

**GARY SNYDER on North Beach**

**THE NEW**

*San Francisco's Taxi Horizon* • Vol.2 No.3 • Winter 1976

# DEEP CITY PRESS

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# DEEP CITY PRESS



Editors: Mark Joseph  
David Bolton

Art: Nancy Rosenblum  
Peter Freitas  
Francisco  
Andy Goberman  
Robert Klein  
Jaimie Maddox

Staff: Tom Abbott  
Andy Araneo  
Catherine Baker  
Marty Breslow  
Fred Diamond  
David Frankel  
Steve Holly  
Jesus Portillo  
Patrick Shannon  
Rita von Falkenstein

Crops: Jimmie the Glove

Founder: Don Fassett

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For Daisy Louder: - a grand dame of the taxi world

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Address correspondence to: DCP, P.O. Box 5963, S.F., Ca. 94101

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Pg. 20 - PETER FREITAS, Pg. 54 - MR. FLY IN TOMBSSTONE




**“How am I doing, Ma?”**

Mark Joseph

# JIMMY K. MEETS GODZILLA

IN NEW  
BYZANTIUM

## GODZILLA AND THE CITY OF NEW BYZANTIUM

A detailed illustration of the monster Godzilla, shown from the waist up. It has a scaly, greenish-brown body with a prominent dorsal fin on its back. Its mouth is wide open, revealing sharp teeth and a red interior. The background shows a cityscape with buildings and a bright, hazy sky.

Squatting in the fetid swamps of the Potomac River, the city of Washington, D.C., is a less than dazzling bit of artifice. It is not nearly so impressive a fabricated city as Las Vegas. Nevertheless, Washington is the capital of something and, indeed, houses the visible, elected government - the tip of the federal iceberg.

The remainder of the frozen federal monolith lies buried under Washington in the vast and hitherto little explored City of New Byzantium. This scarcely charted region of psychic terrains and unfathomable catacombs is the home of a strange, primeval saurian being, who, it is now known, is the true, but invisible, government.

The exact girth and depth of New Byzantium are intractable unknowns, and it was only by accident that the subterranean city was discovered at all. The primary function of the elected officials above has been to preserve the invisibility and secrecy of New Byzantium. Occasionally, elements of the underground world have pushed, like a cancer, into the dirty air above. Outcroppings often take the form of buildings designed like ancient mystic symbols or else assume the facelessness of sheer glass and steel obelisks. For thirty years these harsh tentacles of New

Byzantium have thrust into the atmosphere to grapple with our bodies while the fiend of darkness has dug deeper into the earth, rooting himself in the substrata of our souls.

The name of Godzilla, like that of Yahweh, is never spoken. Godzilla, beast of a million mouths, no feet and the borrowed brain of a Japanese cinemonster, lurks behind the veil of endless, clever euphemisms: The Agency, The Department, The Commission, The Bureaucracy, The Military-Industrial Complex, The Power Elite, or even, with a slip of the tongue, The Government.

Elected officials, allegedly responsible to the citizenry, conspire with their brethren below, the countless officials, to conceal the existence of Godzilla, and thereby fulfill their primary function. In the last thirteen years, however, a goodly number of inept politicians have allowed the people a few glimpses into the icy cellar. Godzilla has been recognized. He has been threatened and now he is forced to take drastic measures. He has caused a knight in shining armor to appear, a veritable dragon-killer who will make Godzilla appear to disappear. Jimmy K. will seal the breach in the invisible shield, restore the illusion of the nonexistence of Godzilla, and fulfill the primary function.

### JIMMY K. AND THE POLITICS OF ILLUSION

Jimmy K. has sworn to slay Godzilla. Like the good farmer Cinncinatus, he has thrown down his plough and picked up his sword to defend the republic.

The grand illusion of American politics is that the government governs in the interest of people. On those occasions when it becomes obvious that the government governs in the interest of Godzilla, the people suffer internecine culture shock. Reality is too much; the people prefer illusion and would rather not be shown Godzilla. A politician who breaks the illusion commits political suicide.

It is rare for a politician to tell the truth. It is even more rare for one to be caught in a bold-faced lie. Of late, liars have been caught en masse, in flagrante delicto, as it were. Godzilla has been exposed from so many sides that he cannot simply vanish. He has to be publicly killed off. Faced with new adversities, the fiend has contrived a scenario all of whose contingencies will lead to the restoration of his security. A new wave of politicians, led by the sterling Jimmy K., is about to descend upon Washington. Jimmy K.'s first act will be to engineer the fabulous illusion of the slaughter of Godzilla who will then sink down into his hole protected by a shield of promises and piety.

Very soon now, Godzilla will fade from view. New Byzantium will become only a confused memory. Yet the reach of Godzilla will remain omniscient: he controls armies, navies, industries, schools and vast agricultural enterprises. To him, Jimmy K. is but another tool, an image behind which he can hide.

Jimmy K., a consummate politician who has just made one of the most successful power-grabs in American history, now stands adorned with all the trappings of great office. He

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simple...

SOLAR  
ENERGY!

(Godzilla)

will try to make us forget Godzilla. He will remind us that all power is derived from the people, for so says the Constitution, but he will neglect to remind us of how that power is distributed and how it works. He will assure us that it *does* work, offering his election as proof, and we are to take that on faith. He will not remind us of all the things done in the people's name of which the people are not aware. He will not remind us that we followed Godzilla into the Cold War, the Korean War, the wars in the Dominican Republic, Cuba, Laos, Cambodia and Vietnam. He will let us forget that Godzilla feeds on death. War is the most efficient producer of what Godzilla requires, but Jimmy K. will lead our attention away from the beast's experiments with new techniques: smog inversions, reactor disasters, chemical accidents.

The politics of illusion have now begun in earnest. What has been seen to these thirty years since Godzilla was conceived in the furnace of the Mojave desert has been so horrific no one will want to remember.

## JIMMY K. AND THE RESTORATION OF FAITH

Between the assassination of Saint Kennedy and the appointment of Jerry Ford, huge chunks of the American people lost faith in the federal government. The abuses of Godzilla were so open that few could completely shield their eyes. Presidents Johnson, Nixon and Ford were wholly inept at performing the primary function. The breakdown of the illusion meant the end of faith, and since that day in Dallas, the mi-

(Continued on page 51)





MANPOWER

FREE RUNNING URBAN  
TRANSFORMERS GENERATING  
TRANSCENDENT POWER

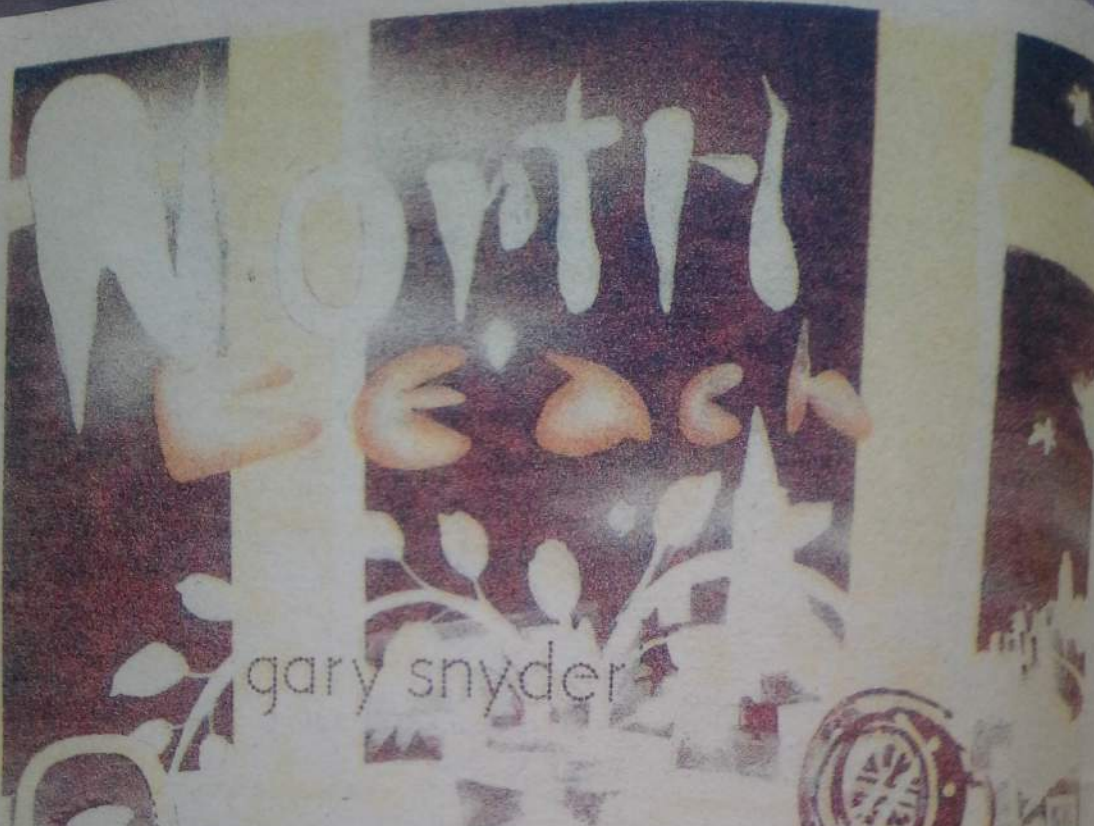
ACCELERATE

LIMBIC HEROIC MAN'S  
SUPERNATURAL FUSION  
WITH INFINITY

ENCOURAGING

METROPOLITAN MAN  
TO EMBRACE HIS VIOLENT  
FUTURE WITH LAUGHTER

- HOLLY



gary snyder



IN THE SPIRITUAL  
and political  
loneliness of America  
of the fifties you'd  
hitch a thousand miles to  
meet a friend. Whatever lives needs  
a habitat, a proper culture of warmth  
and moisture to grow. West coast of  
those days, San Francisco was the  
only city; and of San Francisco,  
North Beach. Why? Because partly,  
totally non-Anglo. First, the Costa-  
noan native peoples - peoples living  
around the Bay for five thousand-  
plus years. Sergeant Jose Ortega  
crossed sand dunes and thickets to  
climb a hill (Telegraph) there a-  
round the first of November 1769.  
Later, Irish on the hill (prior to  
Quake and Fire) and tales of goats  
grazing those rocks -  
Tellygraft hill, Tellygraft hill

Knobby old, slobby old,  
Tellygraft hill  
- then Italian, Sicilian, Portu-  
guese (fishermen), Chinese (Kuang-  
tung and Hakka) and even Basque,  
down from Nevada sheepherding on  
vacation.

When we of the fifties and after  
walked into it, walk was the key  
word. Maybe no place else in urban  
America where a district has such a  
feel of on-foot: narrow streets,  
high blank walls and stairstep  
steeps of alleys and white-wood  
houses cheap to rent; laundry flap-  
ping in the foggy wind from flat-  
topped roofs. Morocco; or ancient  
terraced fertile crescent pueblos.  
A tiny watershed divide is at  
the corner of Green and Columbus.

Northward a creek flowed, the mouth of which, on the little alley called Water Street (now some blocks up from the Fisherman's Wharf coast - all fill) is under the basement of a friend's apartment. The easterly stream went down by what was the Barbary Coast and Geodetic Survey offices on Battery. Storms come out of a place in the north Pacific, high latitudes, pulse after pulse of weather (storms deflected north in summer). San Francisco, North Beach, like living on the bow of a ship. Over the dark running seas, from November on, breaking in rains and flying cloud bits on the sharp edges of Telegraph hill.

