

CHICAGO  
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OF CHS '85

# THE SEED

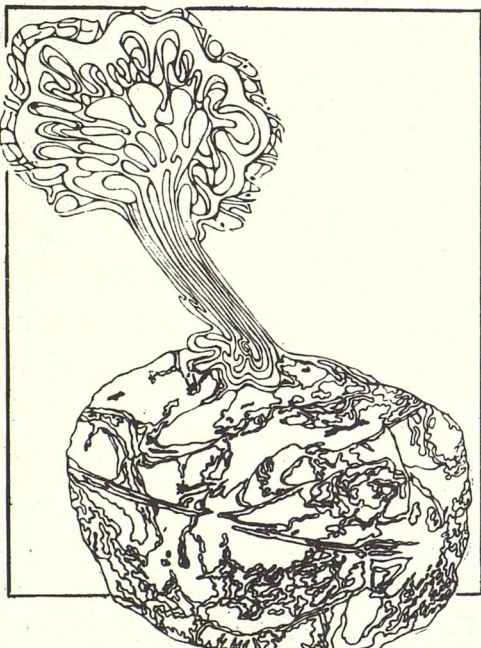
Vol 2 NO 1






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A group of about 175 aware Northwestern students, incensed over United States' illegal involvement in Vietnam, and further angered over Dow Chemical Corporation's scheduled presence on the Northwestern campus, met at an informal meeting Thursday, January 11, at University Hall, in Evanston. Dow Chemical Corporation, which manufactures napalm for the United States' "war" effort, is slated to appear on the N. U. campus on February 14 to recruit potential lackeys for its operations. Napalm is a gelatin-like substance whose sole purpose is to kill and horribly mutilate its primarily civilian victims, to whose skin it clings after being dropped from American airplanes.

The Ad Hoc Committee Against War Recruiting was formed at the January 11 meeting, after the students unanimously voted in favor of a demonstration of protest against the war in Vietnam in general and Dow in particular. Co-ordinators of the newly-formed committee are Steve Lubet, head of Northwestern SDS, and myself. A steering committee to formulate further plans will be held in Scott Hall Tuesday, January 16.

In addition to protesting the obvious immoral nature of the war in Vietnam and the amoral nature of Dow, the students plan to register protest against the suppression of free speech by the N. U. administration. At the January 11 meeting, it was revealed that a letter by Dan Fallan of Chicago Area Draft Resisters to the University administration, asking permission for CADRE to recruit full-time employees on campus was unequivocally denied. The students expressed resentment toward an inconsistent University policy that will encourage and allow recruitment for war but not for peace.

Dan Fallan, who wrote the letter, is a draft resister who is scheduled for trial in Chicago Federal Court on Friday, January 19.

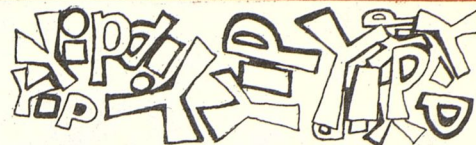
Although no definitive tactical plans were made at the initial meeting of the Ad Hoc Committee, Northwestern is assured of a demonstration if Dow appears on campus. Some students, furthermore, pledged to actively obstruct the recruitment, thereby facing possible arrest and imprisonment.

A petition signed by approximately 150 students formally protesting the scheduled appearance by Dow is being sent to Northwestern University Administration.

Richard van Abbe



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NEW YORK, N. Y., Jan 16 (LIBERATION News Service)--A group of 25 artists, writers, and musicians have agreed to participate in the founding of the Youth International Party, or YIP today. YIP will stage a massive Youth Festival this August in Chicago which may just coincide with the Democratic National Convention--although the two are, of course, entirely unrelated. The initial founders are as follows: Stu Albert Elliot Blinder Marshall Bloom Bread and Puppet Theatre Len Chandler Shirley Clarke Country Joe and the Fish Bob Fass The Fugs Barbara Garson Marvin Garson Peter Gessner Allen Ginsberg Walt Gundy Arlo Guthrie Abbe Hoffman Allen Katzman Paul Krassner Sharon Krebs Keith Lampe Raymond Mungo Tom Newman Phil Ochs Boboekene Sue Orrin The Pageant Players Jerry Rubin

**A STATEMENT FROM YIP!**

Join us in Chicago in August for an international festival of youth, music, and theatre. Rise up and abandon the creeping meatball! Come all you rebels, youth spirits, rock minstrels, truth-seekers, peacock-freaks, poets, barricade-jumpers, dancers, lovers, and artists!

