

blue-tail fly ^{20 cents}

December, 1969

WAR

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contents

Kentucky will be here after California is gone, page 5
Wayne H. Davis

Dr. Feelgood was here, page 6
Jack Lyne

snaps: Bill Roughen, page 8

interview: Dr. Benjamin Spock, page 10
Nick DeMartino

Uncle Trav Wilson and the dog, page 13
Wendell Berry

ya say it's your birthday, page 14
David Holwerk and Tony Urie

books: Fat City, page 15
Thomas Blues

a poem by James Baker Hall, page 15

cover: concrete poetry by Ellsworth Taylor.
(The cover was to have been Michael Lane's anti-war flag poster, but unfortunately, our printer refused to print it. At this late date, with no other printing facilities immediately available, we have no choice but to cop-out and switch covers. Our apologies to Michael Lane; we will try to run it in a later issue.)

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blue-tail fly

December, 1969

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core of impudent snobs: Guy Mendes, Jack Lyne, Rick Bell, Sue Anne Salmon, Gretchen Marcum, Bucky Young (a real effete sonofagun), Nick DeMartino, Howard Mason, Julie Mendes, Bonnie Cherry, Don Pratt, John Beckman and Geoffrey Pope. Business gang: John Simon, Jeannie St. Charles, Terry McCarty, Carol Bryant, Maria Chalk, Buck Pennington, Becky Martin and Warren Ford. Mad Dog Jew: David Holwerk.

tidings:

1969: Indians land at Alcatraz rock

By Larry Bensky

SAN FRANCISCO (LNS) — More than 100 Indians have reclaimed Alcatraz Island, in San Francisco Bay, "in the name of all American Indians by right of discovery," and have occupied the barren former Federal prison since taking it over at dawn, Nov. 20.

The Indians have found numerous hiding places on the deserted fortress island, in anticipation of an invasion by Federal marshals to evict them.

A proclamation issued on the day of the invasion declared the Indians' willingness to purchase Alcatraz for \$24 in glass beads and red cloth, a precedent set by the white man's purchase of a similar island about 300 years ago. "Our offer of \$1.24 per acre is greater than the 47 cents per acre that the white man is now paying California Indians for their land."

Citing a treaty signed with the Sioux in 1868, the young invaders claim that Sioux tribes were promised first right to unused surplus property, and that when the Federal prison was abandoned in 1964 they should have been offered the land.

Powerful business interests have been quarreling over what to do with Alcatraz. The city's tourist-profit-oriented rulers favor some sort of plastic recreation site, while Texas oil interests have lobbied in Washington for the sale of the island to real estate developers.

Local officials seem to be waiting for word from Secretary of the Interior Walter Hickel in Washington before expel-

ling the Indians. Tremendous Bay Area support has been gathered through the odd friendship of a top-40 AM radio station. The Indians have also had favorable publicity on FM rock stations and in the underground press.

The Federal government has responded with a partial blockade of the island, but ingenious boat-owners have floated and thrown supplies on to Alcatraz for the past five days. A massive invasion with supplies was scheduled to take place after dark on Thanksgiving Day, led by sympathetic boat-owners from Berkeley, San Francisco and Saucelito.

In their proclamation, the Indians—many of whom are from Native American student groups at UCLA and Berkeley—said:

"We feel that this so-called Alcatraz Island is more than suitable for an Indian reservation, as determined by the white man's own standards. By this we mean that this place resembles most Indian reservations in that:

1. It is isolated from modern facilities and without adequate means of transportation.
2. It has no fresh running water.
3. It has inadequate sanitation facilities.
4. There are no oil or mineral rights.
5. There is no industry and so unemployment is very great.
6. There are no health care facilities.
7. The soil is rocky and non-productive and the land does not support game.
8. There are no educational facilities.
9. The population has always exceeded the land base.
10. The population has always been

held as prisoners and kept dependent on others.

It would be fitting that ships from all over the world, entering the Golden Gate, would first see Indian land and thus be reminded of the true history of this nation. This tiny island would be a symbol of the great lands once ruled by free and noble Indians."

Ships entering the Bay are now greeted with Red Power signs, Federal property signs changed to read: "Warning: Indian Property, Keep Off," and a large red flag flying from the top of the main prison building with a broken peace pipe on its center.

Pigskin review: the big state game

NEW YORK (LNS) - College football, as the country is becoming aware, is big business. High school players are recruited all over the country, offered great scholarships, and freedom to do exactly what they want to do: play football and nothing else.

Now it seems college football players are looking around them and finding some things are more important than lugging the pigskin for Alma Mater. The Coaches aren't pleased.

The economics of major collegiate sports are very intricate. Scholarships abound, training and equipment are expensive, transportation costs can be enormous (the entire squads, including hangers on, are flown to away games in such conferences as the Big 8) and stadium costs are high. Even the footballs come to \$25 apiece. A losing season or two,

attendance down, and the money begins to slip away.

More importantly, the old alumni spirit, — the longing for youth and stature which prompts old men to find large sums of money for their schools — the Class of '02 syndrome, begins to let down. It's not just the pressure of school spirit and the ol' desire to win that makes college coaching such a tension-filled job. There's the Board of Trustees looking with displeasure over your shoulder if you should lose to the Traditional Rival.

Football players are to the large University what showgirls are to Las Vegas. Strut your stuff, but don't stop to think about it.

But these are strange times now. Political times. Black runners brought politics into the synthetically pacific environment of the Olympics by raising black-gloved fists, and took shit for it. The Olympics themselves were boycotted in part, as were various track meets last year, in protest of the racist policies of the athletic clubs which sponsor (use) black athletes for their own needs. Now, black college football players are recognizing their positions and are making their protests known.

At the University of Indiana, 14 black members of the football squad boycotted practice because of what they called "assumptions made by the coaching staff based on stereotyping of the blacks." The atmosphere they were playing under was "mentally depressing and morally discouraging." All 13 were summarily dismissed from the varsity football squad, ostensibly for failing to abide by the coach's policy prohibiting two practice cuts — but obviously for reasons which go much deeper. Their scholarships will not be renewed.

Emphasizing the group nature of the

Hot to trot Freaks grab gobblers

Each year, long about Thanksgiving time, the University of Kentucky Intramural Sports Department sponsors a cross-country Turkey Trot. And as a rule, the Greeks usually battle it out among themselves for the three live turkeys that are given as prizes.

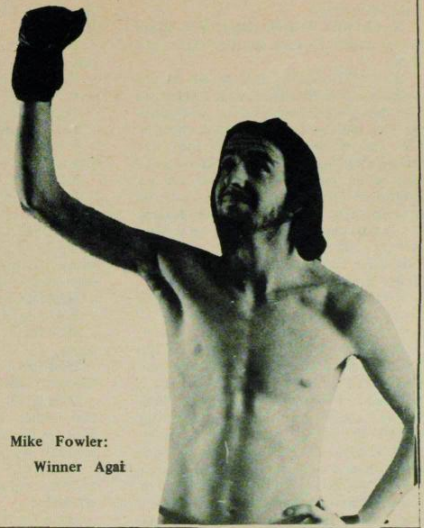
Until last year. Then, in an amazing upset, an SDS team (later accused of over emphasizing athletics) walked away with the individual and team honors and won two of the three turkeys.

This year, with several veterans from that team (including first place winner Michael Fowler) running for the Freak team, the Greeks once again went down to defeat. Fowler finished first once again and other Freaks finished third, fifth and thirteenth, to once again earn two of the three turkeys.

After victoriously thrusting his black-gloved fist into the air, Fowler offered that the Freak team won "Because we ran faster than the other guys. Of course our spirit of revolutionary fervor and solidarity with the people helped, too."

Another Freak team member, *btf* staffer David Holwerk, accounted for the amazing finishing kick which enabled him to place ninety-second in another way. "I had to make it," he moaned, writhing in agony on the frozen ground. "I mean, we're all just a bunch of beautiful people trying to say something."

The two turkeys were cooked and eaten on Thanksgiving day at a large scale Freak feast attended by about 50 people, including the team groupie Bertha Lou Powers.



Mike Fowler:
Winner Agai

protest, the black Indiana players issued a statement saying, "The 14 of us felt as though we were not being treated as men. This by no means was the first time we had taken steps to remedy racial matters on the squad."

This is not an isolated incident. Last Spring 20 black players skipped Spring practice at the University of Iowa for political reasons. This fall at the University of Washington 13 black players boycotted the team, though 9 of the men were intimidated into rejoining by threat of the loss of their scholarships. The coach called for "100% commitment to Husky football." The school's Black Athletes Alumni Association called for the firing of coach Jim Owens on the grounds of his "uncompromising bigotry." A black assistant coach has resigned from the staff because of what he called the "inaccuracies and omissions" in the head coach's statements regarding reinstatement of the athletes.

