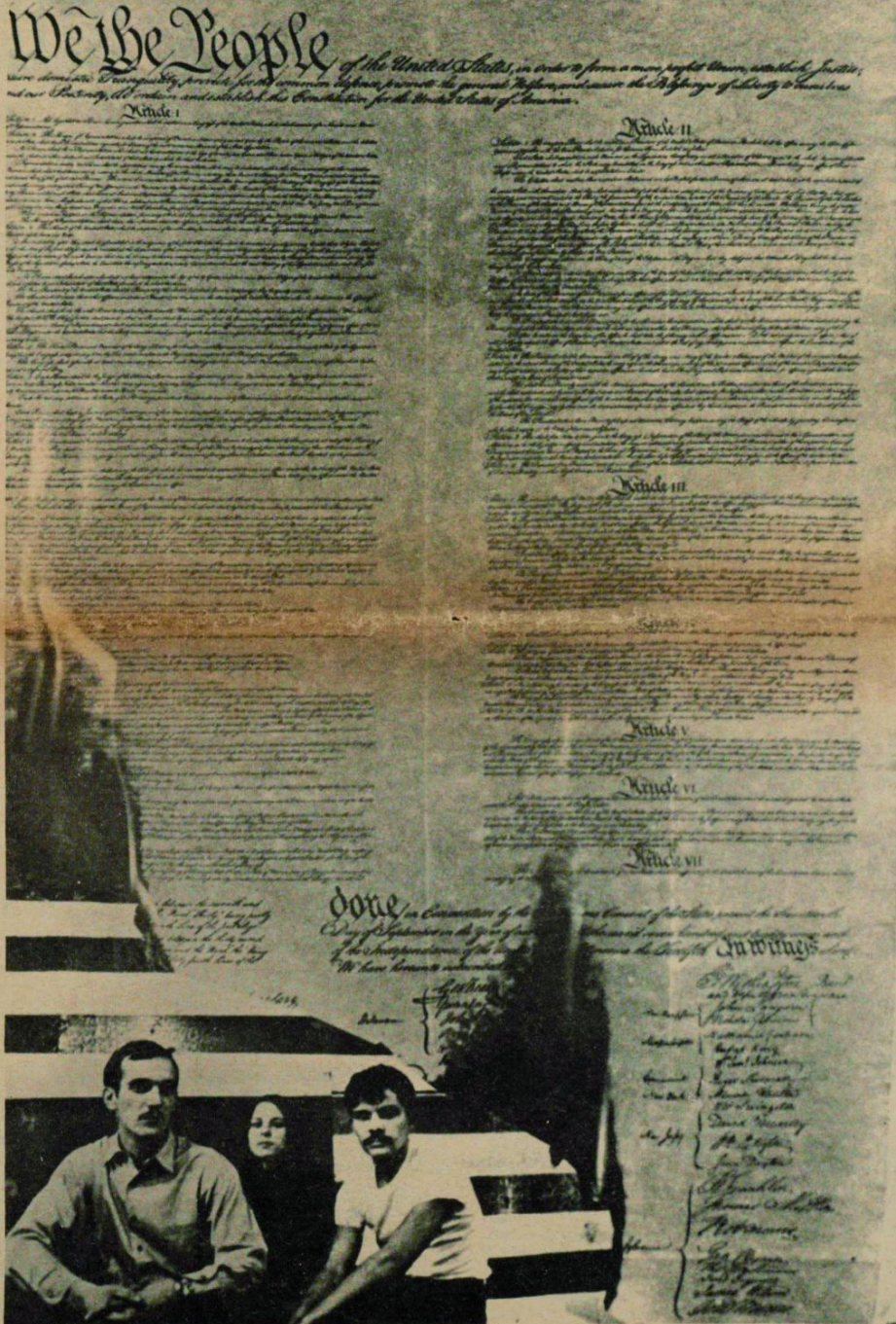


John Via

blue-tail fly 20 cents

october 15, 1969



Muldraugh and the coffeehouse

HIGHWAY 52 REVISITED

Louisville's Conspiracy Case

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Cover: three of the Muldraugh coffeehouse people, from right: Pfc Geoffrey Ithen, Kathy Jackson and her husband, Spec 4 Tom Jackson. They are pictured in front of the standard signal of distress--the upside down flag. Collage photographed and assembled by Guy Mendes and Rick Bell.

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blue-tail fly

October 15, 1969

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tidings:

UK: cops on campus

Nobody is sure what they are doing, nobody is sure if they're on duty or off, nobody is sure if they're even doing anything at all. But it is certain that Lexington police are more and more evident on the University of Kentucky campus.

In the most recent incident several Lexington policemen were present at a September 16 demonstration by UK Students for a Democratic Society. This is contrary to common practice worked out between UK authorities and the Lexington Police Department.

Usual UK practice calls for the request of one Lexington officer to act as a communications officer at all demonstrations where large numbers of people may be involved.

Further, according to UK Dean of Students Jack Hall, "The procedure in the past has been that if we desired the assistance of the Lexington police on campus, we could just call and they would cooperate. Likewise, if they intended to make arrests or conduct investigations on campus, they would contact myself or Joe Burch (director of Safety and Security) before they came".

Such an agreement is not binding, however. UK, as a state institution falls under the prior jurisdiction of all law enforcement agencies which have jurisdiction in Lexington and the state.

Two of the officers at the SDS rally were identified as detectives Jay Sylvestro and Andrew Thornton. Both Thornton and Sylvestro, who claim to have been off-duty while they were on campus, attended a three-day Drug Control School this summer sponsored by Case-Western

Reserve University and the Cleveland Police Department.

A check of police records shows that Thornton, at least, was on duty the day of the sixteenth. Neither Dean Hall nor Asst. Chief of Police Charles Ransdell could think of any reason why Thornton should have been on campus at that time. Both police and university authorities contend that no long range investigation is underway on the Lexington campus.

It is clear however that students and faculty at all state institutions should expect to see more of both local and state officers on campus in the future. According to a prominent Lexington attorney, there were approximately 15-20 students serving as agents of the Lexington Police Department at the end of the Spring, 1969, semester. Apparently these students were active in both narcotics cases and in reporting developments of the UK student demonstrations in April.

Along the same lines, Charles F. Hancock, assistant director of the state Division of Narcotic and Dangerous Drug Control, told a legislative subcommittee that his office needs more staff members. Hancock said that he especially needs young men who could "mix" with drug-users unnoticed.

Right-wingers boycott printer

PORT WASHINGTON, Wisc. (LNS) The Birchers and Bible freaks are at it again, valiantly defending God and the flag from "trash," "filth," and a "Communist plot to pervert youth and collapse the nation from within."

This time their unlikely target is mild-mannered William Schanen, Jr., 56, pub-

lisher of three Wisconsin weekly newspapers that are about as subversive as Readers Digest. Mr. Schanen, who entertains such un-American notions as freedom of the press, also job prints Milwaukee's underground newspaper, Kaleidoscope.

Some of the good merchants of Port Washington can't relate to Kaleidoscope and have organized a boycott--not against the offending underground paper--but against Schanen's three weeklies, The Press, The Citizen and The Squire.

Led by Benjamin Grob, a wealthy tool manufacturer, idolator of the late Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy and bankroller of right-wing crusades, local advertisers have cancelled en masse their contracts with Schanen in an effort to force him to stop printing Kaleidoscope.

Many Port Washington citizens are angry with the advertisers' cavalier disregard for Mr. Schanen's rights. When the Wisconsin Electric Power Company joined the boycott, it received thousands of letters from furious customers who suggested that the company, as a franchised monopoly, had the task of supplying power, not playing censor.

Despite these outbursts from powerless consumers, Schanen's business is very hard hit. Advertising in The Press alone has dropped from \$3000 a week to approximately \$700. Schanen fears the boycott could cost him \$200,000 in a year's time.

Schanen vows that he will continue to print Kaleidoscope. But he's hurting and needs both financial and moral support. For information, contact Committee for Free Press in Wisconsin, P.O. Box 991, Waukesha, Wisc. 53186.

ROTC intimidation

WASHINGTON--A couple of recent news stories concerning the House Armed Services Committee might well explain why colleges and universities are so reluctant to remove academic credit from ROTC courses despite overwhelming arguments against ROTC credits.

The House has passed a military procurement authorization bill drawn up by the Committee which would require that a report be made to Congress 60 days before defense research awards are made. The report would be about the schools' "cooperation on military matters such as the Reserve Officer's Training Corps and military recruiting on campus."

In a similar development, a House Armed Services subcommittee also issued a report recommending that ROTC be removed from Ivy League campuses that are withdrawing credit for the courses. The report continues to say that defense-funded scholarships for law, medical and language students should be removed with the ROTC courses.

The report recommended that the proposal be accomplished through legislation if the Pentagon does not act on it voluntarily.

The committees are telling universities, in effect, that if you don't shut up campus critics who are charging universities with support of and complicity with the military, we'll cut off your defense funds.

It appears that colleges and universities are saying they won't be "intimidated" by student activists because they are really being intimidated from much more powerful quarters.

Go Dartmouth, beat Women!

HANOVER, N.H. (LNS)—It must have warmed the cockles of many a Wall Street Journal reader's heart to learn that there still exists a campus policeman who is into sweating panty raids. Yes, America, there is a Dartmouth!

The WSJ recently did an in-depth analysis of the harrowing crisis that has erupted in the New Hampshire woods. Seventy newly-admitted women are the blight that threatens the ivy bastion of paranoid virility.

Now here's a vital campus issue that you can really sink your teeth into. You better believe it, the Dartmouth "Big Greeners" (no, not the Jolly Green Giant—it's what the virility freaks call themselves) are plenty mad. "The fulltime presence of girls here would destroy the Dartmouth man's image as a hale and hearty animal from the north woods," says one BG, who presumably digs the good old American variety of hit-and-run sex.

The Big Greeners have developed sophisticated confrontation tactics to deal with the enemy. A couple of them barged into 19-year-old Sharon Mehegan's room one night and flicked the light on and off. Her roommate told them to get the hell out, so they pulled a tactical retreat.

Next time they steered clear of adventurism and just drove past the girls' dorm at three in the morning with a loud-speaker, shouting, "Emergency, emergency—everybody out of the dorms."

Authorities are not optimistic about keeping the lid on the campus this fall. J. J. O'Connor, head of the police, darkly predicts that the "men" are likely "to make a run at the girls' dorm" during the big social weekends this fall.

Rah! Rah!

Crump, Sedler win draft case

John D. Crump, a former student at Maysville Community College, has won a court case contesting his induction into the army as a delinquent registrant in the Selective Service System. The case, decided in U.S. District court, could have important implications for application of the Selective Service Law across the country.

Crump was declared delinquent after refusing to board a bus for a scheduled Army physical examination. Following his refusal, the clerk of his draft board reached five of the six members of the board by telephone and, after talking to each of them separately, immediately classified Crump as delinquent.

Crump's argument was based on the fact that Selective Service law clearly states that a meeting of the board must be held before any decisions on the delinquency of a registrant may be reached. In voiding Crump's delinquent status and his subsequent notice of induction, the court ruled that telephone consultations do not constitute a meeting.

