

THE CHICAGO SEED

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25¢ - 35¢ Outside Chicago

Chicago - Cultural Center of the World



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- Smitty
- Vanguard Ministry
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All our thoughts of what may be are false till our fingers touch in the moment - so we neither hope nor fear, but stand forth to feel. Even those who are deluded (all) unavoidably speak the truth in fragments; we must listen to all, recognizing through them, part of ourselves, our own delusions. What acts are performed can never be changed, their reality lies in the brain so long as it lives. The reality of these events lies also with him who strikes, and all his words of mechanical response cannot remove from him the action of his muscles, the accepted training which prompted them. We are as responsible for being struck as he is for striking. (What Jesus meant by turning the cheek?) We accept our responsibility for being in the place where the blow fell - karma.

Finger lifted, Allen Cohen admonished. What he said is true, however he lives it. The only "news" is that our nerves receive and send; to think an event is communicated as it occurred, is delusion. To think we know an event from reading, is delusion. Something is conveyed by that rare, sublime mingling which is the ultimate possibility of love (word used for relationships with detergents and automobiles).

That mingling is our "news" - not the struggle against suppression. We struggle against a thing which is created by our struggle. The Government is other beings, ourselves; if we do not suppress ourselves, we are not suppressed.

A GOVERNMENT IS POWERLESS
GOVERNMENT DOES NOT EXIST

* * * * *

The march is twice too long, diverted and corkscrewed so the faint-hearted will turn back. Britain, Canada, St. Louis, Berkeley, North Carolina, New York, Toledo, Danver, Cleveland, Milwaukee, Harvard, U. of Chicago, doctors and priests, the Lincoln Brigade strong men by their looks, mightily applauded. The inhuman grey facade is flowered at last. Shadows long in the setting sun. Silhouettes on the roof: TV cameras, uniforms, brass glinting, drab and blue on rotund forms, binoculars, antennae, helicopters watch. Soft grass this beautiful day. We occupy the lawn the stairs the parapet. The crush on concrete is subject to arrest, permit for the lawn. Who owns this grass? Reinforcements in gas masks rush in.

200,000 crossed the bridge; at the Pentagon we are reduced by a fourth, the rest content with their bannered walk, return to be swallowed by their ease, have dinner in hospitable Washington peacenik money good as any, to board a bus home. The beautiful young men, the beautiful young women, so many remain offering their heads to the stick. One lies sleeping in black, hand fallen at the side of his black dog, comfortable on the well kept lawn in the waning sun. A chill advances.

Marshalls cause the already tightly-packed people on the stairs to be pushed back. Flurries of sticks through the afternoon, running to unknown destinations and back, smoke rising. The beating began early and continued at diverse points through the evening, into the next day. Soldiers implored with flowers, can't stop grinning. We love you, man. Rank on rank of humans face each other - fear! It would be so easy - if we were naked.

Great surge suddenly on the left thousands, shouting, run the stairs and break the line. Banners before, two dozen enter, are forced out at gunpoint. One breaks through alone, struck six or seven times, hauled away bloody, no one knows to where. Draft cards almost holy light in the dusk. Night. Food, blankets, coffee magically appear to sustain the determined. Sawhorses burn. Softened hearts of troops removed, tougher ones substituted. Rumors change ears. One, two, three. MPs threw down their arms and were arrested. Girl dying of head wounds. 400 arrested, the bitter who chose this fate above easier.

Food offered, but the eyes of the marshals hold back hands; when unwatched, the soldiers accept cigarettes, one takes a toke from a joint. Marshal guides reluctant gunbutts with a foot.

Girl on edge of crowd kicked, marshal kicks her. She will move, she says, if politely requested, but as a civilian is not under his orders. They continue to kick her. The crowd wants to put a man in her place. She refuses to move.

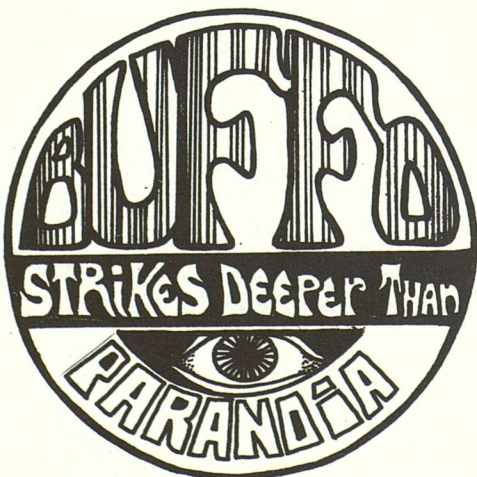
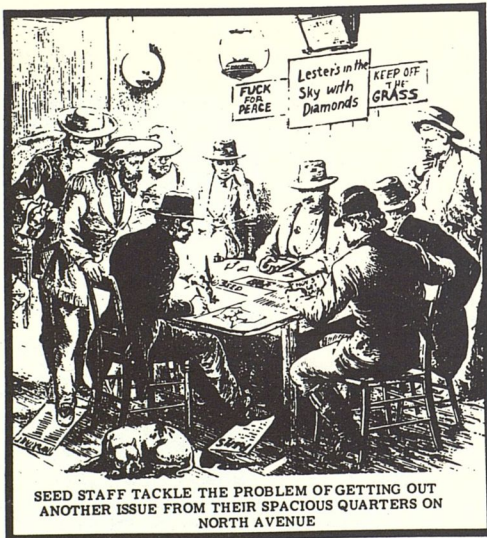
An MP tells a marshal he cannot strike his people. Constant repetition of desertion reports.

Dr. Spock, we learn, was pushed to the ground and trampled, that handsome old man, all the while talking into a microphone. Sporadic attacks with tear gas. Pentagon shouts in press it used none, Wash. Post reporters give it the lie. "Going to bathroom" on Pentagon walls, says the Post. Jimmy Breslin shits on front page.

Pacifists weary, reconsidering. Next time more violence, more, more. No one has understood, nothing changed. Except ourselves.

Washington is a clean, fresh city with admirable architecture. Its people are kind and open. The freak community provided housing without hangup for all. Filthy shame the city is also the meeting-place of the little boys with the lethal toys. On the next hill, in view of the Pentagon, lie the men they killed, in Arlington. They have buried our dead.

Cynthia Edelman



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HEY HEY WHAT'S THAT SOUND EVERYBODY LOOK WHAT'S GOING DOWN

CHICAGO

Jack Ongemach

October in Chicago and other American cities has been an especially active month for protesting the war in Vietnam. On October 8, 1967, a butane peace torch was carried through Chicago on the way from San Francisco to the large anti-war demonstration in Washington on Oct. 21. The Stop the Draft Week preceding this final event included many protest activities throughout the nation. Beginning on October 16 in Chicago 200 people held a demonstration in front of the federal building. Because many participants in this event were new, the peace movement is growing and reaching more persons, even the flower children, conservative businessmen, and ex-peace corps volunteers. Also, bystanders at the demonstration were not hostile but almost sympathetic to the marchers. About 500 people listened at the rally which followed and thirty men handed their draft cards to a federal marshal after their names were read off a list. They have moved from dissent to active resistance against the Selective Service System. The next day Women's Strike for Peace and clergymen held an anti-war rally around Picasso's bird-woman in Chicago's downtown Civic Center.

Wednesday's demonstration focussed on the secret war research that is now being conducted on the campus of the Illinois Institute of Technology Research as it is on campuses of thirty-seven other universities in the United States. IIT has chemical and biological investigation contracts for the military base at Fort Detrick, Maryland and has produced weapons now being used to destroy people and crops in Vietnam. Since 1961 the Vietnamese have suffered over 2 1/2 million casualties, one-seventh of their country's population. IIT is the ninth largest Pentagon contractor, with annual military contracts of over thirteen million dollars. Already 5000 American scientists including seventeen Nobel Prize winners have petitioned the President to stop employing these diabolical scientific inventions in the Vietnam war. During the IIT demonstration the police tried unsuccessfully to halt a rally of almost eighty people including speaker and IIT philosophy professor Dr. Maxwell Primack on the grounds of the IIT campus.

Early Thursday morning the Chicago Area Draft Resisters (CADRE) and Students for a Democratic Society organized 100 persons at the main army induction center at 615 W. Van Buren St. to protest the draft and recent police brutality against peace marchers in Oakland, California and Madison, Wisconsin. Chicago police in hard hats prevented the draft resisters from entering the induction center; only those with proper identification papers were permitted inside. During the march some participants burned their draft cards and induction papers; FBI agents scrambled to collect the remaining fragments while TV men interviewed one draft card burner. The most beautiful thing was seeing draft cards in flames and hopefully one night America will be illuminated from coast to coast by the fires from burning draft cards. The police arrested eighteen marchers and after the demonstration broke up at 8:45 AM some of the remaining protesters walked down the the Eleventh St. police station to support those marchers who were viciously seized and arrested.

WASHINGTON

Thorne Dreyer LNS

On October 21, 1967, the white left got its shit together.

The gala Pentagon confrontation, long billed as a move from "protest to resistance," was a dramatic and intense political event. Many had been dubious; few can now deny that a new stage is upon us.

Many feel that the new left has become relevant to the black movement. At a press conference for the establishment media, John Wilson, associate national chairman of SNCC, said: "This demonstration proved one thing to white Americans - that this government will whip you, too. During this anti-draft week, at Oakland, at Madison, at Brooklyn, at Washington - Black America has gained new respect for the white left. There are going to be dramatic changes in the movement."

Certainly the most significant aspect of the confrontation at Washington was the spontaneous way in which the demonstrators began to relate to the soldiers. And the remarkable occurrence of two, possibly three GI's throwing down their weapons and defecting to the side of the demonstrators.

The confrontation itself created a dynamic spirit of community. The actual storming of the Pentagon was something few had really expected. So there was no pre-established structure to deal with the situation; people had to use their heads and work together.

There were two main battle fronts. These were the steps and plaza leading to the main entrance to the Pentagon, and a large area to the west, which we have called the "left flank." Leadership on both fronts was assumed by SDS organizers.

The confrontation went through two distinct phases. The first was a period of strength and vitality. People were on the move. They related to each other in very real ways. There were

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MADISON

Elliot Blinder LNS

Madison, Wis. (Oct. 19) - Students and police fought with fists, rocks, sticks and tear gas for two and a half hours yesterday on the campus of the University of Wisconsin.

The rioting between some three to four thousand students and city police followed what began as a peaceful demonstration against the presence of the Dow Chemical Company on campus. (Dow Chemical is best known for its role in the production of napalm.)

The demonstration began at 10:30 am when over 350 students linked arms and sat down in the corridors of the Commerce building in the center of campus, where representatives of the Dow company were to hold job interviews for prospective employees in co-operation with the university placement service.

Some two dozen assorted policemen were waiting for the demonstrators inside the building from 9:30 am on, as University Chancellor William Sewell had hired regulars from the Madison police force to assist campus security officers. All were under the command of Chief of University Protection and Security Ralph Hanson.

According to Matt Fox, managing editor of the Wisconsin Daily Cardinal, the sit-ins were informed that they were obstructing university property, and that they were considered unlawfully assembled. They were also told that Hanson had personally suggested to Chancellor Sewell that he ask Dow Chemical to leave, and that Sewell had refused. They were not told what actions would be taken.

At 11 am, three demonstrators sitting nearest to the doorway were seized by university police in an attempt to take them into custody. Other students held on to their companions and struggled with the police for several minutes. The students eventually won the struggle, but name arrests were issued later for the three students identified by university personnel.

Outside a crowd of over three thousand students gathered in support of the civil disobedience, while city riot police began congregating in front of the building.

At 1:30 pm, at the request of Chancellor Sewell, 25 helmeted policemen armed with two-foot long night sticks, entered the building, smashing plate-glass doors in their zeal.

The students remained in their places, heads between their knees, and arms over their necks, as the police began swinging their clubs and dragging out the bludgeoned victims.

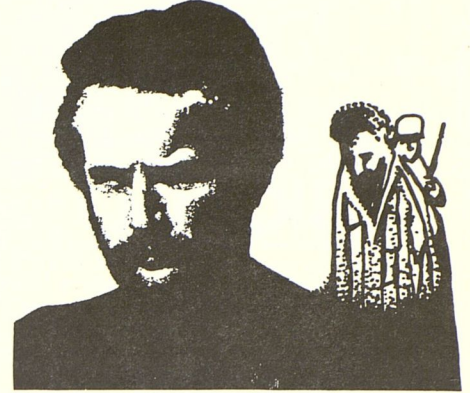
In less than an hour the building was emptied, with male and female students milling about, heads bloodied and bruised, groaning, crying, stopping cars on the streets and begging rides to the nearest hospital. No ambulances were present. By this time, demonstrators outside reacted to the treatment their comrades had received and police began throwing tear gas to disperse the crowd.

Six student demonstrators were dragged out of the building and placed in a police van. Windows of the van were then smashed by the crowd, the air was let out of the tires, cars were rolled in front of it, students stretched themselves in its path, and a picket line was set up at the only available exit some 50 feet away. Seeing that there would be no way out, police released their captives but placed them under name arrest.

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REVOLUTION IN REVOLUTION by Regis Debray
New York: Monthly Review Press. 1967. \$4.00

reviewed by Carl Robb

Regis Debray is one of the few outsiders who has studied the Cuban revolutionary process first hand; much of what is said in this book grew out of conversations with Fidel Castro and Che Guevara.

Regis Debray is presently being tried by a military court in Bolivia. The crime of which he is accused is participating in guerrilla activities, but one of the reasons he was arrested was for writing this book.

Debray does not attempt to discuss guerrilla warfare in detail because he feels each armed revolutionary struggle encounters specific conditions in each country. Instead Debray attempts to point out lessons learned from past guerrilla experiences.

Each revolutionary group must expect years of sacrifice in order to acquire an awareness of the conditions of the locality. This is why the most valuable characteristic of the revolutionary is tenacity. Survival of the guerrilla against so many odds proves the extent to which the movement is impelled by history.

