

# Seed



Vol. 1 No. 25

Bev

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George, we love you.

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Back Cover by John Click

UPS MEMBER PAPERS

- 1. THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER, 147 Ave. A, New York, N.Y. 10009
2. Los Angeles Free Press, 938 N. Fairfax, Los Angeles, Calif. 90046
3. The Berkeley Barb, 3421 Oregon St., Berkeley, Calif. 94705
4. The Fifth Estate, 925 Plum St., Detroit, Mich. 48201
5. The Paper, Box 305, East Lansing, Mich. 48824
6. San Francisco Oracle, 1542 Haight St., San Francisco, Calif.
7. The Chicago Seed, 245 W. North St., Chicago Ill. 60610
8. The Rag, 210 W. 20th St., Austin, Texas
9. The International Times, 102 Southampton Row, London, WCC, England.
10. IFF's, Postbus 916, Des Hage, Netherlands
11. The Illustrated Paper, Box 541, Menlo Park, Calif. 94026
12. Graffiti, Box 8204, 20th and Market Sts., Philadelphia, Penn.
13. Guerrilla, Artists Workshop Press, 4825-27 John Lodge, Detroit
14. Saulty, 2227 St. Lawrence Blvd., Montreal 18, P.O. Canada
15. Peace News, 5 Calendon Rd., Kings Cross, London N1, England
16. Win 5 Bookman St., New York, N.Y. 10028
17. The Eagle, American University, Massachusetts and Nebraska Aves., NW Washington, D.C. 20016
18. The Prometheus, Box 204, University Station, Syracuse, N.Y.
19. Art and Artists, 16 Buckingham Palace Rd., London SW1, England
20. Peace Brain, 3430 Elaine Pl., Apt. 2, Chicago, Ill.
21. Saturday, Box 22, 340 Bathurst St., Toronto, Ontario, Canada
22. Cnocodil, 1309 N.E. 2 St., Gainesville, Fla.
23. Oberlin Other, 285 E. College, Oberlin, Ohio
24. Open City, 5420 Carlton Way, Los Angeles, Calif. 90027
25. Provo, 5555 Fulton Ave., Van Nuys, Calif.
26. Punch, c/o Paper Book Center, 549 Main St., Worcester, Mass.
27. Helix, 4028 Roosevelt Ave., N.E., Seattle, Wash. 98105
28. Canadian Free Press, Student Co-op, Argyle House, 83 Argyle Ave., Ottawa, Canada
29. Spectator, Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind. 47401
30. Western Activist, Western Michigan University, Kalamazoo Mich.
31. Notes from the Underground, Southern Methodist University, Box 506, Dallas, Texas
32. The Oracle of Southern California, 840 N. Fairfax, Los Angeles, Calif. 90046
33. Washington Free Press, 1797 Que St., NW, Washington, D.C.
34. Vanguard, 505 Clayton St., San Francisco, Calif.
35. Underground, 8100 N. 28th St., Arlington, Va. 22207
36. Modern Utopian, Tufts University, Box 44, Medford, Mass.
37. Mon Cult, 4628 Roosevelt Ave., N.E., Seattle, Wash.
38. Ararat, 146 Columbia St., Cambridge, Mass. 02139
39. Connections, 714 Conkila Pl., Madison, Wisc.
40. Communication Company, 405 de Soto Ave., San Francisco Calif.
41. Communication Company, 26 Bond St., N.Y.
42. Inner Space, Box 812, Chelsea Sta., New York, N.Y. 10011
43. Maverick Press, P.O. Box 792, San Francisco, Calif. 94101
44. Seed, 1024 S.W. Market St., Portland, Oregon
45. Sounds on Campus, Box 21, Village Sta., New York, N.Y. 10014
46. Spokane's National Mandala Print Shop, 222 S. Cannon, Spokane, Wash.



The following was submitted by one of our regular contributors, who for personal reasons wishes to remain anonymous. We agreed with the general content of it so much that we decided to run it as a sort of "guest editorial".

This is to warn of approaching danger and to suggest avoiding personal and community injury.

We bear a disproportionate burden in the evolution of humanity, necessary immediately for its survival. Our responsibility to "subvert" the souls around us, that is, to help free them psychically, demands that we take precautions against the violence to come. The menace may seem far off, but we have only to read such underground papers as "The Berkeley Barb," "EVO" and "The Fifth Estate" to realize that we will soon face frightened fuzz with dogs and machine guns, teenagers hurling rocks, security measures such as concentration camps, and other manifestations of the trend to fascism. Some have been beaten and jailed recently; we know them. For the sake of our own freedom and the fulfillment of our mission, confronted by the little time we have before the earth and his inhabitants vanish, and by the hostility of those we must help, it is necessary to assume some protective coloration. We are not here to parade for jeering sightseers; our concern is not expressed by a way of dressing or wearing our hair, or even by turning on.

Our awareness is not demonstrated by shocking the innocent people who serve us in stores and restaurants, creating distaste for our persons and by inference for our vision. Crudeness is not freedom, nor does it express love for the human being we are attempting to be for as long as we share a moment.

We are not interested in overthrowing a government or a society, but in freeing from ignorance and habit the individuals who now condone aggression. All governments will be the same until the people change. Our attitude is not of defiance, but of confidence. We are convinced that men can find enough joy in life, all of them, that none will tyrannize over another. If it is too late for many (e.g. J. Edgar), it is to the under-25 we look, those who have not experienced enough of beating and hating looks, separations and addiction, lies and masks - not yet enough to be cynical.

We are not stripped merely to wear a new uniform; we do not learn the schools and newspapers have lied, merely to substitute more propaganda. We must be the new man, the naked, sexual man, the compassionate man, "The impossible possible philosopher's man, the man who has had the time to think enough, the central man, the human globe, responsive as a mirror with a voice, the man of glass, who in a million diamonds sums us up." And if he does not exist, we must each invent him. This is a warning and a plea.

Hot west windy blows down
Deserted Sunday st.
(he likes that)
Shady El platform
Yields smells
Of creosote and pee
Sweat
Everybody's got their own
Unwanted sauna bath
Touch-me-nots
Avoid his clammy upper arms
As they all clickety clack
Together

Downtown shows
Puff old popcorn breath
At State st.
Two dollars draws him
Into dusty darkness
Cold caresses from Ursula Address
Coo him into a thrifty safe
Ghostly lay
Or else
He wins again the rainbow West
That never was
Via John Wayne and thousands
Of shrieking suicidal Indians

Grey-green towers
Lean over Outer-Drive-Oak st.
He floats toes up
Staring beyond the sand
At skin skin skin
Buttered up
oiled to broil
A too-sweet smelling tan
Skin--watching itself walk
Round brown velvet breasts
Bobbie
Red bikini-bottoms
Swell subside swell subside
Compete with bearded queers
For young-muscled gigolos
Swinging well-hung
Under black silk jersey

Sundown
He strolls along cool sidewalks
To some crammed bar
On Rush st.
Tries to make it with
A usually defective chick
Who just conceals impatience
At so much bullshit
And so little beer
They go to her place--
Ten strokes later he lies
Drained--gaspng on
The belly of surprise
Dresses quickly
Leaves--his downcast smile
Avoiding disappointed eyes.

Elizabeth LeBlanc



Hoover Farts
An interesting quote by J. Edgar Hoover in the Christian Science Monitor: "I regret to say that we of the FBI are powerless to act in case of oral-genital intimacy, unless it has in some way obstructed interstate commerce."

On being offered a flower by some gentle flower people on Wells St. August 27, 9:30 PM, the occupants of police car 9050 loudly refused, stating, "We don't believe in love." It seems the Chicago Police Department must have some kind of policy about Santa Claus, love, and people's rights. They don't believe in them.

## THIRD PARTY CONVENTION

The National Conference for New Politics convention, "New Politics - '68 and Beyond," to be held at the Palmer House in Chicago, Aug. 31 to Sept. 4, will call together more than 2,000 representatives of over 200 civil rights, peace, and community groups, to plan strategy aimed at a permanent radical alliance for political action, beginning in 1968. Some participants are expected to press for a third-state presidential ticket headed by Dr. Martin Luther King; others will urge concentration of peace and freedom candidates in local elections only. A host of other perspectives will be put forth, with the convention acting as a decision-making body. The black leaders' letter stressed, "The black community is in a state of crisis. Our brothers and sisters have had their consciousness of being black raised by the rebellions. Now they look to us for programs and direction to solve the fundamental problems that confront black people... The necessity for cooperation between black militants and white progressives has not passed, nor can it be overemphasized at the New Politics Convention. We feel that this convention is an excellent means of having black people's voices heard on a national level. We will neither moderate nor compromise our demands for the sake of political expediency. Nor do we ask you to do so. We only ask that you attend this conference as a black activist to insure that black people's voices are heard and demands known." For information, call 559-5167 or 873-2457.

### VIETNAM FORUM

Phan Thi Mai gave up her life for the cause of peace. She burned herself to death on May 16, 1967 in Saigon to appeal against the Vietnam Policy of The United States. Mai was a student of the arts and also a teacher. She left behind an eloquent testament of poems and letters which plead for peace. Before her she installed two pictures: The first was of the Virgin Mary, the second, of Quan Yin. She wanted to say that the Buddhists wish to cooperate and do not have any religious discrimination. She hung this poem in front of her during the ceremony of sacrifice:

I wish to use my body as a torch  
to dissipate the darkness,  
to waken love among men  
and bring peace to Vietnam.

Excerpts from poems and letters from the Information Service of the Overseas Vietnamese Buddhist Association, 8 Rue Guy de la Brosse, Paris 5, France. Re-printed by the Catholic Worker, 1339 Mohawk St., Chicago, Ill. Leaflets \$1.00 per 100.

There is a "Vietnam Forum" held each Friday evening in the school yard at 1300 N. Wells. Participating groups include: CADRE, Workshop In Non-Violence, The Catholic Worker Movement, Veterans for Peace, Women for Peace and others.

**LOVE NEEDS CARE: IF YOU  
LOVE YOUR LOVERS -  
DON'T GIVE 'EM THE CLAP!**

DON'T APPLAUD THE CLAP  
or  
YOU ONLY HURT THE ONE YOU LOVE

BY DOV WITZ

There's another epidemic of the clap going around the street... one of the hangups of the new morality. There are certain ways to deal with it besides putting it on a window sill and slamming the window on it... probably the best is to raise the bread to go to a legit doctor who'll give you a few shots in the kiester and prescribe some penicillin tabs for you to take (usually thirty will do it; \$2.75 at Walgreens, and get a copy of the prescription for Orlando's Commandos.) Doctors vary in price, but penicillin is penicillin.

Sometimes the doctor will ask you touchy questions, like who you balled and how old you are. The latter is so he can do his thing legally... if you're under 21, parents' or guardians' permission is needed. Get fake IDs and lie.

The latter question is so he can try to trace it, hangup being that most of us engaged in the sexual revolution manage quite well with guerilla warfare and as a result don't know the full (or real) names of whomever we got our dose from. Lie again.