A habitat; midway between two other summer-and winter-ranges, Berkeley and Marin county. Who would not, en-route, stop off in North Beach? To buy duck eggs, drop into Vesuvio, City Lights, get sesame oil or wine, walk up Grant to this or that place. Or living there; the hum of cable-car cables under the street - lit-up ships down on the docks working all night - the pre-dawn crashes of the Scavengers' trucks. Spanning years from a time when young women would get arrested for walking barefoot, to the barebottom clubs of Broadway now tending tourist tastes from afar.

A habitat. The Trans - America pyramid, a strikingly wasteful and arrogant building, stands square on what was once called Montgomery block, a building that housed the artists and revolutionaries of the thirties and forties. Kenneth Rexroth, many others, lived there; foundations of post-war libertarianism; moves that became publicly known as "beat" in the middle fif-

ties. This emphasis often neglected the deeply dug-in and committed thinkers and artists of the era who never got or needed much media-fame; who were the culture that nourished so much. Many people risking all - following sometimes the path of excess and not always going beyond folly to the hoped-for wisdom. Yet, like the sub-Aleutian storms, pulse after pulse came out of North Beach from the fifties forward that touched the lives of people around the world.

I worked the docks in those days. "Down to Pier 23 to work. Smith-Rice cranes, and Friday a white egret that fluttered down on the pier, dwarfing the seagulls, riffled its wings and feathers delicately a few times then flew off back in the direction from which it came."

- 23.XI.52

"It is of no particular significance that I sit writing Chinese characters and practice pronouncing them in Japanese; it's all here: vines in the Mediterranean, taro-patches in Melanesia, the clover yards of Vancouver island - the eye sees, the hand moves, the world moves in and through; like a complex spiral shell." - 4.II.54

And, a Peoples World headline from October, 1958

Outmoded Capitalism  
Threatens Humanity  
With Multiple Perils

- while walking to Gino and Carlos, another place we met and drank (Jack Spicer gave me a whiskery hug) -

"The necessity to roam at wild... large, useless, and nowhere scenes, to follow the city cat-track down, 'out of my head' etc. - we need the big gamble of a physical economic

(North Beach)

urban Void in which you have to  
dive..." - 3.XI.58

That close, loose, circle of comrades, lovers, freaks, and friends (how many we mourn already!) in the rolling terrain of North Beach (virtually the only place in California that didn't freeze out plants in the cold snap of December 1972, in fact, warmer than any place else in San Francisco except for Noe Valley, and having the most frost-free days per year of any place in the U.S. short of Florida) is the rich soil of much beauty, and the good work of hatching something else in America, pray it cracks the shell in time.

Gratitude to the Spirits of the Place; may all Beings flourish.

- Gary Snyder



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Bobby Johnson  
Bartender

*Nate Thurmond's*

# BEGINNING

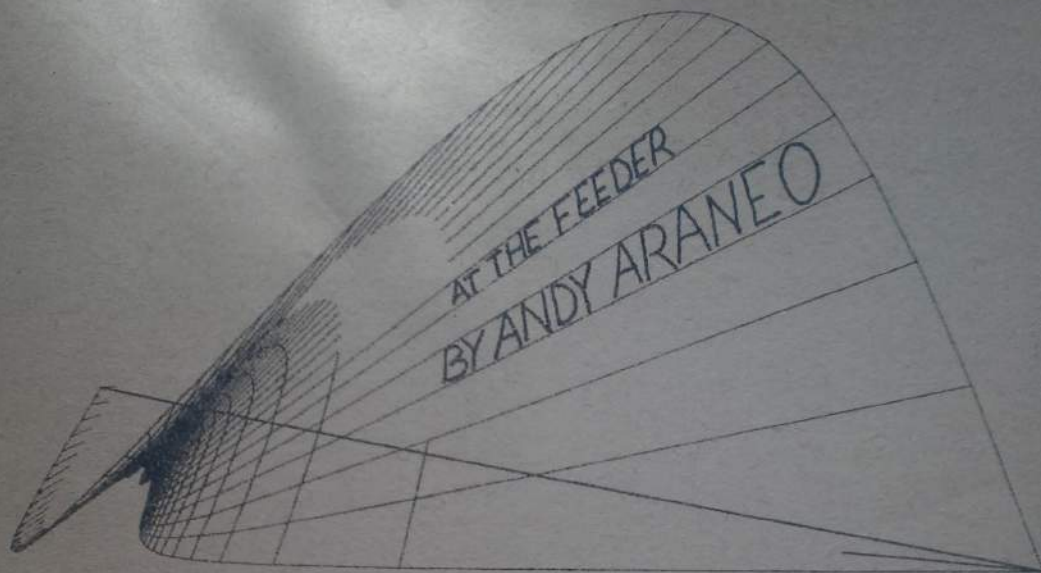
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to get them to their floors on time  
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and new programs finally;  
when graveyard-shift vampires are falling off to sleep  
it's happening at the Market street Safeway.  
They're mostly gray-haired pensioners in pea coats  
(with a few young black truants besides)  
and they've been getting up early for work  
at least since the end of the depression.  
They're crowded around Safeway's electric door  
waiting for the opening  
with a pocketful of food stamps  
and nothing else to do.  
The sharp young Jap clerk strides  
gracefully across the out-door treadle  
and a few blacks slip in and run out again, quickly  
like street boys jumping over burnin' Christmas trees.  
The invisible manager throws the switch on the in-door  
and there's a scramble-  
and the fogies playing it cool over by the bike racks  
bolt for the door.  
And they're pouring through that door  
like Brooklyn Dodger fans  
at the Bedford avenue subway stop  
on a World Series day.

Dear Governor,

$^{94}\text{Pu}^{239} + ^{92}\text{U}^{235} + 2\text{He}^4$ . Plutonium alpha-decays into  $^{92}\text{U}^{235}$  with a half life of 24,000 years. Like  $^{92}\text{U}^{235}$ , it is fissionable and can be used in nuclear reactors and weapons. WE GOTTA HAVE JOBS, DON'T WE?

# JERRY BROWN FAKIR OR FAKE?

by DAVID BOLTON

In this year of post Watergate blues, it pays to be "out." As California's Secretary of State, Jerry Brown often rode in a limo while doing official business. Enough of that, Brown must have thought. Get rid of anything the voters can nail you with, including the bedpost.

Look at the benefits reaped. Playboy does an interview, magazines compete for the right profile, endless newspaper articles on Brown's "style,"--Brown sold extremely well. California became too small for our governor. Jerry Brown had to run for president. The media demanded it.

Brown's record as governor shows where his real heart lies. Government can't do everything, he likes to state, red-penning social services in education and health. Like his predecessor he forces the urban poor to bear the brunt of inflation. On September 10 Brown vetoes a bill which its creator, State Superintendent of Public Instruction Wilson Riles, called, "the most important legislation concerning high school in fifty years." The aim of the program was to raise student proficiency in reading, writing, and arithmetic through extensive curricular and method reform with an emphasis on remedial help for the individual.

Too costly, Brown reasoned. "Given the limited taxes we can collect, priorities must be set." Wilson Riles wondered about these

priorities. "Test scores, along with campus vandalism and violence will not take care of themselves and they are not going to go away." He accused Brown of abandoning his previous rhetoric for educational reform.

In other areas Jerry Brown's leadership is also questionable. His malpractice bill floundered while he jetted around the country and often he delayed making important appointments.

The June election provided great insight into this elusive personality. Proposition 15, the Nuclear Initiative, voted down by California voters, would have delayed the building of any nuclear power plants until a safety commission had established that they were completely safe. The dangers dealt with here are considerable. To create energy, nuclear reactors operate through a process called fission, which involves the nuclear bombardment of uranium. Plutonium, a by-product of fission, has a radioactive half-life of anywhere from twenty minutes to seventy-six million years. There has not been a container developed that can safely contain plutonium. The iron drums the United States dumped into the ocean after the Manhattan Project of World War Two are already disintegrating. Abnormally giant sponges have been discovered growing around these drums. Plutonium can

also be used for making an atomic bomb, the something the terrorists of the world would love to add to their repertoire of nightmares.

With Proposition 15, the California voters had the chance to add a little sanity to the problem. There have already been numerous reports of leakage from existing nuclear reactors. Surely the people of California could have waited a year or two to make sure the new plants would be safe. But no. Jobs were at stake, Pacific Gas and Electric and Westinghouse argued. The energy crisis is upon us. We can't afford to wait. It might hurt the economy. The big power companies outspent the opposition three to one to have this measure defeated. As the election approached, presidential candidate Brown refused to take a stand one way or the other. "Let the voters decide," he said in a classic non-committal line. A few days before the election he helped to muddle the issue by boasting that he had just signed two bills which provided safeguards on nuclear power plants. What he failed to emphasize, however, was that these bills were watered down versions of Proposition 15. He led everyone to believe that their safety had already been assured. There was no need for more stringent measures. Is this the new politics? It sounds like the old stuff to me.

Jerry Brown was raised by Jesuits. Jesuits place tremendous emphasis on developing one's intellect. Brown's typical response to an issue-oriented question is another question, usually one more glib than the one asked. Perhaps Jerry Brown is a snob. Maybe he does not want to come down from the clouds and grovel in the issues. After all, there's always that next election to consider.\*\*\*



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EVERYONE'S FAVORITE CITY?

## DIALOGUE FOR AN AUGUST NIGHT

by R. J. Dutra

*Scene:* Broadway and Columbus; 12:30 A.M. A red-faced, big-bellied tourist hails a passing taxi. He and his family enter the cab.

*Cabbie:* Where to?

*Man:* Mission Street; 719 Mission. I parked there and we're about ready to end this visit to your city.

*Cabbie:* Well, I hope you've enjoyed yourselves.


*Man:* Enjoyed ourselves!! Man, let me tell you: we drove in this afternoon; hot as hell all the way-- we get here and been freezing ever since.

The traffic is so bad I tell the wife, "I'm parking and we'll walk." She wants to go shopping. I say, "No way"; the stores in this city are so crowded they got to put people on the sidewalks selling stuff.

By the way, what is that funny tall building over there with the point?

*Cabbie:* That's the Egyptian Consulate.

*Man:* That right? Must be all that oil money them people got.



The  
Egyptian  
Consulate



building a consulate like that.

Anyway, the kids got to ride them damn trolleys. Takes us an hour to find the damn things. We're walking thru alleys, drunks asking for money, people going thru the garbage, people urinating in public!

We finally find 'em and then we got to wait an hour and a half to get on! The wife trips and hurts her ankle; it swells up big as a banana squash.

Ride them trolleys over the mountains scared to death the whole way--one foot on, one foot off, hanging on for dear life. Get out at that Fisherman's Wharf and don't see anybody fishing--just more stores on the sidewalks.

We're hungry and look all over for a place to eat and when we find one we got to wait there too. Let me tell you, them Eytalians don't know how to cook a hamburger. Lousy food, cold when we get it. The waiter is rude to everyone but my son, and my wife gets her purse lifted in the Ladies Room.

So we catch a cab to Chinatown. I ask the driver if it's close and he says, "Yeah, once we get on the freeway."

Get there and walk some more 'til I'm thirsty and the wife's ankle is hurting. The kids are bugging me to go off by themselves, so we leave them outside and go into a bar. Damndest thing I ever seen in the U.S. of A.; I couldn't understand one person in that bar.