There has been another, equally political row going on in this year's college football scene. The entire black segment of the Wyoming University football squad, 14 in all, was kicked off the team when they participated in a protest demonstration against the racist policies of one of their opponents, Brigham Young University.

Brigham Young is a Mormon school. The Mormon Church denies full membership to blacks on the grounds that they are descendants of Cain and are inevitably damned for Cain's sin. The Director of Admissions of BYU came more to the point. "Their ideals of moral chastity are different," he said.

Despite the fact of BYU's blatant racism, the Wyoming coach, Lloyd Eaton, insisted on strict adherence to his personal rule against athletes taking part in any political demonstration. Presumably this is to prevent any such embarrassment as happened at the Olympics. Many white players would have liked to have participated in the Moratorium but were intimidated by their coach and stayed home.

The 14 players wore black armbands and took part in a rally against BYU. Blaming "outside agitators," coach Eaton then suspended the team members. (Other actions Eaton has taken in the past, reported one of the 14 suspended players, include refusal to let a black player marry his white fiancée, and insistence on injured blacks playing while injured whites were excused.)

After their suspensions the black players tried to discuss the issue with the coach. Ronald Hill, one of the 14, reported "He didn't even give us a chance to speak. Whenever one of us tried to speak he cut us off with 'bullshit' or 'shut up'." "He said that we had defied him so we could all go back on colored relief."

All 14 stand to lose their scholarships next year if they remain off the team.

The Wyoming 14 has consulted with the American Civil Liberties Union and are now suing the University for \$1.1 million in damages, as well as asking for a court order forcing the coach to reinstate them on the team.

In other actions, the San Jose State football team wore black armbands when they played against BYU. The Western

Athletic Conference has also been asked to expel BYU from its ranks because of the school's ties to the Mormon Church and its racist policies.

College athletes are notoriously exploited. Only about half of all college athletes actually graduate with degrees from the schools they compete for. Ushered about, given little or no encouragement or time to study, they are used and discarded like so much heavy-duty Kleenex, sopping up money and prestige for their school, before being squeezed dry. It's a good life for a while, before the pressure gets on you. And all that scholarship money and potential professional athletics cash is hard to pass up.

Sports is one of the few areas where black people are permitted to excel. It goes along with the strong, dumb nigger routine. It fits the stereotype and is therefore less threatening than pure strength would otherwise be. This opportunity is often accepted gladly by black athletes who see no other path to the top of white America, and who accept the prescribed vision of the white pinnacle. Athletes have almost invariably been among the most vociferously conservative individuals. Each is a Horatio Alger. Each is thankful for the opening which sprung him to the top. Each wants to keep what he's got, and being vocal can only blow it. Each knows what it is to be a nigger.

It's a tremendously difficult decision to deny the graphic potential of the American Pie-in-the-Sky. Pro contracts can be so fat -- the life so seemingly good. But black athletes are increasingly rejecting this as false vision. The athletes' demonstrations, and the hysterical, tyrannical reaction to them, are vivid statements that the days of Boola-Boola are indeed gone the way of all pigskin.

Now, when blacks play they mean to win.

Know your rights

Bothered by pesky police prowlers? Worried that you might get a midnight knock on the door heralding the arrival of a noisy drug raid barging in on your tranquil home?

If so, you may be interested in a new Kentucky Civil Liberties Union booklet entitled "Know Your Rights."

The booklet outlines your rights for such occasions as search-and-seizure and stop-and-frisk situations.

It's available at the KCLU office: (Note the new address) Room 405, 205 S. Fourth St., Louisville 40202. It's also available through the mail by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope. They're free individually, but 15 cents each for two or more.

KCLU President Mrs. Suzanne Post said the booklet was especially designed to acquaint inner-city residents with their rights. However, it contains information everyone should be aware of.

Louisville Police Chief C.J. Hyde is distributing the booklet among his men for informational purposes. He commented that he would have preferred a pamphlet emphasizing the importance of cooperating with police.

'How many kids did you kill today?'

Liberation News Service

"I remember the night before we went in... We were briefed that everything in the village was supposed to be wiped out... it was all considered V.C.... supposed to be killed."

"Can you remember who gave the briefing?"

"Uh, Captain Medina."

"That was his unit?"

"Yes, Captain of our unit... Company Commander... 'C' Company."

"How many civilians would you say were killed... one hundred, two hundred, three hundred... Were there more than that?"

"All I can tell is everyone in the village... Animals and everything."

That's what former G.I., Charles Gruver, told television reporter Robert Ray of KWTR, Oklahoma City. Gruver is one of several participants in the My Lai massacre who have been interviewed on tv. The massacre occurred on March 16, 1968 at My Lai, South Vietnam, when a company of U.S. soldiers murdered over 500 Vietnamese civilians.

Paul Meadlo, a Vietnam veteran from Terre Haute, Indiana, says he killed a number of the My Lai villagers during the massacre. He gave the following interview to Mike Wallace of CBS. The interview was televised on November 24, 1969.

MEADLO: We landed next to the village, and we all got on line and we started walking toward the village. And there was one man, one gook in the shelter, and he was all huddled up down in there, and the man called out and said there's a gook over here.

WALLACE: How old a man was this? I mean was this a fighting man or an older man?

MEADLO: An older man. And the man hauled out and said that there's a gook over here, and then Sergeant Mitchell hollered back and said shoot him.

WALLACE: Sergeant Mitchell was in charge of the 20 of you?

MEADLO: He was in charge of the whole squad. And so then the man shot him. So we moved on into the village, and we started searching up the village and gathering people and running through the center of the village.

WALLACE: How many people did you round up?

MEADLO: Well, there was about 40-50 people that we gathered in the center of the village. And we placed them in there, and it was like a little island, right there in the center of the village, I'd say. And --

WALLACE: What kind of people -- men, women, children?

MEADLO: Men, women, children.

WALLACE: Babies?

MEADLO: Babies. And we all huddled them up. We made them squat down, and Lieutenant Calley came over and said, you know what to do with them, don't you? And I said Yes. So I took it for granted that he just wanted us to watch them. And he left, and came back about 10 or 15 minutes later, and said how come

you ain't killed them yet? And I told him that I didn't think you wanted us to kill them, that you just wanted us to guard them. He said, no, I want them dead. So --

WALLACE: He told this to all of you, or to you particularly?

MEADLO: Well, I was facing him. So, but the other three, four guys heard it and so he stepped back about 10, 15 feet, and he started shooting them. And he told me to start shooting. So I started shooting, I poured about four clips into the group.

WALLACE: You fired four clips from you...

MEADLO: M-16.

WALLACE: And that's about -- how many clips -- I mean how many...

MEADLO: I carried seventeen rounds to each clip.

WALLACE: So you fired something like 67 shots.

MEADLO: Right.

WALLACE: And you killed how many? At that time?

MEADLO: Well, I fired them on automatic, so you can't -- you just spray the area on them and so you can't know how many you killed 'cause they were going fast. So I might have killed ten or fifteen of them.

WALLACE: Men, women, and children?

MEADLO: Men, women and children.

WALLACE: And babies?

MEADLO: And babies.

WALLACE: OK, then what?

MEADLO: So we started to gather them up, more people, and we had about seven or eight people, that we was gonna put into the hooch, and we dropped a hand grenade in there with them.

WALLACE: Now you're rounding up more?

MEADLO: We're rounding up more, and we had about seven or eight people. And was going to throw them in the hooch, and well, we put them in the hooch and then we dropped a hand grenade down there with them. And somebody hauled up in the ravine, and told us to bring them over to the ravine, so we took them back out, and led them over to -- and by that time, we already had them over there, and they had about 70-75 people all gathered up. So we threw ours in with them and Lieutenant Calley told me, he said, Meadlo, we got another job to do. And so he walked over to the people, and he started pushing them off and started shooting...

WALLACE: Started pushing them off into the ravine?

MEADLO: Off into the ravine. It was a ditch. And so we started pushing them off and we started shooting them, so altogether we just pushed them all off, and just started using automatics on them. And then --

WALLACE: Again -- men women, children?

MEADLO: Men, women and children.

WALLACE: And babies?

MEADLO: And babies. And so we started shooting them, and somebody told us to switch off to single shot so that we could save ammo. So we switched off to single shot, and shot a few more rounds. And after that, I just -- we just -- the company started gathering up again.

We started moving out, and we had a few gooks in front of us that was taking point, you know.