Crump's attorney, UK law professor Robert Sedler, sees the decision as an important one. "What this decision means," Sedler said, "is that from now on the draft boards will have to abide by the draft law."

Regents fire UCLA prof

LOS ANGELES (LNS)—The Regents of the University of California took it upon themselves to fire Angela Davis, black assistant professor of philosophy at UCLA and in doing so have touched off a dispute over academic freedom which rivals the controversy over loyalty oath tests in the late 1940's.

Miss Davis, who at 25 is completing her doctoral dissertation under the supervision of Herbert Marcuse, graduated magna cum laude from Brandeis, studied at Goethe University in Frankfurt and at the Sorbonne. She is a Phi Beta Kappa. She is also a member of the Communist Party.

It is not surprising that the UC Regents, with a right-wing majority led by Ronald Reagan, don't see eye-to-eye with Miss Davis. However, many liberal eyebrows were raised here because the Regent's action is blatantly unconstitutional.

In 1967, the U.S. Supreme Court invalidated New York statutes making Communist Party membership grounds for disqualification from teaching in a public institution. Based on this decision, the California Supreme Court the same year invalidated that section of the California constitution requiring public employees to sign an oath denying membership in

any organization advocating violent overthrow of the government.

Many academic freedom types on the UCLA faculty have expressed their "outrage" at Professor Davis' dismissal. But Miss Davis and Robert Singleton of the Afro-American Studies Center say they understand the issue clearly as a further example of racist oppression. Singleton cited the fact that many white Communists are employed by the UC system and sees Miss Davis' dismissal as part of the movement of white fascism against the black man.

The Regents met again on the first weekend of this month and decided that Miss Davis could teach the course but that no credit would be given for it. Since then a group of professors say they will not allow credit to be given for their courses if credit isn't given for Miss Davis' course.

A month before the Regents decided to fire Miss Davis, they adopted a resolution that "no political test shall ever be considered in the appointment and promotion of any faculty member or employee." But Reagan and friends used a 1940 policy against hiring CP members to call the black scholar.

Considering the relatively moderate CP, one UCLA administrator told the Los Angeles Times, "I'd be more concerned if she were a Maoist. Hell, she's pretty conservative."



The Great Grass Curtain

Uncle Sam's great grass curtain has ended.

In a scene seemingly torn from "The Diary of Anne Frank", U.S. officials at the Mexican border spent almost three weeks furtively searching each and every vehicle passing into the states, ferreting out that evil devil weed, that frantic first step towards hard drugs and father-raping, the dreaded marijuana plant.

The little exercise in pharmacological pathology ended October 10th when representatives of the Mexican and U.S. governments reached an agreement in Washington.

Mexican citizens were understandably aroused by this south of the border rip-off that seems to characterize U.S. Latin American diplomatic norms. Tourism revenues in Mexican border towns plummeted, as thousands of American tourists chose to stay at home rather than face delays of up to six hours upon trying to re-enter the states.

Of economic necessity playing Uncle Tomas, the Mexican government has agreed to more vigorously attempt to destroy the marijuana fields in that country. This may prove difficult, as some Mexican farmers reputedly grow their marijuana stash smack between the rows in their cornfields.

The new arrangement is dubbed "Operation Cooperation".

The arduous dope-grope, originally dubbed Operation Intercept, was inspired by a 55-page report released with President Nixon's blessings by the Special Presidential Task Force Relating to Narcotics, Marijuana and Dangerous Drugs.

Those muddled 55 pages concluded marijuana is psychologically addicting, adding that "criminal records establish clearly an accelerating rate of association between crime and the use of marijuana".

Since "more than 80 percent of the marijuana smoked in the United States, about 20 percent of the heroin used, and an undetermined volume of illegal amphetamines" enter the nation illicitly from Mexico, the report advocated "Operation Intercept" as a panacea.

And, yes, folks, those good guys who brought you nerve gas, the moon flight, Viet Nam and the ABM conducted their border squeeze with napalm-like efficiency.

The Operation Intercept arsenal included German Shephard dogs, patrol boats in the Gulf of Mexico, pursuit planes, Federal Aviation Administration radar screens, electric sensing devices, 37 vehicle inspection stations and special customs inspection teams at 27 U.S. airports in the Southwest.

Quote, unquote

Last year Pikeville College suffered the most sizable amount of right-wing student unrest in the country. As one student described it then: "Dr. Johns (the president) is telling us to do our thing and we don't even know what our thing is". The liberal Dr. Thomas Johns has since resigned.

Recently, at the installation ceremony of new president Dr. Robert S. Cope, Chairman of the Board of Trustees Norman A. Chrisman described Dr. Cope as: "The right leader in the right place at the right time".

Home front casualties

NEW YORK (LNS)—The first job the army has to do with a new recruit is make him forget he is a citizen and a human being. A young man must surrender his whole identity and the will to think for himself to the monster. The public is only just beginning to realize what this does to our brothers who get trapped in the Selective Service System.

Parris Island, S.C., where a Marine died in September, is again getting national publicity. In 1956, a drill instructor was court-martialed and convicted in the deaths of six Marines during a disciplinary march through the swamps; the instructor got nine months in jail, compared to 14 years handed out to prisoners convicted for a sit-down at the Presidio stockade last year.

This September, an 18-year-old Marine at the Parris Island base, Pvt. Stephen E. Melson of Millsboro, Del., was dead only 19 days after entering the Corps. Several days before his death, Pvt. Melson reported to a military hospital with an acute kidney ailment and told his mother and the doctors that he had been beaten, choked and kicked by drill instructors.

Evidently the sick man was beaten for falling down on the job. A Marine spokesman admitted that Melson had physical injuries and said that "a number of supervisory personnel mistook his sluggishness for shirking or trying to get out of duty." An investigation and an autopsy are being held to determine the relation of the beatings to Melson's death.

At Fort Dix, N. J., 21-year-old Pvt. David L. Swanson of New Britain, Conn., died of an overdose of sleeping pills in September after telling his parents, "I can't take any more." Swanson, who made two previous suicide attempts, wrote from Fort Dix, "The day after I cut my wrists and had stitches put in, they made me do push-ups and other exercises...the other day I couldn't move my fingers at all. They told me to stop bluffing or they'll put an electrode on my arm and give me a good shock to wake it and me up...I know I'll try to kill myself again if this keeps up. I just don't care any more."

Swanson's parents tried to warn Army officials and get help for him but were not listened to: "Somebody's got to answer for this...we begged everybody for help, the Red Cross, his company commanders, (his Congressman)."

At Fort Dix, the command has stated that they are satisfied that Swanson's case was correctly handled and say that no inquiry will be made. However, Swanson's Congressman, Rep. Thomas Meskill of Connecticut, has now written to Army Secretary Resor: "I feel that the Army was grossly negligent in this case. David Swanson asked for help and did not get it."

Operation Turnoff

SACRAMENTO, Calif.—Proposed by School Superintendent Max Rafferty, one of California's leading fascists, a plan to have school officials search for drugs in high school students' lockers was endorsed by the state board of education last week.

Termed "Operation Turnoff", the plan recommends a massive attempt to ferret out marijuana and other drugs that may be stashed in lockers.

The American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) in Los Angeles has pointed out that the supreme courts of the United States and California "have both held repeatedly that random searches without a warrant, could not be condoned".

The ACLU also said it would seek a restraining order if it got wind of a search. "If we're too late," said a spokesman, "then a civil suit for damages on grounds of invasion of privacy, false arrest and illegal search will be filed on behalf of any student requesting litigation."

How ya fixed for blades?

Biggest news item in Northern Kentucky schools this fall seems to be dress codes—and their strict limitation on facial hair.

Erlanger Lloyd High first made the headlines in early September when the governing board of education refused to heed the advice of three irate parents and relax the restrictions. (Boys' hair must not be able to touch a regular shirt collar, hang in the eyes or hang past the ear lobes. Sideburns must not extend past the ear lobes.) Two boys were suspended because they didn't obey. Covington Holmes High is now trying to manage the same problem. As is the case at Lloyd, mustaches are not forbidden by the school code. Several black students don't want to shave and a suit seems likely.

The anti-hair movement even extended into police ranks as Police Chief of Covington issued an order forbidding mustaches, beards, and sideburns extending past mid-ear on the men in the department. Clean faces are the enforced norm.

Cincinnati is hopping this fall. A City Councilman called for investigation of SDS for passing out literature at local high schools, the motion picture "Vixen" was seized from Guild Theater as "obscene," and big drug busts are under way on Calhoun Street, next to University of Cincinnati.

Computer judging?

LOS ANGELES (LNS)—Big Brother is watching. And listening. And judging.

Good 'ole Yankee ingenuity (University of Southern California style) has come up

with a solution to the pesky problem of whether or not you should send a kid to jail.

Ask a machine.

USC researchers have designed a method for a computer to "tell at a glance" what the chances are for any juvenile who is arrested to turn into a "delinquent." They fed Computer Cop with the case histories of 2,290 "juvenile offenders." The histories include sex, age, family makeup, and ethnic, educational and residential background.

Now when a 15-year-old black kid from Watts, no father, mother on welfare, gets busted for stealing, the judge can push a button to find out the probability of a repeat offense, and pronounce his sentence accordingly.

Naturally the USC wizards protest modestly that their creation should not be used as a "substitute for the personal judgment of a probation officer or judge." But who's going to argue with a pig-programmed computer?

Panther eradication

by JIM HECK
College Press Service

LOS ANGELES—The black Panther Party is being slowly, carefully, but very assuredly eradicated. The highly-organized process that is eliminating all the top leaders is in full swing. Whether it is conscious or not, it is indicative that the status quo has the unnerving ability to stave off anything that threatens it.

There are now, at least, 46 top party officials, including chairman Bobby Seale, under arrest from New Haven to Los Angeles. They are being held on bail that exceeds two million dollars.

Even if the charges on the Panthers are real (which is highly suspect)—even were the bail somehow justified, even if they are all truly guilty, wouldn't the number of arrests of prestigious officials alone draw the attention of the press? So it seems. But while Dave and Chet and Walter and Eric content themselves with discussions about other political groups such as the Mobe, the Presidio 27 or the Milwaukee 14, the press has refused to deal with the Panthers. Thus, the story of their very real oppression goes unknown—and the blatant attempts to annihilate them extra-legally flourish without criticism.

The Black Panther Movement is apparently so threatening it must be fought with our greatest weapon: ignoring it. By totally ignoring this revolution we are pretending, if not promulgating, an environment in which it just doesn't exist. And this makes a convenient time for government officials to dispense with the party all together.

The primary indications of conspiracy against the Panthers is the way officials are rounding up the top leaders on charges of conspiring to murder (particularly the former Panther Alex Rackley in New Haven, Conn.). Panthers charge the police killed Rackley. In any case, before any guilt has been proved, police agencies are rounding up the Panthers in the most bizarre of ways imaginable.

Chairman Bobby Seale was picked up most recently. Leaving a wedding in Oakland, police grabbed Seale and brought him to the San Francisco city jail. His charge was the same as the other 14 now arrested in the case: murder, kidnapping, conspiracy to commit murder and conspiracy to kidnap. The FBI is hosting this treasure hunt.