Now, if you can't make it to a straight doctor, there's always the Board of Health (the Congress L takes you right there). Hangups: same two questions and a long, long wait. You don't need IDs there, since they really don't give a shit as long as they cure you. You should bring the entire contents of the Chicago Public Library, though, since

if you get there early, you may get taken care of by dawn the next day. You also get a free chest xray and an infected thermometer to play with.

But, dig... if you think you've got it (and I'll get to the symptoms in a second,) for chrissake get moving! I don't mean get paranoid and bitter, just take time off from your Marcel Marceau records and SPLIT!

Symptoms--guys start burning and oozing pus out of their joints, making you piss funny and messing up your shorts. Your joint also gets sensitive as hell, and you'll want to scratch, not because you itch, but because it feels so groovy. If you do, keep your goddam hands away from your eyes. That crap is loaded with gono-beasties that can blind you, baby.

Chicks have a tougher detection thing to do... they won't know as fast as a guy will. Oh, you'll get gut pains and maybe drip some, but that's only after the clap has REALLY taken hold.

The only way you'll know in the beginning is if your cat comes up to you and says, "Hey... I got a dose."

Couple other things--don't ball, obviously, when you've got it (you can't anyway ha ha ha ) or for a week or so after you've been told you're clean. Don't get all pissed off at whoever you got it from; hell, THEY didn't know they had it, and as long as you kill it in time, why sweat? Don't get all paranoid yourself, either; it's deadly, sure, but if you KNOW, then you DO something about it. One out of four untreated cases do reach Nirvana, true, and there are groovier ways to get there, so don't get all self-righteous about it. Drop your pants and get a shot or two, moron. If you never picked up the habit of washing your hands after euphemating, now's a peachy time to start... it may keep you breathing. And, again, carry that prescription with you at all times. The Man does very uncool things to people who carry pills and can't prove what they are and where they got them.

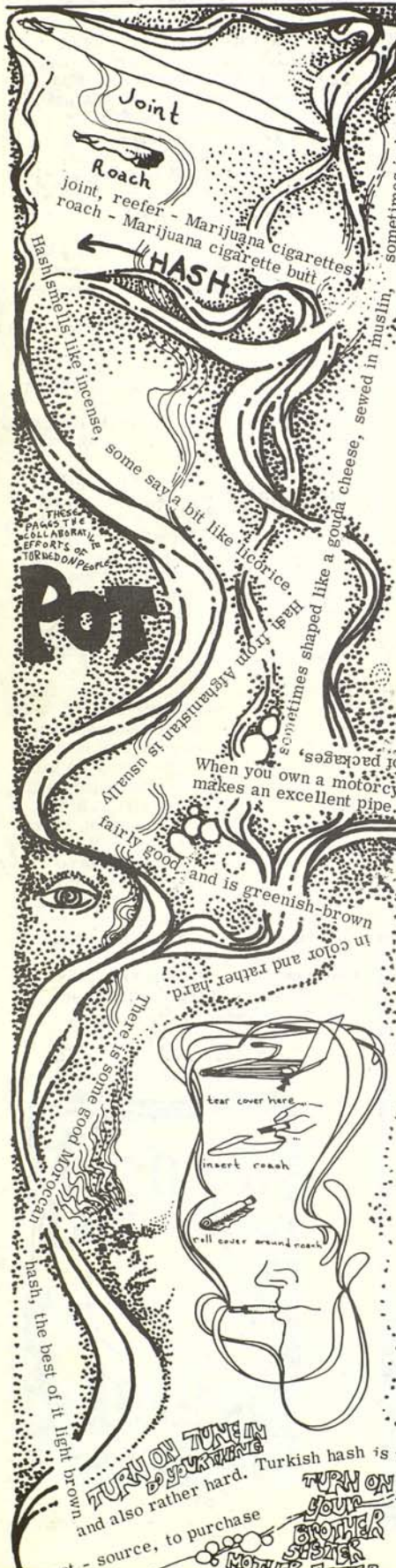
The only way to prevent the clap is washing out (or up, depending) after you ball, and, yes, I realize that's a bummer. So, what the hell, take your chances. Just stop kissing my mother goodbye.



pierre cardin snap  
shoulder bell sleeve 12.00  
soccer suit silver purple  
l.s. shirt ..... 8.00  
skirt ..... 11.00

the garment district  
1404 n.wells · chicago, ill.





Joint

Roach

joint, reefer - Marijuana cigarettes  
roach - Marijuana cigarette butt

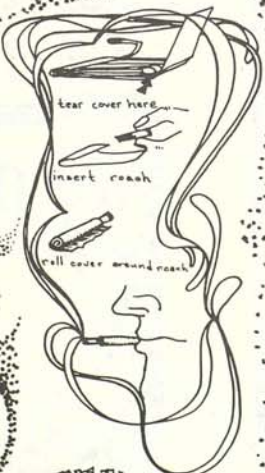
HASH

Hash smells like incense, some say a bit like licorice.

POT

These packages are the result of the efforts of the FBI and its agents to keep the public from knowing the truth about the use of marijuana.

fairly good and is greenish-brown in color and rather hard.



TURN ON TUNE IN  
and also rather hard.

TURN ON YOUR BROTHER SISTER

pressed arrow-head shaped pieces.  
sometimes in hand for candy

**SATIVA SAVES SATIVA**  
made from finely sieved grass or hash the best known of which are a blackish powder/substance including sugar and crushed nuts

**FACE THERY ROT**

Tetrahydrocannabinol, the active ingredient of cannabis sativa is a mild euphoric drug found throughout earth. Cannabis is said to have 350 different names. Widespread use in industrially advanced countries is comparatively new.

Its effects include hilarity, often without motive, talkativeness, distortion of sensation and perception (notably of space and time) and impairment of judgment. Taken repeatedly it can cause hallucinations and aggressiveness. Repeated talking can also lower the sensory threshold so that music sounds better. It produces no physical dependence or tolerance. It can cause physiological dependence although the degree varies probably extremely widely. Cannabis is increasingly easy to obtain. It is also called pot, grass, tea, shit, boo, jive, Mary Jane, "M" (for Marijuana), 13 (the 13th letter in the Alphabet is M), Rosy lee in the English rhyming language, Keif in Turkey, Ganga in India, deca-daga to the pre-civil war Negroes in the South, and to most Americans as Marijuana.

Super-duper do it yourself instructions: Five days before Easter take all of your seeds and dump happily onto a piece of cotton well saturated in water, half a handful of One-A-Day Vitamins, and set near the stove for the crucifixion. Easter Sunday morning bright and early bounce out of bed and stare at your seeds!!! They've got tails. These healthy sprouts are to be planted immediately in the nearest friendly field. The field should be of sandy soil, not too wet, in an area with plenty of sunshine. During the next few months, water moderately. The female plant (darker green and shorter) is it. The resin on the flowering tops is the hashish. The whole of the top of the plant is Marijuana. Just after flowering when the seeds are still green and not yet fertile, is harvest time. Stop watering your plants a week before harvest, the sap quickly runs to the top, and you arrive in the nick of time, scissors in hand and clip it... snip... while it is at its most potent stage. Drying is very simple. Merely spread on cheesecloth in the sunshine and as it dries..... SMOKE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Alternate method for curing: Dig up the female plant, roots and all and immerse the root in boiling water. Hang upside down for two days. This will drive the resin to the

a simple rolling machine can be made by using a sheet of paper in the following manner.



crease

fold on dotted line

score - to purchase

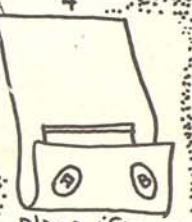


add dope and paper wet paper



add dope and paper wet paper

and another sort that looks exactly like old fashioned rock candy. Eating hash gives one the impression of being under water.

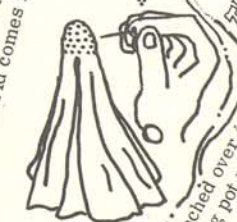


place fingers on A + B and roll upward.

The best is very crumbly. It comes in a variety of packages, some shaped like a gouda cheese, sewed in muslin, sometimes in hand pressed arrow-head shaped pieces.



stash - hiding place  
Lebanon and ranges in color from brown to cream, the lighter the better.



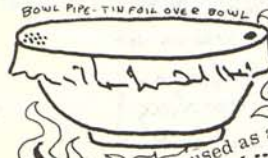
tin foil is a hassle

tin-foil pipe inserts - inserted in pipe to keep from inhaling pot particles, also easily desposable.

but then that was always a problem.



So maybe you know all these things. For those of you who didn't, and turn on to grass, **BLOW** Everybody must get stoned, as a result of this little spread... HOW DOES IT FEEL TO ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE... NOW THAT YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE... WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BE?????????



BOWL PIPE - TIN FOIL OVER BOWL

**POT (cont.)**  
Kazoo - can be used as a pipe by using a tin-foil insert.  
Find a cave with an entrance that can be easily blocked. Get everyone together. Block up the cave and ignite.  
Indian method for getting stoned - cop - purchase

Hash can be smoked either in a pipe or crumbled by first heating and then rolling it in cigarettes with tobacco or grass.  
cocktail - by removing tobacco from the end of a cigarette and inserting Marijuana particles are collected. They are packed together with Karo Syrup or other such sticky goodies, and sold as hashish.  
burned - money is exchanged for non-grass.

