an essay on its effects and cultivation. Joseph de Jussien, while on a French expedition to measure an arc of the meridian in 1753, was the first to scientifically classify the coca plant. He sent specimens to Paris, which are preserved in the Herbarium of the Museum of Natural History.

The naturalists and botanists who were beginning the exploration of South America attributed fantastic curative and sustaining properties to the coca leaf. Europe began to awaken to the magic of coca. Poets wrote of it. In the words of Cowley:

"The dreadful Andes placed twixt
Winter's store
Of Winds, Rain, Snow, and that
more humble Earth
That gives the small, but valiant,
Coca birth."

"Three leaves 'supply for six days'
march afford;
The Quitoita, with this provision
stored
Can pass the vast and cloudy Andes
o're."

Even physicians and scientists became enthusiastic in support of its virtues. There were few dissenting voices.

In the middle 1800's Dr. Angelo Mariani began production of his famed Mariani wine, and other products based on coca, for the relief of hunger, fatigue, and cold. These products were hailed by physicians as aids to concentration and recommended in treatment for depression, worry, irritability, and exhaustion, along with a large number of other conditions ranging from tuberculosis to syphilis. Coca based remedies multiplied incessantly, and coca became a popular main ingredient for cigarettes, candies, and beverages. One medical firm declared that cocaine use made one intelligent and courageous. Pope Leo XIII presented a medal of appreciation to Mariani. America retaliated with Coca-Cola in 1885. In 1858 Albert Niemann became the first to successfully isolate the alkaloid cocaine from coca. In 1884 Karl Koller publicized its local anesthetic properties; which the South American "primitives" had employed by syringe enema in trephining (skull surgery) several thousand years before modern medicine's "discovery". Until the synthesis of Procaine in 1904, cocaine was the local anesthetic of choice. It was thought to be a cure for opiate addiction (then rampant in the U.S. and Europe). It is little wonder that a compound with such virtues became an overnight social success. Completely legal and inexpensive, cocaine use was accepted in social circles from the theater party to the houses of prostitution. America found cocaine intellectually, emotionally, and erotically stimulating. From Freud to Sherlock Holmes, cocaine was the rage. Then, near the turn of the century, as chronic cocaine use became a common occurrence, reports of "addiction" began to appear.

Public opinion was not easily turned against coca use, however. Many physicians and producers of medicinals argued the benefits of cocaine, and demonstrated the inanity of most of the charges against its use. The small number of individuals opposed to its use made many spectacular accusations, attempting to generate belief in a casual relationship between cocaine and crime, insanity, social disturbance, and moral decay. The press rapidly spread any rumor that might, by its shock effect, increase circulation. Although the controversy appeared to have little effect on the amount of cocaine used or the number of users, it shortly swayed the drug fearing federal government. Cocaine was among the substances controlled by passage of the 1906 Pure Food and Drug Act, which prohibited its use in what would be known today as over-the-counter preparations, and in foods, beverages, and other items of human consump-

tion. Restricting the legal purchase of cocaine did little to halt its use. Smuggling and underground distribution rapidly filled the new gap between demand and supply; at a slightly higher price, of course.

Cocaine, along with other drugs, for a minority of the population, became scapegoat for any, and every social ill. No charge was too outrageous against its use; no benefit could justify its existence. The press ate it up. Cocaine use soared. The Harrison Narcotic Drug Act of 1914 was passed in an attempt to control the manufacture and distribution of cocaine and the opiates in the U.S. With the onset of Prohibition the American people looked for supplements to bootleg and cocaine, among others, was there. In 1922 the government classified these as narcotics, among them coca and cocaine. This was an excellent move to put more money into the pockets of suppliers by forcing up the prices for cocaine. In 1925 the US first attempted, unsuccessfully, to limit the world production of coca and cocaine. Cocaine use began slowly to decline, but lingered in high, and in not so high, society through the 30's. Both Germany and its leaders of the time were very fond of cocaine. Some writers have noted a possible correlation between the effects of chronic cocaine use and the overconfident and psychopathic behavior of the German government in the late 1930's. With the advent of World War II, cocaine use in America dwindled to a halt.

The U.S. has since passed many pieces of narcotics legislation, including: The 1951 Boggs Amendment which provided mandatory minimum sentences for narcotic drugs and dope offenses; the 1956 Narcotic Drug Control Act which increased these minimums while providing exceptions for first offenses involving simple possession; the 1960 Narcotics Manufacturing Act which provided for licensing and quotas for all U.S. manufacturers of narcotics; and the 1965, 68, and 71 Drug Abuse Control Amendments to The Federal Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act, which control all drugs considered 'abusable' by the government, provide strong criminal penalties against their illegal possession and distribution, and strengthen the H.E.W. (now B.N.D.D.) enforcement powers. The US was also successful in this period in forcing international legislation restricting (or at least trying to restrict) the production and distribution of coca leaf and cocaine.

Current penalties depend upon several factors: the number of prior offenses, amount of cocaine in possession, intent to sell and whether such sale be to an adult or to a minor, and the laws of the state in which one was busted. Federal law for first offense is: possession, not more than 1

sibly due to impurities or filler reaction).

Cocaine is very difficult to sterilize properly due to heat induced deactivation, making injection an even greater risk. After the "lift", cocaine produces a physical and psychological depression. This is where the primary hazard of coke use begins. If pre-existent psychological conditions are the major motivation for an individual's use of cocaine, this depression can only serve to intensify and reinforce the original problems. The obvious solution to the condition is another shot-snort; ad infinitum. This way lies madness.

The stereotypic "dope fiend" of Victorian England was most likely a cocaine fanatic. Nils Bejerot (British Journal of Addiction 1970 vol 65 pgs 35-7) compiled a list comparing the reported effects of "cocainism" to the reported effects of "amphetaminism". Among the results common to the two were: feelings of power, over-estimation of own capabilities, pre-occupation with the drug, anxiety, paranoid psychosis with hallucinations, prolonged psychotic conditions, violence under the influence of paranoia (defense attacks), epileptiform attacks, and circulatory collapse with sudden death upon injection of the drug.

Chronic use of cocaine may also result in a intensely unpleasant hypersensitivity to sensory stimulation. Digestive disorders, nausea, loss of ap-

petite and weight, and chronic insomnia frequently occur. Malnutrition and anemia, due to dietary imbalances (such as long periods without food), and general systematic exhaustion may result in increasing occurrences of infection and other medical conditions not directly related to the cocaine action. Prolonged snorting results in deterioration of the nasal lining with eventual perforation of the septum, and, ultimately, destruction of cartilage and bone. To cushion the effects of the crash which must eventually be faced, many chronic users turn to opiates, adding the possibility of a real addiction to their already existing problems. The only real "cure" for cocaine habituation is abrupt withdrawal. A better path is to control your frequency of use from the beginning. Wisely used, good cocaine is a safe and pleasant stimulant. However there have been recent changes in the safety of street coke.

Wherever large amounts of money stand to be gained one will soon find hostility, violence, and a lack of respect for human life and limb. This holds especially true in the world of drugs, be they legal (check out the hidden logic behind the current drug prohibition), or illegal. Due to the price it commands today, the cutting of coke is the rule not the exception.

Recently, the agents used in the cut have become more hazardous to your health. Benzocaine, a common cut, if

frequently injected, causes sclerosis of the blood vessels . . . more serious complications such as blood clotting, lack of O₂ and external color change, which are all symptomatic causes of gangrene."

In late '72 one person was reported hospitalized in serious condition following use of bad coke. Another cutting agent recently reported in Dope Scoreboard was considered harmful enough to justify an emergency bulletin alert to the L.A. medical center — the cut was 96 per cent PCP! It's going to get much worse unless the communities can come up with a workable alternative to the current street drug grab bag system.

Maybe it's time for some of the politicians who express such "concern" over the drug "problem" to do something constructive, such as helping establish community drug analysis and education (not bullshit) facilities. Then, perhaps, we can get around to successful integration of our opposing subcultures and eliminate the destructive elements in both. Until then, be safe; Grow Organic.

GOOD READING

The Medical Garden by G. Marks & W. K. Beatty

Materia Medica and Pharmacology by D. M. R. Culbreth

The Gourmet Cokebook

Narcotic Plants by W. Emboden

I GOT THE STEAL THIS WOODSTOCK NATION FOR THE HELL OF IT COCAINE BLUES NEWS

Abbie Hoffman is now out of jail as well as his three friends Carole Ramer, Michael Drosman, and Diane Peterson. All posted \$10,000 bail and now await trial on charges of selling three pounds of cocaine to undercover cops August 28 in a Times Square hotel.

Abbie is also slated for a big reunion in Chicago October 29 with not only the other members of the Chicago 7 Conspiracy Trial, but with their lawyers William Kunstler and Leonard Weinglass as well. The reunion is not prompted by any sudden burst of nostalgia but rather by the more sober occasion of hearings concerning contempt charges still pending against them.

Meanwhile, remember that Times Square hotel that Abbie was busted in?



Voice: Fred W. McDarrah

That's right, the Hotel Diplomat. Well, a benefit dance to "Legalize Cocaine" will be held in the seedy Grande Ballroom there October 12, and it is being organized by none other than Truckerite and APS guru, Thomas Forcade. The money collected from the dance will go toward "cocaine research", says Forcade, with the published results being made available to whosever legal defense is in need of

it, and it looks like Abbie Hoffman will be the first beneficiary.

Which brings us to the final news in this area that a recent judgment by the American Arbitration Association has declared that Thomas Forcade is owed \$3,409.76 by Abbie Hoffman for editorial work done on *Steal This Book*. "I consider this a great victory," Forcade said. "Now the problem is collecting it."

year and-or \$5,000, double for second offense; sale, not more than 15 years and-or \$25,000, second offense not more than 30 years and-or \$50,000. For sale to person under 21 on first offense, up to twice the fine and imprisonment of first offense sale, on second offense up to three times the punishment for first offense sale. Florida state law provides for not more than 5 years and-or \$5,000 for first possession, and not more than 10 years and-or \$10,000 for first sale, with mandatory prison sentences for sale. The safest place to be busted for coke is D.C., where the penalties for sale and possession are both not more than 1 year and-or not less than \$100 but not more than \$1,000 on first offense. Missouri held the sale of coke to persons under 21 to be a capital offense. Cocaine and coca use is just beginning to recover from its pre-1940's decline, and few people are now well informed about this unusual and interesting compound.

Coca is known scientifically as **Erythroxyton coca**; a spreading shrub 3-6 feet high, with simple leaves 1-3 inches long, yellow flowers and small reddish fruit. It prefers a moist atmosphere among scattered trees and is propagated similar to the peach. Its major active alkaloid is cocaine. Culbreth (Culbreth, D.M.R., **Materia Medica and Pharmacology**, 1927) reports two varieties; Huanco, E coca and var. bolivianum, which is grown mostly in South Peru or Bolivia, produces the greatest amount of cocaine, and thrives only at altitudes above 3,500 feet and Truxillo, E. truxillense, which is grown mostly in Java and India and produces little cocaine, but thrives at lower elevations. Varieties of coca are cultivated in Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, Colombia, Brazil, India, Australia, Ceylon, and Java. It is infrequently found in Central and North America. The Bahamas contain many species of Erythroxyton which are devoid of active principle; one of which is known commonly as "false cocaine".

The Indians carry the coca leaves in a small belt pouch called the Chuspú. The user selects the desired leaves, generally about four grams, and, after removing the midrib, places them in his mouth, between the cheek and the gums. Then a small amount of alkaline substance, usually quicklime or powdered shells, is taken from a small gourd, called Iscupuru, by a moistened rod and inserted into the leaf bolus. The lime increases salivation, improves the taste of the leaves, help break down plant cell walls to liberate the cocaine and assists the absorption of cocaine via the small intestine. The quid is sucked between the teeth to extract its juices until it is exhausted, at which time a new chew is prepared. The resulting decrease in hunger and fatigue, and the

mood elevation obtained, are due primarily to the actions of the alkaloid cocaine.

Cocaine is only one of the fourteen alkaloids found in coca leaves. Structurally, cocaine is a derivative of Tropane, similar to atropine of the Datura alkaloids. Although cocaine may be extracted directly from coca leaf, it is usually prepared by reduction of the total tropane alkaloid content of coca to ecgonine, from which cocaine may be easily synthesized. This process affords a much higher yield of cocaine than occurs in the raw leaf and therefore is more profitable. Cocaine U.S.P. is a white, crystalline powder which melts between 96 and 98 degrees centigrade, and is soluble 1 to 600 parts in water. Cocaine hydrochloride U.S.P. is a colorless crystal and is soluble 1 to 1/2 parts in water.

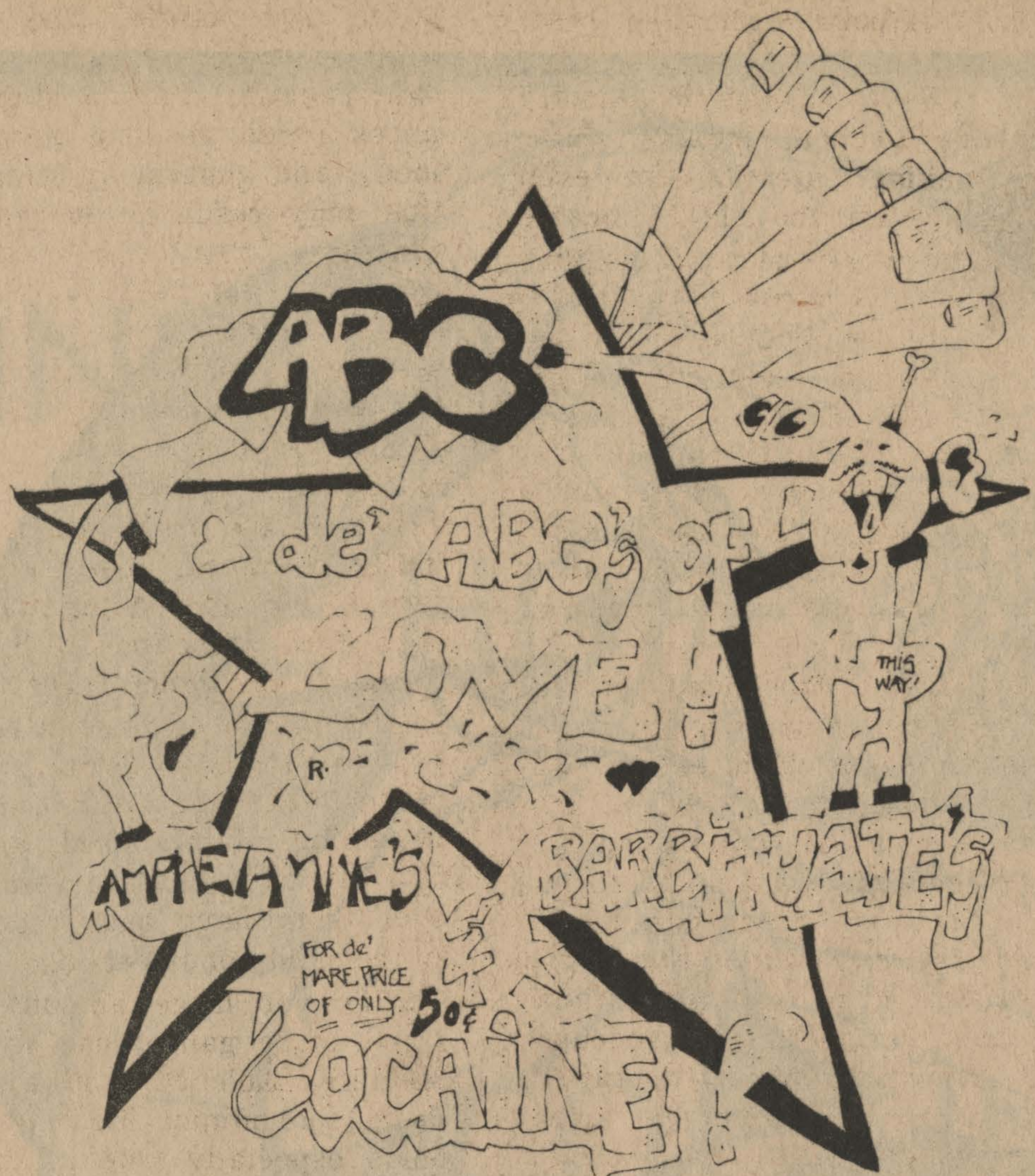
Cocaine is an unusual drug, having the properties of both a central stimulant and a peripheral anesthetic-analgesic. As a stimulant, it resembles the actions of atropine and amphetamine. The combination of stimulant and anesthetic-analgesic effect is responsible for the subtlety and uniqueness of the cocaine high.

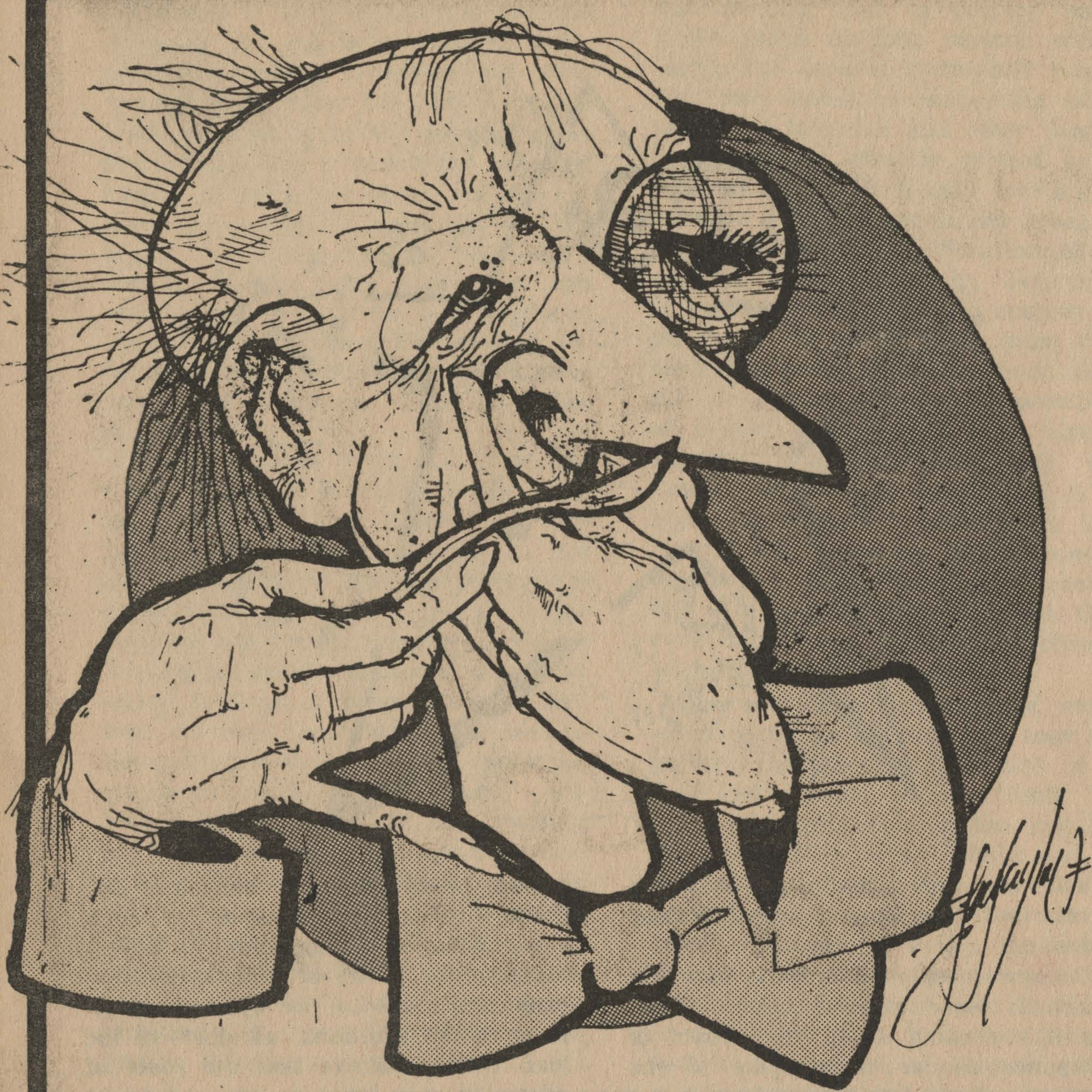
Most of the controversy surrounding cocaine in the years prior to the passage of legislation against its non-medical use, centered around the issue of addiction liability. A large number of its European and American devotees found themselves unable or unwilling to lay aside its use. However, the Indians who moved from the hostile mountainous regions of South America to the more hospitable

coastal areas generally had little difficulty giving up the habit of coca chewing. Some attribute this to differences in the purity or amount of coca consumed, and to the synergistic effects of the additional alkaloids of the leaf. Others believe that the route of administration, oral as opposed to by injection or snorting, accounts for the difference in habituation. While these factors are obviously of importance in determining the degree and direction of effect, subsequent research has demonstrated that even pure cocaine does not cause tolerance or create physiological withdrawal symptoms. Therefore, one reaches the conclusion that these early "addicts", in contrast to the Indian users, simply lacked sufficient willpower to overcome their own attempts at escaping an unpleasant reality.

The Indians use coca primarily to escape physical discomfort. The cocaine "addict", on the other hand, uses cocaine primarily to avoid psychological distress and ennui, though he will seldom admit it. Although not addicting, cocaine is a powerful agent with some definite physical hazards.

Initially cocaine acts to increase respiration, heart rate, blood pressure, arterial tension, temperature, and the irritability of the sensory nerves. Mental excitement, heightened reflexes, sociability, and feelings of general well being occur during this period. The pupils dilate. Alteration of the level of consciousness is common. While overdose is rare, it has been known to occur even with low doses if the drug is taken by injection (pos-





The attached letter was written to attorney Gerald Lefcourt by Allen Ginsberg on behalf of Abbie Hoffman and the three persons arrested with him on charges of selling cocaine to undercover cops, Carol Ramer, Michael Drosnin and Diane Peterson.

Gerald Lefcourt, Attorney
640 Broadway
New York 10012, N.Y.