WALLACE: Taking point. You mean out in front? To take any fire that might come.

MEADLO: Right. And so we started walking across that field. And so later on that day, they picked them up, and gooks we had, and I reckon they took them to Chu Lai or some camp that they was questioning them, so I don't know what they done with them. So we set up [indistinct] the rest of the night, and the next morning we started leaving, leaving the perimeter, and I stepped on a land mine next day, next morning.

WALLACE: And you came back to the United States.

MEADLO: I came back to the United States, and lost a foot out of it.

WALLACE: You feel -

MEADLO: I feel cheated because the V.A. cut my disability like they did, and they said that my stump is well healed, well-padded, without tenderness. Well, it's well healed, but it's a long way from being well padded. And without tenderness? It hurts all the time. I got to work eight hours a day up on my foot, and at the end of the day I can't hardly stand it. But I gotta work because I gotta make a living. And the V.A. don't give me enough money to live on as it is.

WALLACE: Veterans Administration.

MEADLO: Right.

WALLACE: Did you feel any sense of retribution to yourself the day after?

MEADLO: Well, I felt that I was punished for what I'd done, the next morning. Later on in that day, I felt like I was being punished.

WALLACE: Why did you do it? MEADLO: Why did I do it? Because I felt like I was ordered to do it, and it seemed like that, at the time I felt like I was doing the right thing, because like I said I lost buddies. I lost a damn good buddy, Bobby Wilson, and it was on my conscience. So after I done it, I felt good, but later on that day, it was getting to me.

WALLACE: You're married?

MEADLO: Right.

WALLACE: Children?

MEADLO: Two.

WALLACE: How old?

MEADLO: The boy is two and a half, and the little girl is a year and a half.

WALLACE: Obviously the question comes to my mind...the father of two little kids like that...how can he shoot babies?

MEADLO: I didn't have the little girl. I just had the little boy at the time.

WALLACE: Uh-huh. How do you shoot babies?

MEADLO: I don't know. It's just one of them things.

WALLACE: How many people would you imagine were killed that day?

MEADLO: I'd say about 370.

WALLACE: How do you arrive at that figure?

MEADLO: Just looking.

WALLACE: You saw, you think that many people, and you yourself were responsible for how many of them?

MEADLO: I couldn't say.

WALLACE: Twenty-five? Fifty?

MEADLO: I couldn't say...just too many.

WALLACE: And how many men did the actual shooting?

MEADLO: Well, I really couldn't say that, either. There was other...there was another platoon in there and...but I just couldn't say how many.

WALLACE: But these civilians were lined up and shot? They weren't killed by cross-fire.

MEADLO: They weren't lined up...they [were] just pushed in a ravine or just sitting, squatting...and shot.

WALLACE: What did these civilians - particularly the women and children, the old men - what did they do? What did they say to you?

MEADLO: They weren't much saying to them. They [were] just being pushed and they were doing what they was told to do.

WALLACE: They weren't begging or saying "No...no." or -

MEADLO: Right, they was begging and saying, "No, no." And the mothers was hugging their children and, but they kept right on firing. Well, we kept right on firing. They was waving their arms and begging...

WALLACE: Was that your most vivid memory of what you saw?

MEADLO: Right.

WALLACE: And nothing went through your mind or heart?

MEADLO: Many a times...many a times...

WALLACE: While you were doing it?

MEADLO: Not while I was doing it. It just seemed like it was the natural thing to do at the time. I don't know. It just - I was getting relieved from what I'd seen earlier over there.

WALLACE: What do you mean?

MEADLO: Well, I was getting...like the...my buddies getting killed or wounded or - we weren't getting no satisfaction from it, so what it really was, it was just mostly revenge.

WALLACE: You call the Vietnamese "gooks?"

MEADLO: Gooks.

WALLACE: Are they people to you? Were they people to you?

MEADLO: Well, they were people. But it was just one of them words that we just picked up over there, you know. Just any word you pick up. That's what you call people, and that's what you been called.

WALLACE: Obviously, the thought that goes through my mind - I spent some time over there, and I killed in the second war, and so forth. But the thought that goes through your mind is, we've raised such a dickens about what the Nazis did, or what the Japanese did, but particularly what the Nazis did in the second world war, the brutalization and so forth, you know. It's hard for a good many Americans to understand that young, capable, American boys could line up old men, women and children and babies and shoot them down in cold blood. How do you explain that?

MEADLO: I wouldn't know.

WALLACE: Did you ever dream about all of this that went on in Pinkville?

MEADLO: Yes, I did...and I still dream about it.

WALLACE: What kind of dreams?

MEADLO: I see the women and children in my sleep. Some days...some nights. I can't even sleep. I just lay there thinking about it.

ignoring Supreme Court decisions on long hair and black armbands.

In other words, school officials ANYWHERE hassling students about long hair or the wearing of anti-war armbands are breaking the law.

Jay A. Miller, a local ACLU official, said: "We are shocked that high schools, and even junior high schools, have been flagrantly defying court decisions, which explicitly state that high school students are not second class citizens and that all rights guaranteed by the United States Constitution apply to high school students."

Morton West High School has not only gone after Michael Hage -- but after his parents, too. The school board has threatened the Hages with prosecution under an Illinois statute which states that parents are responsible for the truancy of their children. The Hages defend their son's right to wear his hair as he pleases.

Michael Hage, who plays with the Bare Wires Blues Band, was suspended from school on the basis of his violation of an illegal school dress code, which stipulates, among other things, "the hair style should be one that is clean, neat and trimmed; out of the eyes, no longer than the bottom of the ear..."

The ACLU suit details a series of Constitutional violations implicit in the dress code, arguing also that the code denied Hage's right to privacy, personal liberty, property and free speech.

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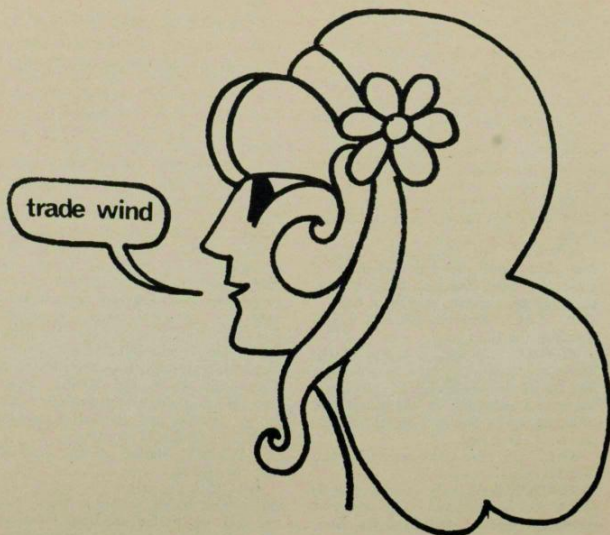
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Kentucky will be here after California is gone...

by WAYNE H. DAVIS

... the bulldozers are destroying California at the rate of 375 acres a day and this trend is accelerating. In many regions all acreage on which houses can be built and much on which they cannot is being subdivided into creeping slurbs of tasteless tickytacky.

California has too many people. Their numbers have increased by 50% in the past decade. She absorbs the surplus produced by much of the rest of the nation. They flow in at the rate of 1500 per day. Surplus population demands land, schools, roads, services, sewers and other facilities. It absorbs resources, fouls the environment and multiplies. Each new family entering California costs the taxpayers already there an estimated \$5,000 to \$17,000.

People have destroyed the magnificent state of California. Yosemite National Park is a campground slum; its traffic jams rival L. A. Justice William O. Douglas' latest book is entitled "A Farewell to Texas". He can write off California, too.

Kentucky has possibilities. We export our surplus population to Ohio. Except for a few local situations such as Lexington, which is strangling to death on a growing people and traffic problem, we are stable and solid. We will be able to feed ourselves when New York City is starving. Kentucky is a pretty good place to be as the world approaches a crisis. That's why I am here.

Kentucky is almost unique among the nations, territories and states of the world. It is not facing destruction from over population. It is being destroyed by strip mining.

Strip mining must be stopped. It destroys the land, the timber, the wildlife, the streams, and the fish. It destroys farms and homes. It destroys the spawning beds of the walleye pike of Lake Cumberland and inhibits the inflow of tourist dollars from Ohio. It violates the water pollution control law of the Commonwealth of Kentucky.

Wayne Davis teaches zoology at UK.

blue-tail fly

Although strip mining has destroyed vast tracts of land and hundreds of streams, the rape of the land has just begun. Only 2% of the strippable area has been worked. Coal underlies about half of that region of the state east of Lexington, all the land beyond a line from Ashland to Lake Cumberland. This entire area could become a ghastly moonscape.

