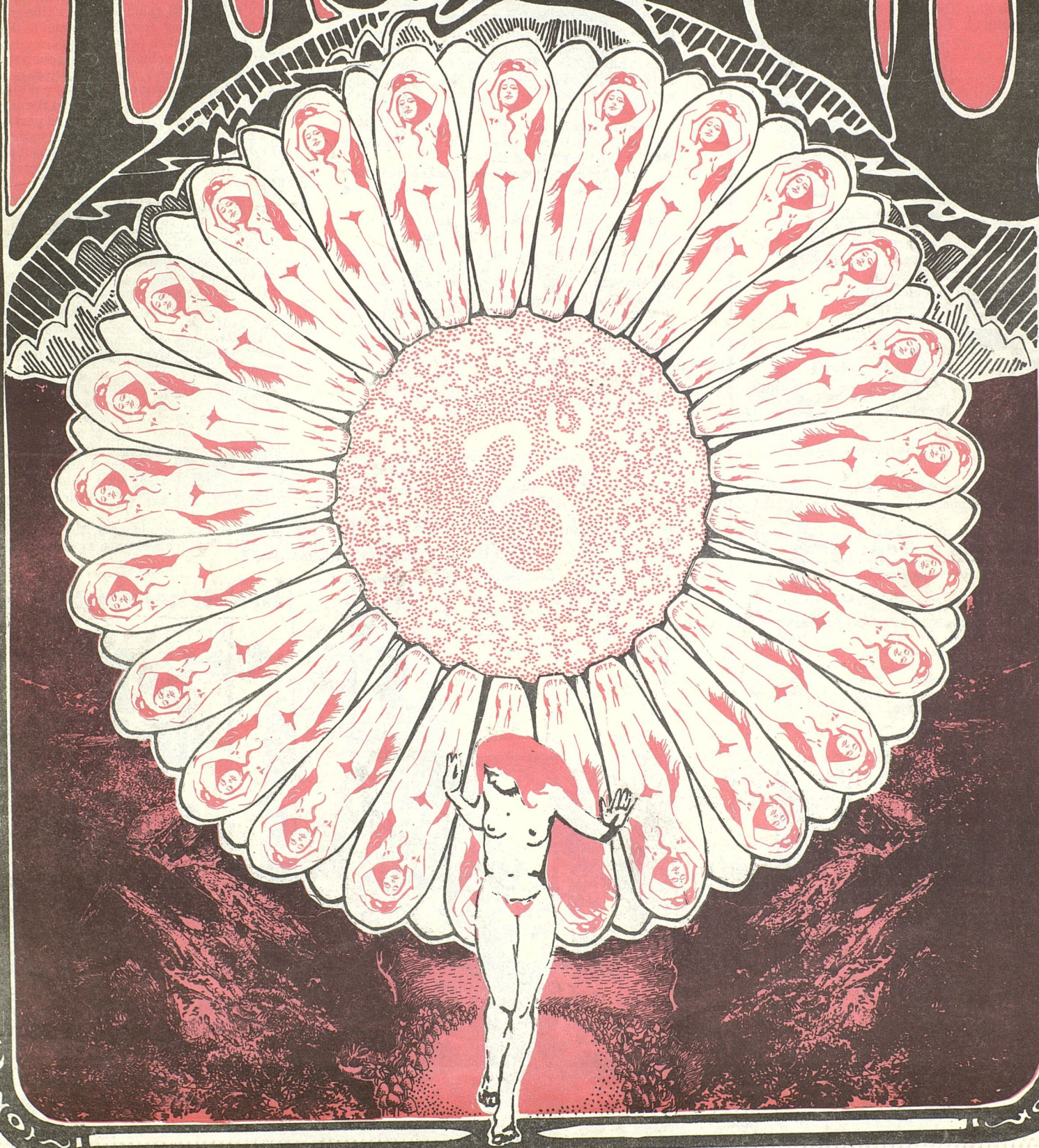


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# THE SUN

CHICAGO



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Old uncle Tom Cobby and all  
Old uncle Tom Cobby and all

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DEATH OF HIP - BIRTH OF FREE

One year ago Oct. 6 marked the first Love Pageant, the first free food in the Haight and a prophesy of a declaration of independence.

Friday, Oct. 6, a year later, signalled "the Death of Hippie" and "Rebirth of Free Men" and a Declaration of Independence.

The Committee for Community made up of representatives of the Switchboard, Free Medical Clinic, Housing Office, Free Store, Oracle and others, who do not wish to be named, called its second meeting on the Death of Hippie celebration Wednesday.

All those present could agree on the necessity for the "Death of Hippie." Most felt that media had created the concepts of "Hippy", hippy culture, ethics and hippy community.

There was a general consensus that the media's image enticed many dissatisfied young people to the Haight - people who in most cases had not made an internal commitment to drop out. This influx of uncommitted people in need of housing, food and other services changed the environment for those already here. They tried to fulfill the needs of the newcomers.

"Rather than asking them to do their thing, the community tried to give them what they came for," as one person put it.

Many speakers expressed concern that the resulting situation destroyed the freedom of both the older residents and the new arrivals. Instead of "doing their thing" people were becoming media image "hippies," they felt.

So a three-day mourning period began Friday, with all stores closed, such as the Hip Job Co-Op, the Medical Clinic, and the Psychedelic Shop, which opened its doors to give away every item in stock, then closed forever. A funeral procession carried Hippiedom in a coffin - in which were thrown all the beads, posters, and excess hair of "the image"; the coffin was burned in The Panhandle after being exorcised. The newspapers had a field day, but some neglected to cover the "Rebirth" part.



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Procedure:

- 1) Obtain 100 gm. of uncoated (do not use Northrup-King seeds) Heavenly Blue morning glory seeds, and grind them to a fine powder (use a pepper or coffee grinder). Put in a 250 cc. beaker (wide mouth).
- 2) Add 120 cc. Technical or Reagent petroleum ether and let it stand for two days with occasional shaking.
- 3) Filter the solution and discard the liquid portion. Return the filtrate (solid portion) to a clean beaker after allowing it to dry.
- 4) Add 100 cc. of methyl (wood) alcohol and let it stand for two days with occasional shaking.
- 5) Filter the solution and save the liquid portion. Put the solid portion (seed mush) in another flask and add another 100 cc. of methanol as in #4 and allow to stand for 2 days with occasional shaking. Filter again and save the liquid.
- 6) Discard the seed mush. Combine the two methanol portions saved from the last two filtrations.
- 7) Allow the liquid to evaporate in a large tray (approx. 2 days). Keep away from flame!
- 8) When the liquid has completely evaporated, it should leave on the evaporating tray a yellow gummy oil. Dissolve this oil thoroughly in about 75 cc. of water until there is no residue on the evaporating tray. This water solution makes 3 full doses. Caution: May produce light nausea at first on account of other plant impurities.

Reprinted from Berkeley Barb

The Seed does not advocate, promote or encourage the manufacture of this substance.

**the Yellow Unicorn**

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Places:

"I adjure thee, O serpent of old, by the  
 Judge of the living and the dead, by the Crea-  
 tor of the World who hath power to cast into  
 hell, that thou depart forthwith from this  
 house. He that commands thee, accursed  
 Demon, is He that commandeth the winds,  
 and the sea and the storm. He that commands  
 thee is He that ordered thee to be hurled  
 down from the height of heaven into the lower  
 part of earth. He that commands thee is He  
 that bade thee depart from Him. Harken,  
 then, Satan, and fear. Get thee gone, van-  
 quished and cowed, when thou art bidden in  
 the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, who will  
 come to judge the living and the dead and all  
 the world by fire, Amen.

Ancient Aramaic Rite from ca. 300 A.D.  
 (The exorcisers gather in a circle, hold-  
 ing bowls or basins of water. The spell is  
 pronounced and the bowls of water are emp-  
 tied on the ground, as an indication that the  
 power of the demons has been broken. The  
 malignant influences have been drawn into  
 the water which is spilled onto the ground.)

Again I come, I, \_\_\_\_\_, in my own might,  
 on my person polished armor of iron, my  
 head of iron, my figure of pure fire. I am  
 clad with the garment of Armas, Dabya, and  
 the World, and my strength is in Him who cre-  
 ated heaven and earth. I have come as I  
 have smitten the evil friend and the malignant  
 adversaries. I have said to them that if all  
 you sign against \_\_\_\_\_, and against \_\_\_\_\_, I  
 will lay a spell upon you, a spell of the sea  
 and a spell of the monster Leviathan. I say  
 that if at all you sin against \_\_\_\_\_, and against  
 his wife and his sons, I will bend the bow  
 against you and stretch the bowstring at you.  
 Again, wherein forever you sign against the  
 house of \_\_\_\_\_, and against his property, and  
 all the people of his house, in my own rights,  
 I, \_\_\_\_\_, will bring down upon you, the curse and  
 the proscription

I, \_\_\_\_\_, will bring down upon you, the curse  
 and the proscription and the ban which fell  
 upon Mount Hermon and upon the monster Le-  
 viathan and upon Sodom and Gomorrah. In  
 order to subdue devils, do I come, and all  
 evil Sacraments, and the tongue of impious  
 charm-spirits; I have come and smitten the  
 Demon and Devil and evil Tormentors, the  
 Gods and female Goddesses - standing in  
 serries rows and encamped in camps.

17  
100  
335  
444



around it.  
 but don't worry, be-  
 more than that. Guzzle another  
 to yourself that hippies aren't suppos-  
 political, and feel what it's like to be  
 cised as an evil spirit, General.



by Peter Kostakis

"Music fills the infinite between two souls." The romantic pronouncement of famed Indian author Tagore finds fulfillment in the music of Ravi Shankar, India's master sitarist. To fully understand the Shankar-mystique you need only have been present at Orchestra Hall the night of Friday, Oct. 6. It was then that Shankar - an artist of such stature that he commands full houses in New York and London alike - graced the Windy City by his presence.

Predictably, the Hall's foyer was adorned with the prankish antics of the hippies, many of whom genuinely regard Ravi Shankar as a pop hero. Flowers, bells, affected dress and manners were everywhere. I personally was offered some hard candy from the snack-bag of a benevolent hippy but turned her down, fearing that if I became drugged before the concert, I might not attain the wholeness of spirit said to travel with the music of Ravi Shankar.

At 8:30 sharp, lights dimmed and the recital began; Kamala Chakravarti, female tambourist, appeared onstage and bowed humbly to the audience. Clad in the traditional, colorful sari, she knelt on the huge Indian pattern rug which was to serve as their stage, taking her place next to the five-stringed tamboura, an instrument whose hypnotic drone is essential in Indian music. She was followed in short order by Alla Rakha whose tabla, two-piece drums are manipulated by tuning hammer and the base of the left palm, making reply to the shrill cries of the sitar. Finally, heralded by ecstatic applause, Ravi Shankar came upon the stage, angelic in his white tunic and carressing the sitar, a giraffe of an instrument strung with both resonant and melodic strings and made of seasoned teakwood.



The main performance consisted of 7 ragas, the dominant musical form of India, 2 tabla solos, and one dhun, a loose melodic form that allows much artistic freedom in its interpretation. Ragas and their style vary according to mood. In India music has always been a vehicle to enhance the emotional and spiritual life of an individual. Therefore, ragas' moods include heroism, love, loneliness, peace, etc., and they may be associated with a particular time of the day or night and a season. Ravi Shankar's interpretations that night portrayed moods with astounding effect. Classical in the true sense, his music follows few patterns and is 75% improvisation. The total spontaneity of it all plunges the listener into an experience which demands the surrender

of all restraints. Harmony with Self and Nature is the objective.

Another noteworthy part of the recital was the explanation of Indian music and information on each individual selection provided by none other than the Great Teacher or "Guru" himself. Much to the delight of the assorted hippies, intellectuals, "straights" and exchange Indian students in the audience, Ravi bemoaned the brevity of his concerts, explaining "in America you have unions." Smiling, he told them that in India a single practice raga seldom falls under 90 minutes in length.

Shankar possesses the ability to draw and intrigue such crowds because of the popularity of Indian music in the West. Seeing it as a tool with which to renovate Western classical and pop music, such varied performers as violinist Yehudi Menuhin, George Harrison, and even The Young Rascals have tried to blend their own styles with the haunting strains characteristic of Ravi's sitar. Shankar views this fusion of two cultures as follows: "I do not think this music is ruining the sitar; it is like the guitar which is used by classical musicians and also for folk and now popular music." However, he retains faith in the pure Indian classical form: "We haven't had to borrow from other cultures; our music grows within itself."

Richard Goldstein, writing in *Village Voice*, describes Shankar's audience in the West with a critic's venom:

His following wants something so new and miraculous even Marshall McLuhan can't understand it. They don't want Eastern exposure. They want Buddhism on a long-play record, Tao on a tap, a bath in the Ganges without getting wet. And they want Ravi Shankar (who studied 14 hours a day for seven years to learn the basic of raga) to sock it to them.

Goldstein notwithstanding, I frankly enjoyed the LP and dip in the Ganges and plan to see the Guru when he returns in January, 1968. Ravi Shankar is a genius, a modern demigod who gives us the wings to fly...

# THE SOUND OF THE

## UNDERGROUND



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REPORT TO GRECO

I have no wisdom to review any man's expression of his life. I only want to present to you some passages from Nikos Kazantzakis' autobiography.

\*\*\*\*\*

By believing passionately in something which still does not exist, we create it. Of my own free will I accept necessity. The State and Violence ... eternal allies.

What does "will be saved" mean? It means finding a new justification for life because the old one has vented its strength and can no longer support the human edifice. Happy the man who hears the cry of his times ... and works in collaboration with it. He alone can be saved.