To Whom It May Concern:

On behalf of political poet Abbie Hoffman reported arrested with friends and a group of Government men over three pounds of cocaine, I wish to share my thoughts:

First I bear witness to his special experience in the honorable cause of Peace Protest in the face of violent denial of human civil rights to citizens in America and out of it, especially during course of Indochinese War activity foisted on this nation of Government. Abbie Hoffman has already been jailed many times for seeking, with peaceful fire and good humored street theater and astonishing public drama, redress of grievances for the bad luck of the Vietnam War.

Reviled and insulted at first for articulating a now commonly held opinion of that war, he defended himself and others against defeated Government accusations of conspiracy, illegal speech, gesture and public assembly in urging the War end. In this

situation he became a hero in a nation engulfed with moral catastrophe, and no man of any generation in right mind can be but grateful for Abbie Hoffman's inventive national communication of the War's madness and folly. I remain grateful for his righteous indignation over the Vietnam War, the moral power of his deeply-felt resistance to the injustice of it, and his demonstration of free Imagination against mass complacency at the mass murder in which we were all involved.

Abbie Hoffman was one of the first souls in the nation to make consciousness sensitive to the Eichmann-like nature of our public War-guilt. Thus any legal case in which he is involved is a matter of deep political consideration, requiring special attention, straight heart judgement and exquisite moral care—that public resentment against him as god-fool of Conscience not crush him in present legal difficulty.

We are now in midst of national scandal of Government misbehavior called Watergate. High politicians preaching law and order were themselves habitually breaking Bill-of-Rights laws in the interests of the creation of some sort of police state. Patriotism was as usual the refuge of these scoundrels, who wrapped themselves in the language of the flag, in order to trash the Constitution. This is an age-old pattern. Unauthorized wiretapping, spying, use of agents-provocateurs and double agents, spooks, burglaries, police set-ups,

official perjury, in-government conspiracy to deprive citizens of protection against excess government snooping and illegal infra-war activity, domestic surveillance of political enemies—this pattern of Watergate crooked-heartedness was precisely the government pattern denounced prophetically by Abbie Hoffman. Some of these same Watergate actors defamed and prosecuted Abbie Hoffman precisely for his vocal and theatrical resistance to their war machine. He too wrapped himself in the flag, threw free money off the balconies of the stock market, wrote forbidden words on his brow, woke the young to national disaster, and practiced exorcism of a black magic operating in the highest reaches of respectable government—illusory statistics, lying, public deception, conspiracy mania even mass assassination in Vietnam, Operation Phoenix confessed in public before Congress. Constrictions by Government on his own liberty, such as wiretapping, has I believe been proven in court in the course of numerous trials by which the government tried to knock Abbie Hoffman and his peace friends out of action against War and growth of police state.

So I bear witness that Abbie Hoffman is not an ordinary citizen, member of a silent majority of Citizens compliant with 1984-style Bureaucracy and acquiescent to remote-control war. Hoffman is a patriot who has fought the Good Fight to waken his fellow Americans to the corruption of their own traditional ideals. Like Tom Paine, he is a classic example of philosophic and poetic dramatist of public Ideals, a pamphleteer and book man, seeking liberty for his country and sanity on its government. His just causes were questions illegal war and police state, not touched deeply by the courts, till late—they were touched deeply by Abbie Hoffman.

Thus his social position as a leader or theorist of new survival society credits him with deliberation and reason. His present involvement with agents of Drug Bureaucracy over cocaine sale may be questionable, but so may be their involvement with Abbie Hoffman.

In time of communal Apathy synchronous with Abbie Hoffman's recent disillusioned withdrawal to private life (after crises of his public efforts to confound Government police bureaucracy and war led him to be attacked left and right), Mr. Hoffman is now to be congratulated on an arrest which by its very surprise, its simultaneous whimsicality and seriousness, re-unites many of his fellow workers once again to resist the steamroller of police state Power crushing another live citizen's body.

Mr. Hoffman's arrest for cocaine dealing does not bear toward resolution of the real "hard drug" problem in America, in any way shape or form.

Government's visioned sentence of life for Abbie Hoffman resolves no whit the real tormenting drug problem in America, but only adds more pain

and hysteria to the scene.

What is the actual "hard drug" mess in America? Politicians, police, drug bureaucrats, and criminal syndicates run wild over the public, and over sick junkies, against professional medical-scientific advisement—greed and money is their addiction, and violence and hypocrisy their works.

The real drug problem in America is that government narcotics bureaucracies and organized crime have had a status quo working relationship for decades. This arrangement denies legitimate opiate addicts reasonable access to their specific medicines. The black market for opiates consequently created serves to increase the number of addicts, not decrease it, serves only to increase the social disorientation of addiction, not cure it, serves to discredit helpless sick citizens, not minister to them. This arrangement increases the pain of addiction. This arrangement profits only Narcotics Control Agencies and Organized Crime Networks. Both depend on continued criminalization of addicts to maintain their complementary parasitic existences. Both groups have grown with the growth of the black market they have created. In this situation the medically sick junkie is a victim, treated like a Jew under Hitler, driven mad in the streets to seek relief from unendurable pain and social degradation imposed on him by police bureaucracy and organized crime.

This moral and political running sore, uncured by selfrighteous anger at heroin addicts, further infected with hysteria by current draconian law, is opened afresh in an operation in which agents of the drug bureaucracy reveal themselves dramatically buying pounds of old Bohemian cocaine from Abbie Hoffman and friends. Cocaine in my experience is a drug neither hard nor soft, offering too short a flash for common use, too expensive for psychological habit generally, traditionally the sport of self indulgent millionaires more recently gaga rock stars.

The seriousness of punishment promised by vengeful prosecutors—one of whom characterized Abbie Hoffman's hapless dabbling in cocaine as "insidious and treacherous as homicide"—opens up the great Drug Question—not so much of Hoffman's legal or moral guilt, which notion is considerable whimsical in fact. His arrest raises the publically suppressed Drug Question: How can we endure longer the total insanity sadism incoherence and incomprehensibility of past and fresh present narcotics law politics? Mr. Hoffman's arrest, by its own guilt-in heaviness of consequence, raises challenge to the entire fabric of law that confuses foolish sensational cocaine or serious philosophic psychedelics as "hard drugs" with the strong-habit-forming opiates and overplentiful brain-cooking amphetamines. How dare Government bureaucracy impose penalties on use and sale of hard drugs for the last halfcentury without providing (as do other countries successfully) reasonably

GINSBERG

THE HOFFMAN BUST

&

COCAINE LEGALIZATION

satisfactory easily accessible medical services for the majority of addicts who now outnumber and for 150,000 reasons don't fit into recent but limited scope of monolithic police-bureaucracy-supervised methadone maintenance services?

Beyond this colossal infliction of pain on heroin addicted citizens, present law perpetuates discomforting sanctions against marijuana use, contrary to the best counsel of reason and science codified into innumerable public reports, and contrary to vast community experience. By what unconstitutional proscription of liberty and pursuit of happiness must the Drug Bureaucracy maintain its heavy criminal penalties for securing gardening and distributing sociable noncommercial quantities of help weed? What state violence is used to suppress herbal cigarette smokes? The soft drug situation remains undefined, except by official presumption and violence, confused and complicated by law and crime where it might be simply free of law and crime but regulated as in other societies by common sense of situation.

This ken on Abbie Hoffman's arrest doesn't propose encouragement of cocaine spread—it does propose shock dismay and mental rejection of the idea that life imprisonment for cocaine sale (with no eligibility for parole for 15 to 25 years, depending on pronouncement of the judge), to police is a sane response to the fact of cocaine and its elitist use in USA. Mandatory life for cocaine is neurotic, irrational, a

hysterical swipe at people's souls, a Polyphemous body crusher punishment, a killer idea—it is not sober social response to cocaine usage and special problems, it is no help to old ladies in the street mugged by ignorant junkies conditioned to depravation violence and pain with police bureaucracy and mafia fattening on the Illegality of addiction. Life in Jail for anti-War Hero Abbie Hoffman and friends is National Folly. Threat of life behind bars for Hoffman over cocaine sale is not an image of Law and Order, it is an image of bureaucratic dictatorship and confusion, it is misrule and chaos, National Folly.

\$100.00 contribution is enclosed for Abbie Hoffman Bail Fund, whatever it be set, and I pray with body speech and mind OM AH HUM for courts and government and public to recognize the strange delicacy and historical charm of the situation in which they are placed together with peace poet Abbie Hoffman.

and myself sincerely yours
recommending Hare Krishna to
one and all

Allen Ginsberg

Guggenheim Fellow in Poetry 1962
King of May Prague 1965
P.E.N. Club Censorship Committeeman
Member National Institute
of Arts and Letters

TIME OUT AND THE EX-FLG

AN INTERVIEW WITH... 'TULI KUPFERBERG'

"Who jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge this actually happened and walked away unknown and forgotten—not even one free beer." So wrote Allen Ginsberg in his epic poem "Howl" nearly twenty years ago. It "actually happened" to Tuli Kupferberg, who, far from being unknown and forgotten, went on to achieve fame, if not fortune, as a poet ("Nowspoons", "Listen to the Mockingbirds"), author (1001 Ways to Beat the Draft, 1001 Ways to Avoid Work) and member of the truly revolutionary rock band of the 60's, The Fugs. Kupferberg now resides in the East Village with Sylvia Topp and their son, with another on the way. His latest book is As They Were, published by Links Books. The interview was conducted by Steve Kraus, distinguished denizen of the Lower East Side, who was once upon a time a translator for the State Department, but then he started writing articles for the East Village Other, and...

STEVE KRAUS

Q: Tuli, I don't remember the exact words, but there is this famous quote from Ginsberg's "Howl" and a lot of people are sort of tantalized by that. Tuli: They are?

Q: Yeah, I don't know why. I guess everybody thinks of suicide at one time or another... Tuli: Well it has no future to it... it's an offense in some states. I made a suicide attempt when I was 21.

Q: Why? Tuli: I didn't want to live.

Q: That's a good reason. Tuli: Well, sort of... complicated... I was very depressed and I invented a paranoid system to go with it. Anyway, I survived the bridge leap.

Q: You did jump off the bridge? Tuli: Yeah, well a number of people survive. However in the beds next to me were people who weren't going to walk again so I don't recommend it.

Q: Now wait a second, you jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge? Tuli: No, the Manhattan Bridge... well, as I was saying, I don't recommend it, and if I had been

unlucky enough to succeed you wouldn't be hearing this and all my magnificent creations... there is always time to die... let that be a slogan.

Q: Did you wind up in the hospital? Tuli: Yeah.

Q: Well, you have recovered magnificently. Tuli: No I am still sick.

Q: At that time were you already in contact with other writers and poets? Tuli: No, not really. I was 21 and I had just graduated from Brooklyn College and spent an unfortunate year at the New School, graduate faculty of sociology.

Q: When did you meet Ginsberg? Tuli: I must have met him at the Metro... we had common friends... Carl Solomon... he must have heard about me from Carl... I think Carl had gone to Brooklyn for a while... at the Metro where the elite meet to... recite.

Q: The Metro on 2nd Avenue, a coffee shop... did you get to know other people, like Neal Cassady? Tuli: Yeah, I met him through Ginsberg... I knew him slightly. The poetry readings... for a long time before the counter culture really blossomed, well the beat thing was a very small thing.

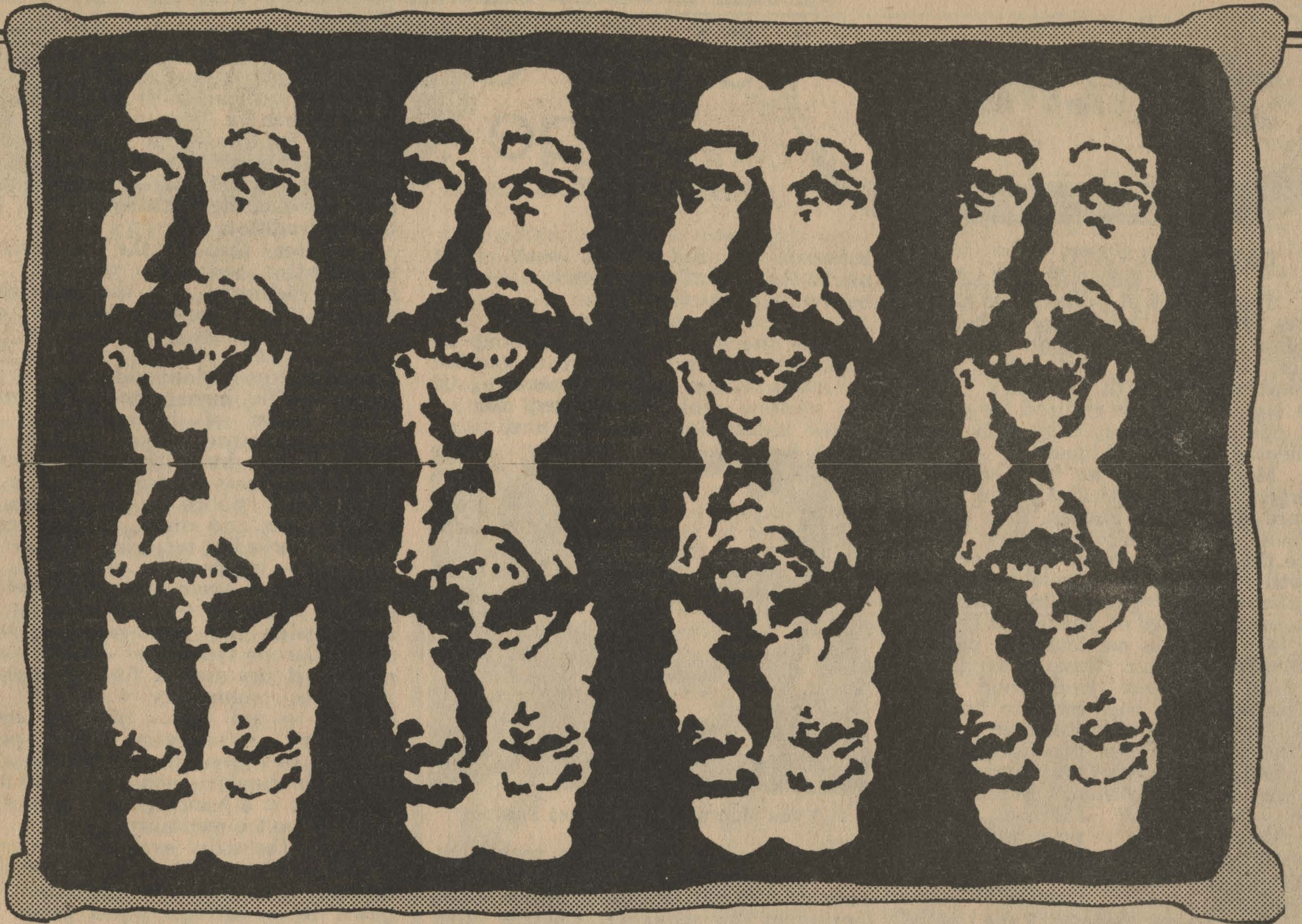
Q: You are talking now of the middle Fifties? Tuli: Yes. I think... I don't think there were more than 25 important Beat personalities... there were a number of people who lived like that, people who made important contributions either in their ideology or their poetry or their life style... maybe there were only four... maybe there was only Burroughs, Ginsberg, Cassady and Croso and Peter Orlovsky. There were others but the point I am trying to make is not that these are such wonderful people... they are... culture was a very small thing then... counter culture and the Metro readings were a slightly larger thing, there were say a hundred people involved so you knew everybody and everybody came there and poetry was the thing so then maybe film... the hippie thing became a mass cultural phenomenon... maybe it

sounds elitist... I don't think it's really elitist... it's sort of a basic anarchist idea that smaller things, that things on a human scale are/have a nicer quality to them. After all, it's nicer to read poetry to 25 or 50 people than to recite it on the Dick Cavett Show, even though for some reasons it's important to recite it on the Dick Cavett Show. And the hippie thing expanded the thing all over the country and to other areas; it also diluted it and made it less deep and less important, more subject to all the distortions and commercialisms and watering down that can happen to any idea and any way of life in these states.

Q: You know I have to disagree with you because I have a feeling that the so-called hippie movement succeeded in imparting some of its values to the population at large.

Tuli: Yes, it did that but these are values that were just in formation and they're sort of in limbo. It's alright to have values but they really have to be defined. If you would say 'the hippie values' I would have to challenge you. You can't just toss around words like 'freedom' and 'free love' and 'dope' for instance... dope is a good example... now dope can be a very good thing and a bad thing and 'doing one's thing', another phrase, can also be a very bad thing. After all, Nixon is only doing his thing. In other words there's a lot of jargon connected with the hippie movement. If it had been allowed to develop without any opposition it might have taken care of itself and the crap might have been sifted out but that hasn't happened so you get all kinds of weird reactions, weird... if all these things were so great why isn't America a better place than it is? There was something missing between these conceptions and their actualization. Maybe that isn't the fault of the hippies and the hippie movement itself but there was something lacking. It is like a perfect revolutionary program except for one thing. The more political people have these perfect programs except for one thing—they can't be implemented. So it's not a perfect program.

Q: But there wasn't one program. The hippie movement did not have a coherent political program... Tuli: But since you admire it... I'm not talking about politics, I'm talking about culture, which would include



politics... but since you admire it, there must be certain specific things you admire about it. If you make it vague enough it could be everything that happened in the sixties. You're not in favor of everything that happened in the sixties... so it's alright to be flexible and to permit differences and so on but it is also necessary to have a concrete program to move particular people from here to there, or to let them move themselves from here to there. And to define itself. That's what all art is anyway, it is definition. And I resent... there was an article in the *Village Voice* which I was the biggest piece of shit I ever saw. I have to admit that I just glanced through it; this guy is praising the kind of music you don't have to listen to. He said, "What's wrong if you go to a concert and you hear a long piece and your attention wanders." I think he was being serious, I have to read it more. He was talking about serious music: electronic and avant garde music and even rock music. So it occurred to me that what he was also talking about was Muzak and that if you have an art where you don't have to pay attention then you don't have to bother calling it an art, you might just as well forget about art and enjoy whatever comes along.

Q: Didn't Warhol see some of his films as interior decoration?

Tuli: Warhol is not one of my heroes.

Q: It's funny, he's not one of my heroes either.

Tuli: I think he did a few worthwhile things. I think he showed up the pretensions of a lot of art and I think his movies were quite good but I don't

particularly care for some of the early movies, maybe I haven't seen many of the later ones... but I think the joke was carried too far... maybe he's just taking advantage of a lot of rich fools.

Q: Who knows with him... talking of poor fools, what are you doing these days?

Tuli: Just had a book come out, called *As They Were*, Sylvia and myself did it, and it is a collection of photographs of well-known people as children, ranging from Albrecht Durer to Adolf Hitler. They are not all Germans... lot of contemporaries in all areas... some painters, lot of writers, lot of comedians, some in the political area and everyone seems to like the book. I am afraid it will be our most successful work although it is certainly not the most important, maybe it is, I don't know.

Q: It also has some writings by these people as children?

Tuli: Yes, some writings. For instance Scholem Aleichem's first work, at the age of 15, which was a dictionary or a glossary of his step-mother's curse words which he compiled secretly, and I think his parents found it and I guess they were amused by it as it survived.

Q: And what about your next book?

Tuli: Our next book is really much more important. No, I don't know... let me say something more about our children's book, the book of children's portraits. Everyone likes it, it's sort of something that people need, I think, it reminds everybody that we all came from the same place and that we are all going to the same place. Our next work is in direct contrast and it is called *The Worst of Everything* or

Kupferberg's Book of Losers and it will have every bad thing you can think of... a lot of it will be humorous. It's our answer to the *Guinness Book of Records*.

Q: Will it just have poetry?

Tuli: Oh no, that's a small part of it. Most of it is facts and records like the worst states economically and disease wise, the worst countries in illiteracy, the most expensive prices paid for ridiculous things, a record section like who swallowed the most goldfish, a Pyrrhic Victory section which I like a lot. There are two deep water diving records, for instance, set in the thirties. One was set by a Frenchman who died on the ascent and one was set by an American woman who died on the descent. I don't know how they can... that one puzzles me, because she must have sunk even further after she died, and I wonder, do they... when she stopped breathing, is that where the record stopped or do they... well, anyway, things like that are going to be in the book.

Q: A real giggle of a book.

Tuli: Yeah, very funny... oh, we are also going to have a pessimistic proverbs section like, "The rivers flow down to the sea yet the sea is not full," "Vanity of Vanities, sayeth the Preacher, all is Vanity."

Q: I see, I see, I'm trying to think of a sad proverb to contribute but I can't think of any right now... read my suicide note.

Tuli: We are going to have Famous Last Words of a lot of people.

Q: On this cheerful note, let us peer into the future, Tuli, some of the things that you see in the future...

Tuli: Oh wow, oh wow, oh wow, that's my statement on the future.

FILMS

State Of Siege

Directed by Costa-Gavras

LARRY SALVATO

DENNIS SCHAEFER

The subject of politics and how it relates to film has always been a problem for both filmgoers and film critics. From the very early days, perhaps starting with Griffith's "Birth of A Nation", people realized the power that could be generated by film when connected to political ideas.

More recently we have seen the emergence of a politically aware youth culture who have chosen film as the medium of expression for their ideas. Since the late 60's we have also seen the growth of commercial film aimed at this specific culture. These films seem to have the trappings of politics in general and revolution in particular as part of their subject matter. Closer examination of most of these Hollywood films reveals that they have more to do with boxoffice and exploitation than politics and revolution. These films range from the insipid "Strawberry Statement" all the way to Paul William's brilliant but non political film, "The Revolutionary". We've even heard as far fetched an idea as "The Godfather" being a relevant piece of political filmmaking.

Now we are faced with the task of labeling the work of filmmaker Costa-Gavras. Beginning with "Z", Costa-Gavras has made three films dealing with politics; "State of Siege" being his most recent and best work. However we would hesitate to call any of these three films "political" films and certainly his earlier "Sleeping Car Murders" is not in this vein. Unlike the fuzzy political meowing of the now extinct neo-Hollywood films, Gavras' politics are real and documentary in nature. It is ironic, but in this depiction of reality, Gavras as a filmmaker, manages to transcend it and create works of great meaning, interest and entertainment. It is perhaps closer to the truth to call Costa-Gavras' films, films "about politics".

