By Jude Acers (US Senior Master)

Are you a "gas pumper," "fool" or a "play-.It is the 33rd city on the United States chess tour by the greatest chess lecturer and exhibition player who ever lived. What to do, what to do?. . . The Rolling Stones and Steppenwolf drop television sets out hotel windows. You settle for smashing telephones against the Holiday Inn wall in Wichita Falls. You think you will never be cheated, spit upon, scorned as Albert Horowitz and George Koltanowski experienced on their murderous bygone tours. Miller and Edmondson had warned you. You think you are getting away with it. Think again, Jude, baby. It is time to pay in your blood. The bill is past due. Pay up.

I walk up to the Holiday Inn desk. I have ignored Blubber's hastily worded offer to try to sell chess lessons to chess players in Wichita Falls. I have said nothing as he scrambles luggage to the door of -- credit where credit is due -- very beautiful hotel and its second deck pool. The clerk asks me what type of room will be wanted. "The best room for one" is the reply. I flip my American-Express-Richard-Brautigan-club-membership-card across the desk. Blubber is shook and follows me to the door of my room. I open the door and turn half-way around toward Blubber Cadillac. No offer from Blub.

"I'll phone Mr. Miller, my tour manager, immedictely. It's his decision," I say without raising my voice in deeply felt anger. They do this to nice guys like Bisguier and Gligoric, not me, buster. Blubber bursts out, "Mr. Acers, you can't leave now. We have done all the publicity and it's too late. .

I say nothing, but hustle three bags into the room and close the door on Blubber Cadillac forever. It is not hard to predict what will happen. He will race home and phone every chess club member possible. Those phones wires will hummmm.

For ten minutes in my room I consider what to do to avoid going crazy permanently. The T.V. set. Yes; that's it. Yes, I will drop it out the window like the Rolling Stones do on tour. I grab the T.V. set and lift it off the table. I will throw it through the window and smash it into a thousand pieces. Then I will pick up no telephone in my room. the telephone and politely inquire as to how much the T.V. costs. They will say a general figure or that they can find out for me. I will reply, "Find out and charge it to my room, please," and mysteriously hang up in the manner of evil Dick Tuck and Hunter S. Thomp-

There are three problems. First, the television set cannot possibly fit through the panel windows of the Holiday Inn. Second, I do not have a 50-yard extension cord for the television set. Third, I am not being featured on an evening newscast for the purpose in-

You see, Steppenwolf started the world famous television demolition tradition on tour many years ago. The Rolling Stones, however, introduced fashionable variations of play that simply cannot be ignored by the active, top-notch demolition theoretician. You must now have a long extension cord, so that at the precise instant that you appear on the T.V. newscast, you can drop the television like a bomb to the street below and watch yourself explode in living color on NBC. Believe me, it is the supreme high. It is your tough luck if you do not drop the television evenly, so that it falls face toward you all the way. Try again next tour city. And, of course, the Rolling Stones did | massacre at Texas University could be curinewscasts in already sold out cities for the express purpose of television demolition in the evening, even though camera news crews would never dream of this. Naturally, half the blast is calling the desk in an all innocent honesty and reporting the accident, concluding with "charge it to my room, please. Thank you very much." You have to pay willingly every cent of the damage or you are not class.

However, I can't consider a television set which is the "gas pumpers." The second and third and reality escapes the "fools. not being dipped out of a window or over the old groups are the "fools" and the "players." palcony. My hotel had provisions for neither. Thus, I set the television down. I had my pride. I absolutely could not open my door and toss it out. That would not indicate world class. The television set of Room 204 was saved by an absolute triple miracle. That left the telephone to die. Die, telephone, die.

looked sorrowfully at my room's telephone It was now doomed. I shall be released only by smashing something to smithereens. picked it up and prepared to hurl it into the wall a dozen times, when I realized that the formal cancellation of the exhibition had not vet occurred. Only Russell Miller could do this. Hysterically, I phoned him and screamed obscenities. "What am I doing here? Weren't all housing expenses paid, guaranteed?' Twenty expletives delted. "Get me out of here, Miller! Crash. Boom."

Miller cannot believe that for only the second time in 600 chess exhibitions and lecture appearances, we are going to be cheated. It's going to be a bath, in fact, a flood. He promises to call back in five minutes after venting his own heated brain on Blubber Cadillac. I do not tell Miller that in that five minutes

my phone is ended. Hanging up, I raise the telephone to the sky I push it with terrific force across the room and it actually rings while it is in the air, just leaving my hand. K - boom goes the phone against the wall, crashing to the floor. Incre-

dibly, it is still in one piece. I decide to pick up the receiver, because the person will become upset and might phone the hotel, worried that some madman is in my room and breaking up my telephone. It is a high school kid on the other end of the wire.

"Mr. Acers, this is Joe Senior calling to ask you to reconsider your decision to cancel your appearance in our city. Please, Mr. Acers. All of us are most anxious to see and play against a chess master this Friday. Please stav. Mr. Acers.

The kid is wonderful. But he cannot know the horror of the last hour and a thousand degree brain. Politely I say, "I'm sorry, but even if I should stay, it would be all-expenses paid and the cost to your chess club would be ten times the fee agreed upon earlier. was doing it as a benefit.

The boy is audibly sorry. "Mr. Acers, I'm sorry this happ..."click. You hang up and raise the telephone into the air. It will be a remendous shot to the wall this time.

As I wind up the phone rings in my hand and I hear Miller tell me that he has called Blubber and cancelled the exhibition with a few choice words of disillusionment en passant. thank Mr. Miller after he says, "They're really in a spot down there now. They have o offer you mucho money or it's all off." Horsetrader Miller does not realize that I would not appear in Wichita Falls if the Bank of England paid for it. He does not realize that my telephone has received the last reprieve. I hang up and smash the telephone against a chair and the wall, until pieces were all over the floor.

me, ma'am. I have just noticed that there is

"How very strange, sir," the lady said. "Somebody must have taken it away in his suitcase," I suggested. (This was so very reason at all by the authority the policeman true.) She said she was sorry, would I like possesses. It is not paranoia but common another room? "No, that'll be all right. I'm sense to realize that a gun fires real bullets eaving in a few hours anyway

As I was leaving Wichita Falls, Texas on the Greyhound bus, I could see a telephone company truck parked in the driveway of the state militia. That the four students who died Holiday Inn. I suppose that it must have been a strange case. I kept part of the receiver | Guardsmen, according to John Mitchell, US as a momento for several years. I finally lost it at the Hotel Jerome bar in Aspen, Colorado, the same day I met Dr. Hunter Thompson. Blame it on him. It was all totally wrong, insane

It had been tough. Now came no breather with Austin, Texas. I was relaxed as the hound given the choice, forced to them on paper in pulled past the tower where a man murdered | writing today, all would have chosen to remain 16 people and shot about 30 in all. I had already considered the matter of a man shoot- for a "cause." They repeatedly refused to even ing people from a tower, as in Albert Camus' book, "The Stranger." It seemed to me that | field length away. That such does not happen in the reaction of people during the horrifying ously defined. First, when the shooting began, there were those who did not need to look up to the university tower to see where bullets were coming from, bullets that had just killed someone near them. They lit out for places | er when confronting real authority or guns. He unknown or dove for cover without question. That would be rational, safe and not very adventurous. But I understand it well. They are | -up after futile conquest. Recognition of danger

I go to great lengths to explain my concept | hold that, for better or for worse, the six SLA of the "fools" in life and the "players" in people who died in the Los Angeles fire and life, so that you will understand the reason police action are "fools." No, this is not the why Austin, Texas all but destroyed my ex- case at all. They are "Players" (Group C) istence, why Austin, Texas happened to me and they are totally unlike the Kent State shootat all. Please try to understand.