Man's soul seems to have grown bigger; it cannot fit any longer within the old molds. Apitiless civil war has broken out in the vitals of our age ... a civil war between the old, formerly omnipotent myth which has vented its strength, yet which fights desperately to regulate our lives a while longer, and the new myth which is battling, still awkwardly and without organization, to govern our souls. ... Our age has long since entered the constellation of anguish.

Reality ... does not exist independent of man, completed and ready; it comes about with man's collaboration, and is proportionate to man's worth.

What, then, is our duty? It is to carefully distinguish the historic moment in which we live and to consciously assign our small energies to a specific battlefield. The more we are in phase with the current which leads the way, the more we aid man in his difficult, uncertain, danger-fraught assent toward salvation.

REPORT TO GRECO by Nikos Kazantzakis English translation Copyright © 1965 by Simon & Schuster, Inc.

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TO LESSEN NOTHING: WAYOUT

by Lisa Guintoli

To think as not red on yellow burning bright and going nowhere but still upon milky night. the pale mouthed girl standing in the corner reaches out to bods gone by. and still it rains ... inch on inch. the guitar hits and still its there to hypnotize and paralyze inside the safety of the dark barelight bulb room, so many people all along. to solve the world's problems is easy for them but themselves they know not of. come away forget to worry. bow your head and let hair fall and tumble in your eyes. your hands depart and do a dance the smoke swirls and spits while mystic bodies come within and taunt your soul, the crevice below your head is still empty ... lonely? no, life is only lonely people finding each other and then discovering sealy still makes mattresses. your zebra knows that and now the people say you are wrong, but what right do they have to say that? to you they are just as wrong as a moon with mold. the people, the masses, the mobs, the crowds come and go on a merry go round and stopping again to get another ticket to go on a ride again. high as the sky and round again twice ... once more your tensions are relieved but your mind is messed, what for ... what for?

crazy world and nowhere to go get out of your orbit and you've got to blow. your tongue in your mouth is the best resolve cut it off and lbj has the advantage. if the magic muddy stream flows your way get out your canoe and sink a hole or two. the world stinks, a filthy nite and just like snap you're in that rut and the walls keep climbing and you keep trying and the ivy is dying but that's alright you don't eat vegetables anyway.

you think that is all - getting your wash real bright as bright as your teeth and you think everyone wears sunglasses cos of that ... you've got another one comin kid. smile in, and smile out, a regular pro walk down the halls and wave a cheerio and click your hells ... your first life is your last life and you know what that means to miss a turn ... don't tamper with the hands of time to backwards bellies and jelly babies, to the fur on the floor, your whiskey aint so hot, black jack pass a beer. and what do i do ... i don't drink or smoke or work or deal or mystify of classify or massify, or go uptight and out of sight and have a ball cos that aint all and i don't live either. even tho the boy upstairs is cute and sexy and his motorcycle's waitin i aint got the gumption to flight the stairs and get awares and mostly stay clear of things like that.

Dear Friend:

I would consider it a very great favor - and a type of open apology to a Gentle Flower Child - if you would anonymously publish the attached Tribute. And I am sure, at least I hope it does, it will accomplish a type of mission - and perhaps answer the prayers of some of the children.

If you do publish, and I will be grateful if you do, please send me a paper of the one its in so I can forward it to the Flower Child it pays tribute to. I think she would be very happy.

Tribute to a Flower Child- by the mother of One

It is with a quiet indignation and now a contrition that I write this Tribute to a Flower Child. She lives in Canada, in a gentle town where I was raised, raised by the same gentle people, walked the same streets as I, played with the children of my old friends. But I fall here into sadness forgetting the gladness she brought me as a child and later as a bride.

I went to her wedding. She wore a cloudy white gown with a flowing train adorned with daisies, and she carried daisies; the altar of the church where she was baptized and later made her first communion was sweet with flowers (daisies). It was when I saw the gown in fact, first heard about it, that I knew she had joined your ranks. And I was first stunned, shocked and disappointed, and wondered where I had gone wrong (knowing where). But when she told me with a gentle voice in answer to my anger, with an expression of pain and love on her face that if I had "not been a machine but more human" that I realized she was my daughter, so like me at 17. How can I put into words what my heart felt then and now? How can I say "I'm sorry." She is only love in a white dress, and I know now after seeing her then and hearing her gentle words that she could never have made it in this world that I am a part of, that she could not have lived the life I have had to live until she became what I had to become. "a machine."

I wonder now what happened, not to her but to me. For is it true I can only remember the sunset I used to love, the fields I used to walk, the dreams I used to dream. That I can only remember the smell of the grass, the touch of a leaf? How can I say to this Flower Child "I'm sorry"? She didn't say all of this, I saw it in her eyes.

Sorry. Not sorry for what I have heard and seen, for it was beautiful to hear and see; but sorry that I could not be a mother to her, that I changed into a machine; that I missed those growing years (for I left her when she was four). Sorry that three days before she married I doubted her; sorry that I tried to make her see as I see it "reality" for it is horror; sorry that I may have crushed those dreams, those ideals; sorry to have brought a tear into those eyes; sorry that I did not understand.

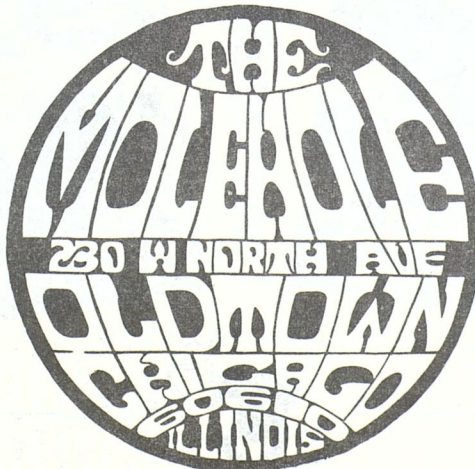
Regretful: That I lost my own dreams; that I replaced ideals with "reality" for it is horror; that I stopped being human - became a machine.

Contrite: That a child should bring me swiftly back to childhood; that a would-be mother should teach me how to mother; that a would-be wife should teach me how to love another.

Ashamed: That I doubted her; that I did not understand her; that I forgot her; that I left her; that I lost her.

But Proud: That I knew her; that she is only love in a white cloudy dress; that she is innocence adorned with daisies; that she is gossamer dreams and ideals; that she is quiet grace and courage; for she does see this reality, this horror; but she sees reality the dream that can come true; Proud that she is love, that she is reality, that she is you - quiet courage - hope - future - strength - dreams - love. A Flower Child in a Cloudy White Dress.

Advertisement for Town Underground Theatre. Features Julie Christie in 'Darling' and Dirk Bogarde/Laurence Harvey in 'Dear Jonn'. Opening Wednesday, Oct. 18. Address: 230 W. North Ave, Chicago, IL. Phone: DI 8-4334.



DESIDERATA

GO PLACIDLY AMID THE NOISE & HASTE, & REMEMBER WHAT PEACE THERE MAY BE IN SILENCE. AS FAR AS POSSIBLE WITHOUT surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly & clearly; and listen to others, even the dull & ignorant; they too have their story. ♣ Avoid loud & aggressive persons, they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain & bitter; for always there will be greater & lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. ♣ Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs; for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals; and everywhere life is full of heroism. ♣ Be yourself. Especially, do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity & disenchantment it is perennial as the grass. ♣ Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue & loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. ♣ You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees & the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. ♣ Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labors & aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul. ♣ With all its sham, drudgery & broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy. ♣ ♣

FOUND IN OLD SAINT PAUL'S CHURCH, BALTIMORE; DATED 1692

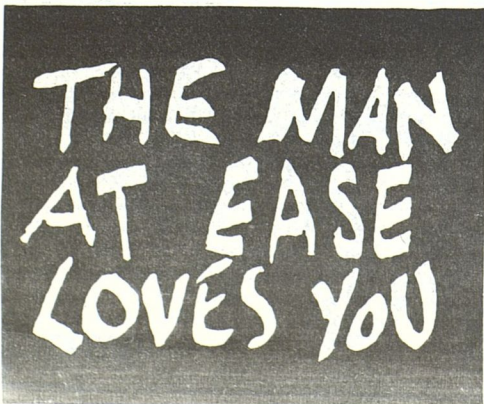
LINCOLN PARK IMPRISONED

Five 28-story apartment buildings are destined to form a high-rise wall between us and Lincoln Park: the first has already been built. Can we stop the others? Probably not. Our last bit of sky and trees, gone from delicate, flowery Old Town. There is no place in Chicago where you can stand and see neither buildings, cars nor parking lots. We can't go back to where organic growth is more commanding to the view than concrete ugliness - too late for Chicago. Write Urban Renewal now with complaints and suggestions. Cabrini Green, 1161 Larrabee.

NO HIPPIES ALLOWED

The Civic Plaza, which is supposed to be a public place of beauty and recreation, is denied to anyone visibly "different". Daley's Plaza should be open to any orderly person. A stranger in a Mexican plaza is interesting enough to be asked several polite questions, offered a cigarette, or wished a good morning. In Chicago a smile is likely to be regarded as a threat.

Let's all go down to the Civic Plaza to enjoy the Picasso and our citizen's rights.



YOU'RE PROBABLY WONDERING WHY I'M HERE

How you wrap it is more important than what's in it. If you're always getting stopped by the fuzz, or can't get waited on in stores, maybe you're wrapped wrong. You're a Christmas present, only it's Mother's Day.

Will Christmas ever come, I wonder? And when it does, what will happen to all the Mother's Day presents?

Dropping acid is like making love under the influence of Busby Berkeley.

Sneak Preview

Last night this reviewer attended a private showing of three classic on-reel silent films: "Three Harlem Hot-Shots," "Clean Floor," and "Insomnia."

"Insomnia" was a drama of domestic life, featuring a husband and wife, played by two talented unknowns. In one of the longest introductions ever seen in a film of this genre, they quarrel over his lateness for supper; and the rest of the film is devoted to their reconciliation. A pleasant, and enthusiastically acted, little interlude for those who like the straightforward in films rather than the off-beat or unusual.

"Clean Floors" can only be viewed as a comment on the plight of the working woman. The heroine, a cleaning lady, is approached by two men, the Union Representative and the Boss, as she scrubs a floor, and various negotiations follow. She tries to continue her work, but is distracted, and at length joins the two men in various forms of collective bargaining, some of which reach fruitful conclusions.

Plotwise, the film was rather weak, but the camera work was unique to the point of abstraction at times. The performers were not too skilled, with the exception of the Union Representative, who displayed much talent in his scenes with the Boss. The leading lady gave a relaxed but uninspired performance; and the Boss seemed unable to give anything at all to his role. Basically a run-of-the-mill film, "Clean Floors" was saved by the occasional comic touches.

"Three Harlem Hot-Shots" was a biting portrayal of Negro life in the 1940's. Technically the film left much to be desired. The lighting was poor, and the continuity not always easy to follow. The actors, however, threw themselves into their parts with greater enthusiasm than one would expect from a low-budget production such as this. The male lead faltered in performance about halfway through, leaving the two girls to carry on, which they did commendably. This shattered the myth of "natural rhythm," and points up the still-pressing problem of female domination in the black subculture. All in all, a blow for greater understanding and freedom was struck in making this film.

The directors' names were unaccountably missing from the credits of all three films; but certain idiosyncrasies of style lead this reviewer to believe that they were made by the same man; or if not, by a group of men of the same school of film-making. We look forward to seeing more recent representatives examples of this school, perhaps with sound, or at least subtitles, in the near future. Some promising talent is displayed in these films, and it would be a cultural crime to with-

hold further efforts along these lines from the eager audiences which await them. (NOTE: The preceding review was written by Mill F. Gatts. This column hopes to present more of Mr. Gatts' writing in the future. ---vlw)

Ah, lovely Appearance of Death: No sight upon Earth is so fair. Not all the gay Pageants that breathe Can with a dead Body compare. With solemn delight I survey The corpse when the Spirit is fled, In love with the beautiful Clay, And long to lie in its stead.

--old Wesleyan hymn.

Making love is like dropping acid under the influence of Alan Watts.

"Hey, Val," said Moe, "do you know a girl at work named \_\_\_\_\_?"

"Very light Negro girl?" I asked.

"Yes, wears her hair in a 'natural.'"

"Not any more, she doesn't. She straightened it again."

"How come?"

"Well, it was too much trouble to keep curling all those straight hairs, and she had to dye it black because it's really kind of red, so a 'natural' was more work than any other style. She said that's what she gets for being a hybrid."

"Yes," he said. "Whenever I'm with her I don't feel like I'm out with a Negro girl at all."

"Her mother will be glad she's straightened her hair," I said. "She's a beautician, and thinks it's part of the Negro heritage to straighten the hair."

He laughed.

"Were you the white guy she was with on the 55th Street bus last week?" I asked him.

"Yes," he said, "Why?"

"Because she told me at coffee break on Friday that she was on the bus with the only white man there, and she started to feel very nervous at the hate looks they were getting from the soul brother types. But the guy she was with just kept on talking happily, completely oblivious."

"That's me," said Moe. "I can be pretty oblivious at times."

"And then she said some Black Muslims got on the bus and started selling copies of Muhammad Speaks, and she really got scared, ut you bought a copy for her to get rid of hem."

"No, I bought it for her because I thought she wanted it," he protested.

"Well, she told me she didn't want it."

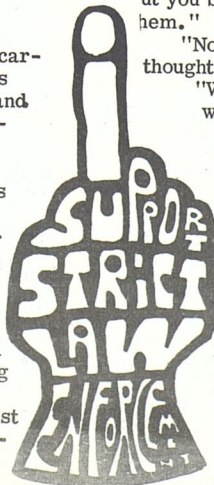
We looked at each other.

"There's a moral in there somewhere," Moe said after a while.

"Yeah," I said. "It's always darkest on the other side of the fence."

I want to tell it like it is. How is it?