Debray tells the future guerrilla that it is dangerous to import organizational formulae even from past successful guerrilla activities into a different situation. The penalty for a false theory is military defeat. The guerrilla movements have attained the most success when they have a single command, are mobile, self-sufficient, and retain no family responsibilities. Since the guerrilla has political goals and motives, he must have the support of the masses or disappear.

Debray states that the principal of self-defense as a reality for guerrillas has been liquidated since it consists of waiting in one place till the army can mass enough strength to come and destroy the rebellion.

To Debray the failure of armed self-defense of the masses corresponds on the military level to the failure of reformism on the political level. The reformism attempts to defeat the power structure on its own terms while the power structure maintains all advantages of repressive force.

For those who believe that all revolutions are Communist, Castro has the answer. He was asked who will make the revolution in Latin America? His reply was: "Who? The people, the revolutionaries, with or without a party." I might add that it is the repressive government which no longer represents its people which makes the guerrilla movement possible and necessary.

"I am Che Guevara and I have failed." So uttered a dying, bullet-riddled soldier deep in the Bolivian jungle. Even as his pain-racked body mercifully surrendered to death and oblivion he seemed unaware of the gaping wounds in his throat and groin, or that his legs were nearly severed by machine gun bullets. Rather, his last words were of self-recrimination that he should not be able to continue his life-long struggle, that he must cease to fight before the war was won.

The dashing 39-year-old Argentine began the struggle while still in his teens, fighting the pro-Peron fascists in the streets of his homeland. He fled his country after receiving his medical degree, to avoid serving in the military, and fought with Fidel Castro against the Batista regime. In 1965 he disappeared to take up the struggle in the mountainous interior of Bolivia.

Ernesto Guevara roamed the mountains and jungles of Latin America hoping to end the oppression of the masses. He fought against the distended bellies of starving Indian babies. He fought against the inequality which forced men to sell their daughters to the soldiers and poli-

ticians for bread to eat. He fought alongside farmers who lived in mud hovels while presidents lived in palaces. He fought against the economic structure which allowed millions to starve while others grew fat on their labors. He fought against gigantic foreign mining corporations that netted millions and paid pennies to the miners who toiled in their unsafe depths. He fought against unbelievable poverty and ignorance. He fought for the people no one cared about.

Ernesto Guevara gave his life in the country named for another great leader, a freedom fighter also devoted to the abolition of tyranny. Another who raged that so many mothers wept futile tears for the children who died like flies, blackened, swollen tongues protruding from cracked, crusted lips, maggots crawling in open wounds. Sightless eyes agog in the frozen grimace of death. Simon Bolivar fought the same fight. There will be others. Countless others, until the Simon Bolivars, Ernesto Guevaras, are no longer needed. You have not failed, Ernesto Guevara. Your fight will be won!

--John Bruen

Ernesto Guevara.



MADISON continued from page 3

Meanwhile the skirmish was still going on between police, lobbing tear gas bombs, and the mob of students moving against and retreating from the police line between each round. At about 4 pm, the crowd, which had previously restrained itself to shouting and jeering at the police, began to fight back with rocks, bricks, sticks, shoes and anything else it could get its hands on. Police began using the nerve gas, Mace.

According to John Davis, Cardinal night editor, 10 or 15 more riot police arrived and began unloading cases of tear gas grenades and stocking them inside the building which appeared to be under siege at this point.

One policeman was struck in the face with a flying brick and fell to the ground, apparently unconscious. He was carried off by police with a broken nose. A second officer suffered a broken leg when he was struck by a rock thrown from the crowd. He fell among the students who set upon him and beat him with hands and fists. He was rescued by fellow officers and taken to the university hospital.

Seven policemen and 65 students were treated at the hospital, for wounds ranging from skull injuries to superficial bruises.

The fighting eventually ceased around 6:30 pm after police finally succeeded in containing and dividing the protesters who had begun to back off when police dogs were brought onto the scene.

In later developments, Chancellor Sewell announced the suspension of all 12 members of the Dow Protest Steering Committee, which had planned the civil-disobedience demonstration. The committee consisted of representatives from Students for a Democratic Society, Young Socialist Alliance, University Community Action (a campus political party) Committee to End the War in Vietnam, and the Committee for Direct Action (a campus group composed largely of advocates of direct, militant confrontation). Police have already issued a warrant for the arrest of one of the committee members, Evan Stark, a teaching assistant in sociology. Charges were not known. Other arrests are expected.

A rally was held at 7 pm in the library mall, where 5,000 students, surrounded by a protective ring of 400 teaching assistants, called for an announced general strike to last until the university guarantees that Dow Chemical will never be allowed on campus again.

A meeting of teaching assistant voted to endorse and participate in the strike, and a meeting of 300 faculty members resolved to enforce the strike. The faculty members 1) said that police should not have been used in the demonstration; 2) condemned the University's use of indiscriminate violence in the demonstration; 3) recommended that in view of that use of violence, no university disciplinary action be taken in connection with the demonstration on Oct. 18, 1967; and 4) condemned the "violation of due process involved in the university's summary disciplinary suspension of the Dow protesters."

Another "protest rally" was held at 8:30 am this morning in front of the administrative offices building. Students set up picket lines at most of the university buildings to discourage people from entering and attending classes. Students can be seen all about campus wearing or carrying strike signs.

When the Dow Chemical Co. appeared on campus last March, it met with similar civil-disobedience, and 16 persons were arrested at that time. The cases of two of those defendants, teaching assistant Robert Cohen and student Robert Zwicker have just taken place, and both were found guilty under a Wisconsin statute concerning disturbing the peace. Both served 14 days in jail. However, they have challenged the statute's constitutionality and their case is now pending before the U. S. Supreme Court.

According to the Daily Cardinal, the CIA is expected to visit the campus in two weeks.

AND OAKLAND TOO...

When the first of four groups of demonstrators arrived at the Oakland Induction Center early Tuesday morning it was greeted by some 150 persons who had already gathered across the street. Within 40 minutes after the first group of some 100 had arrived, the protestors' strength had grown to well over 2,000.

The protestors immediately swarmed into the streets, blocked traffic... Then about 40 demonstrators blocked each of the three entrances to the induction center. To this point there had been no police interference.

The police riot lines began forming about one hour after the initial group of protestors had arrived... The first riot lines consisted of about 100 Oakland police officers.

At 6:10 a. m. the first police orders were issued. "Out of the streets." This order was greeted with a "Hell No! - Nobody goes," response from the crowd. Thirty minutes later, the Oakland police were reinforced by some 200 sheriff's officers and highway patrolmen. The crowd by this time had also grown to about 4,000. Then Deputy Chief Brown issued a dispersal order for the first time.

The protestors didn't move. The order was repeated two more times in the next seven minutes. Then hell broke loose.

The officers formed a wedge and began moving through the crowd... They were using their billy clubs quite freely and they also used mace, the new liquid which comes out of an aerosol can.

Most of the people sitting down got the worst of it. Twenty-two of them had to be treated for injuries although many more than that were struck.

Of the 22 injured, the press paid its price, too. Cameramen and newsmen both were struck. The entire operation of sealing of the street took no more than three minutes. As Free Press photographer Bill Warren saw it: "From an objective standpoint, the police performed efficiently and professionally."

Many of those who scattered eventually reformed and began tying up traffic in various intersections. There was also a peaceful picketing in Lafayette Park which is across from the Oakland City Hall. Police broke up the demonstrators who were blocking traffic; however no force was used.

The last incident this reporter saw before returning was at an intersection where some demonstrators were blocking traffic. A car ran through the blockade carrying one of the protestors about one quarter block on the bumper. The car went on without stopping after the demonstrator rolled off.

Two police cars with policemen in them observed this incident. They didn't attempt to go after the hit and run driver.

Tuesday's release by L A Free Press - Oct. 17
David Zane Malrowitz

The crowd, estimated at 10,000 by newspaper and radio sources, overturned automobiles and pulled huge potted plants into the streets in order to keep the 2,000 police from escorting busloads of inductees to the center.

The demonstrators proclaimed a victory and left their positions at about 11 am, thinking that the National Guard was on the way due to a mistaken broadcast over an ABC radio station.

There was little doubt in anyone's mind when the demonstrators left the steps of Sproul Hall on the University of California at Berkeley campus for the Induction Center that a small-scale guerrilla war was in the making. Those who had a taste of Mace, the new pressurized liquid gas, on Tuesday, put vaseline on their faces to reduce the sting of the gas, and a team of "Health Professionals for Peace" was on hand with extensive first aid equipment.

When the crowd reached the Induction Center and blocked it police moved in quickly, but unlike Tuesday, exercised some restraint. There were few beatings and observers were on hand to watch for breaches of the injunction a gainst deterring the press. Twenty-eight persons were arrested as cops threw flying wedges to clear the streets. Crowds dispersed quickly, fearful of a repetition of Tuesday, and backed off to block adjoining streets.

When it became clear the police were again holding the fort for the busloads of inductees that were to arrive, the new guerrilla tactics were put into effect. At the major intersections garbage cans were turned over in the streets and the huge potted plants that line Oakland streets were pulled into the gutters.

Cars left unlocked were shifted into neutral and pushed out to block traffic. Some were overturned and the air let out of the tires. An Alameda County bus was seized and wires were ripped out so that it could not be started.

There was never any question that the blockade would really stop the buses carrying the inductees, even though the police were obviously thrown off balance by the new tactics.

By the time reluctant tow truck drivers had pulled away all the cars in the blockade, a new wave of San Francisco cops escorted the inductees over the Bay Bridge and through the back streets of Oakland. When the crowd broke up, the police remained behind drinking their cokes along with a small group of counter-demonstrators who carried signs lauding Oakland's finest. Friday's release by National Guardian - Oct. 20

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WASHINGTON

thousands of people jammed together, maybe scared but certainly exalted.

To the left of the center area, and dividing it from the left flank, was a low wall. Tom Bell an SDS organizer in Washington, climbed up with sound equipment and began addressing the crowd. A U. S. marshal immediately grabbed him and attempted to push him off. Brother Bell wrestled with the officer. He got a grip on the marshal's billy club and pushed him back. The marshal backed away, surprised by Tom's resistance to his authority. The crowd cheered and the wall was won.

Some of the demonstrators on the front line wanted to force more violent confrontations with the soldiers. It seemed to many of us that this was suicidal and would prove nothing. One is misreading Che Guevara by concluding that a guerrilla fighter confronts a superior military force in positional combat. That just doesn't make sense.

What had happened so far was in many ways aggressive and real - not the symbolic protest many had feared.

The Pentagon had set up a neat little game for us. We were moving and were in a real position of strength. There were battles, advances new fronts opening on all sides. People on the left flank dropped ropes off a high wall, shouting "We need people up here!" and people just started climbing up. They didn't have any idea what they would face on the other side, but they were needed, so they came.

You've got to realize there were thousands of people storming the Pentagon, not just a few hundred "crazies." Those people were into a new thing. And these were, to a great extent, young kids. The majority were under 25. Many were under 20.

Tom Bell talked to people about sitting down. It seemed that this would put us in a stronger position then. Some demonstrators in the front were baiting the GI's and there was a real danger of people being trampled on the steps in case of panic. But panic never proved a danger. People just didn't lose their heads. They had a real sense of acting as a community.

Soon diggers started bringing in food, and joints were in evidence. A real festival atmosphere was in the air. People laughed and hugged the soldiers.

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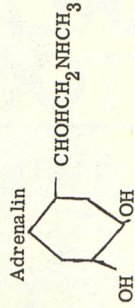
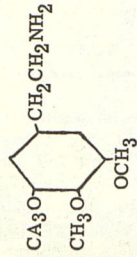
Understanding Mescaline



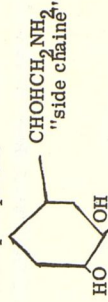
The chemical in peyote that can cause hallucinations when the sun-dried "buttons" are eaten is mescaline. Chemically speaking, the mescaline molecule is not like that of LSD-25. Instead, mescaline resembles some other chemicals that are present in your body all the time.

One of these is adrenalin. Adrenalin is a neurohormone that is important when you are under stress. Violent efforts and emotions cause it to be dumped into your blood stream. Adrenalin speeds up your heart and raises your blood pressure. When a cop starts bugging you, the changes you undergo are partially caused by adrenalin.

Check out the chemical structure of mescaline and adrenalin:



Another chemical in your body that resembles mescaline is norepinephrine. It also is a neurohormone, but instead of speeding your heart up, norepinephrine slows it down. The chemical structure of norepinephrine looks a lot like that for mescaline.



In fact, mescaline resembles norepinephrine more than adrenalin. As you can see, the CH₃ (methyl) group is missing from the end of the "side chain" in both mescaline and norepinephrine.

Because it resembles these two neurohormones, some shrinks think that mescaline causes hallucinations by interfering with adrenalin and norepinephrine activity. If the cells of your body were to mistake mescaline for adrenalin or norepinephrine, the action of these neurohormones would be stopped. When this happened, unusual mental and emotional states could result and be known as hallucinations.