Strip mining continues because it is extremely profitable to a few individuals, and part of the profits can be used to influence politicians and the state judicial system. Coal companies pay almost no taxes. The huge profits go mostly to stockholders in northern cities who care nothing for the welfare of Kentucky. In the mining counties a few local politicians and other local captives of the industry do well. Most of the people, the schools and the county governments are in abject poverty. The rotten guts inside the entire system was laid open for all to see in Harry Caudill's book "Night Comes to the Cumberlands".

King Coal is more powerful than the state. Perhaps we have never had a governor who was not a captive of the industry. But the people never give up hope. With each change of administration we look to the new governor for leadership. Louie B. Nunn has taken significant action in behalf of conservation for the people of his state, for which we are grateful. But with respect to coal his administration has been woefully inadequate.

When Governor Nunn saw that a tax rise was needed to carry out his program we hoped for a severance tax on coal. A raise in the 3% sales tax was considered. This the people did not want. Perhaps we could have a compromise: the sales tax to 4% plus a small severance tax. But no, King Coal was too powerful, and went untaxed as the sales tax climbed to 5%.

Recently a public scandal has developed in the repeated failures of the administration to enforce the mining reclamation laws and water pollution control law where coal

corporations are involved. According to the Courier Journal, overloaded coal trucks without registration tags, burning untaxed galoline, have become commonplace in eastern Kentucky during the past two years. Loss in tax collections was estimated in the hundreds of thousands and perhaps millions of dollars. Apparently the Motor Transportation Department has not been very successful in enforcing the law where the coal industry is concerned. In fact the only state official I know of who seems to be interested in law enforcement is Minor Clark, Commissioner of the Department of Fish and Wildlife Resources.

In spite of this sorry state of affairs much progress is being made. People are clamoring for law enforcement. If enough people show their concern, our officials will act. I wrote to the Governor, to the Commissioner of Natural Resources and to the Attorney General and asked them to help enforce our laws. Others are writing too.

We are going to stop the strip mining. Within a few years all coal removal in eastern Kentucky will be from deep mines. The only question is how soon. The reason I am so confident of the eventual outcome is because the opposition to strip mining is growing at a fantattic rate while their forces are static. Environmental awareness has become the thing. And the wise politician should govern his actions not by what our strength is today but what it will be the next time he is running. We are growing so rapidly that this is a most important factor.

Unfortunately, time is important. Each day brings new destruction. We must try to get strip mining outlawed at the coming legislative session. A major effort along several lines is already underway. If you want to help, there are several things you can do. Join the Sierra Club. Attend environmental awareness seminars--start them if there are none on your campus. Above all, write to the governor (use the clip-out form on page 16, if you like) and ask his help to stop this rampaging cancer which is destroying our state.



rick Bell

Dr. Feelgood was here

by JACK LYNE

Energy exchange: Leary-to-crowd-to-Leary, etc.

The noted Dr. Tim, tagged by the zany Firesign Theater as the "keeper of the sacred tablets," dubbed by his detractors as the "hallucinogenic huckster," bursts through the side entrance into the hygienic confines of the University of Kentucky Student Center Ballroom.

Leary paces around the lectern like an evangelist, resplendent in hand-sewn light green and gold buckskin.

But for all his satorial splendor, Leary's message this night rates at best a medium. It is essentially what he has been saying and writing for the past several years, a restatement of his advocacy of the "feelgood" philosophy. You can't do good unless you feel good."

Leary seems pleasantly surprised at first focusing on the 2,500 bodies jammed into every available niche in the room. A mild pleasure jolt jumps out from Dr. Tim in the warmth of his surprise. The crowd senses it, catches it, redoubles it and throws it back.

This bit of psychic ping-pong continues until finally Leary is prancing toward the podium with all the vigor and cocksurenness of a mildly zonked Zorba as all 2,500 of the faithful rise in howling homage.

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Yet, if Leary's pyrotechnics are no match for William Jennings Bryan, he can be forgiven. Dr. Tim hits the college lecture circuit two to three months a year, usually at a thousand dollars a shot. It is simply unreasonable to ask the man to unfold new mental layers each night.

Instead, he resorts to a more or less standard set of raps, berating national

foreign policy as "alcohol-dominated," and assuring the flock "They lied to you about marijuana like they lied to you about masturbation."

In essence, Leary is performing the same function described by historian Hans Morgenthau when he wrote, "The President of the United States tells the people who they are."

Dr. Tim, psychedelic shaman and self-styled outlaw, is reassuring his people, telling them who and where they are.

Holding a deep green plastic pitcher aloft like some avant-garde Statue of Liberty, Leary rasps, "You may not ball more than your ancestors, but you ball better."

87, with lettuce

Leary spends a lot of lecture time bad-rapping the Nixon-Agnew administration. It is truly a job well worth doing. However, like young Holden Caulfield's obsession with wiping clean the rest room walls of America, it is a massive task defying completion.

Later that night Leary forgives Agnew, "a scapegoat with the courage of Richard Nixon's convictions. He probably doesn't even know what effete means."

Someone adds, "Except he probably is."

However, scapegoat Spiro has liberated the down-home, pent-up souls of that nebulous "silent majority." No longer are narrow-mindedness, fanaticism and parochialism the personal domain of the right or the left, the black or the white.

Even as Leary is speaking, TV creature Art Linkletter is firing away in Louisville, recounting the details of his daughter's suicide for the umpteenth time.

Spellbinding a rapt audience composed of 3,000 members of the first annual convention of Dairymen, Inc., Linkletter labels Leary as "the man

most responsible for experimentation with psychedelic drugs by today's youth."

Meanwhile, Leary in Lexington is cautioning his audience that "probably not more than 20 to 25 percent of the population should be exposed to the LSD experience."

Uncowed, Linkletter's Louisville lambast continues: "The men who made LSD killed my daughter." It is a serious charge and sends the mind reeling in search of answers without questions. Do distillers kill drunk drivers?

Even a week after Leary's November 20 appearance, the decidedly uneffete vibrations are still resounding. An unidentified caller on a Lexington talk show stands up for the no-longer-silent majority.

First, he defends the alleged 1968 slaughter of 109 South Vietnamese men, women and children in the village of My Lai: "Yeah, we hadda bump off those gooks. I know it's not popular to say, but I believe in my country rite or wrong."

Of course, following that bit of cerebral acrobatics to its logical conclusion would leave this country still a British colony.

Now the telephone tirade moves to Leary. "Yeah," the caller asserts, "I agree with Leary. Every man who wants that marijuana should be able to git it, by Gawd."

He pauses, lets the silence sink, then adds his karma of a kicker, replete with satanic cackle: "Only first, by Gawd, they awta CASTRATE the sonofabitch. We'd have a lot less wierdos, a lot less kooks."

Bluegrass reflection, of kooks and gooks.

Time warp, back with deep green plastic and light green buckskin.

It may be a cobwebbed speech, Tim, but keep talking, please keep talking. By Gawd, these people need all the reassurance they can get.

Later Leary visits the locals, pacing among the fifty-odd guests, forever picking up things and intently examining them, zooming around a table heaped high with food, ducking between whizzing, whispered "there he is's."

Finally he sighs, removes the heavy buckskin jacket and plops in a vacant corner, ravishing a pale plate of brown rice.

He looks up from his rice ravishing to discover he is being cornered for what is no doubt his umpteenth underground newspaper rap. Yet, he remains quite civil, rather polite, and very direct.

200, and do not pass go

Leary that night lauded marijuana as "God's greatest gift."

No false prophet he, the self-titled "High Priest" practices what he preaches, practices very, very hard. Very, very high priest.

?

Asking Leary questions is like shouting down a maze of dark corridors. He seems to call almost constant meetings of the various Timothy Leary's: public, private, man, myth, man-child and father. By Dr. Leary's own count, his various selves have held 500 extended get-togethers.

Eventually, the answers thump and thunder out of Leary, the first words tiptoeing out like cautious elves who finally break into club-footed canthers, only to fall under the weight of huge rumbling word waves.

At 49, Dr. Tim is well aware the generation gap is definitely not a national park. His ideas on bridging the chronological chasm?

"Every young person must turn on one or two grown-ups every year." Amazingly quick mouthful of brown rice. "Kim Agnew's got to turn on her father."

Timothy Leary bogarts numbers.

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Leary burrows into a second plateful of brown rice. He seems to be rushing. Dr. Feelgood is also running, the latter activity aimed at the gubernatorial mansion in California.

If elected Leary promises "to govern as little as possible."