Black Power Sucks. White Power Sucks. Flower Power Sucks. A Plague on All Your Houses.





A friend who has used methedrine for some years gives his comments on the methedrine article in the last issue. In brackets are parts of the original article.

1 Star is enough  
 1 Sun is enough  
 1 Moon is enough  
 1 Life is enough  
 CH<sup>3</sup>NH<sup>2</sup> Hydrochloride (Free) 144 hours.  
 Intense view into the partide of anything.

Good; keep the idiots away from my medicine as they do not think new thoughts with vision as a crystal might breath.

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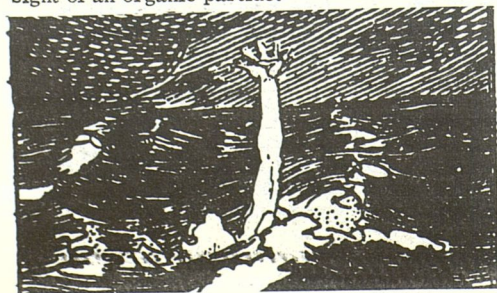
Do not follow me. You were not welcome here. Neither was I. This is a new place. It is still private.

\*\*\*

[ causes brain cells to atrophy ] Empty cells not destroy  
 [ the mind degenerates into a goon state of incessant muttering ] about where is anyone [ a bloody horrible way to die ] or an ability to ventilate  
 [ he has no concern for petty things like ... washing himself ] I do keep clean  
 [ They began with a clear idea, but went a course to some mathematical infinity unknown on this earth ] Not any more. Hypo?  
 [ He hears voices calling his name. ] No.  
 [ He imagines that his (friends) wish to do him harm, so he nails up his door and windows. ] No. Opens the windows in the universe.  
 [ much of his memory is gone for life ] Memory becomes as in a dream.  
 As life is finally as simple as geometry.

INTERSECTION  
 LIGHTS ONLY  
 SECONDARIES OUT

Speed or truly slow, lets the pudding of life out as if from behind time; in order to find the required extra gravity for a proper, backward, running start: as to say -- to have crystal-eyes, to view the original sight of an organic partide.



## THEY'LL OUTGROW IT

by Don Tylke

For those who didn't catch friend D. A. Levi's piece "No Poems" in the L.A. Free Press re what's happening in Cleveland and what means it - Flowr Powr, catch this Chicago happening. Herb Lyon (Lyon's Line), ed. Tribune, comes on t.v. Friday, September 22, midnite. Brings with him - ones George Jessel, Judge Saul Epton, Forrest Tucker, Gordon Williams and Bridgit Bazlin. What talking? - what's wrong with kids these days, hippies et al.

Person Jessel speaking: Too much freedom comes these hippies. Too much free speech; free press. Hates to think what is going to happen to those dirty long-haired kids when Marines come back from Vietnam. Interjects - Morale of Amer. fighting men in Viet higher than it's ever been since the foundation of this country, thank God.

Judge Epton expounding: Hippies, teenyboppers all filthy youngsters adding nothing to the community; difficult and filthy and they walk down the street in BARE feet. Reason why some other countries not plagued with US (beautiful people) is kids busy working ALL the time and ALL their leisure time is REGULATED. Opines also - not as many people on pot & LSD as we (honkies) are led to believe via press. Also, warns - grass very dangerous. WE start on glue and graduate to smack thru pot. (Lay it on me Saul)

Person Forrest Tucker: Answer: parents must take full responsibility for totality of OUR lives. In passing, says he's not an ANARCHIST - asks, please change grass laws in Congress, not Old Town.

Friend Gordon Williams: Why pound on people who are only grooving their thing? Besides, it's a REVOLUTION.

Genius Bridgid Bazlin: (revisionizing-palatizing) It's a phase.

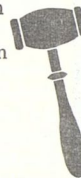
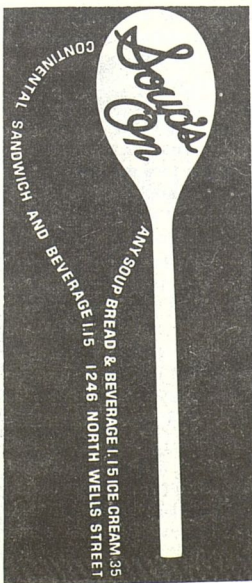
THEY'LL OUTGROW IT

THEY'LL OUTGROW IT  
 (chorus) Epton & Jessel: THEY HAD BETTER!  
 (close) Friend Williams: an island sober (strait) is an island dead.

What means it Flowr Powr? It means it NOT -- marihuana. It means it - that he who thinks that Johnson and the honky freakouts are not going to come back for US, WE after the Viet Cong is stomped - that he is FULL OF SHIT.

(or McCarren knows you too hippy)

PROVOTARIAT



Authority (Democratic) Guard

## A LETTER TO A BLACK FRIEND

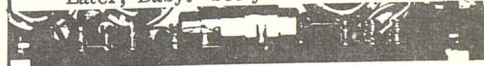
Man, don't keep telling me I don't know where you're at; you're doing your thing. So am I, and it happens to be a different thing, but it doesn't keep you from yours, so why put it down? Sure, I feel that if you teach your children only to hate and kill, even if they make it they'll be dead because after making it they might not be able to stop hating, and that's losing. But this opinion does not set me against your right to pursue what you need. Like you, I'm not apologizing. But the energy spent sniping at each other could be better used against the system which wrongs all beings, even those most vociferously supporting it.

Being loved is so against what you want to believe that you hate one who digs you, man, more than one who openly hates you. If you don't dig me, don't mess with me. I have some business to take care of, too. Maybe I can do you a little good, but I'll do it my way. If you need to get out of the rain, knock at my door; if you need a meal, sit at my table; if I'm out of smokes, I'll ask you. That's the way it is with me.

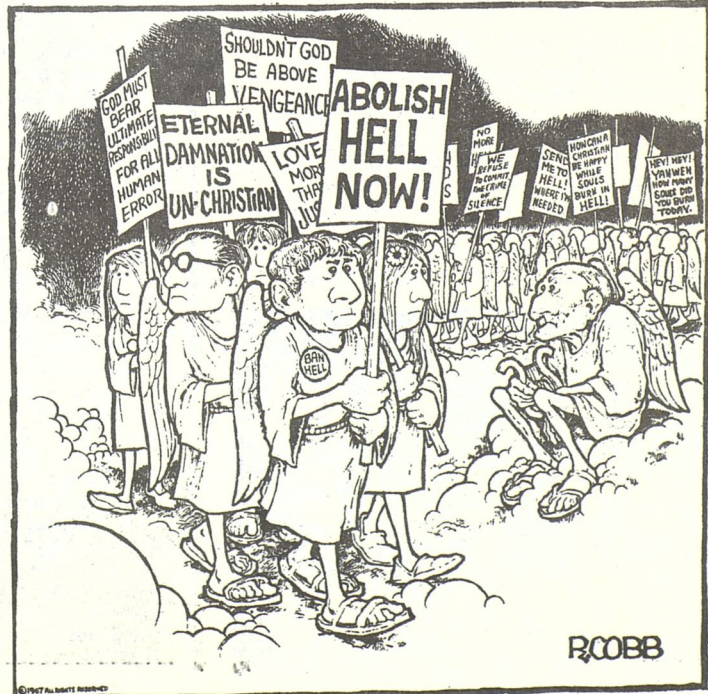
Take your thing, your bombs and guns if that's how it's gonna be, take it to Lincolnwood, Cicero, the men who do the hiring and firing; take it to the banks, the board directors, the companies who take food out of our children's mouths and make it into bullets for Buddhists. Why waste your ammunition on soft, easy targets like me? Get the people with the guns, who live by guns and greed.

I don't want to get shot, but if I bleed it's your blood. That's how it is with me. Take time to kill me, and you'll never get to the gates of those mansion-fortresses where the people are so rich they don't even believe you and I exist. You think this is fear talking? I don't give a damn. I know where I am. Your and my oppressors are so fat and so safe they don't have sense enough to be afraid.

Later, Baby. See you around.

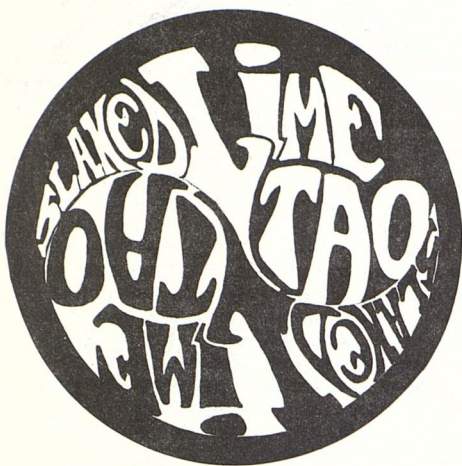


Thou art - God.



ROBB





by Shih Tao-Ming  
A Non-Professional Taoist

Tao before Zen was not compassionate Tao or autumn leaf Tao. The real men of old did not say this is what I am, a man with a Buddha-nature. They acted now as horses, and now as cows, they had no fixed idea of what it was to be a man. Being unaware of their Buddha nature, they did not make distinctions between good and evil, me and thee. When thirsty they drank; when tired, they slept. Not knowing good, they did not attempt to steal it and store it up in strong boxes, or in Temples. Not knowing evil, they did not try to lock it away in dungeons or murder it with knives and stones and fire. Hating no one, they had no special need for compassion. They simply loved one another because it was pleasant to do so.

Then came the mystics who delighted in obscuring the flowing unity of Tao with various simplifications. They began to talk about hard and white, right and wrong and big and small. They introduced weights and measures and rules and law. Until in the world only a Confucius could say "I have no mays and no may nots," only a Li Erh could say "The Tao that can be trod is not an unchanging Tao," only a Jwang Jou could say, "I do not know if I was a man dreaming that he is a butterfly or now a butterfly dreaming that he is Jwang Jou."

And so it was that China became a battleground where a hundred schools contended and a thousand armies fought. Still armies fought only for gold and jade and cities, and not for virtue and the right. The battle could be stopped for lunch, or rain, for love, or to bring in a crop.

Then the western mystics came to China with the Truth, the Good, the God, the essence, the Buddha nature, and man began to hate in earnest.

Yet there is some hope for us Chinese. Tao is in our language. 30,000 characters with but 400 sounds, each character with a thousand meanings. The Chinese sentence guides us. The whole is the sum of its parts, but the parts are determined by the whole. The universe is Tao; we are its part. If not for it we would be something else; if not for us, it would be something else. As it changes, we change. As we change, it changes. The follower of Tao is not an autumn leaf floating down a summer-dried stream. He is one who delights to swim in the whirlpool of Lyu where no other creature dares venture. Sometimes his mind is cool and bubbly like slaked lime, sometimes he rides the swollen spring tide. Such a man in China is called Tao-shih; in America, he is called Dropout, Acidhead, Anarchist, What-The-Fuck or Joe. He may be a Christian, a Jew, a Moslem, or a Zen Buddhist. But he probably isn't.

O HAVE YOU COME BY AGAIN... TO DIE AGAIN... WELL TRY AGAIN... .. 1. NATION UNDERGROUND...

SAN FRANCISCO ... SAN FRANCISCO

Many have sung of the white  
Waiting buildings -  
Loaves of brown crusted sour dough bread  
Wrapped warm in the morning -  
Oranges sweet with the tang of  
Hurried eating -  
Rooms cold with rain in the lost season  
When heat is generated from life -  
Wharves busy with the boats and their  
Masters speaking of other worlds,  
Many have sung and still the song arises ...

Drifting above the slow grey mist that  
Lies above ongoing lights and rising sound -  
Embracing those who hunger  
With silent protection -  
Floating past neon, fluorescent insistence  
With sure serenity ... to the hills.

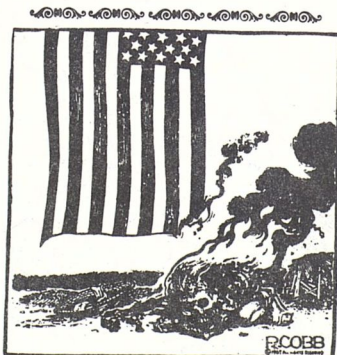
Dawn, for those who would walk it,  
Is the brink, the time between,  
When even lost fools hear their footsteps echo.  
Sheer, with the strength of intangibility,  
It waits - an open hand any may touch  
And hear their name.  
There are those who seek and those who  
Spit on quest  
Both drinking a cup of cold coffee.  
There are those who love and those who  
Laugh in anguish at love  
Both standing by the quiet bay.

Some slice avocado into green salad  
While others beg for rinds -  
There is little difference ... there is fear of  
the other

Masked by mockery.  
It is all the same person, unwilling to  
Accept his reflection.

"There is no further you can run"  
Is the message of the Bridge.  
"All who are looking must finally  
Look here."

They do ... drawn across a continent  
Of wheat and cattle and dimestores  
They come here to the city  
of white, waiting buildings.  
--Beth Rowe



**INSANITY**  
A PSYCHEDELIC HAPPENING  
posters buttons insanity, etc.  
7651 n. paulina near howard st. el.

Understanding Acid Dosage

The psychedelic effects of acid depend on the dosage. Naturally, many other factors contribute to the psychedelic experience, but drug dosage seems to be of least concern to most LSD users. Drug dosage is an important consideration because it can regulate the psychedelic experience.

An understanding of dosage may avert a bad trip. Certain events can be anticipated and made less frightening if careful attention is paid to drug dosage. As a rule, acid hits vision first, causing unexpected movement and distortions. Far-out hallucinations involving different senses may occur. Things may feel dark or look loud. Conversations may become weird because the time between words is infinite.