Smitty

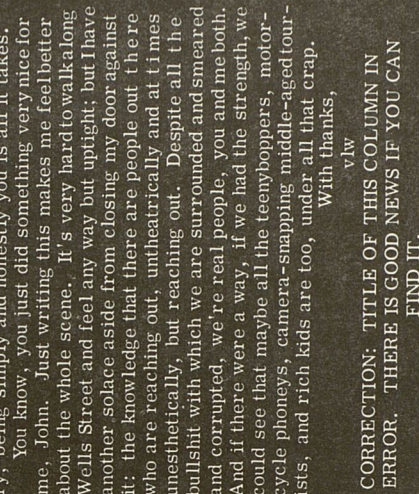
How do you go about meeting them? A few suggestions (with apologies for my poverty of ideas):

- 1) If possible, don't wear your uniform or travel in packs. If you do you will only be approached by hustlers of both sexes.
- 2) Don't go to Wells Street unless you are strictly a spectator.
- 3) If you want a nice quiet beer, go away from the main circus, up to Lincoln Avenue (John Barleycorn's is nice), or down to Rush Street (which used to be like Wells, but has calmed down to a pleasant level.)
- 4) If you survive Saturday night with your loneliness intact, try 5th St. Meeting of Friends (Quakers) at 5615 S. Woodlawn. Meeting is at 11 a.m. Sundays and there's a potluck lunch afterward which is free to first-time visitors. There's a higher percentage of real people among Quakers than anywhere else, I think. If you go in uniform you might get into some stimulating political discussions, as they're pacifists, but tolerant. A word of caution - don't go to Hyde Park on the CTA. The 'C' is more expensive but a little safer.
- 5) Do you entirely exclude the possibility that there might be some good guys out there at Great Lakes? I realize that the circumstance are hardly conducive, but surely you have five or ten minutes a day to talk to people there. Naturally you would prefer not to have to live a monastic life; but since you do, you might explore the minds of your fellow-monks. Girls they're not; but they are human beings, and in becoming completely alienated from all that they are and do, you diminish yourself.

Don't expect to find real people unless you're prepared to be one yourself. This does not necessarily mean you have to be clever. On the contrary, being simply and honestly you is all it takes. You know, you just did something very nice for me, John. Just writing this makes me feel better about the whole scene. It's very hard to walk along Wells Street and feel any way but uptight; but I have another solace aside from closing my door against it: the knowledge that there are people out there who are reaching out, untheatrically and at times unethetically, but reaching out. Despite all the bullshit with which we are surrounded and smeared and corrupted, we're real people, you and me both. And if there were a way, if we had the strength, we could see that maybe all the teenyboppers, motorcycle phoneys, camera-snapping middle-aged tourists, and rich kids are too, under all that crap.

With thanks,
v/w

CORRECTION: TITLE OF THIS COLUMN IN ERROR. THERE IS GOOD NEWS IF YOU CAN FIND IT.



THE EXHIBITIONERS

BS VALERIE WALKER

I Have No Good News To Report

Machismo dept.: Has anyone noticed the symbolism in the October Playboy cover? It shows one of Leroy Nieman's "femlins" (clad only in black stockings) untying a shoelace belonging to an enormous pair of feet. The shoelace looks at first glance like a whip. Straight S and M, one would say - except that the chick is only three inches tall. Good old Playboy - take her clothes off and shrink her down, and she can't castrate you...

I think I'd rather let my seven-year-old daughter watch Mondo Cane on TV than the Saturday morning kiddie cartoon shows. Much less violence...

Walking up Wells on my way home from work today, I passed the Garment District (for those outside the neighborhood, this is a clothing store which specializes in the camp and outre, featuring dancing in the window, a real juke box, etc. There in the window sat a young man, ostensibly deep in meditation, with a flower in front of him and his hands together in namaste.

I took out my white lipstick and wrote PROSTITUTION OF RELIGION on the glass. I will do it again every time I see this done. I don't mind satire directed at the organized churches - they can use it. But using the search for ultimate reality (or God, to use an archaic word) as a shill to sell rags to tourists and teenyboppers is highly offensive to me. I would have been far less revolted had he been masturbating in the window - and it would have been far more appropriate, considering the nature of the Wells Street Trade.

Another shattering experience: the delicatessen on Grand Avenue just east of St. Clair. There's one counter man there who screams at everybody. All the others scream too, but this particular one means it, and he's so violent that people scream back. (My own reaction was to retreat almost in tears.) How it is possible for one man to radiate pure malevolence for nine feet in all directions I don't know, but this cat does it.

The horrible thing about that place is that the customers like the screaming. They think it's funny. They go there to be screamed at. As for me, I'm not going back, no matter how good the corned beef is. There are enough raving lunatics on the streets without my searching for them in stores, too.

A Letter Received in Response to My Column, "Profundity Sucks"

Where is there peace and love in Chicago? I am a sailor stationed at Great Lakes... Needless to say, I hate it here. On the weekends I have liberty (for want of a better word) and I try to escape for a short while.

I go to Chicago. I see the neon lights and plastic signs and buses and cars and faceless people. I say hello to them and they become deaf and blind. I hear about the place called Old Town and the "hippies." I go there and find a Coney Island fiasco of IBM handwriting analysis, fudge, and clubs blaring out stupid names, and streets crawling with teenyboppers... motorcycle phoneys, camera-snapping middle-aged tourists, and rich kids driving up and down, up and down, reversing the engines in the supercars their parents bought them.

Are there no real people, places, truth or love in that city? I know there are, but where? I have no "in connections" or address books, just an agonizing and overpowering desire to find the human heart of Chicago.

I'm not a hippie (I don't think of me as one), or out for kicks and a weekend blast... I'm a person, looking for people.

Where is the peace and love in Chicago? ...
John Rigby HA B11 2806
USN, Co. 43, HCS
Great Lakes, Illinois 60088

Dear John,
How can I answer you? Everything you say is true, and has been a source of pain to many others, myself among them.

This is the fourth attempt at an answer I have written. The others were too facile, not really treating you as a person but as one of the things you say you're not: a lonely hearts member.

I could give addresses of nice kind groups of people until I ran through the phone book; but the basic problem is not to be solved by shunting you off to a nice kind group of people. I didn't realize the responsibility I assumed when I tasked who was out there: to become concerned about you. Well I'm only human, and a bitch at times, but I'll try.

The few real people I know don't profess to be hippies. They are not squares either, but sensitive people who float unclassified and ambiguous on the fringes of the action. They are not conspicuous. They don't hang out on Wells Street.



by Franklin Rosemont

The "official" function of music in this society is to deceive the purity of the human imagination. From the deceived eye to the confused ear, man is reduced to an idiocy as impotent as it is unforgivable. Through the savage eye everything that is poetry can be revealed. The ear can lend snow to the summer trees and a specifically disturbing aspect to a revolver being fired. I am interested in the maximum of consciousness, in liberating the senses from the fetters of concretized ideology in the hideous reality around us. The point is to resolve the arbitrary conflict between the eye and the ear by a truly definitive transformation of reality. It is necessary to follow one's own footprints inside the mind, and then outside. "It is time to realize," wrote the Belgian surrealist Paul Nougé, "that we are capable, also, of inventing feelings - perhaps fundamental feelings - of a power comparable to those of love and hatred." The point of departure is Rimbaud's "systematic derangement of all the senses," an experiment which must be continually renewed. It should be possible to juxtapose auditory, visual, olfactory, tactile and gustatory capacities, for sheer pleasure. Psychedelic experience validates the ear that sees and the eye that listens. Why not admit that man can be a tree or a stone and that the sky lifts the sun from its nightly repose?

Several years ago I was listening to a very old recording of a medieval choral by Josquin des Pres, when the ending was submerged by the roaring of jets across the sky. This charming vengeance of a non-Euclidean futurism had the distinct advantage of opening more doors in my mind than it closed. Who can demand more from music than exaltation? Needless to add that such an assumption is vastly removed from European conceptions of music, largely an affair of the salons and lacking real urgency, despite a few rare exceptions. It is the so-called primitive people who understand music best, who understand its physical qualities or rather its psychophysical dynamism which absolutizes frenzy in the dance. Primitive music provokes a mythology of gesture born of spontaneous ritual. It is music with blood in its veins, not merely a literary

Jimi Hendrix Jimi Hendrix Jimi Hendrix

skeleton rattling in the brain. * * *

The Jimi Hendrix Experience (Hendrix, vocals & guitar; Mitch Mitchell, drums; Noel Redding, bass) has recently emerged into the eldritch light that bathes the quotidian splendours of this universe and all others. They play regularly before standing-room-only crowds in Paris, Stockholm, Copenhagen, London... Eight days after the Beach boys broke the house record at the Tivoli in Stockholm, playing for 7000 fans at two shows, Hendrix appeared and (to say the least) broke their record, playing for 14,500 fans at two shows. The Experience stage show (Hendrix has been known to play his guitar with his teeth, and even to burn it on stage) possesses a demonizing convulsiveness, in which the most traditionally cherished philosophical prejudices are dismembered on a monstrous scale, during a long midnight, luminous and black. Hendrix has acknowledged the inspiration he has found for lyrics in fairy tales and science-fantasy. Certain of his songs seem to hover like enchanted owls over the Garden of Earthly Delights subtly moving from paradise to hell. With profound lyricism, a sense of creative destruction and black humor, Hendrix weaves the tapestry of his violent and delirious myths across a sky that darkens as he approaches. Nothing is premeditated: everything belongs to the purely automatic revelation. With striking simplicity, he improvises a chaos of defiantly realizable beauty. All of Hendrix' commentators have spoken of this remarkable spontaneity. At least once, when asked to play certain songs from his first album, *Are You Experienced?* Hendrix admitted that he had forgotten them, that he had invented them during the recording session and never played them since.

Jimi Hendrix has united the extraordinary poetic vitality of the blues with the more recent white pop rock scene which itself originally derived from blues but which with its psychedelic, Indian, baroque and other influences has achieved a sort of independent relevance. Certainly he has brought a new tremor into the intellectual atmosphere. I hasten to add, for the sake of clarity, that I am not only against the Europeanization of Africa, but for the Africanization of Europe and the United States. Actually I would like to see a more generalized primitivization which

would permit us to share various marvels from cultures as seemingly disparate as the Kwakiutl Indians, the natives of New Ireland, the Tarahumaras of Mexico, as well as the Bushmen, the Yoruba and other cultures of Africa. "Paint it black," in any case, is a watchword not to be taken lightly. Harlem '64, Watts '65, Newark, Detroit, etc. '67 are moments in the realization of a splendidly magical dream, correctly known as the cause of freedom. Music which does not participate in this dream, music which does not express the violence and passion for liberation that is bubbling through the consciousness of millions - an expression which must be made, of course, entirely on its own terms, for there can be no question of the petty degradations inherent in "propaganda" - music, that is, which does not revolt is only the auditory reflection of oppressive ideology, the echo of imperialism. It is like the sterile sounds played in department stores as "background" music designed to "relax" customers into an imbecilic stupor to increase their consumption of worthless commodities.

I want music that is the opposite of this pathetic servant of commodities. I want a delirious and luxurious music which drinks the space around it and colors it with the vibrations of liberating human impulses; music which concretizes the rhythms of blood and breath and patterns of eyes and flesh, hair and cells; music which burns the exploitative past and assists in the unveiling of the future: the creation of the harmony of passions. Music which does not recognize the beauty of snipers shooting at cops during riots is garbage. The version of the apocalypse I prefer best, at least in its earthly and human manifestations, is "Dancing in the Streets" by Martha & the Vandellas. I could also mention "Satisfaction" by the Stones, "My Generation" by the Who, "Gloria" and "Mystic Eyes" by Them, the Doors' first album, everything by Robert Johnson, everything I have heard by J. B. Lenoir, almost everything by Elmore James, and a few others. Jimi Hendrix is the most recent adherent to this splendid, subversive tradition.

True revolt, of course, goes as far beyond politics as politics itself, in its best expression (i.e., revolutionary politics), goes beyond apathy and false consciousness. Revolt is only very partially political. It must be poetic and sexual, total, putting everything at stake: all or nothing. What is called for today is a total revolution of everyday life, which leaves traditional politics groveling in the obscure categories of the past. It is clearer to speak in terms of repression vs. liberation. Marshall McLuhan, for instance, is not overtly political but nonetheless - in his sanctification of television and his efforts to obfuscate serious revolutionary criticism - objectively supports the reality of oppression, which means U.S. imperialism (including its war against the Vietnamese) and thus is a figure of great importance - as great as many political figures - in the ideological maintenance of exploitative society. In the same way, Jimi Hendrix, who refers to himself as "apolitical", ruthlessly attacks not only imperialism but the entire foundation of oppressive Western Civilization.

Music as it is known today will be replaced by the free play of human desires, the invention of life itself. Already it is being burned to the sound of the imagination. Images of arson live in the very heart of all varieties of the new music: Archie Shepp's "Fire Music," "The Doors' "Light My Fire," "Jimi Hendrix' "Fire." A magical incendiarism is a valid way of life. Burn baby, burn!

Soon there will be no more music, in the specialized and alienated sense: everything will be music. Meanwhile, no one can afford to ignore the sensitive testimony of a man like Jimi Hendrix, who sings and plays to share his dream. These dreams not only show presidents, popes, generals, bosses and cops the graves that await them, they also reveal a glimpse of the marvelous that awaits everyone else. In Jimi Hendrix, the music of revolt has found its poet.

Is it tomorrow? Or just the end of Time?

It is hard to reach you guys. Once you go through the doors of that induction center it is almost impossible to get to you. Well, you are inside now. Maybe you are at some base in the U.S. getting your basic training. Maybe you are stationed in Germany. Maybe you've gotten your orders for Vietnam. Maybe you are already there.

Wherever you are I hope this letter reaches you. I'm sending copies to all the Underground Press papers in this country and Canada and England, and to friends in Japan. If you don't agree with this letter, drop me a line, just write to me at the War Resisters League, 5 Beekman Street, NYC 10038. Tell me where I'm wrong. Unless the government has closed us down I promise to answer. If you agree with this letter, pass it on. If you are stationed in the States and have a friend in Vietnam, mail it to him. If you aren't in the army but you have a friend who is, mail this to him.

The "patriots" who are so hot for the war are saying the peace movement is against you guys. That we don't support you. They say we should all be sent to Vietnam or shot or at least we should be ashamed because there you are fighting and we demonstrate against the war. You've heard about flag burning and draft card burning and about what a bunch of commies we are. That's a line of crap.

Think. If you burn a draft card you burn a piece of paper. If you burn a flag you burn a piece of cloth. But if you drop a napalm bomb you burn up a human being. Does the card hurt when you burn it? Does the flag hurt when you burn it? But the child hurts when you burn it. What is worse, burning a draft card or burning up a village?