The first group of fleeing people are the The SLA individuals were absolutely certain wise people who will live to old age or have that they would soon die. They repeatedly said best chances of so doing. I respect these so in many ways. They were "players" if they people, although Janis Joplin horrified me by really believed their own words. Whatever calling them "gas pumpers." Yes, Janis was their goals, they recognized their certain fate. going back to her high school reunion to tell A "player" sees clear physical facts and all her old school chums who spurned her. play anyway. I am not trying to make heroes, I made it big doing my thing. And what are martyrs or villains out of the SLA people, alyou doing in Port Arthur....still pumping gas?" | though I am very sorry that they have died. As if there was something really wrong with (My political and specific knowledge of the SLA living quietly, working in a library or ser- is quite inadequate to judge anything.) vice station, raising a family and dying. To be fair. Janis went back home and was quite a lady, not insulting as she had promised to be when faced with "group A, the gas pump-

The second group are the "fools" in life. Group B. These people are those who do not est solely because it is there. But you must ad- lady, perhaps... at the University of Texas tower to check what

ly incapable of making a decision of a gas pumper, fool or player.) So, if you can look up with you-know-who waiting at journey's end. at the tower to see where the bullets are com- | Scary isn't it? Yooo-whooo....Peek-a-boo... ing from, refusing to believe that they are com-Think about it awhile. ing at you despite proof, you are a "fool."

The most common example of a "fool" is

beings have their mistaken and evil moments.

and is present and could kill you by the road.

A most dramatic example of the "fools"

category was the Kent State murders by the

were unjustifiably murdered by National

Attorney General (to say nothing of the brilliant

documentary by Peter Davies), has absolutely

nothing to do with categorization of the victims

in the "fools" bracket. They did not wish to

bullets really would murder them. If they were

alive or unwounded. They were not taking a risk

think of a bullet entering flesh from a football

It is a curiosity that it was exactly these

"fools" who seemed to drive Leninup the pro-

verbial wall. He hated demonstrators who did it

for a holiday, refusing to realize extreme dang-

hated revolutionary anarchy by its very nature,

without organization, planning, timing or follow

By the same token, I know that you would then

"player" plays, if

matter for our terms.

Berkeley Barb, September 27-October 3, 1974

The policeman's death would have been totaldifferent from the policeman, hours before, of course, the traffic cop-citizen motorist who could not believe dozens of reports comconfrontation. You do not show an officer of the ing over his squad car radio that a man was law who stops you for "non-existent" speeding shooting people from the campus tower. So only normal courtesy and respect. You are a what does he do? He gets out of his car an "fool" because you do not recognize what has incredible six or eight blocks away from the ater that evening I been proven beyond a doubt. The cop's gun can sniper and puts his head squarely between two went down to the lobby kill you in practice as well as in theory, no fence railings to gaze up at the tower. He is and encountered the night desk lady. "Excuse | matter how contemptuous you might be. We | squarely in the crosshairs of the killer's teleknow the policeman may honestly believe you scopic gunsight and click. The squad car poare reaching for a weapon. We know all human liceman is one of the "fools," while the stair climber is a "player," even though their fate Stated pure and simple, you could die for no might easily be the same. A "fool" might not live, a "player" might die

A final, excellent example of the "players" in Austin, Texas were the ambulance daredevils on campus. They realized the danger, but said to the man in the tower. You have the gun. For the hell of it I'm going to zig-zag around in the open territory and 'rescue' the wounded people out there whether you shoot or not." They played for no profits, of course, they and the people they were dragging could focus the attention of the assassin on them, getting everybody killed anyway.

It is never better to be a gas pumper, fool believe that real men with real guns and real or player. Fate decides who lyes or dies. I am merely pointing out the extreme accuracy with which it is possible b see human beings react to danger or a stimulus of pressure or life and death situation of any kind. You will understand that I happen to be a player without exception, though this certainly is not complimentary to me. It is just me in Aus-America very often or ever again does not

> Are all people in the world as pumpers, fools, players? No! Go to the racetrack. All the people who are spectators watching the gas pumpers, fools, players are non-doers. They are not in the horserace of life. They do nothing in the way of participation, really, These are the people who believe a president s a good person because he wears a suit and tie and goes to church on Sunday and has been president already. These are the people who ng for America is good. while not fighting, not bombing for America is very evil. "Spectators" are total mechanical people without existence, watching T.V football games, drinking beer and reading comic books. It is not "wrong" to be a spectaor, remember. We observe that most people. particularly the aged, are speciators. They could live, but refuse. No real conscious decisions are made by the spectator. He is not a doer. He does not strive for excellence, quality. He accepts.

All the racehorses on the track are probably 30 per cent of all people. The rest are not really alive at all. Incidentially, the man in the tower with the brain damage doesn't count as a rational figure. He is destroyed, helpless, tragic, forgotten in our view as he seemed to be by the university psychiatrist who told him, "Come back next week, please." when the gunman begged for help as he was necessary, just for the having 'this vision of shooting people from hell of it. He or she tries to climb Mt. Ever- the campus tower." If he had been a 34-24-34

recognize physical reality. The "fools" (not a | mit the danger. Let us return to the tower. All of these thoughts about living had passderogatory term but one of classification) are where a man with a brain tumor is murdering ed my mind so many years ago, when I was a the people who have to look up again and again people for miles around with a high-powered student worker in the Louisiana Sate Univerrifle. The man who went up to the stairway to sity Library, below the LSU tower and watchthey have already experienced: bullets are in- end the sniper's lifetime is a "player." He ing a killer shoot people from Texas Univerdeed coming down like hailstones. You stand knows he must die if he encounters the killer sity's tower, while a television camera viewthere and you are shot down a moment later. atop the stairway, but plays anyway. You can't ed him from the Texas University library! If you have any reaction time at all and do not say, "Well, it was his job." You didn't see The T.V. cameraman was, of course, a "playescape, you are a "fool." (Shock does not count anybody else but two policemen go up those er." In one hour I, too, would be met with a at all, since you have no reaction time then. stairs in eight hours, did you? Believe me, dilemma which forced me to prove my nature. You are not in control of your senses, virtual- there were few volunteers! Think about that The tower faded from the bus window...

mind can be deadly. You die before dying.

seem to care about their existence, I believe. They are | vodka! gas pumpers. They get out there and shake a leg.