Most shrinks say that the effects of acid are unpredictable. This has been the hang-up for LSD research. Even lab animals have their senses turned off and on by acid. Relatively low doses turn on the vision and hearing of cats, but as more LSD is given, their hearing is turned off. Much less acid does the same thing to monkeys. If a monkey is given 100 mikes of LSD, both vision and hearing are turned on, but 500 mikes turn off sounds.

Dropping 500 mikes is nothing for an acid head. Shrinks say that the head builds up a tolerance to acid and needs more each time he drops to put him where he wants to be. Shrinks talk about dosage in terms of mikes (micrograms) per kilogram body weight. (one kilogram equals 2.2 pounds.) When 500 mikes is taken by someone weighing 200 lbs., the dose is 5 mikes per kilogram. Or if a 110 lb. person drops 500 mikes, the dose is 10 mikes per kilogram. If you're up for it, the following table shows the dose taken when people weighing 110, 165 or 220 pounds drop 100, 250, 500, 1000 or 5000 mikes.

		Mikes of acid taken				
		100	250	500	1000	5000
Wt.	110	2 kg.	5	10	20	100
in	165	1.5	3.75	7.5	15	75
lbs.	220	1	2.5	5	10	50

The deadly dose for humans is unknown, but 70 mikes per kilogram is superdangerous. To get there, a 165 lb. person has to drop 5000 mikes. How much would you need?

For a different kind of trip, try adjusting the acid so that everybody takes the same dose. Precautions should be taken to provide a conducive setting adjusted to the dosage taken. When you come down, talk about the intensity of the trip. Once you have an understanding of the transient dose-dependent nature of psychedelic events, many of them will be less alarming when they occur.

--Smitty

**EDWARD SHERBEYN**  
**GALLERY**  
2952 N. CLARK  
CHICAGO 525-6050

Cannonball Adderley, appearing for three weeks at the London House, was interviewed by Seed jazz columnist Joe Gallagher.

# CANNONBALL RAPPS ABOUT MUSIC

JG: As an opener, Cannonball, what would you say you see in the immediate future of jazz? Cannonball: It's kind of cloudy to me. Essentially, it's a little bit cloudy because I'm not encouraged by what I see developing in music as related to acceptance on the part of the various jazz audiences; that is, the jazz audience has become smaller and smaller, whereas jazz-oriented groups have had a broadening of the audience; so the people who say we are playing the real jazz, they get further and further entrenched and the fans become smaller and it's a thing that makes me very concerned, really, because I am not convinced that people are just suddenly going to say, well, yes that's it, that's beautiful, because they have never done it with classical music yet, man, that was a long way ahead of what we are doing in jazz as far as experimental work. We are concerned, for want of a better term, the jazz avant garde is doing something that has already been done and to date there's been no great acceptance of the kind of thing that is being done in jazz by the "avant garde."

JG: Let's try to get an idea what percentage of people would say that they are interested in the avant garde or appreciate it. I think Leonard Feather did an article for *Downbeat* a few months ago in which he took a survey of what percentage of *Downbeat* readers were interested in the avant garde. I think he said 40% were quite deeply interested.

CA: I don't think that they are supporting it, though. May be just being interested is not enough. It's sort of like the music of Carl Heinz Stockhausen is different. Certainly there's some interest in what Stockhausen is doing, especially among the musicians and people who understand music enough to be aware of various things that are happening, but it's like once a curiosity has been satisfied it becomes eclectic, there's no longer any emotional satisfaction, and that is the thing that bothers me. Now, I don't equate all because unfortunately the jazz writing community has lumped everything into one thing. I think there's a market for what Charles Lloyd does; I think there's a potential market for what Ornette Coleman does, and certainly there's a market up to a point for what John Coltrane was doing when he was around. But this vast new community of young people who know no other jazz, who know no other way to play, and apparently don't have that much impact - I am a little bit concerned about it because I cannot say they grew up the same way these other people did. I think that when a guy like Coltrane arrives at what he arrived at, then at least there's a basis for how he grew and there's more to it than just subjective interest.

JG: In other words, they are trying to start out on top and don't really have anything underneath them and what a lot of them are doing will prove to be nonsense, whereas probably most of what Coltrane has done was sincere and musically valuable.

CA: Well, I won't say that it's nonsense per se. What I will say is that it makes a lot more sense to be completely involved in the jazz art form institutionally. There's no future without the past and anybody who doesn't really understand where jazz has come from has no right to try to direct where it's going. It's that kind of thing, now, the point of it all is that where toward the end John Coltrane's attendance at clubs and so forth had fallen off quite a bit because even his hardcore fans may not be prepared to accept what he was doing in toto. That is not necessarily any fault of Coltrane's, that's nobody's fault. The artist has to do what he thinks belongs there, but when you are in an experimental stage you are on the way to arriving at something, and this will happen in the case of anybody who is trying to develop a thing; but jazz seems to be in a constant state of development and I wonder about the abrupt great leap forward. I think that what the "avant garde" - what these people have done is to temper and influence the other modern jazz musicians in such a way that it's becoming more and more interesting, like what Miles Davis is doing. While certain things we do are directly influenced by Ornette Coleman or John Coltrane or Cecil Taylor ... anybody ... but we do what we do in the context of what we know the music to be - our music to be - and the influence is out there, but I don't know whether we are ready for ...

JG: complete jump out front ...

CA: ... yes, freedom without regard to discipline.

JG: Would you agree that what we call the modern jazz mainstream, people who are sort of progressing gradually, are really carrying the ball?

CA: Carrying the ball?

JG: Yes. At the center of where jazz is rather than the people who are what we call the avant garde.

CA: Well, I don't know. The funny thing is that all roads lead back to Duke Ellington. So long as there's a Duke Ellington you don't have advancement in jazz, you don't have modern jazz, traditional feeling, you don't have time or no time, or polyrhythms and polytonality as well as simple tonalities. I think that so long as he's around we are going to have jazz as we knew it, but I'm a little bit afraid.

Our problem is just getting the people to listen. There are a great number of fine players, and there will always be fine players. What were the elements that attracted people to jazz in the first place? Let's stop and think about that. Jazz had a kind of mystique. It differed from popular music and dance music because there were surprises all the time ... there was always the spontaneity of improvisation and the excitement of people really involved in enjoying what they seemed to be doing. Among other things. Now aren't some of these same elements present in some of the popular music today? This is the thing that is of major concern to me. There are certain rock and roll, rhythm and blues groups who have exciting rhythms going on - complicated things they have a spontaneous kind of vocal improvisation even, and they have the same elements, solos that

we have today, improvisation based on something new, when they get a music that complements all the other elements they have going, then I am a little bit afraid, because we have become so intellectual in our approach to jazz that it's becoming academic, and we listen to people because we know they are good and to see what they are going to teach us or what they are going to say rather than for the sheer thrill and enjoyment of feeling.

JG: Now, what you said about rock having these elements of improvisation and burgeoning with some interesting rhythms - maybe we could see something for the future, a music that doesn't really have to be distinguished like jazz and rock. Do you think there's some sort of blend coming?

CA: I don't know whether there will be a blend as such or merger; but maybe it will be a good thing when music ceases to be departmentalized. That's something that Duke Ellington has said ... I keep reverting, he to me is the greatest ever and my favorite jazz philosopher, as such. He says that we need to discard that silly term "jazz" because the larger thing is the music. What does the music do? What does the music mean?

JG: Do you see a unified music in the future?

CA: No, there will never be a unified music as such and we Americans by nature seem to need to have handles for everything - everything must have a catalog number, and so long as this is necessary for us as Americans we will have a different kind of music. There's a difference between rock and roll and rhythm and blues and there's jazz rock and hard rock, there's folk rock, there's always something, so I don't think that there will ever be a unified music because there will never be a unified people. As long as it's creative, there will be different things going on, but I'm convinced there will be some of the same elements operative in all of the popular music.

JG: That's the way it should be - unity and diversity. How could there be unity if everybody were really the same? You would not have the feeling of unity, there would be no dynamism there.

CA: Consequently I hope that there never is a single music to serve everybody's needs. I like the concept of so many different people from diverse sources and styles finding some of the same music interesting. I may go to somebody's home and find a record by Ramsey Lewis and another by Ravi Shankar and maybe one by Simon and Garfunkle and one by Wilson Pickett. This same person may not like classical music or country and western or just plain pop. Then we go to somebody else's house and find a Miles Davis record, a Frank Sinatra record side by side and maybe one by Van Clibourn; so long as these tastes cross each other, I think that's wonderful, but never a music that will take care of it all.

JG: Let's hope not. What about electronic music. You have probably and I have heard the few things that the Beatles have done in this type of thing ...

CA: I think it's a misnomer to call it electronic music really. All these amplified instruments and so forth, okay, but I don't see anything new about it. It's all been around, it's all been done, people are employing things they have heard from other places, other things. There's been a lot of talk about this Larry Coryell, but I have never heard him and I am very anxious to hear what he does. But I don't know anything about electronic music per se to comment on it. I am still listening.

JG: I would like to know how you feel about the people who are making music, how they are going to grow, what their tastes are going to be. It seems that rock has a very firm place. What about jazz?

CA: Well, rock is the pop music of today essentially, and there's always been an ingroup for jazz, you know, rather than a great market place.

JG: Do you see in the next few years a broader acceptance of jazz?

CA: No, I don't really. That's what I was saying before. I don't see that. I do see more and more people making it who are, like, on the one hand a Ramsey Lewis ... there are certain jazz elements operative there, but it's a different thing, it's not per se, the same thing that Bill Evans does. I see a greater amount of acceptance for these things.

Now if Ramsey Lewis continues to play all kinds of music for his following, then it will make a big difference, as say Jimmy Smith has done. Jimmy Smith has a lot of pop hit records; he continues to play the stronger things than the more far out things and he also continues to ... like the album they made about Peter and the Wolf. I thought that was interesting for a pop record.

JG: What do you think about rock and its development? Do you think that rock has become a valid type of music?

CA: Well, that's being proved all the time. The successful rock musicians seem to be unwilling to take chances with their security except in the case of the Beatles. But you cannot say that for many groups, groups that if they get a successful thing, with the what I call doowaah ... you know ... doowaah, doowaah ... if they make a success with that they are a little bit afraid to say oooaa, because they are known as the doowaahs. Well, certainly these groups, these players, writers and so forth, have recognized the possibilities of things and you find more and more people coming out of rock and roll, rhythm and blues, etc., becoming overall stars: the kind of thing Dionne Warwick does, or that Bert Bachrach has written for her, is a beautiful music and she is no longer just a rhythm and blues, rock and roll singer, she is a fine singer of great songs, and I think that's wonderful. Now if we find more and more of that happening there will also be a growth pattern.

JG: I feel a musician can reach people if he's willing to play various types of music, and there's something in all of them that's worthwhile.

CA: I don't think that people should be willing to play music that is popular as such. People should play what they want to play, and if their tastes run in several directions, then play that; I think it's important to be able to play whatever you play well and it will communicate. There's George Shearing who has been very successful for many years but who is from out of jazz and has a jazz-oriented pop group; the younger generation is not so aware of Shearing and his background and his contribution to developing a wider jazz listening audience as some of us older folks are, but George Shearing, a case in point, is a man who has always liked all kinds of things and he plays them all. He had a Shearing sound and a Shearing sound is easily identified, but to say that a guy should be willing to do what he does would negate the truth because I think that an artist should be faithful to himself and honest with himself.

I remember just a few years ago, everybody was talking about this piano player with a small band that played rhythm and blues that was so soul that Atlantic Records brought this young man up from the rhythm and blues scene to make a jazz album. His first jazz album had Milt Jackson on it. People liked that. Beautiful album, but the point I am trying to make is that a jazz musician was very anxious to play with this young man and I am referring to Ray Charles, but it's just been 8-10 years since this happened. Of course, you know a lazy guy says I'm going to make a record with Ray Charles, it doesn't have the same impact, but it did at that time because people thought that what he was playing was beautiful and it belonged in that swing together style. I think that's the way it should be.

JG: It's at the heart of life, or at the heart of what life means to young people.

CA: Let's not say this: rock is the answer. I honestly believe that jazz has suffered for lack of exposure; there were many times, especially in the last 15 years, when I felt that a jazz music could have been much more popular than it ever was during the early days of the Jazz Messengers and the early days of Jimmy Smith, because it had a thing that people liked, the same elements I talked about. There were people who said that isn't going to sell and blah blah blah and everything meant money. So, I think that rock has become the kids' kind of music because they hear it all the time. Now it's traditional with them. Let's face it, before Elvis Presley even, rock didn't have that kind of exposure that it has today. There were so many good music stations, etc. and maybe there would be one station that would play Bill Hayley's

Rock Around the Clock.

JG: In the beginning it was really something we could all pretty well get mad at, but I see your point that it's not right for any one type of music to be the only thing that kids or all of us can hear. We have got to hear it all.

CA: That's the way I feel about it. We just simply don't have equal opportunity. One thing that bothers me is that I don't think jazz musicians should be the deprived class, simply because they care about something that we think is major musically. I see no reason why we should be hungry in order to survive ... in order for music to survive. I don't understand that. I say one thing, and I say this sincerely. If it ever gets to the point where it becomes a liability for a musician to create what he believes in, the whole thing will suffer. It's just like all the other little freedoms that we seem to give up, that every time we give up something then we all lose in the exchange, and the rock community, the classical community, the American community should see to it that this music as we know it, philosophically, should survive and it should be nurtured; we don't need to let it disappear.

JG: Let's talk about some ways of preserving this modern American music. Do you feel that the musicians can do anything?

CA: No.

JG: No?

CA: No. I really don't. I think once again that the artist like any other artist, should be permitted to express himself in the way that he feels should be. That is, I don't think that there should be any rules laid down that say well, this is how you should smile ... and that you should play ... no, the point I'm trying to make is this: the people who seem to feel like they're doing someone a favor, maybe they do feel that way. You know, Picasso felt that way for quite a while and why not.