As the opening titles remind you, the events that make up "State of Siege" actually happened. They concern the political kidnapping of an American official, Michael Santore (Yves Montand) by urban guerillas in Montevideo, a mythical South American country. The film opens with scenes of what appears to be a massive search operation for Santore, carried on by plainclothes men, police and even troops. All traffic is stopped, all cars searched and every individual is frisked. During this sequence Gavras gives us our first look at the mechanics of a massive search operation. Actually it foreshadows the entire film, because "State of Siege" is in fact a quasi-documentary of the mechanical aspects of terrorists politics.

The search comes to an end when two policemen stop to examine a once opulent symbol of American capitalism: a baby blue 1951 Cadillac convertible. In the back seat, they find Michael Santore dead, crumpled on the floor

between the red leather seats. This marks the end of the search but it is the beginning of the film.

In a flashback sequence, we observe the incidents which led up to Santore's demise. First the guerilla operation begins with the securing of the various vehicles necessary for an urban kidnapping. One by one, using



Yves Montand as Michael Santore.

the same phrase and same technique, the guerillas hijack one car after another. Gavras skillfully avoids being boring in this sequence, whereas other directors may have passed over this an unnecessary tedium. He siezes the opportunity to relate the different attitudes and reactions of the populace as they are being terrorized and their cars appropriated. Reactions range from apathy to fear and even approval. Gavras doesn't miss the chance for social commentary when one obviously bourgeoisie lady is accosted and throw out of her car in the middle of a slum as

children play upon a scrap pile.

The actual kidnapping is carried out with split second timing and almost complete professionalism. One mistake is made when a gun accidentally fires, hitting Santore, but not critically wounding him. Gavras does not shy away from manipulating this sequence into an exciting montage in the best thriller tradition.

Later, through the character of investigative reporters, we learn the official identity of the kidnapped Santore. An apparently innocent man with eight children, Santore has been sent by the U.S. to help the underdeveloped Montevideo police with their "traffic management". However, in a series of interrogations, the captured Santore swaps ideologies and political thoughts with his captors. We learn that he is in fact, schooling the Montevideo police in techniques of keeping law and order, by any means possible including terrorism and torture.

One incident is related as the police receive their new electro-schock torture from the U.S. government. On the outside the package resembles a Smith-Corona typewriter case but when opened it becomes a fine example of American technology with dials and meters to aid police interrogators in extracting information. The police become very excited with their new toy and begin shocking each other with it for laughs. It is a beautiful example of the military/police mentality.

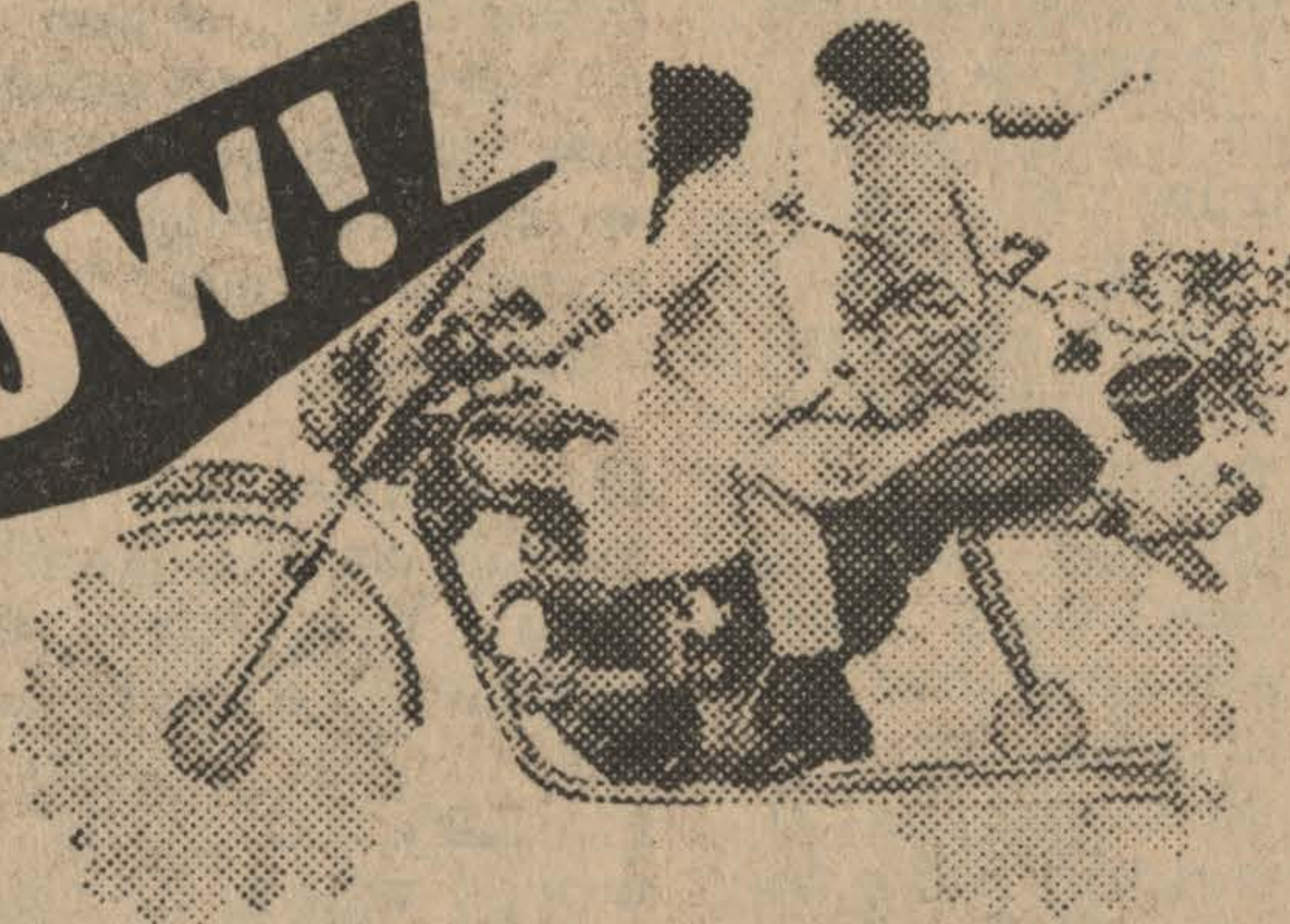
As the story evolves, neither the government nor the terrorists want to see Santore killed. His role is that of a pawn in a political chess game. But somehow the game goes astray; by not giving in to the terrorists' demands, the government forces them to kill Santore. In a completely democratic vote, the majority of the terrorists decide that Santore is to be murdered as the lesser of two evils. If the terrorists let him go they would be considered weak but if they kill him, they will lose more popular support.

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"IT IS A JOY!"

—Judith Crist, New York Magazine

NOW!



They met at the funeral of a perfect stranger.
From then on, things got perfectly stranger and stranger.

Paramount Pictures Presents

HAROLD and MAUDE

RANCH MART 2
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starring
RUTH GORDON
BUD CORT

SOUND ON FILM

LARRY SALVATO

Every so often you run across a name that really stirs your imagination, such a name is J. Hunter Todd. Say it slowly, J. Hunter Todd; it rolls off the tongue with a sense of class that conjures up images of long winding staircases and twelve-cylinder automobiles. What would you expect from a man with a name like J. Hunter Todd? What would he do for a living? Well in this case he is the founder, director, and foremost promoter of the Atlanta International Film Festival. Todd was recently visiting in Kansas City as a guest of Crown Center to show some films from the festival.

Originally the film program was scheduled to be held outside but due to the beginning of the Monsoon season it was hurriedly changed to a makeshift arrangement inside the Crown Center shopping area. The well publicized event drew a crowd too large to be accommodated by the new location. Viewers sat in the aisles and stood along the walls; a rather ironic situation considering we were only a few steps away from the new super sophisticated media center being rapidly rushed to completion.

The films that Todd showed were the typical festival potpourri with something for everyone's taste. All the films had won awards at either this or past years at the festival and all were being distributed by major companies. The most inventive was "Frank Film". It was a dazzling manipulation of the animators' art, producing an incredible amount of images, one on top of another, flipping by you at breakneck speed. Other of the films, especially one by songwriter/Playboy cartoonist Shel Silverstein, came across as less than original.

Earlier in the day, I spoke with Todd about the Atlanta International Film Festival, its history and its apparent directions in the future. According to Todd, the festival is six years old and has grown to the largest festival (in number of entries) in the world. Last year's festival had over 2000 film entries, with over 1500 filmmakers and producers in attendance. The festival, unlike other major festivals is not a civic project, but instead it is owned and operated by Todd, with, of course, cooperation from the city of Atlanta.

Todd related that the festival, like most cultural events in Atlanta, is not faring well financially despite its apparent success filmwise. He said that the festival loses approximately \$25,000 a year, for which he picks up the tab. "Atlanta, contrary to popular opinion, has a fantastic image gap," said Todd. The opera, the ballet, as well as the new civic center for the arts are all in the process of going bankrupt. "If someone from Oshkosh wanted a film festival and said, here's a million dollars, I'd move the festival in a minute; the only reason that the festival is in Atlanta is because I'm there."

As we sat in the lobby of the Crown Center Hotel, Todd and I

J. Hunter Todd and The Atlanta Film Festival

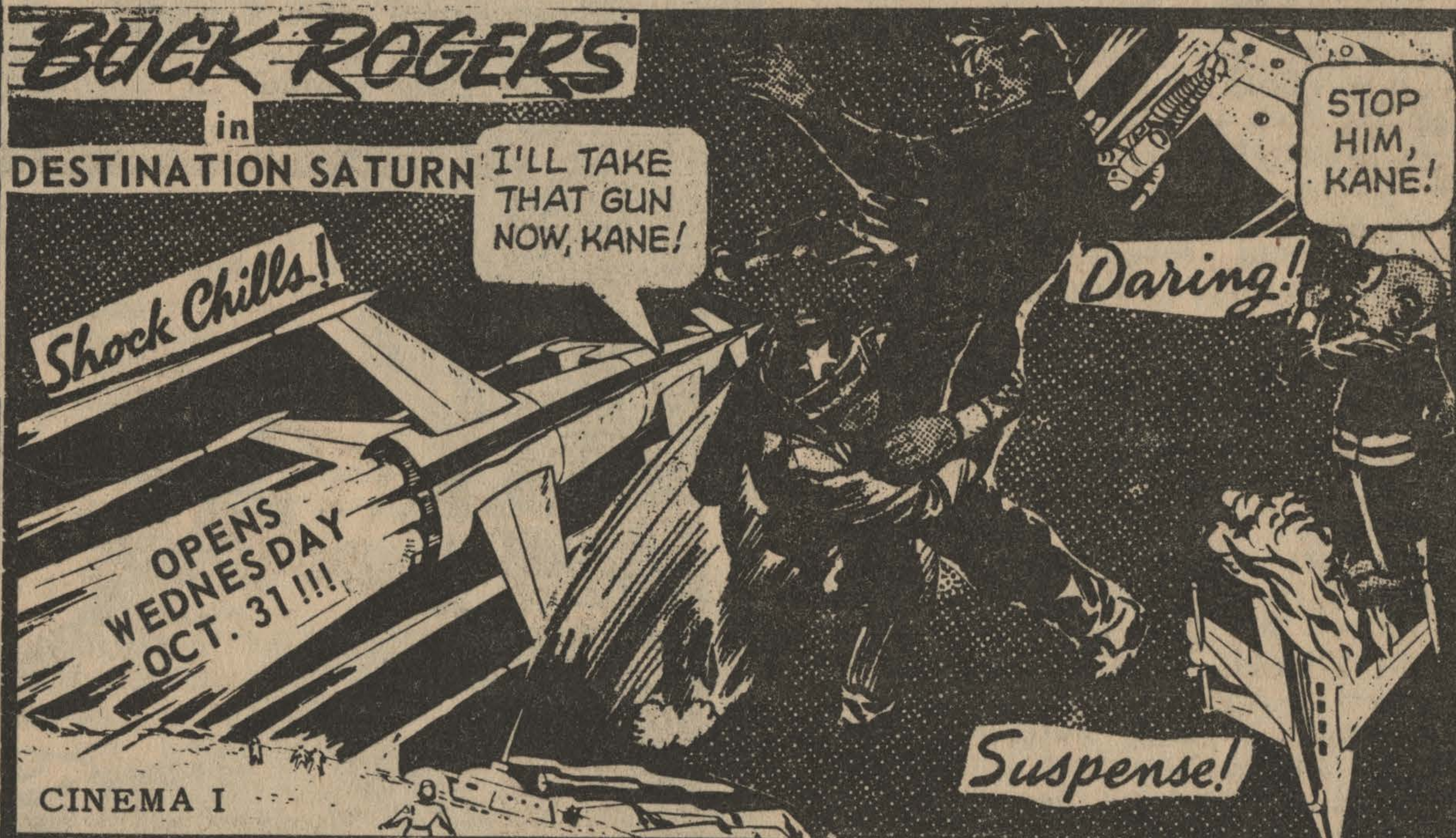
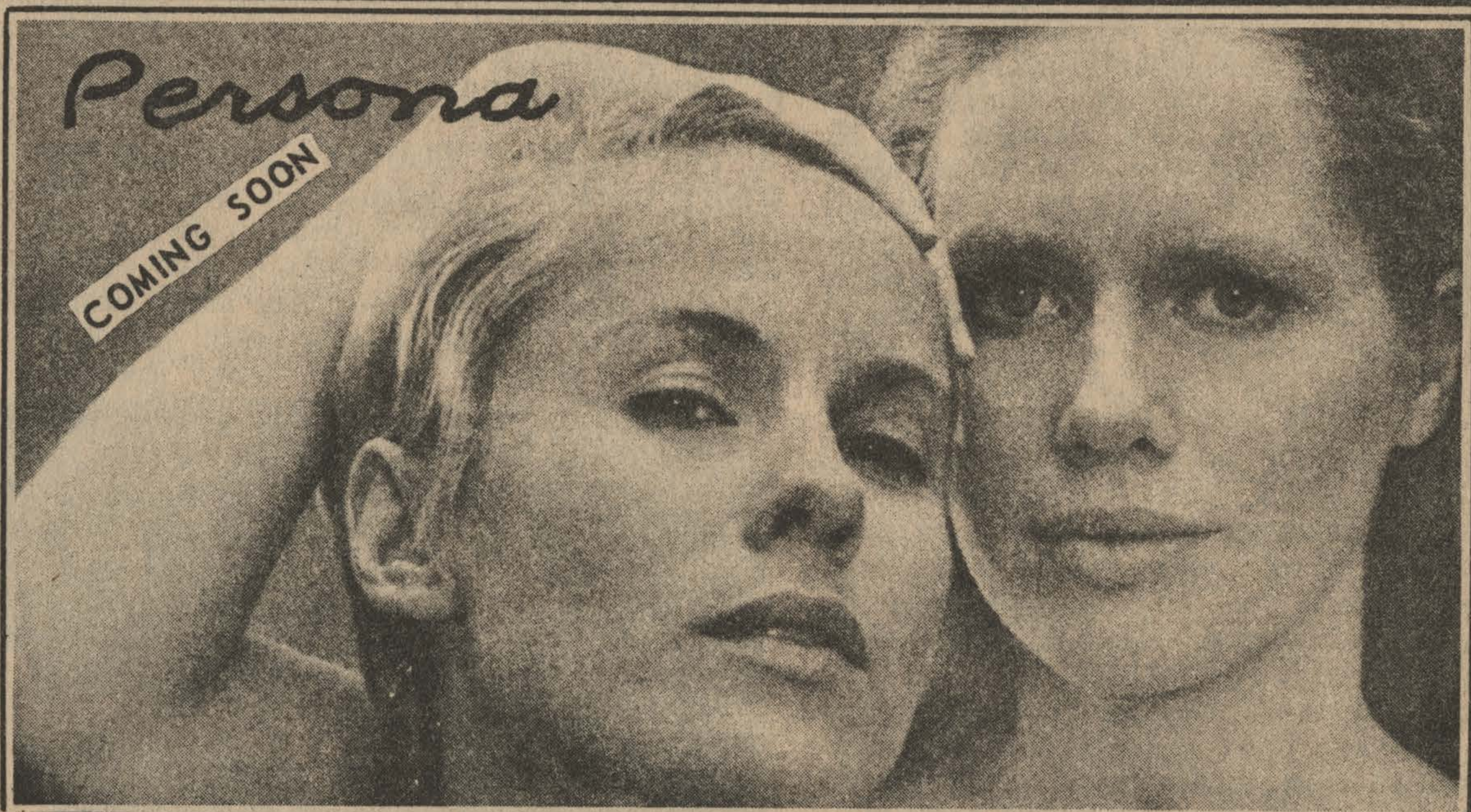
commented that our surroundings must be the "new" Kansas City. Todd smiled and said that he almost moved to Kansas City once to accept a job with a local film company, but that in the past he had always regarded Kansas City as "a funny little place to have a good steak." Apparently he revised his opinion during this visit.

Returning to the subject of film, I asked Todd about the trouble that the Kennedy Center ran into when it announced that "State of Siege" was among the films to be shown at the Center's festival ("State of Siege" was later deleted from the Kennedy Center program because of its supposed

anti-American political content). Had he experienced any censorship problems at his festival? Todd replied, "No, we are an independent festival; we're not funded by the city, state or government. We are totally without censorship and we do our own thing." However, Todd conceded that he exercises a certain self censorship in the area of erotic films. He would have loved to show "Deep Throat" but was afraid that the slanted establishment press would have tried to crucify him. Todd did, in fact, show "Heavy Traffic, an x-rated cartoon feature, as one of the main features of the festival this year, which was a great favorite of the festival audiences.

The reason Todd started the festival in the first place was because most of the other festivals that he had attended were either poorly run or just did not help the filmmakers themselves. Most of the festivals were closed ended, concentrating either on student films

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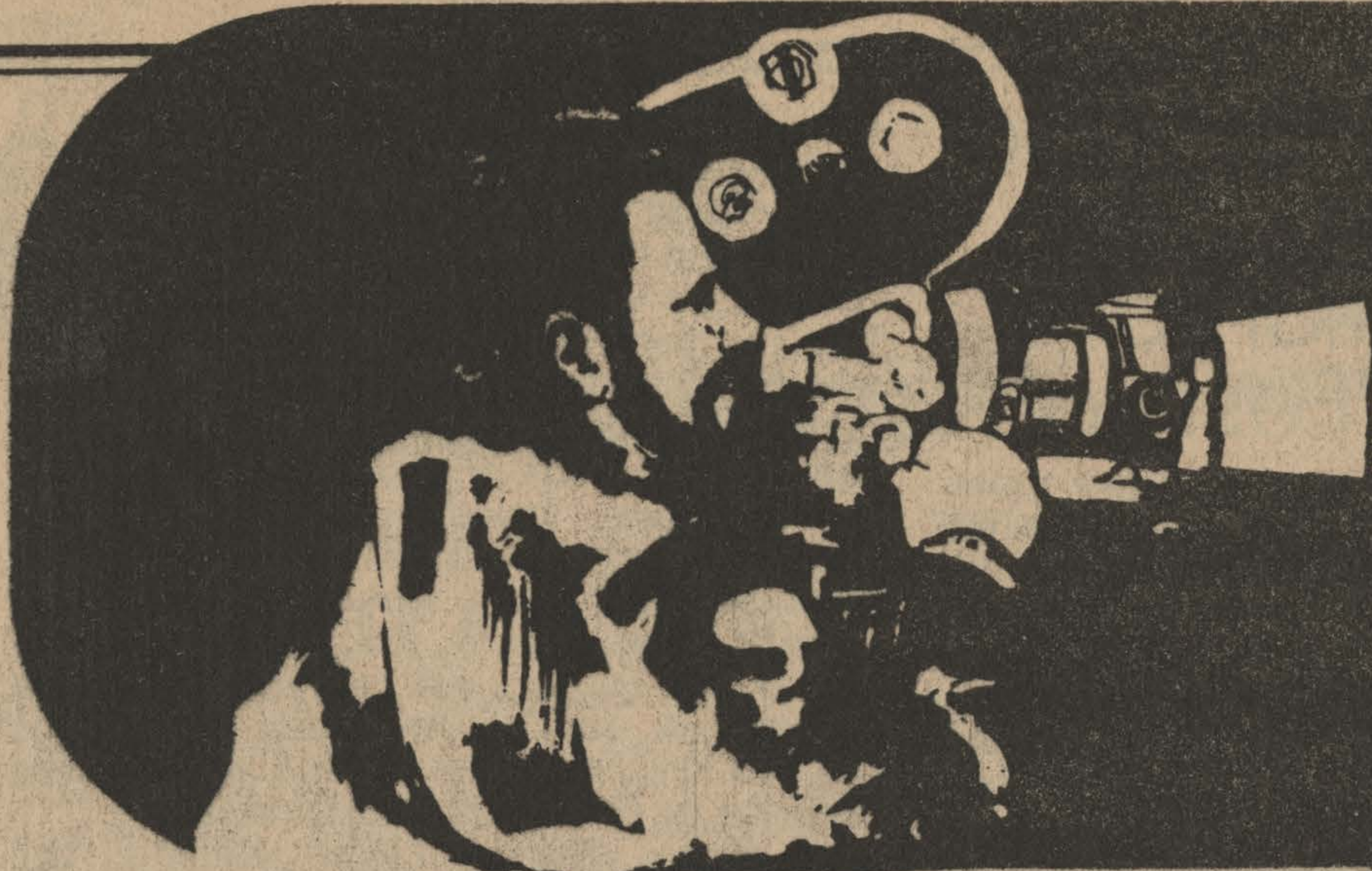
EXCITEMENT that hits like a SHOCK-WAVE!



"Bergman offers Pleasures and Surprises."

-the Nation

VANGUARD CINEMA • 4307 MAIN •



CINETROSPECTIVE Preston Sturges

DENNIS SCHAEFER

LARRY SALVATO

The work of some directors, like Chaplin, is timeless. Other directors achieved much fame in their time, like DeMille, but later floundered in obscurity, their work not being able to stand the critical test of time. Preston Sturges (like his films) falls into a category that is completely his alone.

Starting out as a Hollywood screenwriter in the 30's, Sturges was a young success, turning out unusually literate scripts for some of the most prominent directors of the time. Beginning in 1940, he went on to direct a series of 12 films which, although they were successful, were mostly overshadowed by (as Andrew Sarris points out) World War II and the stylistic upheaval prompted by "Citizen Kane". By 1947, Preston Sturges had already experienced the peak of his popularity and was beginning his decline. Films that followed were still good quality Sturges' films, but they did not do well with the public.