You can find your own examples or challenges to the whole structure. It seems to be an interesting way to view all people: Do you try to be a doer and do you try to do well? Naturally, I hold that activity breeds survival, that activity is life itself. If you are really trying to cook marvelously, play chess well, grow plants, play violin beautifully, etc., then you breathe. You live. Otherwise, no. A common horror is the mother of six children who thinks she is alive and playing because that Marshall's score in the Swedish punch exhibition she is the mother of children! Nonsense. She is al- | was unprintable. He was furious and accepted another ready dead, a spectator in death phase. We pull into booking in Sweden just to get even. Then he beat the the motel and Austin begins

I am wondering if it will be possible to see a strange pot-bellied hick singer named B.W. Stevenson at a nightclub behind the motel. Hurry, lady, hurry. B.W. Stevenson is the talk of Austin radio. The cab driver says B.W. is dynamite. Two Texas ladies have hyped the singer, their eyeballs wide with amazement as they spoke to me. "He's gonna be a biggie, baby."

Good show. Hurry, lady, hurry. She knocks on the motel door and a clipboard, your performance tomorrow?'

pad and read the writing slowly, painfully. Oh, boy. This is it, Acers, baby. The end of the line and you know it immediately. Jesus Christ.

Because Russell Miller cannot dream that the Dobie Mall has a wonder-worker woman on the case, be- | For the hell of it. It would kill any chess master in the cause how are we to know that she is leaving promotion in Austin forever after this "magnum opus, you might say, of all commercial promotion in my city," you are faced with a schedule whipped together in five days that is gonna take care of you, Jude baby. You are gonna feel it in your bones. And there is no way out, because you are a player.

liller had told her to go ahead and try to arrange public school appearances. He did not tell her that with only five days notice we knew that public school appearances can never be arranged. He forgot about Fischer, who was badly shaking up newspapers and television stations from coast to coast. He forgot about how strange it was to see a grandmaster named Bent Larsen (Denmark) and another one named Mark Taimanov (USSR) lose all six games they played with Bobby Fischer. It was enough to give any chess master nightmares. But, most of all, Russell Miller forgot about wonder-worker woman, who went berserk on her last project, "something for Austin to remember her ov." Ha. Ha. Ha.

All that is scheduled in 17 neat hours is that:

(A) You are to teach five large groups of elementary school children how to play chess from "A" to "Z" in five separate schools scattered all over Austin, Texas. You will be driven to each school by three volunteer drivers, who will, of course, not have the faintest idea where they are going. All in eight hours. Great. What next?...

(B) At 4:30 p.m. you must deliver a one-hour address at the Dobie Mall. It's for the hundreds of wild-

## IS AUSTIN

PART TWO

event and must be dynamite. You will be completely exhausted even before it begins. Great. What next?...

(C) Afterward, you must play all "40" chess players, seeded from hundreds in the city. Of course, 17 extra players are gonna sneak in, just to make it tough. "Ha, ha, ha, ha. Fun, fun," like Charles Applewhite says in peckerwood country. Great. What next?..

(D) One hour later, you must be at the airport to rush to Savannah, Georgia. Thousands of people, three television stations and the mayor are waiting for you at dawn for the Oglethorpe Mall chess exhibition, and curse him out." Then write the Park Haviland which will be the first in Savannah history. A prison | Hotel phone number beneath it. Then you stick it on exhibition a day later is all set as well.

you have to do it. . . player.

The schedule is, of course, not possible. You know dress? You couldn't buy promotion like that. from a thousand appearances that your voice and mental energy are too strong to die. You operate 100 volts more than any other human. But here you have his Christian Science Monitor chess column? Why six hours of lectures, three madhouse drivers and the are your tours officially endorsed by the United real meany bad-guy chess buffs of Austin are waiting States Chess Federation and the American Chess at the end of the line after you've been suitably "softened up." They do this sort of thing to Yugoslav grandmaster and all-American nice guy Svetozar As I am climbing into a cab, I realize that the taxi | Gligoric each year, when he visits the US. Yes, they | look a little weird, might have that long hair, but the driver who really likes his job and strives toward ex- take Gligo the Great to a great banquet just before the good old Louisiana boy would offend nobody with what cellent knowledge of Austin streets is a "player." If exhibition and insist upon filling his glass with just it is just a boring job to rip off the customer's money, six dabs of wine and just "one more" dab of chamif he doesn't care about his whole professional exist- pagne. Strangely, Gligo sits there and talks to all the ence, then he is a zombie "spectator" or "fool," not ladies along the table one by one. Strangely, he stagrecognizing that greater joy or self identity is possible, gers from the banquet and beats 20 or 30 chess opdespite much evidence throughout his lifetime. A closed ponents anyway, after being thoroughly softened up. Nobody on the west coast can figure it out. "We Gas pumpers lead a meaningful, productive, but quiet tried it three times and it didn't work once!" recalls fully, nobody will be envious of you or even notice existence that involves thinking, happiness, decision a Mechanics' Institute Chess Club member, laughing making. For example, most taxi and greyhound drivers with delight. In Los Angeles they succeeded with

> emember Marshall, the legendary chess hustler from New York, who climbed off a ship to get a surprise in Sweden just before his exhibition there? The surprise was delayed action "Swedish punch," so powerful that it begins to get to you about the time those last 20 tough games get tough. The result was brains out of all 44 players who competed in that one. And he drank straight coffee thereafter on his | Stevenson is. His bass player and his drummer were European tour. . There are other ways to soften up | his friends back in kindergarten, so, therefore, they the visiting master nowadays.

The head of Jude Acers is spinning with the second Coca-Cola. He manages a weak fake-out smile as the lady is leaning toward him. It's right out of "Clockwork Orange" as she says, "I hope it's all right, Mr. Acers. Mr. Miller said that you are the very best chess lecturer for children in the entire Sheaffer pen and yellow legal pad are in your hands world. We just couldn't miss this opportunity. All instantly. She is smiling and very excited. "Well, the newspapers have been announcing your schedule hi! At last you are here, Mr. Acers. We've been for days. The children are very excited and we've working night and day on your chess exhibition and been getting lots of phone calls from parents and all of your other Austin appearances. Do you know even children asking for more information. There is that the demand to play you has been so great that even a car full of chess players who may follow 300 hundred chess players have been in a play-off | you from place to place all day, or so I heard at the tournament for weeks, just to get a chessboard at elimination chess tournament today! I hope it's all right to have so many events in one day. Frankly, You smile nicely, flattered that she has really shot Mr. Acers, we don't know how you can do it, Mr. the works on this one. Then you look down at the legal | Acers. Good luck, Mr. Acers!". . .Her words sink in very slowly. She cannot imagine opening and closing a demo chessboard six times in one day, she cannot

> Yes, Jude Acers would do it. For the climb alone. world to perform the schedule. It will put him out of commission on that plane. Get to the plane in one bodily piece. Try to make the plane in any condition. That is what you must keep saying to yourself, Jude. Make the plane. All Georgia waits at the height of Fischer chess mania 24 hours from now. The plane..