JG: He's been lucky, maybe. It didn't help his salability or his popularity.

CA: Well, it's not altered him one way or the other from the outset. That's the point I'm trying to make. He's always been simply Pablo Picasso, and he's been himself, his way, he's been unreachable, he's been insulting, he's been everything and I am sure he's been lucky, but he was not always a best seller and he's always been the same way. The point is that he was never a phony about it, he did what he felt. I feel that all artists should do this. The point is not always people's troubles, who get concerned with them. I don't think it's anybody's business what he does in his personal life or how he presents his art. Either you like what he does from an artist's point of view or you don't. I don't think that we should chastise musicians as such who don't care necessarily to be, let's say, showmen in their presentation.

JG: Personalities vary, though; when you see a person getting outright ornery, would not you say that this can ...

CA: I don't think anybody really is. Even the ones who get publicity and so one, people have a way of needling you, they have a way of generalizing. You read that a person is such a way, and so someone says, I don't believe he will do that to me, so they chance it and what this man says or does other than musically is not that person's business, so okay, it becomes a cause celebre. You know what I mean, to chastise a Charles Mingus because he doesn't think the same way or The Ionius Monk or Miles Davis doesn't like to talk. There are people who say, is he really like that? I'm going to see. They needle him. I think they have a perfect right to express themselves the way they choose; naturally he's ornery, okay. Nobody has the right to listen. Let me tell you something. Picasso or Lyndon Johnson, neither has the right to insult me. But then I don't have the right to invade his privacy, so I think that let's separate the two.

JG: Could musicians do more to reach the people than they are doing now? For example, I feel that you and the rest of the fellows in your group do much more than some other groups to reach the people.

CA: You know, I have a funny attitude about that. We have always played pretty much the same way. We have always played pretty much the same variety of music. Naturally, when we had a bigger band, we could not play as much as we are playing with a smaller band, because tenor saxophone players are very longwinded and where we could play 4 or 5 tunes during a set now, then we could only play 2 or 3. The point I'm trying to make is that we think that people discover us and there's no conscious effort to be different, and never has been; we have always presented ourselves in different way of ... I don't know ... and suddenly we find a lot of middle-aged people right along with the young people saying, yes I enjoyed it, this is good. It is gratifying to me to be accepted on a larger scale, to get more acceptance on a commercial basis is always good for the pocketbook, as well as the ego, but it still mystifies me sometimes. Why do we have 40-yr.-old white, Anglo-Saxon Protestant listeners to Sack o' Woe in 1967, and we had difficulty getting them in 1960 or '61. What is the difference for the same tune, or the same kind of music, the same kind of talk, the same kind of presentation, the same size band? What makes the difference? There's the mystery. It is very interesting.

JG: I think that the music is what the people are who make it and if the people are kind or outgoing, the music will eventually reach people because it will somehow have this warmth, this kindness in it.

CA: I wish I could agree with you on that. I think it's wonderful that you think that way, but there are too many cases in point to contradict you. Some of the guys who have written some of the most beautiful music ever are some of the biggest bastards, and this goes all the way back to Handel and Schubert. Some of the biggest fops ever were like Franz Liszt and Chopin and these cats whose music cannot be questioned in terms of its beauty. They were not necessarily beautiful people. The same applies to some of the pop music from the last 30 years or so, from Gershwin on through Richard Rodgers. Some of these guys are not likable people, but they make beautiful music. I think that it would be nice if I could take refuge in the fact that I feel kindly towards the world and the music communicates that way but I really cannot.

JG: Maybe it's sort of an independent thing from the creator, once a creator gives it a little birth, it's kind of on its own.

CA: Oh, yes, that's true. You have no control over it after that. After that old saying about beauty is in the eye of the beholder, or the ear of the beholder.

JG: You were saying that the group has always played the same type of variety of things and had a pretty consistent feeling running through it over the years; it's never made an overt attempt to grab people by the collar, but for example, in a piece like Mercy, Mercy, Joe Zawinul must have seen that this would be a tune that would have more appeal than some other of his compositions. Is that true?

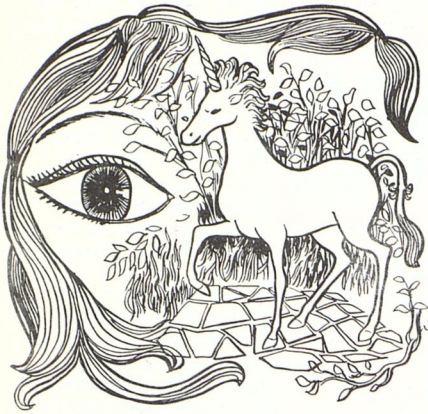
CA: Only after it was created. It's hard to say about music and now you take my brother: Nat wrote a song about 7 or 8 years ago. It wasn't a big song for us. We did the first recording and the second recording. He recorded it himself on an album he did for Riverside, called Work Song. Then we recorded it in an album: the very next album I did called Them Dirty Blues and it was recorded by various other people; then Oscar Brown wrote a lyric to it and it was recorded by a lot of singers, and Herbie Alpert and the Tijuana Brass decided they wanted to do it, and it became a big, big tune. We still play the tune ... we have played it through the years because we like it. But what makes it?

JG: What a mystery! Well, I guess life is a mystery. Can't get more trite than that - it's a fact that you face every day.

CA: Every day of our lives.

JG: And you wouldn't want it any other way.

CA: That's true. If we knew what was going to happen - oh, boy, wouldn't be any fun.

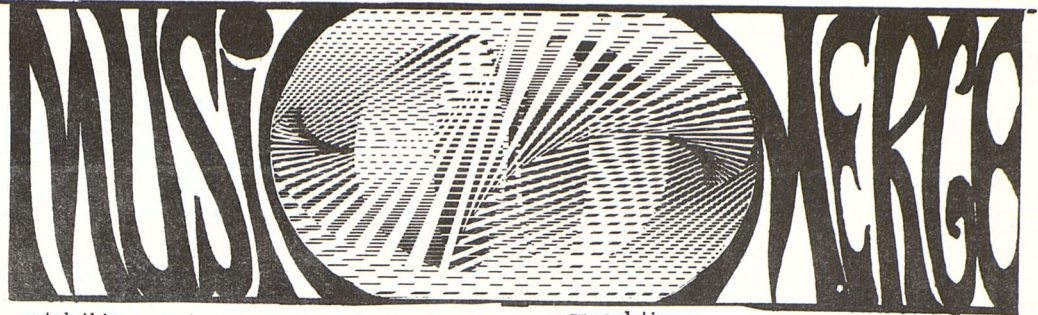


UNICORNS - ARE NOT FOR SALE

Cloppiting down the street  
 At whose end  
 I stood  
 Waiting, as every day,  
 For a truth warm with the  
 Wafting of fresh brown doughnuts,  
 He came silvering.  
 UNICORN  
 Somehow I remember trembling  
 With the small  
 Tinsel joy  
 Children know who touch  
 Rainbows with  
 Faith eyes,  
 And I never asked,  
 "What to do."  
 Would he be here tomorrow?  
 Here he was today.  
 And why was he dawn-drawn cream into  
 white?  
 Touch instead and know belief flows his  
 blood.

UNICORN  
 Then he fell a soft moon sung look  
 Blessing my long wait  
 and  
 Slowly ... slowly (who knows how)  
 His mouth happened  
 A holy grin.  
 It was only one morning  
 Yet now I step through the awakening  
 marketplace  
 As one who has seen  
 a  
 UNICORN

--Beth Rowe



- watch this:  
 - MUSIC consists of vertical groupings-  
 (bags) like: classical, jazz, rock,  
 folk, etc.  
 - which are being broken down to relate to  
 each other horizontally, so that they  
 (esp. classical, jazz and rock) are now  
 interacting with each other at a heavy  
 rate to produce  
 - MUSIC  
 - every enlightened musician and composer  
 today is thinking in terms of utilizing the  
 entire spectrum of possible musical  
 effects. Gunther Schuller, Don Ellis,  
 Frank Zappa, to name a few outstanding  
 examples, have been heavily committed  
 to at least two of the "bags" mentioned  
 above. Elements of all are detectable  
 in the music of Jimi Hendrix.  
 - examples: electronic composers can learn  
 from the effects of amplified guitars,  
 basses, organs and pianos of rock bands;  
 rock bands learn subtlety, variety and dy-  
 namics from jazz instrumentalists; jazz  
 musicians and composers master the com-  
 plexities of classical training and theory.  
 - I-IV-V tonic relationships, song form, met-  
 ronomic time, "necessary" chord patterns,  
 all these tend to be moved away from, to a  
 greater and greater degree as a given mus-  
 ic is played for a longer period of time.  
 The time required is constantly and with ac-  
 celeration becoming shorter and shorter.  
 Closing of communication webs. Classical  
 music took some 600 years to get "far out"  
 (to the unsophisticated ear all music not em-  
 ploying the elements first cited in this para-  
 graph sounds crazy, weird, aimless, etc.:  
 Webern, Cecil Taylor, Jimi Hendrix, are  
 equally insane.) Jazz did it in about 60 years  
 at most; rock is pushing through towards it  
 after some 12-15 years. Folk music, inten-  
 ded for unsophisticated ears (at the "grass  
 roots" level at least) employs all of the ele-  
 ments which other musics tend to discard.

- speculations:  
 musicians in any line are more restless  
 than listeners, and more adept at musical  
 thought. Sooner or later all music gets  
 out of hand, and the "common" listener  
 will resort to canned substitutes for crea-  
 tivity.  
 - the avant garde of one generation often be-  
 came the reactionaries of the next, but,  
 past a point, the public is left farther and  
 farther behind. Some of Schoenberg's best  
 music is 40-50 years old. It is still not  
 regularly performed. Cecil Taylor has re-  
 corded since the middle fifties without be-  
 ing recognized widely. Stan Getz and Diz-  
 zy Gillespie have been static for some time  
 and brave souls consider them real far-out  
 cats, monn.  
 - motown and Trini Lopez represent rock for a  
 good many people who are fatigued by acid-  
 rock.  
 - today's valid music is stratospheric to non-  
 aware people.  
 - are you experienced?  
 - ENDLESS SOUND MIXES, not really musical  
 freakouts, not when people know what they're  
 up to, no, Cage and Stockhausen are climb-  
 ing this mountain from a different side.  
 These feature at least seven minutes of com-  
 plex musical interplay, usually entailing  
 rhythmic changes as well as mind-blowing  
 sounds. These are best caught in person,  
 but good recorded examples include: MO-  
 THERS OF INVENTION (Freak Out, entire  
 side 4, Absolutely Free, Invocation and Ri-  
 tual Dance of the Young Pumpkin); VELVET  
 UNDERGROUND (European Son); PAUL BUT-  
 TERFIELD (East-West, East-West); GRATE-  
 FUL DEAD (Viola Lee Blues). The FUGS  
 try the same thing on Virgin Forest, but the  
 bent is not entirely musical. LOVE's mag-  
 nificent performance on the whole second  
 side of DaCapo is not the same bag, but de-  
 serves mention of some kind, anyway.  
 - Jimi Hendrix threatens to break into this sort  
 of thing at almost any time. It adds some of  
 the urgency to his music.  
 - compare the compositions and use of musicians  
 of Mingus and Sun Ra. (15 points)  
 - for another 10 points, try to name and/or de-  
 scribe the next member of the series. May-  
 be that one is worth 100 points to someone.  
 - visualize: Beethoven-like symphonies  
 using materials culled from Frank Zap-  
 pa, Cage, Stockhausen, Varese, Min-  
 gus, Sun Ra, Archie Shepp, Gil Evans,  
 The Beatles, Jimi Hendrix, Blues Bands,  
 Miles Davis, John Coltrane, Cecil Tay-  
 lor, etc.  
 - better yet, maybe prepare yourself for it.

by Rich Mangelsdorff

**The Fallen Angels  
 ARE HERE!**

"THOUGHT WE COULD SIT TOGETHER  
 AND WATCH MY LIGHTS GO OFF."

**THE GUILD 2136  
 Halsted  
 Bookstore**  
 underground press-  
 left wing books-  
 used books-



THE USE OF LSD IN PSYCHOTHERAPY AND ALCOHOLISM, edited by Harold A. Abramson, M.D.: Bobbs-Merrill Co., Inc. 1967. \$17.50/ Reviewed by Carl Robb

The book *The Use of LSD* does not deal only with LSD and psychotherapy, but contains articles on other drugs such as peyote, marihuana, ritalin, psilocybin and mescaline. It deals with non-verbal communication, religious use of drugs, and professional use.

In the use of LSD with severe alcoholics, impressive results are obtained: The patients re-evaluate their past, enhance their ability to understand others, and develop a compassion for others as well as for themselves. The patient relinquishes many of his prejudices and untenable concepts, shifts many of his basic beliefs and begins to experience himself as a whole person, to see himself as fitting into the universal schema. In the psychedelic experience he perceives the awful vastness of the universe so that his petty fears, hates and jealousies fade into insignificance.

In one test, sixteen of twenty severe recalcitrant alcoholics showed marked improvement. Yet some questions remain: These people were helped by LSD treatments, but did they continue to use LSD after the treatments ended? Drugs are illegal after official use ends. What is their position on psychedelics now?

Among the 36 articles collected by Dr. Abramson is Mary S. Wicks' account of the use of LSD in probation casework. In England a court may include in a probation order a requirement that the offender submit to medical treatment to improve his mental condition. This treatment may involve LSD, which is regarded primarily as a re-training or re-conditioning process; thus much importance is attached to dealing with the repressed traumatic memories in the light of the patient's "here and now" environment. Encouraging results have appeared in England on LSD therapy probation cases. Individuals have become more responsible toward their families, re-evaluated their present situations, and accepted the reality of their lives.