"The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend" (1949) proved to be Sturges' last Hollywood film; Hollywood abandoned him to the point of ostracizing him. His final project, "The French They are a Funny Race" was made in France in 1957; it was both a critical and financial failure. He died in 1959, appropriately enough, while staying at the Algonquin Hotel in New York. He was a man who enjoyed great success in every area of endeavor, from inventing the first kiss-proof lipstick to directing motion pictures.

Now, 14 years after his death and over 30 years after the release of his films, the works of Preston Sturges are more meaningful and, above all, funnier than ever.

Why should it be that audiences, for the most part unborn at the time of the creation of these films, be so fulfilled and uplifted by them now? Why have his films not only endured but seem to have come of age in this cynical period of American history? Perhaps James Agee, prominent American film critic, came close to answering these questions when he wrote: "They are wonderful as comedies and they are wonderfully complex and ingenious; they seem to me also wonderfully, uncontrollably, almost proudly corrupt, vengeful, fearful of intactness and self-commitment; most essentially they are paradoxical marvels of self-perpetuation and self-destruction; their mastering object, aside from success, seems to be to sail as steep into the wind as possible without for instant incurring the disaster of becoming seriously, wholly acceptable as art." Critic Manny Farber

stated it much more simply when he remarked that: (Sturges' films were) "probably the most spectacular manipulation of sheer humor since Mark Twain."

Today's audiences aren't concerned if Sturges' films are art either; rather they are drawn by wildly improbable stories populated by fast talking actors, slapstick gags, witty dialogue and finally a compelling and insightful view of humanity.

The roots of Sturges' films can be traced back to his scripts. He was one of the first Hollywood writers to direct his own scripts. This was new and revolutionary idea: that the same man who could write could also direct. Sturges' scripts were not overly

concerned with realism; his films were always based on the most crazy and impossible situations. For example, one character, a successful movie director tired of making comedies, decides to hitchhike and ride the rails during the depression to find out what hard times are, and then base a movie on his experiences. Another character, a classical music conductor has paranoid and violent fantasies about the unfaithfulness of his wife. In another film, a boy, rejected by the army as unfit for service, returns home only to find himself acclaimed as a conquering war hero by the townsfolk.

The crazy plots are further complicated by a parade of equally insane characters who proliferate the

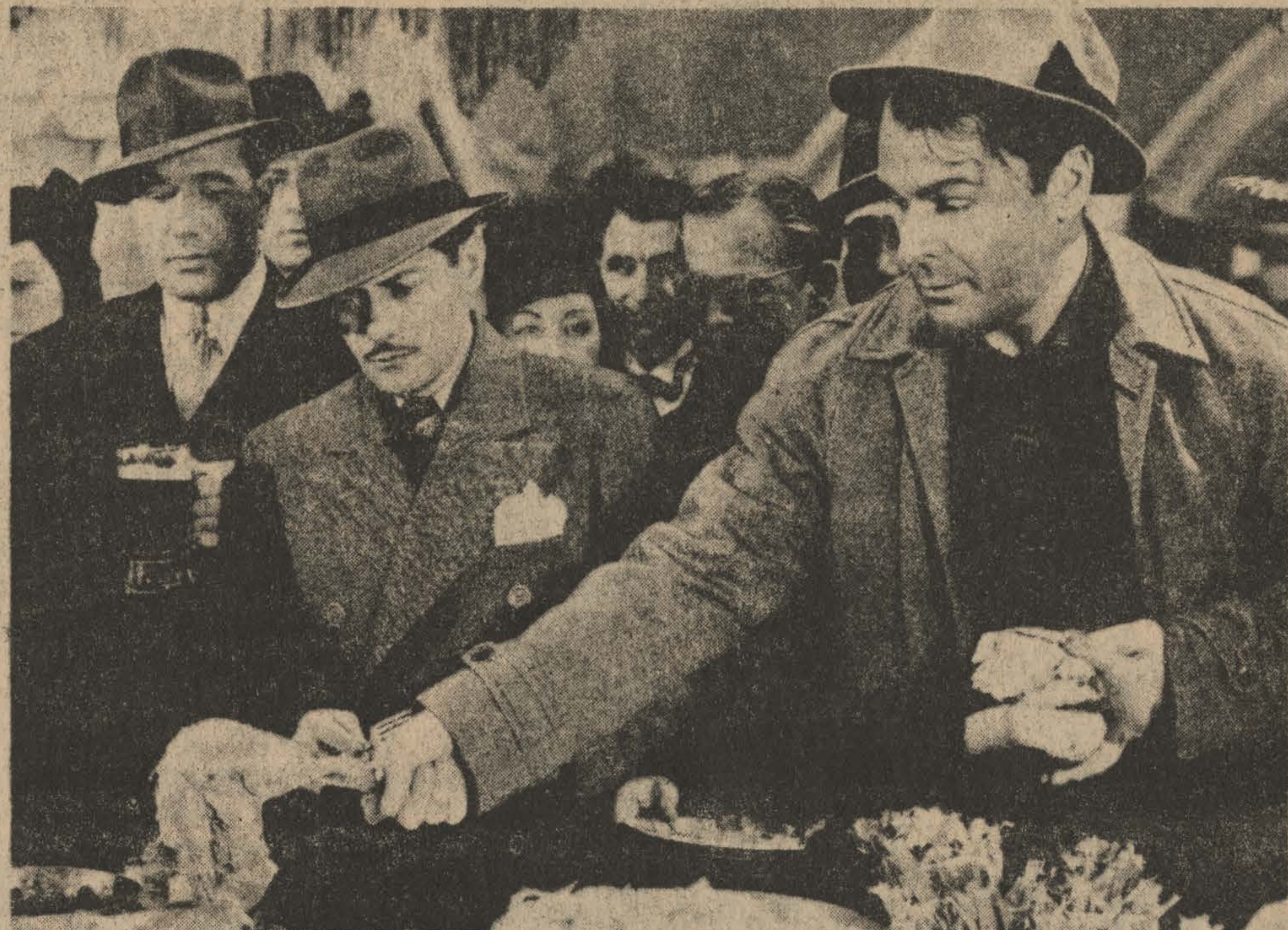


director, Preston Sturges

Preston Sturges Filmography:

1940—The Great McGinty, Christmas in July. 1941—The Lady Eve. 1942—Sullivans Travels, The Palm Beach Story. 1944—The Miracle at Morgan's Creek, Hail the Conquering Hero, The Great Moment. 1947—Mad Wednesday. 1948—Unfaithfully Yours. 1949—The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend. 1957—The French They are a Funny Race.

THE GREAT MCGINTY



fringes of all his films. The Sturges' stock company includes Franklin Pangborn as the eternal sissy, William Demarest as the hard nosed rough neck, Eric Blore, Edgar Kennedy and a score of others in minor vignettes. These were in contrast to the main characters who were well meaning but naive boobs who relied on luck and fate to see them through.

His dialogue is most noted for being unusually dense and wordy. This however does not slow the action down, but serves to heighten the tempo of the craziness and comedy. One of Sturges' favorite verbal tricks was the use of a "hook" line. These lines would be spoken as a quick question or statement and were designed to elicit an immediate response from the viewer. At times he would surprise you with a particularly eloquent statement, not really funny, but instead expressed as a soliloquy or serious idea amid all the rampant, comic insanity. In one film, an underpaid clerk is reprimanded by his boss, only to hear the boss relate that every man should have his chance at the great American dream. Or a Hollywood director is warned by his butler about the futility of helping the impoverished of the land.

In essence, the scripts gave his films a complex, congested appearance. A certain density also exists, giving the intimation that there is a lot going on. But throughout, he always managed to keep a certain level of intelligent literacy, never falling off into the abyss of tastelessness.

Probably the most salient quality that endears Sturges to contemporary audiences is his biting satire that attacks various established American traditions and institutions. In fact, to defrock these institutions seems to be his ending goal. His comedies strip away society's pet pretensions about itself. He shows people of importance in the true light of their own insecurity. He laughs at the unthinking, ridiculous actions of the masses of people. He pokes fun at the rich and powerful and exposes the hypocrisy that corrupts American society.

In a Sturges' film not even the institution of motherhood is sacred. In "The Miracle at Morgan's Creek" (1944), Sturges performs one of the greatest sleight of hand tricks against the censors since subliminal shots of Fay Ray's breast in "King Kong".

Instead of running something so fast by the censors that they didn't notice it; Sturges weaves a story back and forth with so many precepts and absurd morals that the censors just couldn't sort it out. The story concerns a small town girl who, during a night of merrymaking with soldiers, marries one of them and fails to even get his name in her drunkenness. Complications arise when she realizes that she is pregnant by a mysterious GI and is now forced to bear the sufferings of a wed mother who can't remember who her husband is. Of course, the mysterious GI has been shipped out and she is left behind in her shame. Betty Hutton is the girl, William Demarest her father and Eddie Bracken is the small town, long time admirer from afar who asks Betty to marry him and unknowingly saves her reputation. After the usual series of insane misunderstandings and glimpses of society's hypocrisy, Sturges ends the film with Hutton giving birth to sextuplets, after which all is forgotten. She becomes a heroine, a super mother doing her part for the war effort in America and Bracken, "the shnook", becomes a hero. Stories of this fantastic birth are spread on front pages from New York to Nazi Germany.

The story, like all Sturges' films, abounds with incredible lines. Consider the scene and the conversation between hapless Bracken and Hutton when she realizes that she is pregnant and although married in name only, must marry someone visible to save her reputation. On the night of her "trouble", she had left the house under the auspices of having a date with Bracken; later she borrowed Bracken's car to keep a rendezvous with soldiers at the army canteen, while Bracken was left holding the popcorn bag at the movies. Along with everything else that happens to her that evening, she managed to slightly wreck Bracken's car, which at the time, seems very irrelevant. Much later, in a conversation she is trying to sucker Bracken into marrying her now that she is pregnant and without a visible husband. She starts by apologizing for the very evening which she stood him up and went out with the soldiers. Without thinking, she utters, "I should have never done that, why I even got your car all knocked up." She quickly recovers from her Freudian slip and later decides not to involve Bracken in

her troubles, although Bracken refuses to be cast off by Hutton.

In Sturges' next film, "Hail the Conquering Hero", Bracken, once again the boob, has greatness thrust upon him. He appears this time as a small town boy during the period of World War II, who wants to emulate his dead father, a decorated hero in an earlier war. Bracken, however, is unfit for military service because of his hayfever. In the depths of depression about his rejection, he is befriended by six marines who talk him into posing as a battle veteran and return home a hero to please his mother. One event follows another and the entire town turns out to give Bracken a hero's welcome. Bracken begins to have scruples about the hoax but dare not reveal himself because of his embarrassment. After he is pushed into running for mayor though, he finally breaks down and confesses his ruse. Instead of the consternation of the town coming down on him, he is showered with admiration by the townsfolk for his honesty and courage. Sturges carries small town society, hero worship and military life to their most absurd extremes. But it is a testament to Sturges and America that they could laugh at this film, considering America was at war at the time.

Besides making fun of America and kidding it in appropriate places, Sturges didn't pass up the opportunity to demonstrate America's goodness. "America is a land of great opportunity" said gangster Akim Tamiroff in Sturges' first film "The Great McGinty". Sturges illustrates how the lowliest boob could rise to the governors mansion with the right degree of bluff and fraud. And Brian Donlevy does just that. Working his way up from a bum on the breadline during the depression, he gets elected to the governorship. Along his rise, Donlevy becomes deeply involved on the dirty business of politics; fraud, corruption and extortion. But it's all done for satire and laughs.

Equally as descriptive of America is Sturges' "Christmas in July". Dick Powell is an underpaid clerk who thinks he has won a coffee slogan contest. Workers in his office attempt to play a practical joke on him by faking a telegram telling him that he is a recipient of a vast sum of money for his creative coffee slogan: "If you can't



SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS

sleep, it's not the coffee, it's the bunk." Get it? Problems ensue when Powell actually does collect the money even though he has not won the contest. Powell and his fiancee then go on a gigantic spending spree only to find that everything must be returned because he never won in the first place. But for a few moments the couple is allowed to live their version of the American dream. The cruelty of practical jokes and ways of luck and fate were to become the hallmark of the Sturges' style.

Three comedies that explored the male/female relationship were "The Lady Eve", "Palm Beach Story", and "Unfaithfully Yours". Although they were comedies, Sturges had great fun satirizing "romantic" love. Spawned by the success of the Hawks and Lubitsch comedies, Sturges' romantic comedies were quite popular at the time, but still had the distinctive Sturges' flair. Andrew Sarris, speaking of "The Lady Eve," compared Sturges to Lubitsch saying: "Lubitsch treated sex as the dessert of the civilized meal of manners, Sturges, more in the American style,

served sex with all its courses."

Of the comedies, "Unfaithfully Yours" while it is the least known, is probably the best and most aberrant in its viewpoint. Rex Harrison plays a famous orchestra conductor who has paranoid delusions about being cuckolded by his wife. While in the midst of conducting a symphony, he fantasizes three separate modes of ridding himself of his wife. In one sequence, as Tchaikowsky plays on in the background, he sets up a perfect alibi, and proceeds to brutally slaughter his wife with a single edge razor, his countenance growing more and more berserk as his apparent joy rises with the music. And this was a full 25 years before Kubrick explored the possibilities of music and violence. Rex Harrison gives the most serious and finest performance of his career and Sturges' comicalness begins to appear more and more cynical.

Without a doubt, Sturges' most formidable and lasting work is "Sullivan's Travels". In it, perhaps we get the best view of all the complexities that pervade a Sturges' film. But most of all it serves as one of those rare opportunities when a director (or any artist) can totally express himself in the area of his greatest interest and in the medium in which he has the most expertise. At a recent showing at The Nelson Art Gallery, "Sullivan's Travels" was billed as Sturges' "8½". It should have read that "8½" was Fellini's "Sullivan's Travels". Not to berate Fellini's imaginative and provocative work, but it should be noted that Sturges' film was made in the confines of the American studio system and by necessity was made primarily to entertain. It is a tribute to Sturges that he managed to turn out an engrossing personal film like "Sullivan's Travel" under such oppressive conditions that existed then.

The story of "Sullivan's Travels" is as improbable and zany as any of his films. A young idealistic but naive Hollywood film director of escapist comedies decides he wants to make a serious socially conscious film. Because he is from a basically middle class background, he finds that he first must become better acquainted with poverty, despair and social outrage. To do so he decides to take to the open road, posing as a transient to personally research the great depression. After a few false starts, he finally gets to find out about suffering first hand. Along the way, he meets a young girl who has been trying to break into the movies. Momentarily she gives up her ideas of a career and befriends Sullivan. During their episodic trip, there is a slip up, and Sullivan now going it alone, is the victim of a robbery. In a daze from a beating he suddenly finds himself imprisoned and working on a Georgia chain gang. The film ends happily however, with the appropriate Sturges' moral.

In "Sullivan's Travels" Sturges has chosen to express his overall concept of the motion picture's place in society. He seems to be saying that it is his personal decision to make funny, crazy movies; and that making funny, crazy movies is serious business. Unlike the Sullivan character in the film, he is not ashamed to make the most outlandish, and by some standards, foolish films. The conversation between Sullivan and his girlfriend soon after they meet,

established Sullivan's state of mind. He is ashamed to admit that he directed such films as "Ants in Your Pants of 1939", even after the girl expresses some admiration for the film saying, "It was a wonderful film; stupid, but it was funny." Sullivan would much rather make serious depressing films like "Brother, Where Art Thou?" which he considers more relevant to the times.

It almost seems that Sturges is supplying a manifesto for his own talents and ideas in "Sullivan's Travels". There are sequences in the film in which Sturges recreates the milieu of the depression as eloquently as it has ever been expressed. The montage of the hobos' life fully expresses the despair of their life and times. The sad faces, the tattered clothes and the flophouses are as real as has ever been shown in the cinema. Sturges' touch in the serious sequences of "Sullivan's Travels" is a testament to his great skill. He is almost saying, "Look, I can make films like this if I wanted to and I can make them as good as the best of them." But instead Sturges chooses to make comedies and systematically explains why through his character Sullivan.

Throughout the film, Sturges goes from a wild slapstick comedy in one scene to a grim realism in another. Consider the scene of Sullivan imprisoned on the chain gang. He is not made to work on a civilized road crew as the prisoner in "Cool Hand Luke", but instead he works in an oppressive murky swamp. Sullivan is even put in the "box", the customary punishment for the camp's worst offenders. This is in the same film where Sullivan and his girlfriend frolic in a swimming pool. It's the same film where a mad car chase begins with Sullivan being picked up by a 13 year old kid wearing a military helmet and driving a home made panzer roadster; and the kid leads everyone across the countryside.

The film breaks barriers into greatness with its poetic renderings of Sullivan's realization that to desire to escape from reality is not a crime and to laugh is not a vice. This realization occurs at the end of the film when Sullivan is allowed to accompany the other prisoners to a local negro church. The prisoners are to be allowed as guests of the church at a showing of a "motion picture". The screen comes alive not with "Gone With The Wind" or "All Quiet on the Western Front" but instead a cartoon story featuring Pluto in the antics that made him famous. Suddenly, the congregation and prisoners roar with laughter. Critic Vrsini relates the meaningfulness of the sequence: "Gone is the pain from the faces of the cellmates, gone is the enmity between the races and gone too is the brutality of the warden as the faces light up with joy. Soon Sullivan finds that he too has caught the infection. He joins the others and enjoys a cartoon that he would not have considered relevant a few weeks before. In this poignant sequence, Sturges defends the act of moviegoing not only as an escape from the grim realities of life but also, more significantly, as an almost religious experience where the ideal of brotherhood, rarely realized elsewhere, becomes a reality."

In the end Sullivan realizes that "Ants in Your Pants of 1939" has a definite place and serves an equally important purpose as any other serious

ATLANTA FILM FESTIVAL

alone or else on big production feature films. The Atlanta festival is unique in the fact that young filmmakers can show their films, be awarded for their excellence and be put in a position to be offered jobs and film contracts by the representatives of the major Hollywood studios in attendance. It also provides the major studios a chance to showcase their feature films to gauge how well they will sell in a wider market. In the case of "The Last American Hero", a fine little film by Lamont Johnson, the festival actually saved the film from certain obscurity. "The Last American Hero", not doing well in its initial release, was shown at the festival and because of the favorable response it got there, the studio execs decided to give it another chance.

Besides these obvious advantages, the festival, according to Todd, is a "fun" festival, with guest speakers, lectures and seminars in all areas of film production. A new innovation last year was a 24 hour hospitality suite, where everyone from student filmmaker to Hollywood producer could get together on an informal basis and discuss films for fun and profit.

The festival is held every fall, usually the first week of September. The film entries are screened in the spring by the "Committee of 100", composed of various people prominent in the arts and business. Each film is judged on a ten point scale in different areas as originality, photography, etc. The best of these films are then judged by a special guest committee. On the guest committee this year were such notables as Charles Champlin of the L.A. Times, film critic Liz Smith of Cosmopolitan, syndicated columnist Rex Reed, and editor from Playboy and Peter Bogdanovich of Esquire fame. Awards are given for the best student film, the best feature, best

STATE OF SEIGE

The film abounds with great subtlety in its depiction of seemingly minor details which, in the overview, give a much clearer picture of why Michael Santore was killed.

"State of Seige" is Gavras' best and most well-made film to date. Unfortunately like many excellent films, it did not seem to find an audience in K.C. Perhaps its abrasive political pronouncements kept people away. Maybe there was a good Kung Fu movie in town. At any rate, a political film of even a film about politics loses much of its reason for being when it fails to reach the popular audience. Possibly Gavras should have taken to heart what Hitler said about reaching an audience; "If you wish the sympathy of the broad masses, then you must tell them the most stupid and crude things." But Costa-Gavras does not compromise his viewpoint and at least a few people appreciated it.

PRESTON STURGES

film.

It is Sturges' awareness of human emotions and the value of human life and feelings that allow his films to transcend their own time and place. His films will continue to bring laughter and joy to generations because his objects of satire will always need to be injected with humor. For Sturges, man is not defined by the miseries of his existence but rather by his capabilities to generate happiness to another human being.

experimental, best documentary and other categories.

With the major festivals (Cannes, New York and San Francisco) all experiencing difficulties both financially

and aesthetically, perhaps the Atlanta festival's approach of paying attention to the needs of student and independent filmmakers without excluding the studios, is a trend of the future.

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As public hearing time draws near, it is essential that Kansas Citians of every age and ilk prepare themselves for a little bit of future—here—today.

Next issue of *The Trucker* will work with questions:

What is Cable TV?

How is it different from Broadcast TV?

Why is it so important nationally?

Locally?

How will it change my life?

Must it change my life?

How is it regulated?

How is it sold/granted/given away?

What is a CATV franchise?

How will community groups use/abuse/suffer/enjoy cable?

How will I use/abuse/suffer/enjoy cable?

Is it worth it?

How is cable owned?

Who owns cable?

These and many more will be discussed. Meanwhile, contact Kay Waldo at M.I.C.A., and arrange a speaker. Closure with one fact, one proverb:

Fact: Throughout the history of mankind, transportation has been the primary economic motivator of peoples and cultures. According to ol' US Govt,

1975 will mark the year in which we move from transportation to communication as the mode. Cable is communication.

Proverb: "To compare today's television with the potential of Cable ... is to compare the capacity of a garden hose with that of Niagara Falls."

Signing off till next time Ranger Rick wishes you all good viewing.

Anti-Left Tricks

mind," smiles Lefcourt when asked who the witnesses will be. Perhaps Mitchell, Mardian, Ulasciewicz, Kleindienst, Dean—the lawyer won't reveal his strategy, "But you can make some accurate guesses."

(Money, however, could be a problem, since the defense must pay the traveling expenses of the witnesses it calls. This, Lefcourt estimates, might run a total amount of around \$10,000. Contributions are accepted by the Detroit Escrow Account, c/o Gerald Lefcourt, 640 Broadway, NYC, 10012).

In a corner of Lefcourt's office sit two cardboard cartons, containing the transcripts of government wiretaps which were handed over to Lefcourt by Guy Goodwin. It's "national security" material, so he can't talk about it too much. All he'll say is, "It's amazing." If all goes well, similar adjectives may be in order when the government has to open its five-year-old can of dirty worms into a Detroit courtroom.