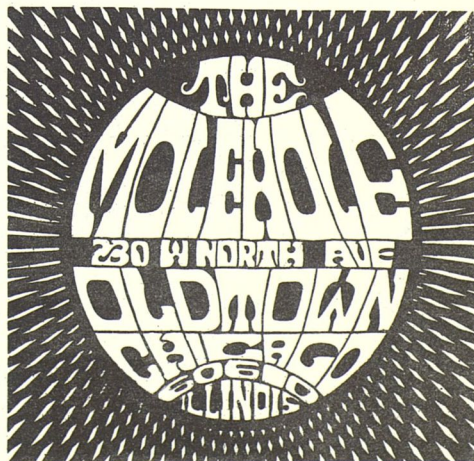
It is summer. It is the last week in August, and the NATIONAL DEATH PARTY meets to bless Lyndon Johnson. We are there! There are 500,000 of us dancing in the streets, throbbing with amplifiers and harmony. We are making love in the parks. We are reading, singing, laughing, printing newspapers, grouping and making a mock convention, and celebrating the birth of FREE AMERICA in our own time.

A new spirit explodes in the land. Things are bursting in music, poetry, dancing, newspapers, movies, celebration, magic, politics, theatre, and life-styles. All these new tribes will gather in Chicago. We will be completely open. Everything will be free. Bring blankets, tents, draft-cards, body paint, Mr. Leary's Cow, food to share, music, eager skin, and happiness. The threats of LBJ, Mayor Daley, and J. Edgar Freako will not stop us. We are coming! We are coming from all over the world!

The life of the American spirit is being torn asunder by the forces of violence, decay, and the napalm-cancer fiend. We demand the Politics of Ecstasy! We are the delicate spores of the new fierceness that will change America. We will create our own reality, we are Free America! And we will not accept the false theatre of the Death Convention.

We will be in Chicago. Begin preparations now! Chicago is yours! Do it!

YIP! Rm. 607, 32 Union Square, New York, NY 10003: (212)673-1787, 228-8432.

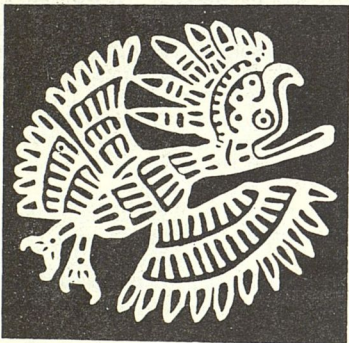






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Page 5 is part two of a poster in Key Mack's  
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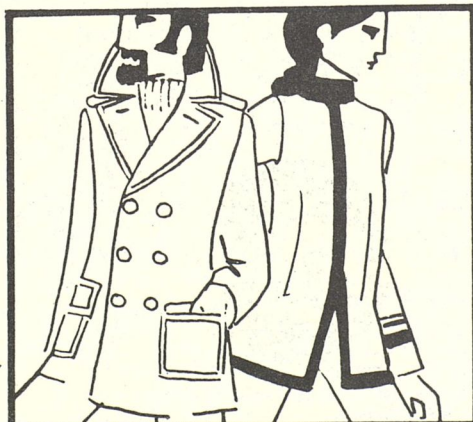
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From the outside, the building looks like any one of a hundred run-down theaters that sit decaying on Chicago's North and West sides, non-buildings recalling some long-gone age of grandeur. The wide entrance with its short flight of stairs leading to heavy barred glass doors is strewn with litter deposited by the wind howling down Clark Street.

Once inside, you're suddenly aware of the huge size of the place. A great hallway extends from the entrance-way to a wall at the far end some ninety or a hundred feet away. Several doors on the left lead to an assortment of rooms, while a large open archway on the right provides access to what looks like a great ballroom. This "ballroom" is to be the showplace for the work of a group of young men from New York who were responsible for the "Electric Circus" there, and who intend to carry their experiments even further in their latest venture, "The Electric Theatre" at 4812 N. Clark Street. The undertaking is staggering, to say the least, the renovation of the theater costing an estimated \$250,000. Aaron Russo, the stocky young producer-director, estimates that he and his small group of audio-visual-electronic wizards have been working an average of fourteen hours a day on their ambitious project.

At a first meeting with him in his large office-workshop off the second floor balcony, Russo seemed tired but was cordial as he answered questions about his involvement with this new multi-media entertainment-cum-art form. Half-expecting the usual hipper-than-thou attitude currently fashionable with young New Yorkers visiting Chicago, I was surprised to find the group pleasant--almost formal--during our discussion. As we moved out to the balcony overlooking the great hall below, Russo's near-formality gave way to real enthusiasm as he waved his arms about and talked excitedly about the sights and sounds that will greet the first patrons when the "Theatre" opens at the end of March. The "ballroom" will be converted to a huge dome of plastic (called the Kinedome) which will be eighty-five feet in diameter with the inside surface coated for receiving projected images. Suspended from the ceiling, in the center of the dome, will be a circular "gondola" (the group calls this "the Eye") measuring about ten feet in diameter and containing an assortment of about fifty projectors. Among these completely automated projectors will be six carousel slide projectors, six 16mm movie projectors, six overhead projectors, four "super-8" movie projectors, and half-a-dozen high intensity pulse-lights. No projectionist will be required to handle what Russo