I give 'em a piece of my mind and we walk out. Go into another bar and have a couple of drinks-- ice water I'd call 'em - at three bucks each. The girl that brings them is shaking so bad she spills the better part of them. No

wonder, I swear she had two glass eyeballs. She slips me this card that says "For a good time call Mona's Nature Massage." The wife gets up-tight so we leave.

When we come out some old man is waving fifty bucks under my daughter's nose and pulling at her arm. And the boy is holding a hat for some gorilla playing an accordion.

I grab the kids and catch another cab and tell him to take us to Broadway quick. We get on the freeway again. Just like L.A. here; you got to get on the freeway to get anywhere.

We get to Broadway and I mean to tell you, I *am* broadminded but I wish to hell someone had told me I was waiting in line one hour to see a bunch of men dressed up like women at that there Pinnocchio's.

Right there I called it quits with this crazy Frisco. Don't see how you people can live here. Must be hell when it snows on these hills.

You got to hit the Freeway to get to this Mission Street?

*Cabbie:* No, sir, matter of fact we're on the 700 block of Mission now. Which car is yours?

*Man:* It's a blue Chevy station wagon. You sure this is 719 Mission? We made sure to write it down when we parked here about 3:30 this afternoon.

*Cabbie:* Three-thirty, sir? And you haven't been back since?

*Man:* No, we haven't. Why?

*Cabbie:* Well, I'm sorry to have to tell you, but this is a 4:00 P.M. tow-away zone. Your car is probably at the Turk Street Garage. It's a short trip--as soon as we get on the freeway. \*\*

**STREAMLINE ACTION** *with*



**TAXI CABS**





# ON TIPPING

by David Frankel

I don't believe in tipping.

I don't believe in a system that underpays its workers, and gives others control over their standard of living. It's bad for the worker. It's also bad for the tipper, who gets the illusion of power, and one of the few opportunities to utilize or exploit it. Voting for "the candidate of your choice" is another, and purchasing "your favorite products" in an ever-shrinking-conglomerate-infested market is a third. (Have you noticed how many small food companies are now owned by Kraft or Borden's?)

I prefer the European system, where 12½, 15, or sometimes 20% is added to the bill as a tip. I'd like other methods even more, but within the framework of the present socio-economic system, that's probably the best one could hope for.

Tips have unfortunately become messages of gratitude, and as long as the livelihood of some remains subject to the whim of others, will continue to be so.

Too bad.

I'd like not to tip. I'd like to show my gratitude in other (less gratuitous) ways, but fear that others wouldn't understand. So I tip, and I tip well.

First I think of the "right" tip

(somewhere above 20%, rounded off to the nearest dollar.) Then I sweeten the pot some more. How much over the "right" tip will make the tpee feel better; improve his or her mood, if only ephemerally? Can I measure my spare change against that?

It wasn't always so easy. Tipping situations used to be a constant source of embarrassment. I wasn't cheap, just embarrassed. What was expected of me? Was I giving enough? Too much?

Even now, after having learned that its impossible to tip another worker too much, I'm still sometimes confused and uncomfortable in that setting. Do you tip the maker of your sandwich-to-go? How about the man who pumps your gas?

I await the time when people will be paid what they earn, or better yet what they need.

Until then, I'll remain a good tipper, a considerate tipper, but a non-believer.\*

There's a driver  
Who got out of the joint  
Where he'd been for twenty years.

I call him Penn State.  
A little inversion.  
A little joke.

He told me his story:  
"They took away my youth," he said.

He shed no tears.

I asked if they too were taken  
(Or had they evaporated

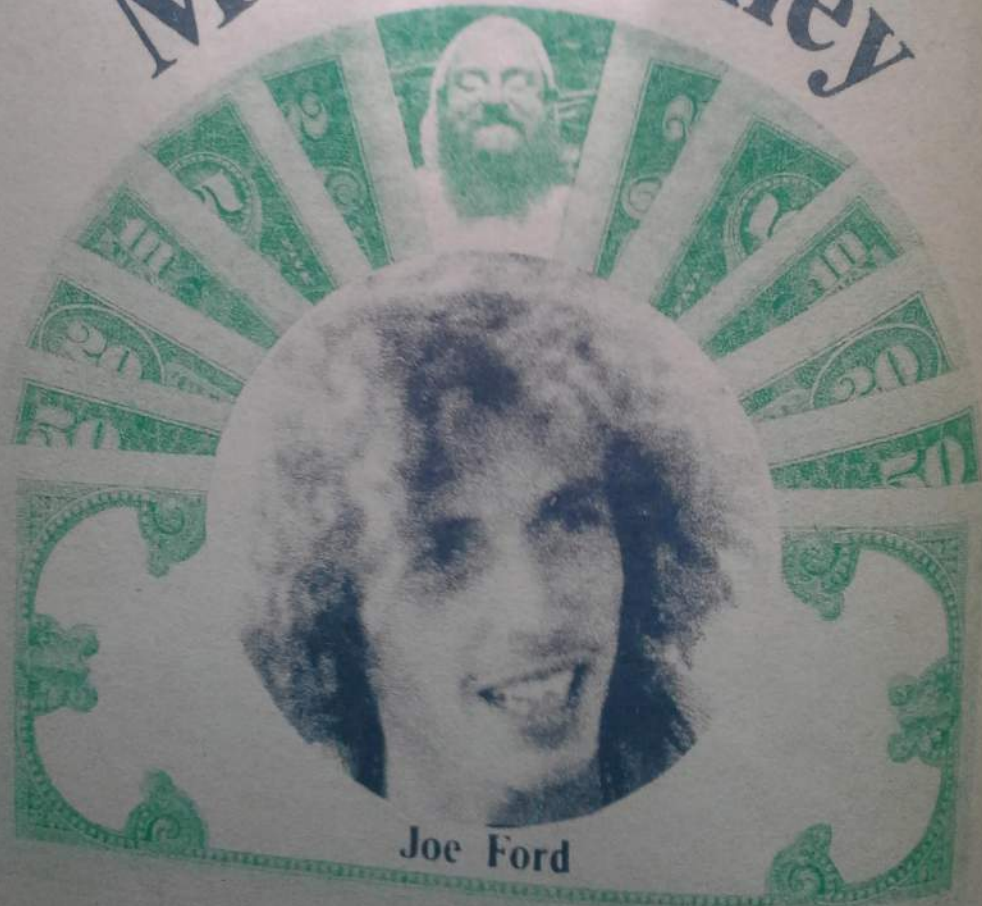
Inside the well)  
Inside the wall.

- David Frankel

**S**hanahan sat atop the Marin Headlands and pulled the sleeping bag up into the folds around his neck. He watched the morning star rising above the twinkling city. The dawn had to come soon. You could feel eternity stretching her muscles. There was just the faintest glow in the east. The wheel would roll again. He looked out across the Pacific sounding in the darkness below. He loved her.

A falling star torched across the heavens. He would never touch her. Too much would be destroyed, so instead, it would be his secret. He would worship her. She would never suffer, but just know that he was her good friend. He wrote something down on paper. It was easier and cleaner this way. Besides, she had a steady fellow who was enrolled in the University and besides, she worked in that fancy

# Make Money



Joe Ford

restaurant with all those guys smiling and making eyes at her all day long and besides.

Love hurts.

He gave her up. He just hoped he wouldn't walk out by her house anymore.

Meanwhile, Howard Titan set the gap on the last two spark plugs and then twisted them in. It was a quarter of six in the morning. He snapped the wires back on and shut the hood. He was in the cab and on the way out of the garage.

"Ninth and Market," the dispatcher said.

There was silence and then he called it again. Howard called in that he was leaving the yard, but Roger said he had a bingo.

"26, get the PSA San Francisco and deuce that doorman for the airport."

Howard saw that lying 26 just ahead of him and heading for 101. Howard turned right and headed for 280, the backdoor to downtown. He was on Sixth Street in no time, gliding easily through the flashing yellow lights. He turned left on Mission but caught a red light on Eighth. Up ahead of him he saw 26 stuck behind a Muni blocking Ninth and Mission as the driver struggled with the electrical lines. Howard made the turn up Ninth Street just as the bus pulled away freeing 26. He pulled up in front of the hotel as 26 came around the corner.

"Bingo, like hell," said Howard.

The doorman wheeled the bags out and pointed a thick finger at the punk in the second cab. "I don't know why you even bother to come around expecting an airport. All the bellmen know that you stiff us whenever you can. Say Howard, how are you

this morning? These are nice people, big tippers. How's the cab running? Always in top condition and clean as a nun, I know. Howard, you're going to be a big man in this town some day."

Howard kept his head down and one by one set the suitcases in the tight trunk. He lifted up one suitcase with one hand and dropped the little night case in the corner. His hands were the size of canteloupes. The knuckles were carved like fortresses and set straight beside one another and all his fingers were nearly the same size. His face was forever set in determination and his level eyes promised no dishonesty. But a rich man, probably not, for the times demanded a ruthlessness and cunning that Howard did not possess in order to gain wealth.

At that moment a black limosine careened around the corner, jumped the curb and smashed into a street-light that fell and exploded in a shower of sparks.

"Jesus H. Christ," said Howard and he ran across the street. "Are you all right?"

The fellow driving the limosine was plastered. "Did I go through a red light?" he asked.

"Nope," laughed Howard, "That's just your nose, but your car is hurting."

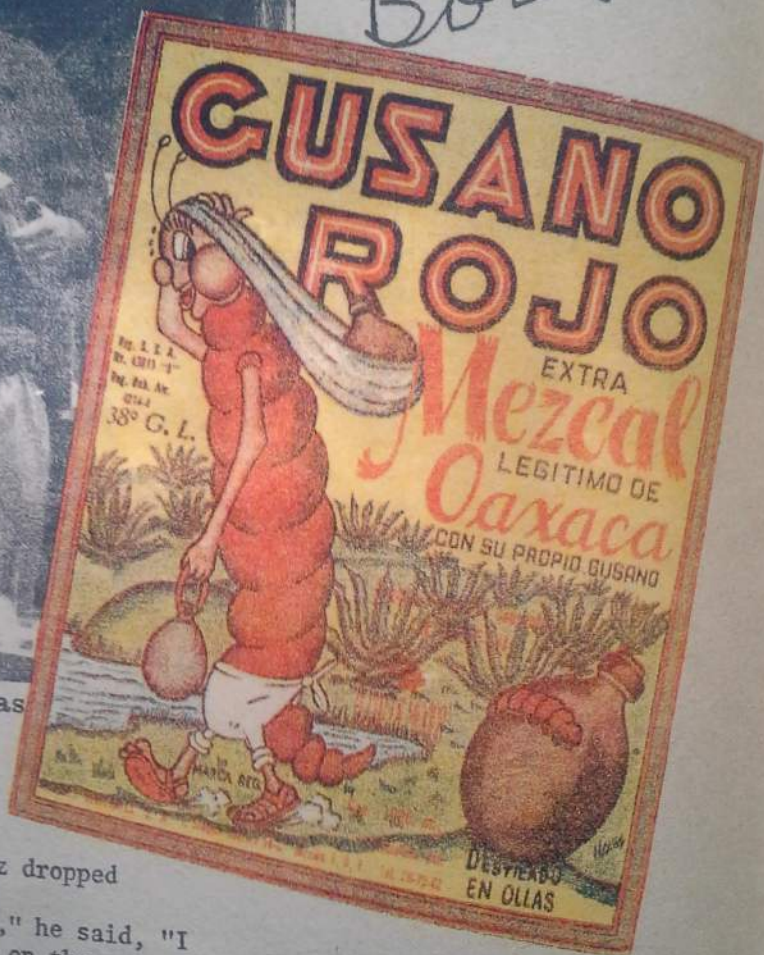
"Oh, this damned old thing. I was ready to trade her in on a new one anyway. I'll just use the insurance money as a down payment." Carl Hubert, assemblyman, hitched up his pants around his swollen belly and straightened his coat. He walked around the car to inspect the damage. That's when Howard saw just how drunk the man was. He staggered backward and nearly fell into the

(Continued on page 46)

Perfectamente Borracho



by A Few Fleas



I WAS SITTING in the Farolito in Oaxaca with The Faithful Companion when Wet Willie out of Vera Cruz dropped in for a quick lick.