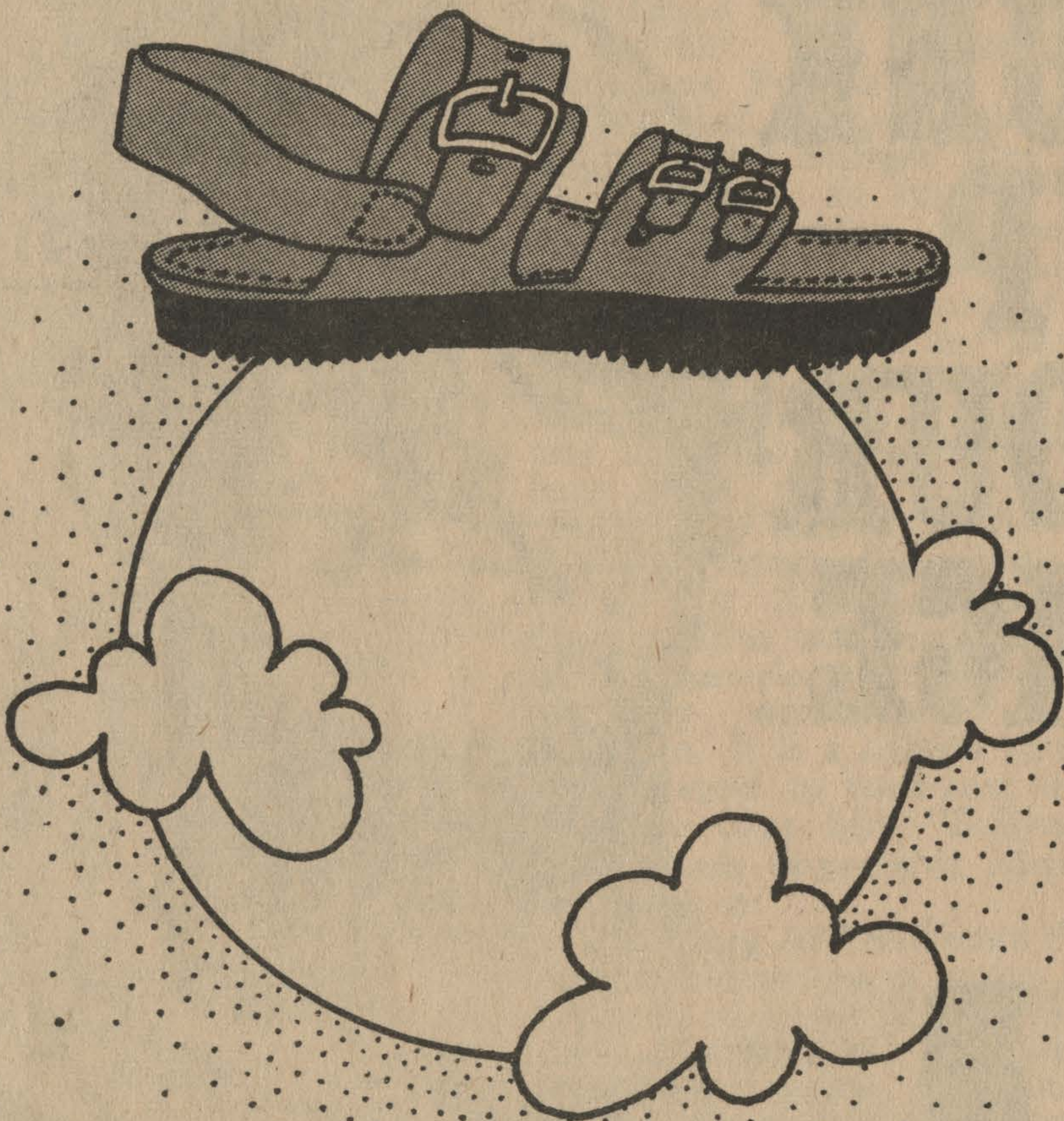
* * * * *

In Detroit on Monday, October 5, after the story above was set in type, the federal government quietly dropped charges against Mark Rudd et al. The government chose not to further prosecution rather than disclose the information gathered by their wire taps or reveal the surveillance techniques used against the Weather persons.

In the opinion of Gerlad Lefcourt, the government did not wish to show the nation that, despite Nixon's public denial, the administration's top secret surveillance program had actually been put into effect against radicals in 1970.

The plan called for extensive use of wire taps, mail tampering, burglary and infiltration to gain conspiracy convictions against radical groups. When the plan was revealed in the Watergate hearings, Nixon made a public statement saying it was something the administration had considered but never implemented.

It is Lefcourt's contention that Nixon lied. And so he, along with other lawyers, is filing suit against the government for damages on behalf of the Weather Underground. According to federal law, a person is entitled to \$100 for every illegal federal trespass of the right to privacy. According to Lefcourt there are thousands of instances in this case not only involving the Weather Underground but their parents, relatives, associates and attorneys.



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Municipal Court

advance by going over questions you intend to ask, and questions that the opposing counsel might ask. After presentation of your testimonial and/or real evidence, you "rest", closing with a brief oral statement moving for a judgement of acquittal (not guilty).

In most cases, the judge then makes an immediate determination of "guilty" or "not guilty". His other alternatives are: (1) continue the matter for the purpose of hearing further evidence, or (2) take the case under advisement, rendering a final verdict at a later date.

GUILTY

You won't have much to say about what happens once you have been found guilty. You should be given the opportunity by the judge to explain to him your current situation after he's said "guilty". This is sometimes helpful in staying out of jail or in getting a smaller money fine. If the judge gives you a money fine and you're unable to pay it at that time, tell him so. Under the court's probation agreement, you could be placed on probation until the fine has been paid. The court's order of probation might include a number of conditions. If a money fine is given by the judge, it must be paid in cash.

APPEAL

An appeal, if taken from a court judgment, must be taken within 10 days after entry of judgment. The appeal will be heard by the Circuit Court. Your appeal will be a trial de novo, meaning that it's a new trial without being restricted or bound by what took place at Municipal Court. You would also have the right to trial by jury. Further, the usual cost of an appeal heard by the Circuit Court is \$26.00, which you must pay if you lose your appeal.

Your appeal must be taken by filing with the Administrator/Clerk's office of the Municipal Court a Notice of Appeal and an appropriate appeal bond, except as otherwise provided. The standard appeal bond is set at \$2.00 for every day of jailtime sentenced, even if the sentence was suspended. Similarly, the appeal bond on a money fine is twice the money fine.

Under the Court's rule 19, there are provisions for in forma pauperis appeal (poor person's appeal):

19.2 Whenever a monetary fine shall be assessed against a defendant, and thereafter such defendant shall file with the court an affidavit of

indigency detailing his income and resources, and the court shall find defendant to be an indigent person and find a likelihood he will make timely appearance on appeal, the court may then issue its order permitting defendant to be released pending his appeal, on his personal recognizance.

19.3 Whenever a sentence of confinement, or both a sentence of confinement and a monetary fine shall be assessed against a defendant, and such defendant shall file with the court an affidavit of indigency detailing his income and resources, and the court shall find defendant to be an indigent and that he is likely to make timely appearance on the appeal, the court may then issue its order permitting defendant to be released, pending his appeal on his own recognizance.

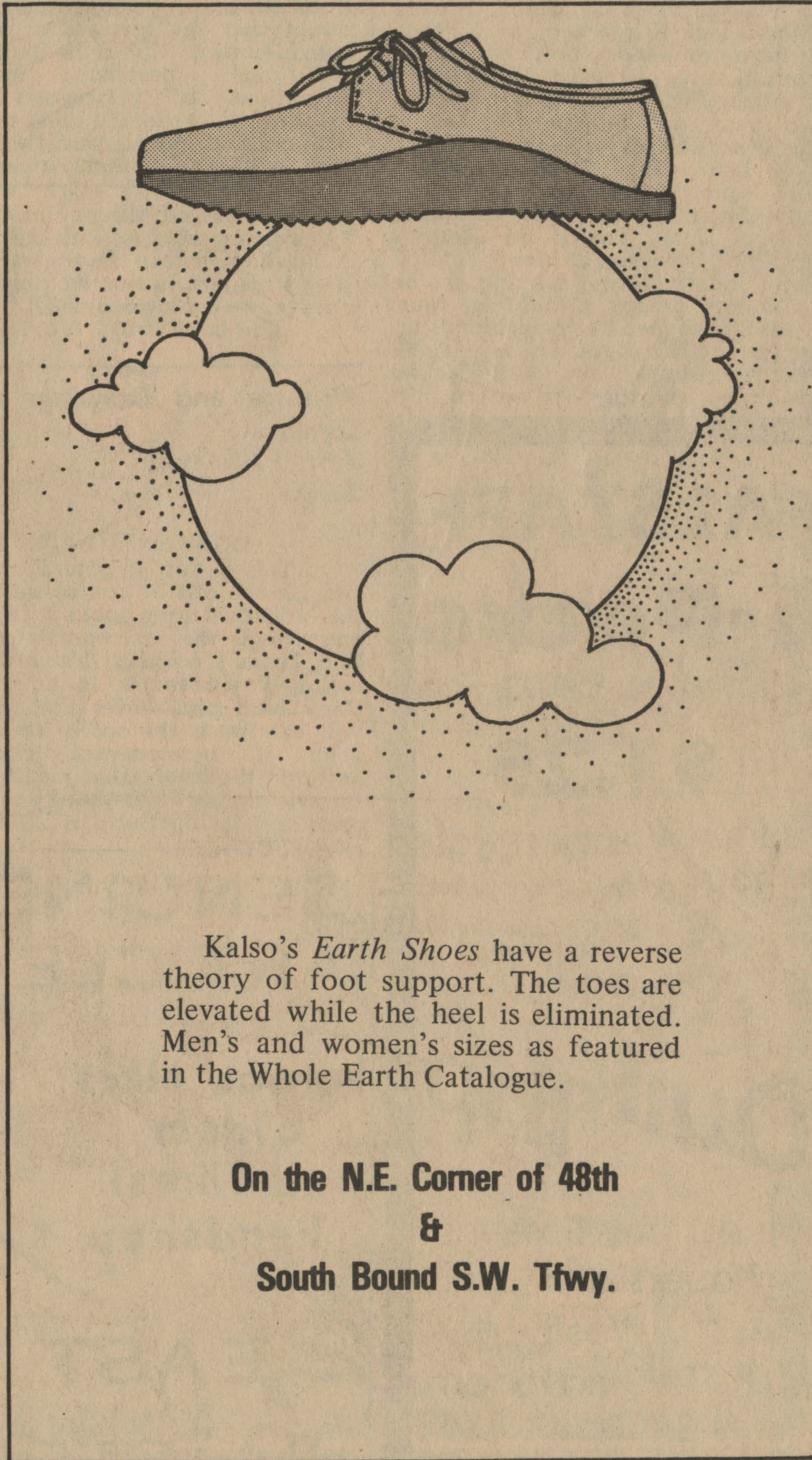
If you've been given a jail sentence by the judge and he will not grant your appeal on personal recognizance, you will be sent on to the Municipal Farm. The standard fee for appealing from the Farm is \$.50.

CONCLUSION

Many non-lawyers appear daily in Municipal Court, attempting to represent themselves before the judge. With a good understanding of the above information presented, most of these persons could handle their case as well, or better, than some attorneys who appear before the Court. It is hoped that this information will save you money and/or time and/or freedom!

The law, in its majestic equality forbids the rich as well as the poor to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets and to steal bread.

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BOOKS

Confessions of a Hope Fiend
by Timothy Leary

ELLIS D. ULYSSES

Has the world really changed much since Socrates? Remember him? The corrupter of youth? Seeker of truth condemned to death by society in ancient Greece. How about Mohammed, Jesus, Baha Ullah? A few of our outlaw superstars of the past. Enemies of the state. I wonder how many more there have been—and are now. I wonder if they would trade their persecutions, cup of hemlock, or crucifixion for 30 years in our modern correctional penal institutions?

After reading *Jail Notes*, and *Confessions of a Hope Fiend* I really doubt that the tortures of our age of enlightenment would be preferable to the more spectacular and quick executions of yesteryear. Timothy managed to write the most penetrating panorama of our pig pens I've ever seen. Not just our penitentiaries, but the

whole fucking scene. Not just an essay, or an expose, but an autobiography of earth people here now; a thriller without an end; a cliff hanger.

From the first trials and jails, for the Texas bust (for a minute quantity of marijuana) through the California correctional trip (for 2 planted roaches) and the escape conspiracy with Weather-people, the trip across the sleeping giant with them, the flight to Algeria, the intrigue, frustrations, imprisonment with rabid Cleaver ala Black Panthers, and escape to Switzerland, I found once again that Tim is one of the most loving, perceptive, and human beings I've seen. Through his eye, I've been able to see so much—hope—and humor—in this world of prisons, sinners, saints and genius. If you're into expanding your awareness, and enriching your experience you don't want to miss the trip through the looking glass of "High Priest", Timothy Leary. Other books by Tim and friends are *High Priest*, *The Psychedelic Experience*, *Psychedelic Prayers*, *The Politics of Ecstasy*, and *Jail Notes*.

As They Were

by Tuli Kupferberg and Sylvia Tapp

Links Press, \$2.95

BOB GROSSWEINER

We are all fascinated with our childhood pictures or our lover's or anyone's for that matter. So, former fug, poet, and author (*1001 Ways to Make Love*, *1001 Ways to Beat the Draft*, *1001 Ways to Live Without Working*) Tuli Kupferberg and Sylvia Tapp have compiled a book of famous people's pictures of their early years like Bella Abzug, age 5, in a hat, of course; twelve year old Muhammed Ali in boxing gear; Charles Atlas (skinny); the Beatles; Lenny Bruce; the "gangster" James Cagney at ten; Angela Davis; Sammy Davis, Jr., age three, in partial white-face; Jane Fonda on Henry's knee, Che Guevera at ten; Adolph Hitler; J. Edgar Hoover looking like he was a college preppy at only age four; and more (I stopped at the highlights up to the letter "H" as you can see). There is also a poem by William Blake when he was fourteen, and this was written by a

thirteen-year-old Aldous Huxley:
"At a gallop we charge up the shingle
At a gallop we leap the sea wall
With a mad exultation we tingle
For we, we can overcome all."

This book is fun, fun, fun.

Writings and Drawings by Bob Dylan

Alfred A. Knopf

\$6.95

BOB GROSSWEINER

This is for all you Dylan freaks and for the rest of you as well. Besides the individual song books with chording etc., this is the first complete book of Bob Dylan's writings (*Tarantula* is not included). It comes in an attractive, shiny hard pink cover that looks like you can wash the coffee stains off to keep it permanently clean. An authorized edition (that means the Bob himself okayed it or that he might have even put it together) of all his lyrics

arranged chronologically, each album arranged in order followed by some songs of the general period that he wrote but did not record (others did I'm sure). You can also find the liner notes he did for his albums as well as the ones he did for Joan Baez, but there are no captions or labels here to tell you what is what so you probably will have to consult a Dylan freak if you really want to know. There are also concert program notes, some poems, and some unidentified prose. The drawings are rather primitive, but it's better to have them here than to have to go through Mr. D's garbage, isn't it? A great book for all music and poetry lovers.

Now you can easily quote Dylan or you can search for that name you need for your new rock group. What more can you ask for besides Dylan himself or another album?

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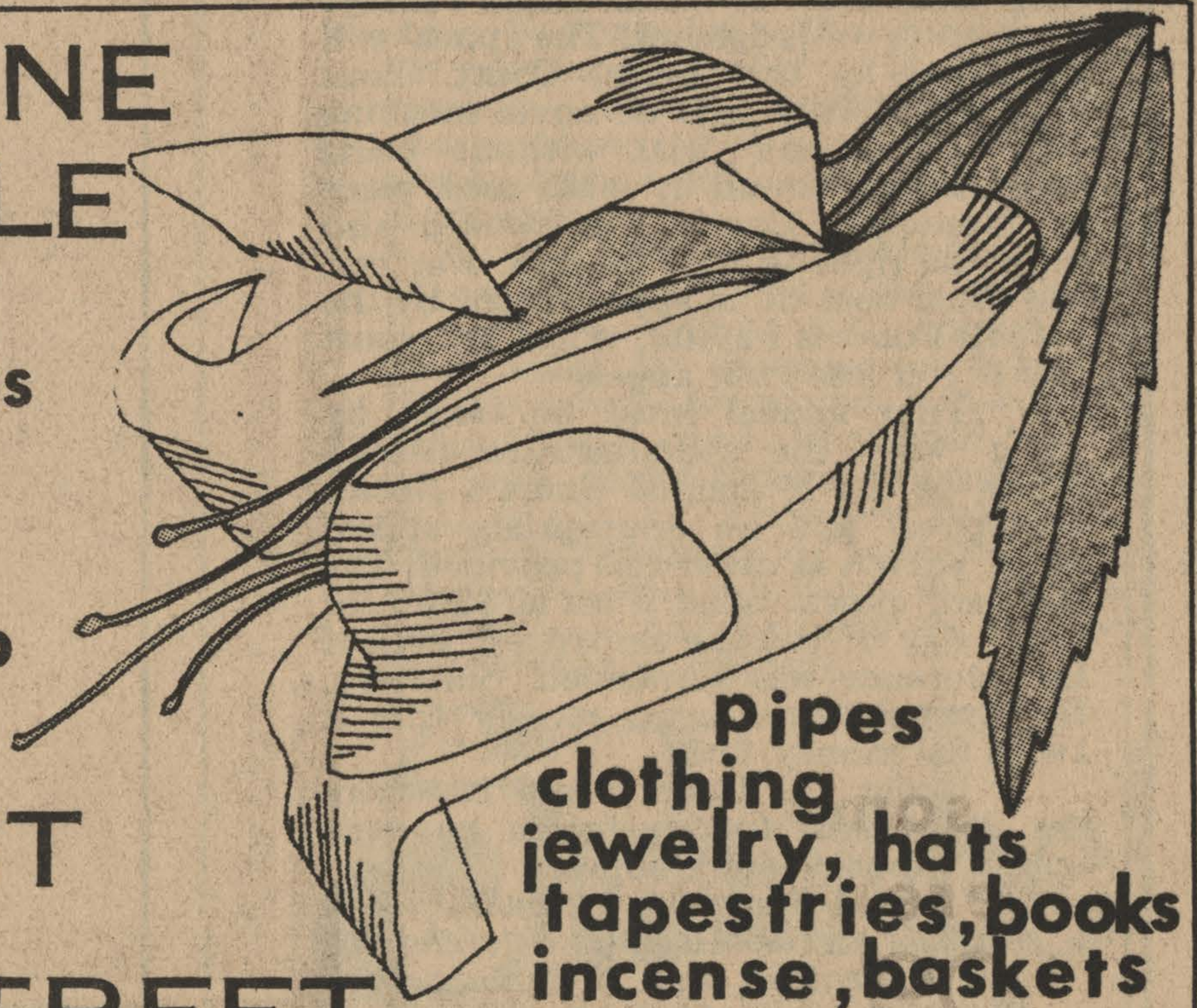
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EATs

BARBARA WILSON

Proper credit for the last supplement of this column should have read "miss reinriens herself". Nevermind.

The food horizon looks rather bleak. Walking into the supermarket and finding large eggs selling at \$1.15 a dozen is a shock with a long recovery time. The following is a true story. The time is about a month ago when the price of eggs was making headlines; the place, a supermarket that will remain nameless. A friend of a friend was doing his weekly grocery shopping. He picked up a dozen eggs at the egg counter for \$1.10, but by the time he arrived at the checkout stand with his purchases the price of eggs had gone up to \$1.15. There was a sign posted at the checkout announcing this rise.

Otherwise, someone has been dropping many peach pits on the streets of NYC. Some areas have as many as five or six pits per block. Being a prune pit collector from way back I notice things like that. I can't help but wonder if they were all dropped by one peacheater or if it is the work of a clandestine group and where the peachpit path leads to. By the way, my prune pit collection mentioned earlier has all but disappeared due to countless mailings enclosing these little morsels of wonderment.

But the cupboard is far from bare.

Food has got to be fun if it can't be cheap. More reports arrive each day about people who play with their food. Edible art. This phenomenon will be fully covered in future columns.

Until then, get dual pleasure from your food. Plant your pits, seeds and potatoes. Dip interestingly shaped foods into ink or paint to make prints. Make your meal into a sculpture before eating. Invite your friends over to marvel at your work. A painter friend used to dye her cream of what bright colors. Even starving can be fun.



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EAGLES

An Interview

BOB GROSSWEINER

"We all wanted to be rock stars. There is no dead weight here, I mean, we are not carrying around someone's best friend or room-mate. We were all ready to step up and be noticed," stated guitarist Glen Frey about the formation of the Eagles back in August 1971 in the music capital of southern California: Los Angeles.

"The first album was to help us get the group off the ground. There were no fillers—everything was potentially a hit single, but we really didn't know what the results would be," added drummer Don Henley.

Their first album, *Eagles*, released in mid-1972 produced: "Take It Easy"—a delightful country inspired single that soared up the charts; their million selling single "Witchy Woman"; "Peaceful Easy Feeling"—the third hit single from their debut album (a rarity in the music field especially for a new group); and the LP was just about to be certified gold at the time of this interview. Their second album, *Desperado*, was produced more for FM play, and there has yet to be a "hit" single, but nonetheless all the songs are very good and have "hit" potential. But first, let's backtrack.

Los Angeles is a mecca for country-rock music. There is a loose atmosphere of groups and inter-mingling sessions are an everyday affair. Texan Don Henley, Minneapolis-bred Bernie Leadon, Glen Frey from Detroit, and Nebraskan Randy Meisner converged in L.A. sometime in the '60's and eventually wound up at one time or another in Linda Ronstadt's backup band (but no more than three of them were ever in it at the same time). They jammed a few times and decided to band together as a quartet with all four singing lead.