The process of loving and being able to receive love after LSD treatment is considered by Miss Wicks.

The ritualistic use of peyote among Mexican Indians is examined by William McGlothlin: "Without a doubt the most widely prevalent present-day religion among the Indians of the United States and Mexico is the peyote cult ... the use of peyote has spread from group to group until today it has assumed the proportions of a great inter-tribal religion."

Kyo Izumi, a Canadian architect who "took LSD-25 on several occasions so that he could explore the effects of perceptual anomalies upon his experience of space, time, color and texture" constructed buildings which rank among the most attractive and architecturally advanced structures ever constructed for psychiatric services. According to this article, some of the principles discovered by Izumi are being used to develop better living accommodations when large numbers of people must inhabit a communal building.

Psychiatrists and psychologists have tried using LSD with favorable results to better understand the experiential world of psychotic and schizophrenic patients. According to Osmond's article, people who have suffered from schizophrenia can talk to normal people

who have had the experience of taking mescaline or lysergic acid, because these people accept what is told them about the adventures of a schizophrenic without asking stupid questions or withdrawing into a safe smug world of disbelief.

Dr. Lilly says he disowns anyone who calls a dolphin an animal; in his account of his exploration of LSD with dolphins he finds the dolphin exhibiting "completely new behaviour."



We are young people.  
We have things to say about what is happening.

We have ideas ...  
About Viet Nam - the draft - the men running our country-city schools.  
You are a young person.  
Perhaps you have some things to say.  
Perhaps you have some ideas ...  
About Viet Nam - the draft - the men running your country-city schools -  
We could probably have had some great discussions ...  
that is, if we had a place to hold them.  
But there wasn't anywhere ...  
In our minds we had envisioned a place.  
A coffeehouse where young people could come and speak and listen to music, a place to discuss what is going on and what role we can play as young people.  
A place for draft counseling and free classes and speakers who speak on subjects a little different than what is offered us at school. It will be our place, run by us and for us, and nobody could tell us to buy something or get out.  
With hard work and a little help, the coffeehouse, called the "Poison Cookie Hole," has happened. It is located at 1522 West Howard St. It is no longer a vision, but a real place that is for us - to work, be entertained, talk, or just sit around.

\*\*\*\*\*

Because the Poison Cookie is operated by young people, and does not accept the ever-present paternalism of the system, it has already encountered suppression by the police, but continues enthusiastically to survive. Support it with your presence, interest and donations.



## "The Death and Life of Sneaky Fitch"

Reviewed by Ernest Thompson

To look farce straight in the eye and make it play well is an accomplishment many professional companies strive for yet few manage to pull off. However, last Sunday night the Chicago City Players, in its third season at Baird Hall Theater, did just that with James L. Rosenberg's comedy "The Death and Life of Sneaky Fitch". Directed supremely well by June Pyskacek and with Jack Wallace in the roll of Sneaky Fitch, this new company sprung happily thru the cowboy tale of a sometimes reformed, hung-up, and a generally confused-identity-ridden hero who thinks himself immortal.

While exceedingly content, at first, in this state, he then proceeds to change his heretofore drab existence and those of the small town in which he lives. With this supposed immortality he is afraid of nothing and no one. Soon he outdraws every bad guy, simultaneously becomes every office holder and all around God.

But soon his balloon bursts; his physician hips him that he's not immortal and therefore just like everybody else. Here, of course, we're then led back thru his and everyone's character reversal.

With excellent songs by Peter Coleman, Charles Wiltfong, Richard Bentley and Bob Kenney, the work continues at a rapid pace to the end where Sneaky finally does go up to that big corral in the sky. An event brought about by a girl who I think will be Chicago's finest, and most attractive, comedienne: Judy Jonassen, the dance hall girl named Maroon. Her timing is perfect. Her voice, on and off pitch at the right moments, terrific. A delivery, for a beginner, not seen here since Elaine May left town. She alone was worth the \$2.50.

Between small talk with the directress during an intermission, I was informed that the next play will be "Waiting for Godot" on November 10th. It'll be interesting to see what they'll do with Samuel Beckett's smash of the early 1950's. Meanwhile, I suggest you see "Sneaky Fitch" if you can get a seat. For given a plot about as complicated as graham crackers and milk, Chicago City Players are apparently managing to unscramble the garbled dialogue of our town's little theater.

Seed needs portable tape recorder free or cheap. 337-4534.

# MIDWEST ARTISTS

Ba Gia: Requiem for a Village  
 The wailing of women and the stench of  
 corpses  
 Permeate the once peaceful forests and  
 rice paddies  
 In the wake of a benevolent liberating  
 army  
 In their pursuit of an elusive enemy  
 In the long long war where nobody loses -  
 Except the people.  
 The once peaceful village has become a  
 smouldering tomb  
 Of bombed-out stucco and splintered  
 bamboo  
 And stilled children who will never be  
 noisy again  
 As the liberating army moves on to yet  
 undestroyed villages  
 In the long long stalemated war where  
 nobody loses -  
 Except the people.  
 A baby futilely sucks away on the breast  
 of his dead Mother  
 As the pulse of life starts slowly slipping  
 from his body  
 While only a distance away with equal  
 futility  
 A Mother puts her breast in the mouth of  
 her dead baby  
 As the pulse of reason starts slowly slip-  
 ping from her mind;  
 And on the half-hanging door of a burnt-  
 out home  
 Still hang the wedding decorations now  
 scorched by fire  
 While on the floor lies a can of cooking  
 oil  
 Marked, "Donated by the people of the  
 United States of America"  
 And next to the can of cooking oil,  
 The bride herself, her head blown open  
 from a shell  
 Donated by the people of the United States  
 of America;  
 And the tow-headed young soldier  
 Who only months before felt a twinge of  
 remorse  
 At having shot an unarmed civilian in the  
 back,  
 After weeks and after months of seeing  
 Dead women and children than dead  
 guerillas,

Looks down on the face and body of a budding  
 young girl,  
 No longer wondering if she dies from a bullet  
 he fired,  
 But only thinking what a gorgeous lay if she  
 were still alive  
 And only dimly aware that his own personal  
 predicament has been  
 Donated by the people of the United States of  
 America  
 As he continues to play his own little role  
 In the long long exasperating war where no-  
 body loses,  
 Except the people.  
 And the bombed-out school house with its  
 smouldering little corpses  
 Stands out in mute testimony and roaring  
 indictment  
 Of a civilization's history that is replete with  
 the festering  
 Of Man's inhumanity to Man in this incidental  
 phase  
 Of a long stupid war where nobody loses,  
 Except the people.  
 Newsmen no longer direct their attention only  
 To the atrocities of the other side  
 As they unabashedly record the ruin and the  
 desolation  
 So you in your armchair can follow the progress  
 Of a long long stupid stalemated war where  
 nobody loses  
 Except the people.  
 Yes, you,  
 You comfortable people,  
 An ocean and a continent away in your comfor-  
 table unbombed homes,  
 Be they air-conditioned split-level suburban  
 Or stuffy four room garbage-smelly bitch-at-  
 the-landlord urban,  
 When your children come home from their un-  
 bombed schools  
 And are finally tucked away in their unbombed  
 bedrooms,  
 And you take one last look at the television  
 newsreel  
 In your unbombed living room,  
 Is Ba Gia just another strange sounding name  
 from a far away war  
 That is just another goddamn long long  
 stupid war where  
 Nobody loses except the people.

--Carlos Cortez

## COCA-COLA

"The name happens to make a perfect  
 Vietnam phrase: co means young girl,  
 maiden; ca means sings; la means cries;  
co ca, co la means: the maiden sings,  
 the maiden cries." Carl Oglesby in the  
 SDS Bulletin, Vol. 4, No. 1, p. 9  
 (Movement News)

The Lake St. "L"  
 rushes thru the Ghetto  
 and makes all stops in Oak Park  
 the greatest little village  
 where negroes can't live  
 The Ghetto G.I.  
 burns a Mekong village  
 where no real estate board  
 ever denied him a home  
 The civil rites leaders  
 who made loyal noises in '48  
 and got the army to integrate ...  
 a pressured gift from the president  
 who dropped two BOMBS on the orient  
 now lead a refrain of pacifist hypocrisy  
 demurring this trooper's fat work of democracy:  
 they sign the Declaration of Conscience

The Randolphs and Rustins and Ghetto G. I.  
 spit civil rights into the peasant's eye  
 wreck a home and leave a daughter to die  
 coca-cola, cola cola

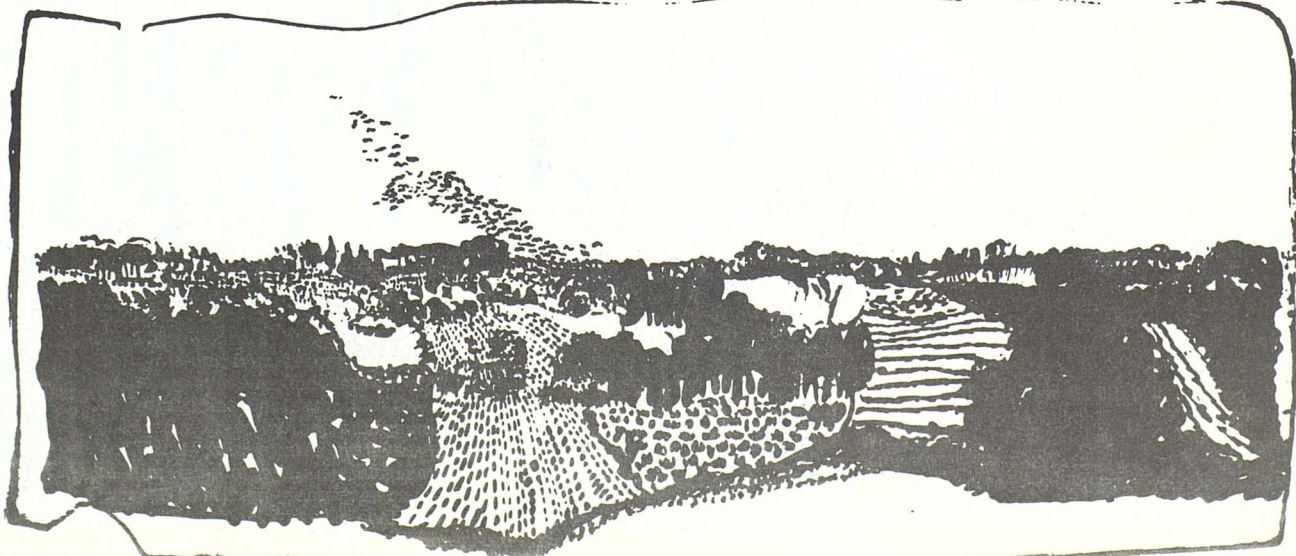
creatures absurd ...  
 these integrating birds  
 lay a democratic turd  
 made from the taxes  
 of the vote-hustled herd

The Lake St. "L"  
 bum rushes the Ghetto  
 makes all stops in a middle class Park  
 where the Ghetto G. I.  
 can get what he gave  
 under the redwhiteandblue  
 to a Viet Nam grave

--Joffre Stewart

Men do not die by the law;  
 they die by the hands of other men.  
 --Albert Camus

Reprinted from Industrial Worker



NAOMI BITTERMAN



Invocation

If I were Shakespeare or Superman  
I would squeeze the lump in my throat  
to a diamond sonnet

You would be on a peace march  
or your teeth would be kryptonite  
so while I'm at it damn this war

its fish-eyed corpses washed up in our  
newspapers  
its cold ash sifting thru our TV news-  
reels  
its computerized hawk in the air at all  
times

Here in our warm livingrooms  
we choke on the spoils  
We here I say are the ones  
who are dying to speak freely  
Honeybunch Muse

--Iven Lourie

LBJ upstages Caligula\*

OR

I WANT A KINGDOM WHERE THE  
IMPOSSIBLE RULES!

Canute cd time, but not stop, the tide ...  
But green berets wd sop up the ocean  
By drowning its fish in blood

\*Caligula by Albert Camus

--Joffre Stewart



EGO

Ego  
is a parasite  
dwelling on the fringe  
of all wounds gouged  
by intellect.