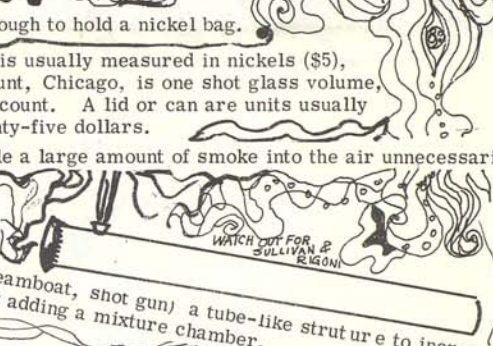
roach clips - tweazer-like instruments used to hold shortened Marijuana cigarettes.  
kilo - one 2.2 pound block of Marijuana  
toke - inhale



Make a peace pipe with a bowl big enough to hold a nickel bag.  
measurement: bag, terminology for amount is usually measured in nickels (\$5), dimes (\$10) etc... The normal five dollar count, Chicago, is one shot glass volume, or one match book. Editorial comment bad count. A lid or can are units usually designating one ounce, usually twenty to twenty-five dollars.  
Blow your cool - goof or to exhale a large amount of smoke into the air unnecessarily  
sugar is added to cannabis to increase weight  
power hitter - (carbtorator, steamboat, shot gun) a tube-like structure to increase the amount of smoke inhaled by adding a mixture chamber.  
WATCH OUT FOR SULLIVAN'S LEGION

Get stoned at home.  
oregano - (parsley, real tea)  
cream  
busted - (hit) arrested  
good quality hashish pertaining to its sweetness and freshness  
muggles - grifo, you know who

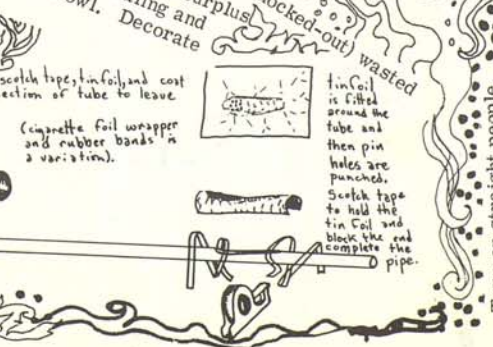
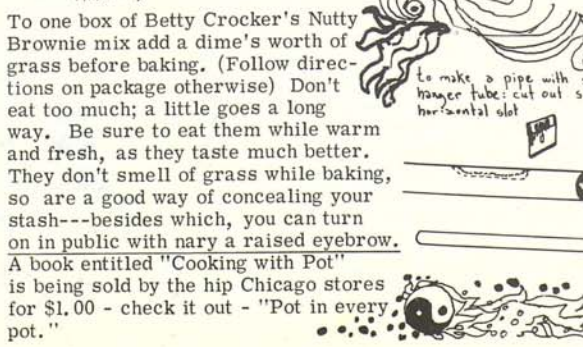
Grass Mask - a super pipe can be made out of a gas mask purchased at any army surplus store. Add a bowl to the end of the tube, experiment with inhaling and exhaling to make sure you don't blow the bag out of the bowl. Decorate with yarn. Every breath you take is pure grass.  
wasted  
spaced - (knocked-out) wasted  
Get stoned in the park.



Walligator - homemade roach clip  
holding - (carrying, hot) in possession on one's own  
dynamite - good dope  
Get stoned in the streets.

**VERY NUTTY BROWNIES**  
(WHAT WOULD BETTY CROCKER THINK?)  
To one box of Betty Crocker's Nutty Brownie mix add a dime's worth of grass before baking. (Follow directions on package otherwise) Don't eat too much; a little goes a long way. Be sure to eat them while warm and fresh, as they taste much better. They don't smell of grass while baking, so are a good way of concealing your stash---besides which, you can turn on in public with nary a raised eyebrow. A book entitled "Cooking with Pot" is being sold by the hip Chicago stores for \$1.00 - check it out - "Pot in every pot."

to make a pipe with scotch tape, tin foil and cost hanger tube; cut out section of tube to leave horizontal slot  
(cigarette foil wrapper and rubber bands is a variation).  
fin foil is filled around the tube and then pin holes are punched. Scotch tape to hold the tin foil and block the end complete the pipe.



Turn on straight people.



Hippies are men and women, mostly young, who simply do not wish to be part of today's standardization of action, appearance, thought, occupation. They have, in effect, stepped aside, quietly. They are generally against, war, vice, high pressure commerce, destructive competition and social conventions which have nothing real to do with living. They believe in agriculture, handcraft, dance, cosmic mystery, individual expression. Most integral in a loose but operative philosophy is their dedication to loving, not hating. Long hair, exotic clothing, curious artifacts of personal adornment, gentle manners and sweetness are prominent outward characteristics of their scene. Involvement with the secrets of the subconscious and the truths of nature are fundamental. The use of marijuana and hallucinatory potions is part of this. Theirs is a sensuality without predominant hedonistic base. The preoccupation with Eastern mysteries and philosophy is still further endeavor to understand life more broadly than it is normally presented in the West. Their art reflects all of this, as it should. The outstanding form is, of course, their rock music—among the absolutely best in the world today.

However, until now, the pictorial art has tended to be more ornamental than profound. Visual artists are understandably interested in

the natural convolutions and sinuous intricacies of the Art Nouveau and have been partially responsible for the revival of this style. The development of wild alphabets and cryptic, decorative posters is noteworthy. Poetry is not distinctive—more in the vein of new poetry generally, but the lyrics for many of the songs are frequently outstanding in a mixed spirit of folk and fantasy. In fact, the combination of an earthiness associated with folk art, and the extravagance of oriental forms is a frequent characteristic of hippie art and artifacts. From thong to filigree, in a sense! And sometimes very funny. Surely, a significant feature of the paraphernalia of buttons, newspapers, gimmicks and costumes, and even the serious art, is the aspect of shock, and the consequent outrage which it provokes can frequently be as delightful as the object itself. The hippie movement is the nicest thing happening in the United States today. It would be great if this has an influence on the structure of our society, but even if not, it is encouraging to see that masses of young people can resist conformity without malice, without political protest and without inhibition.

Designs from  
A. James Speyer  
P. A. Speyer  
P. A. Speyer  
I. A. Speyer  
E. A. Speyer  
A. A. Speyer  
R. A. Speyer  
T. A. Speyer



Gallery 500d at 500 N. Dearborn is having the first exhibit of underground art to be held in Chicago. The god's eye of print (left) is taken from the gallery brochure. The gallery director, Dick Sessions feels that hippy art is making a considerable contribution in the graphic arts field. He also feels it is infusing new strength and boldness into what has been up 'til now, the exclusive domain of "conventional" commercial and fine artists. The display of beads, necklaces, roach-holders and posters is worth the trip down there. Go see it.



# ARE YOU READY...

FOR THE NEW SHELL SILVERSTEIN ALBUM, "DRAIN MY BRAIN" CADET LP/LPS 4054





"Do you love it, do you hate it  
There it is, just like you made it"  
---The Mothers of Invention

You have to live in the middle of the city to know what is really happening there -- otherwise all you have to go on is what the "newspapers" and people tell you, and they very definitely have a vested interest in keeping the real news from you. The official responses to the Detroit insurrection have very little to do with what was actually happening, and people will soon find that out, although it may prove to be too late to do them any good.

You have to remember that the mass media in America exists for one purpose only: to sell the American way of life to Americans. If there weren't products to sell, and profits to be made from their sale, there would be no daily press and no television or radio. The whole network of "communications" is inextricably bound up by and with what are glibly called "business interests," as are city, state, national and international "politics." It is no coincidence that, for example, J. L. Hudson Jr. was picked by the mayor and hailed by the press as the chairman of the "New Detroit" committee. Nor that the majority of the 37 members of the committee -- all but a handful -- are people like Edsel Ford, Lynn Townsend (chairman of Chrysler), the presidents of Wayne State and Detroit universities, the presidents of banks, and other industrial bigshots.

The significant factor here is that none of these people LIVE in Detroit. They want to see Detroit put back together and functioning "as normal" because they are milking the residents of the city for every penny they can get. These men OWN Detroit, and they are very upset by the fact that their suckers---the people---dared to move against them in any way. They will do anything, which might yet include murdering people like Stokely Carmichael and Rap Brown and Co. in the name of "freedom," to insure the safety of their property, their sacred property which is more important to them than any human lives could be.

And everyone in the official world wants to know why the riots started? Were they organized? How could it happen in a great city like Detroit, where we have no racial problem? And so forth. The question is posed, and they want answers, just like in a news conference or a TV interview. There MUST be simple answers to simple questions, isn't that the way the world works? Like, yes, Virginia, there IS a Santa Claus, when there damn well AIN'T. They will lie to you just like that, people. I mean Santa Claus IS J. L. Hudson's in December, if you see what I mean.

The American Way of solving problems is like healing a leper by covering up his sores with bandaids and sticking him away somewhere so the people can't see him and won't be bothered by that little taste of reality he represents. To discuss the riots in terms of "criminal anarchy and lawlessness," to offer "cures" like more jobs for Negroes and a total assimilation of everyone into the Great Society, has no relevance to the reality of the situation at all. The problem is that the Great Society is untenable, it just won't work, and until the government starts talking about restructuring the whole American Way of Life there will be more and more riots like those going on all over the country right now. Riots are no answer, certainly, but they ARE the question, and people are going to have to start speaking to that question unless they want to see the whole structure of this society collapse in a "depression" that will make 1929 look like a picnic.

These are not opinions, they are facts. I don't have any eyes to argue with anyone about what's happening. You can continue to deal with people and the state of America today any way you like, but the fact is that America is falling apart, and if you don't want to see it go -- I don't -- you'll have to start dealing with reality, with the world AS IT IS rather than how you wish it could be. Opinions are meaningless and not very interesting. The conditional simply does not exist any more--what happens is what happens and must be dealt with as such, and your "if's" are just so much worthless nonsense. America is not at all the same place it used to be.

Nor is it the world you see on TV and read about in the papers, no matter how hard the official people want it to be what they say it is. People are put to work at meaningless jobs, making more cars to protect and insure the "economy", they watch TV and are told that everyone should have all the shit they sell during the shows. They are run around in circles, working eight hours a day through the years making cars so they can buy them back from someone else, and they are starting to get hip to the whole scene. And by now they're plenty mad about the way things are set up for them. They can't articulate their position, but since they haven't been given the words to speak with they have to resort to simple action, like burning down the businesses who've been robbing them all these years and taking the goods home with them, no money down, no interest, no long-term monthly payments.

Whether you like it or not, people, the truth is coming to light, because the truth can't be covered over forever. Those sores start to smell when you don't even change the bandaids any more.

There is no more reason or excuse for a capitalistic "free enterprise" system in America. Enough goods can be produced and distributed to take care of everyone's needs. There is enough for everybody. The people are beginning to wonder why they aren't getting it while others have everything they could possibly want, even with the TV and advertising media escalating the threshold of their impossible desires with every minute.

This is 1967, people, and the old ways of dealing with reality won't work any more. The U.S. social structure has to be retooled completely to make it capable of working with the situation as it is, and no stop-gap measures will do any good. The country can be saved if you move fast. Do you want to save it, or would you rather hold on to your "TV dinners by the pool?" There aren't any simple answers, but there is now a very simple question: what are you going to do? It's entirely up to you -- no matter all the rhetoric about "society" and "industry" and "business" and "the government", the system doesn't function without the cooperation of the people who make it up. If people don't go to work in the factories and stores, there is no business or industry. If young men refuse to go in the army there is no army. If you turn off your TV you don't have to buy all that shit they sell you. It's that simple.

But there are no if's, interestingly enough. Either you do it or you don't. Discussion is meaningless if no action results from it. My words are meant only to pull your coat to something you may not have realized, for whatever reason. I don't mean to argue, I don't have any "line" to follow or further and if I put some of you up tight then I'm sorry -- sorry for you. This is important, because what I say has to do with your lives every bit as much as mine. I know what I'm doing, and what I have to do, and I do it. What you might say to me is only interesting, if that. And what your newspapers and TV have to say is lies, and I am not interested. It's only sad, because it's their ass that's going up in smoke, not mine. I haven't got anything to lose except maybe my life, and I've never owned that anyway. Good luck.