states is "the greatest amount of equipment ever assembled for the production of mixed-media entertainment." To make sure the visual aspect of the project didn't outdo the audio, he then called over Peter de Blanc, the sound engineer, to fill me in on some of the delights planned for the ears of future visitors to the "Electric Theatre". Peter comes on bearded and "cool" and talks a foreign language; or at least so it sounded from his opening comments. The understandable English in his sentences is almost lost amidst a welter of "audio-sympathetic-video-intensity-synthesizers" and "manual overrides-in-case-of-computer-malfunctions". After I confessed my total ignorance of such exotic gadgetry he graciously consented to "free interpret" for me so that I could make some notes. One of the more complex pieces of hardware is the "Electronic Synthesizer" now being built to de Blanc's own specifications. This machine is able to create any sound electronically and according to de Blanc "will be the first performance synthesizer" in the United States that will enable a composer to play his composition live rather than composing on tape for later replay." Another of de Blanc's super-toys is a full scale computer which will be employed to control the innumerable switching operations required by both audio and visual equipment. This will be done by coded IBM-type punch cards, magnetic tape and multiple-channel perforated tapes. A glass-walled, sound-proof control booth (the Cortex), half of which protrudes into the east wall of the Kinedome high above the dance floor, will house this, and other assorted equipment. "The audio equipment in the Cortex," says de Blanc, "is equivalent to an eight-channel mixing board used in most major recording studios." Still trying to digest this last piece of information, I stumbled after Russo while he led the way down from the balcony to the main dance floor. Our voices echoing in the empty hall, we stood in a little group at the center of what will soon be the dome. When completed, it will be possible to completely cover the inside surface with projected images, while eight "sound columns" around the perimeter will provide 1000 watts of sound power -- enough audio-visual stimulation, I'm convinced, to blow the strongest of minds.

"Can you imagine," says Russo, "a series of atomic explosions appearing in rapid succession around the entire inside of the dome?" "Or a huge diesel engine thundering past you around the wall?" Yes, I could imagine, but I might just chicken out