> "Mr. Acers, I hope the three people who volunteered to drive you around have all the road directions figured out. Austin is an easy place to get lost in. Did you hear about the little boy they didn't find for three days last week in downtown Austin? He got lost and was too scared to ask anyone where he was. He just kept walking around, not saying anything to anybody he met." Jude Acers bolts upright in his chair with eyes as big as coffee cup saucers. Then he calms down. Ha, ha. It's a joke. Ha, ha. She is leaving now and thanking you gratefully, wishing you good luck again.

> When you book a tight schedule on a three country chess tour, nothing can be allowed to go wrong or you are up the river and drowning. We had gotten away with crucifying schedules dozens of times. So why not now as before? Miller had booked this one airtight and had thrown in a carte blanche for disaster, wonder-worker woman. You angrily, frantically telephone Miller to give him a choice sampling of your feelings at this moment. Fortunately, Miller is not at home in Yakima, Washington. That's right. Miller is directing his thousandth chess tournament competition at the Park Haviland Hotel in Portland, Oregon. As almost always, Miller is losing money on his chess tournaments and is refereeing this chess tournament for free as well. This is so that Russell Miller will have something to do while he is losing more than \$10,000 on Jude Acers chess tours in the good old days. You'll have

ly enthusiastic chess players of Austin. It's a main to phone Miller in Portland to curse him out. He has not arrived at the Park Haviland at this hour, the telephone operator discovers. O.K. Miller gets a onehour curse out reprieve. Wait an hour to phone again. What to do, what to do?.

What the hell. It is not going to matter if you get six hours sleep before dawn. When those children, drivers, lecture audiences, reporters and killer Austin chess players get through with you, there will be nothing left to remember but B.W. Stevenson.

You write a note to remind yourself: "Call Miller the motel door. You ponder how you are in this fix Consider the possibilities briefly. That's five be- This is a chess tour by United States Chess Federaginner chess classes. Another one-hour public lecture. tion senior master Jude F. Acers. You are the great-Playing 40 chess players who are really 57 chess | est of all time. You have to produce. Why do you think players. Catch the midnight plane and barely make it the New York Times newspaper runs announcements to Savannah. Think about it. Laugh about it. Because of your chess tour, talks repeatedly about Jude Acers nationwide chess tours and gives Mr. Miller's ad-

Why in the hell do you think Fredrich Chevalier runs four motheroo tour notices during one year in Foundation, despite the fact that they know you are nuts, out of your ever lovin' mind? Why did Kenneth Smith write in Chess Digest that Jude Acers might he had to say? Yes, why?

Because you are "good product." Because you get unbelievable results. Because you are a born entertainer, a damn Phineus T. Barnum promotional dream. Your donkey can be sold. You are the greatest of all canned goods. Instant Acers of chess. You are mad, but so, so harmless, except to telephones. Hopeyou as you quietly cart your first one million dollars into the bank. "Jude the obscure," as the man wrote in "Larry Evans on Chess." Creep, creep, creep along...Shh. Nobody will ever do what you will do this day in Austin. Shut up, Acers. Produce.

You decide to give the motel telephone a terrific smash into the wall. Boom! Boom! K-boom! But it is still in one piece. Texas telephones are tough. According to Smith, everything in Texas is tough. We'll try again later on in the morning. Off to B.W. ...No, wait. Just one more smash of this telephone into the wall. Jesus, it still works. Telephone number two is doomed. Curse the phone. Curse Miller.

Across the parking lot the great road singer B.W. Stevenson is playing in dungarees, dirty T-shirt, which is all you need when you are as good as B.W. are really tight now. It's been a long, long time.

It is intermission time. Jude and B.W. talk, B.W. s almost unknown. He tells Jude Acers that good times are ahead. Three Dog Night had promised to record a song he wrote called "Sham-ba-la." But it didn't come out on their last album. "They promise me it will be on the next one for sure," he says

without nervousness and with sheer unmitigated guts. I do not tell him about Slim Harpo and Excello records. How Slim's "Raining in My Heart" sold several million records before Slim died. How hidden dummy record factories made the records Slim never got paid for. I do not tell him at least 20 ways that a recording artist, much less a song composer, can get robbed blind by the twist of a recording channel button. I do not tell B.W. Stevenson that, of all the hundreds of recording groups that I have known or even talked with, only six later hit with million selling records even once. Arthur Alexander, Buddy Holly, Slim Harpo, Dale and Grace. John Fred and the Five Americans. All others also ran. I am sorry for him. I know he is only dreaming. He doesn't care about the odds. The test

B.W. Stevenson wants to be sure that Jude Acers gets the message. Not only is his song "Sham-bala" sure to be recorded, it is going to be a monster hit for Three Dog. He looks Jude in the eyeballs and wills a million selling record that he wrote. Before I hit St. Petersburg, Florida, "Sham-ba-la" is the monster hit playing on my Sony CF 350 screaming machine. I play it very, very loud while I smash telephones.

B.W. Stevenson has to go back on stage. He says that he has recorded a single release, a hooker song called "My Maria," It will be a hit, too, says B.W. And Jude Acers just smiles. "My Maria" is the hottest record in the nation by the time Jude Acers blasts into Atlanta, Georgia. Jesus, you can hear the mother playing on the loudspeaker beside the Marriott swimming pool.

You wonder how some people make it like Picasso. B.W. Stevenson, Larry Evans, Irving Cherney and Jude Acers. Because they have a good donkey that can be sold to real live people. They are good product They show up on time. They can be contracted, sold They work with bookkeepers, shopkeepers, bankers managers, good guys and bad guys. They are not out there. They are in there. They know that children, reporters, cab drivers and disc jockeys are tremendously important. They see novels where others do not see postcards. All that is missing is the suit and

B.W. Stevenson goes into a golden oldie routine and takes Jude Acers back to the school hop at Mandeville High. Dance with Sandra again. Squeeze. Squeeze. It is time to leave B.W., who is only dreaming to dream. You do. The motel, another motel is awaitsec page 12

一一四一一一一一

### THE PRICE IS AUST

ing. Oh, Holiday Inn, we love you. Yes, we do...Ooh, oop, oop, oop. Yes, we really do...Ooh, oop, oop.