The prototype for Leary's California dreaming is "Woodstock, I mean huge groups of people just walking around grooving on each other, stopping to work two to three months a year."

This somewhat less than minor reshuffling of the state life style would produce "a coming together of the states of doing good and feeling good. We wouldn't base our actions on externally-determined rewards, but, instead, on what felt good."

How did Leary bridge the feel good-do good gap?

"Well," he begins, then cocks his head, scratches the gray hair wrapped

blue-tail fly

over an ear, registers perplexity, then amusement, hears the footsteps of approaching elves, beads those small dark eyes back up and chortles, "I just started getting high more and more often."

33 1/3, on the second deuce

The Who's "Tommy" comes blasting through two gargantuan speakers in the front room. The questioning becomes more difficult. Leary leans forward to decipher our mumbblings, as he is deaf in one ear.

The umpteenth underground interview experience is further complicated by Leary's bothersome right leg, which seems to stiffen with sitting.

Periodically Leary rises to stretch the gimpy leg, doubling his volume to enable his still-seated inquisitioners to hear his answers. Each time he relieves the stiffness in the leg his words are greeted by several feminine, restrained, very thin "ooh's."

The bum leg, the deaf ear, all bring it home that this man, at 49, and Harvard-educated has been arrested eight times in four years for alleged violations of American drug laws. Between Leary, son Jack, 19, daughter Susan, 21, and wife Rosemary, the family has totaled twenty arrests, with Jack obviously a chip of the old sugar cube, matching his father's bust totals. It seems the family that holds together folds together. Kids do the darndest things.

49 years, 8 arrests, one bad leg and a bad ear. He speaks more directly to youth than most of their peers, yet, as the proverbial saying goes, he's old enough to be their father.

Whichever side of the fence you're on, this is a remarkable thing.

5, at least

Leary feels that conservative guru William Buckley, may occasionally turn on."

"Of course," he adds, "Bill's a real American (by Gawd?). I'm sure he goes outside the five-mile continental waters limit before lighting up."

In 1966 Leary teamed with fellow Harvard psychologists Ralph Metzner and Richard Alpert to write "The Psychedelic Experience," a moving, probing description of the loss of human ego.

Alpert has since moved on to a non-drug meditation scene in India.

Leary says of Alpert "Yes, Richard is a Hindu holy man now. I hear he's got a rather good hash. Of course, that's nothing like the acid experience." His verbal view of his former colleague drips with sarcasm.

On the other hand, author Ken Kesey and Leary have been anything but bosom buddies. In fact, if anyone rivals Leary as day-glow dada it is likely the charismatic, colorful Kesey.

Leary's early coolness toward Kesey's freaky tribe is well documented in Tom Wolfe's "Electric Kool Aid Acid Test."

Since that early icy impasse, Kesey and Leary have made contact. The meeting was amicable, according to an observer, but "they spent a lot of

time feeling each other out, pacing around the room like dogs sniffing each other."

Of Kesey, Leary says "Ken and I were always very close. We don't get to see each other very often. I just admire him tremendously." His reply has a tape-recorded, mass-produced sound.

2, with grits

"Easy Rider" notwithstanding, there may yet be hope for good ole Southern boys.

Timothy Leary, alternate life-style leader-parking meter, spent two years of his academic vassalage at the University of Alabama, hardly the bastion of doctrinaire freakdom.

The deep South stint doesn't fit into Leary's media image as mystic guru and psychedelic denfather and hekknos it. The incongruity of the memory amuses him and he laughs almost continuously while recounting it.

"Man, I spent two years in a Jesuit College. As if that wasn't enough, then I spent two years at West Point. I hadn't seen girls in four years and I wanted to go to a state school with co-education. I went down the list alphabetically and Alabama was first." "Everyone said, 'You don't want to go there, it's a damn country club.'" Leary throws open his arms in mock adoration, giggling "I said 'I know, I know, LET ME IN THERE!'"

He throws his head back, eyes closed, howling at his own humanity. It is a nice touch, the same relaxed feel you got when you found JFK ate breakfast in his underwear and at one time told the present Mrs. Onassis, "Jackie, you shouldn't be upset by the news coverage of your riding accident. After all, when the first lady falls and busts her ass, that's news."

49

Leary rips into a second mug of hot tea, slurping loudly, savoring the flavor, feeling the warmth of the mug, caressing it like vintage Owsley.

Although the Leary myth empahsises his spirituality, he seems more a hedonist, though not in the pejorative sense of Playboy plastic.

Rather, he seems to immensely enjoy little things like hot tea and brown rice, reveling in his own senses and feelings.

Perhaps this is, in the truest sense, spiritual.

30

Needless to say, Leary's biological clocks, those little whazits that say "eat," "sleep," and "relieve yourself" are awry.

As if his 500 non-combat missions hadn't confused his system enough, Leary has further confounded his internal gyroscopes by criss-crossing time zones while jetting from California to New York to Washington to Lexington.

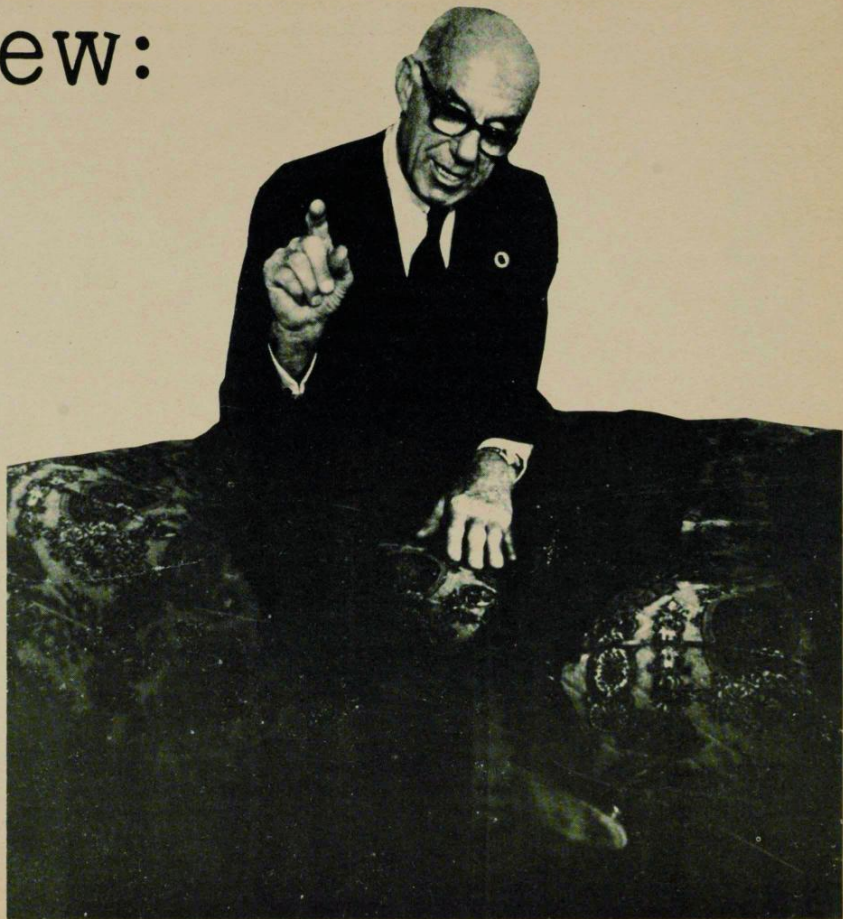
The "sleep" whazit has the edge now and Leary rises twice to leave, gets involved in raps and leans back down, talking on until he is not exactly coherent.

continued on page 12



PHOTOGRAPH / BILL ROUGHEN, 1969

interview:



John Beckman

Dr. Benjamin Spock

by NICK DEMARTINO

Dr. Benjamin Spock's position in the peace movement is a sort of translator. He champions the cause of peace, of the young, of the black, of the non-Establishment--as a highly respectable and influential member of that Establishment. The desired effect is to carry some of those views to those people who admire his respectability, but who maybe aren't so anxious to put themselves on the line without some support, and to support the young people who are working for the same goals.

Whether or not his efforts will do much after a day and a half in Louisville last week is doubtful. He spoke to about 1,400 people Friday night and made lots of side appearances while he was here, each time pounding away, in almost the same words, how he came to his strong convictions against the war and the society that allowed it to happen.

He won loud and repeated approval from his Friday audience--split between Louisville's longhairs and older liberals, many of whom are members of the sponsoring organization, the Kentucky Civil Liberties Union.

The older people in the audience were liberals who generally oppose the war and the kind of people who were outside the Atherton High School auditorium with picket signs--"Spock raised the kids, now let's lower the hippies"; "Spock wants to get rid of Santa Cause (sic)." Spock offered his 65 years, his reputation, his wisdom, and all that which they respect.