Reprinted from Detroit Fifth Estate





Ed Emshwiller's "Relativity" may be the most important film ever shown at Aardvark. It reveals visually what we are always trying to convey to each other, to our parents when they say, "Oh, my baby, why must you be a beatnik?" , to the squares who uneasily laugh. Mortality and immortality. That we are a bag of guts (autopsied baby, stuck pigs in dying convulsions) a statistic, a micron among the galaxies. And we are the galaxies.

A nebula bursts like water over her face and breasts. Lying in a tomb of rock and flying in the stars. Was and will be, he, she, we. A stripped moist vagina and flowers. After the truth of sexuality, the inevitability of our end, the small, aging creature hums happily, whether in a meadow, on vast concrete, or with the unconscious crowd, conscious of the mote that lingers somewhere always in the universe, which was and will be himself, ourselves.

A film to make you retch and cry and say, yeah, that's it. Take your mother. One more time please, Howard.

The American Film Institute has received a \$1,300,000 grant for the development of new talents. It will train filmmakers in whatever area they have chosen, provide for study in colleges and high schools, and distribute the new films to theatres. Check it out.



## CHICAGO BLUES

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On Friday evening, August 11, at Chicago's Civic Opera House, organist Jimmy Smith, songstress Nina Simone, flautist Herbie Mann, and trumpeter Miles Davis played to a house sold-out for both the 8:30 and the 11:30 shows.

At the later performance first to emerge were Miles and his men, one by one: tall Ron Carter carried out his bass; twenty-one year-old Tony Williams strode over to his drums; Chicagoan Herbie ("Watermelon Man") Hancock approached the piano; Wayne Shorter (of Jazz Messenger acclaim) sported his tenor sax; and Miles sidled out in his classic style, dressed in a light gray suit, holding his horn against his cut-away jacket, blowing nonchalantly into the mouthpiece. But the group had its problems. Having one of his rare off nights, Tony Williams couldn't quite get with the rest of the group: For the first two numbers he played loud breaks that sounded nearly incongruous to what was happening with the other men. From a strictly technical standpoint Miles played well, but the notes he actually played sounded a little like poppycock. Maybe he couldn't think too clearly this night. After soloing, the All-Important Cool One would walk off stage, to return just before the final ensemble. Wayne Shorter, morose but not nearly so much as the trumpeter, appeared to be in fair form. The amicable Herbie Hancock played beautifully (although it was during his solo work that Williams became especially obtrusive). Though he is past twenty-five, Herbie looks as though he's on the verge of twenty and sounds as though he's studied for thousands. But, to put it simply, the Davis Quintet didn't really get over to the audience. (A few even left.) Even if they had been in top form, it would nevertheless have been bad programming for the most challenging group to appear first. It was annoying but somehow gratifying when during a beautiful Hancock solo on "Round Midnight" someone in the back demanded, "Mercy, Mercy!"

Next on stage was Jimmy Smith's trio, with Nathan Page on guitar and Danny Sweetney on drums. All three performed well--Sweetney's work stood

out as especially imaginative---and you wouldn't believe how joyous they looked as they sat up there in their tuxes, wailing away. But a program of several non-stop blues with a heavy-handed bossa nova for spice quickly palls.

The best-received group of the evening was Herbie Mann's, with Reggie Workman (a collaborator in many of the late John Coltrane's efforts) on bass, Bruno Carr on drums, Roy Ayers on vibes, and a European musician on an exotic stringed instrument ("gourd," it sounded like--both names were hard to catch). Bald, bearded Herbie, attired in a breezy white suit, played several of his customary segments of groovy a capella flute. And he deserves commendation for announcing the tunes and even -- gasp -- talking to the audience. But it was Los Angelino Ayers' astounding vibes-playing that really won the audience over. He was all over his instrument and looked as though he were trying to club it to death or at least stun it. Among the group's selections were Oliver Nelson's "Stolen Moments," which appeared in the album Standing Ovation at Newport (Atlantic 1445, SD-1445), and an engaging arrangement of "Norwegian Wood," during which, with sticks, congas, etc., the group turned into one big happy rhythm section.

Concluding the concert were Nina Simone and her group. With Miss Simone, who wore an interesting white, African-style dress, were dark-spectacled Rudy Stevenson on guitar, Chuck Crosby on drums, and big Gene Taylor (not the WLS disc jockey but Horace Silver's bass man of a few years ago) on electric bass. The group was confident and consistently excellent. Crosby played the most "together" of the drummers that night. Stevenson grooved deftly and compellingly. And Taylor on bass walked very tall. Miss Simone played with taste and sang with her gentle, smooth attack. The memorable tune in her set was Langston Hughes' "Backlash" (not to be confused with trumpeter Freddie Hubbard's current hit of the same name)--"Mr. Backlash, . . . let me teach you the blues . . ."

Before Miss Simone's set emcee George Wein announced another Newport in Chicago for next summer. He also mentioned other performances scheduled for the remainder of this year, among them a Thanksgiving date featuring Wes Montgomery and Cannonball Adderley. "(whistling and clapping) Yeah, all right..."

— JOE GALLAGHER





# THE HIPPIES and THE HYPOCRITES

Part Two: Silence VS. Stupidity BY THANE GOWER RITALIN

The basic functioning slogan of the average citizen of the United States of Americash, clerk and cleric, Cardinal (baseball) and cardinal (Roman Catholic), whore and lawyer, housebreaker and stockbroker, "SELL IT, KILL IT, OR HIDE IT," lends itself to countless variations, custom-tailored, as they say, to suit individual needs.

Perhaps the most popular is "SELL TRASH, KILL TIME, HIDE GENITALS."

Against this sloganeering, against the philosophical sterility which this sloganeering attempts to conceal, the Hippies offer the only possible antidote: silence.

Now, the Hippies have been criticized on the grounds that they articulate no pragmatic alternatives to the nightmarish societal structures they quietly, by non-participation, by a kind of brazen avoidance, condemn.

Well, the Hippies intuitively sense that the trashcomedy of contemporary America, under the bleatorship of a semi-literate Texan schoolteacher, is not susceptible to any rational, intellectual, verbal dialogue.

The Beats of the early fifties, of whom I was one of the early San Francisco cohorts, erred in believing that the dialectic was relevant to the American middle class.

They wrote, spoke, sang and shouted; and did, finally, little more than allow a few unprincipled entrepreneurs to exploit and capitalize on them. THE HIPPIES ARE NOT REPEATING THE BEAT MISTAKE.

The Hippies know that against the utter stupidity of the Establishment puppeteers and puppies no language can be efficacious.

To those who have even rudimentary ears and eyes, the mere presence of the Hippies is as effectively eloquent as any statement made by unilluminated, not disillusioned, youth can be.

Item: Colonel Daniel James Jr., speaking of Negro riots, said, "You can't physically overpower the majority and if you could it would be wrong -- it is just stupid." "Col. James' remarks were featured on the first pages of local newspapers.

I repeat his statement: "You can't physically overpower the majority and if you could it would be wrong -- it is just stupid."

I consider myself extremely competent in dealing with the English language, but this remark of the good colonel's defies any intelligent interpretation. It is hilariously, absurdly, ridiculously, but dangerously, stupid.

Throwing hundreds of flowers at him would be far more meaningful than trying to discuss anything with him.

Item: the prominent theologian, Richard J. Daley, who also functions as Chicago's mayor, said recently at a Prayer Breakfast, at which the city's leading businessmen and bankers were absolved of materialism, "We know our problems are from One who designs all problems..."

I submit that a mind as primitively simple as that will respond more readily to the rattle of baubles, bangles, and beads than it will to a discussion of heresy and dogmatism.

Item: Archbishop Iakovos, who, according to a newspaper heading, "Fears Ugly World In Hippie Revolt," sermonized that many young people had

been transformed "into beatniks, hippies, draft card burners, pacifists, hardly recognizable, and dangerously deformed."

Aside from the historical fact that few institutions have been as tyrannical, vicious, murderous, deformed, and dangerous as the organized Church, there is no talking with this holy fear-monger.

This is the same man who wants to "safeguard the youth of our nation from any and all kinds of deceitful slogans that may lead them to shame and sin."

This from a man of the cloth (what kind of corrupt rag, exactly?) who calls pacifists "dangerously deformed."

I submit, again, that rather than attempt to converse with his Holiness, it would be more meaningful for a Hippie chick (or boy?) quietly to excite him until his erection (if he is capable of one) is as stiff as his righteousness.

The silence of the Hippies seems, even to many like myself who do not practise that silence, the only possible answer to the institutionalized babble of Art Linkletter, Hubert Humphry, Ed Sullivan, Ted Mack, Hugh Hefner, Ann Landers, Cardinal Spellman, Lawrence Welk, Jerry Williams, Arthur Rubloff, Betty Furness, and the other speakers, spewers, and spouters who are the real Voice of America.

The inchoate soul of the new America chooses to follow the Biblical injunction, "Be still..." If the Hippies, too, succumb to the futile, fatal lure of dialog with a middle class crippled by spiritual gobbledeygook, then nuclear destruction will not be the worst threat hanging over every minute of our lives.

With federal hypocrisy accepted as the American Way on the one hand, and riot-produced panic prompting drastic militant measures on the other, we are dangerously near an era in which even millions of the "good" folk will wish their worries were as simple as Hippies' non-use of deodorants.

Someone has suggested the permanent installation of 1000 troops in every large city, to break up groups of over 14 people. The head of the anti-poverty carnival has suggested the formation of a 30,000-man youth police force. The Internal Revenue Service admits opening thousands of pieces of first class mail. The Post Office admits drilling holes in walls in employees' toilets to spy on potential mail thieves. (Really!? What a rationale for voyeurism!) The government spends millions studying and warning against the dangers of tobacco, yet subsidizes the crop, exports it to India, and teaches the islanders to raise it. The government studies and prints thousands of words and pamphlets on the spectre of world hunger, and at the same time pays farmers not to grow food. The government sends arms to Arabs and Israelis, to Indians and Pakistani, to both sides in the Congo War. Praying Johnson issues a prayer proclamation and an order to increase riot-control training in one breath. Why shouldn't the Hippies remain silent? What's to say?



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THIS IS A BOOK REVIEW ARTICLE BY THOMAS MERTON OF THE BOOK "THE SHOSHONEAN'S" BY EDWARD DORN, PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM MORROW, \$6.95. THIS ARTICLE WAS REPRINTED COURTESY "CATHOLIC WORKER"

"Indians who are now principally on the reservation were the aboriginal owners of the United States. Placing them on reservations was an act to protect the white settlers from acts of depredation, which became more common as the Indians were pushed further back out of their original holdings."

(From a Government Mimeographed Sheet about the Indians of Fort Hall Reservation, Idaho.)