"Buy me a tequila," he said, "I just passed Whiteman on the way to eternity. Don't you want to boogie with me?"

"Oh Willie," said The Faithful Companion, "you're the livin' end. How did you get stuck in 1939, anyway?"

"Well kid, it was like this: me 'n the geek was on the big scam down

Manila way when in busts the Japs. We was holding so the only way out was a permanent time-freeze. Warped us right out of the stream of being into permanent boogie-woogie. So now mebbe you can understand why I act forever like Sidney Greenstreet."

"Don't mind Wet Willie," I said.

"He's here every night slopping cac-

tus juice in this miserable cantina. Shell-shocked on the beach at Iwo Jima."

"You know," continued Willie, "all this fancy shit that passes for modern civilization is just a ruse. You know that so I shall spare you the gory details. Point is we are all here in this florescent noon watching the tanks roll by in preparation for tomorrow's coup d'etat. In any case," he paused for effect, "it is not cactus juice. Your ignorance is less than sublime. Buy me another drink and enlightenment is yours. Here, bartender, a glass of mescal and a glass of tequila for each of us."

"Borrachón," hissed the bartender, "gringo cabrón."

"If I didn't love him, I'd kill him," smiled Willie, raising a glass of clear liquid.

"Tequila, my children, is made in the State of Jalisco where there is a town called Tequila and many agave farms. You take a Maguey, which is an agave, like a Century Plant, not a cactus, crush it and let it ferment. The fermented juice is called *pulque* which is sold for twenty centavos a liter in the *pulquería*. It is the foulest tasting stuff on earth and they don't let women into the *pulquería*. On one side of the room is a bar, a board stretched between two sawhorses, with vats, ladles and jars. On the other side is an open trough for pissing. You stand and drink, turn, take a pace or two, piss and return to the bar. Don't go in there unless you intend to drink. The *pulquería* is for machos.

"Now, if you distill *pulque* you get tequila.

"Mescal is made here in the State

of Oaxaca by distilling the fermented juice of a *different* agave. Mescal is, simply, the most potent fire-water known to man. It is not available in gringolândia. Some folks think that is because it contains wood alcohol but it does not. Same ethyl that's in Scotch whiskey. All foreign distilleries and bottlers have to be certified by the Food and Drug Administration. No one has bothered to have any mescal distillery certified because gringos just can't stand the taste, which is a cross between turpentine and bug-spray. I quite like it, myself."

Wet Willie drank off both his glasses and grinned.

"Once there was a man," he said, looking dreamily at the bottles behind the bar, "who spent his life drinking and writing about what drink did to him. In Mexico he discovered mescal and it burned his brain with visions of heaven and hell. By the grace of God, he was able to transcribe his visions into a novel called *Under the Volcano*. His name was Malcolm Lowry. If you learn to drink mescal, I shall let you read his book. If you can't learn to drink it, I shall make you read it for your own instruction."

Wet Willie cleared his throat.

"I shall quote for you:

"Oozing alcohol from every pore, the Consul stood at the open door of the Salón Ofélia. How sensible to have had a mescal, how sensible! For it was the right, the sole drink to have under the circumstances. Moreover he had not only proved to himself he was not afraid of it, he was now fully awake, fully sober again, and well able to cope with anything that might come his way. But for this slight continual hop-

*(Perfectamente Borracho)*  
ping and twitching within his field of vision, as of innumerable sand fleas, he might have told himself he hadn't had a drink in months. The only thing wrong with him, he was too hot.' Malcolm Lowry died perfectamente borracho."

The Faithful Companion drank from her glass, grimaced, then took another sip. "I want to be perfectamente borracho," she said. "Perfectamente borracho."

"Ah," said Wet Willie, moving between us, "that is for angels and poets and mescaleros. You stand a good chance; but the true mescalero, when he takes the last drink from the bottle, eats the worm."

I left the Farolito alone, less than perfectly drunk, to sit in the sun of Oaxaca and contemplate the seven states of drunkenness. The Faithful Companion's laughter wafted out of the cantina.

"Ah," I heard Wet Willie say, "how alike are the groans of love to those of the dying."

Malcolm Lowry said that.

## THE PENNSYLVANIA HOTEL BLUES MEXICO DF 70

It's raining feathered colors in my mind  
No time to look behind  
The curtain of futility  
The subway screams the cocaine gleams  
The spurting dreams of bureaucrats  
Are mingled with the Spanish rats  
Who murdered God and colors  
As they stole the Aztec gold.

The gringos come in Cadillacs  
To buy the Acapulco sun.  
Let's ship it to L.A., they say  
And lease concessions to the  
Midnight neon zombies  
Who gorge themselves on tacos al carbón  
Sliced dripping from the ears  
Of diesel bulls, their blood  
A sacrifice to Moctezuma.

- Mark Joseph

## BLUES, BOOZE & FLOOZE



Beer Wine Espresso

1355 Grant North Beach

# THE COFFEE GALLERY



## A Parting Shot at the Banana

# I AM CURIOUS, YELLOW

by David Frankel

I AM CURIOUS, YELLOW.

How, for a mere \$10 a year apiece, do you manage to get exclusive rights to the publically-owned cab stands in front of *all* the city's major hotels;

Why does the Police Code give hotel owners the right to determine who can sit on these stands;

And why do these owners insist that you be granted exclusivity, citing reliability and availability, when most of the stands are located within *every* driver's "downtown sweep", and are always within seconds of a herd of cabs?

I AM CURIOUS, YELLOW.

How do you manage to maintain an airport contract which denies pick-up rights to 350 licensed San Francisco cab drivers, allows you a handsome profit from a sub-contractual arrangement, and nets the city *less than half* of what it would earn if the airport were open and *it* were to receive the \$2.50 per passenger load now extracted from DeSoto, Luxor, and Veterans drivers by you and your partners in oligopoly?

I AM CURIOUS, YELLOW.

How do you manage to get the taxi fare raised every two years, when it indisputably drives away business,

pushes the industry deeper into a hole, and serves no function other than to forestall your inevitable demise;

How do you pull off these fare increases without having to submit to outside audit, especially considering your parent company's record for honesty and trust;

How do you get Police, Fire, and Safety Committee Chairman Terry Francois to push through and sponsor your requests, for a piddling \$500 campaign contribution (\$1420, if we include his official 1975 contributions from all the large taxicab interests);

And how do you get the majority of Supervisors to capitulate to your demands, assuaging their guilt with idle threats and even idler promises?

I AM CURIOUS, YELLOW.

Why are your 500 medallions treated as if they cost \$30,000 apiece, the current "street price", when you paid \$1 for some and \$15 for the rest (*before* their number was frozen);

And why are you able to use, as bluffing leverage, the 140 permits which were issued only for the (short-lived) purpose of transporting handicapped children?

I AM CURIOUS, YELLOW.

How, with all these privileges and

(Curious Yellow con't.)  
preferential treatment, do you manage to lose money; something that no other cab company seems capable of doing?

I AM CURIOUS, YELLOW.

If you were unable to scare some of your drivers into thinking that your bankruptcy would irrevocably cost them jobs and pension money, do you suppose that any of them would be on your side;

If you didn't play sweetheart games with the union leaders, and if your co - oligopolists couldn't use the airport swindle to rip off *their* drivers, do you suppose that any of *them* would be on your side;

And if you couldn't con the Board of Supervisors, and other city officials, into fearing that chaos, in the form of 500 "gypsie" cabs, would result from your demise, do you suppose that any of them (save, possibly, the debt-ridden Francois) would be on your side?

I AM CURIOUS, YELLOW.

Since you must realize that your "gain" from the recent fare increase can't possibly benefit you beyond next winter, why did you persist? Do you really expect to find a sucker on whom you can unload your battered equipment and tarnished name (one is born every minute, I guess you know);

Do you hope for a Lockheed-type subsidy;

Or would you be content with dragging the entire cab industry down with you?

(You are spurious, Yellow).

I AM FURIOUS, YELLOW. \*\*

# WIZARD



## TATTOOS

1504 Haight St.

San Francisco

(415) 861-9086



Custom Leathers  
& Alterations

BARBARA  
835-8388

## LEADERSHIP

You've labored long  
And feel you've been wronged.  
You are mortar  
Holding bricks in order.

Haven't you ever thought, or  
Perhaps been taught that  
Mortar a la carte  
Is what keeps bricks apart?

- David Frankel

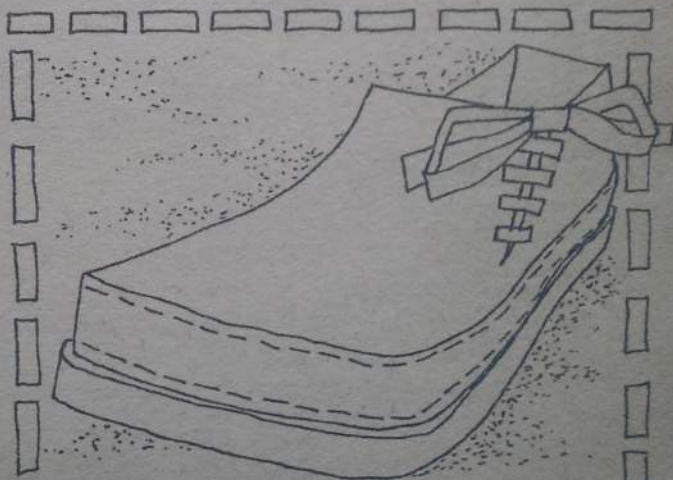
## R.I.P., B. of S.

(To the tune of "Three Blind Mice")

Eleven lame ducks,  
See how they run.  
To eleven districts they're gonna flock,  
Looking for the very best blocks,  
Buying their houses from BarbageLat,  
Eleven lame ducks,  
See how they run.

- Brian Kellogg

"TRUNKS ARE 50¢  
EXTRA, LADY..."



Fit like barefoot.  
Handmade, custom fit.

**PEOPLE'S SHOES**

524 Union Street San Francisco

# MAXIE the TAXI

in

"WHAT YOU SEE  
IS WHAT YOU GET"

★!!  
CITY LIFE  
SURE IS A **BUMMER!!**  
I GOTTA GET BACK TO  
**NATURE!!**

**W**INTER IN SAN FRANCISCO... AND TIMES ARE HARD FOR CAB DRIVERS. THE OLD-TIMERS SAY IT'S GETTING WORSE EACH YEAR... AND IF A "GREEN PEA" CAN MAKE IT THRU THAT FIRST WINTER HE'S GOT IT MADE. YES, WINTER IS A STRICT TEACHER... AND THOSE WHO PASS ITS TESTS HAVE LEARNED MANY LESSONS...