--Bob Nystedt

GOD IS DEAD!

i have prayed  
for an earthquake  
on my knees  
upon seeing the walls  
still standing  
i prayed for a horn

--Windsong Harris

Saturday | October 21 | 8:30 pm  
Sunday | October 22 | 8:30 pm

Two evenings at  
Mandel Hall

Two evenings at  
Mandel Hall  
57th and University

Sponsored by the University of  
Chicago Student Government

participating artists will include:

Studs Terkel  
Master of Ceremonies

pianist Emma Enders Kountz

trio Walter Robert, piano  
Irving Ilmer, violin  
Leopold Teraspudsky, cello

folk singers Valucha,  
George and Gerry Armstrong

poets Paul Carroll,  
Lucien Stryk, William Hunt

Harold Johnson's Company  
in "Hues of Hughes"

jazz by the  
Marty Rubenstein jazz group

films by Midwest film makers

art works by Midwest artists

on Saturday night only:  
"Division Street: America"  
segments of Studs Terkel's best-seller  
directed by Fred Wroblewski

on Sunday night only:  
Douglas Campbell and members of the  
Minnesota Theater Company

tickets for Mandel Hall  
\$5.00, \$2.50, \$1.00  
available from Midwest Artists for Peace  
926 Chicago Avenue  
Evanston, Illinois 60201  
telephone 491-9316

Wednesday | October 25 | 2:00 pm

Illinois Hall  
University of Illinois  
Circle Campus

sponsored by the Students Against  
the War in Viet Nam

poetry  
Selwyn Schwartz  
Midwest FREE Poets: Lieberman,  
Lurie, Levinson, Watt, Reitman,  
Cortez, Luchion, Stewart,  
Meinecke, with experimental sound  
and visuals by Jay Bitterman

Your Father's Mustache  
Banjo Band

folk singer Roxana Alsborg and  
Artist Peggy Lipschutz

this event by donation  
at the performance

art shows  
by Midwest Artists  
for Peace

Meadows Club  
3211 South Ellis  
North Gallery  
October 21 and 22  
2 pm until 7 pm

South Side Community Art Center  
3831 South Michigan  
October 7 to October 23



**JOIN FOR GOD**

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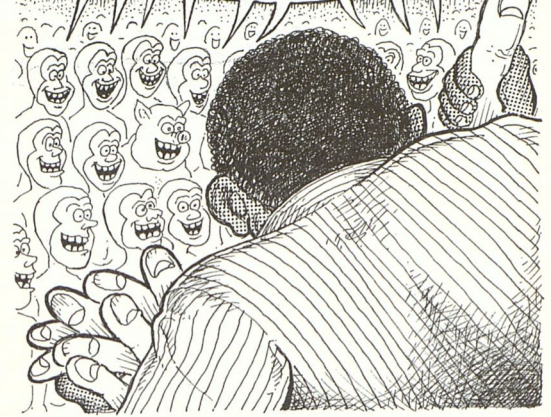
**PEOPLE: Male or Female. Do you want to get a solid job thing going? Security? Regular Bread? TRANSO ENVELOPE COMPANY needs creative people to learn the trade of printing. Machinery maintenance is the craft of NOW. Technology advances through tinkering. Work can be creative play. An unusually open management structure helps you be YOURSELF on the job, not just another cog. If a worker has a gripe, he can take it to the President. REALLY. Training is set up as a four-year apprenticeship for the trades of Printer, machinery adjustor or paper cutter. There are no restrictions on dress or length of hair except where safety is involved. First, Second or Third shift work is available, so if you're going to school you can still work something out. Call BOB FABRINA at 267-9200, or go in and see him at 3542 N. KIMBALL.**

# TACKHORN NOW

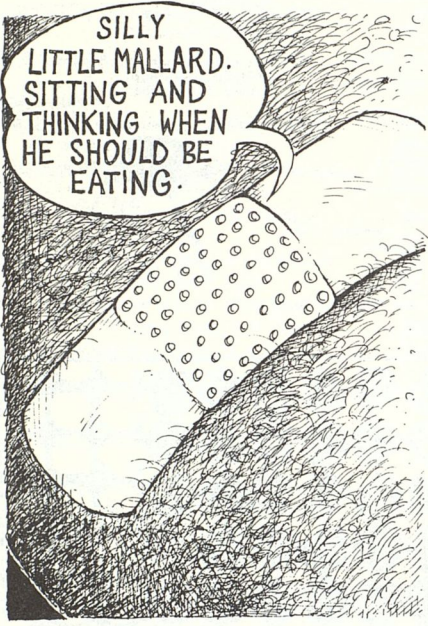
THE MODERN JOY OF BROADWAY IS PRAISED OVER THE RUSTING T.V. TUBE OF THE BLIND HERMIT'S DEAD DECAYING MIND AS SCHOLARSHIPS AND BATTLESHIPS PULL INTO YELLOW JUNGLE PORTS OF SLAUGHTER UNDER BLOOD'S RED SUN.



SCIENCE FICTION MAKES ME CRY. YOUR LEATHER HAND AND VINYL THIGH—THEY TOUCH MY CHEEK—LATE AT NIGHT. YOUR KISS IS LIKE A COBRA'S BITE. UNDER THE PORCH SITS A COMPULSIVE INDIAN WHO WANTS TO START A V.A. HOME FOR UNWED VOYEURS.



HEY, KIDS, WHAT TIME IS IT?



SILLY LITTLE MALLARD. SITTING AND THINKING WHEN HE SHOULD BE EATING.



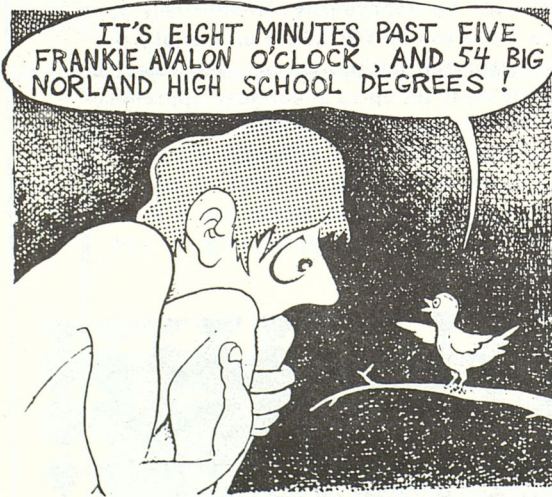
PICKING SCABS FROM CHINESE CHAIR RUNGS CAN CAUSE DIARRHEA



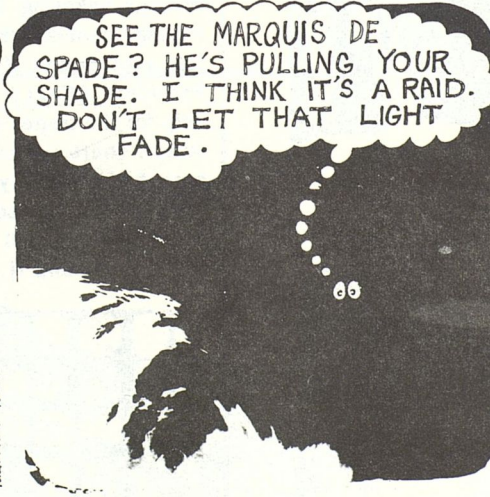
ILLUMINATED MOBIA STRIPS REFLECT VARIOSE IMAGES OF DEMOLITION DWARFS WHILE LITTLE RICHARD AND HIS THIRTY-FIVE GYPSY ARMBANDS GATHER GALVANIZED GYNECOLOGISTS!



THE ONLY OUTLETS LEFT NOW ARE ELECTRICAL.



IT'S EIGHT MINUTES PAST FIVE FRANKIE AVALON O'CLOCK, AND 54 BIG NORLAND HIGH SCHOOL DEGREES!



SEE THE MARQUIS DE SPADE? HE'S PULLING YOUR SHADE. I THINK IT'S A RAID. DON'T LET THAT LIGHT FADE.



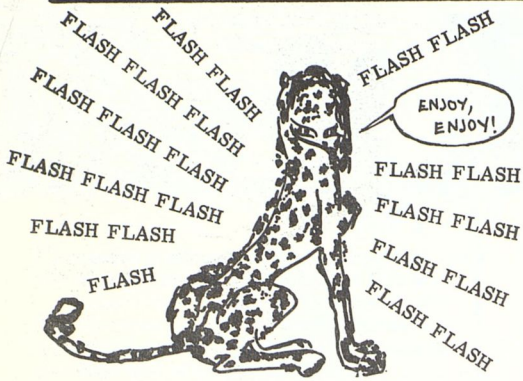
HOT OATMEAL.

JAY LYNCH AND SKIP WILLIAMSON



THE SEED

FRODO GAVE HIS FINGER FOR YOU



FLASHING MAN THE LIGHTS GO ON AND OFF FLASHING MAN THE LIGHTS GO ON AND OFF FLASHING MAN THE LIGHTS GO ON AND OFF

by Valerie Walker

On Lawrence Ave. did Kubla Khan  
 A swinging pleasure-dome decree:  
 Where El, the sacred railroad, ran  
 Through caverns measureless to man  
 With trains both A and B ...

The Cheetah Love-In and 6th Annual Flower Power Princess Contest was held October 6, 7 and 8th. First prize for the Flower Power Princess included a one-way ticket to San Francisco, apparently on the reasoning that if they can find out who she is and get her out of town immediately, Chicago will be a safer place to live; a Lava-lite to space out on (isn't there one in your pad?); Yardley London Look cosmetics for the adornment of the body, and a Wendy Ward modeling course and Cheetah magazine subscription for the improvement of the mind. The runners-up got Lava-Lites, modeling courses, and movie tickets, plus free lifetime passes to Cheetah.

Expecting a mass of commercialized Flower Child crap, I went up there fully prepared to blast it in print. BUT: Granted, the price of admission (\$4 a

person) is high. But considering the price of a downtown movie and maybe a pizza afterward, plus parking fees, it's no more than a kid would spend on a date anyway. And you don't have to spend any money once you're inside.

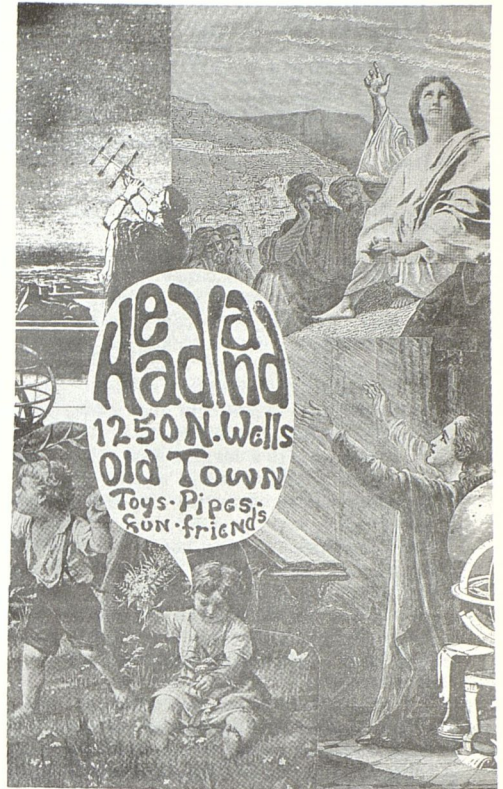
The Cheetah comes on psychedelic and hip as hell, but the crowd we saw were ordinary Friday-night square-type teenagers. (In fact, some of the chicks were still wearing bouffant hairdos. Hasn't anyone told them?) But so what? If square kids can blow their minds on loud music and a light show (which is good, by the way), why put them down? It's better than television.

The music is too loud, and one group (The Society) should be sued for false advertising for calling themselves musicians. But The Rich Kids weren't bad, and Paul Butterfield was a gas.

When the strobe lights are going and kids are flickering through their dances, the feeling is pretty cold and alienated. But when the music is slow and the lights dim and the mirror-ball in the center of the room starts turning and sending stars out all over everyone, it's very nice to dance close to somebody, as couples used to dance under that same mirror-ball in the old Aragon Ballroom, and as couples have danced at every high-school dance since the dawn of time. That's what the boys and girls really come for, not the psychedelic soup which is part of the price of admission.

(In fact, the kids were so apathetic about the Flower Power thing that there were only three contestants Friday night, and I was one of them. I think I'll keep the Lava-Lite and the movie tickets, but if anyone wants the Wendy Ward modeling course they're welcome to it.)

I feel as though I'd dropped acid and gone to someone's senior prom, which was being held at Riverview. Real life it's not ... but what the hell. Enjoy, enjoy.



\*\*\*  
 Few parents nowadays pay any regard to what their children say to them; the old-fashioned respect for the young is fast dying out.

- Oscar Wilde

THE  
 FACT IS,  
 YOU  
 REALLY HAVEN'T  
 BEEN  
 TURNED ON  
 UNTIL YOU'VE  
 BEEN TURNED  
 ON BY  
 THE  
 BAROQUES

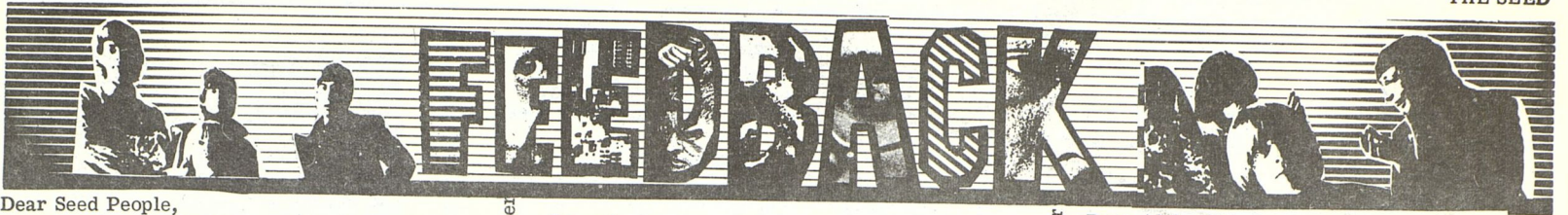
CHESS RECORDS



"Tomorrow's Sound Today"

CHESS LP/LPS 1516





Dear Seed People,

I just finished reading the latest copy of "The Seed" and felt a strong need to write to you about it.

First of all, let me thank you for printing such a paper. A paper written, edited and published by what can be termed the "hippie" element in Chicago can serve a vital function: that of greatly facilitating communication among "hippies" and between them and "straight" society. For this reason, your efforts are of invaluable service to us and our city.

However, to a large extent, the spirit is missing. You use the "hippie" phrases so glibly throughout your - or rather our - newspaper, but you don't seem to grasp their essence. Do you really know or feel within yourselves what "love" is? Do you know or have you ever felt what it means to be "turned on" to life? Of course each of you has indeed felt these things but that you have is not always apparent in the paper.

The tone of the paper is frenetic and often lacking in the peace and tranquility that come, it seems to me, from the process of discovering "where it's at."

Perhaps you who work on the paper don't spend time in quiet reflection together asking yourselves and each other such questions as "What do we want to achieve with our paper?" and "How can we best serve the community we are trying to reach with our paper?" and "How are we each striving to achieve in our own lives and together through our newspaper our highest values?"

I don't mean at all to imply that the paper should be serious or profound in tone and content. On the contrary, I feel that lightness and gaiety and beauty are of vital importance for this paper as well as for this city. The extent to which these qualities can be found in your paper makes me very happy.