Dawn. The telephone rings and it begins. She is on the other end and she is a 19-year-old, churchgoing, proper lady car driver who fully understands that she is escorting a fabulous chess professional to his blast-out lectures for the Austin children this morning. She has done all her reading on Jude Acers and remembers every little detail of Mr. Russell Miller's press release. She knows she's driving a heavyweight heavy. She has not, however, read the city map of Austin, Texas so carefully as to discover that her little black line all across Austin goes right through two dead-end streets, right through a mountain and right through more than 100 traffic stop lights. We will discover all of this together during

the next two exciting hours. It is 6:30 a.m. when Jude Acers executes his world record shave and dress routine in three minutes flat, scrambling into his only pressed shirt and cheap jeans for the kiddies

Wayne, not make a of all Jude Ace ler, for the blast make the very bes world has ever seen, board into the back The kiddies are waiting

The first thing I remember w I am not kidding. We are driving at our on a flat road. She is a careful driver, but cal. it. She knows exactly where she isn't going and either. Then came this mountain, right in the of Austin. I swear, it looked like Mt. Ever wound around it three times. I saw the sal box three times in 20 minutes. Politely, I sugg that maybe she should check her little black once more, because several hundred six-or se vear old children were waiting at this very mome "Do you remember Charlie in Boston on the MTA?" I ask nervously.

She nods. "Oh, I see where the school is now, Jude. We just aim the car east and we're headed right in the general direction.

While she aimed the car, she realized that there was still one small problem. There was no road going east, much less in the general direction of the firstgrade school. We were now ten minutes late. Yes, we had to circle the mountain a fourth time to get back to the expressway: I saw the beloved mailbox landmark for the fourth, but not necessarily the last time on this Friday morning. I actually reached out and tapped the now familiar mailbox through the window as we passed by. It was, let me tell you, damn terrifying. I thought it actually possible that we were never going to get out of there. There was not one single automobile passing us for a solid hour on

She is confident that we'll get there now. She knows exactly where it is. She just hadn't figured on a mountain. "Where did it come from, I wonder Jude?" she

We are now going 20 miles an hour on winding streets up and down little hills. We are not speeding and she is a careful driver. She peers at each approaching traffic light and makes sure that she stops at ever single traffic red light humanly possible. It was unbelievable. How can you get caught by every traffic light? I was laughing with total disbelief, as I actually counted 16 red lights in a row. "Red is my favorite color anyway," she said with a nice smile and sigh of surrender

The very next thing that happened was only the most terrifying fucking thing that has ever happened to me in all my years of traveling. With no warning, with no perceivable cause or reason, our pedestrial 20mile-an-hour vehicle suddenly turned completely around on the highway. She had done nothing to jerk the wheels around. There was no rain, snow, or ice to flip it like a compass needle. There was no grease patch on the road that we could see. Yet, there we were, staring in the opposite direction down the highway, as if some giant hand had come out of the sky to whirl our car around. I was now absolutely bananas. She screamed, "Jude, what did I do? What is wrong with my car? I didn't do anything, Jude. What happened?

"Nothing. Nothing. Not your fault. Stay cool, baby. Don't worry. It's nothing. Stay cool, baby," I said hysterically, my whole body coiled in fear.

There was no giant hand from the sky in view. There was no reason. But there we were as she fought to get the car reversed in a hurry, and I saw through the back window that we were going over a cliff! "Oh. God! No. no! Stop, stop! Please stop!" I screamed in horror. One wheel was now in the air everywhere over the horizon of Austin, Texas. Jesus H. Christ!

Bravely, Jude Acers got out of the automobile as fast as possible, in a flash, so "that the young lady could reverse her car's direction on the cliff without his unnecessary interference or presence. Ha, ha. He stared speechless. If she made the slightest mistake with her remaining wheel, if she did not pull out perfectly straight, if the wheel did not hold on back to the road, then the woman was absolutely a dead body and Austin, Texas would be showered by 64 kings, bishops, rooks, queens, knights and pawns in the valley below.

With the nonchalance of Evil Knievel, she gunned the car and Jude Acers sat down on the road with his hands over his eyes, head in hands. He could not bear to watch her die. He could not think of his demonstraverized a thousand feet below. End of tour. End of lady. It was just that horrifying, when suddenly she sat a moment later in the middle of both highway lanes smiling. Naturally, there was a curve ten yards past her car. And, so help me, if a tricycle came around the curve doing two miles an hour, it had to hit her car. If anything came around the bend, it

I was hysterical for keeps now. "Please, lady, oh God, please! Straight ahead to the dirt road over here! Hurry, hurry! Oh, God...Oh, God! Move! Move!"

A Chevrolet truck doing 50 miles an hour on the curve now came into view as she started the ignition If she had waited one second more, she would have in the morning. The expression of the truck drive priceless, one of pure shock as he whizzed p rowly missing the cliff edge in the dodging that her car had barely allowed.

She ran the car off the road and other in silence for a moment. I se kissing her for two reasons. Firs where even veteran racin Second, I figured

ouched it with eal live people there is to it. Austin sun is ude climbs back into the . Jude We could sure

so close that a

on, only 40 d children ar This means t w to Play Ches

s you can. It also guarante the next school and the

chine gun, that is, your normal ids love it, laugh, applaud, jump also learn to play chess faster audience in history. After just one lecture straining, and there are five more one-hour es to go, back-to-back. There is no time for isual blitz get-to-know-your-friendly chess ter question and answer session.

The children crowd around you and hug your legs, tug' at your belt, reach out to touch you. No autographs. You have to fly and you are out of there in 25 minutes flat.

A television crew interviewed several of the children from that morning session. They looked dazed but delighted. Another world record for chess teaching. "It's not a bird, not a plane, not a locomotive...It's Super Jude!" said the newscaster.

Next mash. Next mash. Another. Another. Will it ever end...I changed cars and drivers. It did not matter. Five times I was late. All day long my volunteer drivers got us lost, tapped several car fenders, two street signs, hit one telephone pole, two trees, a trash can and ran over a white kitten's foot. All day long I gave lectures to wonderful screaming children who loved Jude Acers, the road machine, who was in Austin just once in their lifetimes. They knew before federations, before foundations, before newspapers, what came to Austin. It was not human. A machine. It's only fuel is people. How many did not

The maximum lecture and chess exhibition appearance dates that a master can present with real effect in one day are three. Then you begin to slip, forgetting to mention "stalemate," "en passant," the difference between "check" and "checkmate." You forget to mention that you shot pool with Bobby Fischer in the Old Chimes Street billiard hall in Baton Rouge, Louisiana in 1964. You forget to mention that Fischer was kind enough to play a two-game clocked exhibition match with you at Don Wagner's house in 1964. You forget to mention your name, so that the children will know who their chess teacher is. Three times, children have to ask you who you are. You forget words, stumble. Your fifth lecture is hoarse whispers, a good try, some animated flailings of arms and standby humor, some friendly Radaiken winks, and the simple bare minimum rules. You stumble out to applause, sink in the back seat of the car and hold your demo chessboard, as you are dragged to the Dobie Center, where the biggies of Austin are waiting to take

There was nothing worth mentioning, as I lay dripping with perspiration and fatigue on the way to Dobie. Nothing except that we hit a milk truck with a terrific roar of metal. By now I no longer cared what in the hell was happening. I just pulled myself up to gaze at the driver in the front seat and make sure he was not dead. I glanced at the smashed back door of the milk truck and made sure that the milk driver was not dead yet. Then I just sank down on the back seat, while the Austin police and my driver did whatever one must do to get Jude Acers to the last barbecue