9 PM

ONLY 3 LOADS!!  
GUESS I MIGHT AS WELL SIT AWHILE ... THINGS SURE CAN'T GET ANY WORSE...



I OUGHTA SAVE UP... GET A PIECE OF LAND IN MENDOCINO...  
MINIBLE... ORGANIC FARM...  
... RUMBLE...



(HE'S HEARD IT ALL BEFORE)



A CAB DRIVER'S PRAYER

AW SHIT!!  
HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I HEARD ALL THAT BEFORE?  
... MIGHT AS WELL RELAX AND LITE UP  
A - HUH?!



EXCUSE ME, DRIVER, BUT I'M IN A HURRY! HOW FAST CAN WE GET TO...



SACRAMENTO?



AND SO IT GOES ON AND BACK AGAIN UNTIL...

THE END

MTH

# CAB ARRAY

A NEW  
MUSICAL  
BY  
JESUS  
PORTILLO



(Scene: A taxi dispatch office. It is 5:30 A.M. A switchboard with seven half empty coffee cups is plugged up and the Dispatcher is talking with the mechanics.)



\*\*\*\*\*  
HERE THEY ARE!!  
BUDWIG, JACK THE HACK,  
BIG AL... DANCING AND  
SINGING THEIR WAY  
INTO YOUR HEART  
\*\*\*\*\*

Disp.: What's the story on 2402?

Mech.I: Needs a battery. Can't get another one till 9:00.

Disp.: What about 2412?

Mech.II: Trans wasn't out. I changed the oil and all it needs is an oil filter.

Disp.: Man! Two mechanics and we can't get one cab out! Why?

Mech.I+II: (To the tune of *You Gotta Have Heart*)

You gotta have parts  
Miles and miles and miles  
of parts

A garage with a mechanical whiz  
who's sure of his biz

(Mechanics dance off stage. Day Driver appears at the door.)

Disp.: Terrific.

Day Driver: Good morning. Keys to 2412, please.

Disp.: Yeah. Listen, Jack, this cab has got to get a new oil filter so take it to the garage and get it replaced.

Day Driver: Sure, Sure, Sure.

Disp.: Don't give me 'Sure Sure Sure' get it replaced!

Day Driver: (To the tune of *Maraca*)

The engine she is going  
and the brakeline is in doubt  
The headlights they don't work

and the signals just went out  
But a convention is breaking  
and my meter she's OK  
So who can get things fixed  
on such a busy day?  
Manana, Manana  
Manana... That's when I'll get  
it fixed.

*Disp.:* That's what I thought. Act-  
ually the mechanic is working on  
it right now. You can have it  
when he's finished.

*Day Driver:* What? Hey, I can't be  
waiting...

*Disp.:* Hold it, Hold it. If you have  
any gripes you can go to our com-  
plaint dept. The john.

*Day Driver:* You bet I will. Wait  
till you see what I write this  
time! (*Exits*)

*Disp.:* By the time you finish your  
cab'll be ready. (Then crossing  
his fingers, to himself) If they  
got the part.

(*Two drivers enter.*)

*Day Driver II:* Yeah, uh, 2482.

*Night Driver:* Hey! How about a good  
morning! This is a good morning!  
Good morning, Mr. 2482! and good  
morning, Mr. Dispatcher, sir! My  
what a good morning!

*Disp.:* Sorrowful, if you've been  
drinking...

*Night Driver:* Naw, Naw. No drinking,  
just had a good night.

*Disp.:* 2052 Budwig? Ol' Sorrowful?  
Old 'I just made gates Budwig'!  
This I gotta hear. What happened?

*Budwig:* It was terrific.  
(*To the tune of The Trolley Song*)

Tweet Tweet Tweet  
went the bellman  
Zoom Zoom Zoom went my cab  
Plunk Plunk Plunk went the rider  
And as we started to leave  
he took hold of my sleeve  
With his hand

As if it were planned  
He said see I demand if you can  
Please go the long way  
To the town of San Jose!

*Disp.:* Incredible. I don't think the  
other guys are going to believe  
this.

*Budwig:* Wait, there's more  
Click Click Click  
went the meter...

*Disp.:* O.K. Budwig. That's enough!

*Budwig:* But you don't understand  
it's wonderful! it's fantastic!  
it's stupendous! it's... (*he  
faints*)

*Disp.:* I knew it. He had a good day  
and it killed him.

*Day Driver II:* (*Kneeling*)  
Naw, he just fainted. Some guys  
just can't take the pressure.  
(*Walking over him*) Hey, how 'bout  
the keys to 2482, huh?

*Disp.:* Right. (*Goes to board*) The  
keys aren't here. Is the night  
man still out? (*Goes to radio*)

*Disp.:* 2482 Over.

2482: Yeah, it's me; what is it?

*Disp.:* You're late and your day man  
is here. Bring it in.

2482: What? Right now? I can't! I  
haven't made gates yet. I need to  
be out just a few minutes more.

(*To the tune of One Last Kiss*)

Oh, One Last Fare!

Dispatcher, one last fare

I'm really in despair!

Dispatcher, don't you care

You know it isn't fair.

Oh, Oh, Oh

Send the day man in a spare!

*Disp.:* I can't do that and if you're  
not here in ten minutes you're  
going to pay the day man's gates!  
(*SILENCE*)

Did you read, 2482?

2482: (*Entering door*) Yeah, I read,  
I read. Boy if my day man paid  
(*Continued on page 39*)





# FADING THE MAIN

WITH  
JIMMIE THE GLOVE

Awright, last time we looked at the 36 ways. This time we're coming out. How much you gonna bet? That's the main (the main bet) and the other players between them must match it (or fade it). That's what we mean by fading the main. The main's faded and you're ready to roll the dice. (We'll talk about the side action later.) You shake and roll. If 2 (snake eyes), 3, or 12 (box cars) come up you crap and lose the money and the dice. If 7 or 11 comes up, you win, keep the dice, and we fade the main again. If any of the remaining numbers come up (4, 5, 6, 8, 9, or 10) you keep rolling until you roll that number again or a 7 or 11. If you roll your main point first you win. If you roll 7 or 11 first, you crap and lose.

Now, we want to bet according to the chances of you rolling any particular point on the dice. So-- we are looking at the

## CORRECT ODDS ON WIN BAR OR MAIN LINE POINTS

The possible initial points after your first roll are 4-5-6-8-9 or 10. Each point has odds given as follows:

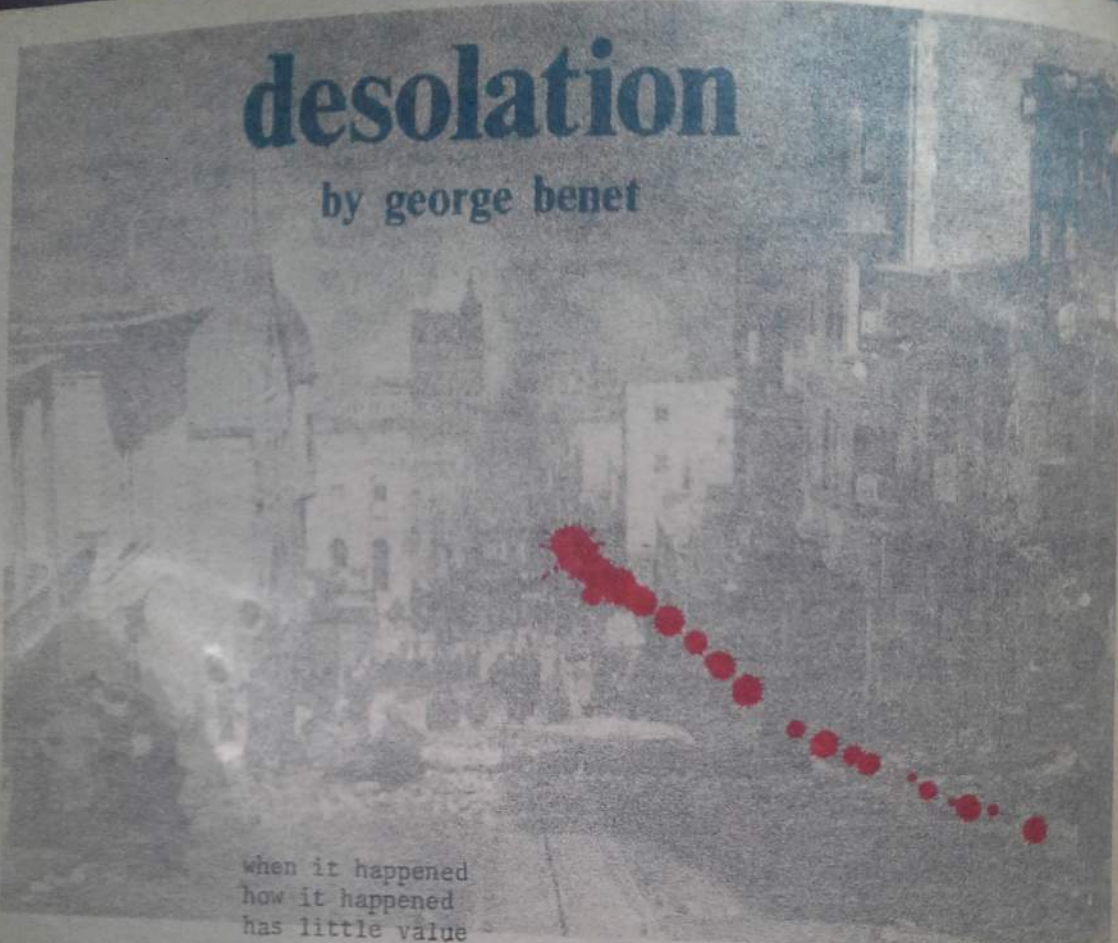
<u>POINT</u>	<u>ODDS</u>
4 or 10	2 to 1 (i.e., 2 to 1 say you won't roll a 4 or a 10)
5 or 9	3 to 2 or 7 to 5 if you bet \$5.00 or more
6 or 8	6 to 5 if you bet \$5.00 or more

These odds are only obtainable by betting an additional amount behind the WIN BAR or MAIN LINE. The original wager on the main line (when it was faded) is always paid off at even money.