Others were arrested in New Haven, Denver, Salt Lake City and Los Angeles. The testimony of an FBI "informant" black-man George Sams; is the thin strand of evidence used by the FBI for these mass arrests. Sams testified that it took the whole central committee of the Panthers to OK the alleged execution of Rackley.

What makes the situation particularly suspect is the method in which FBI agents are rounding up the top officials; Seale's case is typical. Normally, extradition proceedings would be necessary for transporting Seale to New Haven, where he would face trial. But several days after holding him in jail without bond, FBI men "swept" Seale away by car to Chicago, where, all of a sudden he was implicated with the other resisters now facing trial in Chicago—for inciting to riot.

during the Chicago convention. This federal charge made it unnecessary for agents to file extradition papers. After the Chicago trials, where Seale will undoubtedly be cleared, it will be no problem for the FBI to transport him east instead of west. And New Haven will no doubt be an appropriate motel stop for the weary drivers. There Seale will be apprehended by local police.

The "national" plan is alleged to come from J. Edgar Hoover. The OK to transport Seale by car, as reported by CBS news, allegedly came from Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas. This is all compounded by Berkeley Police Chief Bruce Baker's fumbling of a plan he devised for "annihilating the party's national office," the news of which fell into hands of reporters. (By the way, the attention given Baker's plan was minimal, because reporters felt it was too clumsily conceived. It was.)

Harrassment of top offices in Chicago and Los Angeles continues. The most frequent situation engages police in "shoot-outs" with Panthers inside offices where it is common knowledge Panthers store arms.

In Chicago, police barged into Panther offices where the Breakfast for Children program was underway. The several dozen children were being fed when police, armed, ordered them to leave. Shooting began. Sixteen Panthers were arrested. Only CBS television would report: "Panthers said police shot first; police said Panthers shot first. Witnesses tend to agree with Panthers."

A re-run of the Chicago incident of middle summer was held in Los Angeles on September 8. More than 35 children were eating breakfast when armed tactical squads arrived "looking for suspects of alleged killings." Fewer arrests were made, but like Chicago, the office was totally demolished and the food destroyed.

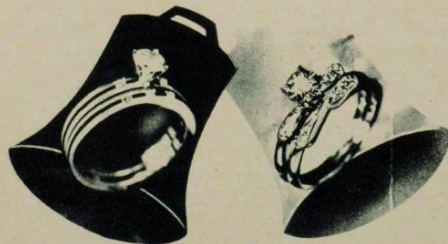
One of the waning attributes of the press is the investigation of suspicious or dubious incidents. Certainly Panther charges need substantiation; but police charges certainly need investigation. Why the press has neglected this very newsworthy situation is beyond understanding.

It is all reminiscent of dear old Nicolas the II who sat in his Czar's palace in 1916 smiling and giving luncheons while his empire was tumbling down. Like he once admitted to his dupe Rasputin, "Just don't think about it, and it doesn't exist."

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Rick Bell

Highway 52 Revisited

by Ed McClanahan

Highway 52--at least the stretch of it I care about--runs along the Ohio River for about 20 miles in Brown County, Ohio, from Riply through Aberdeen to Manchester. And the reason I care about it is that at Aberdeen there is a tollfree bridge to Maysville, Kentucky, my hometown; and since Ohio allows the sale of 3.2 beer to 18-year-olds (where-as in Maysville you can't even legally smell a bottlecap until you're 21, and even then only until 10 p. m., and never on Sunday), that bridge to Aberdeen looms as large in the landscape of my coming of age as the Golden Gate probably does for a Mill Valley teenager.

Because Brown County knows perfectly well why the good Lord put it over there at the north end of the bridge, and in the days of my youth Highway 52 was fairly lined with taverns--the Top Hat and the Terrace Club and the Bay Horse and The Pennington Club and Danny Boone's Tavern and the Riviera Lounge and a dozen others--rank, musty, low-ceilinged places with puke in the urinals and Cowboy Copas on the jukebox and lighting feeble enough to allow a 16-year-old to pass for 18 if the bartender didn't particularly give a rat's ass to start with. Some of those havens have long since given way to

Ed McClanahan, a native Kentuckian and graduate of UK, is a professor of English at Stanford University. This piece was originally printed in the Free You magazine, organ of the Mid Peninsular Free University in Palo Alto.

motels and Frish's Big Boy Drive-ins and the like, but a remarkable lot of them have survived pretty much unchanged. And the most unchanged of all is the Pennington Club where I have been wasting my substance in riotous living for nearly 20 years now. Which is why I found myself maneuvering my mother's Chrysler into the Pennington Club's parking lot one night a few weeks ago, exactly as I do as often as I can whenever I'm home for a visit.

Only this year there are a couple of subtle circumstantial differences--namely, this time I'm wearing Fag Store boots and a droopy Mandarin moustache and round, gold-rimmed, lime-tinted spectacles, a set of accessories not likely to take the Best Dressed Bar-Fly award in Pennington's, whose clientele's taste runs at its very dandiest to plaid sportshirts and brand-new blue jeans and wingtip oxfords, glasses with tortoise-shell upper rims and steel lowers, and not the first sign of a facial hair below the eyebrows. Already my little affectations, modest as they seem from here in Palo Alto, have won countless wide-eyed stares on the streets of Maysville.

It's the spectacles that do it, actually--even to me they still look awfully you know, weird, somehow--; if it weren't for them the boots and even the moustache would get by okay, but the spectacles seem to confirm what my other trappings merely hint at: it's a hippy it's a vippy it's a commie it's a California crazy it's a faggot it's a freak! Not exactly the sort of reception a sensible and prudent 36-year-old-college-English-teacher-father-of-three would ordi-

narily choose to be accorded by the usual Friday night crowd in Pennington's, farmhands and highway construction workers and beertruck drivers on a busman's holiday, all in all a bunch of very rough customers most of whom would just as leave knock me on my beatnik ass as look at me--in truth, would rather.

And as a matter of convenient fact, it just so happens I've got my regular glasses right in the glove compartment, put them there myself--if you must know--against just such a contingency as this. But what the hell, I think, if I really believe all the stuff I'm always claiming to believe about being honest with people, about caring enough about them to be honest with them, then I can't very well go slinking around in disguise, can I now? After all, what's the use of the Fifth Freedom--i. e., the Freedom to wear Funny-Looking spectacles--if I'm afraid to show my face with them on it? And anyhow I've always taken a certain secret pride in my talent for turning hostility into curiosity into communication at California cocktail parties; so I really shouldn't cop out just because I'm faced with playing a tougher house. And if worse comes to worst (although I'm very likely the world's most inept fighter since Ethel the Unready), I am fairly big, and of course, they don't know I can't fight, do they now? So get on with it, good-buddy.

Into the breach. And all of a sudden there I am, sitting at the Pennington Club bar with a beer in front of me, sitting there amidst the neon glare (no intime candlelit shrinking-violet boite this) and the beery

continued on page 6

blare of loud talk and laughter and Red Sovine on the jukebox and the heady reek of lysol from the men's toilet, and so far not a soul has uttered an unkind word. Couple of suspicious glances, maybe but no bad-mouthing a-tall. Well, I decide, sucking at my beer and gaining confidence by the minute, so it was just paranoia after all, just paranoia compounded by my own unseemly willingness to think the worst of my countrymen. Clearly I owe them an apology, perhaps a musical salute to show that, appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, I stand foursquare with them against the barbarian hordes. Taking my beer along, I leave my barstool and go over to the jukebox, plug it with a couple of quarters, and pick me out a bunch of songs--Kitty Wells and Buck Owens and Porter Wagoner and Johnny Cash and several others--and then make my way between the tables to a booth over against the wall, where I settle down to drink my beer and listen to Patsy Cline sing "I'll Sail My Ship Alone" and watch a fat lady and her skinny boyfriend play shuffleboard.

And no sooner do I set my head a-drift in these familiar and relatively tranquil waters than I become aware of some sort of minor turbulence at my shoulder, a gentle but insistent jostling, and I look up to see a kid (I took him for 18 or 19, though I found out later I'd slighted him by perhaps half a dozen years) standing there beside my booth, a big, husky fellow all decked out like an archetypal Pennington Clubber from his blonde crewcut to his plaid shirt to his burnished wingtips (to be entirely honest, he was in fact the model for my archetype), standing there all big and blonde, his cheeks so cleanly shaven they are as pink as two slabs of raw meat, standing there shaking my shoulder and grinning down at me like a cat eating shit--a repeat which, it soon develops, is precisely what he has in mind serving up to me. Instantly I feel the old adrenalin commence to surge--but for me at least that brand of fuel only works for running, and flight is out of the question just now, if only because my man has had the foresight to position himself between me and the door. So all I can do is return his grin with interest, at the same time trying to make my own face say silently, Yeh? What can I do for you, jack? You know, an out-of-the-corner-of-the-mouth kind of look, tough but not hostile.

"Hey buddy," he says, still grinning, "see that there guy over there?" He points to a nearby table where in fact two guys sit watching us. But there isn't any doubt which of the two of us he has in mind. The big one. The big thick-necked, dark-haired kid who is even now smiling as amiably at me as if he is privy to my every secret qualm, and knows exactly how to deal with such chicken-shit trash as me. His smaller companion looks a bit uneasy, but he too eyes me the way he might a wad of bubblegum stuck to his shoesole.

"I mean that black-headed one," the crewcut explains unnecessarily. "You know what he called you? He called you a fuckin punk."

Well, here it comes, hotshot. I tell myself. Can you dig it? Can you?

"Is that so?" I say lamely. But to my surprise my voice is stronger and steadier than I'd expected.

"That's what he called you." He pauses as if reconsidering, then corrects himself. "No, wait, I take that back. He just said you was a punk. I said you was a fuckin punk."

"Oh, well, that's different then." Careful there, McClanahan. No sarcasm, now. Sarcasm will get your ass whipped for you in the Pennington Club.

"What do you think about that?"

"Not a whole lot one way or the other." That's better; voice steady, friendly but not cowed, not panicky. Hang in there.

"You know why we said you was a fuckin punk?"

There it is, an opening, a chance to score a point or two for my side. "Sure," I say, as cordially as I can. "I expect it's because I got these boots on, and this moustache. And these glasses."

He shifts his weight from one foot to the other, looking just slightly surprised. He obviously hasn't anticipated a direct answer, and it has put him the tiniest bit off balance. But he plunges on.

"What you ought to do," he says, "you ought to go over there and beat hell out of him for sayin a thing like that."

"Naw," I tell him, "I wouldn't want to do a thing like that. Because if I did, he might not like it, and then he might beat hell out of me. And then where'd I be?"

Again that fleeting hint of confusion crosses my interrogator's face, and I see that I'm still making the right moves, that he's been prepared for almost any reaction except what is so far passing for relaxed candor. But he isn't giving up yet--not by a long shot.

"Hey Emory," he calls above the din. "come over here a minute."

Emory rises and ambles toward us, growing taller and broader by the step. He brings his beer bottle with him carrying it by the neck like a billyclub despite the fact that it is still half full of beer. A bad sign, that.

"Emory," the crewcut says, "I was just tellin this guy you called him a fuckin punk. Ain't that right?"