Bernie Leadon was in the legendary San Diego bluegrass group known as the Scottsville Squirrel Barkers along with Chris Hillman back in 1962 (Bernie is only twenty-four today). He then joined Hearts and Flowers as banjoist/guitarist before he went into Dillard and Clark, and this was followed by the Flying Burrito Brothers where he gained national prominence. Bassist Randy Meisner was best known for his work with Poco, but he left after their first album just before they became popular. His work with

Rick Nelson's Stone Canyon Band (*Rick Nelson in Concert* LP) not only helped to bring Rick back as a contemporary artist, it is one of the finest albums in the country-rock genre. Glen Frey played guitar in Bo Diddley's band for a few months before joining that incredible duo known as Longbranch Pennywhistle (the other half being John David Souther). And, Don Henley drummed for the Texas group, *Shiloh*, that also included Manassas' Al Perkins.

Eagles signed with the Geffin/Roberts management team and Asylum as their label. They went off to Aspen, Colorado to get their music together where they performed four shows a day for four weeks in a local club to work out the kinks. They decided to record with Glyn Johns as their engineer/producer in London because that is where Glyn works and lives and because there would be no outside influences in the sessions as there would have been in Los Angeles (In other words, L.A. friends would be dropping by too often).

As a country inspired band, you may have wondered why there is no steel guitar. Glen: "We decided not to use a steel guitar. When we were putting the band together, we had literally our choice of any steel guitar player we wanted, but we decided first of all to stay away from that because it's too obvious. And with just four guys it's a little bit lean, there's not so many notes, there's a lot more air in the music. And the other thing to me is that Don plays a different kind of drums and Randy plays a different kind of bass than you find in other country-rock groups, so it's a little heavier rhythm section than Poco has or than the Burrito's had. But, if Bernie wants to play some steel in the four piece concept, that'll be fine. He plays banjo now on "Twenty-One" and "Early Bird." It is important that we re-create our studio sound in concert."

Desperado has a concept running through it, but they did not plan it that way at first. Each song stands on its own. Three years ago Jackson Browne and Ned Doheny gave their friend Glen Frey a book about the Old West which contained the true life saga of Bill Dalton and his two brothers—the notorious bank robbers. A year later, Jackson, J.D. Souther and Glen got the idea of doing an album based upon an outlaw using the analogy of an

outlaw/musician in a rock and roll band. Glen and Don wrote one song, "Desperado," but nothing materialized until the Eagles started to gather material for their second album early this year. "We wanted a romantic outlaw like Robin Hood," expressed Don as he talked about the co-operative writing for this album, "Jackson, J.D., and David Blue all contributed to the final concept."

Briefly, *Desperado* is about a freedom-loving young man at the age of maturity (he's twenty-one—maybe he should be eighteen instead!) in the Old West. He discovers a gun in a shop window, buys it, and practices every day in the country so he can outdraw everyone before he starts his new career as a bank robber. He gets drunk for the first time in his life, spends his easy money on women, fights over an unfaithful woman, and then the adventure changes into reality for his final big job before he burns out. (Doesn't this sound somewhat like that rock film *Zachariah*.)

Glen explained part of the analogy: "When a kid sees a guitar in a shop window today, he sees it the same way the outlaw in the Old West saw the gun. It's the mark of a new kind of man—a way he can make a fortune and a name for himself while thumbing his nose at the things society wants him to be." And that is true of Glen who wants "to be rich and to find his woman"—a dream of most of us.

A lyric sampling will better help you to fully visualize the analogy. ("We don't issue a lyric sheet in the album," re-iterated Glen, "because we are not poets—poetry is not the greatest priority of our music.") "I am an outlaw, I was born an outlaw's son/The highway is my legacy, on the highway I will run/In one hand I've a Bible/In the other I've got a gun/Don't try to understand/The life upon the road/Is the life of an outlaw man." (David Blue's "Outlaw Man"); From "Twenty-One": "Well, I'm twenty-one and free as I can be..."; "She wasn't just another..." from "Tequila Sunrise"; and "They were Doolin-Dalton/High or low it was the same/Easy money and faithless women/Redeye whiskey for the pain." ("Doolin-Dalton").

The song "Tequila Sunrise" is one of the more interesting tunes on the *elpee* because of that popular drink that



is flooding the mouths of young Americans. But, Glen explained that the title came by accident: "In 'Out of Control' the young kid goes to the town and wants to be one of the big guys and wants to impress the big guys and goes into the bar and drinks (tequila) into a frenzy. He kind of hallucinates a love affair with the barmaid. He starts yelling and stuff and finally gets into a fight at the end of the song. And then "Tequila Sunrise" follows that beginning with the hangover—the naked heart and the naked head—his first emotional scars as he awakens to a beautiful sunrise. Even though we opted for the name of the ever popular drink, it really has nothing to do with that drink—it is about a hangover from tequila and how you feel the next day. Then comes "Desperado" about how you better let somebody love you."

The future looks bright for the Eagles. They will be in London this fall to record their third album with Glyn—a collection of songs rather than a concept. One tune will be "The Ballad of James Dean"—an idol worship tune—written by Don, Glen, Jackson, and J.D. The talk of filming *Desperado* is real, but they won't discuss the matter beyond that although it seems that they have a director in mind, and they would also like to get involved with the writing of soundtracks. The interview preceded the editing and mixing of one of their television appearances as well as appearing on *In Concert* later that night. It would have been interesting to watch them watching themselves, but we couldn't co-ordinate our plans in time.

Concerts are a very important aspect of their day to day routine as they take special care to make sure they are giving their best. For their New York concert in Central Park (they had previously done this only once, in California), they used a sixteen piece string section to get an added affect, and that added cost meant that they lost money on the show. But, they thought that it was worth it.

The Eagles like to give benefits if the cause is righteous such as the American Indians, and they plan to help unite the Indians of Southern California in the fall. They recently performed twice for the prisoners on Terminal Island Prison, San Pedro, California, and they thought it "was depressing to watch the inmates on the other side of the analogy. For the first show, two men on good behavior and all the women—they were all pretty, and I probably could really have like them—were present while all the hard-assed (doing 20-30 years) dudes were there for the second show," Eaglet Frey related.

"That was one of our best audiences as they really know what the lyrics were all about. "Know what freedom means to me" from "Twenty-One" brought a huge amount of foot stomping as they cheered any words about outlaws/freedom. When we got to "lay down your law books now/They are no damn good" from "Doolin-Dalton," they went berserk. I'll tell you it was a strange feeling having a steak dinner that night while thinking about them."

"As Don Juan preaches 'follow

the path that has heart,' we wear what we want, what we feel when we perform. We are not into glitter as we don't want to attach any significance to the myth of the rock star on stage or off."

"Concerts have become social events replacing frat parties and church dances. But we are in the decadent '70s. We have to get kids off downers; we want them to listen to the lyrics and to think. We are planning a tour with Poco—the Eagles and Poco each getting co-billing which means that we will headline one night; Poco the next. But, I really am looking for the jam each night. Can you imagine four acoustic guitars with Rusty Young on pedal steel? Wow!!"

As our discussion came to an end, I was sorry that Randy and Bernie couldn't be present. Don and Glen struck me as two extremely friendly people—people that you would just like to hang out with. If you have the feeling that rock musicians are super stars with inflated egos, Don and Glen (as well as most everyone else I have talked with) are certainly the opposite. When I bumped into them later at a Jackson Browne concert, they treated me as a long lost friend.

P.S. You know those *Cliff Notes* that replaced *Classics Illustrated* as ponies for the great literary masterpieces. Now you should be able to find (free!!!) *Clef Notes* for *Desperado* at bookstores and some record outlets that will tell you a synopsis of the album and will give you a sample test for the Eagles' exam that I will be giving later in the year.

33 Shots

by
BOB GROSSWEINER

Skin Alley
Two Quid Deal
Stax STS 3013

The first British group on the Stax label is a multi-instrumental quartet with lots of overdubbing, three part harmonies, and long flowing jazz inspired instrumental interludes. Although there are at least two earlier imports, this is their first American release. If you are into flutes, this is your type of jazz-rock LP—it is more defined than present day Tull. A well produced album especially "Sun Music" and who knows maybe Krzystof Juskiewicz will become a household name in rock circles. It is good to finally see an American release, and Don Nix is producing the next one.

Public Foot The Roman
Public Foot The Roman
Soverign ST 11215

Five English lads who are attending Cambridge decided to form this here band with the strange name of Public Foot The Roman and will do some touring when they graduate (maybe they already have). All original material including "Landowner" which is about the money grubby landlord with a heart of steel who'll screw you anyway he can. A song orientated group with keyboards leading the way along with two guitars, they are not as flashy as Flash although they might superficially remind you of them. A funky jam of "Judas Returns," heartening harmonies on "One (On My Mind)," and their longest and most complex piece, "Decline and Fall," make PFTR a refreshing new group, but why did they choose such a name.

Brownsville Station

Yeah!

Big Tree 2012

"Another heavy rocker from Ann Arbor and who needs it?" you say. "Well, we do because Brownsville Station is damn good," I say. Yeah! Yeah! makes dancing seem much easier as this trio (on their previous two albums they were a quartet) is about to break out nationally like Z.Z. Top. Most of the hard rock bands from the Detroit area are loud and obnoxious; Station are loud but tasteful with a good beat, good drive, and no egoing soloists on every track. They are tight (their previous LP, *Night on the Town* Big Tree 2010 was looser and more accessible and probably better), but they seem to dervish on this album for my tastes: "Go Out and Get Her" sounds too much like "Hang on Sloop". But their cover version of the Velvets' "Sweet Jane" is intriguing and dig the harp on "Take It or Leave It." A group that we will be hearing from for a long time. Yeah!

Ben Sidran
Puttin' In Time On Planet Earth
Blue Thumb BTS 55

Sessionist Ben Sidran (Steve Miller, Stones) and producer Ben Sidran (Tony Williams, Glencoe) have combined to produce the best of his three albums. Just listen to "Play the Piano" and you'll know why he has all those credits. The jazz influence is strong especially on his keyboards, but there is a lot of rock and roll too. Tony Williams, Steve Miller, Tim Davis, Phil Upchurch, and Curley Cooke are some of the people who help out. Ben takes you on a beautiful musical journey through some of the most honest lyrics about life that you'll ever encounter on an album. The jams on the second side are thought provoking on a record that should bring Ben out of Madison, Wisconsin onto a tour to visit us so he can lay some of his blues-jazz-rock on us.

• • • • •
: SHORT TAKES :
• ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ •

The new Flash album, *Out Of Our Heads*, is not as good as their first two (and that goes for the cover as well) with its relatively short concise tracks, but their guitarist ex-Yes man, Peter Banks, has finally achieved his life long dream: a solo LP. *Two Sides of Peter Banks* (Sovereign SMAS-11217) is an extremely well done instrumental only journey that uses some of rock's heavies: Focus' guitarist Jan Akkerman (left-hand channel only), and some members of Genesis, King Crimson, and, of course, Flash. . . . In the tradition of Steeleye Span, Pentangle, and Fairport Convention, we now have a fine new Scottish group known as the JSD Band. *Traveling Days* (Warners BS 2723) specializes in Scottish and Irish jigs as well as traditional folk, some rock, and catch those "Fishin' Blues." . . . Booker T. & The MG's are no longer recording as a group, but their guitarist Steve Cropper (billed here as Captain Guitar) has put together a new Memphis studio trio known as Washrag. Their album, *Bang* (TMI (BTL1-0117)) is funky as hell, instrumentally sound and includes "Freddie's Dead" and many originals. The best instrumental elpee of this type since the days of the MG's, and see what started out as a jam between sessions. . . . "Yes We Can Can" is only one of the great tracks from those fabulous Pointer Sisters (Blue Thumb BTS 46). It is a refreshing album that brings good time vocalists back into the home and catch "Wang Dang Doodle" for some good old wang dang. . . . see ya next issue.

Catfish Hodge
Boogie Man Gonna Get Ya
Eastbound EB 9001

I thought that boogie music was passe. I mean we have had this craze (boogieing) since what before 1970. Anyway, here is another record that boogies. In the tradition of John Lee Hooker and Canned Heat, Catfish Hodge is one of the best. Catfish Hodge used to be known as Bob Hodge (still all 250 pounds), the leader of that Detroit boogie band of the late '60s known as Catfish that released two albums on Epic back when. Catfish Hodge is backed by a quintet including brother Dallas Hodge, just 18 years old, on lead driving guitar, and they produce some heavy rock 'n' roll blues (seriously!). Skip "Boogie Man," a talking boogie and the longest cut as well as the single (much better here with the talking edited out), and now search for "Hungry Love" and the Lennon-McCarney "I Want You (She's So Heavy)" Heavy! And once the boogie-man gets ya, you stay got.

Best of the Animals

ABKCO AB 4226

Herman's Hermits (Their Greatest Hits)

ABKCO AB 4227

Two Important re-issues (both are two record sets containing 20 tracks at \$5.98 list), but one is a no-no unless you don't have any Animals' LPs. You see the animals (that was Eric Burden's group that also included Alan 'O Lucky Man' Price) issued over ten albums, and this *Best of . . .* collection contains mostly the very early stuff from the first three albums but none of the "flower power" songs like "Sky Pilot" or "River Deep, Mountain High." The good blues of the early Animals is well captured ("House of The Rising Sun," "Boom Boom") as well as their pure rock ("A Girl Named Sandoz"). You should have more Animal tracks than just these so I highly recommend their Greatest Hits (all three volumes) on MGM that are floating around in the discount bins. On the other hand, the Herman's Hermits LP is their greatest hits and the best collection ever and makes an ideal nostalgic record for any collection. The British invasion of the early-mid '60s were led by groups like the Hermits and how can you forget "Mrs. Brown You've Got A Lovely Daughter," "I'm Henry VIII, I AM," and 18 others. Both are great gifts.

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3109 Gilham Plaza

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**KUDL AM & FM
Cowtown Ballroom Present**

Friday, November 2nd at Cowtown Ballroom

**Mott the Hoople
Kinky Freedman & the
Texas Jewboys**

One Show—8:00 A 8:00 P.M.
All Tickets \$5.00 Advance

Saturday, November 10th at Cowtown Ballroom

Robin Trower

8:00 P.M. All Tickets \$1.00 Advance—\$2.00 at Door

Friday, November 16th at Cowtown Ballroom

**Ozark Mountain Daredevils
Danny Cox**

One Show 8:00 P.M. All Tickets \$1.00 Advance
\$2.00 at Door

Friday, November 23rd at Municipal Auditorium

**Blackoak Arkansas
Dr. Hook
Lynyrd Skynrd**

One Show 7:30 P.M.

Tickets for all Cowtown Concerts are
available at the B-A Stores and Kief's
in Lawrence. Call the Cowtown Concert
Line for more information.

CONCERTS

Marshall Tucker

Charlie Daniels

John Paul
Hammond

TIM BRADLEY

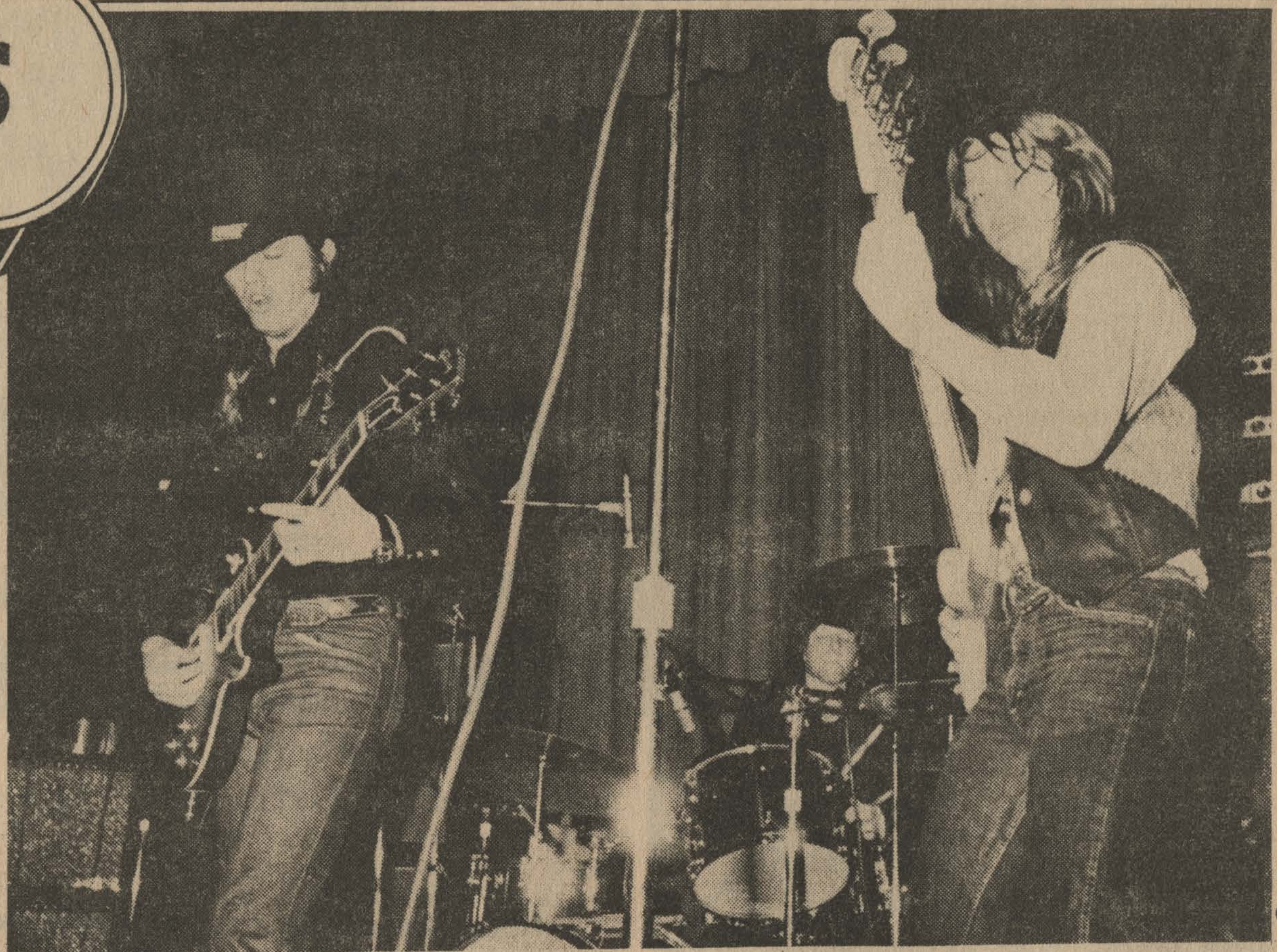
Sunday night seems to be the perfect night for a concert, since there's nothing else to do and it's a bad night for teevee. So the audience at Memorial Hall was in just the right mood for a good concert and they got one.

John Paul Hammond started the program with some tasty guitar licks, but some really droll dribbling on harp and he sang like a run-over toad. Local favorite Charlie Daniels was next. About two months ago, this bulbous bozo had himself a hit single called "Uneasy Rider" that all halfway hippies thought was powershake perfect and now he thinks he's a rock and roller. He's honed his music to a high level of mediocrity and just added volume. Charlie knows about three notes on the guitar, but I guess they're the right three, for what he lacks in musicianship, he more than makes up for in showmanship. Daniels and his audience both had a good time, so what more matters? Besides I'd love to see him jam with Leslie West just for the sheer spectacle of it—maybe throw in the Bear from Canned Heat... get

me Mama Cass on the phone...

After meeting the Marshall Tucker Band and being wined and dined by the Brothers Warner, I was determined not to let my opinion be influenced one critical crumb. I went to the concert dead set on being extra particular and still the Marshall Tucker Band just shined, shined, shined.

These guys were not the usual crop of depravo sleaze rockers with molasses minds out to bash the cash out of all the pre-pube pud pounders in the audience, but fine Southern rock and rollers who come from South Carolina by way of Macon. And that means boogie with a bite, buster. Being something of a guitar freak, I watched slack-jawed with delight as Toy Caldwell thumbed (i.e. no pick) through a million bladder-blitz licks that were so clean and melodic they would have charmed a chickadee.



BOB WIRTH

And the rest of the band weren't no slouches, neither. First-rate vocals and sensible melodies topped good ensemble playing and the occasional presence of flute and sax gave the music an extra-dimensional feel. No need to list the tunes cuz they were all good, and they even did "Will the Circle Be Unbroken." Charlie Daniels and J.P. Hammond got back into the act for a quick 12-bar shuffle jam at the end. If you missed the Marshall Tucker Band this time, see them next time and bring all your friends.

Because the airlines don't schedule flights around rock concerts (they'll learn someday), the MTB had to leave in a flash after a fairly short set and two encores, so Charlie Daniels came back out with his crew of crazies to finish up. Good show.

J. Geils Mark-Almond

NEIL HAVERSTICK

It seems that everyone I talked to liked Mark-Almond a lot more than I did, but that wasn't a great blow by any means. Here's the way I saw and heard this group: if what they did that night at Memorial Hall was their best effort, piss on 'em. But I hope it wasn't; I hope that they can do better, for their sake. It's not that they were Brownsville Station bad; they seemed to be fairly talented, but as dull as a saltine cracker in a puddle. I thought that the lyrics I heard were really funny, something like 'there's a man in my neighborhood/and what he's got for sale sure tastes good.' Hahaha. Really, you guys, how hip. The vocals were definitely not this band's strong point either. Very weak and strained. Mark only played one guitar solo (badly) and played rhythm the rest of the set. The keyboard man flung a whole lot of notes at the audience,

strange notes mostly. I dig the style but I personally don't think he pulled it off too well. But who the fuck am I to say if this cat was on the beam? He *looked* like he was into it all right. I'll at least give him a c plus for trying to do something different.

But this Almond bugged me, for sure. I knew what he was going to sound like before I got there, and he sure did. There was no spark in his playing; he sounds like a million other cats you hear. No surprise to his chops. He played it safe and gave to the audience the following musical gifts: fast, clean scales and patterns, up and down; an octave divider, a real fine little gadget; and a real high note, held out a longlong time for maximum effect. He did that one several times, and the audience did what he *knew* they would do, long before he ever played this particular gig, which was piss in their pants and give

him a nice ovation for his "efforts". Great. I guess it's great, isn't it? Like I said; if this is the best this band can do... But I bet that they can really play when they feel like it. What do you think about all this, K.C.?

Now J. Geils and the boys wuz a different story altogether. You get six crazy white cats playing this fast, funky R n' B at the most frenzied possible level, and it's pure nitro. Just like the Rolling Stones always wanted to play but never quite did. Really. These guys start and just don't quit, and everything's right to the point. Besides this, they look so damn outrageous without looking like a bunch of you-know-what's; right down to the matching flying-V guitars and pink and black outfits.