Next issue: THE PROPOSITIONS

# desolation

by george benet



when it happened  
how it happened  
has little value  
rigged chloride bombs  
for whom, for what, unimportant  
triggered an earthquake  
i am standing at the intersection  
of california and presidio  
there are no people, buildings  
in shambles, skyline destroyed  
i have a .38 in a holster at the small of my back  
a .270 carried behind with a bandolier across my chest  
carrying a .30-30  
my plan, find food, store it  
tomorrow find out how alone i am  
yesterday i shot four rats, saw many  
more, two dobermans steadied to attack, jaws foaming  
shot them dead  
i feel good, i must eat, rest, i'm not in bad health  
by the track record of my past life  
i know i will not panic

i have never had a fear of death or dying  
quite different things  
my fears, ambivalence  
unresolved emotional conflicts  
my life has been a balance of excesses  
i found an apartment overlooking  
the presidio, a deepfreeze and oversized icebox  
no electricity, the food is moldy  
i sit in a french chair  
oriental rugs, a piano, chinese dulcimer on the wall  
will the fireplace handle a flame, i need coffee  
reminds me of my daughter over in san leandro  
with the portuguese, the absence of noise is  
delightful, no planes, no cars, no buses nada nada  
only the smell of decomposed bodies when the wind is right  
others must be alive, inmates of asylums, penitentiaries  
doctors, nurses, there is no need of lawyers  
i sense danger in my checklist, soldiers, police  
but by what authority

the sun sets over the golden gate  
no bridge, no towers  
the table i burned must be worth a fortune, the legs  
carved by some artisan make beautiful flames  
the coffee fine  
soft subdued light over the presidio  
the strong odor of the dead  
butcher- town throughout the city  
i pour three fingers of good brandy  
immunize myself, the dead are dead  
remembering the topless and bottomless shows  
the tender girls of long legs and high bottoms  
the chic whores on powell street  
highheels, castanets clicking on the pavement  
i love latin women... another brandy  
and i began to laugh  
ride a horse to guadalajara  
villa style carry some fiery latin gal  
into the cathedral  
the sheer overpowering silence shatters my discipline  
no radio, no tv, how much we take for granted  
i had never questioned anything  
food came from the supermarkets  
gas from small plastic cards  
cold beer from the icebox  
dreams from the movie screen  
no matter i would survive  
i could fish, hunt, farm  
tomorrow i'd check the damage downtown

the tall buildings rubble  
piles of unidentifiable brick, glass and steel  
parts of structures standing  
bodies contorted and twisted  
discolored, across from the dimestore  
rats gnawing a blackdeadman  
i spray them with a shotgun, my new toy  
find a manikin, dress it in black nylons  
black highheels, filmy briefs  
i lay on a couch, the department store window  
broken, glass on the sidewalk  
drinking from a bottle of chivas regal  
cold plastic dummy  
i aim, shatter the chest  
a .357 magnum, shoots through a boiler plate  
i know, i tried  
dog following me, white with blue eyes  
opening kennelrations  
he heels at every corner, a joke  
no traffic, no lights  
as we turn the corner i hear a cry

her name is twila  
as she follows at a distance  
i turn the corner fast  
she cuts across a parking lot of tumbled cars  
derailed trolley-car, a city cab smashed against  
a truck, a policecar atop a hydrant  
i wait behind a billboard, i'm no sex maniac  
but i have no time for games  
lariat her hands, gag her mouth  
when i finish i tell her in cold certain terms  
either she comes along or the rats will have her  
she understands, contrary to belief  
the young make a wide detour around death  
she is a therapist talker  
give it to me daddy, explode within me  
i'm your cockcrazy little girl  
the building collapses and we fall through to the basement  
our fall broken by the sales pennants strung across  
continue on the floor  
as i drag her across the city, stashing booze and food

the dog so close and terrified of the rats  
stumbling at our heels  
we are in the remnant of a motel  
near the wharf, i awake from a nightmarish sleep  
poised at the bed, shadows of moonlight  
carve her face into zebrastripes

i'd found juliet and ended with lady macbeth  
i twist her hand, the knife clatters to the floor  
i hate wrinkled skin and grey hair, she hisses  
it was easy

she was eating from a dehydrated kit  
the pier is tilted, the stringer missing  
she does not hear the click of the hammer  
as the bullet splatters her brain  
pushed into the water

not a fish comes to nibble  
i am sitting in a cablecar at the turnaround  
the buena vista and the bottles on the shelf  
my mouth waters for an irish coffee  
the dog watching me, inane blue eyes  
indulging in my fantasies  
waiting for my ship to come in

the dog and i go into the bart tunnel  
the powerful flashlight  
meets the dark water at the break  
i know my daughter is dead  
in the condominium  
overhanging the hayward fault  
and the canary yellow mercedes  
over the slabs and chuckholes of el camino  
leafless barren trees in a line  
the streetwise, the poolsharks  
the lefthanded conartists in colma, toes upturned  
the heroes in the national cemetery  
the tanforan shopping center smolders in smoke and flame  
the stands of bay meadows sag at one end  
both the dumbarton and san mateo bridges are down  
the car is out of gas, i try others  
one big junkyard, the dog and i hike  
back to the city, vulture trailing us  
ants, spiders, rats everywhere

obsessed by my daughter  
dead or alive  
like a postoffice poster  
building a bonfire on the marina green  
prowling among the boats  
try to get pleasure boats started  
a sloop underway, we hit the breakwater headon  
rowboat buffeted by the waves, for every stroke  
one length back, uncontrollable fury of water as i bail  
until we are swamped  
chilled by the water

dog and i climb over rocks  
when it happened  
my leg broken, bone protruding as i crawl  
my pain and agony  
ignored, dragging my body across the grass

rats scurry, i stick one with a knife  
as we reach the bonfire i had built earlier  
stacked wood for the endless night  
ammunition, i've exhausted the grenades  
pain unbearable, whisky dribbles over my chin  
surrounded by coleman lamps, flashlights  
spraying meaningless gunfire into the increasing  
gathering of the rats  
nipping each other and squeaking, millions  
clubbing sound of my shotguns

our lady of guadaloupe

listen my son, to what i tell you now:  
do not be troubled nor disturbed by anything;  
do not fear illness nor any distressing occurrence, nor pain  
am i not your mother? am i not life and health?  
have i not placed you on my lap and made you my  
responsibility? do you need anything else  
dear mother, keep me safe among the memories  
my dear dead wife and the sanatorium  
coughing and death, pale face among the lilies  
my child across the bay

the dog lays at my side whining  
rain has begun to fall  
the bonfire is low  
rifles slippery in my hands as i spray  
the shifting black crawling mass  
why had we not exterminated them  
as china had done with the flies  
why had i not taken the dog and myself to  
monterey, the shaggy coastline  
windswept trees, why, why?  
pain stripping my energy, beady eyes  
the gunfire echoes, reverberating  
uselessly, senselessly  
i will not last the night.

---

*George Benet is a San Francisco Longshoreman. He has previously published a novel, THE HOODLUMS, about counterfeiting in Chicago. In January his second novel, A PLACE IN COLUSA, will be published by the Singlejack Press. Benet's book is their first publication. The publisher is a San Pedro Longshoreman, Robert R. Miles.*

(Cab Array cont'd. from page 31)

my gates every time he was ten minutes late, I'd never have to worry about gates.

Ray Driver II: You're Nuts!

8482: Oh Yeah?...

Disp.: All right you guys, outside. Do your bickering in the yard!

8482: My, isn't she bitchy this morning!

Ray Driver II: Get up on the wrong side of bed?

Disp.: Didn't matter which side. My mistake was I got up. Now you two get out. (They start to exit as two more night men, both old time cab drivers, Big Al and Bingo Ben, enter.)

Big Al: Did you call the cops?

Disp.: The Police? Uh, no. What for?

Big Al: It's *Murder* out there. There's nobody on the streets.

Bingo Ben: Except for cab drivers and most of them are in front of the Pan Pan committing suicide.

Disp.: Aw, come on.

Big Al: Young man, they are dropping like flies out there. Last night I had two different drivers trying to sell me their spare tires, I'm telling you, it's not like the old days, is it, Bingo?

Bingo: Naw. The old days, they were great.

Big Al + Bingo:

(To the tune of *Green Fields*)

Once there were pickups  
as far as the sun

Once there was business  
till daylight had begun

Once there was *Pat Cats*  
with money to burn

Once there were side cons  
that gave a big return

Where are the greenbacks  
that we ask to earn?

Disp.: Well, I can tell you who made

the greenbacks last night. Hey,  
BUDWIG!

Big Al + Bingo: BUDWIG?!

Budwig: (Waking up)

Tweet Tweet Tweet

went the bellman...

Disp.: Easy, Budwig, easy. Why don't you two guys take Budwig outside and you can listen to the entire miracle. Right now I gotta answer the phones. See you later...

Big Al: I'll see you tonight, young man, OK?

Disp.: Right.

Bingo: Yeah, me too. Come on, Budwig.

Budwig: It was incredible, fantastic...

(Lights start to dim)

Disp.: Good morning, Consolidated Cab... He's not in yet... Thank you.

Good morning, Consolidated Cab... Any apartment?... 501, thank you.

Consolidated Cab... It's not there yet?... I'll check on it. Thank you.

Consolidated Cab... Thank you.

Consolidated Cab....

Slow fade as theme music comes on...

Whatever gets you  
through the night  
it's all right, it's all right

Whatever brings you  
to the light  
it's all right, it's all right

Nurse it baby, come on  
listen to me

Try to get it through the shift  
Nurse it baby, come on

listen to me  
listen to me,

it would be a big lift  
Whatever gets you

through the night.....

\*\*\*

# THE DUCKWICH HORROR



by

H. P. LOVEQUACK

IT SEEMED LIKE the end of the world as the gods made war in the sky, but the lightening that thundered over Duckwich Castle did not distract the Baron Von Rolphenstein from his newest experiment. Like a man possessed he hopped madly about his laboratory on his one good leg, too busy to stop and strap his marble peg to his stump.

Far below the castle, near the village, fisherman dredged the murk of Lake McKinnon. On the shore the villagers waited impatiently for the outcome of the morbid process. The local parish

priest, Father Vergonne, wandered among them clutching a ragged envelope. As I approached, the fog was wrapping a blanket of uncertainty over the lake and I could not help but feel uneasy. Wild boar grunted in the distance.

"Look sharp!" someone shouted. "They found something."

Everyone around me rushed to the dock. Trailing behind, I saw something spattered in the mud: the priest's envelope! The villagers were retreating from the dock, muttering, "False alarm." I opened the envelope. "Disciples of the Devil," the note began. Before I could read on, it was snatched from my hand. The ominous eyes of



the priest choked any questions in my throat. He turned and walked away without a word.

A portly gentleman, addressed by the fishermen as "Harrison," stood near the dock long after the others were gone, swearing mightily at the dark lake. "Dirty thievin' butcher! I'd like to get my hands on you."

"What are they searching for?" I asked, afraid of the answer.

"Who's asking? You're not one of those newspapermen, are you?"

"No," I replied. "I am Doctor Lovequack of Cambridge."

"Why are you in Duckwich?"

"To see Baron Von Rolphenstein."

"Why do you want to see him?"

"I'm interested in his experiments."

Harrison's eyes narrowed. "Which experiments?"

"Tissue grafts. The Baron is a respected specialist. Do you know him?"

"Not personally. No one in the village has seen him since he arrived twenty years ago."

"Well," I said, "I shall see him this evening. By the way, is there a means of public transport in Duckwich?"

"Sure, pal. Me, Duckwich taxi. My cab is at the foot of the dock."

On the way up the mountain Harrison decided to tell me why they were dredging the lake. "You're the only outsider to hear this. Last Sunday a note was found in church. The priest found it in the bible on the pulpit. It said the congregation, which is the entire village, would all become disciples of the devil, reborn again in the green still waters of the dead. We all took it as a sick prank but the priest was afraid. The next day a fisherman

pulled a body from the lake, but it wasn't an ordinary body. It was the body of a man with the head of a boar. The next day another body was found, that time it was a man with the head of a bull. Then it was a wolf's head, next a bear, and yesterday, a crocodile."

"Who were these men?"

"All God-fearing folk. Five good men. I knew them all."

We arrived at the stairs that led up the cliff to the castle. The rain had slowed to a drizzle. Harrison said, "I've been driving taxi in Duckwich for fifteen years and I've never been up here. The place gives me the creeps."