Emory's grin widens. "Naw, Cecil," he says, "I never said he was a fuckin punk. I said he looked like a fuckin punk."

"Well," I say, "you just might be right about that. You sure as hell wouldn't be the first one to think so." Emory's turn to look puzzled. Seeing my advantage, I hurry on. "But what I am might just be an entirely different thing from what I look like. You ever think of that?"

There now, that was just right. Now I'm really grooving with it, and Emory's uneasiness proves it.

"How's that?" he says. "I mean, I see one..."

"Well, maybe you do and maybe you don't. But I tell you what, why don't you all sit down here a minute and let me tell you a couple of things about myself, and if you still think I'm a fuckin punk after I'm through, why, we can deal with that then."

Hearing myself make the offer, I realize that if they sit down with me it will mean the tide has definitely turned in my favor, and with that realization comes also the first full knowledge of just how desperately I want this encounter to work out right. Because it will justify so much; already I can see in it the substance of a metaphor that will explain perfectly the directions my life has taken during the last few years, explain then not just to the world but to me... Cecil and Emory look questioningly at each other, and for an instant my breath catches in my throat, and then to my relief and delight Emory slides into the seat opposite me and Cecil, following his lead, sits down beside me.

"Okay," I begin, "now the first thing I ought to tell you is that I probably wouldn't be too far wrong if I say I'm twice as old as either one of you."

"Shit, you are," Emory scoffs, his disbelief dangerously reviving his contempt.

"Well, I'm 36," I tell him quickly. "I could show you an ID, I graduated from Maysville High School in 1951. So figure it out."

"Shit, you did," Cecil says. "You mean to tell me you're from Maysville?"

"That's right. I live in California now, but I come from Maysville. What'd you think I was some Cincinnati dude or something?"

"California?" Emory says. "What do you do in California?"

Beautiful. Now they're asking me for information, instead of making me force it on them. "I'm a teacher," I tell them. "I teach college English."

"Shit you do," Emory says, but this time his scorn has been replaced by amazement. "What college?"

"Stanford University."

That one struck a nerve I hadn't expected to hit. "Stanford?" he says. "Sure enough?"

"I could show you my faculty identification card, if you..."

"I went up to Morehead State one semester myself," he muses almost wistfully, "but I flunked out."

I see now that the game is almost over, and that a kind of victory is within reach. I could probably launch right now into an us-college-men talk with Emory, and once and for all defuse what had been an explosive situation. But there's a lot I haven't got said yet. For a starter, there's still one more possible explanation for my outlandish dress that I want to eliminate from their consideration. I mean that chance that they still suspect that I'm a faggot.

"One more thing," I tell them. "I'm married, and I've got three kids."

"Shit you do," says Cecil. But by continued on page 13

Join the Conspiracy



*in Boston, Oakland, Chicago,
even in Louisville, Kay-Y*

by Bucky Young

LOUISVILLE—Boston has had its conspiracy trial (Dr. Spock & Co.).

Oakland has had its conspiracy trial (The Oakland Seven).

Chicago is having its conspiracy trial (eight defendants charged with inciting the Democratic Convention police riot).

And Louisville is having its conspiracy trial.

The defendants are known as the Black Six and they are charged with conspiring to purchase dynamite to blow up oil refineries in Louisville's West End during the May, 1968, civil disorders.

The conspiracy trial seems to have come into vogue as a means of combatting and repressing the growing number of political activists. A recent book on the Spock trial written by Jessica Mitford goes a long way toward explaining why.

Speaking of the vagueness of the term, Miss Mitford says, "this elusive quality of conspiracy as a legal concept contributes to its deadliness as a prosecutor's tool and compounds the difficulties of defending against it. It is hard to find an antidote for the poison you cannot identify."

The fact is that no universal meaning for conspiracy exists. The result is that the prosecution can frequently define the term as it wishes to meet its needs—and get away with it.

Conspiracy usually is thought of as secretly plotting an illegal action for insidious purposes. But some of the five defendants in the Spock trial were not even acquainted with each other. Everything they had supposedly conspired to do, in fact, occurred completely in the open.

Spock and his codefendants publicly announced during the October, 1967, March on Washington that they were "counseling, aiding and abetting" young men eligible to be drafted to resist in protest of the Vietnam War. That would be a violation of the Universal Military Training and Service Act.

But if the prosecution had charged them with counseling, aiding and abetting—rather than conspiring to do so—it presumably would have had to have found young men willing to admit they had refused to comply with the draft as a result of Spock & Co.'s actions.

More importantly, if the defendants had been charged with counseling, aiding and abetting, it would have been much more likely that they could have brought out the truly substantial issues: that they were justified in committing these acts because they were challenging an illegal, immoral and criminal war. Then the war, as well as the defenders could possibly have gone on trial.

But because they were charged with conspiracy and not with counseling, aiding and abetting per se, they were prevented from using this tactic, and, hence, from getting at the real issue.

Another invidious quality about the conspiracy charge emerged at the Oakland trial. The Oakland Seven were charged with conspiring to commit three misdemeanors—resisting arrest, trespass and creating a public nuisance—during the attempt, also in October, 1967, to shut down the Oakland Induction Center. But because they were charged with conspiracy, they faced conviction for a felony.

Unlike the Spock trial, however, the Oakland Seven did manage to get to issues such as the illegality of the war and police brutality. The defendants were all young revolutionaries and made no pretense at being "respectable".

Because they were permitted to get at the basic issues, partially due to skillful defense tactics and partially due to the tolerance of the presiding judge, all seven were acquitted. And half of the jury was radicalized in the process.

Dr. Spock and three other defendants were convicted in their trial, although the convictions were soon overturned on appeal.

In Kentucky, the defendants in the Black Six case are Samuel Hawkins, Robert Kuyu Sims, Mrs. Ruth Bryant, Manfred Reid and Pete Cosby, all of Louisville, and James Cortez, Washington, D.C., the "outside agitator" of the group.

Actually, the trial will not take place in Louisville. Commonwealth's Atty. Edwin A. Schroering, the prosecutor, requested in his tireless pursuit of justice that the trial be moved to the Hart County Circuit Court in Munfordville, Ky., because he said pretrial publicity had impaired chances for a fair trial in Louisville. The six black defendants for some reason do not feel that moving the trial to rural Munfordville will increase their chances for a fair hearing.

The case against them seems to rest on a conversation between Cortez and an NBC film courier, Casey Canella, which took place in the bar at

Stouffer's Inn during the civil disorder. The manager at Stouffer's, John Cranford, called police, saying Cortez had told Canella about a plot to dynamite the refineries. Canella later said Cortez did mention dynamite, but only "vaguely".

The police arrested Cortez at Stouffer's and charged him with inciting to riot. They found \$450 and a sawed-off shotgun in his possession.

The police said Cortez confessed to the plot during questioning. The defense, to put it mildly, denies that he made any such confession.

Cortez, Hawkins and Sims initially were arrested in connection with the conspiracy charge. Hawkins and Sims were held on security warrants for a period, with bonds of \$50,000 (normally the security warrant bond is about \$200). Cortez was held under the same bond, plus an additional \$25,000 as a "common nuisance".

In addition, Cortez was sentenced to five years' imprisonment (the maximum term) for possessing and transporting a sawed-off shotgun. He is currently serving the sentence at the Leavenworth (Kansas) Federal Penitentiary.

Counsel for the defense is Daniel T. Taylor III, a Louisville attorney who now deals exclusively in civil liberties cases. At 35, Taylor—by his own estimation—is the most radical lawyer in the state. He is a native Kentuckian and noticeably resembles another native Kentuckian of some years past.

His lean stature, his thatch of dark hair, his sharply-cut facial features and his carefully-trimmed beard cannot fail to call to mind Abraham Lincoln. When he wears his black suspenders, the resemblance becomes startling.

He does look like Honest Abe, but he discourses easily in the rhetoric of the Movement. When he talks, his eyes wander restlessly and impatiently, though they will stop suddenly when he makes an important point. Then they burn with intensity as if they are consuming the excess energy they are conserving by staying immobile.

Taylor himself is facing disbarment proceedings by the local bar association. The accusations range from assaulting a prosecuting attorney to threatening a witness, all of which appear to be trumped up. An outspoken man like Dan Taylor who does not see the present system of justice as being just is not particularly popular with the legal establishment.

As for the trial, it hasn't really started yet. The six blacks were indicted in the alleged conspiracy, although Taylor says he still doesn't know exactly how some of them are supposed to be connected with the dynamite plot.

The trial was to have begun last month—in Munfordville—but was delayed to January on Schroering's request. Schroering said he was doing so because of confusion over who was representing Cortez.

Taylor pointed out in the courtroom, however, that prison officials at Leavenworth said Schroering had failed to make the standard request for Cortez' transfer to Kentucky. The request, Taylor said, should have been made before the "confusion" about who was representing Cortez had come to Schroering's attention.

Schroering should be held in contempt of court, Taylor said, for neglecting Cortez' rights to a speedy trial and to be present for the trial. Taylor feels that the real reason for Schroering's request was to move the trial past the November elections so he would not suffer the consequences at the polls should he come out of the trial looking like a one-man inquisition.

Schroering is a politically ambitious man. He made a strong attempt to secure the Republican Party's nomination for Jefferson County Judge following the recent death of the original nominee, E.P. Sawyer. Schroering had the support of the local party regulars, but Gov. Louie B. Nunn's choice won out in the in-party battle.

Although the trial has not taken place, other things have. In addition to the attempt to disbar Taylor, the draft board of one of the defendants, Manfred Reid, reclassified him 1-A.

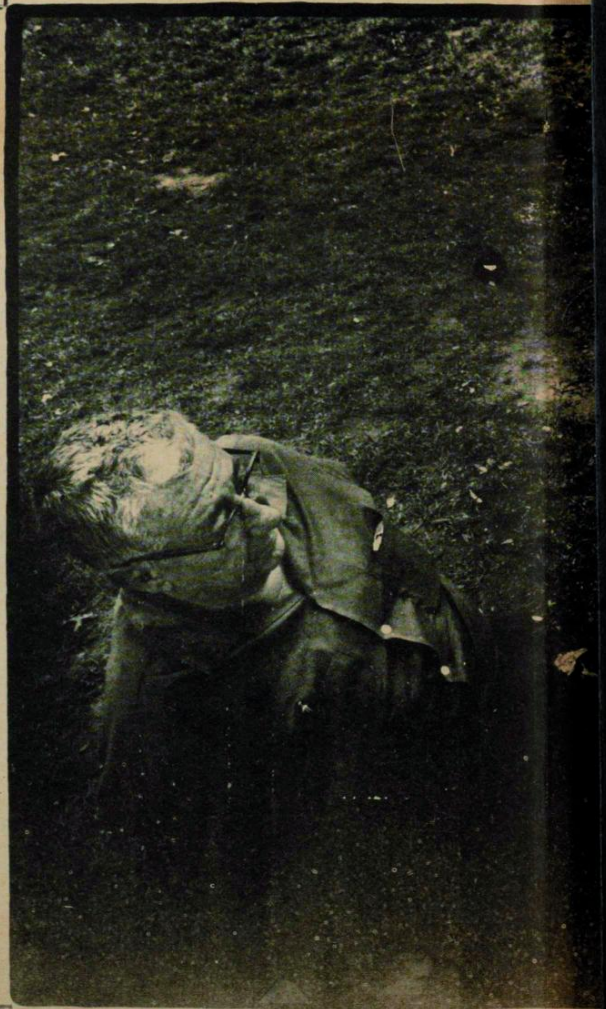
Reid, who is in his 30's, who is married and has children and who is a service veteran, was reclassified, the draft board said, because he failed to make regular reports as required by law. The fact that very few men make these reports and that the ones who don't aren't reclassified doesn't seem to bother the draft board. The long arm of Gen. Hershey apparently extends to Kentucky, along with his version of enforcing order through his quasi-vigilante draft boards.