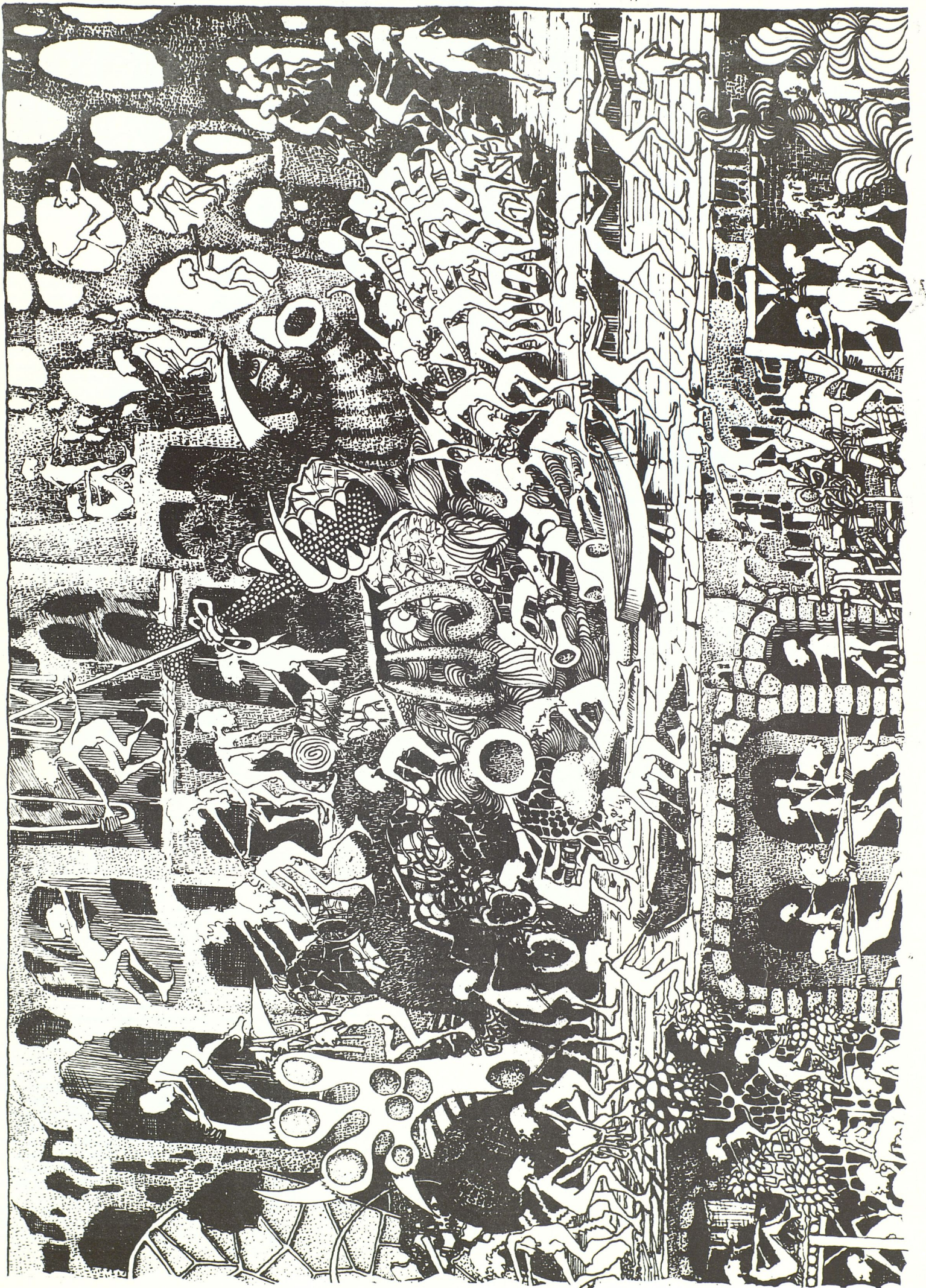
at being surrounded by atomic explosions (especially with natural sounds), and escape to "the Meditation Room" -- at least it will be quiet there. Oh yes, there will be a meditation room, complete with a wall of subdued patterned lights "which only repeat themselves once every thirteen years". The decor of the room "will be oriental in feeling, in contrast to the kinetic atmosphere that will prevail throughout the rest of the theatre". (Sounds like a groovy place to get yourself together after being almost run over by a careening diesel train!) At this point, producer-director Russo felt he should stress the fact that the visuals will be a mixture of both "live", realistic images and abstract patterns of color and texture. To demonstrate this, he decided to give me a sneak preview of some visuals from a typical program to come. A yell to someone called "Richard" on the balcony, (he pronounced it "Rich-ahd"), resulted in half a dozen projected images suddenly covering one side of the hall. In the center, a black-and-white movie made by young Chicago film-maker Bob Boldt showed a white near-nude male figure writhing among some giant tree roots, while a montage of brilliantly-colored slides covered the rest of the wall on both sides. Later a second movie, this one in color, replaced the first, while slides of abstract patterns changed constantly on either side. Even from this limited demonstration, it was easy to see that only the most jaded happening- or movie-goer will remain unaffected when surrounded by such overpowering visual stimuli (with or without natural sounds).

For those who may show up with no need of additional stimulation (having perhaps come pre-programmed), there will be a spectator area. This will have a full view of the scene taking place in the dome, but will have the benefit of a quiet atmosphere for those who want to see but not hear, or for other chicken-outers in general. In addition to the diversions just mentioned, the New Yorkers also plan to have a large food service area and a body-painting room (complete with barbers' chairs), and they promise (with just the faintest trace of a smile) "that there will be Astrologists and mediums in residence."

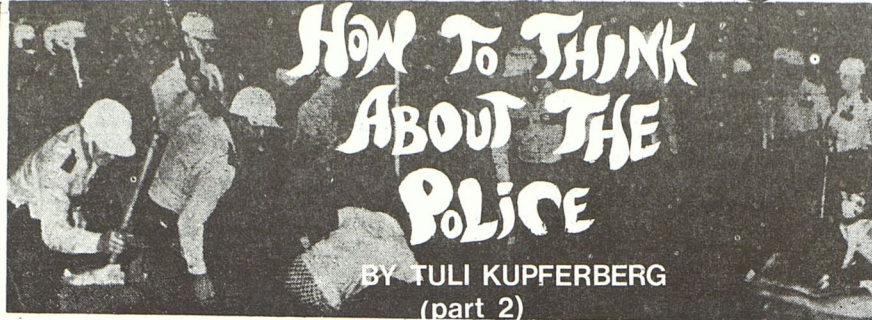
As I was leaving, Russo made a final plea. "You know, I really wish we could get more Chicago people involved in this. If you know any creative people -- film-makers, photographers, artists, sound people, or whatever, tell them to get in touch." Promising that I would, I split, materializing a couple of minutes, and a thousand light-years away back on the forty-eight hundred block of Clark Street.

--Harry Dewar









# HOW TO THINK ABOUT THE POLICE

BY TULI KUPFERBERG  
(part 2)

Would you call a cop if you were robbed? I wouldn't. First of all he might bug me--or want to arrest me.

I once called an ambulance to take a drunk who had a scalp wound and was bleeding in front of the Mills Hotel on Bleecker St. (NYC) to the hospital.