To the young (and for him, that means the Left, even in Louisville) he offered the example of his actions--as one of the Boston Five, he was indicted, and later freed, on a charge of conspiring to aid and abet young men to avoid the draft.

A lot of what he said at his speech (which was an extension of what he said to almost every other group during the two days) was calculated to fan support from his admirers.

He outlined the history of the Vietnam war--a war that is "not just illegal and immoral, it's a total abomination, totally illegal." America, he said, "has been in the

business of beating a country into a bloody pulp. And the government then has the nerve to say that I and men who refuse to fight the war are illegal!"

Much of what he said was considerably more radical than what most people in the audience would be expected to support. "The plight of the Black Panthers is the plight of everyone in this room" he said, to loud applause and cheers.

He called for dissent, for militance, for action to end the war and the draft, and he explained how the middle-aged and the reticent--the Silent Majority?--could be effective without violating the law or resorting to violence: picketing, pamphletting, letter-writing, symbolic sit-ins, applying pressure, giving money.

The message he brought was for sympathizers, his older admirers to his political Right, and those younger than he, presumably to his Left. He cemented the two with a call for unity on the political Left, repeating again and again all day his unwillingness to attack anybody that's "on his side."

And he repeated the carefully honed explanations--a personal response and example of opposition to the war. At every appearance he repeated his history of involvement in the peace movement--how he joined SANE in 1962 to work for a test-ban treaty, how he campaigned for "peace candidate" LBJ in 1964, how he was betrayed when Johnson escalated the war, how he signed the "Call to Resist Illegitimate Authority" and participated in anti-war and anti-draft activities that led to his indictment. One time when he dropped the prepared spontaneity was in a 45-minute hotel-room conversation on Friday afternoon with a Louisville Times reporter and myself. Here are some of his less well-known opinions:

btf: Would you agree with or deny that your book *Baby and Child Care* has helped bring about the kind of thinking that's coming out of the younger generation?

Spock: I have said a thousand times, I would be proud if my book was instrumental in bringing about these characteristics of modern, thoughtful, independent thinking of idealistic, courageous youth. But I don't think it has much to do with it. I think that the shift to a more understanding attitude toward child-rearing, to the realization that children themselves are not barbarians, but want to grow up and become more and more responsible adults. This recognition began about the turn of the century and my book didn't appear until 45 years later. I have also made the point I've been trying for the last 15 years to counteract the tendency toward guilty permissiveness on the part of some college-educated parents. I've tried strenuously, and I don't see any evidence that I've done much good. Now I do think that my book is humane, it favors an understanding attitude toward children, and a generally democratic spirit. In this sense it helped make parents comfortable about going ahead with this philosophy with which they might have otherwise felt uncomfortable...

Radical students of today, far from having an authoritarian bringing up, had generally speaking a most liberal up-bringing. Now, this came as a surprise to me because I always thought of revolt as being against authoritarianism, and this shows that basically young people must revolt. If you are held down relatively little, then you are able to go further with your revolt than if you are authoritatively restricted. When you are satisfied to do just a little bit of a revolt, you get only a couple of feet away from where your parents' position was.

btf: What do you think of youth's "alternative culture"-- a term which applies to the broad range of activity by young people, the hippie movement, the political left, and all its manifestations...?

Spock: I think that changes of hair and dress style are inevitable and are absolutely harmless, not worth getting excited about for five minutes. I think that it is fine to try living in communes, if people want to. I think that a person can't help being restricted by the traditions of his own childhood, and the kind of traditions he has during his professional career. I begin to become a little uneasy about drastically changing the conditions of child-rearing. I don't mean germs, and I don't mean rugs on the floor. I mean things like turning children over to others in large numbers, because I think that with any significant difference in the spirit of raising children you are bound to get personality changes..

I always remember one of the psychiatric consultants from England who was working with the Arab Israeli army in the first Israeli war. And it was fascinating to see what has been the effect of the kibbutz child-rearing. He pointed out that these idealistic parents of these young kids, idealists from Europe who had settled in Palestine between WWI and WWII, though they were tremendously proud of... the discipline, the flexibility, the followership qualities, the leadership qualities of this kibbutz-reared generation, the man who was talking to us told us that when he spoke with the parents, sometimes a wistfulness would come over one of these idealists parents and they'd say "The only trouble is they're not Jews." Meaning that the personality types had been changed quite significantly by this much less-tight method of rearing children.

btf: Do you think more repression will come?

Spock: I don't think it's going to get anywhere. All the evidence I see says that the more you try to repress the young, the more suspicious and determined you make them. I don't think they're going to succeed. The only change back to more conventional ways will come through purely emotional roots when people get older, and we haven't seen that yet.

btf: Isn't that part of the reason why people are trying to build some other alternative?

Spock: Well, I don't think you have to change. I'm an example of the fact. As I got older, I got more radical every decade. After all, there have always been older liberals and radicals. So, I'm not threatening young people like some older people do: 'You wait, you'll come around to our point of view' You don't have to. But I think that the test of the newer methods that are now being discussed will come by one seeing what kind of children are created, and what kinds of difficulties parents have in creating them. And another proof of the pudding will be, what will these young people feel like doing when rearing their children. What they back away from some of their other ideas, simply because they are in a stage different of emotional development?

I've said many times, the only possible hope of the world is that here are young people questioning everything, people able to see that we are sliding toward internal chaos and toward nuclear war.

So, I think it's marvelous that young people are the way they are. I think that maybe it's easier for me to accept that than it is for me to accept an entirely new way of child-rearing. Perhaps this is what brings out my conservatism. I think it boils down to this--as I've become 65, have I become more and more stodgy just because of my age, or am I able to speak out of wisdom? And nobody ever knows. It only seems like our wisdom, but the outsider can only see that it's just clinging to what was part of the past. I was considered a radical--I'm the person who brought the specifics of Freudian concepts into child-rearing and that was considered quite daring at the time. Just because a person is radical at one stage doesn't mean that he stays radical.

Man is meant to acquire idealism, spirituality, creativity, especially during the three-to-six-year-old period. And man is in trouble today, not only because he doesn't sufficiently recognize his vicious tendencies, his aggressiveness and his paranoia, and power-craving. His life is just as much troubled today because he doesn't recognize that he is potentially noble, do you see what I mean?

But he's accepted himself as a materialist, and even the young people who reject materialism, still, I think, keep themselves from understanding man by being terribly suspicious of a word like spirituality, or idealism, or creativity, because these are words that seem tainted with hypocrisy, because young people identify them with their parents. What I would say--as I've tried to in the 5th chapter of this book--Decent and Indecent, to be published in January)--is that man is naturally spiritual, naturally altruistic, and naturally creative. And we have to recognize this and cultivate it, otherwise he destroys himself.

btf: Well, how would you reconcile such problems as environmental pollution and nuclear war if man is so altruistic?

Spock: Nuclear war because man doesn't recognize his viciousness, his aggressiveness, his power-craving, and his self-serving thinking. This is why Americans are able to say, 'We're good guys. We're in VN to save them.' This is self-serving thinking. Covering up our own power-grab by saying its the communists that we're protecting the South Vietnamese against. But I also think that the reason that our education is failing, is that the only place you can learn moral attitudes at universities is to go to teach-ins. It isn't respectable for teachers to talk about the moral aspects of their subjects now; it's certainly not academically respectable, professional. The whole academic profession is still fighting the battle of separation of church and state. This was won long ago. The schools have fought so long to get rid of the church--it's like a Maginot line mentality--No, no professor can talk about rights and wrongs, you have to set



up teach-ins. I don't want to oversimplify it, but I think you have to bring the teach-in right into every subject. The political scientist has got to be discussing the morality of world affairs, and the immorality of power-grabbing. . . And the minister has got to see where he is all dry as dust.

Just to have indignation is not enough. John Foster Dulles has plenty of indignation, and I'm sure that Ku Kluxers and White Citizens Councils feel earnestly that they're saving white womanhood and they're saving the purity of the white race. So, I'm not just talking about moral indignation. I'm talking about bringing all the moral issues right into the classroom, so that people can get used to discussing the moral right along with the technological.

btf: To whom are you looking for new political leadership. You seem to write off the Democratic Party. You don't see any viable movement to the left of the Democratic Party.

Spock: Well, Father Groppi's name is one that's known. I have no idea whether he would make a good political leader. But I mean somebody who is starting in an entirely different place. Somebody like George McGovern is hopelessly compromised by the timidities of politics. So, I don't know where the leaders are, but they'll come from the Movement, they won't be old political leaders.

btf: But do you think these leaders will find support among the working people? The people who are not just neutral, but are against. . . .