I can remember only very nice people noises from the Austin crowd and the thundering applause after the lecture that I had prepared in the shower rooms of a hundred hotels throughout the world. I remember that it was titled "The Chess World." Now I had to play 57 chess players at one time. The pick, the cream of hundreds of miles around Austin. It lasted seven solid hours. It was gruelling, made in

talons. . . I do not know exactly how many games I won that day in Austin. Perhaps 40 or slightly more. I can remember at least seven games that I lost, fragments of my king being checkmated by a brilliant one-mover or my queen being placed en prise, taken off the board without any people grabbed offe could not d continued ladies, cof

They are The taste of my nuffled applause won the last four itions. They are aited seven hours chess tour is that the evil chess op ckmated. If he draws en I sign with a little as to hide my true ens of hands hold out pen relieved to see that all be over. A lot of quick ng to be necessary and very

storeowner drags me now. We are going the ramp to her car. I do not really know could be a church, a shopping mall, a parking garage. I follow her, clutching do not remember pushing my luggage it was there after the nice lady fed wberry pie and massaged my back. e airport and the Georgia plane. It windshield. I remember that. I ishing windowshield and the way the just past it. Just like "Psycho," approached by Janet Leigh and going to die there. I am sure hotel bill, but when? Did I break the nder now. . . I do not know what the rain mean, because the meaning was for could not happen to me. The rules do ude Acers. But not this time for the do not know it, but it is all over. Good-. We arrive at the Austin airport. I kiss She is gone in the rain.

s as Russell Miller has told me to on his ly planned, imperfectly spelled airline schedule for me. He says my ticket will be there waiting. It is, but my plane is not. The Texas International Airlines people tell me that the first of six possible planes that carry Jude Acers to Georgia is flying over Austin now without stopping on account

The fear comes slowly and increases during the morning hours, 2 a.m., 3 a.m. You realize there is a small chance that the road machine, the greatest of them all, the never-get-sick-and-sure-to-showchess-show is not going to make it this time. You touch your hand to your eyes. Those are real tears. You are crying for the first time in many years of being alone. Oh, come on. Machines do not cry. You fumble for the phone, desperately praying that Miller will wave his magic wand. The Rolling Stones missed a performance in 1964. Jude Acers has never missed a contracted exhibition in his lifetime. The phone rings at Miller's hotel.

Your mind is moving to Georgia now. You visualize thousands of people who will be at the Oglethorpe Mall for a sensationally publicized chess exhibition that isn't. The disappointment of the chess community, the anger of the television stations, the disaster of the first commercial chess exhibition in the 300-year history of Georgia. You will lose a fortune in appearances and all re-booking as well. But far more than this is at stake. Your pride is being pummeled to the floor. It is difficult for a machine to understand failure.

Russell Miller is asleep but rises in full horror as he realizes the stakes. You do not tell him that you cannot think anymore. You fumble more words. You have made about 700 exhibitions with no miss. Miller gets your phone number and promises to phone back in a while. You know Miller will unleash a tidal wave to get you to Georgia. He will stay awake all night. He will find a way, even if the Texas International computers and their indifferent employees do

Jude Acers stares at the Texas International Airlines desk. They just don't seem to care. He begs to check his luggage, but they refuse to even put it behind the counter until a plane comes, explaining that a plane might never come and the luggage might stay there forever. They have authority to check luggage only for planes they expect to land, ect., etc.,

Jude Acers does not tell the lady reading about yesterday's chess exhibition in Austin that he is Jude Acers. He does not feel anything but dizziness and sinks slowly to the floor on top of his luggage in the deserted airline terminal. The fifth possible plane had flown over Austin and the bad weather. One last

hope, one last plane. Meanwhile, in Portland, Oregon... Working with only a makeshift chart and several local phone calls, Russell W. Miller, incredibly, beat the computers. He found a way to shoot Jude Acers out on a morning plane even if the bad weather prevented all six night planes from landing. He wondered if it would be worth it to phone Austin airport. Still. he reached for the phone to lose more money on Jude Acers through yet another long distance call. It would take three separate planes on three airlines, but Jude Acers would get there.

The security man was deadly serious as he kicked Jude Acers in the chest sharply, tapped Jude Acers with his night stick sharply. Hey, man. Nobody sleeps in here. You've been here too long, man. Wake up now, man. You'll have to leave. You've been drinking... Move

# SWP FIELDS BOUTELLE

man who has been firmly com- the Young Socialist Alliance. mitted to overground political For the next four years he was doing anything.

tem but also in people's conscious- American history from street ness of themselves.

political struggle. Only when you sination. can't do that any more is it time to consider clandestine activity."

divorced from the consensus of 1970. the masses, who are then not inmasses remain powerless."

different stages to develop a consciousness with which they can

radical groups, and I now see so based in Jordan. many of them have dropped out, job. This is the most powerful and sophisticated ruling class that the years, though he has managed has ever existed on the face of the has ever existed on the face of the has not seriously a problem, it has not seriously to stay one step ahead of The Man.

The place where it was stashed and that many people as why he is running against a popular why he is running against a popular block the says.

Though harassment has been a problem, it has not seriously the says.

We have a growing program which is flexible enough to handle

Paul Boutelle, the Socialist he first became interested in the Workers Party candidate for Con- SWP back in 1960. That summer what should be done at this stage ficials saw his name on a black- District would be a good one to gress in the Eighth District, is a he discovered Trotsky and joined of struggle, but he was not able to list supplied by the US govern- run a candidate to publicize our

struggle for almost 15 years.

From his involvement in the groups, such as the Organiza
actively involved with many groups, such as the Organizawas revealed, Boutelle introduced ing on college campuses.

Before Raymond Wood's role was also once banned from speakcepted.