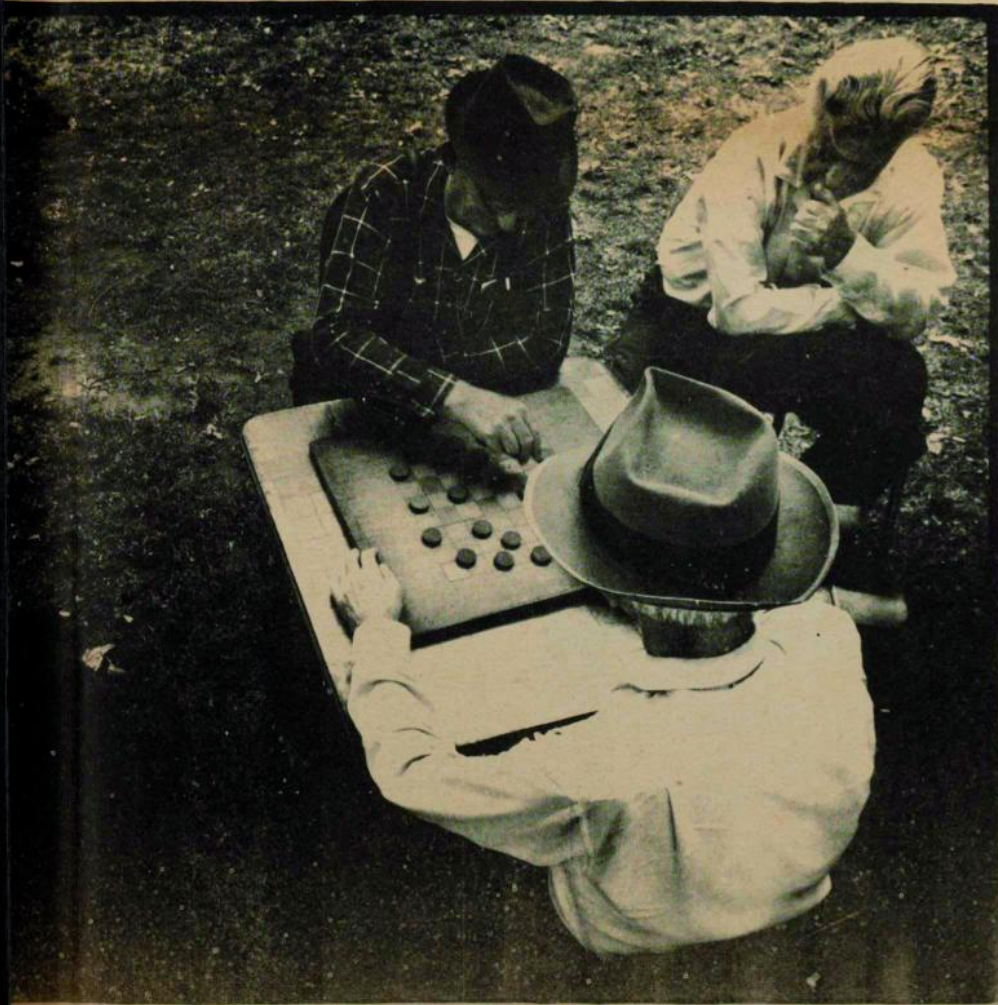
The draft board has refused to discuss the subject in detail, saying that

continued on page 13

snaps:

JON WEBB, a professional newsphotographer in Louisville, began and developed his career in Athens, Ohio. His work centers around people in the act of experiencing humanity. Webb possesses the rare gift of looking into instead of at.





Muldraugh and the coffeehouse

by John Filiatreau
and Guy Mendes

Carey Cosgrove, a 26-year old divorcee with two children, lives with her mother at 287 Main Street in Muldraugh, Ky.; it's where she grew up. For the longest time, the ugly awkward-looking white frame building directly across the street was a kindly meat-market.

Now it's an anti-war coffee house, and it's brought the turmoil of dissent (previously confined to the Outside world) to this backbone-of-America town on the fringe of Ft. Knox.

It's all been quite exciting; according to Mrs. Cosgrove. "The biggest thing to happen before this was when we got water and sewers back about '55 or '56." But it's not that the local folks are liking it--on the contrary. "I don't want my kids growing up in a town with that type of place in it," said Mrs. Cosgrove. "We object to the people that run it mostly, they're not the kind of citizens we want here... I wish it would burn to the ground."

Many other people in Muldraugh (pronounced Mul-dro) feel the same way. Including someone who threw two firebombs into the coffeehouse at three a. m. on October 9. It didn't burn to the ground though. The bombs were poorly made and only did a bit of damage to the floor and a couch. Spec 4 Tom Jackson, his wife Kathy and their 16-month-old child who were upstairs at the time weren't even singed.

The MPD (Muldraugh Police Department) has vowed that it will investigate the attempted bombing, but at the same time was suggesting that the coffeehouse people did the bombing themselves.



Mrs. Cosgrove: an unfulfilled wish

So it's doubtful whether the culprit(s) will ever be found.

The attempted pyrotecnics was just an example of the consummate wrath brought down on the coffeehouse and its sponsors by the U. S. Army, the Meade County courts and the citizens of Muldraugh, a town of 3,000.

All because the coffeehouse was set up to be a place where soldiers could

gather to talk about things like the war, and how they hate it. (One Muldraughian madame put it simply, "We're Army, we're not anti-Army.") The coffeehouse conversation rarely includes much favorable comment about the Army or its "lifers"--the career men.

The coffeehouse offers reading material unavailable at Knox. Underground newspapers and magazines mainly, like the FTA, an anti Army sheet which tells GIs they're being treated like dogs--something Knox "lifers" don't like the draftees to think about. The coffeehouse also has a stereo, and a collection of anti-war records. "Lifers" stay away.

An Army private, stopping in at Perry's Grocery (on Main, down the road some from the coffeehouse), says that's not all that goes on at the coffeehouse. "I hear they're trying to get men to go AWOL by promising that they'll give them refuge, a girl and food."

Mrs. Cosgrove isn't fooled either. "I asked one of the girls over there where she got her money from and she said she sold her body."

The coffeehouse people say both charges are ludicrous.

"You know," continued Mrs. Cosgrove, "I don't know of anyone who is FOR the war, but we're in it and that's it, there's nothing we can do about it. I know the Army has some things wrong with it, but it has plenty of things right with it too. If it can take a snivelling little baby and turn him into a man..."

She then introduced one of the "men": Sgt. Tom Lockwood, a rotund, 22 1/2 year "lifer" who has served in Vietnam and now lives a grenade's throw away



Guy Mendes

from the coffeehouse. It's hard to imagine the sargent as a child, but one must assume he once was. As for the coffeehouse, Lockwood says, "Everyone is entitled to their own view, as long as they keep it across the street and it doesn't affect me. As soon as they come across the street, they're gonna get stomped." That statement was followed by a slow, wheezing laugh, that rolled out of his immense belly. He was greatly pleased with his wit.

"If these boys want to fight," he continued, "there's a place for them. We'll give them something to fight for-- their life, mostly." (Cue the evil laugh again.)

Lockwood said people were "laughing at it" over at the base. But Sgt. Ronnie Baize, a Ft. Knox Vietnam vet due to be discharged next month, differed. "Over at Knox, everybody is for it... well, all the lower people. The higher people have pretty well got it made; the lower people are the ones that get treated like dirt.

As he exited the parking lot in front of Perry's, Baize concluded, "After all, this is a free world."

But tell that to the Meade County courts. H. H. Basham, the owner of the coffeehouse building asked the court to evict Youth Development, Inc., the coffeehouse sponsors, on the grounds that they had not paid the \$250 per month rent.

However, spokesmen for Youth Development said rent had been offered both in person and by certified letter but was refused by Basham after he realized there was a great deal of local opposition to the coffeehouse.

Later, Meade County Attorney J. R. Watts said the operators of the coffee-

house had failed to get required permits from the State Health Department, the City of Muldraugh and Meade County.

Those permits were refused the coffeehouse sponsors on the grounds that the coffeehouse was an illegal and immoral operation. Illegal because of a large, upside-down American flag painted on the coffeehouse wall (a standard signal of distress in the service). Immoral because neighbors said the coffeehouse people passed out obscene literature to children. (A copy of FTA with the old four-letter baddies in it-- the coffeehouse people say they don't know how one of the local kids picked it up unless they had been inside the coffeehouse.)

When Judge Bert Allen ruled against the coffeehouse and it became apparent that the coffeehouse people would appeal the decision, the judge placed a \$3,000 traverse bond on the renters of the coffeehouse. The purpose of this type of bond is to protect the building's owner from possible financial loss due to the lengthy legal proceedings

Traditionally, the bond is set at three times the rent, or in this case, \$750. Within several hours of setting the \$3,000 figure, Judge Allen raised the bond to \$10,000---which amounts to a year's rent and a blatant attempt to deny the right of appeal. Before raising the bond, the judge was apparently informed that the coffeehouse people had raised the \$3,000. By contacting civil liberties groups across the country, the coffeehouse sponsors managed to raise the \$10,000.

The coffeehouse people claim the

U. S. Army has brought its power to bear upon the townspeople and the courts of Meade County. After all, they reason, fully one-third of Muldraugh's residents are Army connected, and nearly everyone in the county owes something or other to the Army. Muldraugh and Meade County officials deny the allegation, of course.

** ** * ** **

This absurd coffeehouse fiasco and its irrational hysteria call to mind some recent events in Kentucky: The shady, pass-the-potatoe handling of the Black Six case, which originated in Louisville and is still to be tried-- after nearly two years in the state courts and much to the chagrin of the defendants... the constant bungling by the now defunct Kentucky Un-American Activities Committee (KUAC), including their destruction of the Appalachian Volunteers... the heavy-handed manner in which the state's system of justice is trying to protect itself from Daniel T. Taylor, Louisville's civil rights lawyer, by attempting to expel him from the Kentucky Bar Association... the use of the draft as a weapon against persons who are politically unpopular, like Louisville's Joe Mulloy... the control of Eastern Kentucky courts by the industrial giants of the coal industry.

In the town of Muldraugh, it's just a case of the people wanting what George Wallace talked about in his campaign--control of one's own community. To Muldraugh's residents and many others across the country, that means having discriminatory power when it comes to passing out constitutional rights.

whiskey rebellion, part 2

by Guy Mendes

Western Kentucky University is worried about its homecoming celebrations. Listen to Dean of Public Affairs Robert Cochran:

"The only bad part of the day will probably be a cloudburst; that's the one thing we live in horror of. We haven't had rain on homecoming now for about the past 20 years... we just pray that God shines down on us, gives us colorful leaves and a pleasant afternoon."