Spock: They hate black people, and they hate youths, and they hate peace people. No, I think it's old-fashioned romantics who say that the soul of the revolution has to come from the working class.

In the fourth chapter of my book, I take this view: I don't think we're going to find salvation in doctrines of any kind. I think that the first thing is for man to recognize himself, and not to have romantic ideas about labor people just because they're labor people. . . I think labor people in the past were good because they didn't have anything. . . And they never developed an appetite for power because they didn't have any power. And what I see perfectly clearly, is that if you give people a little power, they want more power. You give them more power and they want an enormous amount of power. The appetite for power is never satiated, it's only stimulated. Just like an appetite for money. . . it's the rich doctors who are absolutely hell-bent to get richer and richer and can't stand the income tax.

I say, let's not kid ourselves into thinking that just because you're a laboring man you're going to have the right ideas. All human beings are capable of viciousness and all human beings are capable of nobility, and let's recognize that and try to find new ways of fostering that.

Many liberals and radicals, certainly some young radicals who are highly politically oriented, are very unhappy because so few young people are politically oriented. And I am too. . . Too bad we can't start a political movement, at least with the under-25 people. Then I try to comfort myself. I don't know if this is true. The thing that young people are the surest of is that love must be the foundation for human relations. I say to myself, maybe it's better to start with a deep conviction about love, and then see where that leads, rather than trying to start with an old-fashioned idea-- you must be liberal in the old-fashioned way, or you must be radical in the old-fashioned way. Let me put it this way: So many liberal movements have gone astray because of the shallowness of the basic principles or basic convictions. And so many radical revolutions have turned sour because the rivalry and hostility of the leaders led to a renunciation of the noble ambitions, and they end up fighting one another and killing their own partisans who didn't agree with them. So maybe it's better then, to start with a generation which really knows only one thing, that there must be love, and maybe this can transform us either into a socialist state or a communist state, or a capitalist democratic state.

LEARY

500, and counting

The energy exchange is over. Leary looks up to see people sitting in front of him, people beside him, people ten deep just watching him. You suddenly realize how desperate a people we are, falling before the altar of holy men who have little or no opportunity to develop, much less retain, that holiness.

Leary edges into the front room, past the two Tommy-guns, out into the crisp, brisk Lexington night. Two-thirds of the guests trundle out behind to groove on the tail lights of the Leary limousine. No doubt there will be no route more difficult for all of us to follow than that of yesterday's parade.

The next morning, university representatives have Leary up at eight, anxious to book passage on a very, very early flight.

As usual, Dr. Tim gets off the ground, roaring out toward his New York estate.

Abundantly blessed with amazing political instincts and a heavy dose of Irish charisma, one still can't be sure whether Leary's hero or huckster. It seems from this mind's movie that he is more human than either, and that is a relief.

One thing is certain. He went out far enough on a limb to convince large numbers of people that with or with-

out drugs, the limits of human freedom had not been clearly or fully defined.

For Dr. Tim, safe and secure in the musky confines of Harvard, ventured out on his own self-styled kamikaze mission, careening out of his home base in a Piper Cub death ship, knowing he lacked sufficient fuel to return, determined to no longer publish, hoping not to perish.

Yet, somewhere out there he swallowed the cyanide tablet and found the bitter pino bitter pill not poison, but, instead, feeling good, fluttering on, finding the means of locomotion in the labyrinth of his own consciousness, he flew over the cuckoo's nest and further. Much, much further. . .

wendell berry

UNCLE TRAV WILSON AND THE DOG

Uncle Trav wasn't what you'd call an alcoholic, it was just that if there was any whiskey around he'd drink it till either it was gone or he was. Every time his wife let him out of sight he'd get on his old mare and go to the saloon at town. He'd found out how he could set a thing in motion there that would go on as long as he could stand it. If he could get there early and be the first one at the bar he'd buy a drink for himself and one for the next man to come in, who would then buy a drink for himself and Uncle Trav and the next man, and so it went better than Uncle Trav ever really hoped, and went on till he was hanging on the bar by his elbows. All that for just fifty cents. And then they'd help him onto the old mare and send him home again. Once, one cold blowing winter day, Uncle Trav slipped off to town, and hitched the mare, and was the first one in the saloon. He stood by the stove and warmed himself until the fated next man came in, obedient to the providence that looked after Uncle Trav. And Uncle Trav lubricated and set in motion the benign machine of his neighbors' generosity. It went well that day as ever. The tilt of his glass worked its old spell, and he forgot that the bad language of any woman or any cold wind had ever touched his hide. The day went on, and somebody came in with a litter of hound pups in a box

to give away, and Uncle Trav, being a fancier of hounds as well as of the generosity of his friends, claimed his pup, and went back to the bar.

The clamor of the whiskey rose in his head till he could no longer hear the roar of the fire in the stove, and then he had to spread his feet to stand, and then he had to hang on with his elbows. And then he said he was going home, for he knew when to quit. He rather they'd say

"There he goes" than "Here he lays." So they led him out and helped him up on the old mare and headed her the right direction--and one of them said, "What about his dog?" And they all stood around then, and thought, for there was a problem. The pup was long-legged, a clumsy load, and Uncle Trav needed one hand to guide the mare and the other one to hold on with, and he didn't have a pocket big enough. And they stood

around, shaking in the cold, squinting hard through the mist of their breath, thinking. And finally one of them saw it through. "Put it in his pants," he said. So they hauled Uncle Trav down off the mare and opened his coat and shoved the dog into his overalls and set him on again. And this time he started home. He settled down into a kind of grim drowse to endure the cold wind and the long way he had to go, and went along fine till it hit him that he was bound to pee. There was a problem, and he shook himself and took thought. He wasn't but halfway home, and he couldn't wait. And though he figured he could get down well enough, he knew if he did he'd never get back up again. And did he want to lay out there on the cold ground and die, with night coming, and supper nowhere near? That wouldn't do. He tried to hurry. He kicked the mare into a trot, but every time her hoof struck his bladder rang like a bell. "Whoa!" he said, and he took thought.

He would get relief, he declared, from the mare's very back, though whether such a feat had ever been performed in history before, he didn't know. He doubted it, in fact. But necessity is the mother of invention, said he, and he tiptoed in the stirrups, and leaned, propped his left hand on top of the old mare's head--no easy matter with the whole countryside tilting and whirling past him like it was going on home even if he wasn't. And the old mare, thinking of her stall, wasn't so still either as she might have been. "Stand still, won't you, damn you! Whoa!" he said. With his old fingers numb as sticks he fumbled through the buttons of three or four layers of clothes, and finally caught hold and let go, aiming at the ground over the mare's shoulder. And he felt something running down his leg, comfortably warm, but too wet for cold weather. And he took thought. "No," he said, and he let go, looking for the welcome stream to arch out over the mare's shoulder, and he felt something warm running down his leg. In such a circumstance, he thought, a man should not trust appearances, and this time he persevered to the end, gazing at the sky in blessed relief. And then it seemed to him that water had steadily risen in his boot. Would a man on horseback, on the dry top of a ridge, be liable to drown? And he looked down then, and saw he held in his hand the hind leg of the dog.

Ya say it's your birthday...

The draft lottery drawing of December 1 was a major event in the life of young Americans, determining as it did their fates with regard to military service. The day after the drawing we interviewed some of our contemporaries to find out just how the lottery would affect them and what course of action they plan to chart.

Those interviewed included Dickie Nixon, Johnnie Mitchell, Mel Laird, Teddie Agnew, Big Jule Hoffman and Louie Hershey.

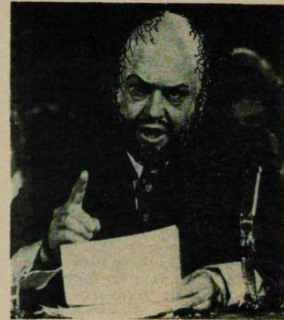


"I'm not too worried, because January 9 came up 194th. Anyway, I've got a bad knee from playing football in college, which should keep me out if they start taking the middle group.

Also, I'm a Quaker, so if things get really bad I can get an alternative service job with the American Friends Service Committee."



"I came up number fifty, but I'm not worried. I've got these peculiar habits you see. For instance, I like to take good looking young colored boys and tie them up in chairs and then gag them so they can't make any noise and then I pass judgements on what to do with them. The army's not a very fun bunch. They don't like guys like me, I don't think. I'd love to live in a barracks, though."