A cop car responded only after the second call. The cop was evidently annoyed because he came out the car, saw me, and asked if I was the one who had called the police. I said yes. He immediately went up to the drunk and pointing to me said to the drunk: "Is he the one who hit you?" The drunk (out of his head) wavered around and then pointed at me--blubbing "Yeah yeah... he hit me--he hit me!"

My life and death flashed thru my mind in a second. The drunk dies. I have been identified as his assailant. It could have been a few unpleasant weeks, nestcepas?

Why the fuck do the cops come first anyway before out incredibly wealthy city will send an ambulance?

Many of them are ill-trained in first aid. A friend of mine, an ex-army medic with Korean battlefield experience, reports this incident:

The Bowery: A man keels over--obvious heart attack, gray face, small pulse, shock. My friend loosens clothes, raises feet until (who?) the cops come. Cop listens for heart beat--he says, "He's dead." My friend: "He's in shock. His heart's low--feel his wrist--pulse going." Cop (gripping club): "Get the fuck out of here." (If men will let others die rather than appear wrong or "lose face"--you can imagine what they will do if someone (not themselves) is involved!)

Incident 3: A gay friend of mine being bothered by Village toughs around Washington Square fountain. He calls over cop who tells kids to "Get the hell out of here." Begins incredible questioning of friend. Name, address, occupation, what are you doing here? &c&c. Friend is happy to get away without being busted. Never calls cops again for anything.

Would you want a kid to be sent to jail for a year or two for stealing a miserable typewriter? Are you so sure in the ultimate scheme of things that you have greater need-right to it than he does? (I don't enjoy getting robbed--but I'd enjoy sending someone to jail even less.)

How can you oppose the forces of repression and property and then use them? If you don't like a cop to break his club on a Hare Krishna chanter, do you really want him to do it over a Birchite? "But officer I'm an anti-communist!" "I don't give a fuck what kind of communist you are!" Wham.

The prisons of the state of Mississippi (all?) have the only conjugal (fucking) visiting rights in the U.S. (You have to prove legal marriage.) Mississippi!

It's fortunate and confusing that none of us are saints, angels, or devils (not all the time anyway.)

How are the assignments for the pornography squad picked?

"I'm sorry, Harrison--your eyes are tired? Tough shit--you've got to watch the smut movies today."

"No you can't take 'Santa's Present' home with you tonight. I'm having the captain over for poker and I promised I'd show it to him."

"I want to be on the gay squad and wear a beautiful blond wig and latex (size 36 falsies)

and darling lashes and I think I'll try my "Wagner Brown" mascara and I'm going to try the Johns near Columbia--you get a better type of clientele up there."

Why are the English police able to do without guns and yet England has a lower crime rate than US?

What is there in the "American character" that makes it so prone to violence?

- 1) frontier tradition?
- 2) fast-evolving sex revolution with concomitant accelerating release of energy (and hostility)
- 3) frustrations of a fucked-up competitive brain-washed society

4) scapegoat outer-oriented outlets for frustration. Scapegoats: blacks, whites, Jews, poor, rich, cops, robbers. Notice: it doesn't really matter too much as long as there's somebody to hate.

Minute Quiz:

Who is more likely to kill?

- 1) A man who has just had a reasonably good to beautiful orgasm.
- 2) A man who has just had no sex or a horribly frustrating sex experience.

Check one.

When to call the police?

Only in life emergency. If it seems someone will get killed, or several injured if you don't. Even then it's a risk.

They used to ask your name when you called Police Dept. and wouldn't send anyone until you gave it. (Still?)

Next time try this:

"Yes: Bartolomeo B-a-r-t-o-l-e-m-e-o Sac..."

Why the fascination with the "spy"? The spy is the father (or parents). The crime is sex. 007 (at least in the movies, I haven't seen the books) is ludicrous. Zero (once), zero (twice) and then 7 (suddenly): lucky. He is sexy (gets-has the women--just like that.)

But (at least in the movies) is finally and obviously ludicrous. His power is based on tricks, on impossibilities, it is ridiculous.

It is the impotent son destroying the image of the omnipotent father by carrying it to its nth degree.

Why is the policeman finally feared?

Only because of his gun. When does a guard a watchman, a housing, garbage, school "protective official" become a policeman --an object of fear? When he has a gun (or a club). When he can seriously physically injure or destroy (murder) you.

What a base for culture!

What a tribute to civilization!

We the U.S. have the most cultured civilization of the West, i.e. --the most policemen!