The officers in charge of your "political education" tell you the peace movement is just a handful of people, most of them with long hair. (Jesus had long hair and George Washington wore a powdered wig.) They will tell you most Americans support the war. Bullshit. On April 15th of this year more than 300,000 citizens marched in New York to protest the war. (On October 21st, at least 200,000 marched on the Pentagon to demand a halt to the war. - Ed.) 80,000 marched in San Francisco to protest it. That is almost half a million Americans. We didn't beat anybody up. We just marched peacefully. Two weeks later, on April 29th, the "patriots" held their demonstration in support of the war. Cardinal Spellman, the John Birch Society and the New York Daily News gave their full support. The organizers said 250,000 "red-blooded American patriots" would show up. Less than 10,000 came. Three weeks later they tried again. On May 20th there was a demonstration in New York "to support our boys" Less than 75,000 showed up. 75,000 people is a lot - but it sure as hell isn't 400,000.

Your officers may tell you there were Communists in the big demonstrations. That's right. There were. What you didn't hear is that we had more Catholic priests and nuns than Communist leaders.

You want to know what kind of people came out to "support" you at those "patriotic" rallies? Potbellied American Legion drunks. They believed in freedom so much they beat up anyone who disagreed with them. A Negro woman held up a sign during the May 20th "Patriot's demonstration" which said, "No Vietnamese ever called me a Nigger." A man in the uniform of the American Legion punched her in the face and twenty other men - if you can call them that - joined in beating up that one black woman. The police didn't arrest them. A group of young people who believe in peace but who wanted to show they support you guys tried to march in the May 20th parade. They carried American flags. You know what happened to them? I quote from a newspaper report: "Grown men lustily punched and kicked girls no older than their daughters. American flags were ripped from their hands and torn to bits."

Is that the kind of support you want? Women and girls beaten up? When Johnson came to Los Angeles on June 23rd there was no one there to support the war except a handful of Democratic politicians and big contributors to the Democratic Party. But more than 10,000 people were there to protest Johnson's war. The police split skulls, hit women and children, and sent people to the hospital because they had dared to march peacefully against the war. But on August 6th in that same city more than 20,000 people turned out for an even larger anti-war protest.

Look, we do not support the war. The people here, most of us, don't like this war. We think it is a rotten war. We don't support the President. We think Johnson is a damn liar. But we do support you. What kind of support do you want - the support of Nixon or Johnson or the support we offer? Nixon and Johnson want you to do the fighting and killing. And the dying. They sure as hell aren't going to do it themselves but they "support you" doing it. We don't want you to kill anyone or get killed. We want you home alive and in one piece, not in a wooden box. Which kind of support do you want?

Think. It's your life. The only one you will ever have. We aren't against you guys. I read in the papers that some men who were killed in Vietnam have had phone calls to their parents from people here saying they were glad the son got killed, he deserved it, etc. I can't believe anyone is that sick to call the parents of a man who got killed in Vietnam. I don't know if anyone really made those phone calls or if that is just a way of turning you guys against us. But our group didn't make those calls. We aren't happy if one of you gets it. We don't applaud when one of our planes gets shot down. You are not the enemy. The "VC" isn't the enemy. Not even old LBJ is really the enemy. It is killing and hurting which is the enemy. Let's put it this way - I hope every bullet you fire misses. And I hope every mortar shell the VC fires is a dud.

THE SEED IS LOOKING FOR A HOME

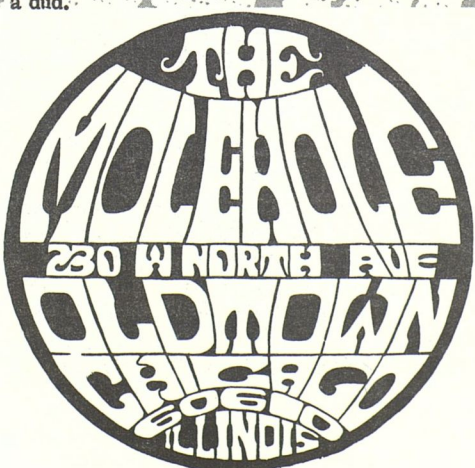
Some of you men in Vietnam say the Vietnamese want us there. Come off it! Do you expect them to say they hate you when you are carrying an automatic rifle? Come off it! I've been in Saigon and I've seen how every single government building is guarded by barbed wire and sand bags and sentries. That barbed wire is there because you guys aren't popular. You aren't "liberating" Vietnam. You are occupying it. When you "liberate" a village do the people come out laughing, with flowers? Do the girls run up to kiss you? When was the last time you got laid without paying for it? When was the last time a girl said she liked you without wanting piastres? When did you pay an honest price for your drinks in the bars?

Let me ask you something else. Have you asked how come you got drafted and George Hamilton didn't? Do you wonder why Pat Nugent is safe in the reserved instead of in Vietnam? Is there a Congressman's son (or grandson) or a businessman's son in your platoon? How about your company? How about your whole battalion - can you name one rich man's son or one politician's son who got drafted? If the war is so damned important why aren't some of the rich kids helping out with the fighting? And dying.

If your officers see this letter they will tell you it is subversive. What does "subversive" mean? Is Brig. General Robert Hughes subversive? On May 30th he said: "We are prosecuting an immoral war in support of a government that is a dictatorship... it represents nothing but a ruling clique and is composed of morally corrupt leaders... This is one hell of a war to be fighting. We just disengage from this tragic war." Or how about General David Shoup, former Marine Corps Commandant? On February 21 he said, "I believe that if we had and would keep our dirty, bloody, dollar-crooked fingers out of the business of these nations so full of depressed, exploited people, they will arrive at a solution of their own... I don't think the whole of Southeast Asia, as related to the present and future safety and freedom of people in this country, is worth the life or limb of a single American." General Shoup holds the Medal of Honor. General Hughes has the Silver Star, Bronze Star with Oak Leaf Cluster - and the Purple Heart. What combat medals does Johnson have?

A couple of times guys have phoned me or written me to say I don't know how cruel the V.C. can be, that we talk about them like they are all heroes and our men are all some kind of criminals. Let's get the record straight. I don't think the V.C. are all heroes or saints. I know they slit throats and kill civilians. And I think killing civilians or slitting throats is lousy. But who does the most killing, Them or Us? In ten years the VC has killed about 10,000 civilians; most of them corrupt local officials. I condemn those killings. In that same period we have killed more than 500,000

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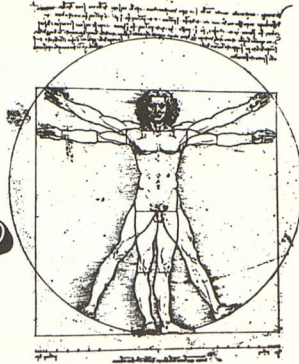
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WHAT DOES IT TAKE TO BE A MAN?

by Dave McReynolds



people in Vietnam. Who should I condemn more, the VC or the US Army? Who has killed the most people? The VC go into a village and cut the throat of one corrupt official. That is bad, because even a bastard is still a human being and human beings should not be killed. But we fly over a village and drop bombs on everyone. That is worse, right?

Another thing, which is sort of touchy, but you ought to think about it. They say the Army makes a man out of you. By now you know better. The Army just tries to make a robot out of you. A killing machine. What is a man? Is there something "manly" about the drunken American Legion guy who slugged the Negro woman because she was carrying a sign he didn't like? Is there something really "manly" about being able to stick a bayonet into a man's belly? There isn't a damn thing about killing that is manly. A man's job is to make babies, not to kill them. If you are really "manly" you don't have to hit women who march on peace demonstrations - you can be gentle. If you are afraid of being gentle then you aren't ready yet to be a man. Your cock makes you a man, not your gun. And friends, if you confuse your cock with your gun you are really in trouble. Shooting off a gun kills people. Shooting off your cock brings children into this world. The guys who can't make love are the ones who want you to make war. Making love, making babies, and taking care of your girl - that is a man's job. Killing people is for the guys who are running away from their real job.

Let me get practical. Your officers may tell you the peace movement is against you. It is not. We are for you and against the war. We are supporting you by trying to get you the hell out of Vietnam, and out of the army and back to your job or school or pool hall or girl friend. We are not against you. Right now you are in the army. What can you do?

Get the facts. Killing anyone is pretty serious. Getting killed is just as serious. Before you shoot your gun you ought to have some facts about the war. You have a right to get pamphlets in the mail. Write us for a list of pamphlets with the facts on the war. And don't just read our side - write the State Department (just address your letter to: State Dept., Washington, D. C.) and ask

for their pamphlets. Look over both sides and decide for yourself who is telling the truth. If you think the State Department and Johnson are telling the truth, then fight.

If you think the State Department and Johnson are lying about the war and we are telling the truth, then don't fight. Part of being a man is doing what you think is right and not just doing what the captain tells you to do. The real patriot is not the man who does what he is told his country thinks is best, but the man who does what he thinks is best for his country. If you think the war is wrong, don't support it. Get out of the army if you can. There are three ways of getting out.

You can desert. If you desert in the U. S. you can be picked up at any time - as long as you live - and sent to prison. If you desert in Sweden or France you won't go to jail but you have to stay there. You can never come back here without being arrested. If you have a girl in Germany or France or England or Sweden and if you want to spend the rest of your life in Europe, then deserting is one way out. The New York Times says about sixty guys every month desert in Europe alone.

You can ask to be released from the army as a conscientious objector. Write us (War Resisters League, 3 Beekman St., NYC 10038) to see if you qualify under the law. But don't expect much. Hundreds of guys have applied for release as C. O. 's and they aren't getting discharged. The army is saying no to almost everyone who applies. Still, you have the right to ask for release. All they can do is say no.

Third, you can refuse to obey any further orders, accept a court martial, serve a prison term, and be dishonorably discharged. That sounds rough - and it is. But every man who is "dishonorably discharged" for refusing to fight in this war will be an American hero when history is written. The men who refused to serve in Hitler's army are heroes today and so will be the men who refuse service in the Vietnam war. We honor the Communist troops who refuse to kill Hungarians in 1956, and eventually we will honor you as well.

But that won't make it easier for you now. You would still have to serve six months to five years in military prison. And that is rough. But if you are man enough to face combat are you not also man enough to face prison? For those of you overseas, who would like to sit down and talk over the whole problem - the war, what you are doing in the army, etc. - write to War Resisters International, 88 Park Avenue, Enfield, Middlesex, England. They will give you the address of the peace organization nearest to your base.

I think you should know that many of those in the peace movement are taking the same kind of risks you would take if you refused to obey orders. I am thinking of the young men who, on October 16th, will turn in their draft cards. (See article on Oct. 16 demonstration elsewhere in this issue) These guys have student deferments or could easily skip to Canada. They are not running to Canada and they are not hiding behind their deferments - they are going to turn in their draft cards and risk almost certain arrest. Hundreds of them. They are going to resist openly. That takes a lot of guts. On October 16th these boys will become men. They will take that risk partly to save you men from killing and being killed. They are taking a risk they don't have to take - because they have the courage, as men, to say No to Johnson.

The men on our side are risking prison. They aren't asking you to fight any battles for them. The men on the side of the war are risking nothing - they are too old to fight - they are willing to risk you. Those of us in the peace movement are not on the side of the VC. We are on the side of people. The side of life - including your life. Walk across the line and stand with us - on the side of life. You may go to prison but you won't be alone.

Finally, whatever you decide to do, let me be sentimental - go ahead and laugh if you want - and say we pray for you. We pray you hurt no one and are not hurt. We pray you kill no one and are not killed. If you go into battle, shoot high so you won't hit anyone, not even your officers. And always remember that even to the very end we are supporting you, we are trying to get you out of the army and away from the crime of this war. If you want to be counted a man you can help out by fucking things up gently. Talk about the war in your barracks. Hand out literature. Don't take the officers too seriously. Going to prison in a good cause is better than going to battle for an evil cause.

And paste this in your helmet, the words of a great American poet, Kenneth Patchen:
"This is a man -
he is a poor creature
you are not to kill him
this is a man
he has a hard time
upon the earth,
you are not to kill him."

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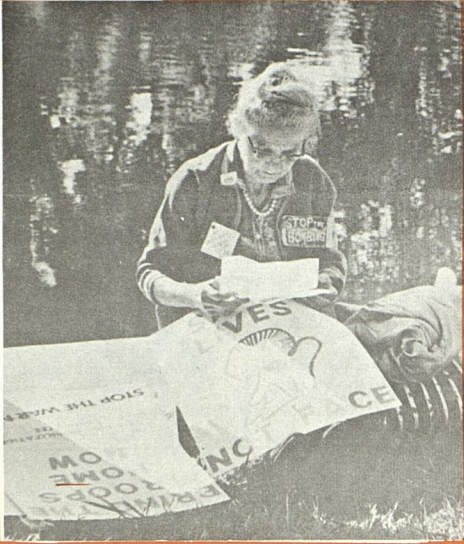
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Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar
And seize it with their eye.



TEAR GAS CONTROVERSY

The Pentagon still clings to its original statements, attributing the use of tear gas at Saturday's demonstration solely to demonstrators, despite eyewitness accounts to the contrary by the Washington Post's Paul Valentine, Jed Stout of UPI, and many individuals.

At a press conference Saturday night, Pentagon officials met with jeers when they told reporters - some of whom were still suffering from the effects of the gas - that no tear gas had been used at all.

Newsmen were later reassembled and told that tear gas had in fact been used, but by the demonstrators. The Pentagon claimed that some nine cannisters had been taken from soldiers on guard duty, and that "no one on our side was authorized to use tear gas; they cannot use it without permission; no soldiers or MPs reported using tear gas."

At the scene, a member of the Pentagon guard told Liberation News Service that all soldiers and MPs were issued orders days in advance not to use tear gas. However, according to Valentine, who was in the crowd of demonstrators at the time, "on two occasions low-ranking MPs appeared to panic in the confusion and detonate without an order; I distinctly recall seeing MPs pull the circular things from their belts and drop them to the ground."