"You've never seen the Baron?"

"No, only his butler and I always leave him at the bottom of the hill. Very strange."

"Do you know why the Baron came to Duckwich?"

"I suppose he wanted to get away from the rest of the world. Rumor has it that he lost his medical license twenty years ago for doing experiments on cadavers. I heard the church called his works the doings of Satan."

"Some medical authorities consider Von Rolphenstein a genius," I replied.

"Are you really going up there?"

"I am."

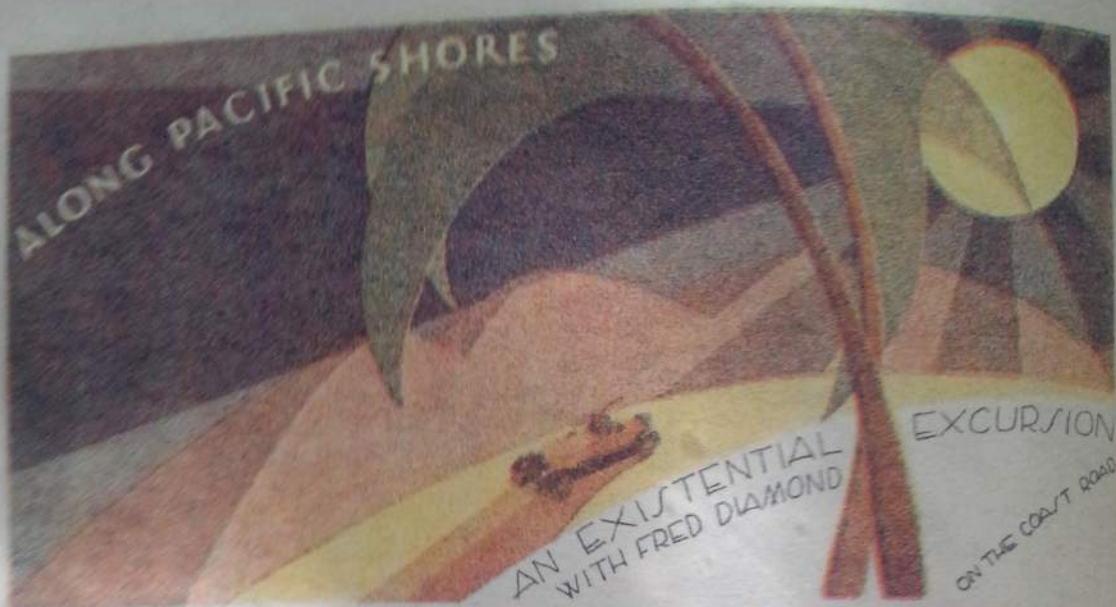
"OK, buddy. Watch your head."

As I climbed the steps I heard the taxi scutter down the hill and suddenly stop. Just as I reached the massive door I heard a great flurry of wings and I looked up just in time to see a shadow sweep into the gable. I pounded the duck-shaped knocker and the butler appeared.

"Put on your coat, you fool. Strangers are about."

(Continued on page 44)

# ALONG PACIFIC SHORES



AN EXISTENTIAL  
WITH FRED DIAMOND

EXCURSION

ON THE COAST ROAD

Everything is nothing  
it just goes on and on  
and Summerwind is laughing  
in my ear  
inside and outside on the ground  
in Davenport  
a bar peopled with drunk  
and shouting  
wanna snort some coke? so we went and  
now the sun is coming up lying  
in my sleeping bag  
How did I get here?  
waking up and staring  
into the weatherbeaten grin  
of an old truck thinking  
'this is my place in eternity'  
always waking up in the bright  
sunny sunlight in front of  
this old truck, watching things  
decompose into each other and into  
the earth, all of it  
and me too, all the machines  
and beings, and money and leaves  
while the light flickers  
and sounds grow loud and dim.

I walk with Summerwind  
and lie in the sun.  
My legs are not attached correctly.  
No one's are  
humanity is a factory reject but  
it doesn't matter.  
It just goes on and on.  
I must keep talking, mention  
sun and sand, wind heat  
Summerwind I love you over and over  
on a sandy cliff overlooking the sea.  
All the rest is laughter and shouting  
Cosmic trombling in the back seat  
Total insight into  
a troubled friend  
yelling his name and holy shit  
trying to explain myself to the  
driver, everything is Nothing and  
It doesn't matter.  
She leads me to a streetcar  
stop where we board with hoards  
of others, we are all the same one,  
wearing my backpack standing  
in the aisle, clinging to the greaming  
pole and waking up.

POEM

Free moving legs of the soul  
 Pumping air into the heart of time  
 Making space  
 To travel  
 From the narrow roads of the absurd  
 To the open fields of madness

- Craig Rock

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*(Duckwich cont'd. from page 41)*

The next morning another body was pulled from the lake. It was a man with the head of an ostrich. The priest called the people into the church. Waving the note, he mounted the pulpit. "Six men are dead and we all know who is responsible. It is the work of Satan!" he shrieked. "The devil is here among us, and his name is Von Rolphenstein!"

A bearded fisherman sprang to his feet. "To the castle!" he shouted, but there was no rush at the door.

I could see the fear on the faces of the villagers as I rose to my feet. "Good people," I said, "calm your fears. I spent last night in the Baron's castle, dined with him, and as you can see, I am with you today. The Baron is a recluse, but I assure you, he is no more dangerous than I."

"And just who are you, sir?" inquired the priest.

"I am Doctor Howard Phillips Lovequack."

"What is your business with the Baron?"

"The question is, what is the Baron's business with me. The Baron advertized in scientific circles for an assistant. I am honored to say he has chosen me for the position."

"Then he has continued his experiments," proclaimed the priest.

"That is true, but his work is a service to humanity. The Baron was twenty years ahead of his time. Nowadays transplants are common everywhere."

"Yes," retorted the priest, "but ghastly murders are not."

"I am new in Duckwich," I said, "and I do not wish to make accusations, but, good people, there must be a thief among you. A week ago a

thief broke into the Baron's laboratory and stole his notes for a new work, the labor of twenty years, 'The Secrets of Biogenesis.' Find the Baron's notes and you will find the murderer."

A murmur of assent swept through the congregation.

"I propose an immediate search," said the priest.

Once again the bearded fisherman sprang to his feet. "You can start with my house! And my boat! And God be my witness, if you find the devil's papers in my house, you can have my head!"

En masse, we rushed to his home. The priest entered first holding the crucifix before him. We found nothing and proceeded immediately to the next house. In an hour we had searched every corner of the tiny hamlet and returned to the church.

"We have searched everywhere and found nothing," said Father Vergonne. "Dr. Lovequack, we have only your word there really is a thief."

All eyes shifted toward me. "That is true, however, as an outsider, I am the only one here who does not stand accused. There was a thief, and, to be sure, we have not looked quite everywhere. We have searched every house but one. Your house, Father Vergonne."

"You're not accusing the priest," said the bearded fisherman, horrified at the thought.

"I'm not accusing anyone," I replied. "I'm accusing everyone."

"I am a man like yourself," the priest told the fisherman. "Search my quarters."

Father Vergonne led us to his study, a cubicle behind the altar. There was room inside for only one man. The bearded fisherman entered.

"What's this!" he shouted. He returned brandishing a book. "What's this!" he repeated. The volume fell open to a portrait of Satan in all his unholy glory. It was a book about devil worship.

"These murders are the work of the devil," the priest exclaimed. "In this world as in the next it is necessary to know thine enemy."

The fisherman was convinced.

"Let's go to the rectory," the priest said.

Crossing the courtyard we passed near a tool shed where a pair of dogs were sniffing around the door. On our approach they began to bark and claw at the door. The bearded fisherman opened the door and fell back, screaming. The odor of carrion filled the air. A flutter of ostrich feathers spilled onto the ground. "Someone has to go in," the fisherman said. A moment later he walked out with the Baron's missing notes in his hand, which he let fall to the ground, for he also held the head of the taxi-driver, Harrison. The fisherman's face was deathly white.

Everyone looked at Father Vergonne and waited. Trembling, the priest sank to his knees sputtering an incoherent prayer, "The devil... Satan... O forgive us, Father, for we have sinned..."

A voice in the crowd shouted, "Murderer!"

The bearded fisherman pointed his finger accusingly at the priest. "Devil worshiper."

Terrified, the priest backed away from the crowd. The man next to me pried a loose cobblestone from the courtyard. It caught the priest square in the chest and knocked him down. The next stone broke his jaw

and made him unable to cry out. His last words were lost as the mob tore him to pieces.

The door opened and once again I was in Von Rolphenstein's castle. The storm raged with new ferocity. The butler greeted me and took my coat. "I have prepared a fine meal," he said, "I hope the experiment was a success." I smiled and sat down to remove the plastic prosthesis from my leg. The butler handed me my marble peg and I watched him lumber off toward the kitchen, his huge ears twitching with delight, his wings dragging behind him.

I tore the uncomfortable mask from my face and stretched my magnificent mallard's bill. I stood for a moment plucking pinfeathers from the rubber mask.

"Lovequack," I laughed.\*\*\*

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(Make Money cont'd. from page 21)  
street.

"You're going to have to call the police and probably your insurance company, and you better call a lawyer too. You just might be in a little hot water, being in the condition you're in."

A black and white pulled up behind the limosine. Reality seemed to dawn on assemblyman Hubert. "Listen," he said, "I can't afford any trouble right now. I'll tell you what. You say you were driving. I'll make it good for you. Five hundred dollars, plus any legal expenses or fine there might be."

"Not interested."

"And I'll throw in the limosine."

Howard looked the man in the eye which was difficult with him swaying the way he was. He waved to the doorman across the street.

"What the hell happened here?" asked the officer.

"Hit the curb and lost it," said Howard.

## Part II

"So I get back to the hotel finally and there's this dummy standing there with one finger up in the air and the meter says six bucks. So I pull up and I say 'Are you waiting for a written invitation or do you just want to get in. Your meter's running.' And he gets in and starts to say something and I tell him, 'You hired this cab the minute you threw your luggage in the back seat; even though you forgot to get in yourself, that's not my fault.' Then when we get to the airport, he hands me the seventeen bucks and I said that twenty would cover the extra inconvenience of looking all over town for him."

Ron was mounted astride a swivel stool like he was riding a stallion into battle. Every time his story climaxed it seemed his stool bucked and reared. He sat before a plate of spaghetti and a cup of black coffee at the Eat-em-up Restaurant. Don Palmer sat on one side of him and a real gentleman and a veteran cab driver Jimmy Glove sat on the other.

"You call this spaghetti?" Ron shouted across the restaurant.

"What's the matter, Ron?" asked Don.

"Terrible," he said, "Waitress!"

She was homely and tough.

"You can't kill me. I'll have another plate of whatever this is. I know you call it spaghetti, but spaghetti it's not. Let me tell you about spaghetti. My mother -"

"Jesus Christ," Jimmy threw up his hands. "This guys a cracker. I knew a guy like him once before."

"Oh, that's just Ron. But say, I've been thinking it over." Don wanted to say something to the both of them. "I've wondered for a long time how we could improve our friendship and it seems to me that if we could make a commitment and dedicate ourselves to a goal that we could move ahead."

"What did you have in mind, Don?" Now Ron was all business.