The above statement, the modest production of some very minor bureaucratic mind, merits our attention. Indeed it merits more than that: perhaps an international prize for crass and impenetrable complacency. But at any rate, failing an international prize, our attention. "Indians," it says. The subject of the mimeographed sheet is Indians. What are Indians? Everybody and nobody knows what are Indians, but anyhow they are "principally" (let us not get into exquisite details) they are "principally" on "reservations." In point of fact, once it is imagined that you know who they are, it is enough to remember also where they are. The "where" is an extension of the "who." That is to say, you can guess who the Indians are by viewing them in the world of essences which is TV. And the "where" follows as an obvious conclusion. They are "principally on reservations" since they are essentially people who have to be punished for shooting at covered wagons. Why "principally"? They do not have to stay on reservations. They have other choices: to bite the dust or move elsewhere - for example to a ghetto in Reno. Or even to Brooklyn, for that matter. But they live principally on reservations where they are, as we might expect, "shiftless." They do not "take responsibility," since they are Indians. Like certain other races, they seem to gravitate to "run down sections." They are also considered "minors", you know, "wards of the government."

Incidentally, in passing, they did once, in a manner of speaking, qualify as "property owners," but of course only in a very mystical, primitive, irresponsible way, a way utterly laughable. They seemed to be owners of the whole continent, until we arrived and informed them of the true situation. They were squatters on land which God had assigned to us. We knew immediately, we could see at a glance, we understood without the slightest hesitation that they were only aboriginal owners. Now you know and I know just how much of an owner that is. Really no owner at all. The Indian had all this real estate but never even knew it was real estate. So he never really had any legal title. He never even claimed a legal title. What a betrayal of responsibility! What a shameful disrespect for the basic values of life: property ownership, etc.! The aboriginal owner was content to put forward some fantastic story about ancestors, about living here, about having the right to hunt in order to stay alive, and other romantic nonsense. From the first it was quite evident that the manifest destiny of the Indian was to live "principally" on reservations as wards of the true owners of the land, the ones for whom legal title had been prepared by some mysterious fashion from the beginning of time, or drawn up perhaps in Noah's ark.

So we magnanimously shouldered our responsibility for this great continent. In so doing we also shouldered the aboriginal owners and placed them (with the help of the military) principally on reservations appropriate for the irresponsible - that is to say tracts of land that were already remote and a bit run down.

Remember: there were always those "depredations". The sort of thing a sneaky old aboriginal owner might resort to. Just when the white man is starting to develop the neighborhood, to make a little money on his investment, along come the Indians with their depredations, stealing horses for example, not only in order to ride them but even in some deplorable cases to eat them, hunger being one of the weaknesses of aboriginal owners who suddenly learn that they are no longer in a position to live by hunting, since the white man has destroyed all the game.

#### Unsentimental Journey

In 1965 Edward Dorn, a poet, and Leroy Lucas, a photographer, went looking for the Shoshonean Indians, in the Basin Plateau, the high, dry, valleys of Nevada and Idaho. Their itinerary took them from Reno to the Paiute reservation around Pyramid Lake, to the Western Shoshoni at Duck Valley on the Nevada-Idaho border, to the Shoshoni-Bannock at Fort Hall reservation in the Snake River valley of Idaho. They wanted something more than to "see" these people, these "aboriginal owners" long since separated from their "original holdings" and reduced to a state of alienated helplessness. They did not simply come to point a camera at human objects and make notes about the folkways of a distraught minority. In this book, Dorn's text does not even pretend to be sociology and the eye of Leroy Lucas's camera discovers images strangely unlike what we might find in the National Geographic. These are not the photographs which somehow manage to ignore Indians and treat them as if they weren't there - making them disappear in a raw, post-card colored landscape and an incomprehensible costume. The aboriginal owner has a face marked with suffering, irony, courage, sometimes desperation: always with a human beauty which defeats sometimes obvious degradation. Perhaps the explanation for this clear vision is the fact that Lucas is a Negro and knows what he is seeing when he looks at people who have been systematically excluded from life, and who yet manage to remain very much alive, at once present and lost, accusingly separate and outside. Yet very much "there."

The journey of Dorn and Lucas was a pilgrimage. What is a pilgrimage? A journey to the source, a return to a place where there will be an encounter and a





# SHOSHONEANS

look: "Very old animals have such coats over the eyes, a privacy impenetrable from the outside." Yet even then an overpowering "presence" and with it all the appalling neglect of a life burned out finally after a hundred years of poverty, a "man gone to the utter end." Attempts to communicate: did the old Father need anything? Finally they discover that he likes cigarettes. They leave him with several cartons. They hope the mysterious smile of a passer-by is a sign that communion now exists.

The whole book is pitched low like this. Nothing is romanticized. The life of the "aboriginal owner now principally on reservations" is hardly touched by glamor. There is a pitiful beauty in it, but the squalor in which the beauty persists is not evaded or drenched in nostalgia. The book is quietly eloquent, objective, without camouflage, confessedly incomplete and tentative. It is an attempted pilgrimage to the point "beyond which there would lie the fullest explanation of a people who have been so fully maligned by crimes of omission." The authors have the honesty to admit that they never reached any such point. But the photographs and text give us a valid idea of what that point might be.

What about the Shoshoneans and the United States of America? Indians who have fought in the "Korean conflict." Indians who like war. Ritual flag raising incorporated into the Sun Dance. But also: the Sun Dance for Peace in Vietnam. Leroy Lucas, the Negro, participated in the Sun Dance, danced for the full three days, fasting in the hot sun. Fine pictures and some idea of the dance but it is only alluded to, in passing, by Dorn's text. Dorn was not there.

Meanwhile Radio KSSN, Pocatello, Idaho, praised, if not the Sun Dance for peace, at any rate a War Dance for War: "Congratulations out there all you Shoshoni Bannocks for a job well done, and all you Shoshoni Bannocks participating out there at Fort Hall, Ross Fork an' Tyhee... We can all be proud of the war dancers." Sure, a war dance is safe enough now: it no longer means anything. That is why we can be proud of it. We are indeed proud of our Indian friends. They have accepted their meaninglessness. Or have they? What do they make of themselves "out there" on the reservation? Are they simply content to believe what we have made of them?

#### Inventing an Identity

The precise question must be clearly defined. Let us return to the original statement, from the mimeograph about Fort Hall. The Indian has been forcibly confined within the limits of a mental definition that is at once arbitrary and unlivable. of this, his existence on the reservation (principally), as a minor and ward of our government, as a being who is assumed to be unable to decide anything for himself, is only a symbolic, ritual expression. The real confinement, the real reduction and unmaning of the Indian is the reduction to a definition of him, not in terms of his essential humanity or of his truly ethnic identity, but purely and simply in terms of his relations with us. More exactly, a definition of him in terms of a relationship of absolute tutelage imposed on him by us. This of course extremely significant not only for the Indian (against whose human identity it is an act of systematic violence) but for ourselves.

In defining and limiting the Indian as we have, we are also expressing a definition and limitation within ourselves. In putting the Indian under tutelage to our own supposedly superior generosity and intelligence, we are in fact defining our own inhumanity, our own insensitivity, our own blindness to human values. In effect, how is the Indian defined and hemmed in by the relationship we have imposed on him? His reservation existence - somewhat like the existence of an orphan in an asylum - is as close to non-existence as we can get him without annihilating him altogether. I fully realize that this will arouse instant protest. The Indian is not confined to his reservation: he has another choice. He is free to raise himself up, to get out and improve his lot, to make himself human, and how? Why, of course, by joining us, by doing as we do, by manifesting business acumen and American know-how, by making money, and by being integrated into our affluent society. Very generous indeed.

But let us spell out quite clearly what this means. It means that as far as we are concerned the Indian (like the Negro, the Asian, etc.) is permitted to have a human identity only in so far as he conforms to ourselves and takes upon himself our identity. But since in fact the Indian, or the Negro, is in the position of having a different colored skin and other traits which make him unlike ourselves, he can never have an identity. The lock snaps shut. The Indian, like the Negro (though perhaps less emphatically), is definitively excluded. He can never sell himself to us as fully human on our impossible terms. In theory we recognize his humanity. In practice he is, like the Negro, at best a second-class human who tries to dress and act like ourselves but never quite manages to make the grade. Therefore "Indians are now principally on the reservation." They have failed to establish themselves in our society, "But," and we continue to paraphrase, "placing them on reservations was an act to protect white settlers from psychological deprivations, from any loss of self esteem by an admission that the Indians might be humanly their equals. To protect white America from the realization that the Indian was not an inferior being. In order to guarantee that the Indian conformed to the white man's idea of him, the Indian was more and more deprived of his original holdings, since for the white man identity is coextensive with the capacity to own property, to have holding, and to make a lot of money."

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In one word, the ultimate violence which the American white man, like the European white man, has exerted in all unconscious "good faith" upon the colored races of the earth (and above all on the Negro) has been to impose on them invented identities, to place them in positions of subservience and helplessness in which they themselves came to believe only the in the identities which had thus been conferred upon them.

The ultimate surrender of the Indian is to believe himself a being who belongs on a reservation or in an Indian ghetto, and to remain there without identity, with the possible but generally unreal option of dreaming that he might find a place in white society. In the same way the ultimate defeat of the Negro is for him to believe that he is a being who belongs in Harlem, occasionally dreaming that if only he could make it to Park Avenue he would at last become real.

When Radio Station KSSN congratulates the Indians for their war dance, it is congratulating them for accepting an identity imagined for them by somebody else and performing a meaningless, perhaps lightly nostalgic act which defines them as non-persons. The war dance is permitted as an admission of failure. One admits failure by admitting that one is an Indian. A situation worthy of Kafka. To be an Indian is a lifelong desultory exercise in acting as somebody else's invention. But the human incapacity to measure up to such demands constitutes a problem: "the Indian problem." After all, the war dance does remain ambivalent: an assertion that to be an Indian formerly meant something: a capacity for self-defense.

Just as the innocent sounding songs of Negro slaves possessed a deeper meaning, so such dancing too can have a deeper meaning. Dorn's text reminds us of the Masacre of Wounded Knee, December 29th, 1890. Men, women and children were ruthlessly cut down in punishment for the "Ghost Dance," a manifestation of a forbidden and disquieting new Indian consciousness. The Ghost Dance was a desperate

appeal to supernatural powers to send a religious Liberator. White America was having none of that. But Ed Dorn remarks that if the massacre marked the end of the Ghost Dance, "It also registered another small installment in the spiritual death of America."

The intentional ambiguity of Dorn's text is basic and fruitful, for it shows him to be conscious of the guilt of white America and totally unsure of the validity of his own pilgrimage of reparation. The photographs of Leroy Lucas are more direct, more stark, and more accusing. One sees in them the grinding effect of poverty, suffering, and the mockery of the pseudo-identity conferred on Indians by the hats, the cars, the sunglasses, the food, the clothing, the juke boxes of white America. And one sees the marvelous untouched beauty of the Indian children, affirming a yet uncontradicted reality and identity. (But they will learn!)