Highlights of this set included Geils solo on *Serves you right to Suffer*; the man started bleeding and just wouldn't quit wailing and moaning. He had a line right to my gut. Justman also got away on this tune, ripping bright orange flashes out of his organ keyboard. And needless to say, Magic Dick *sure* does play that licking stick; that man packs a punch. Mr. Bass and

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Kinky Friedman and the Texas Jewboys

PHIL HARMONIC

Some things are too important to be taken seriously, this could've been one of those.

Park College lies nestled in the rolling hills of scenic (no shit) Parkville, Mo. It's just north of the river... you can't miss it. With that being the case, where were all the people Saturday night, at Cowtown?

Kinky Friedman and the Texas Jewboys played two prime sets to a combined crowd of less than 300 people, tops. Whew! That's a cryin' shame. The Kinky Man put out with one of the best shows of any kind that this blown soul has witnessed. Being outrageous seems to come naturally to him, and that makes it all the easier to follow along. He is an honest-to-God Texas Jew, and gets more mileage from that dubious title than anyone that comes to mind. (insert Texas-Jewish humor here) The Jewboys are: Billy Swan—rhythm, bass, & vocals, and is a truly fine ol' Nashville boy, late of Kris Kristofferson's Gypsy Band. Witchita—lead guitar, violin... he may be small, but he sure can haul the mail. He writes such on-the-spot classics as "Smuckers Jam", which was re-named for the second set, "Meshcugna Rag". The drummer for this show was Randy Colors, who was standing in for their regular drummer somewhere in a hospital recovering from anal surgery. The Jewboys, believe it or eat it, picked this boy up, hitch-hiking in the full lotus position outside Kansas City. That's right friends. On bass, acoustic guitar, & vocals is one Willie Fong Young, a Chinese razor-back with more than one observation on love. Last, but not least, Little Jewford—keyboards, mouth piano, toy trumpet, & vocals. When this boy gets turned loose wierd things happen. (Rufus Thomas and Lord Sutch, take cover)

In my opinion, anyone who would play a campus chapel as nice as Park College's shows an enormous amount of good taste. When a lit, wood-carved relief of the Last Supper is used as background, I feel it shows a strong religious upbringing, coupled with strong ties of proud Jewish ancestry. (incestory?) And when the group is announced, in the highest volume that both the p.a. and the announcer could handle, as "The best Goddamn country band in the land", you know that tradition has just bit the dust.

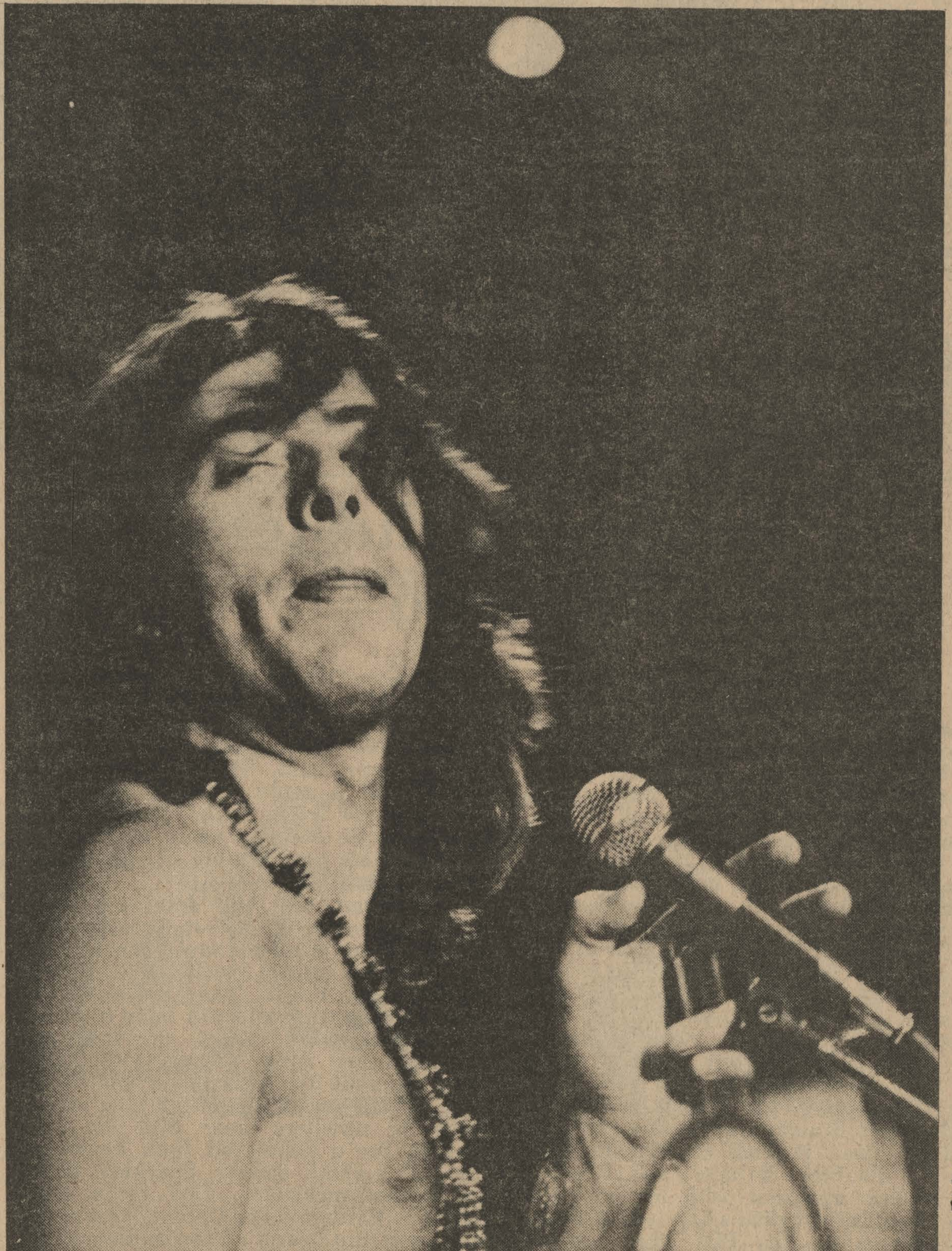
Their songs run the range from "The Ballad of Charles Whitman", about the Austin Texas sniper a few years back, to "Amelia Earhart's Last Flight". (Miss Earhart... we have your luggage) There's love songs with a twist like "Carring a Torch For You", along with random social comments as in "We Reserve the Right to Refuse Service to You", and "Get Your Biscuits in the Oven and Your Buns in the Bed." There were other songs, mood pieces I callz 'em, for crying in your beer, or feeling

up your date. And a song that went right with the surrounding surroundings, "High on Jesus". With song titles like those you just know this boy was hottern' a fresh fried knish.

As much as the crowd at the first show enjoyed themselves, it was a wonder they didn't stay around for the second set; there were certainly plenty of unoccupied pews, and student tickets for the show were all of 25 cents. (Good Gawd)

The chapel itself was a monument to aesthetic architecture, but was far from being acoustically proper for electric music. Acoustic? Electric? It sounded pretty bad from a distance. The sound for the second set was somewhat better after the p.a.'s two thin columns were stacked onto equipment cases. The sound did come across sufficiently well to crack up the assembled collegiates whenever Kinky would take his bottle of Comfort down and drawl at them. That boy's nuts! The house was miniscule, but appreciative, and I feel Kinky would've gone to whatever outrageous lengths were necessary to maintain the high level of Commie-cosmic country chaos he and the Jewboys are becoming famous for.

Rumor has it that Kinky and the Jewboys will play Cowtown the first week of Nov. with Mott the Hoople. Grab your bottle, your bag and your honey and come on out.



KERWINE PLEVINA

Dan Hicks Ted Anderson Billy Spears Group

NEIL HAVERSTICK

Old Mootown reminded me of a stockyard at closing as hoardes of cattle-like Kansas Citians meandered into the legendary rock hall to see the Billy Spears group, Ted Anderson, and last, least and lost, none other than Lonesome Dan Hicks. I was beside myself to see what sly old Dan the Man had up his sleeve as a musical offering for K.C. But more on him a little later.

The Billy Spears groups was up first, and did indeed knock the crowd on it's collective ass. Featuring Billy on fiddle and electric mandolin, the group also contained lovely Janet Jameson (formerly of Morningstar) on second fiddle, mandolin and vocals; a pedal steel player, electric bassist, and two other vocalists, one of whom played rhythm guitar. Oh yeah; there was also a drummer, but I can't figure out why this group needs this drummer in its line up. He added nothing to their sound. He is an O.K. musician, but that isn't my point. All that his playing did was to cover up the fiddles; it sounded like a bunch of tumbling logs. He was way too overstated. I'm kind of right wing when it comes to country type music; I'm also totally crazy. Since I couldn't hear the bass I cannot comment on it, but the vocals were tight and true with all the right notes in the right place at the most opportune time. A rare thing. But their version of *Six Days On The Road* was ridiculous, the vocal mainly. The vocalist sounded like he had spent 6 days on the road in a volkswagen bus, not some greasy, stinking diesel. Besides

that, the steel player was not too bad, but also seemed to get in the way of the fiddles.

But speaking of fiddles, that Billy Spears is a mother, let me tell you. That man is authentic, and when he greases it down you know he's telling you the truth. Only trouble was that most of his playing was devoured by the sound of the band, being, as they were, rather unbalanced most of the time. (But that could easily have been the control board's fault). Especially on the encore, Orange Blossom Special, the fiddle squealed on below the rest of the band. I heard a tape of Billy when he played with an acoustic bluegrass group (Buzzard Creek) and it was a different story. He was twice as fast, stretched out more, and all of the fine points of his playing stood out.

But what the hell, the band did rock and the audience loved it. I was glad to see Janet working with Billy cause she can only get better, and she is no amateur now. One of the highlights of this band is when she and Billy blaze away together on these old fiddle tunes. They saw a bad-ass cat gut. This is, potentially, one of the best bands in the Midwest, but they have a shitload of faults to iron out. I hope they do.

Onward, Unfortunately, I did not hear Ted Anderson's set at all. He was swallowed up by the general din. But I did hear him a few nights later as he taped a set for a T.V. show, and I discovered that he sings well, writes creatively, and does a variety of material. I like him because he's sincere

about his gig. But I didn't like old Lonesome Dan, the star of opening night. As his set wore on he became loner and loner, but not because he wanted it that way; a lot of people left as he played on.

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Country Gazette

BOB GROSSWEINER

Billed as some of the ex-Burrito Brothers, I was more than anxious to see Country Gazette as I had never seen either group. Whereas the Burritos were one of the finest country rock groups before they faded into oblivion, Gazette are into more of a pure bluegrass sound with a tinge of country.

Three time national fiddle champion and mandolin player Byron Berline, Roger Bush on stand-up bass which he straddled while playing, guitarist and new member Roland White (brother of Byrd Clarence), and the only non-vocalist Alan Munde (banjo) returned recently from a highly successful European tour. But, on this their first trip to New York (the Metro), I was a little disappointed. Instrumentally their unamplified sound (except for two vocal mikes) is just fine, but it becomes a bit repetitious by the end of the set. Their high pitched vocal harmonies are inspiring, but Gazette lacks a lead vocalist, and this is their major problem. I don't foresee them making it big in the non country area like the Burritos did unless they get a good singer, and they should improve their stage presence which seemed to be too serious for their shit-kicking country-hillbilly-bluegrass music.

Anyway I really enjoyed their brand of country music especially the instrumental "Hot Burrito Breakdown" which was recorded for the live Burrito lp, but got left off and was recut for their fine debut album. The vocal harmonies on "Never Ending Love" made this song stand out as did Byron's fiddle on "Sally Goodwin". For an encore they took us for a ride on the "Orange Blossom Special" and a couple in the audience did a jig. But, this audience did not get as inspired for Gazette as I had seen audiences for other country-bluegrass acts with cat-calls, foot stompin', and hootin' and hollerin'.

The set ended, the wine and cheese was finished, and I was completely satiated.

GEILS continued

Drums were also right there, all night long, pushing and prodding the music along right on time and right on out of sight. And then up front we got Mr. Bad-ass Wolf, or at least he sure looks and sings the part. The perfect emcee for this white tornado of funk.

They do stick pretty close to the record in their stage arrangements, and I do wish that just once, say at the beginning to *Serves you right to Suffer*, they would bring it down for a while and let it slowly creep back up. The effect would be truly dynamic. But let's face it; these guys do what they do almost as perfectly as can be, and that's definitely where it's at. So I ain't bitching about this one. Hats off to Wild West productions cause they scored on this gig.

Reuben & the Jets Deodato

BOB GROSSWEINER

When you think of Brazilian music, you might think of the bossa nova; Deodato, along with Gato Barbieri, is going to change that concept. As strange as it may seem, Deodato is a musician as well as the name of a ten piece space age jazz group (4 horns including Randy Brecker, 2 conga players, drums, guitar, bass, and Eumir Deodato on keyboards/synthesizer). The open air concert at Wollman's (Central Park) is one of the best places to see Deodato (it would only have been better at the Planetarium—Pink Floye played the London Planetarium recently—think about it). Unfortunately, the sky was a bit hazy, but his music could make your mind see through the gook as he opened with "Also Sprach Zarathustra (2001)" and followed it with another familiar motif—"Baubles, Bangles, and Beads." It became apparent why he surprised the music world with a top selling single and album on the POP charts as he knows how to get a non-jazz orientated audience involved in his music. Then he progressed into his own compositions characterized by a deep percussion

sound, horn riffs, a piercing guitar, and an incredible keyboards display as the music builds around you until it reaches a crescendo and takes you off into never, never land. He closed with a refrain that I could listen to all night and never be bored with: "2001". For an encore he blew us away with what should be his next big hit, Steely Dan's "Do It Again" and he did.

Reuben and the Jets are real. What was once an album creation of Frank Zappa is now a seven piece East Los Angeles group with an LP out produced by Frank. They are not just your average rock and roll band as they do obscure '50 tunes as well as contemporary songs featuring Buffalo on a dynamic tenor sax over the basic rock 'n' roll sound. Although their stage show is nowhere near Sha Na Na (except for a simulated fuck between sax and a chick dancer, Sparkie), they are better musicians. Led by a real Reuben, Reuben "The Cuban" Guevera, they won the hearts of the audience by the second song. They only lacked an outrageous stage show to go along with their music.



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DAN HICKS continued

Conspicuously absent were the Lickettes and Sid Page, but he did bring Jaime Leopold on bass and J. Girton on guitar. But it didn't help too much, I'm afraid. Old lonesome, in my opinion, just couldn't cut the mustard this nite, as he presented a set notable for it's lack of drive and the bad vibes which seemed to radiate from the stage. When you couple this with the lack of those darling females (one of which I love madly), the Man just ain't worth a poot. I do like his songs, I'll admit, but for some reason after a couple or three I began to lose interest in his career. And Leopold and Girton are fine musicians, but tough shit. I left before the end of the set, and do not care if old Lonesome ever makes it back to town. That is, of course, unless he brings the Lickettes with him; then he'd have something. But who wants to hear some sarcastic old man (who probably doesn't even like his mother) get up on stage and insult an audience that paid hard earned money to see him? Not me, baby. But then I get in free, so I don't care who comes to town; I'll be there to give a guaranteed 75% of the groups I see bad reviews. You can bet your ass I will.

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The Propeller Tapes

Ed Toler
Clay Kirkland
Steve McLaine
Dan Libby

NEIL HAVERSTICK

Contained in these tapes is some of my all time favorite music. After seeing all these commercial groups blast in and out of town, all sounding terribly alike and sterile, it is a fucking pleasure to hear people playing music for the love of the art alone. Long, loose jams in which anything can and does happen. My main musical love. These tapes were recorded at the now defunct Propeller when it was in full swing on the second night of its existence in K.C. Kansas, no less.

The musicians in question here are Clay Kirkland, harp and vocal; Dan Libby, bass creeper; Steve McLaine on drums, and none other than Ed "Teddybear" Toler, who played guitar like a gibbon and made an occasional

stab at a vocal. We remember Clay, of course. He played for 3 years with K.C. Grits, the now legendary blues band gone psychotic that is rumored to have played all of their gigs while on acid. Dan and Steve have gigged all over the known universe with all kinds of skanks and junkies, and as we all know, Ed (with his patented "10,000 monkeys chattering away at 10,000 typewriters for infinity" guitar stylings) is not really a musician, but instead a clever joker who fools people into thinking he's great by playing all these ripping fast, lyrically sobbing riffs and making people think that he knows what he's doing. He is a con man from way back, make no mistake. On about 31 instruments.

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me want to laugh, cry, give up playing guitar, and also makes me very sad that so few people are aware of such astounding music, right here in their home town. This music cuts much of what I've heard pass in and out of Cancer City in the last 4 years, no doubt about. When I listen to it I hear so much; surprises, dissappointments, romance, noise, screams and sirens. There are many risks taken and no excuses made. Also some terribly stark blues; yes, the blues of laughing, dying and sneaking down dark alleys to back doors. I'm talking about the blues of the big concrete city here. This music is very close to life and death, beauty and pain. The way it is.

When I listen to Clay play it is easy to think that he is the best, most unique harp cat in the world. He begins in a place where others have never been. What he does with a little fucking Marine band (10 hole) is often beyond my comprehension, and a bit more like Archie Shepp than Sonny Boy. He plays in minor and diminished keys fluently, and is a master of tone, vibrato and phrasing. On this tape his playing is often like a flamethrower, burning and searing. A breather of fire, you might say, and an untouchable innovator. I might add that on vocals he is one convincing back door man. On bass, Libby has definitely got the *touch*; the bass can be found lurking around, below and inbetween the other instruments, all at once. Always there, always there. He and McLaine provided perfect rhythms and perfect foundations for this gig. McLaine played this ridiculously small set of drums, easily carried in one hand. His tone was too good to be true, and his foot must be heard to be believed. His timing was one of the best things about this gig. Mr. Hollow-eyed funk himself I would say.

And then we have Ed on guitar. He dominates the music on these tapes, but that's cool. Ed the man is part lover, part asteroid, part pain, part strings; and his resultant music is mostly magic. I can honestly say that I'd rather hear Ed make mistakes than most people get it right. He plays the way he feels, which means that most of his playing is totally spontaneous. You won't hear the same thing twice, which I prefer. He has all the good qualities; speed, creativity, humor, lyricism, and a smelly asshole. But that's cool cause he was born that way. You never know quite what to expect out of old Ed's axe; it might chirp, slurp, ring, or belch. That damn thing might even piss out these long streams of notes, getting you all wet, and then explode into such intense rhythmic pinwheels that it totally unnerves you—sounds like 3 cats at once sometimes. Too bad he'll be dead before he's thirty, but that's death for ya'. Oh well.

As you can see, I am extremely biased towards the musicians on this tape. Isn't it too bad that the place where such music could be heard was closed down by the vice squad, even though no liquor was served at the Propeller? Isn't it too bad that K.C. doesn't seem to have enough people interested in this kind of music, music pure and honest in the moment of creation, to keep a place open and making a profit? I dream of the day when such a place can flourish in K.C. But I'm afraid I'll not have many fellow dreamers.



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ALBUMS

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PHIL HARMONIC

Get out your nasal spray, here's another bluegrass LP comin' at ya'. (Those guys sound like munchkins with bad adenoids!).

The Country Gazette are not totally unheard of; just mostly. Lots of people heard them two years ago at the first annual Walnut Valley Bluegrass Festival and National Flat-picking Contest (Anybody know how it went this year?). They also shared credit with the Flying Burrito Brothers on an album called "Last of the Red Hot Burritos". Now they have a new album about to be released, and it picks up right where their first LP left off. The liner notes on the back of the album read like a rap-sheet, and tell just about everything you would want to know about the group, unless you want to talk to their mothers. The music is, once again, "classic, in the American bluegrass tradition".

The three original tunes on the LP are strictly instrumental, and are easily

the closest-to-traditional of all the material, except "Singin' All Day and Dinner on the Ground", which is not only traditional in composition, but also one hell of a good song. One of these three is called "Huckleberry Hornpipe"; a hornpipe being an Irish fiddling style, determined in fact by major minors and mixolydian modes (?) (or some such shit). The rapid lead guitar, courtesy of Clarence White. The other two being "Deputy Dalton; with Byron Berline playing fiddle, mandolin, and lead guitar, and Alan Munde doing some nice banjo/mandolin duets; and "Snowball", which consists of equal parts bluegrass and swingband/rag-time. An unbeatable combination!

The "cover songs" (is that fair!) are of such songs as: "Honky Cat" by Elton John/Bernie Taupin, "The Fallen Eagle", by Steve Stills, "Winterwood", by Don McClean, and "Teach Your Children", by Graham Nash. I first heard that song done in a "bluegrass format" (hot-cha!) at Oak Park High School at a concert given by the *Country Gentlemen*, a truly fine group; and it's done great here, too!

"Down the Road" is a Flatt & Scruggs tune that has a nice job done on it. Nice accapella intros.

"Lonesome Blues", by Herb Pederson and kin', is modern, upbeat, country-band music at its best. (Can I say that?) I doubt, once again, that this album will make them famous, but still it's good to have a group as nice as they are to make music; and I hope they come to Kansas City soon, and make some of it live!

Back to the songs:

"I Don't Believe You Met My Baby" is a real nice song about a dream that gets better. "My Oklahoma" is the departure of the album. A modern-classic written by Cheryl Young for her husband, Steve, on his album "Seven Bridges Road" (a whole other story). At any rate, a great song.

Some of the musical helpers were:

The late - Clarence White

On time - Herb Perkins

Early - Al Perkins

Leland Sklar

And, of course - Ben Dover

The boys got together and asked me to remind you good people out there that if you don't see the name "Country Gazette" on the next Cowtown survey you get, wellgo ahead and pencil 'em in anyway.