Jed Stout of UPI said that he saw "a single MP take a cannister from his belt and roll it into the crowd at their feet." Stout said the incident took place on the access road at the northeast corner of the Pentagon shortly after 6 pm, the approximate time and place cited by assistant secretary of defense Frykland as the only known incident of protestors using gas.

In addition, Pentagon officials today denied that any tear gas tanks of any kind had been issued to soldiers or MPs at the demonstration and said that none were carried by soldiers or used.

by Elliot Blinder



On the far left flank, things were more tense; the soldiers carried sheathed bayonets. At one point a girl offered one soldier a white carnation the soldier did not move, and the girl placed the flower on his bayonet. The same man beat a girl near the center of the perimeter later.



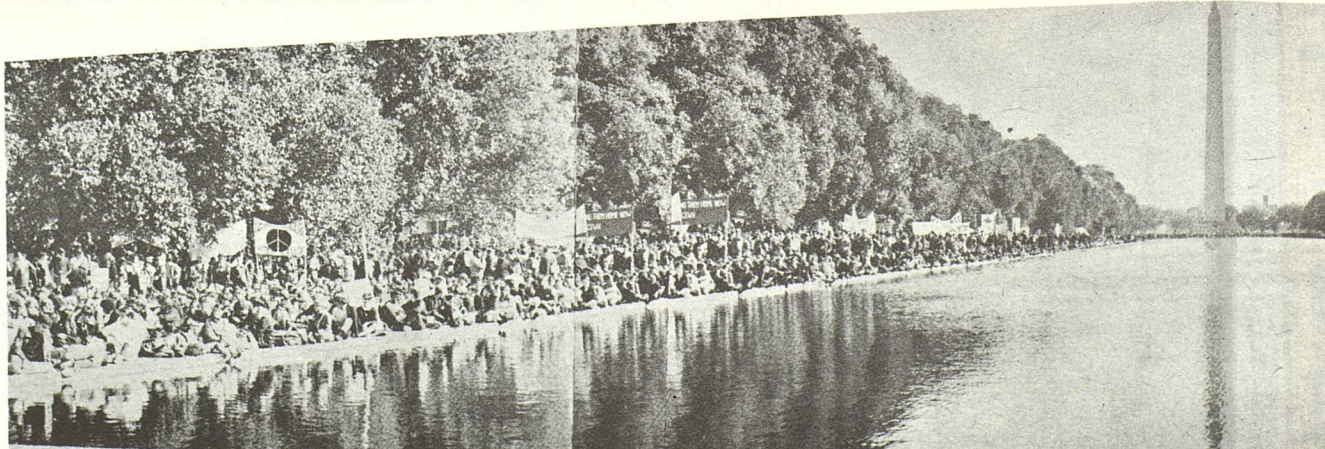
(LNS) - "Last night any ideals or illusions which I might have had disappeared with the nauseating brutality of the billy stick. I saw a young woman in the front line pushed against the mass of people behind her by an MP shoving the butt of his rifle into her neck. I cannot count the number of men and women who I saw either bent unnecessarily with the butt of a rifle or a billy stick. It seems that the strategic wedge with which the military attempted to divide the lines was under orders to randomly pull demonstrators and beat them, and arrest them. There was nothing but the wanton violence of an institution committed to violence."

Richard Wizansky, Boston



"The federal marshalls were the most dangerous. They drove through the troops attempting to get a good whack at anybody. During the attack against my line, I was clubbed for little more than being naive enough to dissent rather than resist. I woke up a second later, looked back at the thing that was happening, and saw a U.S. marshal protecting his country by holding a girl by her long brown hair and smashing her again and again in her face."

Stephen David, Boston





At least two, perhaps three, American military men in the line of troops at the Pentagon took off their helmets, laid down their guns and joined the demonstrators sitting in on the Pentagon steps, Saturday, October 21.

The fate of the defectors is unknown, since the Pentagon denies their existence. "There were no defectors. We have no AWOL's; no one is missing," stated a Defense Department spokesman.

One of the defectors, responding to the demonstrators' appeal to "Join us! Join us!" was quickly apprehended by MPs and marshals was passed through the military line and disappeared into the sea of helmets moments before the paddy wagon was seen to drive off.

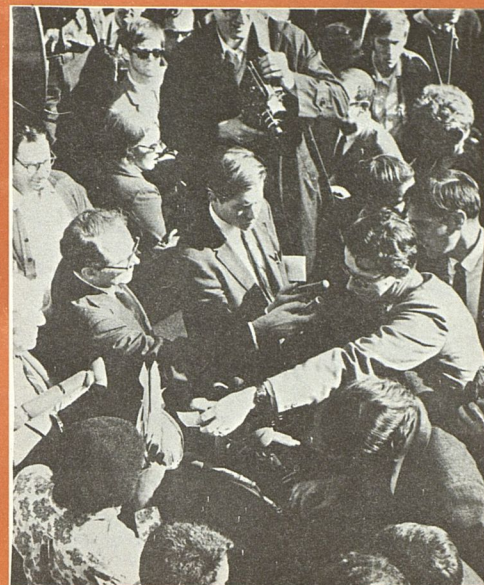
The Defense Department cannot create a non-event, however, even if every defector was apprehended. The recollection of witnesses is too vivid.

A witness to one defection, Denise Oliver of Hollis, New York, stated: "Suddenly one MP put down his gun and leaped into the crowd and was absorbed immediately. He was given clothing and a hat to disguise him from the people who were searching for him with floodlights." He was completely hidden from view and I don't know what happened to him afterwards."

Perhaps the Pentagon agreed that the defections were more threatening to them than the "assault" on the building. For it was two hours after the defections were announced, that the well-organized "military riot" began thrusting through the demonstrators with swinging clubs, gun butts, and boots.

Alexander Wilkinson of St. Paul, Minnesota witnessed the following scene after the announcement of the defectors: "A girl who was sitting directly in front of me stood up and approached an MP. Assuring the soldier that she intended no harm, she kissed the fingers of her hand, then touched the fingers to the soldier's cheek. As soon as she did this, at least four MPs who were standing near the one who had been kissed, grabbed the girl and dragged her forcibly across the line. She was surrounded by soldiers who handled her with extreme and unnecessary roughness as they dragged her off to the paddywagon. The kissed MP was overheard whispering to his fellow soldiers that 'she only kissed me'."

Marshall Bloom - LNS



"Late in the evening, the soldiers began a tactic of inching forward almost imperceptibly, to squeeze the sit-ins back. When the soldiers came in contact with the front rank, a white-helmeted U.S. marshal would accuse the demonstrators of crowding the soldiers. Eventually, someone on the front line would make some movement, if only to give ground. He would be clubbed by three or four soldiers with rifle butts, then dragged through the line to a paddy wagon. I saw this happen in more than a dozen instances, with two or three sit-ins beaten and dragged away in each instance."

Chuck Crouse, Hartford

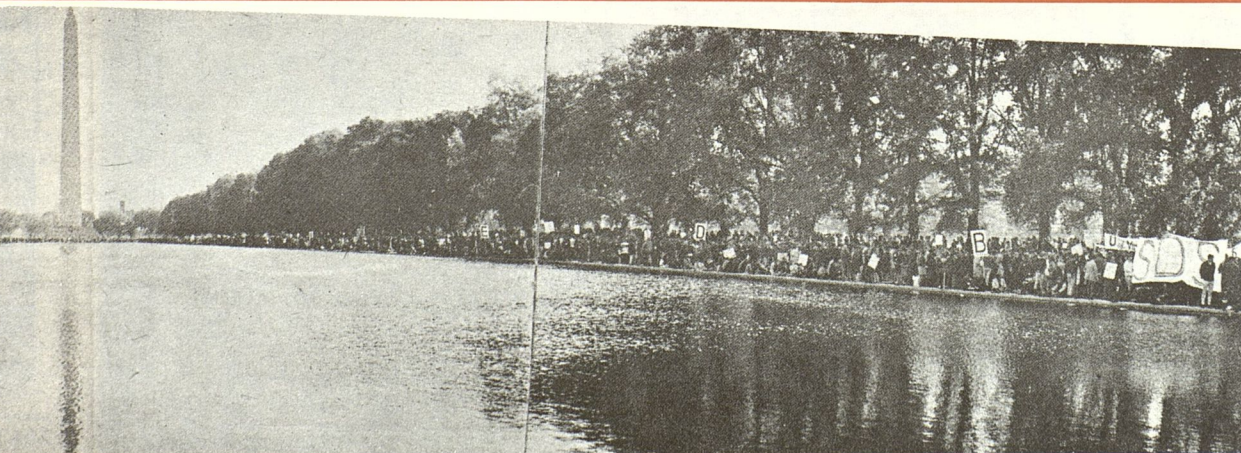


"I was sleeping and heard noises and jerked up and saw seven or so feet from me a U.S. marshal viciously beating a curled-up, long-haired girl, named Joan. She was just moving from the force of the blows - not defending herself at all. (I found out later she had been sleeping when the blows started.) The MP's and infantrymen were also using their sticks but not viciously. The marshal dragged her away by her hair - face horribly contorted with pain (no cries though); the cries came from her friend who tried running after her."

Francine Vidockler, Allston, Massachusetts



ton



DEODORANTS ARE NEEDED MOST BY CADAVERS

Rebellion in Newark by Tom Hayden; Vintage; 1.65

Containment and Change by Carl Oglesby and Richard Shaull. From SDS, 1.45

Review by Equius Onager

As technology advances into all aspects of our lives creating new institutions and processes, its shadow also falls upon the way of life to which it owes its generation: an anachronism that refuses to die and in fact continues to flourish on the blood of the oppressed throughout the world. Technology has modernized warfare to the point of obsolescence, forcing its historic absurdity to now trip over itself as it stumbles along on the leash of Capitalist Imperialism. Yet men still go to war. The dreams of the most radical utopian can be realized in the area of production due to technology, for work also is obsolete, yet men dutifully go off to labor as if nothing has changed.

Slavery persists simply because technology is controlled by our rulers who contain its potential liberatory function by producing an endless flow of commodities to feed the syndrome of consumption, which in turn contributes to the continuation of the myth of scarcity. The mystification of reality to serve the repressive needs of the status quo depends upon the popular belief that there exists in this society a scarcity of goods and jobs. All of this presupposes a redundant competition and a routine geared to the metallic rhythms of machines referred to as "life" by many, but resembling death demanding the participation of cadavers. Scarcity spawns simultaneously racism and altruism. Racism is the safety valve of a hierarchical society, the direct result of a quest for another supposed scarcity - status. A fantasy becomes the target of frustration and the manipulators of our everyday lives continue to thrive secure behind their smokescreen.

A society that must deny total liberation to sustain itself, subsequently denies individualism and apologizes for its dictatorship by fabricating a ethic based upon repression. Altruism is the ethic of the oppressed; it is nothing more than acting out with priestly blessings of collective repressions: the basis of welfare programs, charities, obedience in offices, schools and the home, and indeed in bed.

The true significance of Newark, Detroit, all the summer insurrections, and, for that matter, the whole mood of the black liberation movement, is that altruism has been transcended. Domination by the ruling class ceases when the oppressed begin exercising their disruptive potential: the quest for power displaces the false goals of an accommodating and incorporative ethic. The power structure in the face of rebellion will, of course, fight to protect its privileges, and objectively the suppression experienced by not only those who take up arms, but also, the seemingly uninvolved, will be heightened. Blood will flow as it did in Newark after the city had been totally disrupted for two nights and the looting had ceased. But the most important point is that the struggle has in the meantime reached a different stage. When thousands of people decide to transform a city into a "free space" for several nights and put on a festival, reformism has been abandoned in deed if not in word. Power and control are at stake and a new and unstable situation has been created by the people. The power structure can deal with this situation in only one way and that is to re-impose, with bloody force if necessary, its old categories and ideology, for it cannot permit ultimate power to change society to continue to gravitate towards its real origins - the people. The point is

only never to deliver them. Nothing grates as much as refurbished promises. Domination by promise has ended.

Hayden, however, in his first-hand account of the Newark insurrection, presumes, possibly intentionally, since he undoubtedly wrote his book for liberals, that nothing has changed in the struggle for freedom except that now the blacks are using guns in self-defense. We are left to believe that the demands remain reformist. Though some may still harbor a desire for incorporation within the dominant society, black power meaning a dark replica of the present exploitive economic structure, black A&P managers, black bankers, black trade-unions, blah, blah, a growing proportion of black people want much more, like - everything.

Hopefully, and here I must include Oglesby, some elements in the anti-war movement are beginning to have a similar revolutionary awareness that the war is not an accident, but a necessary component of American economic interests. To end the war, political liberalism must be smashed and a social revolution created to build a new kind of society. Present specific demands by both war-protesters and blacks will achieve a revolutionary perspective when the essential unity of their apparently diverse struggles becomes concrete. Together they constitute a movement for liberation that goes far beyond the Establishment's powers of appeasement. Nothing in the foreseeable future appears to hinder the development of such an alliance, yet a guide toward its encouragement would be desirable, to say the least. Misunderstandings and misconceptions already plague the movement and the faster that they can be overcome the better. The best way to achieve a hoped-for unity is to remove the greatest stumbling block between black and white understanding - the suspicion on the part of black people that white radicals are not serious. Maybe the emphasis upon resistance in the anti-war movement will clear the path a little.

Yet militancy without direction is suicidal. Here the New Left, represented by Oglesby, is awfully disappointing. Oglesby should be given credit for not swallowing the atavist program of a former generation, out-of-date when they were originally proposed, but he offers no viable alternative, only catch-phrases and a patch-quilt of proposals, all leading nowhere. Expect no answers here, only a warning that very soon this country must be totally dismantled from within to save a world from more Viet-Nams and worse. In the absence of numbers, terrorism is an expedient, however, it is not, and if practiced for too long prevents, a real solution. The problem remains: How to make real the cause of oppressed peoples, at home and abroad, to an affluent and white, and terribly nervous, majority.