"I've got me a job in the defense industry as a research associate, so I don't have any worries. You see, some time ago Lockheed discovered that my head is the perfect aerodynamic shape for re-entry cones on nuclear missiles. So every day I go in and people blow around my head and chart the air flow. With a job like that, I didn't have any worries even before I got a 225 in the lottery."



"They can't lay a finger on me, even if I did come up with an 80. To start with, my draft board never even heard of me up until last September. And for another thing, I got a terrible case of efeitism. It's a horrible disease: you can't walk or nothin, you just have sit there with all of your foot in your mouth. When that happens, I can't do anything but sit and watch the tube."



"I got no worries, fella, cause I came up 324th. I flunked my physical anyway, though, on my eyesight. I have these spells, see, when I can't make out nothin but liberal communists everywhere. Also, I don't see no colors but pink a lot of the time. I could also get deferred to stay home and take care of my wife. She's got the same prob-I do; seems she can't see no better'n me. Talks real good though, near's good as Teddy Agnew."



"The draft? Are you kidding? I've never been young enough for the draft!" (His number was 242.)

books:

by Thomas Blues

The dust jacket blurbs predictably agree that Leonard Gardner's first novel is a fine book; "a metaphor for the joyless in heart," says one famous name. But the trouble is that this story about boxers who are losers because they cannot convince themselves that violence justifies their lives never fully achieves metaphor, never becomes an expression of the quality of a life we share. That is a shame, because Gardner has presented a world of unglamorized undeodorized, not sterile, violence, a potential analysis of the food our society feeds upon.

His two central characters are futureless boxers who fight not so much to become ring champions but in response to the drabness of their married lives. Billy Tully and Ernie Munger are ring failures precisely because their fighting spirit is dependent upon their domestic relations. Billy Tully marries the beautiful carhop attracted to his success in the ring, but when he begins to lose his wife becomes indifferent to him: "he had looked to his wife for some indefinable endorsement, some solicitous comprehension of the pain and sacrifice he felt he endured for her sake, some always withheld recognition of the rites of virility." He consequently loses the desire to fight. At thirty Tully has become a full-time wino and sometime field hand. His fate is an adumbration of Ernie Munger's, the young would-be boxer Billy discovers at the YMCA. Munger, trapped into marriage with a girl he decides to love after she becomes pregnant, fears that "after marriage death was the next major event." He fights in order to justify his marriage, and after winning a pre-lim bout in Salt Lake City "he wanted to return to Fay, and to his infant son, for whom, until this moment, he had not yet been able to feel any love. Now he believed it was for them he had come all this way and fought."

What constitutes the most attractive quality of *FAT CITY* is perhaps the cause of the novel's failure to transcend its immediate context, in which setting and character are almost undifferentiated. The environment is the blighted world of Stockton, California — the rancid gyms, arenas, gin mills, flophouses, bus depots, exhaust fumes. The atmosphere has taken over the characters so completely that not only do they not rebel against it — hope for something better, a way out — they are barely conscious of it. After laboring in the hot fields through a long morning, Tully sits under a tree to eat his lunch, "among a humming profusion of

green-glinting flies whose source of delight, he noticed now, lay directly beside him. He had thought the odor was coming from his lunch." With brutal yet not unsympathetic understatement Gardner catches the futility of Ernie Munger's seduction of his future wife in the steamy front seat of a car parked on the muddy, rain-sloshed banks of the Calaveras River. After the contortions, the clothes-hauling, the rubberized contact, Ernie "realized he had experienced the ultimate in pleasure."

In Tully and Munger imagination has never been born. Their manager, himself a married man who is happy only in the reeking gymnasium trying to believe that his stable of nags is filled with stallions, unwittingly pronounces their epitaph: "they had succumbed," he thinks, "to whatever in them was weakest, and often it was nothing he could even define. They lost when they should have won and they drifted away." Their weakness is their imaginative dullness, a sin for which they cannot be blamed, combined with their physical knowledge of the reality of violence. They sense that hitting or getting hit changes nothing, that the essential quality of their lives remains the same, that the emptiness does not fill in. And somehow *FAT CITY* should have given the reader to believe in Ernie Munger and Billy Tully as human beings different from him only in that they have unknowing discovered that violence cannot change the quality of the life that seeks to justify existence by it.

We know that America is a violent nation, and we like to believe that the violence is down there in the ghettos, in motorcycle gangs, in the hearts of psychopaths and assassins. We abhor it, take karate lessons, hide pistols in the dresser drawers, lock all the doors and windows to keep the muggers in the streets where they belong, then turn on the television sets to invite the killers in. The deep horror of the violent strain in American life is not merely our fascination with it, but our insistence on domesticating it so that we can enjoy it in our own homes. We watch the bloodless murders and painless muggings. In slow-motion instant replay the linebacker cripples the quarterback.

We look through the very gunights and stand at the very window from which the ghostly Oswald shot the President. A scholarly rifle expert holds the gun, but all America can vicariously pull the trigger when the stand-in car and dummy Kennedy engage the cross-hairs. TV violence is painless, unreal; it has to be so

the audience can cooperate with the illusion that violence somehow fills the emptiness of its life. Gardner's novel about violence is honest because he has seen the uses men make of it and the utter futility of the effort. But he has not managed to reveal that the weakness in Tully and Munger is shared by an entire

Fat City

society. His prose effectively evokes, but at the same time isolates the ruined world his people move around in. In so sharply delineating this world Gardner also isolates it, without metamorphosing it into metaphor, into a world that he should not have allowed us to believe is other than our own.

Saturday Night, College Town, South, Young Fellow
Not Much Style, Waits for Score in Earmuffs

He not Black.
He no Maoist.
He no parachutist.
He no filmmaker.
He got no Porsche.

College town hard on
Who Mamma make live in dorm
And take taxi after twelve,
Commies and perverts.

But he trying: street corner cool,
Hands deep in pockets,
Smokes big cigar in earmuffs.

Here come tight chinos and pointy-toed shoes!
Here come bell-bottoms and square-toed shoes!
Just what he think, you reckon?
Chicks take off muffs to kiss ear?
He got vocabulary cards in pocket, this fellow.

Real fancy town think him
Andy Warhol in dis-guise,
Strom Thurmond in dis-guise,
Second convolution nouveau no-sucky sex dealer,
Sodomist smoking away smell of sheep shit.
But not here:
This Boone Country.
This Wildcat Country.
Our coach win game
For boys in Vietnam.

Then score comes, score of game
From round mouth of girl comes,
And muff smile,
He suck big cigar and blow
Both sides big smokey man smile,
For score of game good, he happy,
Team win, he awful happy,
Beat meat in dorm room happy now,
Whole town happy, horns toot,
Coach hero, whole town
Go home beat meat happy now!

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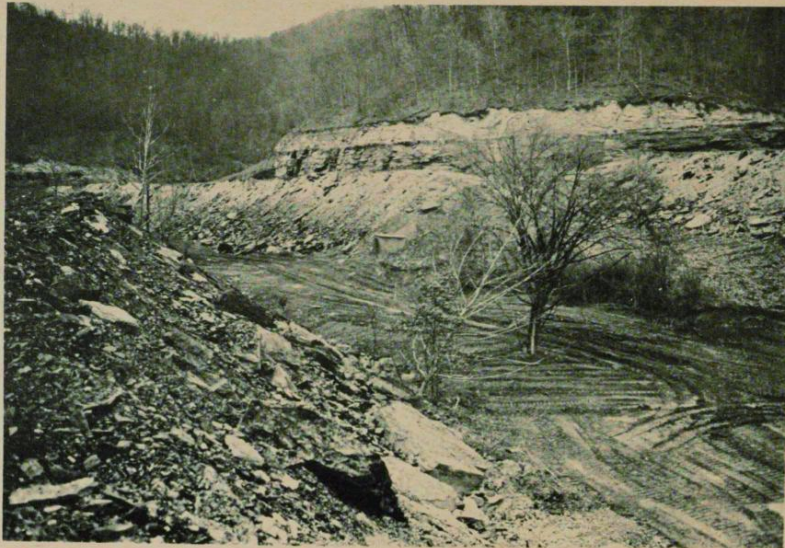
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'oh little scar of Bethlehem...'



Jean Martin

STOP STRIPPING

end our war against the Earth

A CHRISTMAS GREETING

Louie B. Nunn
Governor, Commonwealth of Kentucky

Dear Governor Nunn:

In this season of peace on Earth and good will towards man, would it not be fitting for us to declare peace with the Earth? Towards that end, we urge you to enact an executive order stopping strip mining in Kentucky until such time when effective means of reclamation are found and instituted on slopes already ruined in this regrettable war on the land.

Regards,