"Oh, I'm not sure really. I'd like to have a little money to where I wouldn't have to always be out fighting for a buck just to pay the rent."

"To get ahead, you have to work for yourself. It's that simple," said Ron. "Now let me tell you. You can work as hard as you want to. Work until you're blue in the face. Work two full time jobs. Work until you've paid all your bills, you're half dead

and your wife runs off with some artist and you still won't have nothing. To make money you have to start a business and hire other people to work for you and build the business. And then give more people jobs and make more money and build the business. That's the first law. Build the business. No, that's the second law. The first law is Make Money."

"But how are you going to do that? The little guy, wanting to go into business in this town is up against a brick wall." Jimmy got up from his place. "Damn near impossible. Take it easy fellas. Oh, before I go, I was wanting to ask you, Don. Who's this blind guy that calls you up for personals all the time?"

"Happy."

"Yeah, I heard it at the dispatch window you been off the radio for three days this week with this guy. You aren't giving yourself away again, are you?"

"Oh no. This guy's my best customer. Always pays full fare. Yesterday he had me take him on a little tour around town."

"That's heavy." Ron shook his

head, "Very heavy. He's blind so you take him on sightseeing tours, right?"

"He hears everything that's going on," laughed Don, "He's a great guy. We stop at a couple of bars and sometimes people ride along with us. No matter what he makes me keep the meter running. He can hear it ticking. We go out through the park and down to the Cliff House and I describe it all to him; only I tell him like it was still that old castle there inside of that clapboard box. We go across the gate and cruise through Sausalito with the windows down. All the time he's laughing and shouting. I'll tell him there's a crowd of people at the stoplight and he'll give me his dark glasses to wear and he'll say, "Can you give us directions? We can't find our way home."

"Sightseeing tours, huh?"

Silence.

Everyone smiled. "You fellas are crazy," said Jimmy. But you're good boys. Sightseeing tours, he said again and waved as he went out into the streets, shaking his head and smiling. He saw it all. \*\*\*



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## Utopian Capitalism

Hubert Humphrey, with his "Politics of Joy,"  
Thinks there could be work for all who want employ,  
But it's never dawned on Hubie that there might be  
deeper roots;  
That limited economic systems don't bear endless  
fruits.

Teddy Kennedy, with his untold wealth,  
Appears to be interested in the nation's health.  
But Ted's head's in the sand, because he chooses  
To think that everyone can win while nobody loses.

Utopian Capitalists, that's what they are,  
And it's quite clear that they don't look  
too far.

They just pick out the thesis that makes  
their point best,  
And disregard the rest.

Portuguese rightists exiled in Spain  
Claim to hold monopoly in equal disdain,  
But they help the conglomerates perpetuate the myth  
That ma and pa capitalism still can exist.

"It's God's will," said old Rockefeller, explaining  
his luck,  
And a gullible nation hid its head in the muck.  
A century later this fetish persists  
Thanks to Utopian Capitalists.



Utopian Capitalists are a frustrating lot.  
They can't see that capitalism means some  
must have not.

And refuse to understand the basic contradiction  
That poverty's not chance but predilection.

You see, power and money are one and the same,  
And only a handful really play the game.  
They try to convince us that change would cause chaos,  
As they control us with what they don't pay us.

They control the elections, it's easy to see,  
And the "public servants" become their employees.  
So if you think that change simply comes from reform,  
You'd better think twice, you're not even warm.

Utopian Capitalists just make no sense.  
Either they're ignorant, or just simply dense,  
Or maybe they're consciously trying to fool us  
'cause they're part of the people who rule us.

They call it "Free Enterprise," those in control.  
They're free to make more out of that which they stole;  
Free to get rich with no taxes to pay,  
And free to get you if you get in the way.

At least one good thing can be said for the Nixons,  
And those whom they serve with all of the fixin's.  
The contradictions are clear, the illusions are few,  
So you know what it is you must do.

Utopian Capitalism's really deranged,  
Money is power and that just won't change.  
Reforming the system is hardly the answer.  
You don't put a band-aid on cancer.

-Frank L. Hackman

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(Godzilla cont'd. from page 8)

lions have been pleading for a savior to restore their faith.

I never shared the faith of my copatriots in our functionaries and managed to sidestep a shattering disillusionment. I always suspected a Godzilla.

I was raised in a town on San Francisco Bay whose sole industry was the manufacture of nuclear submarines. A nuclear submarine not only is powered by a reactor which heats a steam turbine, but also carries a large complement of ICBMs armed with nuclear warheads.

Jimmy K. knows my town well for he was involved in the design and manufacture of the first nuclear submarines. He believes very strongly in the N-boats. A nuke, if you have never seen one, is black, rides low in the water, its conning tower and tail rudder slicing the water like the fins of an atomic shark. Almost totally unaffected by tide and current, the wake is dead straight. It is uncanny the way the ship glides through a choppy Golden Gate on its mission of death. *The Thresher was a magnificently malevolent sight as she broke through the whitecaps...*

One day in school during an air-raid drill I refused to crawl under my desk. I was eleven years old. I reasoned that a nuclear explosion would render any such precaution absurd. Officially, I was kicked out of school but a kind and humane principal understood me. I told him the sailors in our Navy painted the words "Moscow" and "Leningrad" on the missiles in our submarines. I saw those words myself and was assured by those very same sailors that the Russians had missiles with

the name of our town written down in the same manner. The principal agreed that that was true but insisted that it was necessary to pretend that we were safe. From the thousand World War Two movies I had already seen, I had gleaned an unsettling truth: men with dangerous weapons, berserk patriotism and exaggerated machos who taunted one another eventually started shooting. What was the point of all that fancy hardware if it was never to be used?

At age eleven I was already suffering from existential nuclear depression.

In that year of 1957 Sputnik happened. Then along came Kennedy who invented the missile crises. Despite his flair and dash and style, he upped the ante for the holocaust several notches. He protected Godzilla and Godzilla protected him and you can bet the New Byzantines never would have cashed him in on Johnson. Kennedy gave us the media presidency, the image presidency, and all the phoney promises of the New Frontier. He effectively separated the public image of the presidency from the politician who was the man. This was a great lesson for the politicians who have followed, but none has successfully pulled it off. There is great nostalgia for a Kennedy slickness, and Jimmy K. is one well-oiled peanut farmer.

In 1963 most Americans still believed their country was the biggest and the best, a land of unlimited resources, enormous wealth, tremendous power, a nation feared and envied by the rest of the world. This arrogance penetrated very deeply into the minds of the people. Kennedy's America was naive and vain, a child emperor convinced of its own

(Godzilla)

immortality.

In the next thirteen years this belief ebbed as a new kind of historical consciousness was kindled, not wholly unprecedented in American history but unique in that it reached many millions of people.

First: we accepted the fact that our natural resources were limited. We are a big country like a lot of big countries, past and present. We have a lot but we do not have everything.

Second: we lost a war. This is such a devastating notion to some folks they still will not admit it.

Third: our faith in the political system was severely shaken. Corrupt officials, scandal, a little anarchy in the streets, racism, sexism, inflation, unemployment, bad schools, drug addiction, a failed revolution all contributed to the loss of faith. The rest of the world has lived with these eminently human problems for a couple of thousand centuries but we always believed we were special, above all that.

Now we know we are not so special but rather a part of a great historical chain of being, something greater than any individual nation. We have almost reached a great moment, a moment when we could lose *all* our myths and illusions and thus become a great people. We will not reach that moment, not now, for we still prefer the illusion and the mistaken idea that we are already a great people. Jimmy K. tells us so. It's his job. The dose of reality meted out to us since 1963 opened the eyes of many, but it made many more squeeze theirs ever so tightly shut.

Jimmy K. has convinced the people that his administration will abolish the abuses of Godzilla. He will re-

turn the government to the people. A contradiction in terms. He says the next four (read eight) years will be different. They will be. Godzilla will disappear completely. (Nixon told us we could trust him, too.) For a while, we refused to believe any politician, for we had seen the horrors of New Byzantium, but we failed to make the quantum leap into real understanding. Jimmy K. has capitalized on the people's hunger for faith and security and restored the illusion. Godzilla's knight has won the day.

## JIMMY K. MEETS GODZILLA IN NEW BYZANTIUM

It was said that the sun never sets on the British Empire. The light never falls on Godzilla. The bureaucratic depths of the federal government are beyond individual human comprehension. No one man, no president, will ever know, let alone control, the entire federal monster.

There are basic strata of power within this Byzantine maze which will remain unchanged no matter who is president or which party rules Congress. Max Weber, a German sociologist of the 19th century who wrote a number of classic works on bureaucracy, maintained that the basic purpose of any bureaucracy is to continue its own existence. An agency which acts in its own interest does not act in the interest of the people.

The people believe Jimmy K. will alter their relationship to the federal government. This implies that Jimmy K. will alter the basic nature of the myriad federal agencies. Ridiculous! There is an elite corps of executives who float freely among

government agencies, private foundations with nefarious government ties and corporations with government contracts. These humans have woven an intricate power structure: Godzilla. Such a supragovernment, existing out of the limelight, has surfaced in all nations of any size worth noticing. The incredible thing in America is that it is all wrapped up in so much secrecy, double-talk and public ignorance. This makes democracy in America a joke, justice a shame, equality ludicrous and Jimmy K. a phoney.

To buck Godzilla - the non-elected federal government and its associated, contracted allies - would be a truly revolutionary act. Jimmy K. is no revolutionist. It is one thing to assault the demon on New Byzantium from afar, from the campaign platform, quite another to take on Godzilla at close quarters. The outsider who is elected is suddenly transmogrified into an insider. Suddenly Jimmy K. is possessed of all that heady power he decried. The people believe he will not abuse that power; but the power is not all his. There are the million mouths, no feet and borrowed brain of the Japanese cinemonster. If Jimmy K. truly attacked Godzilla, he would be ground to peanut butter before you could say hot dogs, baseball, apple pie, and Chevrolet. That will not happen. When Jimmy K. meets Godzilla, they will shake hands, sit down and make a deal.

To the folks down in Plains, he is Mr. Jimmy, a small-town oligarch and a shrewd agribusinessman. He controls one hell-of-a-big peanut farm. In his own Southern, small-town way, he is very much a part of the power elite. It is to his credit

that Lester Maddox hates him. A good campaigner, an astute opportunist, they say he was a good reform governor as reform governors go. A scrupulous administrator but no earth-shaker. Big deal. Power corrupts and we shall see how long his hands remain clean while wrapped around the federal power throttle. Godzilla will teach him how to survive in New Byzantium. He will throw a big Andrew Jackson party and take a ride under the Potomac in a nuclear submarine.

I don't trust him. He has led the people back into a false sense of security. He has returned us to a naive we foolishly label faith. He is about to conceal from view the insidious Godzilla and reestablish the protectorate over New Byzantium. Things will change. They will become much worse, much more dangerous because we prefer not to see what happens before our eyes.

There is only one way to destroy Godzilla: a second constitutional convention held in the ruins of New Byzantium.\*\*\*

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\* tax not included / prices subject to change

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Dean Swift Snuff, Rolling Papers, Paraphernalia, & Magazines  
Hours: 9 a.m. - 8 p.m. Mon. - Sat.



Addendum to page 30:

To the tune of *You Gotta Have Heart*  
should read:

You gotta have parts

Miles and miles and miles  
of parts

A garage with a mechanical whiz  
who's sure of his biz  
is not the start

First you gotta have parts!