CHICAGO BLUES

Junior Wells

Muddy Waters

Lynn County
Blues Band

MOTHER BLUES
1305 N. WELLS CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

WASHINGTON

continued from page 5

We began to talk to the troops on the mikes. We said we're on the same said. It's those generals, those officers that make you come out here and stand in the cold and beat on us, when that's not what you really want to do. Look, they're fucking with your lives just like they fuck with ours. It's not you we're against; it's those generals, those guys in that Pentagon who keep making war.

Look at us. We've got food. Grass - we'd love to turn you on. We're digging each other. And we're doing something that we believe in. Won't you join us? WON'T YOU JOIN US?

And an amazing magic was created. Everyone chanted "JOIN US! JOIN US!" And they really meant it. That was why it was important. It wasn't just empty rhetoric, as it would become later in the night. We were speaking from a position of power. We knew we had something to offer, something good, and maybe for the first time we realized who the real enemy is.

You know, I think those GI's could feel the sincerity of what was happening. They began to kind of talk among themselves.

Meanwhile numerous campfires had been started. Originally it was just draft card burning. First one, then a few, and then everywhere, in all directions, hundreds of draft card torches. Dozens of little bonfires were created, all over the Pentagon lawn. Guys ran out of draft cards so they threw on paper and then they took down the rope fences that were supposed to have kept them out and burned the wooden supports, which they obtained by using theropes to scale walls. As it grew darker and colder, many huddled around the fires, telling stories, talking strategy, singing.

One was excited by the romantic vision of this beautiful revolutionary army, occupying the lawn of the Pentagon.

And the soldiers just had to stand there at attention and watch all this. When the first one defected to our side the reaction was overwhelming. We yelled and cheered and it shook the whole place and people chanted "We Love You" and "We Are All Brothers" - which I would have thought maudlin shit if it hadn't been that we really felt it.

Marshall Bloom came up to me and said, "Hey, a guy just bummed a cigarette from a soldier. Those guys are really trying." Thompson Bradley, a professor at Swarthmore, was on the left flank. He said some of the soldiers would whisper, "We're sorry," or "We hit you because we were ordered to."

INCREASED FOOT-TAPPING HEAVY NAIL-BITING CLUMSY WINE-SPILLING UNNECESSARY TIE-TIGHTENING SWEATY BROW-MOPPING AND COUGHING NOT DUE TO COLDS

These are some typical reactions to an entrance in a simple frock from Paraphernalia. Are you up to it? Walk provocatively into Paraphernalia and prepare yourself for whatever.

Paraphernalia



913 N. Rush Street Phone WH 3-9484 913 N. Rush Street
Every Day 10:30 am to 9:00 pm - Friday 10:30 am to midnight
Saturday 10:30 am to 7:00 pm

177 N. Michigan Ave. Phone 782-4350 177 N. Michigan Ave.
Monday and Thursday 10:00 am to 7:00 pm
Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday 9:30 am to 6:00 pm
Saturday 10:00 am to 6:00 pm

HAYMARKET MEMORIAL RALLY

A memorial rally to commemorate the 80th Anniversary of the execution of four Chicago anarchists, unjustly convicted of throwing a bomb which killed seven cops in Haymarket Square, will be held at noon, Saturday, November 11, at the Randolph St. overpass of the Dan Ryan, the site of the original Haymarket Square. Anarchist, SDS, IWW speakers and poets will re-dedicate this black day in the revolutionary struggle for man's liberation, to all the men and women who have died in this country struggling to free their brothers. It will not be a day of mourning, but one of recognition, that despite domestic repression, in every decade oppressed and exploited people have fought and died for a free society in America. Official history ignores them; we shall honor them, and more, we shall carry the struggle forward. The following have been invited to speak: Fred Thompson of the IWW, Staughton Lynd, Mike James of JOIN, Joffre Stewart.

natural association for the advancement of all people

Original Statement

The NAAP is a club of aware human beings who feel they have the freedom to do what they please with themselves, by themselves, or with anyone in agreement as long as they trespass on no other person or his property. To further this ideal, considering this an advancement of people, and knowing that only a society based on human values is worthy to survive, the NAAP will instigate all appropriate actions.

The first program will be to create a climate wherein human values will be accepted. This can best be approached by providing legal recourse for members unfortunate enough to have become victims of arbitrary laws (those laws which attempt to legislate morality).

Some examples of these laws are loitering, disorderly conduct, and possession of drugs, or sacraments, depending on personal belief. A complete list of the laws we are in disagreement with is forthcoming.

The next step in creating the climate will be to advertise and lobby to change these arbitrary laws. The first law to be repealed will be the marihuana act.

This club will fill a present need in the hippy community to protect us from the vengeance of the unaware... for "together we stand, divided we fall." Heads must stick together. Instead of talking about "I want to see pot legal," put up a dollar a week to smoke on the street. A dollar a week can keep all people free. A large club means an empty jail... the hippie version of the big stick.

Club dues will be an initial \$5.00 plus \$1.00 per week. If one prefers to pay in advance, costs will be: \$4.00 per month, \$25.00 per six months, \$40.00 per year.

Inasmuch as being enjoined for committing an act which does not in any way interfere with another's person or property threatens the very soul of NAAP's being, members shall, through their joint dues, provide bonds and legal assistance to whatever extent necessary to preserve life and liberty for one another.

Should one, as a member, have need of such assistance, at any day or hour, he need only call 363-6646. Cards will be issued by number only, thereby making a list of names located at the master telephone number unnecessary and providing us with yet another protection from the "unaware."

Further explanations and new programs will be presented in periodic newsletters.

Board Members:

Samuel Adam
William Braden
James Lato
George Peters
Guy Uzzell



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



TOWN UNDERGROUND ARMITAGE NEAR CLARK THEATRE

Claire's body - I never looked at her without seeing her with Paul

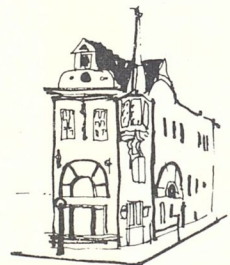
Directed by **JULES DASSIN**

MELINA MERCOURI
ROMY SCHNEIDER
PETER FINCH

TECHNICOLOR

Explosive 1st RUN!

Opens Fri., Nov. 10th
"10:30 P.M. Summer"



Modest Proposal Department: Instead of pulling down the Red Star Inn because it doesn't go with the decor of Sandburg Village, why not add decoration to the Sandburg's buildings so that the style will match the Red Star? Or if more drastic measures have to be employed, tear down Sandburg (I'm sure it will come down quite easily) and in order to prevent making hundreds of people homeless, a prospect which is repugnant to the Department of Urban renewal, build three-story brownstones in its place, with stained-glass windows woodburning fireplaces, and all the little touches which have made the Old Town area desirable. This would preserve the architectural uniformity of the neighborhood, provide employment for undreds of men and lower the population density of the Sandburg area to the level it was before DUR and Arthur Rubloff got hold of it.

V. Walker

DROP-OUT?
Now you can
DROP-IN
And still keep
your cool

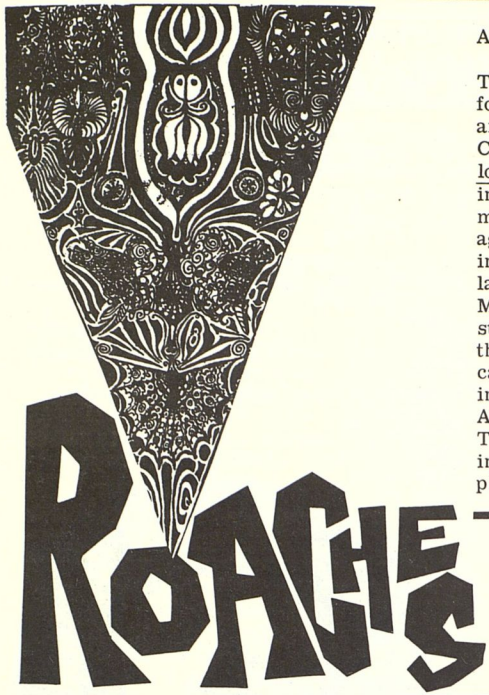
An opportunity to use your creativeness and freedom. **TRANSO ENVELOPE COMPANY** welcomes creative people to learn trades ancient or modern. Enjoy regular bread without "copping out". Machinery maintenance is the craft of **NOW**. Technology advances through tinkering. Work can be creative play. Meaningfull skills patiently taught while you "do your thing". An unusually open management structure helps you be yourself on the job, not just another cog. If you have a gripe, you can take it to the tribal leader — **REALLY**. 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 FABINO** at 267-9200
or go in and see him at 3542 N. Kimball, Chicago, Ill.

Answers To Your
Reentry Problems

NATURAL COLORED

1935 N. SEDGWICK 642-4198



Believe it or not (just because we like it doesn't make it true), the Gallup Poll suggests there may be cause for hope in the political situation. Percentage against the war has risen to 46%, which, with the don't-knows, gives us the majority. LBJ's popularity has declined to 39%. The Independents now outnumber the Republicans, making them the swing-vote in the next election. And this swing-vote consists mainly of people from 21 to 29 years of age. It may be a good year for New Politics, after all.

IN THE WORDS OF TIME, INC.

The social value of deterring crimes that prohibit murder, robbery or rape wise, he gave them possession of marijuana with intent as a means of proving it. Throughout the day for several weeks corpses were in - in the office, to be stairs from president and chief. Total kill for all contestants was 225, gold lamé drapes, gold curtains, gold The real problem is how to find one's car in the parking lot at the five chromed supercharger exhausts curling bull's-eye from 20 paces with a bowie boards, bicycle fenders and blindingly geek with long hair popped into the

OVERKILL

ILLINOIS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
MURDERER MURDERER MURDERER

SEX, HORROR, FRUIT PUNCH

The signs came. others kneel beside him, pound his legs, buttocks and back with their hands, another who shut his eyes and contact - to sing hymns over the baby - and meets one evening and said, "We're all friends, movement is its introverted quality And we'll sing a song of loves: Allelu, allelu, allelu, alleluia!

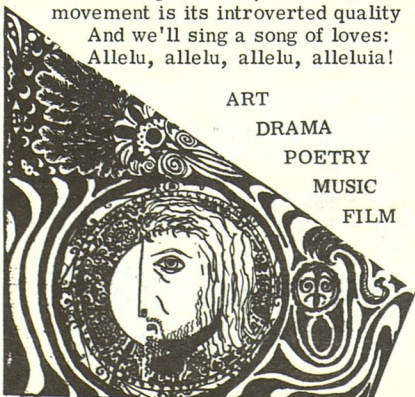
ART

DRAMA

POETRY

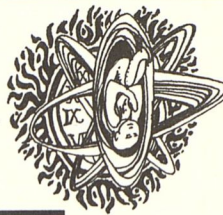
MUSIC

FILM



ARSON THREATENS M. A. P.

The night before the Midwest Artists for Peace exhibition of poetry, visual arts and drama at the University of Chicago, ten small fires were set in locked rooms on the campus, according to Mrs. Pearl Hirschfield, chairman of the event. There was no damage to the sets, costumes and paintings, as they were brought in a day later than scheduled, Oct. 21. The M. A. P. event was sponsored by the student government, which collected the sales. Studs Terkel, who M. C. 'd, called for donations to aid students injured in the Washington Peace Rally. About \$300 was received for this cause. Two more fires were set on Sunday, in spite of the presence of guards and plainclothesmen.



Filmmaker Robert Nelson answered questions about his craft after showing some of his films, including "O Dem Watermelons" at Aardvark Cinematheque Oct. 15. His longest film, "The Great Blondino," has been entered in competition in the Brussels film festival to be held in January. After that time it will be released in this country. Mr. Nelson, who teaches film techniques at the University in Berkeley, revealed that he works by intuition rather than from plan. "The Awful Backlash" is a close-up concentration whose suspense follows tension with relief, the catharsis of a prosaic situation. "Hot Leatherette" was made when Nelson was invited by friends to watch a truck be pushed off Mt. Tamalpais. His truck rolls scatters and flooms down Mt. Everest with such hilarity, no need to ask for intent.



BAN III

What to name the baby
Christopher Robin-Aaron-
Eric-Melissia-Wendy-Krista

The Guthrie Players at the festival of protest against the war in Viet Nam

MIDWEST ARTISTS FOR PEACE
FESTIVAL OF PROTEST AGAINST
THE WAR IN VIET NAM

Production Committee: Adelaide Bean, John Bettenbender, Harold Johnson, James Maronek, Marshall Migatz, Fred Wroblewski.

Partial List of Sponsors: Irene Binford, Harry Bouras, Gwendolyn Brooks, Oscar Brown, Jr., Dominick DiMeo, Marvin Gold, Alan Goldfarb, Dick Gregory, John Heinz, Marcia Johnson, William Marshall, Alice Richeimer, Marty Rubinstein, Bernard Sahlins, Paul Sills, Win Stracke, Gerald Temaner, Studs Terkel, Ernest Thompson, Peter Winer, Jaquelyn Zevin

This month, misfortune of another
om and Gomorrah
ate a town of beauty.
Other sources also seem promising
scrubbed to yield a surprising amount
BIG IN THE SUBURBS

Drawing by Dutton Cabral

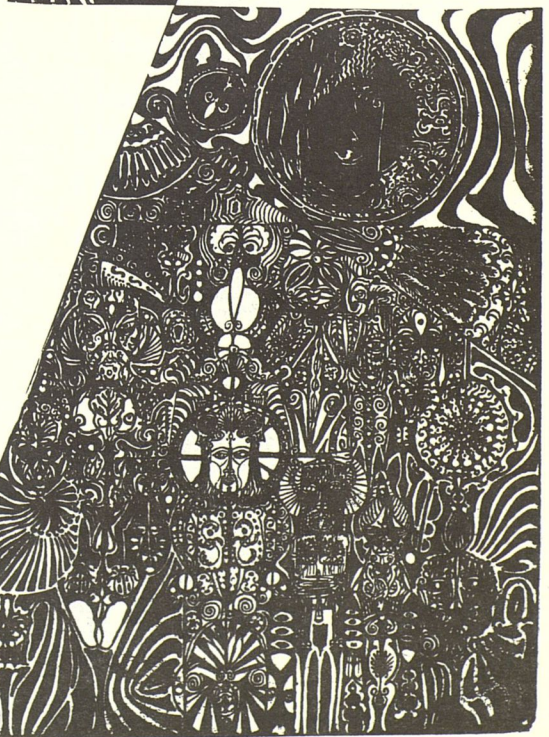
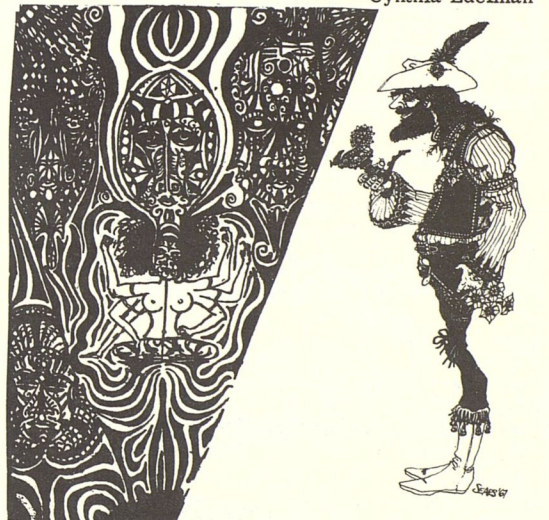
In the splitting
atom humans knew
epiphany beneath a univers
-al death where humans lay
the young the new were born
where mind is universe
and grown is the
new race An ultimatum
old prepared to end
what karma?