Boutelle introduced ing on college campuses. early sixties with the Black lib- tion of Afro-American Unity and him to Bob Collier, who later beeration movement in Harlem, he has been convinced that revolu- attended most of the meetings and he came one of the New York Panther prised at this," he reflects. "My publicans, whether Black or Year attended most of the meetings and the publicans, whether Black or White. As the local representation means a total change not only at which Malcolm X spoke. At Boutelle told Barb. "A Canadian expect such things to happen." in the economic and political sys- one time he sold books on Afro- woman from a separatist organi- Turning to the subject of Ron Dellums is "a tool of the capi-

corner displays in New York City. "There's nothing happening underground," he said in an interwar marches and rallies and was view with Barb this week. "When the founding chairman of Afro-I got involved with political ideas, Americans Against the War in I realized that capitalism has to Vietnam. He also organized the be overthrown and that socialism first Black memorial rally for is a viable alternative. It's nec- Malcolm X, on February 21, essary to get involved in the local 1966 -- one year after the assas-

Joining the SWP in 1965, he ran for office on their ticket sev-"People critical of this society eral times during the following see that there are a few people vears -- Borough President of on top exploiting the masses of Manhattan in 1965; Attorney-Genpeople. But when activists go underground, like the Weather Peo-Vice-president in 1968; Mayor of ple, the SLA and the BLA, they New York in 1969; and Congress are making decisions which are in New York's 18th District in

In 1970 Boutelle was chairman volved and not changing their of the Committee of Black Amerconsciousness of themselves. The icans for the Truth about the Middle East, who placed a half-page To Boutelle, the revolution ad in the New York Times supmeans organizing people demo- porting the right of Palestinian cratically in their own interests self-determination and opposing and working with them through the Zionism and American imperial-

In August of that year he toured overturn an oppressive system. the Middle East as a guest of the Despite the easy appeal of instant General Union of Palestinian revolutionaries who grab head- Students and visited Palestinian lines, the historical task remains refugee and commando camps in long and arduous, he points out. Jordan and Syria. A week after 'I have known every type of he left, King Hussein sent in his Black revolutionary and activist troops to break the back of the after many years of observing Palestinian liberation movement

formist politics. It's a difficult ment has obstructed Boutelle in the place where it was stashed said that many people ask him represents a continuity of the planet. We have to stop and think, do our homework, study the history of social changes."

Paul Boutelle has certainly Paul Boutelle has certainly the history of social changes. The only reason he paul Boutelle has certainly the homework that the bounged by the



As with so many members of zation brought some dynamite to Dellums, Democratic incumbent been co-opted or reverted to re- the SWP, government harass- New York, and Ray got Bob to in the Eight District, Boutelle

done his homework. He has spent got involved was because he was arrested for defying the ban. He choose this district. The branch gram, and not something that was almost half a lifetime working with and studying socialist ideas, since on the payroll of The Man to do that," says Boutelle. "I had some on the payroll of The Man to do that," says Boutelle. "I had some on the payroll of The Man to do that," says Boutelle. "I had some on the payroll of The Man to do that," says Boutelle. "I had some on the payroll of The Man to do that," says Boutelle. "I had some on the payroll of The Man to do that," says Boutelle. "I had some on the payroll of The Man to do that," says Boutelle. "I had some on the payroll of The Man to do that," says Boutelle. "I had some on the payroll of The Man to do that," says Boutelle. "I had some on the payroll of The Man to do that," says Boutelle. "I had some on the payroll of The Man to do that," says Boutelle. "I had some on the payroll of The Man to do that," says Boutelle. "I had some on the payroll of The Man to do that," says Boutelle. "I had some on the payroll of The Man to do that," says Boutelle. "I had some on the payroll of The Man to do that," says Boutelle. "I had some on the payroll of The Man to do that," says Boutelle. "I had some on the payroll of The Man to do that," says Boutelle. "I had some on the payroll of The Man to do that," says Boutelle. "I had some on the payroll of The Man to do that," says Boutelle. "I had some on the payroll of The Man to do that," says Boutelle. "I had some on the payroll of The Man to do that," says Boutelle. "I had some on the payroll of The Man to do that," says Boutelle. "I had some on the payroll of The Man to do that," says Boutelle. "I had some on the payroll of The Man to do that," says Boutelle. "I had some on the payroll of The Man to do that," says Boutelle. "I had some on the payroll of The Man to do th

frame me or provoke me into ment and put him on the next program. They asked me if I would flight back to New York. Boutelle | run and I thought about it and ac-

"I was not shocked or surposed at this?" he reflects 195 tive of the Democratic Party. talist ruling class," says

"He's there to keep alive the illusion that supporting an individual is going to solve our problems. Dellums speaks out very well on some issues, and we support him in that, but if he classes himself as anti-imperialist and against capitalist exploitation he must break with the Democrats and help to build an independent political party of the masses.

"I'm from Harlem, where Adam Clayton Powell was the incumbent for 20 years, and he didn't make any difference. Nobody is going to tell me that Ron Dellums will make a difference

Referring to Dellums' new \$150,000 house, Boutelle remarked that when a politician gets privileges and vested interests i becomes increasingly difficult for him to fight against the system which allows him those privileges.

"In 15 years in the struggle, nobody can say I've been hustling a living from the movement --I even have difficulty paying my rent over on Grove Street, he

Boutelle believes that the SWP is the only principled political party in this country with the type of program capable of leading the American revolution to overturn capitalism. It has been consistent in its struggle for the working class and other oppressed groups and

### MARILYN BUCK ON 15-YEAR RAP

### AWOMAN PRISONER OF WAR

On a trip to Chicago this sum- faction." mer my ten year old daughter and visited Marilyn Buck in Cook County Jail. We had never before

and welcomed us when we intro- cruel repression. The image all over the country. duced ourselves. Her warmth and awareness overcame the thick glass separating us, the telephones we were talking through, the fact that our conversation could be monitored, all of the windowless steel and concrete surrounding us, and the armed guards everywhere.

Marilyn was sentenced to 15 years in prison for allegedly buying arms and ammunition under a false name. During the trial she was accused of association with the Black Liberation Army, When he sentenced her, Judge Conti said that he was doing it to "save people's lives". He and her jailers hate her (and all women like her) for her strength and determination and for her unflinching support of the Black Liberation

Marilyn is very obviously all right. She is vibrant, powerful, aware. It is astounding to meet fairly astonishing. A man convicther, to know her situation, and to ed of cargo theft, for example, feel her strength.

victory for the people who run this other judge gave him no jail and "random factor of assignment to other judge gave him no jail and "random factor of assignment to other judge gave him no jail and "random factor of assignment to other judge gave him no jail and "random factor of assignment to other judge gave him no jail and "random factor of assignment to other judge gave him no jail and "random factor of assignment to other judge gave him no jail and "random factor of assignment to other judge gave him no jail and "random factor of assignment to other judge gave him no jail and "random factor of assignment to other judge gave him no jail and "random factor of assignment to other judge gave him no jail and "random factor of assignment to other judge gave him no jail and "random factor of assignment to other judge gave him no jail and "random factor of assignment to other judge gave him no jail and "random factor of assignment to other judge gave him no jail and "random factor of assignment to other judge gave him no jail and "random factor of assignment to other judge gave him no jail and "random factor of assignment to other judge gave him no jail and "random factor of assignment to other judge gave him no jail and "random factor of assignment to other judge gave him no jail and "random factor of assignment to other judge gave him no jail and "random factor of assignment to other judge gave him no jail and "random factor of assignment to other judge gave him no jail and "random factor of assignment to other judge gave him no jail and "random factor of assignment to other judge gave him no jail and "random factor of assignment to other jai jail to see me crumble. That's what four years probation. In another a particular judge." -- (ENS) they want to see, and I'm deter-

the demoniacal witch.

example of how women's treat- federal prisoner is typical of the World women, because they were not supported Marilyn. She feels met Marilyn. Our knowledge of her came from KPFA and the work we can also the wo

We were right. Marilyn smiled court system and are subject to on the "baddest" prisoners from there. It is windowless, yardless, women in prison with her, almost

New York, Vermont and Connecti- count of filing a false income tax cut reveals that the concept of return, received three years in are treated. She said that in CCJ Bay Area. equal justice under the law is apparently more theory than fact. months from another.