The most eloquent, moving and hopeful statements in the book come from one or two Indians who are too articulate to be heard by white politicians and sociologists. One, for example, a "literate Indian in Pocatello" argued against Peyotism while Dorn suggested arguments in its favor. Was the drug not after all a useful protection against alienation in an impossible society? Was not the spread of many other drugs and indication of this? "He allowed that, but on behalf of his own people he pointed out that they were not natively Western and had, until white contact, a cosmological sense of a different order, and while drug taking might be a useful desperateness on the part of a troubled person in white society, it was at least possible for an Indian to regain his oneness, because the history of the split was quite short and probably not yet complete and was perhaps actuated by mere suppression in all its form, true, but was not an internalized psychological shifting of spiritual power as was the case in Western civilization. He said it is very important for his people to work for their cosmic identities within the unaltered material of their being, without the agency of an hallucinogen. . . His point. . . was that a man has as much potential as a plant and should grow by virtue of his own roots."

Two remark: first, in spite of the widespread myth that Indians have everywhere used drugs religiously since time immemorial, it must be noted

that peyote came to the Shoshoneans only fifty years ago (around 1916). Second, the Indian is still conscious, or able to be conscious, that he is close enough to his own roots to return to them in spite of the violence exercised upon his spirit by the white man. And of course, in so far as a man returns to his own roots, he becomes able to resist exterior violence with complete success and even, after a certain point, invulnerably.

Poverty and Power

The last four pages of the book are devoted to an admirable statement by a Ponca Indian, Clyde Warrior. The statement was first drafted as a speech for a conference on the War on Poverty. The speech was never given. This was not permitted. The ideas came too close to the nerve. Perhaps the best way to conclude this article would be to quote extensively from Clyde Warrior's speech. Its wisdom effectively balances the un-wisdom of our opening quotation, and makes us feel that America would be better off if we had a few more articulate Indians.

My name is Clyde Warrior and I'm a full blood Ponca Indian from Oklahoma. I appear here before you to try, as much as I can, to present to you the views of Indian youth. If I start my presentation with a slightly cynical quote it is because America Indians generally and Indian youth particularly are more than a little cynical about programs devised for our betterment. Over the years the federal government has devised programs and "wheeled them" into Indian communities in the name of economic rehabilitation or the like. These programs have, by and large, resulted in bitter divisions and strife in our communities, further impoverishment and the placing of our parents in a more and more powerless position.

I am a young man, but I'm old enough to have seen this process accelerate in my lifetime. This has been the experience of Indian youth - to see our leaders become impotent and less experienced in handling the modern world. Those among our generation who have an understanding of modern life have had to come to that understanding by experiences outside our home communities. The indignity of Indian life, and would presume the indignity of life among the poor generally in these United States, is the powerlessness of those who are "out of it," but who yet are coerced and manipulated by the very system which excludes them. . .

When I talk to Peace Corps volunteers who have returned from overseas, they tell me, along with many modern historians and economists, that the very structure of the relation between the rich and poor keeps the poor poor; that the powerful do not want change and that

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ONCE UP ON LOVE

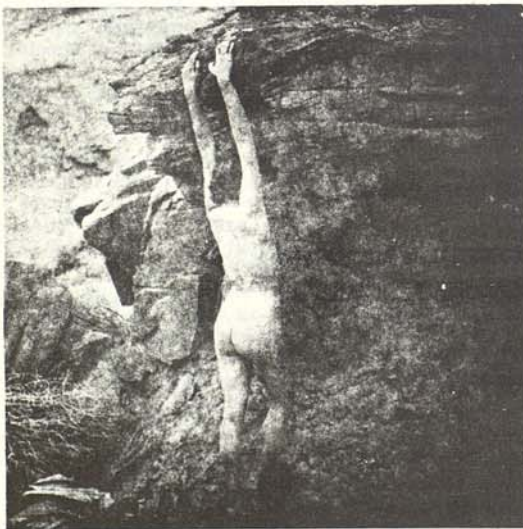
lingering winter winds whipped wyoming to spring  
And she and i naked to nude one another  
walked chilly afternoon over rock sandstone and time.

Two tumble weeds told talk to hold  
clothes fell groundward And  
Yes Those Off Too Please.

A bitter cold rock cradled her prenatal her  
up she moved to cover clothed with cloak  
Isn't it Cold and Couldn't We Warm Me.

Close standing one coat holding our bodies moved  
soft skin silken clung to my self's soul  
Please Love Do Be Good Were Too Young To Be Old

Time caught and we turned spinning colorado to illinois  
wyoming wooed wanting And  
left she still standing strung from stone.



F. Lawrence Hart

On that day one shall blow the orange  
and yellow plastic whistle and every  
child, man, and woman shall with solemn  
gather in the street and undress. When  
they look around they will see nude  
eye to nude eye and all withheld revealing  
idioFreuds and underfeelings seeing  
then, maybe, that wanderers had been  
right all along or worthy at least of  
final acknowledgment, or maybe it  
will be ignorants or the troubled, but  
no matter. When all have seen what  
there was never underneath, the whistle  
will shrill and, segregating themselves  
on opposite sides of the highways'  
dividing lines, they shall face group  
to group and play volleyball forever.

Sharon Leavitt



While Waiting in a Telephone Booth

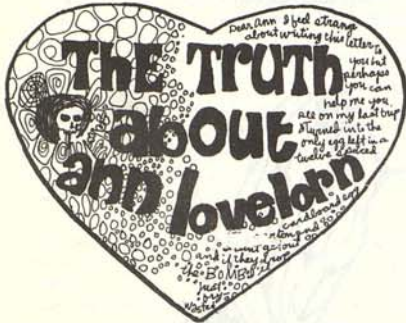
Somewhere, before a twenty-one  
inch world  
Of Brylcreem and Maverick and  
College Bowl,  
She lies after my rejected  
call, curled  
Up and war, while I commune  
with my soul.  
She said to wait until the  
show was done.  
So for a time my life is just  
these walls  
Enscrawled with Judson-six  
five-oh-nine one.  
While my awareness graph to  
zero falls.  
And elsewhere out beyond the  
useless space  
Of unviable air behind this door,  
Mice and men-and rats  
run their endless race  
With life as well without me  
as before.

Bruce Cleary





This is the first of what will be a regular column written for The Seed by Valerie Walker



It was right between the time I worked at the clipping bureau (Mortician's Times, Beekeeper's Weekly) and the time I wrote copy for the Spiegel mail-order catalog (Light Lovely Lycra for the Long Leggy Look you Love) that I found myself in the want-ad department of a Chicago daily newspaper, trying to sell Help-Wanted ads over the phone.

On my first day, one of my co-workers, a girl named Marcy, took me down the hall to the automated lunchroom. We bought our food from the machines and were sitting at one of the tables talking when a girl carrying a stack of papers sat down at the next table. Marcy nudged me and nodded discreetly at the other girl.

You know who that is? she said. She's one of Ann Lovelorn's slaves. Does she have many? I asked, looking with some interest. The papers were in a large manila envelope which lay beside the girl's plate. There must have been several hundred pages, on all sorts of paper---obviously letters.

She's got about five or six girls working for her, said Marcy. She pays 'em fifty or sixty bucks a week, and I hear she's just impossible to work for. They read all the letters and weed out the juicy ones for the Queen to look over.

The girl finished her lunch and got up to leave. As she picked up the manila envelope I could see on the underside in big red greasepencil letters the word UNWED.

I had not thought of this incident for several years until just the other day, when Ann Lovelorn's column carried a letter reporting to come from a nineteen-year-old student who had freaked out on his first acid trip and taken three months to come back, and had two friends in mental institutions as a result of the same group session. Obviously a new manila envelope had been added.

Having worked the Alcohol file and the Other-Woman file and the How-Far-Should-I-Let-My-Steady-Go file half to death, and having a very full schedule of lectures on Morality and Ethics in places such as Jones Commercial High School and the Suzy Cream-cheese Memorial Association of Rantoul, Illinois, and now mining new treasures with the I-Freaked-Out-And-Never-Came-Back file, it didn't seem possible for her to keep up the pace, unless there was something the Wonder Woman wasn't telling the public. I determined to find out what.

One evening while extremely high on a mixture of grass, pine needles, and chocolate-chip cookies, I was able to project my astral body over to the corridors of the newspaper building. Concealing myself in a broom closet with the help of a friendly broom, I waited until only the night crew remained in the building. I let myself into the other office. The girls had all gone home, but a light gleamed in the inner office. After listening for a moment at the door, I nervously opened it. There on the other side of a vast field of carpet, woven in a hearts-and-flowers pattern, stood the biggest mahogany desk I'd ever seen. It had a transparent plastic cover over it. Behind the desk sat the figure which has become familiar to all America. But something was missing.

Her hair---that great black piece of plastic sculpture---sat on a wigstand on the desk. In a glass of water beside the wigstand floated her teeth, ghostly in the dim light.

Migod, I gasped. She's a man! The figure behind the desk straightened up, and the biggest shock of all swept over me.

You! I cried. And Lenny Bruce nodded. Yes, he said tiredly, me.

But you're supposed to be dead, I said.

He smiled. Actually, he said, that was the old girl herself who died. She and I had had a thing going for some time, and she was in my dressing room at the time she dropped dead. Naturally I had to switch identities with her---I had enough heat on my tail without a murder rap.

But it was an accident, wasn't it? I asked.

Yeah---heart attack. She just got too excited watching me. I'd warned her, but she never would listen.

Watching you?

Yeah---that was the thing we had going. She used to visit me secretly and watch me shoot up. She really knew how to get her jollies. I never saw anyone enjoy anything so much.

But what happened to your hair and teeth? You look terrible, man!

He smiled sadly. It's just part of the sacrifice I had to make when I switched places with the Lovelorn band. Couldn't have anyone identifying me by my teeth, and the old girl wore a wig anyway, so I just shaved my head. That wasn't too bad, but I had to shave my legs and armpits too, and this damn girdle is killing me.

Can't anyone tell the difference? I asked. Like her husband, for instance?

No---they've had an arrangement for years. Separate bedrooms. He doesn't touch her, and she lets him get his jollies reading the National Enquirer. As close as we ever get, I might have been Ann Lovelorn for the past twenty years.

But Lenny, I said weakly, sinking into a chair, why are you doing this? All she stands for---Motherhood, the Flag, Everett Dirksen---how could you have gone over to the Establishment this way, you of all people?

Lenny Bruce smiled, a proud light in his hollow eyes. You just don't understand, he said softly. Haven't you noticed that the columns have been getting more and more unbelievable lately, ever since Lenny Bruce was reported to be dead of an overdose?

Yes, but--

Well, I'm boring from within. Boring from within?

Sure, he said, a trifle impatiently. I can tell from experience that the direct frontal attack doesn't get you anywhere but the pokey. So I take over one of the fountainheads of Establishment bullshit, and little by little reveal to the people just how phoney the whole bag is. I've been getting some good ones in lately. Like the Lexington, Kentucky High School Code of Morals, and the one about the kid who freaked out on Noxzema---I made those two up all by myself. Good, weren't they?

Beautiful, I said. But how long do you think you can get away with this without someone finding out? If I could catch you this easily--

He sighed. I guess I'll have to wear this damn wig all the time now.