Q. When is killing not murder?

A. When the killer's gun is issued by someone who says it isn't.

Q. But what would happen if the police had no guns?

A. Then other people (the cowards) would commit crimes.

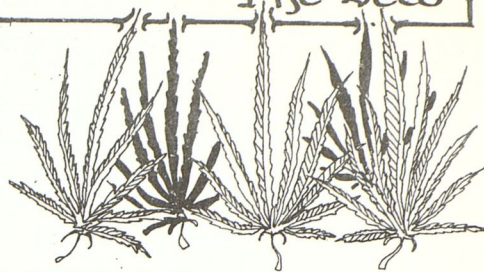
Q. What would be the first crime that you (you coward) would commit if there were no police?

A. I wouldn't pay my rent!

The impulse is to praise the cop-killing, to rejoice in it.

The impulse is good but the method is wrong. Other ways must be found for eliminating the cop-evil, other ways must be found for joy.

Even the executioner wants to be respected.



THE BOOK OF GRASS: An anthology of Indian Hemp edited by George Andrews and Simon Vinkenoog. New York: Grove Press, 1967 \$5 Dennis Van Tassel

If society persistently treats a group of young people as criminals, this book says, it is difficult for them not to become criminals. In presenting an admirable collection of personal accounts of experiences with Indian hemp, the editors are also putting down preconceptions based on speculation, such as confusion of marihuana effects with opium based narcotics and the inexcusable negative attitude which makes the activity anti-social, as with the severe punitive actions which are employed against users.

George Washington's diary indicates that he grew marihuana for medical use but does not indicate whether he was a user. Anthropological research has discovered that Western man used marihuana as far back as 5th century B.C. American Indians have used marihuana for centuries and Sitting Bull is recorded to have used it in religious settings.

A psycho-physiologist who has experimented with both parachute jumping and psychedelics compares the effects and hallucinations he gets from high altitudes and the free fall of parachute jumping with what he experiences with the use of psychedelics. He also points out that a whole new concept in art, psychedelic art, has developed from the use of hallucinogens. The use of psychedelic art, psychedelic music, and psychedelic allusions in advertising indicates that the general public accepts the psychedelic media only, not the source from which it springs.

There are several articles on the preparation and medical use of variations of grass which might be of interest to some. The theory that the higher the altitude where the marihuana is grown - the higher the resulting high - is also discussed seriously. Other medical research has noticed that marihuana users are never alcoholics. Most marihuana users only drink if marihuana is not available. This section gives a possible simple cure for one of the major health problems in the U.S.

Paul Bowles has written a very good article on politics and marihuana. He has noticed that not only in the U.S. but in other countries as well, people who use alcohol instead of marihuana are easier to manipulate politically and economically than marihuana and psychedelic users. This fact together with the power of the liquor lobby probably explains why the government opposes all psychedelics so vigorously.

Bowles also points out that psychedelic substances don't lend themselves so easily to efficient government tax racketeering as liquor.