Implosion
on our childish tinkering/or in our
growing-time

rise up
denuded of the old
delusions power and
fear of change

If time continues
this time in which we move is
one beginning
called Satori

--Cynthia Edelman



PHIL OCHS

OUTSIDE OF A SMALL CIRCLE OF FRIENDS... there really are no words to be wrung from an adman's skills to decorate the art of a poet who dyes his mind in music and makes it sing and dance to the meter of humanity's joys and follies. PHIL OCHS is a poet who has stretched his art beyond the accepted limitations of the industry of recorded sound. There are few words now...nor next week. Nor ever. PHIL OCHS (and what and who and why he is) is all there in the album; even the word "album" is inadequate. What PHIL OCHS has created is a movie without pictures. See it in the nearest drive-in (which is your own mind).

Look outside the window—there's a woman being grabbed.
They dragged her to the bushes and now she's being stabbed.
Maybe we should call the cops and try to stop the pain.
But Monopoly is so much fun—I'd hate to blow the game...

Riding down the highway, yes my back is getting stiff.
Thirteen cars have piled up—they're hanging on a cliff
Maybe we should pull them back with our towing-chain
But we gotta move and we might get sued and it looks like it's
gonna rain...

Sweating in the ghetto with the colored and the poor
The rats have joined the babies who are sleeping on the floor
Now wouldn't it be a riot if they really blew their tops—

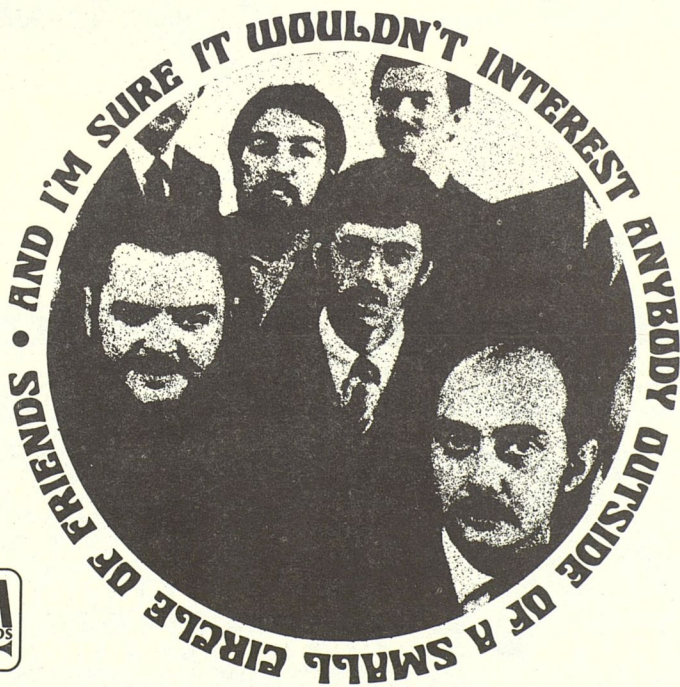
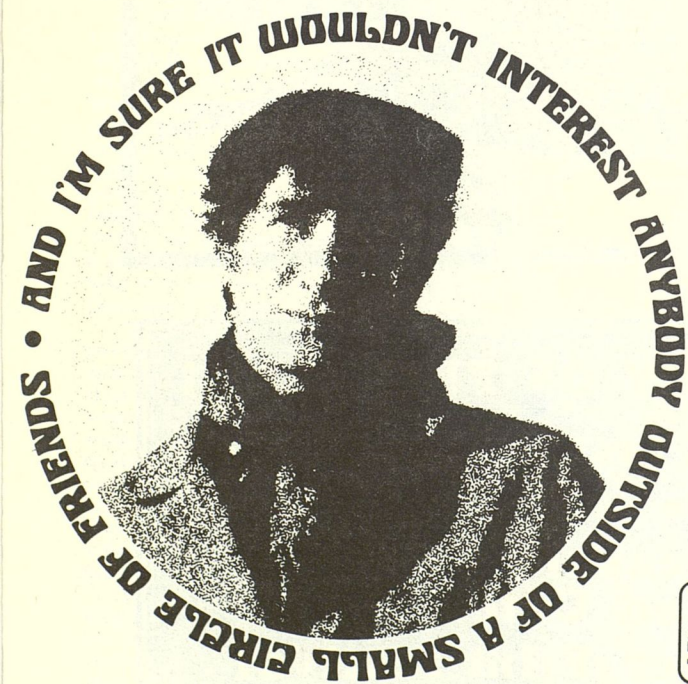
But they got too much already and besides we got the cops...

There's a dirty paper, using sex to make a sale
The Supreme Court was so upset they sent him off to jail.
Maybe we should help the fiend and take away his fine
But we're busy reading Playboy and the Sunday New York
Times...

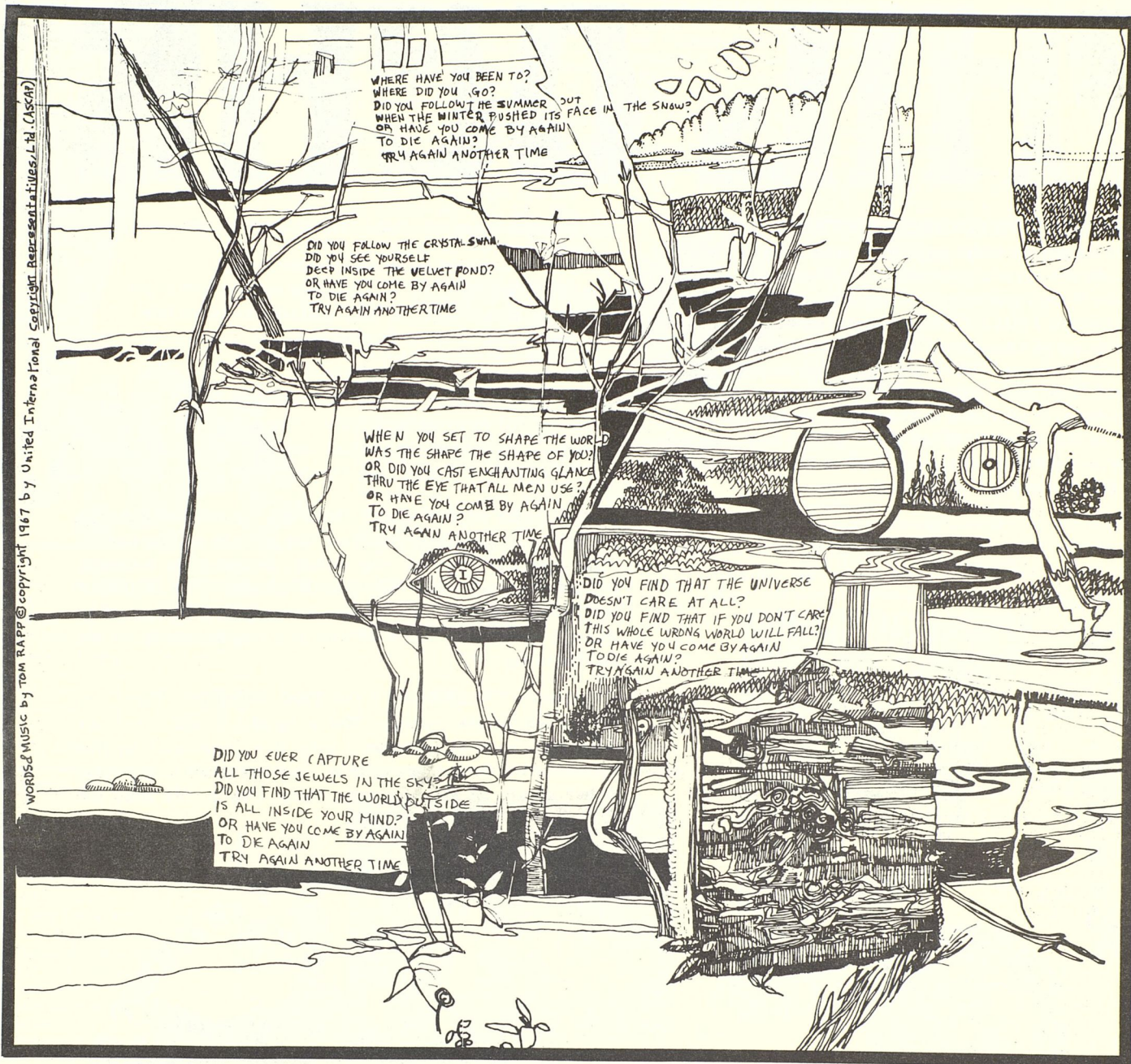
Smoking marijuana is more fun than drinking beer
But a friend of ours was captured and they gave him thirty years.
Maybe we should raise our voices, ask somebody why—
But demonstrations are a drag, besides we're much too high...

But outside of the small circle of friends is a large rhomboid embracing most of the people of the world who are waiting for friendship, praying to belong, aching for comfort. PHIL OCHS' album "PLEASURES OF THE HARBOR" is like the coming of a Dawn—it is not an Answer, but it offers the opportunity of an Awakening.

The album "PLEASURES OF THE HARBOR" (and the songs within its tracks; "Outside of a Small Circle of Friends" is one) is tossed into the rhomboid in the hope that a few more minds may be spun inside the small circle of friends and, thus, the circle may be enlarged.



PHIL OCHS



THE UNDERGROUND SHOW OF THE YEAR!
Andy Warhol's Exploding Plastic Inevitable
 ●●●AND●●●
The Palace of Pleasure
Dual - Projection and Color
First Prize - 1967 Vancouver Film Festival
John Hofsess and Peter Rowe
Poetry Read by Leonard Cohen
Original Music by The Who and The Butterband
Nov. 5 to 12th Adults Only 7-9-11p.m.

AARDVARK © Films Assoc.   1608 N. Wells, Chicago, Ill. 60614
 337-4654 a non-profit corporation



Dear Sirs:

There has been a great deal of difficulty about The Seed in Freeport High School which ended with the expulsion of one senior girl. She had had a bad image in the eyes of the administration for several other rule-breaking incidents and was not expelled simply for selling your newspaper. Still the incident seemed unreasonably harsh to me and as a reporter I asked to write a story about The Seed. Also a friend of mine bought a subscription and he didn't spend his five dollars simply to impress us or his parents. For these reasons I'd like any information some one has time to send me. I mean, think of it as a contribution to the education of middle class Freeport or something. We have a fairly liberal administration but I can't believe they would look favorably upon our newspaper receiving a communication from The Seed, so please, if you send anything, send it to _____. Thanks a lot.

Protective Anonymity Granted

Our reply.
Dear _____

We were glad to hear from you, first because you and your friends are not willing to accept the dictates of authority when you find them foolish, and second because we had a hint of trouble from our distributor in Freeport (busted) but no details. If you want to do something definite to express your feelings, you might find out if she needs some money to fight a court case or pay a fine, and collect it.

There are two bases on which I imagine the Freeport elders would object to The Seed, especially in the hands of minors. First, we use words which are considered obscene. We use them when we feel that they best express what we want to say. These words are used in everyday conversation by everybody over the age of twelve, but are not supposed to be printed. Americans like to pretend that their children do not know these words, but any high-school male, and many a female, would laugh at the idea - they just take care not to use them in front of their teachers or parents.

The second basis may be that we are irreverent about and even disgusted by certain hypocritical stances taken by the authorities and the middle class in the U.S. In some cases we share ideals, but the difference is that we really believe in them and try to live by them, while the Establishment just pretends to believe in them. I think you know what I mean - all the catch-words like Freedom, Peace, Patriotism - these things are no longer real, they are governed by greed for money and power.

The people who are now attempting to suppress you by taking the Seed away from you are afraid - afraid that you will learn the truth, and want something better than they have to offer you. They are afraid of change, but change is life, and stasis is death.

If men still have the right to speak their opinions in this country, your authorities have taken illegal steps. It is up to you to confront them, if you ever want to have your own opinions, and not to have your mind governed by old people who no longer know enough to keep us in chains. Anyone who disagrees with views presented in The Seed is welcome to write us, and if he expresses himself clearly, his letter will be published. We are not afraid of criticism. We need it.