Cochran didn't let on, but at the time, he was quite bothered by another problem that threatened to affect the October 18 festivities. He had reason to be, for, besides serving ably as dean of public relations, Cochran is also Homecoming Chairman.

And for one long, agonizing week (Oct. 2-9), Western suffered its first brush (and that word is used lightly) with the Student Revolt; a brush that almost sent homecoming--that most high and exhalted college bacchanal, that time of alums and mums and Friday-to-Sunday dates and of specially-scheduled lesser opponents--tumbling to the ground.

Friends, there IS nothing sacred anymore.

The dramatic episode was not without the standard fixtures of any self-respecting campus uprising. There was a small but vocal and well-organized minority united around a burning issue. There was also the cry for more student control of student lives. A crippling boycott was called for, negotiations were begun and then broken off and a sizable backlash developed in the rest of the student body. The administration was at first stunned but soon recovered and began the usual behind-the-scene moving.

But for all the adherence to campus revolutionary guidelines, Western's student power uprising came off like the Bay of Pigs.

Consider first, the vocal minority: members of 11 of Western's 12 fraternities and three of eight sororities (that's about 800 out of an 11,000 WKU enrollment). It would be a very unlikely group of protestors were it not for the issue involved--an administration crackdown on booze in fraternity houses and the concurrent stripping of the Inter-Fraternity Council's self-regulatory powers.

Because WKU has no fraternity row, the houses are sprinkled about the fringe of the campus, in the midst of residential Bowling Green. There, they've found many hostile neighbors who frequently report excessive partying to campus officials and Bowling Green Police.

There has always been a regulation banning alcohol in the fraternity houses, but according to Dean of Student Affairs, Charles A. Keown, the IFC was supposed to enforce the regulation and didn't. "It just got to the point where we couldn't ignore it anymore," said Keown. With that he informed the fraternities that a four-month probation with no social functions and no pledge class would be the result should further

complaints arise from townspeople.

Consider next, the boycott, called for by the IFC and aimed at mighty homecoming. Now, this might not seem like a radical action designed to bring the campus to its knees and it might even seem to be an imposition on the fraternity men (asking them to pass up the pre-homecoming dance on Wednesday night, the big pep rally and bonfire, the John Hartford concert, float-building, queen-nominating, open houses and assorted partying is no small request), but when you weigh the fact that the fraternities and sororities ARE homecoming at Western, the action takes on greater magnitude.

A collective gasp arose from administrators and independents: who will organize and build the bonfire? Who will waste all that time sticking crepe paper through chicken wire to build the colorful floats that dazzle the eye? Who will nominate the beauties who will ride on those floats during the big parade? And who will sponsor all those groovy twist-and-shout dances?

Not I, said the IFC.

Meanwhile, the administration was shrugging off its astonishment at the display of insolence (said Cochran: "I'm highly disappointed in these people.") and beginning to take remedial steps.

The sororities dropped out of the boycott after they were told by the administration that besides being under the thumb of and used by the fraternity men, they were breaking a national PanHellenic rule which says that unfavorable publicity should not be brought on a school by PanHellenic members.

Dean Keown attempted to negotiate with the IFC, led by its president, Steve Garrett. That was Monday. On Tuesday Garrett said, "It's full speed ahead on the boycott. I don't think we'll talk to the administration any more until after homecoming."

Keown then told the fraternity men that he would initiate a through study of the WKU Greek system that would foreshadow improvements in the present structure.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon then dropped out of the boycott to join Sigma Nu, the one fraternity that had never joined the protest.

While that was going on, Cochran was trying to find students to take up the slack left by the fraternities and found to his delight, a large number of students eager to get involved in a battle against the Greeks. "They thought the Greeks were trying to shoot down homecoming," said Keown. "It's just a case of loyalty to the cause of homecoming."

Professional fraternities, GDI's, and dorm dwellers moved in to take over the responsibility for queen nominations, and float and bonfire building. The student paper, the College Heights Herald, editorialized that the IFC was only five years old and acting like it.

Word began to spread among the fraternities that Keown's promised study was "his way of saying 'okay, we'll make some changes'" as one fraternity man put it. Rumors went around to the effect that some frater-



nities were considering pulling out, and even if they didn't, members would probably drift over to the festivities anyway. And the Phi Delt's were supposedly entering a homecoming queen candidate.

The IFC met the next day, and when it became apparent that several fraternities considered the promised study victory enough, members unanimously voted to call off the boycott.

Some even had time to enter a queen candidate and build a float.

The drinking will not cease, it will be done "less blatantly," as one fraternity man put it. According to Keown the IFC may get its self regulating powers back in January.

And Western will probably have fair weather for homecoming again this year.

So maybe Dean Cochran wasn't really worried after all. Like he said, in the middle of that strange week "I think when we get right down to it, they (the fraternity men) will be there. Because they think too much of Western."

"I mean, these are fine people. We don't have any bums or tramps here."

conspiracy

continued from page 7

such matters are confidential for the protection of the registrants. It denies, however, that it was planning to indict Reid. Reid thinks it would have had he not raised hell.

Taylor has filed in U.S. District Court to challenge the constitutionality of Kentucky's conspiracy law on grounds of its vagueness and the practically limitless power it gives the prosecution.

But he views the problem of conspiracy laws from a far larger perspective than the specific case of the Black Six, than Kentucky's specific conspiracy law, even than the current rash of conspiracy trials.

Of the specific case, he says the conspiracy law is an attempt "to use the penitentiary as the final garbage can for minorities rocking the boat.

"It's a continuous cycle; there's almost a pointlessness to it. It seems to be a manifestation of a deep human need....on the part of those who are 'making it' to solidify their position or even to get a bigger piece of the pie."

Taylor describes conspiracy and related measures as "a stick to beat a dog....a scare tactic....the arms that come out and grab in times of unrest, dissidence and dissonance".

All through history regime after regime has sought to perpetuate and entrench itself by instituting measures to fight conspiracy, sedition and so forth.

Taylor points out in his analysis that such laws are passed by reactionary legislators (who get into the legislature as a result of undemocratic, ward-heel politics). "If we should manage to get a law struck down, the legislature often will meet to pass new legislation having the same purpose", he adds.

The people charged under these laws, he says, are the ones in the vanguard—the ones who see through undemocratic processes and who realize that the system has become so corrupted to serve vested interests that change is not possible through the "legitimate channels".

"It is the people in the vanguard who get charged—often not wittingly—and who go to prison or commit suicide of one sort or another."

"Generally speaking," he says, "I don't think the Movement is fraught with people with suicidal complexes. They just realize they are living in

a brutal world and do what they can to change it."

Taylor minces no words when he speaks of the current situation: "Judges are some of the biggest hacks in the political process. They subvert the process by manipulating trials and by generally paying allegiance first to the system to which they are in debt for their position," he says. Their allegiance is not necessarily to justice.

"Laws", he says, "are more persuasive than almost any other kind of influence in society.

"The average person doesn't question the statutes; all that he does question is whether the statutes have been violated." (Jessica Mitford also emphasized this point concerning the jurors in the Spock trial.)

"If society were left in the hands of the general mass", Taylor says, "I don't believe it would ever advance. I know that's an elitist statement, but it's the only conclusion I can come to."

Okay, so that leaves us with the cycle of an establishment with repressive threats, an acquiescent mass and periodically an uprising of an aware and committed minority which is fought with institutionalized repression. If the revolt is put down, another uprising will occur sometime in the future; if it succeeds, then the cycle starts over again with a new establishment....How do we stop the cycle?

"Let's not forget our rhetoric," Taylor answers with a slight smile. "Participatory Democracy."

A paraphrase of his rationale for this solution would go something like this:

Because Participatory Democracy places power in the hands of small "communities", the people's interests would be served and they would be able to make their own decisions and not have to depend on corruptible representatives....who find it necessary to create such things as conspiracy laws to maintain themselves.

But for the time being we are left with six black people facing trial in Munfordville, with James Cortez confined in a federal penitentiary for five years....and with Dan Taylor wondering aloud whether he should continue fighting by practicing law within the system or whether he should be fighting outside it as a Che Guevara.

'52'

continued from page 6

now the last trace of animosity has left his voice too.

"Right. So the way I figure it, if you all want to think that a 36-year-old college English teacher with three kids is a fuckin punk, well, okay, you'll just have to go on thinking it, that's all. There was a time when it would've upset me something terrible to have anybody call me a punk. But that was when I was one, you see. And that was a long time ago. So I figure what you think of me is strictly your own business."

"Well then," Cecil begins, "how come..."

"How come I wear these glasses and stuff? Well, first of all, I like them. But besides that, just look at what these things have done right here in the Pennington Club in the last fifteen minutes, I mean, take you all, now if I've done my job right, you all have learned you ought not to be so quick to judge people. I mean, you know, you make mistakes that way, man, that's why the wrong people are always getting hurt!"

It is over, and for once in my life I have done my job right, and I know it, and the knowledge is positively exhilarating. I'd be perfectly well satisfied if Emory and Cecil would tuck their tails and go sulking back to their own table right now. But it turns out to be one of those rare times when the breaks just won't quit coming my way. Because just as I finish my little speech, up to our booth steps their forgotten friend, the smaller fellow who'd been sitting with them at the other table.

"Come on, you guys," he tells them. "Leave this poor bastard alone and let's get out of here."

"Hey Bill" Cecil says, "this here guy claims he graduated from Maysville High!"

Cecil evidently sees one last

chance to vindicate himself; if Bill, who is evidently something of an authority on graduates of Maysville High, rules that I've introduced false evidence, then we're right back where we started.

"Shit you did," Bill says flatly.

"When was you ever at Maysville High?"

A bad moment. Nothing for it, though, but to ride it through and hope for the best. "I went there three years," I tell him. "I graduated in fifty-one."

"Shit you did. Because listen here, my name is Owsley and my brother..."

"Oh for Christ sake," I interrupt; laughing with the relief of recognition, "you're Billy Owsley. You're Bobby's little brother. Hell, I graduated with Bobby!"

Of course he's Billy Owsley! Little Billy-O whose brother Bobby was a basketball superstar and therefore the best guy in Maysville to take along when you were going out cruising, looking for a little stranger; little Billy-O whose brother Bobby used to chase him home whenever we set out on those nightly expeditions. Little Billy-O.

But in my delight at this unexpected turn of events I've momentarily forgotten that Billy-O still doesn't know who I am. Even now, in fact, he's leaning across the table, peering intently at my face. Suppose he doesn't remember me? After all it's been-- what? --17 years since I saw him, and he was just a little kid then...

"My name's Ed McClanahan. "I say finally, searching his face for some reaction. For the first few seconds, nothing. Then, very slowly, he straightens, raises his eyes to the cobwebby ceiling, and dramatically claps a palm to his forehead.

"Jee-zus Christ!" he cries.

"Eddie McClanahan! Why you stupid sons of bitches, this guy went to

school with Bobby! Why this here was the smartest guy in Maysville High School! He teaches college somewhere, ain't that right, Eddie? Why you stupid sons of bitches, this here guy is smarter than both of you all put together, and you all wantin to fight him!"