Please continue your noble efforts. Just relax a little more. Remember more often what a beautiful world this can be. Turn on to it more. Remember more how rich and delightful the game of life can be.

Peace, Love and Good  
Wishes to Each of You.

P.S. I'll try to follow my own advice.

While we were turning on we lost the envelope and name of the writer. We do indeed ask ourselves these questions, and we hope this issue shows how well we are succeeding in answering them, if at all.

**CHICAGO BLUES**

---

**CANNED HEAT**

---

**JUNIOR WELLS**

---

**MOTHER BLUES**

1305 N. WELLS

Dear Seed:

You may all be well aware of this particular author; in which case I apologise for my presumption.

Since the 40's Phil Wylie has been preaching things which are in many respects similar to concepts held by (what label should I use, Flower People, Diggers or the New Left, as described on the Tele recently?) Phil Wylie has some hang-ups of his own unfortunately; while decrying the quality of american (I couldn't bring myself to capitalize this term) life, he remains an ardent nationalist! Still I seriously believe he can be characterized as a "Prophet" of sorts. I particularly refer to "Generation of Vipers" and an essay on "Morals".

In case you haven't seen this particular book, I offer it as an example of this man's craftsmanship. If a book is needed to convince one of the ABSURDITY OF POWER POLITICS in an age where one miscalculation ... and we've bought the whole bag! This book describes a situation where 13 people survive (North of the Equator) and are rescued by those surviving in the Southern hemisphere. This man's descriptive powers are phenomenal! His conclusions are less so in my opinion. With the technical information presented in the book (all quite authentic), this book could easily have ended with a planet Earth totally devoid of life. Not a fish, or protozoan; not the least speck of living matter anywhere!

While I don't believe we have any special business in Viet Nam, concentrating peace efforts only in terms of the immediate situation there is in my opinion a mistake. The APPALLING risk of any war, anywhere, for whatever reason ... should be the real point of attack! America isn't the ONLY one that must revise its thinking. The Cuban missile crisis took an incredible amount of stupidity on both sides, to occur at all. A game of Showdown Poker with the stakes being every living thing on this Earth!

**Leather Fetish**  
  
**Custom Leather**  
 SANDALS-CAPES-BELTS-BAGS  
 1545 N.WELLS 944-9288

Perhaps for the sake of the survival of the Earth there should have been a little more nuclear bombing, back towards the end of WW 2. The bombs were smaller then and less likely to result in TOTAL obliteration facing us now. If each and every participant in that war had suffered one hit ... we wouldn't be doing the silly things we are now!

HIROSHIMA and NAGASAKI don't have a reality to us; INDIANAPOLIS does! They were just funny little places with funny little people...

The glib newsreel announcer, whipping most of us into a fervor for a war that in some obscure way is supposed to be in defense of "Our Way Of Life" (presumably: Popcorn, Apple Pie and his new Automatic Washer) all of which is apt to turn into a ball of Incandescent Gas because some panicky 2d Lt. pushed the wrong damn button.

Try talking like this to the "man on the street" and in less than 30 seconds, he'll switch you to a discussion of the American League Pennant Race! Either he's incredibly dense or I've got a fixation on Doom. You be the judge ...

Gene Kalin

Dear Alchemist,

I'm very thankful for the interesting and responsible goodies found in your corner each issue. May I make further inquiries?

1. What do you know about Hawaiian Wood Rose Seeds (regular and miniature)?
2. Do you have the address of any of the firms in Laredo which will send Peyote cuttings?

In return I can only offer some words of mine which I hope you will enjoy but which I'm sure will be no revelation to you.

**WHAT HAPPENS WHEN ONE DROPS, BLOWS, SMOKES ...**

At worst one seeks what one has found before and  
 At worst one will seek to lose and find oneself.  
 At best one seeks what one has never found before and  
 At best one will seek to find and loose oneself.

With the best vibrations.

Eds. note: Hawaiian wood rose seeds, according to the little information available to us, have an effect like that of morning glory seeds, and the preparation seems to be similar.

Dear Society's Slave:

Since you didn't give an address, we will communicate through this issue. We did not use your article because the process of plagiarism in high school which you present is well known to all students; and because by going along with the system's effort to reduce students to non-thinking grade-earners, you propagate what you are professedly interested in swivelling around. We would like to have thoughts from you on the problems of high school students - not ways to cheat themselves, but ways to discover themselves.

Yours with love,  
The Seed

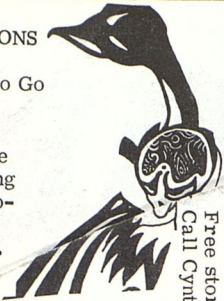
...I'm writing a preliminary article to "Chemical Causes of Schizophrenia" that involves the naturally occurring neuro-hormones that resemble mescaline structurally. All leads for a cheap acid test have fizzled. Most M.D.'s want no part of this research. All for now--Smitty.

**SOLIDARITY** *anarchist & surrealist publications*  
 745 W. Armitage open weekends  
**THE AXE TO THE ROOT!**

**CAFFE PERGOLES!**  
 COFFEE HOUSE GALLERY  
 CHESS - BRIDGE - DESSERT  
 CONTINENTAL ATMOSPHERE  
 2938 NORTH CLARK 281 9544

HAVE PITY ON GOLLUM

THE IMPRESSIONS at Whiskey a Go Go November 1



Help! Cat contemp marriage trip needs bread to swing ring scene (or split to NY) All donations & advice with bread appreciated. Send to J.T.B. Box 3818, Chicago 60654. Will answer all.

Clergy and Laymen Concerned about Vietnam 407 South Dearborn St., Chicago 60605

A conference on the legal technicalities and ethics of the draft will be held in Chicago on Monday, October 23, and Saturday, Nov. 11. Oct. 23: St. Paul's Church, 655 W. Fullerton, 9:30 am to 5:30 pm. Nov. 11: Cathedral of St. James, 666 North Rush St., 8 pm.

HARPER THEATRE 5823 South Harper Avenue, Hyde Park 48-week season starting October 24 with Norman Mailer's The Deer Park. "Film as Art" every Monday at 7:00, 9:00, 11:00, underground and experimental films. Cabaret theatre twice nightly in the Coffee House. Subscriptions now on mail-order sale, \$12 for weeknight performances, \$15.60 for weekends. Single admissions to dramatic productions \$3 and \$3.90, \$1.50 to films and Cabaret theatre, \$1.00.



Free store needs mattresses. Call Cynthia at The Seed.

DELANO GRAPE WORKERS

Un baile a beneficio de huelgistas agricultores de Delano, California (United Farm Workers) que ya van en su tercer año de la huelga, sera presentado en el St. Pius V Community Club, con la colaboración del comité organizista del United Farm Workers Organizing Committee, AFL-CIO. Dia del Baile es el sábado Octubre 14, par las 8:00 PM has ta la ??? en el salon de la iglesia de St. Pius V., 1900 S. Ashland Avenue. Boletos a la venta en las oficinas nuevas del Pilsen Neighbors, 1852 S. Blue Island, del United Farm Workers, 1300 S. Wabash Ave., o 1234 W. Granville Ave.

Musica por la orquesta de Raul Garcia. Refrescos y comeda mejicana disponible. Boletos - en avance \$2.50 en la puerta \$3.00

ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF CREATIVE MUSIC

Every Sunday 6:00 PM - 9:00 PM Admission \$1.50 Students 75¢ THE NEW MUSIC Lincoln Center 700 E. Oakwood

Pick up on reviews and interviews in MOJO NAVIGATOR - ROCK AND ROLL NEWS

Mojo Publishing Co., Box 1832 San Francisco, Calif. 94101 924-5582 35¢ 12/\$2.50

Chicago Police Dept.: We'll lend you our eyes and ears if you'll lend us your guns and clubs.

IN CONJUNCTION WITH A PRAY-IN OF THE ORTHODOX CLERGY TO PROTEST THE DRAFT AN EXCORCISM WILL BE CONDUCTED BY THE CHICAGO BOO-HOC OF THE NEO-AMERICAN CHURCH AT THE INDUCTION CENTER 654 W. VAN BUREN 6:00 - 9:00 A. M. ALL FREE PEOPLE FREAKS ACIDHEADS DROPOUTS AND OTHER CONCERNED AMERICANS ARE CORDIALLY INVITED.

MEETING OF THE COVEN SYNCHRONIZE HUMAN HEART PULSATIONS GRANT PARK BANDSHELL MUSIC MAGIC MENSCH MUNCH MINDWARP OCTOBER 21 1 P.M.

bring warmth and warm things OZ OZ OZ OZ OZ A flipped-out magazine featuring the best graphics this side Inferno, published simultaneously in London and Sydney, Australia. Subscribe now to OZ and you'll be sent 2 free copies of past issues- including the OZ with the famous golden cover. \$4 for 12

40 Anhalt Road, London, SW11 The Runaway Fund P.O. Box 246 Forest Hills, N.Y. 11375

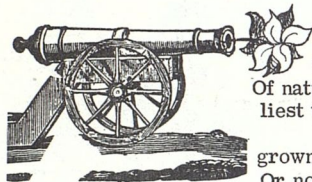
Our fund will give money each week to needy, desparate runaways for food and shelter. Write to the above address and enclose a self-addressed and stamped envelope.

If you weren't there, you know If you weren't, we can't tell you

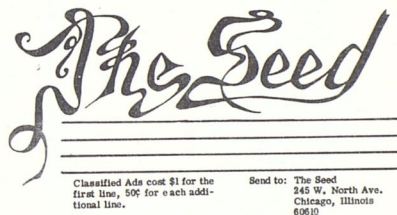


Raep Retloc, where are you? We're still married. Jackie. Please contact the Seed if you are able to crash anyone at your home.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers, Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book; Of nature's lessons you the love-liest teachers, Whether in garden grown or way-side nook, Or nodding wisdom o'er a lonely brook.



- ARABIA OF LAWRENCE 1060 W. LAWRENCE GUILD BOOKSTORE 2136 N. HALSTED THE MOLEHOLE 230 W. NORTH AVE. VOLUME 1 1608 N. WELLS PIPERS ALLEY TWIGGY 1126 STATE LIKE YOUNG 1335 N. WELLS BARBARA'S BOOKSTORE WELLS STREET BOOK JOYNT MAIDEN LANE THE DOOR 3124 BROADWAY CANDLES AND THINGS 2500 CLARK THE BOOK CENTER HARPER COURT CAFE PERGOLESI 2938 NORTH CLARK STREET GARDEN APT PHARMACY SEDGWICK & BLACKHAWK STEVES FORTUNE ELECTRICS BURTON & WELLS STREET TOWN UNDERGROUND ARMITAGE NEAR CLARK THE LEATHER FETISH 1545 N. WELLS HEADLAND 1250 N. WELLS EMPORIUM 1551 N. WELLS NEWSSTAND NORTH & WELLS MAINSTREET BOOKSTORE N. MICHIGAN AVE. U. OF CHICAGO BOOKSTORE 58TH & ELLIS PAPERBACK CENTER 137 WABASH WABASH DRUGS 732 WABASH IN-SANITY 7651 PAULINA SOLIDARITY BOOKSTORE 1644 MEYER COURT BOOK STORE 10 EAST DIVISION ROYAL GIFT SHOP 759 N. STATE MIDWEST ART SUPPLY 1549 N. WELLS THOMAS IMPORTS & ODD SHOP HYDE PARK BOOK NOOK 1540 E. 55th ST. PRESTIGE PHARMACY DEWITT TOWERS 260 E. CHESTNUT



Classified Ads cost \$1 for the first line, 50¢ for each additional line. Send to: The Seed 245 W. North Ave. Chicago, Illinois 60610

The Grape Workers of Delano, California are in their third year of major strike. We just had a flash notice that they have signed agreements with three of the companies struck: DiGeorgio Corp., Schenley and Perelli-Minetti. The United Farm Workers Organizing Committee is presenting a BENEFIT DANCE for the grape strikers on October 14, 8:00 PM, at St. Pius V Church Hall, 1900 S. Ashland Ave. Tickets may be purchased at Pilsen Neighbors, 1852 S. Blue Island, United Farm Workers, 1300 S. Wabash, or 1234 W. Granville Ave., for \$2.50 or at the door for \$3.00. Students half-price. There will be Mexican food and an opportunity to speak to the striking farm-workers.

Female nude models wanted. No experience required. Send name, address, phone. Photo Clinic, P.O. Box 12, Franklin Park, Ill. 60131



Enjoy a cup of excellent coffee while viewing the paintings of Thomas A. Brand at the Caffe Pergolesi, 2938 N. Clark St., from Oct. 15 thru Dec. 1, 6-12 pm. Closed Mondays.

Nonpsychedelic little man, 40, handicapped physically, wishes luncheons-plus - talks with mind/nimble, heart-kind psychedelics of any age/sex. Write: Bill, c/o The Seed

FLLOWER CHILDREN Want a pad? 1457 W. Garfield to share 3 room apt. furn, util. incl. \$40.00 a month. Contact: John 778-2231

SINGLE MEN OVER 21 Male nudism is popular among free thinkers. Fully illustrated magazine carries all info. State age, send \$3.00 to Solstice Society, Dept. S, Box 3775, Van Nuys, California. 91407.

Seed needs dwellcell quiet



Subscription form for 'The SEED' magazine. Includes fields for Name, Street & Number, City, State, Zip, and checkboxes for one, two, and three year subscriptions. Address: The Seed, 245 West North Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

# PEACE TORCH MARAATHON LOVIN



Velvet proximity

Provo's hip priest

Balloons and hot

chocolate

Without the least doubt, the most beautiful girls and the most beautiful cats

posters of nudes for your bedroom wall?

pot, cognac,  
potato chips,  
opium pipe,  
beads.