As he reached for the wigstand he seemed to waver, and then disappear, and I found myself back in my own living room.

Hey, man, I said, you'll never guess who I just saw.

Woody Woodpecker in neon? No, I said, and tears came to my eyes. I found out where a very brave man is working in secret to protect the minds and hearts of young America. Working for that great day when he can take off his wig and girdle---unsung, unknow, unrewarded---LENNY BRUCE LIVES!



continued from page 12

it is the very system itself that causes poverty; and that it is futile to work within this framework. I am not an economist and I cannot evaluate these ideas. I hope that men of good will even among the powerful are willing to have their "boat rocked" a little in order to accomplish the task our country has set itself. . . .

As I say I am not sure of the causes of poverty, but one if its correlates at least is this powerlessness, lack of experience, and lack of articulateness. . .

Now we have a new crusade in America - our "War on Poverty" - which purports to begin with a revolutionary new concept - working with the local community. Indian youth could not be more pleased with these kinds of statements, and we hope that for the first time since we were disposed of as a military threat our parents will have something to say about their own destiny and not be ignored as is usually the case. If I am once again a little cynical let me outline the reasons for our fears. I do not doubt that all of you are men of good will and that you do intend to work with the local community. My only fear is what you think the local community is. . .

I do not know how to solve the problem of poverty and I'm not even sure that poverty is what we must solve - perhaps it is only a symptom. In a rich country, like the United States, if poverty is the lack of money and resources that seems to me to be a very small problem indeed. So I cannot say whether poverty is a symptom or a cause or how one would go about solving it in pure economic terms. But of this I am certain, when a people are powerless and their destiny is controlled by the powerful, whether they be rich or poor, they live in ignorance and frustration because they have been deprived of experience and responsibility as individuals and as communities. In the modern world there is no substitute for this kind of experience. One must have it to make rational choices, to live in a world you feel competent to deal with and not be frustrated by. No one can gain this experience without the power

to make these decisions himself with his fellows in his local community. No amount of formal education or money can take the place of these basic life experiences for the human being. If the Indian does not understand the modern economy it is because he has never been involved in it. Someone has made those decisions for him. "Handouts" do not erode character. The lack of power over one's own destiny erodes character. And I might add, self-esteem is an important part of character. No one can have competence unless he has both the experience to become competent and make decisions which display competence.

In the old days the Ponca people lived on the buffalo and we went out and hunted it. We believe that God gave the buffalo as a gift to us. That alone did not erode our character, but no one went out and found the buffalo for us, nor one organized our hunts for us, nor told how to divide our meats, nor told us how to direct our prayers. We did that ourselves. And we felt ourselves to be a competent, worthy people. In those days we were not "out of the system." We were the system, and we dealt competently with our environment because we had the power to do so. White business men and bureaucrats did not make the Ponca decisions, the Poncas made those decisions and carried them out. If we were rich one year, it was our doing and if we were poor the next, we felt competent to deal with that condition. Democracy is just not good in the abstract, it is necessary for the human condition; and the epitome of democracy is responsibility as individuals and as communities of people. There cannot be responsibility unless people can make decisions and stand by them or fall by them. . .

I might also add it is only when a community has real freedom that outside help will be effective. The lessons of new nations have certainly taught us that. It was only when colonies in Africa and Asia had their freedom that economic help from France and England became productive. We can apply that lesson here in America to the local community itself.

Help support Radio Free Rogers Park



### STP: Aids of Abortives

The main hassle with STP seems to be that the abortives commonly used to bring one down from acid induce convulsions in the STP subject. George Peters of the LSD Line has provided up with the following list of abortives for STP trips:

1. Dihycomn - dosage 250 milligrams by Consolidated Midland Corporation.
2. Dilantin (without phenobarbital) dosage 250 milligrams by Parke-Davis.
3. Ekko - dosage 250 milligrams by Fleming Company
4. Goutamic Acid (500 milligrams) - dosage - 5 grams by William T. Thompson Company

The first three can be gotten by Rx for epileptic seizures (Excuse?) The fourth does not need a Rx.

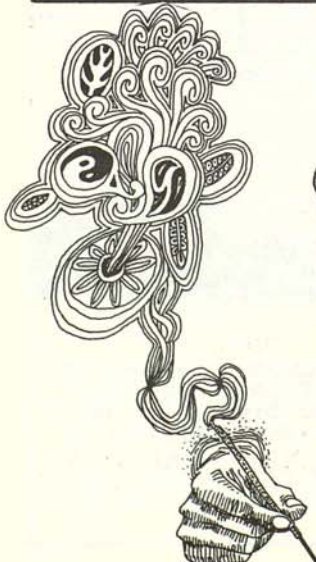
### PLAY FOR PAYMATE

Hollywood police announced that they had arrested Miss Joey Gibson, the June "Playmate", on charges of prostitution. The 21-year-old Miss Gibson will face trial on August 23.

In the Playboy story, Miss Gibson said, "I am my own woman. I lead my life according to no social standards other than my own." A Playboy spokesman said he felt the bust (sorry about the pun) would not stain the girl-next-door image of the playmates.

Miss Gibson is a part-time college student, according to Playboy, and a part-time hooker, according to the fuzz.

IF YOU'RE PREGNANT DON'T TAKE ACID



1718 NORTH PARK AVE  
 ELBOURNAVE  
**FREE BAKERY**  
 MON FRI & THURS  
 DAYS AND THURS  
 BASEMENT OF ARTS CENTER  
**FREE @ BREAD!**  
 COME AT 9:00 A.M. TO BAKE  
 A SOLIDARITY COMMUNITY

# TOMKINS SQUARE SMOKE-IN

reprinted from EVO

The banana smoke-in was the beginning. Sunday, July 16--somebody handed out free pot.

The leaflet for the second smoke-in read:  
"BRING INSTRUMENTS & MAKE MUSIC  
DRUMS, DRUMS, DRUMS  
BELLS, FLUTES, (JOINTS?)  
TRAIGA LA CONGA CON USTED...  
Forget paranoia - make music together  
Tompkins Park \*Sun. Eve.\* July 23rd\*  
6:00 Better than last time."

Responding more to euphoric memories of the previous week's celebration, a mixed group of hippies, Puerto Ricans, Negroes, and straights showed up at 6:00, in front of the bandshell. By 6:20, handfuls of joints appeared in the crowd. People turned on to the sounds of a spontaneous Conga band, dancing and making music together. The crowd grew to 400, but the rains came at 7:00 P. M. After the rain, the crowd swelled again, and smoking continued until 8:30. People turned each other on to grass--openly, without paranoia. Several plainclothesmen were identified, but regular police were absent. Apparently, higher-ups in the police department decided that, with rioting starting in East Harlem, it might be a mistake to molest a mixed crowd of hippies and Puerto Ricans.

Everybody waited for the next Sunday. PROVO got a rock band for 7:00 PM Sunday evening, July 30. An experimental conga-folk rock band--6 conga drummers, the tree electrified and two unamplified members of the Pterodactyls rock band began their first number just before 7:30. Conga rock blues.

After two weeks of community smoke-ins, everybody in the crowd of 3,000 was hip to the idea that every PROVO happening is automatically a smoke-in. By 8:00, hundreds of joints appeared everywhere in the crowd; a sweet haze



rose skyward. Then anonymous benefactors in back of the regular seating threw handfuls of joints into the air. The crowd cheered and surged. When two regular blue-clothes police waded in, people started applauding. The cops shrugged their shoulders, turned around, and walked away. Later, groups followed obvious plainclothesmen around, until they left the park. Until 10:30, marijuana, in huge quantities, appeared not only in front of the bandshell, but all over the park, among groups listening to guitar or conga drum. Clearly, just about everybody on the Lower East Side wants to smoke openly, without fear.

Police and others are beginning to give up the myth that marijuana necessarily leads to violence. After a week of rumors, everybody just got wasted, and too high to do anything but groove. Anybody who resented what was happening in the park every Sunday night, changed his mind when he saw that this wasn't a hippy thing. Everybody was smoking - not banana, but real free grass. People turned on, and communication happened.



PROVO encouraged smoke-ins to break down some of the paranoia that keeps people here immobile. The hip, grass-smoking poor of the ghetto - 'hippy,' Puerto Rican, Negro - can ignore police harassment, if they're together. The cops aren't going to bust 3,000 people, or molest a crowd made up from all groups - not after Memorial Day, not with rioting going on all over the country.

Together the people here are even capable of resisting the laws - like the laws against grass - that discriminate against people in the ghetto; and changing them, directly and nonviolently.

The smoke-ins showed a couple of other things, besides. When the riot squad stayed away, people were able to solve problems using their own methods. Like turning on together. Psychedelic technology really works, not just as a way to get high, but at very least, as a way of diminishing friction between people. And, after all the talk of psychedelic revolution, the real, shared experience of a smoke-in contributed to something that all the money or media coverage hippies can't marshal. There is peace in the park.

If the psychedelic revolution involves even this minimal social transformation, then it has to appeal, in an immediate and living way, to the socio-economic groups that stand to gain through social transformation. Hippies have dropped into the ghetto; they have to work with ghetto people. Can a psychedelic revolution really expect much from the old, middle-class society? The middle-class are winners in this society. They pay the cops to keep it that way.

## HOLY HIPPIES

"Today's hippies are closer to God and the Christian way of life than are most churchgoers", said Dr. Robert McAfee Brown, professor of religion at Stanford University.

Dr. Brown, a leading Presbyterian theologian, stated this at the opening of the 179th General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church.

Dr. Brown continued, stating that hippies are not concerned with social structure or politics but that they want to enjoy a world unstructured and free, and that they are concerned with human values. "The hippies have been turned off by the church but we cannot dismiss them because they have beards and sandals. They have something we don't. We must listen to their creative ideas".

Dr. Brown is a believer in the right of dissent although he is not considered a hard core dove. He said he sees a parallel between American churches of today and the German churches of the 30's. What is disturbing is that in the 30's those churches were also silent and SIX million Jews perished with uncounted others. There was a horrible evil abroad in that land.

"Our church must be willing to lay itself on the line. The need to speak is crucial. It must find a way to alert the conscience of America."

The 830 attending churchmen represent 3,300,000 church members throughout the U.S.



To the people who jumped me in front of this sign Saturday, August 26th: I've got new glasses, the skin will grow back but the drawings are irreplaceable. If the drawings are still around, please return them to Turin Bicycle Co-op. No questions asked. Lester



# HYDE PARK ADVERTISING

This is part two of a three part serial on the Hyde Park newspapers written for the SEED by Ernest Thompson.

To my surprise, their offices are in the Hyde Park National Bank building; and that VOICES is the youngest of the Hyde Park papers, a little over a year old. It's published once a month and has a circulation of around 18,000. And is put out under the combined hands of the Hirches and the Gordons, a young, bright married couple who at first glance appeared much too normal to be putting out anything. They met me in the small, one room office and publishing empire with wide grins of hello's and love. Shortly we got down to the question at hand. Did they speak for Hyde Park? Were they sure who he was?