And now Billy-O is pumping my hand energetically, and my own grin is nearly splitting my face in the almost boundless pleasure of this moment, and Emory is hiding his face behind his hands in mock shame. "Hey Cece," he says, peeking between his fingers, "you know what you are, don't you?"

"Yeah, Emory," Cecil snickers. "I'm a fuckin punk."

*** ** ** ** **

And there you have it. That's all there is to tell, except that I spent the next five hours or so getting roaring drunk with Bill and Emory and Cecil, and that during those five hours I told them exactly what I thought about Vietnam and Chicago and spades and dope and hippies and what-have-you, and that for the first time ever they actually listened to these heresies, and found them a good deal less difficult to get next to than they would ever have suspected.

And as I drove home, drunk and happy in the dawn, it came to me, in the perverse form of what has to be the silliest pun I ever invented, that the only real difference between my freaky spectacles and, say, an Oxford don's cap and gown was a difference in degree. But then, even as I giggled at my own giddy wit I was also struck, for perhaps the tenth time in the ten years I've been a teacher, by the full force of the revelation that teaching is just possibly the one thing in the world worth doing every single time one really gets in there and does it.

(Copyright 1968 by Ed McClanahan)

flicks:

Medium Cool

by J.S. WILLOUGHBY

Today technologies and their consequent environments succeed each other so rapidly that one environment makes us aware of the next. Technologies begin to perform the function of art in making us aware of the psychic and social consequences of Technology.

McLuhan

At a cocktail party included in the opening scenes of *Medium Cool* a TV soundman, played by Peter Bonerz, describes himself as an "extension of a tape-recorder". In the sequence immediately preceding the cocktail party Bonerz and the TV cameraman with whom he works, played by Robert Forster, record audio and video coverage of a freeway accident and then drive away from the scene without bothering to aid an injured girl, lying on the cement where she has landed after being thrown from the car. They pause before leaving long enough to radio in a report of the accident, then drive away in their Channel 5 station wagon for a rendezvous with a motorcycle courier who will transport the footage downtown.

One of the "psychic and social consequences" of television is the creation of curious men in whom instincts of compassion and moral engagement are completely repressed. One result of this is the need to create a format for news broadcasts and feature stories that will substitute the appearance of compassion and engagement for the real thing.

Another result is an evident moral shortsightedness about the purposes and intentions of television; exploitation of events is substituted for the objective search for truth. Concern for life, indeed, reality itself, is subordinated to the need

for material to fill up time and continue the ravishing of our senses.

The film explores the possibility that television creates the world it records. It cannot capture the serenity and detachment of grass, nor the enveloping aural presence of rock, but it creates a community of the senses by providing a continuous format for the recording of events.

Cameraman and soundman go out to shoot a follow-up feature on a black cab driver who found an envelope containing ten thousand dollars in his cab and turned it in. They have a format for that kind of story, now, just as they have developed one for assassinations since November, 1963.

The point is, the format they have developed for this "compassionate" feature story is unreal, or at least irrelevant. The "human interest" story is simply another symptom of television's exploitation of life.

The real story, as the blacks tell their captive audience, is of the temptation the black man feels to commit acts of violence to gain television recognition. Being on the tube, man, is status, is life. The real risk, in other words, is that the tube may become the final arbiter of what is life.

In its compulsive attempt to provide in depth involvement of the senses what really counts is the succession of events, the continuous flow of exciting information.

In one sequence in *Medium Cool* we see national guardsmen staging a mock

confrontation. The mock dissenters are a grotesque and cynical caricature of reality, the guardsmen an ominous forewarning of the mindless police riots at the democratic convention later in the film. But what is really frightening is that from the media point of view the mock dissent is like a dress-rehearsal for a television spectacular.

In a society continuously and instantaneously recording its history through the media, the necessity to distinguish between fact and fiction becomes obscured. The real criteria for success becomes the depth of involvement of our senses, distinct from judging and evaluating. The real danger is that men may be victimized to provide this saturation.

Medium Cool itself is part fact and part fiction, the story of a television cameraman becoming aware of and critical of his own lack of moral commitment set against documentary film of violence of all kinds in summer, 1968. That the line between fact and fiction in this film is frequently unclear is not a danger; writer-director-photographer Haskell Wexler does not use fiction to enhance fact or to exploit it. Unlike the television cameraman he depicts, Wexler's fiction is a compassionate and critical commentary on the world seen in his documentary footage.

The story-line of the film shows the cameraman struggling tentatively towards a position of moral engagement and human understanding. From scenes of sex and self-indulgence set against a backdrop of roller derby violence to enhance the mood of callous decadence, the cameraman grows towards a more humane in-

volvement with life through Harold Blankenship, age 13, and his mother, both migrants from Appalachia.

It is here that a further extension of Wexler's interests becomes evident. His concern for violence goes beyond the exploration of television's role in it. Broadly speaking, he is concerned with the possibility that the urge to violence is a predominate and inherent element in urban life.

More precisely, he is concerned with the effect that may have on the lives of people like Harold and his mother; they have a kind of naturalness and grace, carefully shown in quiet scenes in Chicago and in flashbacks of their lives in beautiful country scenes in West Virginia, a kind of moral temperateness and quietness to which the violence and shock of Chicago is an antithesis.

Wexler's hope for the survival of the qualities that Harold and his mother represent is not high. For it is a violent society, you see, and in attempting to live a compassionate and humane life one stakes out a claim in that society—a claim that puts one within reach of its violence; to be engaged with life may be to be destroyed by it. The end of the film is an apocalypse of this insight.

The film began with shots of an auto accident and it ends with shots of another one in which Harold's mother is killed and the cameraman, who is driving, is critically injured. A carload of inquisitive faces, curiously unmoved, motors quietly past and a child inside snaps a photo of the burning vehicle; "an inclusive list of media effects opens many unexpected avenues of awareness and investigation".

Easy Rider

by JACK LYNE

Elvis. First time around, 1956.

A sterile foursome dubbing themselves The Crewcuts had just ooo-waaed and oozed their way through a sugar-coated gem called "Sh-boom" when that raucous, caterwauling voice came tearing through my tiny brown plastic radio, shattering the flat gray clouds of the adolescent mind.

Dropping my copy of the latest exploits of my current folk-hero, aptly named Plastic Man, I knocked over two stacks of baseball cards while groveling toward the volume dial to turn up, very far up, That Noise.

With an echo-chambered wail aimed directly at my sex-starved mind, Elvis died a thousand RCA Victor deaths in "Heartbreak Hotel":

"Yeah-uh hotel's allus crowded, desk clerk's dressed in black—been so laung on lone-uh-ly street, well-uh-well-uh-well-uh they'll never get back....He-uh's so lonely he could diiiiieee!"

Mid-way through that memorable two and one half minute grease-letting, I began jumping up and down on my bed in one of those too-infrequent bursts of pure, unadulterated joy. It was the end of my flat-top.

Screen star James Dean, for all his brilliance, had only smoldered. Presley, a red-neck, pompadoured Memphis truck-driver, was, by the mid-Victorian standards of the time, pathologically ill, which is exactly why we loved him.

"Elvis the Pelvis" (as the era's clever journalists tagged him) was the first mass symbol to overtly and unabashedly kick it all out and, in his own unintentional style, scream defiance.

Thousands of kids heard Presley's phallic frenzy and many of them, from Buddy Holly to Jim Morrison, John Lennon and Paul McCartney, dropped out of Vic Tani body-building courses to learn the basics of guitar playing and hair-grooming.

The Presley-inspired trappings of the late fifties, the black leather jacket, and the tire chain, rapidly gave way to the beat ultra-cool gear, complete with sun glasses, bongos, and Allen Ginsberg, though soon this, too, was to pass in favor of moving hair forests, day-glo, and I Ching.

El the Pel was soon lost in the meleé as new symbols and leaders came to satisfy new life-modes. Still, throughout all this rustling about one theme remained constant: An underlying leanness toward the fecund fields of suburbia awaiting new harvesters; a reluctance of these young hostages to fortune to grasp the bourbon-and-water appearance of life

and choke it down, despite its hemlock-like taste.

Yet, despite the longevity of the alterate life-styles, their mass media exposure remained minimal. The motion-picture industry, in particular, took little notice of the changing scene, grinding out epics to fit the talents and tastes of such social activists as Walt Disney and John Wayne.

However, over the past several years the sluggish motion picture industry has been slowly foraging out in new directions, exploring the pervasive dissent present in this nation.

The movie mongols have slowly become more permissive, allowing producers and directors more latitude. Though the industry's main men have been motivated by anything but esthetic and moral values, they have created a climate that could develop "Easy Rider", a motion-picture dealing in depth with contemporary America.

Currently tearing through Kentucky's theatres, "Easy Rider" lashes out with a naked power that is the cinematic equivalent of Presley's mid-fifties pelvic punch.

Produced by Peter Fonda, directed by Dennis Hopper, and written by Fonda, Hopper and Terry Southern (of "Candy" fame. Judge him by the book, not the rather juvenile film), "Easy Rider" survives several early breakdowns and occasional dips into pretentious, pompous moralizing to pull off a mind-crunching tour de force.

"Easy Rider" utilizes a rather simple scenario, following the wanderings of Wyatt (played by Fonda) and Billy (played by Hopper). The two make a rather profitable sale of cocaine in Los Angeles after bringing it up from Mexico (pre-Operation Intercept).

They take their cocaine collateral and buy two motorcycles. Wyatt decorates his cycle with stars and stripes to match his leather jacket and dubs himself "Captain America".

The two set out for Mardi Gras, stopping at a commune, later getting arrested for jovially taking part in a small-town parade. Fortunately, they find as a cellmate a local alcoholic lawyer (played with remarkable precision and skill by Jack Nicholson) who gets the two out with only a light fine (the normal procedure was to shear heads of such vermin).

Nicholson joins them on their voyage toward New Orleans, sartorially elegant in his old football helmet, letter jacket and summer suit.

After repeated hassles in small southern towns, they are attacked in the night by a group of local vigilantes. Nicholson is killed in the senseless meleé.



Fonda and Hopper continue on in their southern voyage, arriving in New Orleans in time to drag two whores through an acid-saturated tour of Mardi Gras.

Finally, both Fonda and Hopper are gunned down by rednecks in a panel truck as they cycle through the bayou country.

Fonda, as "Captain America", has received a great deal of attention from the press. It does seem this is Fonda's finest thespian moment to date, although that really isn't saying very much.

In fact, if crimes against the cinema are ever tried, Fonda is a shoo-in for execution. He has wandered through such memorable moments as "Tammy and the Doctor" (really, really bad), "The Wild Angels" (really bad) and "The Trip" (bad).

Throughout his celluloid exploits he has performed with a skill seemingly gleaned from a Jayne Mansfield learn-to-act-by-mail course.

However, in "Easy Rider" Fonda seems to have found his niche. He flaunts a clairvoyant cocksureness throughout the flick that seems apropos for the distant, ultra-cool characterization of "Captain America".

For instance, when Nicholson accepts a joint from Fonda, (over the former's protests that he has his own "store-bought ones) he asks, "But won't this lead to harder stuff?" Fonda replies with perhaps the only honest answer: silence. (According to Fonda the marijuana used in the movie is the real object. The acid, though, was "just aspirin".)