Tim Davis
Take Me As I Am (Without Silver Without Gold)
Metromedia (BML1-0175)

BOB GROSSWEINER

The first four Steve Miller Band albums were among the best of

Temple Slug

43rd & Jefferson



American rock, and the drive and possibly the major influence in that sound was Tim Davis, the drummer. The Miller sound was a total assimilation of the entire band: Steve Miller, Boz Scaggs, Tim Davis, Lonnie Turner, Jim Peterman, and Ben Sidran. Did you know that the vocalist on "My Friend" from the *Sailor* album and on "Can't You Hear Your Daddy's Heartbeat" on *Brave New World* was not Steve Miller? I didn't until I researched this review, and Miller is one of my all time favorites. It was Tim Davis. Go give a listen.

Box left after two LP's; Tim lasted five. His first solo album, *Pipe Dream* (Metromedia KMD-1054) was released a little over a year ago but got lost in an overflow of released discs. Too bad since it was quite an eclectic gem of boogieing rockers ("Boogie Woogie F.C.B."), country tunes ("Don't Mention the Ladies Name"), and spacy Miller type numbers ("To Sailors Sons"). It also included a previously unrecorded Steve Miller tune; a Terry Reid number "Rich Kid Blues" (Tim played drums for Terry on one European tour after leaving Miller); the single "Buzzy Brown" that probably was the wrong choice for a single that Metromedia picked; and some of my favorite cuts like "Nothing Is the Same" and "Beatle Blues". Helping out were Curley Cooke, Stephen Miller (Elvin Bishop's organist), Tracy Nelson, Lonnie Turner, and Glyn Johns mixed it all in London. A welcome album at the time considering Steve Miller's albums were beginning to lose their potency.

Now Tim has a new solo album, and it is quite a disc. First, Tim is no

longer drumming—just a vocalist somewhat like Jim Capaldi—but Tim was one of the strongest drummers I ever saw (only Billy Cobham ever impressed me more). Second, two all-star backup groups (half in Nashville and half in San Francisco) make this quite a session. Third, produced by Tim and Glyn Johns (who also mixed the LP and who did the Steve Miller records as well) adds another taste of excellence.

Tim went down to Nashville and used the very best sidemen: Barefoot Jerry (Wayne Moss, John Harris, Ken Malone, Russ Hicks), Bobby Thompson, Buddy Spricher, and Charlie McCoy. "Country Heart and Soul" is a country rocker with Boz Scaggs' guitar overdubbed in Frisco giving a blend of

country and soul. "Tomorrow Time" is a mellow love song stressing Spricher's tasty violin and the steel guitar of Hicks. "Winter Song" is some more country rock but the inspiration is a cold Wisconsin winter with McCoy wailing away on harp and Stephen Miller (not Steve) overdubbing on organ.

The San Francisco sessions included Boz Scaggs, Curley Cooke, Rick Jagger, Ben Sidran, Stephen Miller, Rev. Stallings, Coke and Pete Escovedo, John Kahn, Den Adamany, and the return of Mike Bloomfield. Curley Cooke's "Baby Won't You Come Out Tonight", a beautiful opening track, is a typical Tim Davis style vocal rocker that flows into "Boogie Cadillac" which is more of a shuffle with Tim doing a



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ALBUMS continued

talking vocal and Adamany's piano featured. Bloomfield plays lead, rhythm, and slide guitar on "Only Yesterday", and as Tim says in the album notes, "Mike you're just too much." The title track uses a female chorus and Mel Martin's beautiful flute: "Take me as I am without silver without gold/and together we can find a rainbow." Ray Charles' "On the Other Hand Baby" is a slow blues in the truest sense with Bloomfield in one of his finest hours as his guitar just talks to you. A very moving cut. "Get It Hot" was intended for *Pipe Dream* but found its way here. In the Miller style, it is a

rocking way to end a very fine second record with Boz stretching out on guitar.

The Nashville and S.F. sessions are interspaced well throughout the album. Tim wrote eight of the ten songs of which six would make good singles including my favorite: "Baby Won't You Come Out Tonight" with its blending of horns and rhythm section to a style somewhat resembling Boz Scaggs at his best. Tim Davis either must be rich or quite a talent to get sessions like these together, and you can pick your choice after listening to it.

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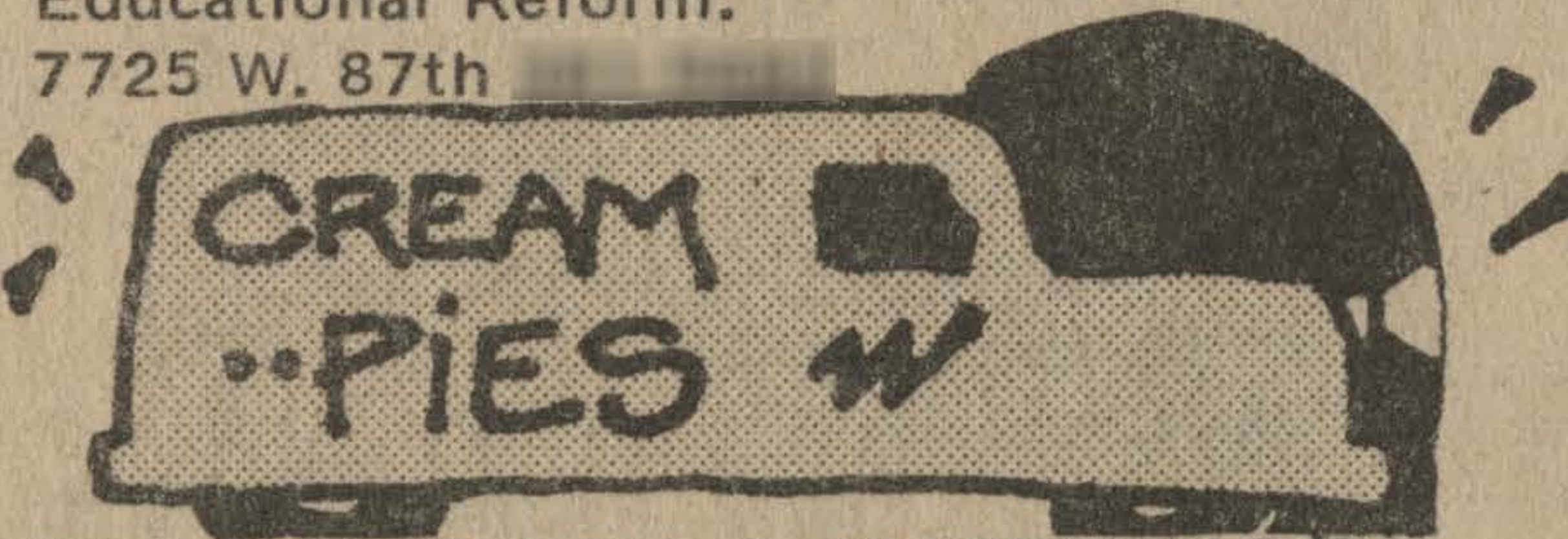
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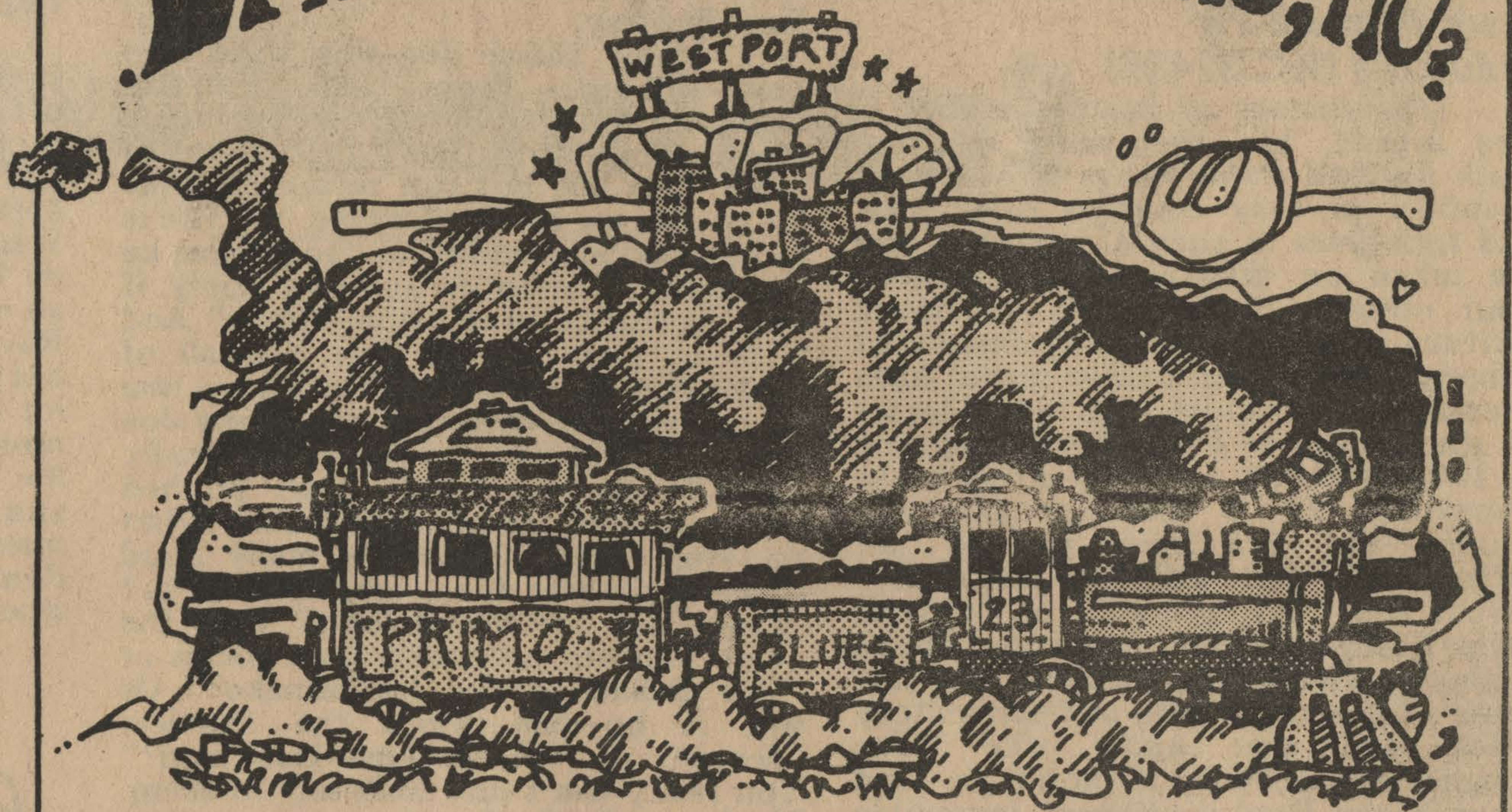
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And I know the train still roll.
'Though I'm caged, I have the feelin'
And the song screams from my soul:

Honk!
Honkin' on that train. Honk! Honk!
Honkin' on that Primo train. Honk!
Honkin' on that Primo train. Honk!
Honk on that train, my brother! Honk!

Honk!
Honkin' on that train. Honk! Honk!
Honk! Honk! Honk! Honk! Honk!
Honkin' on that train for me, my brother. Honk!
Honk on the ol' Primo one time for me, my brother, honk!

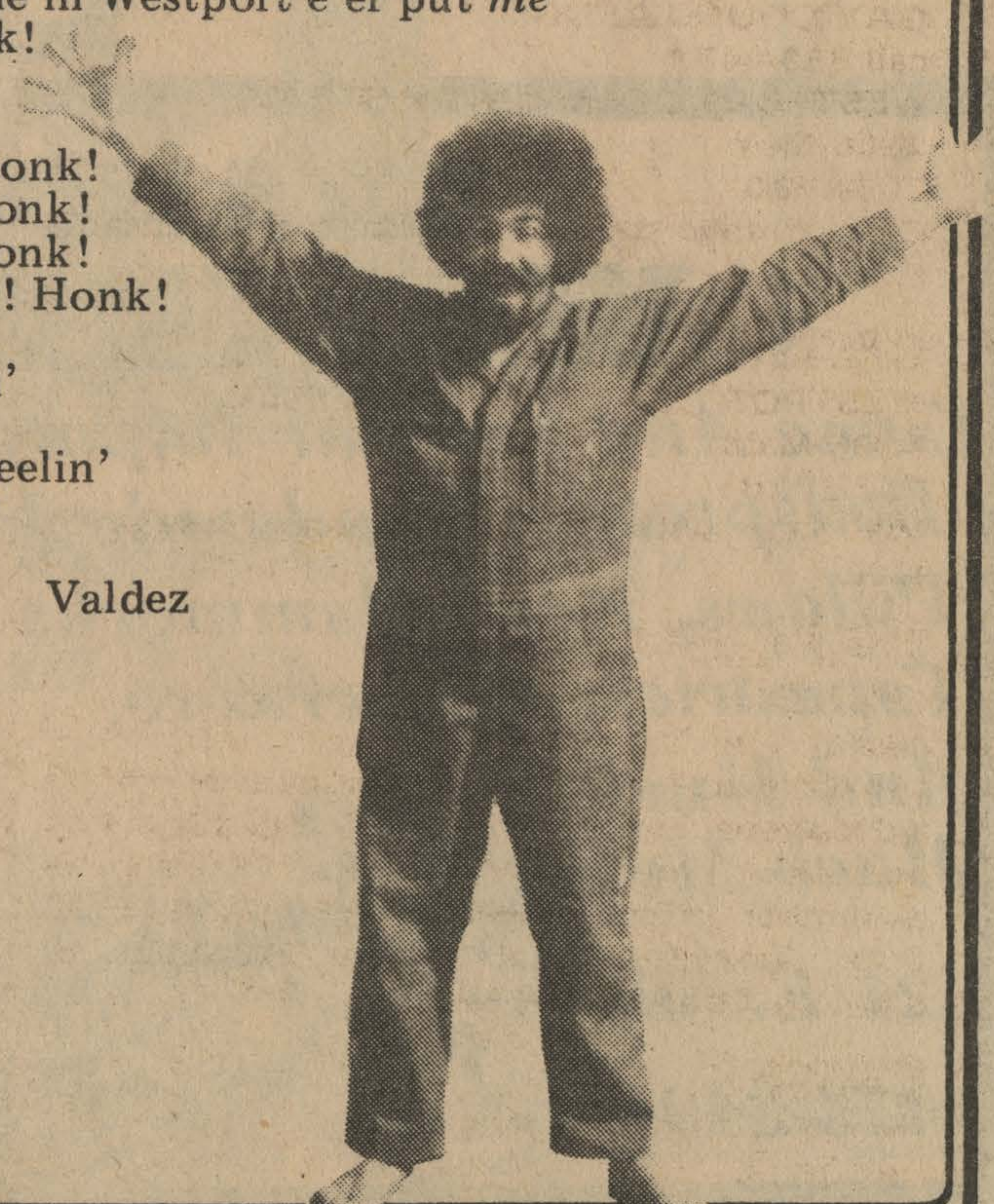
Honk!
Honkin' on that train, that ol' Primo train, honk! Honk!
Honkin' on that train, that moldy ol' train,
that sweet train! Honk! Honk!
Oh baby, honk on! Honk! Honk! Honk! Honk!
Honkin' on that train, don't stop now, Honk on! Honk! Honk!

Honk!
Honkin' on that Primo train, honk!
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Honkin' on that train, honk! Honk! Honk!
Honk until your able; ain't a one in Westport e'er put me
under the table! Honk! Honk!

Honk!
Honkin' on that train. Honk! Honk!
Honkin' on that Primo train. Honk!
Honkin' on that Primo train. Honk!
Honk on that train, my brother! Honk!

Come the sunset and the evenin'
And I know the train still roll.
'Though I'm caged, I have the feelin'
And Valdez, he is a comin', no?

Valdez



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Mark-Almond 73
Columbia (KC 32486)

The essence of beauty in rock is rare indeed, but everything that the Mark-Almond Band waxes is just plain beautiful as they combine rock, jazz, and folk-blues in such a way that you are taken on their journey's without your noticing it. Jon Mark (acoustic guitar) and multi-instrumentalist Johnny Almond (primarily saxes) have been around for quite a while (graduates of the College of John Mayall majoring in *Turning Point*), and their group keeps improving. 73 is half live and half studio, and it's hard to tell the difference. "Get Yourself Together," "What Am I Living For," and "Clowns (The Demise of the European Circus With No Thanks To Fellini)" are just some of the songs with self-explanatory titles, and you know who "The Neighborhood Man" is, don't ya. And when Nicky Hopkins gives an incredible guest performance on one tune, we have three-fifths of Sweet Thursday (Mark, Hopkins, and Alun Davies) reunited. The music is heartening, the subject matter is sad but real, and the album is by far one of the best of '73.

Etta James
Etta James
Chess CH 50042

Etta James is back. I'm not very familiar with Ms. James, but I am sure glad that I am starting now. This lady of soul has been around for quite some time now (she was a teen-age star in the '50s), and her newest album includes tunes penned by Randy Newman (including "Sail Away"), Tracy Nelson's "Down So Low," and Otis Redding's "Just One More Day." With a funky studio band and an excellent production by Gabriel Mekler, Etta James just might become a household name as her album is moving up the charts. Just listen to the sexy seduction in Newman's "Leave Your Hat On" and be seduced by Etta all night long.

Jim Post
Rattlesnake
Fantasy 9425

Dear Fantasy,
Many thanx for this third Jim Post album. From the beautiful *Colorado Exile* to *Slow To 20* including the moving "Move Back In" about the lover who left but can return anytime he so desires to *Rattlesnake*, my life is more musically complete. How come he is practically unknow, and very rarely, if ever, performs in my home town? And it is so good to see Jim Schwall of Siegal-Schwall on guitar 'cause he is one of my all-time favorites, and Tony Joe White on harmonica is fine too. I finally figured out who Jim's high pitched vocals remind me of: Paul Siebel. What do you think? There are many good single prospects here, what will it be? "Love Has No Foundation" with the Joint Venture on background vocals or "The Ballad of the Rattlesnake?" Or will it be one about the females: "Jenny" or "Sister Liza Bookman?" You really can't lose with any of them. Finally, of all the singer/songwriters around these days, Jim Post is, by far, one of the most soothing.

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Asleep at the Wheel
Comin' Right At You
United Artists UA-LA038-F

A Western swing band that Commander Cody said had blown him off the stage. Western swing is more jazzy (but no horns here) than country and western music, but they do both here on their first album. The master of Western swing was Bob Wills, and they do his fine "Take Me Back to Tulsa" as an opener. Three lead vocalists including Ray Bensen (6' 10" tall in his country hat) and Chris O'Connell, who sounds a lot like Loretta Lynn especially in the moving "Before You Stopped Lovin' Me." Pedal steel and lap steel guitars and fiddles give this album a flavor that makes it worthy of your attention, but don't let the horrendous '40ish cover discourage you.

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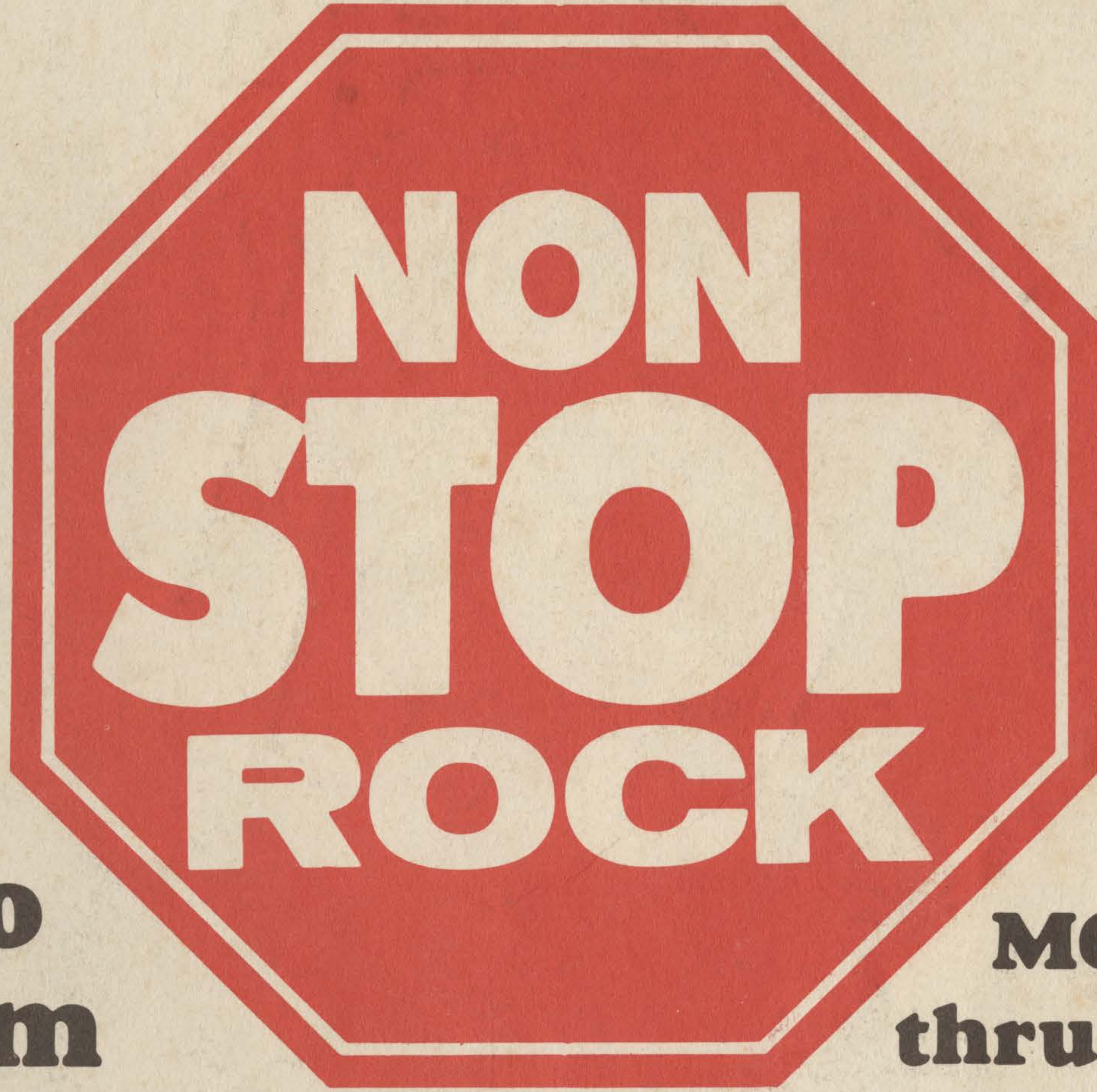
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