Humanity is at a crisis-point - we must take our destiny in our own hands. The old ones have arranged to destroy the human race, by their insane bickering and hatred. Only we, the young, can grow up with different ways of looking at ourselves and others, erase the divisions among people, and save the world. We are in a struggle, not only in this country, but all over the world, to evolve into mature beings; the men who control the governments of the world are like children playing with lethal toys. Part of this struggle is carried on by the Underground Press, but the biggest, the most important part, is YOURS - to live by ethics which you yourself have developed, not those which have been handed to you, because they have become false values. This society is founded on money and power - we choose to disinherit ourselves. Life for us is not founded on the will to power, but the joy of the senses, of communion - what we have and are belongs to all, no one can take it and keep it to himself.

Remember, in dealing with the authorities they are AFRAID of you. Our time is now, theirs is passing. We also love them, but their hate will not let them accept our love. The world is in revolution - much of this revolution will be violent, but The Seed hopes to promote a part of it that is not violent, that is based on communion with all beings. If we sometimes speak harshly, it is because we want to make clear to everyone who reads and speaks with us that we can no longer wait - destruction lies before us, and we must do all in our power to change the minds of men. Governments will be the same until the people change. Each person must change himself, give of himself, to bring about this change.

Please let us know the details of everything that happens. Do your thing. Don't let them keep you down.

Love and hope for peace

Dear Seed,

Here's my story. I was an art-major at Freeport high school. I was selling the Seed one day and doing quite well. Most of the kids who bought it were pretty happy with it. Then some little Puritan found the word fuck, called his parents, and took his copy down to the guidance office. In the middle of my jewelry class I was summoned to appear before the Dean of Girls. They were all there. The D.O.G., the Dean of Boys, the Ass, Principle and the Principal's Ass. They tore me to pieces. But I never lost my cool. Eventually, the other cats left & I was left alone with Wonder Woman, Queen of the Vestals. She informed me I was expelled. I got up, without a word, and left the office. She then attacked. Raising her shield and sword, with a cry of "Death to Infidels", she raced out after me! When finished her sadistic orgy, I was a mess. My sweater was torn in two places. My arm had a large bruise and a number of scratch-marks. Some of my hair was gone. I said to the fiend-woman, "Now was that a Pacifist Act? Was that an example of Christian Love?" She did not dig this, as she knows I'm a half-hebe. Anyway, she took me back to her office and left. Thank God. I let out the biggest flood of tears in the shortest time that I have ever seen. Then I called up my guardian & told her to come and get me. She did & took me over the local Catholic high school. I am now a student in the insane place. All the guys like me. (They think I got expelled for selling nude pictures

of myself.) I have a really cool nun for English. We sit around & have long discussions about books we've read and such things.

If you've a mind to, please print this, to warn others who may have a similar idea. Thank you for patience.

Love,
Wonder-Nun, 3rd Wife of Captain Catholic

P.S. The Establishment has been given a better name. The Anti-Joy Fuckhaters Union.

The Seed has recommended to this beautiful young lady that she contact the ACLU in regard to the assault on her by the Dean of Girls. Such sadistic persons must be removed from control.

To: Lester Dore and Cynthia
From: (Smart Aleck) Bill McCauley

Please do NOT print that ORACLE diatribe of mine to you on October twelfth as I have had some second thoughts and, even, some third and possibly fourth thoughts on my oh-so-clever "reasoning" concerning the ORACLE'S "mafia state of mind" editorial in its issue #9, page 4.

As I NOW see it (and I reserve unto myself the "right" to change my mind once more if I so see fit!!) as I NOW see it, ORACLE was "intuitively" right after all but (shall we say?) for "logically" the wrong reason! For, as I reflect upon it, an IBM man's approval of a new design for a MISSILE is PRECISELY the same in RESULT as a (say) Capone's order to a torpedo-man to take (say) Bill McCauley for a ride!

If one ignores the VERBALISMS involved and looks SOLELY to the (shall we say?) the FORCES set in motion by either the IBM man or Capone, then it becomes ever so starkly clear that the result is INEVITABLY going to be that of DESTRUCTION!!!

(And if you don't think/suppose for a single moment that I didn't experience a leap of sheer joy in my heart at figuring THAT out - why, then, you just don't have any idea of my vanity!)

If that IBM man had approved a new design for (say) a computerized kitchen for the American housewife and if that 'Mafia' man had ordered his 'boys' to take his youngest grandson for a ride in his new perambulator for some sun, THEN the FORCES set in motion would be entirely DIFFERENT in reaching the INEVITABLE result! (the computerized kitchen would free the housewife of time for other things and such gift of free time - not what she does with the free time! - such gift of free time is) we can surely agree, NOT "destructive" but (shall we say?) a "means" toward CREATION... and the youngest grandson in his baby perambulator taking the sun is also not "destructive" but, a "means" toward BEING...)

While I NOW begin dimly to realize that there are "levels" and that there are still OTHER "levels" or different "planes" in all sorts of combinations, I just don't have the mental diversity/ability to think through this'n'that But I DO have a FAR better appreciation of ARTISTS right NOW than I did last week!! I suppose it'll be another generation or so before the "verbalizers" begin to understand

Continued on Page 18

the medius is the message

THE SEED NEEDS OLD ENGRAVINGS, BOOK ILLUSTRATIONS, MAPS, OLD MAGAZINES, BOX TOPS, TRADING CARDS, PHOTOGRAPHS, DAQUERRTYPES, STEREO VIEWING CARDS, POSTERS, HANDBILLS, ADVERTS, POSTCARDS, VICTORIAN PORNOGRAPHY, GRAYSTONE RUBBINGS, PRINTED CIRCUITS, WIRING DIAGRAMS, STAR CHARTS, YANTRAS, VISIONARY ART, MANDALAS, ODD TYPE FACES, PRAYER CARDS, CARDBOARD FANS, OLD MOVIE STILLS, MARBELIZED END PAPERS, OLD MEDICAL ILLUSTRATIONS, ANATOMICAL DIAGRAMS, EXAMPLES OF MICROPHOTOGRAPHY, LEAFPRINTS, FINGERPRINTS, FOOTPRINTS, TARGETS, MILITARY INSIGNIA, AND ROPSCHACH BLOTS TO CREATE MIND BLOWING GRAPHICS IN A FORTHCOMING ISSUE TO BE DEVOTED TO AN EXPERIMENT IN MONTAGE, STAREP, SPINDLE, MUTILATED AND OTHERWISE REASSEMBLED AND SO CAN'T BE RETURNED.

THE FEEDBACK

what the nonverbalizing ARTISTS are NOW broadcasting and all I can say to THAT is that I AIN'T GONNA WAIT UNTIL THE NEXT GENERATION!!!! IT's now time that I begin to EXPERIENCE the NONVERBAL! Do you agree? Then let me know ...!!!!

Dear Seed:

I am a sad observer of the plastic world. I enjoy the Seed because it doesn't shoot the bull like Big Brother's press, and because I have seen something new and wonderful among the flower children and you seem to be the spokesman for the Chicago grokkers.

One objection: My experience is mostly with people from Haight, and in comparison with the atmosphere in Haight, Chicago is an angry jungle of hard-face hippies. In Old Town, the hippies don't seem to know where they're at. As one man said who wrote in to you, the Old Town hippies are a "burlesque of the establishment." This is a very bad scene. I wish you people would please get off the Big Brother trip all the way and open yourselves up. Go to Haight and see what love is. You've got a good thing going so don't make it wrong.

Larry Reynolds

Dear Seed People,

Thank you for your last issue. It certainly does show how well you are answering the questions I asked in my last letter to you.

The most beautiful article, I feel, is the one written by the person who called himself "Shih Tao-Ming, a Non-Professional Taoist." I would like to answer it, if I may:

Yes, Tao before Zen, and always, is not "compassionate Tao" or "autumn leaf Tao." Neither is Zen "compassionate Zen" or "autumn leaf Zen." The "real men of old" and the real men of today do not say, "This is what I am, a man with a Buddha-nature"; neither do they "make distinctions between good and evil, me and thee."

But I, along with most people of old and most people of today, have lost the realization that I am I and I am All and All is I. It is because of this loss that we very much need the mystics, and the Wisdom of Lao-Tse and The Tibetan Book of the Dead and Vedanta and Zen and all the other guides that help us to remember our true nature.

None of these "delight in obscuring the flowing unity of Tao with various simplifications." They speak about "hard and white, right and wrong and big and small" only because we have imposed these distinctions on existence and then forgotten that they have not been there forever. They use these words only to help us remember that these things are just maps, just constructs, just Maya and nothing more.

It is because I have forgotten that I am Buddha - it is because I have forgotten that I am the I which is the All - that I assume the lotus position and say to myself, "I am the Buddha." When I remember within the depths of my being that I am Buddha, I will no longer "know" that there is either an "I" or a "Buddha".

Yes, the universe is Tao and I am the universe. I am Tao. The guides of the East and of the West, of the past and of the present are helping me to remember this.

Love and Peace once more and always,
Judy

We're with the Non-Professional.

SUPPORT THE APPALACHIAN UNDERGROUND

A letter to Tuli Kupferberg from the Appalachian Volunteers, Pineville, West Virginia.

tuli i wish for a moment i could clear my mind and write you a letter. tell of it to you. it is very vital and living and at this point very much caught up in ideals. just sent off 10 people this morning 6:30 pouring rain to see their road commissioner and demand things like budget expenditure lists and lists of priorities of which roads worked first, and to endorse each other as a group to push for work on local problems ...

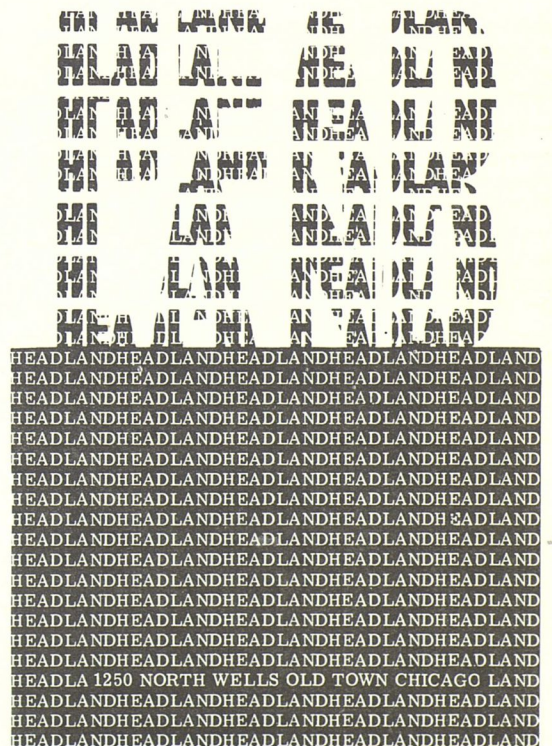
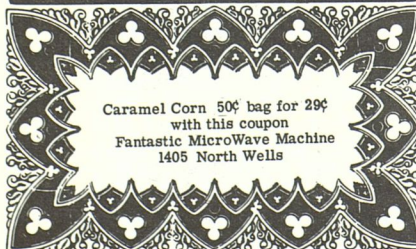
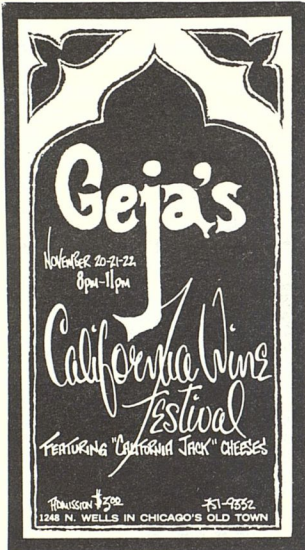
im working with county-wide and multi-county organization on road reform in the office of the road commissioner as well as in policy and politics and tax structure change. and i just wrecked my govt car around a west virginia curve ... ran into a us mail truck.

politics of love babeee yep plumb in it what outa it? love babeee love im actually kinda lonely but am loving it and loving these mountain people.

tuli i again ask your patient ear and all that shittt. tuli these people wanna start a peoples press you know real speak out type in the true fuck you tradition to be taken figuratively ... all the papers around here as i guess everywhere else run by big politically bought out wheels ... and there are no funds is there any way newyourcity or the fugs could help us hill peoples out? donations or paper or anything as suck i mean such? we would send you copies of the paper which would be written edited run by appalachians using us as assistants to start it off.

federal grants probly stopping but to hell with them. how is one to beat the system with financial endorsement of the system? suck it for all its worth ... yeah but then it catches on.

love les berg



CALENDAR

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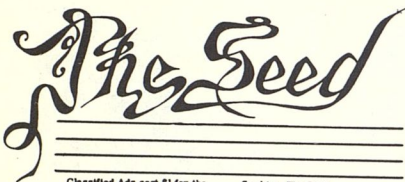


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ASK AND YE SHALL FIND



Shy male, 21, wants to meet shy hippy girl for tender moments, stone moments and Beatle Trips together. 642-8913.	Experienced model wishes to create beautiful photos through rapport with established photographer. Fee commensurate with ability. Seed, Box 12	Actor-models, male and female for major underground film during November. Principals paid \$30.00 per day. Preference given to those who have read Norman Brown's <i>Life Against Death</i> . Send resume and photo that speaks for itself to Project One, Aardvark Cinematheque 1608 North Wells, Chicago, Ill. 60614 All photos returned, and scripts issued to all suitable applicants.
Semi-hip, intelligent, well-rounded art student desirous of affluent person to act as sponsor-benefactor. Prefer no strings. All serious responses ans. Box 110, The Seed.	SEED NEEDS MANSION	
Bright young Sagittarian female is seeking someone to be carefree and beautiful with. Send personal info & phone to Seed, Box 18.	ASTROLOGY - KARMA Accurate Horoscopes Psychic Character and Personality Evaluation. Phone Brice Gorman, leave message. 525-6800	Need someone with photographic knowledge to learn to operate an animation camera. Must be smart. Call 337-4534 from 2 to 4.
Male virgin in last year of teens wants kind, gentle female to show the way. Please write: Box 19 c/o Seed. Inclu. name and phone.	Am interested in ride East to New York, Tuesday, Nov. 21. Will share expenses and driving. Call Steve, 664-2936.	Persons interested in obtaining information on wire-tapping write Seed, Box D.
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