Fonda's patrician insouciance does occasionally get out of hand, especially

when he is portrayed as some sort of mystic, introverted Christ-Ghandi-Buddha-Elvis figure.

Hopper, an outcast in the film-making set and reputedly dead broke when hired to produce "Easy Rider", portrays the desperate aimlessness of Billy with tension, skill and believability.

Hopper's direction is equally competent, explaining his choice at the Cannes Film Festival as "Best New Director".

The film is not without major faults. As is true of the subculture it describes, the script is terribly cliché-ridden. The characters are forever "getting their thing together, man".

Likewise, the muscle tone of "Easy Rider" is occasionally nonexistent. The early scenes threaten to degenerate into a friendly hippie travelogue, although photographer Lazlo Kovacs' filming and cutting brilliantly shows us the aching vastness of this country.

The stop-over at the commune is both unbelievable and offensive. The small group is given the cinematic treatment usually reserved for lost civilizations as Fonda pontificates such plaudits as, "They'll make it, man, they'll make it."

Many of the commune characters look like they have recently come from shooting Villager commercials or Panhellenic meetings. Kovacs' Godard-like 360-degree shot of the gathered members is one of the few moments that break the nauseatingly utopian treatment of the subject.

However, Wyatt and Billy are at least portrayed throughout as humans, avoiding the all-in-black-bad-straight-people versus the all-in-white-hip-people confrontation.

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by JACK LYNE

Gosh whiz, it used to be so easy to be a far-out, heavy, outtasite, rock-a-rock-a star.

The rules of rock were flaccid for awhile and some terribly mediocre musicians scaled the hype-strewn path to the rock pantheon.

The unholy hype that surrounded such groups as the ear shattering atrocity calling themselves the MC5 called for a standard set-up including an amp army, foreboding stage presence, and a pervasive group mystique (Now the Doors are just one big collective mass of Californiaism, mysticism, dadaism, and fetishism, right? Right, and Eldridge Cleaver is a CIA front).

In fact, the brown-paper cover edition of Webster's Wock and Woll Stage Wules advises the rising young star upon reaching the stage of the Filmore East to do as follows:

"Step 1: Look very stoned. Wander around the stage aimlessly. If you forget the lyrics, give the peace sign. Step 2: Turn up your amps full blast, stomp the wah-wah pedal and grab off all the feedback possible. This way no one can really hear you. Step 3: For a finale, imagine your cheapest amp is the proverbial white underbelly of, say, Grace Slick and that your own heavy, heavy guitar is, in McLuhanesque terms, an extension of your own magic twanger. Step 4: Get it on."

Good fun for all, that's what it was. Good fun, yes, but often sickeningly pedestrian music.

Part of the hype problem lies in the slow development of rock, the nerve center of the alternative life-style, as a para-country club cult. With large segments of the rock audience the emphasis has shifted from listening and enjoying to Making the Scene.

Countless young consumers succumbed to the exploitation of rock (Woodstock promo man and former heavy dealer Mike Lang is the archetypal hype-man) and placidly accepted seeing groups with crowds from 20,000 to 300,000 in the midst of unbelievable conditions and non-acoustics.

But never mind if you couldn't hear, much less see, rock groups in such situa-

tions. You could recognize a couple of cuts from the album, and people up front could later describe what actually happened on stage and, I mean, well, it was The Place To Be And You Were There.

In the sales section groups with terribly limited repertoires became, via the marketing mania, groupie meat: The Iron Butterfly (Minnie Mouse on a belladonna jag), Three Dog Night (Wow, what a clever name, and man, three lead singers, all bad.), and the Doors (the brilliant promise of the 1967's "The End" has been methodically debauched. The current "Soft Parade" will likely be the group's artistic epitaph.)

In the midst of the piles of such shallow promo droppings, THE BAND stands like Albert Camus surrounded by the entire staff of Sixteen Magazine.

Yet, it would be a lie to shake the words awake and spin a non-linear word web around this, the second album by THE BAND, for their music is first and foremost honest.

Descriptions of The Band's product will inevitably fail, as verbalizations of all good things (sex, sleep, laughter) always fail.

If labels must be grafted on to the five-man band, they are perhaps best described as country-oriented. Their normal musical line-up features Garth Hudson on organ, Richard Manuel on piano, Levon Helm on drums, Rick Danko on bass and Jaime Robbie Robertson on guitar. Manuel, Helm and Danko share the vocals.

The Band's material is home-grown and uniquely their own. This album was recorded in a rented home in Los Angeles, much in the fashion of the Catskills-produced "Music from Big Pink." All twelve songs were written by band personnel (Robertson handles the bulk of the composing chores, assisted on occasion by Manuel and Helm), and Robertson and John Simon produced the album in the rented L. A. home without the extensive over-dubbing and 60-piece orchestras that are so often used to cover the weaknesses of the other groups.

The twelve cuts that make up "THE BAND" often resemble some oral tradi-

tion handed down through the centuries by mountain-men. Yet, throughout the band's work there is an aura of authenticity and currency that give the music a gaping agelessness and placelessness.

Despite their down-home sound, the music of the band is wonderfully obscure. With each listening the cryptic lyrics, like those of early Dylan, come to take on different meanings, unfolding new levels of human consciousness.

The lead vocals of Helm, Danko, and Manuel occasionally rise like some stoned country choir, as in "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down", (a Civil War epic) and "Whispering Pines". There is also the wonderfully vague apocalypse of "Look Out Cleveland", and the wry earthiness of "Jemima Surrender" and "Up On Cripple Creek" (the latter containing such lines as, "Me and my mate, we were back at the shack, we had Spike Jones on the box. She said, I can't take the way he sings, but I love to hear him talk.")

Throughout the album, their is seldom a superfluous line, seldom a wasted riff. Yet, in the midst of this very economical music there is very open humanism, an admission that we are not forever to be young psychedelic kings going out to hip the world to our heavy, far-out selves, but, instead the notion that we are, indeed, busy being born, busy laughing, crying and being, all hanged or hangable.

Thankfully, the lowering of the decibel range by groups such as The Band has not produced the saccharine thickness that doomed earlier exponents of rock's hard gone soft. For instance, Simon and Garfunkle fairly wallowed in syrupy self-pity and Richie Havens and Donovan, for all their talent, occasionally donned the clear plastic raincoat of the pollyanna.

The newer crop of quieter musicians is made up of experienced, component musicians who have somehow wandered through all this hollow hype without losing their integrity. The Band, four Canadians and Arkansas boy Levon Helm, spent five years as "The Hawks" backing Ronnie Hawkins (soon back on the recording scene after signing a \$200,000 pact with Atlantic), and one year backing

wheel-on-fire Bob Dylan (the group also will reportedly back Dylan on his forthcoming American tour).

Likewise, Crosby, Stills and Nash (now augmented by the immense presence of Neil Young) have been on the scene since the early sixties.

Even such a long-time stalwart as John Mayall, England's grand old man of the blues, has eschewed the ego-freak, super-noise school and come across with a brilliant drummerless group and a solid album, "The Turning Point," Mayall's finest effort since his early 1965 recordings with Eric Clapton.

The Mayall group utilizes acoustic guitars, very soft saxophone and flute stylings (done extremely well by Johnny Almond), bass and the harmonica, slide guitar and vocals of Mayall. In concert all four performers are plugged into a single amplifier. Audiences simply have to listen to hear them. Surprisingly, they are doing exactly that.

The result of the new directions of musicians such as The Band, Mayall, and Crosby, Stills, Nash (pause), and Young is an intricate, listenable, very human style of music. It became rather wearying to sit in shell-shocked subservience while one of the \$243 self-proclaimed heaviest guitarists around hammered through bursts of intensity to inform all that they, like the American male prototype, have mountains of hair on their chests and sweat a lot. Of course, so does Lassie.

However, we have not seen the end of rock's super-noise school and that is all to the good, for there are still some very vivid, very strong groups who play both well and loud (The Jeff Plane, the new rock's grand old family, is perhaps the best example).

Hopefully, the more relaxed school of contemporary music men will eliminate some of the hype-created plastic men who have come to be objects of desperately offered adoration.

Perhaps some rock fans will even drop back five and listen to the unhyp, unheavy, unfarout, but very real music of Fred Neil (listed in Webster's Wules under "miscellaneous").

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tation that threatens to spoil the picture in its early stages.

Yet, despite these and other numerous faults, "Easy Rider" does manage to get its thing together, man. It soon becomes obvious that this allegorical bit of cinema verite has a lot of unpleasant things to say about what is happening to this country.

Fonda's identity as "Captain America" is no accident. Likewise, the names Wyatt and Billy are torn from the pages of American folk mythology. And "Easy Rider" is an old southern slang term for a man living off the earnings of a prostitute, taking, in essence, the easy ride. As Fonda himself put it, "We're all taking that easy ride, man. Liberty's become a whore".

The excellent "Rider" sound track is taken from various cuts from contemporary artists like The Band and Jimi Hendrix.

(Interestingly enough, Bob Dylan refused to allow his version of "It's All Right Ma, I'm Only Bleeding" to be utilized as the final cut, saying that the picture would have to be changed to "give the kids hope". Fonda finally decided to have Byrd Roger McGuinn sing it as a finale. Bob Dylan now has four children.)

But perhaps the greatest value of "Easy Rider" is its honest portrayal of the acrimony pervading this country and the sickening nature of the violence it produces. Though overt violence only breaks out twice, its representation is both superb and nauseating.

In fact, the confrontations are so accurately portrayed that perceptive Newsweek critic Joseph Morgenstern, in writing about the hostile confrontation between Fonda, Hopper, and Nicholson and local red-necks in a cafe, noted the scene "bore the unmistakable earmarks of Terry Southern's writing.

On the contrary, the scene bears the earmarks only of America. No one wrote it. Instead, as revealed in an interview in The New York Times, Hopper merely walked into a for-real small town restaurant with for-real people and asked the locals to simply say and do what they ordinarily would if three such hirsute characters walked in and tried to get a meal.

Such smouldering violence earmarks the schism that divides this nation. It is becoming increasingly apparent that when an American hears the word "culture", he reaches for his revolver.

This divisiveness is exactly what "Easy Rider" conveys so well. "Rider" also emphatically underlines the widespread rejection of the American Dream, as when Billy desperately whines, "We made lots of money, man, and that's what it's all about, isn't it?" and Captain America replies, "No, man, we blew it".

It seems readily apparent that the rubric of that American dream (two cars, a house in suburbia, two children: one boy, one girl, and PTA and country club membership) will simply not supply enough meaning for the lives of a segment of population as divergent as Abbie Hoffman and Dr. Benjamin Spock.

Yet, when individuals are either killed or persecuted for holding such beliefs, as are Wyatt and Billy, one can only scream WHY?

The answer to such questions are desperately needed, for this country is fast revealing itself as a drunken ogre, onanistically dry-humping as it dangles prepositions and tries desperately to conjugate itself.

Without such answers we all may find that life in these United States, like Chicago's bad moon rising, Richard Daley, is indeed, nasty and brutish, and, very likely, short.

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