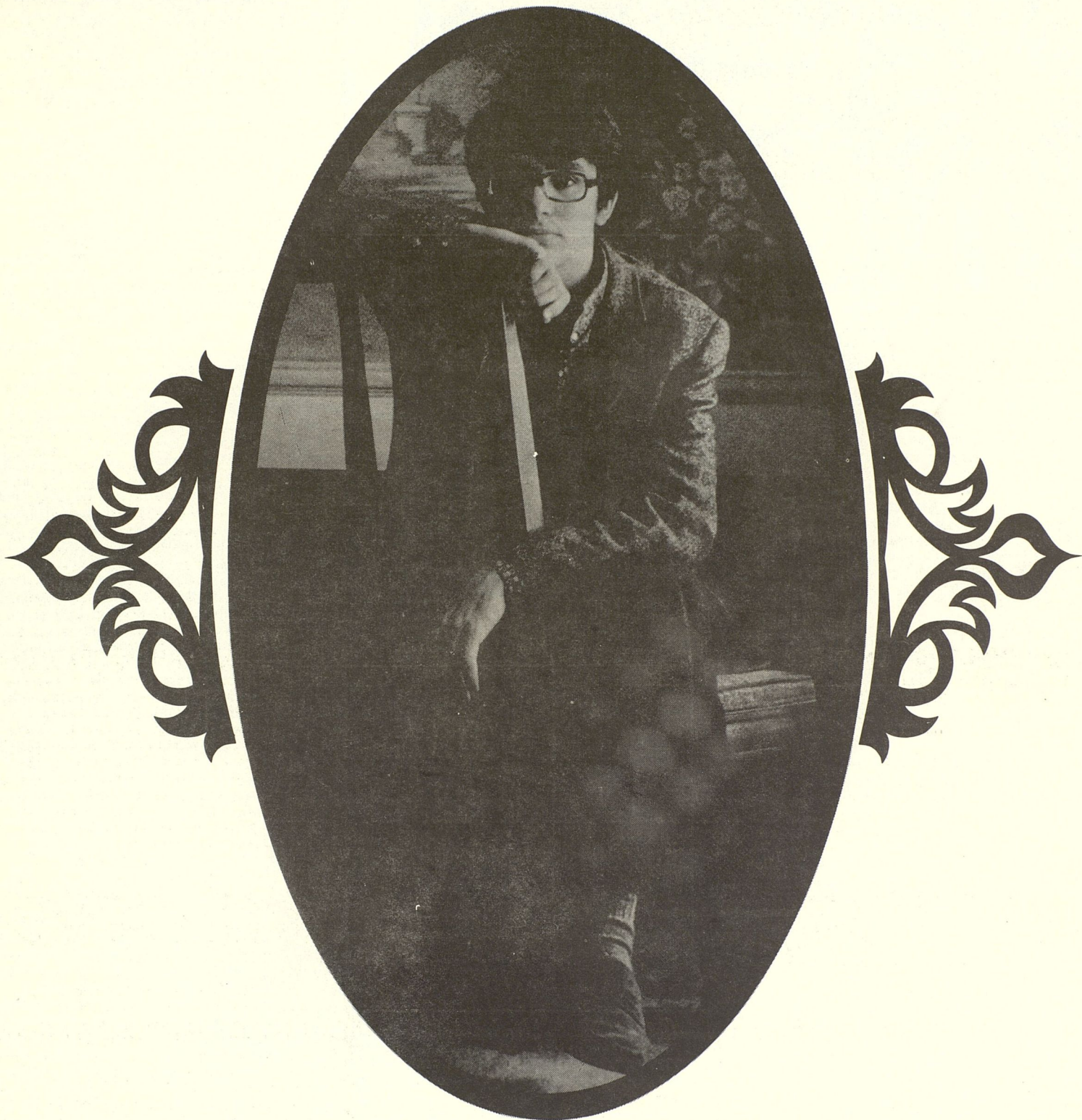
Several articles discuss marihuana use in Africa. In South Africa alcohol is considered to contribute to the commission of crime, but marihuana is not. Also in South Africa, there are several species of Leonotis, a small shrub-like plant which gives the same effect as marihuana. The plant is so similar to marihuana in effect that in many native tongues it is called by the same name as marihuana. Maybe South Africa has a valuable export since the plant is not of the marihuana family and thus is not illegal.

Another African plant, Cineraria aspera, is said to be similar to marihuana also. Maybe, by diligent research, a similar plant can be found in the U.S.

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--Note to readers: When I'm writing about a group I'm referring to, unless otherwise specified, to recorded performances. Live performances certainly alter one's impression of a group, but they do not exist, properly speaking, for those who have not seen them. The best common denominator I can find are a group's recorded performances. Further, recording itself is getting to be more and more of an art in itself, witness The Beatles, The Vanilla Fudge and the Pink Floyd.

--The bullshit boys and girls are at it again. The personality-cult thing that made 1950's masturbation-rock particularly worth ignoring, the kind of nonmusical orientation that perpetrated Fabian and Ricky Nelson and Chubby Checker on us is something you always have to be on guard against. It has ways of popping up everywhere.

--I guess they're trying to single out The Doors' Jim Morrison as the main example of where it's at. Almost everyone has something pretty jive to say about him, which is bad enough, but it often carries over into a neglectful or cock-eyed interpretation of where The Doors are at, one often sensationalized, which is really too bad since this is one of the most difficult and elusive of the serious-rock groups to talk about. I'd like to try and set The Doors someplace about where I think they'd like to be.

--Now, Morrison's voice is pretty unique and I suppose a good many nonmusical people could identify (or identify with) The Doors in no other way. He has a bawling quality of courageous vulnerability, he combines sensitivity and volatility, he shows you the audacity of someone attempting a job which is too big for him and creating a style in the process.

--His range is not particularly good, but his control is, he can convey a wide range of moods without losing his individuality (one of the signs of a very good rock performer, the majority of which I hope to outline in a future article here.)

--He can get a perverse quaver in his voice which is too much. Listen to him enunciate "your pork and beans" on "Back Door Man". "Father, I want to kill you" ("The End") has a touch of juvenility in its hard twang which etches it into your mind. "What have they done to our fair sister?" ("When the Music's Over") is accusatory disgust which is built up by the recitation (Morrison is the only rock singer I know who can recite without losing the feeling, including rhythmic, of the tune he's doing) of the atrocities which "they" have committed against the earth itself. "We'll see those bastards burn" is Morrison's implication; he has the confidence of the prophet. Morrison's drama training is quite evident; I'd like to see someone without it build up "Horse Latitudes" with more skill and precision. Or do either one of the psychodramas ("The End" and "When the Music's Over.") Morrison not only has the actor's sense of purpose on these, but he twists and modulates his voice effortlessly enough to get you to concentrate on what he's saying, not on him, which is something any actor worth a damn is taught first off.