The study, issued on the heels of President Ford's pardon of man, who helped conduct the study, Richard Nixon, presented all 50 says he'll use the results to lobby judges with exactly the same facts in Congress for action designed regarding 30 criminal cases. The to "identify the purposes of senjudges were asked to study the tencing, and to specify the criteria facts and deliver a sentence.

The range of sentences was sentence." As she said, "It would be a real in jail from one judge, while an-

A study of 50 federal judges in case, a man convicted on one jail from one judge, and three

Chief Circuit Judge Irvin Kauf-

Kaufman says that the study shows that all too often, the severeceived seven-and-a-half years rity of a person's sentence is determined by nothing more than the

soundproof, with cameras every- all Black women, many of them where. Marilyn says it is a fas- waiting up to two years without cist prison built under the liberal bail to go to trial, "all of them guise of improving conditions. She political prisoners in one way or said that all of the women with her another. who had been in the old rat trap Marilyn said that 'the women's jail much preferred it to the new movement should do something to

Marilyn says that CCJ is de- soners of war in America." people are stripped of their hu- The last thing Marilyn said to man dignity and are given a con- us was, 'Stay out there, you can stant runaround. They are subject be much more effective on the outto being put in the hole arbitrarily side." She didn't mean "Don't do at any time. When I saw her she anything that'll get you into jail.

in the hole. Marilyn's case is on appeal now, work outside is precious. for determining length and type of but as a federal prisoner in a It was hard to leave her there, her to work on her case. Infor-mation goes through many stages On Sept. 20, Marilyn Buck was constantly.

workers and members of the Chi- tary confinement.

mined not to give them the satis- changes from the passive doll to Marilyn was transferred to CCJ cago Women's Union, who visit from the Terminal Island Federal Marilyn regularly. But on the The fact that Marilyn is in Cook Penetentiary at Los Angeles along whole, the women's movement, Marilyn Buck's case is the best County Jail (CCJ) although she is a with four other women, all Third here and across the country has met Marilyn. Our knowledge of net came from KPFA and the work we had done on a leaflet about her for Women's Day. Since she is from the Bay Area we thought that she probably got very few visitors and probably got very few visitors and weak, harmless. But it's clear in weak, harmless. But it's clear in weak harmless. But it's clear in weak harmless are that strong women were of CCJ has boasted in solitary the entire time she was and Third World revolution. She is of the truns the heaviest jail in the US, that "if he can handle any weak, harmless. But it's clear in Warilyn's case that strong women would be glad to see someone from the probably judges and for the police, courts and now the probable to be glad to see someone from the probable would be glad to see someone from the probable would be glad to see someone from the probable would be glad

help these sisters and other pri-

finitely the worst jail of the 4 or 5 She said that very few people she has been in during the 18 outside ever write to her. Almost months she has "served" so far. all of her mail is from other She said that the physical condi- POWs all over the US. She said tions of a jail are not nearly so that Popeye Jackson writes to her important as the way the women about what is happening in the

had just been released from 5 days She meant "Use your time out there well. Every day you have to

county jail it is very difficult for hard to say goodbye without hug-

and from her, and she is lied moved to the Women's Federal Penitentiary in Alderston, W. Va., There are two women, legal where she will be held in soli-

### THE PRICE IS AUSTIN

from page 12

or go to jail... Come on, now. I don't want to take you to jail... I mean move... Where is your ticket?..."

Jude Acers is grabbed by the collar as he sees that nobody is behind the Texas International Airlines desk. "Okay, sir. Okay..." He drags the bags in the wrong direction, then reverses himself toward the door. Jude Acers does not know where he is. He hears a bell, no, a telephone, as he is stepping on the automatic door opener. He is now crying. He stares blankly at the ringing pay telephone as the guard is forcing him out of the airline terminal entrance.

"Please, sir. May I answer the phone? Please...

Please." The pay telephone stops ringing. The sound of silence

"Look, leave and you'll be all right. I see you in here again without a ticket and you go to jail. We don't fool around here, boy. You gotta go." He jams his night stick into Jude Acers' side to help Jude plan his moves. Jude moves. Here is the cab. Get in Say, "Any good hotel, please, sir." It pulls quickly away.

Miller thinks everything is all right. He will begin to call the airlines for Jude Acers desperately, when Acers does not show up in Savannah hour after hour. Miller also has the job of fielding the tremendous heat that begins to pour over telephone lines from Georgia's

commercial and club organizers who had worked countless hours on the prison, shopping center and television appearances of Jude Acers.

Miller would not know for many hours that it was over, that the machine was out cold in a motel, that we would never make it. Miller hoped until there was no hope left. He writhed in Portland agony. If only this. If only that. Last minute airline schedules that could mean nothing anymore. Dreams. But it was over. The heat on Miller would now become tremendous. A perfect team, a miracle of teamwork, even in this jet age, would cough and sputter and die.

There was only the prison exhibition left a day later now. We were spending all of our money on Georgia now. And if Oglethorpe Mall sued, it would be terribly tough right down the line... "But if they sue, I'm getting Bill Waguespack of New Orleans. I'm calling Karl Cavanaugh in Denham Springs, Louisiana. They will never let me get killed. They will defend, wheel, deal. My tour will live. I did nothing wrong. My tour must live. I must save it. I live for my tour," my mind whispers, prays. If it goes to court, it's all the way with legal weasel Waguespack in court and Cavanaugh for research, baby. They play for keeps, daddy-o. We go to the wall.

I debated calling them. No. Wait. Hope. Georgia will

be fair. They will understand in Georgia. But the bad publicity is now. You must pay the price of Austin. You are certain of that. You can read the Georgia newspapers and chess newsletters before they are printed. It's going to be tough, tough.

The Righteous Brothers are fighting to make a comeback on somebody's car radio. I listen to them. 'If you believe in forever, then life is just a one night stand' is coming through the window of Pushkin's Truck Stop, bar, grill and motel, where I wearily write about Austin for the last time in Lebanon, Pennsylvania. There will be four radio commercials an hour, announcing that Jude Acers is in town at the Lebanon Plaza. There is a quarter-page announcement with two photographs. Very well. Think of the good things. Forget the past...

No, it doesn't really matter now. It doesn't matter that I lost more than \$50,000 in cash bookings in Savannah, Georgia that day. It can mean nothing that Savannah's people despise Jude Acers. The very nice lady from the Oglethorpe Mall called Miller yesterday and politely asked for the return of the \$130 deposit. She does not wish to begin anew. She could not understand or believe what happened. She does not hate Miller or me. It is all gone now. Remember...

"If you believe in forever, then life is just a one night stand."