Arlene Hirsch, I gathered as I took a few shots and asked questions, has no hang-ups. At least not too terribly visible ones. Judith Gordon, head of circulation, art, et al, had even less. They said they merely got together one day in a restaurant, thought Hyde Park needed another paper and proceeded to start one. No, none of them had been journalism majors while in school. Although, she said, they certainly liked the students, and their activities, their paper wasn't really directed at them. Their readers, she went on, tended to be in the same bag and age bracket as themselves. (late twenties - early thirties) I asked the four of them what they thought of sex, off handedly. They responded by merely showing me their children.

They asked a few questions about THE SEED, and the underground, and what did we think we were doing. I told them, and pressed on to find out why better coverage hadn't been given to the hippies in Hyde Park. They admitted that, frankly, they hadn't thought too much about them. I gathered that they assumed the MAROON was setting their type. Here Arlene Hirsch gave me eight back-issues, I took a half dozen more shots and shortly I was, again, back out on 53rd Street.

The one statement that stuck in my mind, as I walked toward Smedly's, was that made by Arlene Hirsch, "We're definitely against a de-personalized press." After two fast brandies, I hurried home and began reading their copy.

The next day I started out in Medici's coffee house, where I ran into Don Pierce, an undergrad.

"What's happening?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing. Who's inside?"

"Nobody. I just came thru hoping there was still a Times without a greasy hand print all over it." He smiled and adjusted his sun glasses. "C'mon, they're having a pow-wow at Mandel Hall about last night's sit-in in the Admin building. I don't think they'll solve anything, but it's better than going back to the pad and page two-three-four. If I haven't made the exam, to hell with it."

"Cool," I said as we turned west on 57th Street. "I'm scribbling an article on the Hyde Park copy. Got anything profound to add..."

"Yes," he said emphatically. "There's not a damn thing going on. I mean it. Not a thing. Ya know, I've been commuting to Cleveland, Bloomington and De Kalb for some ass, a party, anything, for the last month. They're no parties going. You tell me. What's happening to this district? It seems as if they've torn down the buildings and the people, too. If I don't go out of town... it's the north side. Three of my buddies are trying to find a pad over there today. Wherever it's at, it's not here."

"I've heard the rumor," I said. "You read the Maroon often?"

"Late. Completely out of it. Now, if they had some personals like EVO... Maybe I'd cop a few. The underground should take it over."

"What do you read, then, Don?"

"I definitely consider the walls of Johns a must. What else is there?"

"I'm glad I ran into you. I hadn't know about this meeting. Maybe I'll see Jeff Kuta here."

"Who's he?" Don asked, pointing to two vacants in the last row.

"Editor of the Maroon."

Ron tried to make out with the blond on our right, she ignored him, then we settled back and listened to the Student Union come on strong against a faculty squadron concerning the ratings and the draft craze to Vietnam. It was a draw, and I didn't see Kuta.

I went home, ate, and was digging the latest issue of the establishment journal, the Trib, when Lee Botts called and said she'd see me the following Saturday

This was also the day of the 57th Street Art Fair; bright, sunny, which meant I'd see more legs and less skirts. I was gassed, about the whole thing as I swung out of the crib at ten that morning. The IC shortly brought me into Mrs. Botts' office twenty minutes later, whereupon she invited me to sit down. I thanked her, thus proving underground writers can make it with most of the vowels. She

smiled an over-thirty smile and continued to observe me closely.

"You are Ernest Thompson, aren't you?" she asked.

"Yes, I am. I've only a few questions and then I'll get out." I noticed a half opened copy of the Seed's May issue resting on a table in back of her. "Some about you, some about the paper. However, frankly, we're interested in who's laying composition."

"I don't understand what you mean," she replied. "By the way, your piece on 47th Street was incorrect."

"I didn't write it," I said.

"The firm in question is a New York based organization..." She smiled and leaned back in her chair. In front of her, on the desk, lay papers and photographs also seeking an audience.

## MOLE BUSTED IN RENO

Earl Segal, well-known proprietor of Old Town's Molehole, while on a trip to the West Coast decided to stop in Reno for a go at the roulette tables. His traveling partner, a minor, was ejected from the casino and a few minutes later arrested for vagrancy. Segal, upon being told of his friend's arrest went to the station to see what could be done about it. When they found that he wasn't carrying a draft card, he was arrested. The charge was playing baseball in an alley or private place where prohibited. He was refused permission to make a phone call and ordered to strip and change to jail coveralls. At this point, the cops found some grass and a pipe and he was arrested for possession of narcotics. He was then led out at 4 AM in the morning barefoot and wearing coveralls to identify his car. The car was towed to the station and after an hour's search, the cops discovered a small packet of amphetamine which they mistakenly believed to be the killer drug LSD. Some copies of The Seed and two thousand buttons which they thought to be obscene were confiscated. He then spent two days and three nights in solitary confinement before being sprung. Segal says, "When and if that happens, compensative measures will be considered. I may leave Reno a winner yet."

Mighty Existentialist Rangers Inc.





31 July 1967

Sumner Warner  
552 West Deming Place  
Chicago, Illinois 60614

5th Circuit Court  
New Orleans, Louisiana

Reference: Trial of Timothy Leary, Ph. D.

Dear Sirs,

I feel anything but acquittal for Professor Leary is a travesty of justice,

Apparently, Articles I and VIII of our (rebel created), Constitution, neglects to encompass everybody.

In my opinion, Dr. Leary, was arrested... illegally; and his prosecutors are the lawbreakers qualified for trial. Matter-of-fact, I believe, they are now on trial in a Higher Court.

America is sick of seeing her genius in ignominy... appalled by the vicious antipathy to independent thought... and in revulsion to a moronic bureaucracy whose Mammonite soul scoffs ethical behaviour, viz., moral pursuit, intellectual honesty, et cetera?

Methinks I espy the echoing Muse's song singing: 'We are sick of cruel cant and hypocrisy. We are full of a stupid robot State psychotic society atheistic materialistic warring destructive government.'

'Will it not expire in the carcinoma of its sleep-walking ignorance? Perchance it will suppurate of its own accord.'

'Let us descry its immediate decay! Let us hear its rattling death cackle! Let us see, thank G\_d, the revolt upon us!'

Shalom,

Sumner Warner

Another open letter to the hippy community

I have heard my first letter discussed among, what I call the elite of the hippy's. Besides calling me crazy for thinking that a person earning \$20,000 a year would not be fired from his job for admitting that he smokes pot, I was put down for not signing my real name.

Well, my friends, I put you down. I put you down for not realizing that I am only one person. I put you down for not being smart enough to realize that I do not earn even \$6,000 a year, so I have much more to lose. By signing my name I would not only be alone, I would lose the prospects of earning \$20,000. I put you down for talking like successful human being, but acting like frightened and lost children. You have assumed that the letter meant for each and every one of you to walk into your bosses office and tell him you smoke pot. That is crazy! What is not crazy is to become organized and do it in a group.

I make a number of your scenes and I find that it is not that you can't do it, but that you don't give a damn. You are fairly safe, at least none of you have been busted yet. One of these days you will find out who I am, because I will find myself in a position to sign my name. When that time comes, I will look you straight in the eye and put you down. "drop out"



Visit Israel and see the pyramids

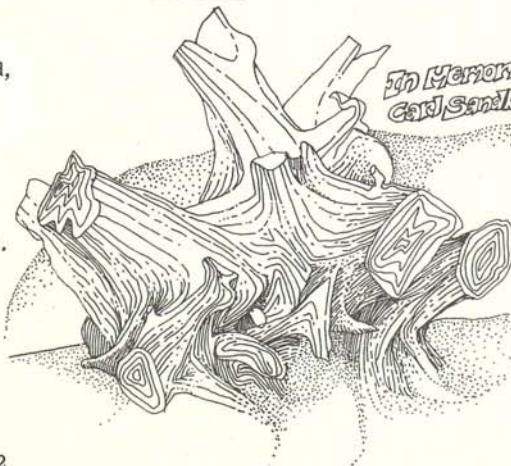
Have you ever sat nude on a cool, smooth rock in the early morning, and, using the better hash, watched the sun come up?

Have you ever REALLY had the opportunity to do Your Thing, WHAT EVER?

You say it can't happen? You're right. Not in the Cities.

But, if you WOULD like something better to happen, it's not impossible. In fact, it's rather easy. All that is required is the direct manifestations of your positive energies.

If you want to do your thing, and do it RIGHT, express your trip to Box 192, ombard.



Dear Seed,

I'd like to contribute the story of my life to you so that some of your teeny-bopper readers can get the facts about the life their parents are pushing on them.

What am I?

I'm 21, a graduate student in Business at Loyola U. and ready for the funny farm.

My life is what others have expected - Mommy & Daddy wanted a college grad. My future wife wanted a future executive.

I wanted to be free.

But what did that matter?

I wanted to try drugs

But society stomped on my mind.

I wanted sex.

My girl wanted a proposal.

I wanted life.

I got death.

The death of high school.

Counselors who told me I was too smart to work with my hands; of college courses that pushed garbage (theology, Thomestic philosophy).

So my mind's clogged.

Filled with the refuse of my wasted life.

Alone, in my mind I'm a gladiator, a mercenary in the Congo, a common thug.

Always I kill.

Kill those whom society tells me

I should love.

Kill to be free.

Mostly I kill me.

Then, after I get pulled out of my mind by responsibility - must have good grades to become a VIP in 10 years and have my ticky-tacky house in the Suburbs.

I wonder what I'd be if

I was left just to be?

Listen Children and listen well; to be what you want is sheer hell.

I hope this helps someone.

Yours,

Society's Slave

Poet

Biographer

Historian

Creator of tales for children

Singer and preserver of songs

News reporter and writer

Showman

Possessed of a devout reverence for the almighty dollar, and for what it can buy.

Cornball, hayseed, and bloody fucking genius.

Thank you, Carl.

Thank you for having been alive when I was alive.

Thank you for having written and recorded what you did.

Thank you for having been Carl Sandburg  
In love with life.

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*The Seed*

Classified Ads cost \$1 for the first line, 50¢ for each additional line.  
 Send to: The Seed 245 W. North Ave. Chicago, Illinois



O'Rourke's Pub will be much quieter for the next two weeks - Roger Ebert and John Jack are leaving for a visit to England!

Help finance pilgrimage to San Fran. Send 10¢ (&) to 4741 Keeney, Skokie.

Need nude models for my portfolio. Modest payment or share profits. Beginners teeny-types ok. 525-7541 eves.

Fed up with suburban middle class beef and bourbon society? Public relations executive, healthy, emotionally secure, world travelled, seeks same type independent wealthy woman to start adventurous venture appealing to -- that's a beautiful secret! Woman must match my \$1000 investment. Some people don't live once. Write today - Box 1000 c/o The SEED.

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 (and pick up a little bread)  
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 We're at 245 W. NORTH - STUDIO 104 -  
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