--The Doors are one of the most intelligent

groups in rock. If this hurts your feelings, because you've been instructed to distrust "intelligence" as either dry academism, or even sterility, that's your hang-up, not mine, go read something else in this paper, dipshit.

--Yes, The Doors have absorbed many influences, strangely enough none have much to do with rock. I've already pointed out the drama-theater thing. Jazz is yet another. This you can also find in The Cream, The Mothers, Donovan and Love, to name a few. It is The Doors' particular use of jazz, however, that constitutes one of their readily identifiable characteristics.

--Take Manzarek's keyboards, particularly organ, which is as good a barometer, anyway, as to what the group is doing. He has a carefully sustained tone, not overpedaled (which you can get into well on "Light My Fire") and sureness of phrasing and harmony (he keeps rein on "Back Door Man", sparks "Twentieth Century Fox" and colors "Crystal Ship" with his piano). He doesn't play the heavy blues licks of Dave Rowberry or Barry Goldberg, nor does he do the sound-box thing of the organists of the Vanilla Fudge or the Pink Floyd. If he has much in common with any rock organist it may be Butterfield's Mark Naftalin.

--Robby Krieger favors clean, bright lines in the upper register ("You're Lost Little Girl", "When You're Strange", and "I Can't See Your Face in my Mind") are good examples which suggest being heard through water, his sound is "aquatic", perhaps because he sometimes gets into the steel-guitar sound associated, among other things, with commercial Hawaiian stuff. The boinging thing gets too heavy on "Unhappy Girl", one more step and we're surfing, God forbid.

--Densmore is one of the cleanest and most precise drummers around; his cymbal work is particularly good; he throws accents in and around to move a piece along without intruding.

--In the second lp, Krieger's guitar is much more up front, and Manzarek is pushed into the background, which is unfortunate; it robs The Doors of some of their balls and feeling of apprehension which they had on their first one. Why not alleviate a lot of trouble by picking up a bassist, not just one for "occasional" studio work, either. Why struggle, just to prove you can pull off a difficult trick? Then maybe Densmore could spread out more and take some solos, too.

--Cool, introspective authoritativeness is still what they've got, though.

--Perhaps "Horse Latitudes" and "The End" and "When the Music's Over" hardly strike you as cool, but I'm talking about execution and conception, not content or intent.

--The two psychodramas and "Horse Latitudes" are where The Doors are really at, I would say. The poetry of most of their pieces is very good, but ALL their strongest qualities come to the fore in the previously mentioned three pieces. I hope that they will become leaders in producing long, complicated eclectic works employing all of the things they know. What about a side-long cut on the next lp, like Love did on "Da Capo"?

## REQUIEM

REQUIEM by John Fahey Vanguard VRS 9259(M)  
VSD 79259(S)

Three years ago, six of us occupied the floor of a friend's west-oldTown crib, the sounds of Death Chants, Breakdowns, and Military Waltzes passing over our auditory palates. Only one complete sentence, "There's more on the other side, man," was spoken. But an occasional "Say, What!" or "Right!" wafted ceilingward into the blue haze that permeated the room as we tried to envision the manual magic of this music. Though only one six-string guitar, with no over-tracking, was being played, we were at a loss to imagine the technical formulae required to produce such a variety of fantastic sound. The fact that performer and composer were one person was reason enough for us to start learning and playing Fahey's music.

Tacoma-Piedmont Records, a label I have yet to see on the records of any other artist, released two more Fahey albums: *Dance of Death and Other Plantation Favorites*, and an album of which one side was attributed to Fahey and the other to his alter-ego, Blind Joe Death. Each of the three albums was accompanied by a sample of Fahey's prose, each successive one extending the legend of Blind Joe. Fahey and Death differ in generation and race, but both knew well the feel of fret and string. Fahey's fixation with Death, the man, seemed symbolic of his fixation with Death, the state of being or non-being.

In *Requia*, something has changed. One sees the face of Blind Joe's host-personality for the first time. The standard cover format, now on Vanguard, gives no mention of Blind Joe Death; it's almost as though he had died. "Requiem for John Hurt", the first cut, lends a note of validity to this idea since Fahey names Mississippi John as a major influence. Another Requiem, this for his dead uncle, and a third solo complete the first side.

Side two contains the four parts of a requiem to Knott's Berry Farm Molly, a female ethereal-ly identified in the notes, whose death is of psyche, not corporal. Fahey's composition of the special effects for the montage behind him is his first use of accompaniment in any form. Can experimental music be lyric? Fahey has made me a believer. The side closes with a Fahey instrumental arrangement of a hymn, another Fahey fixation.

His technique never gets better: his first record was beautiful, and so is this one. But his imagination is virtually without foreseeable limit. He plays "...the music of men and woman...", and they are in great supply.

The music of Ravi Shankar is extensively used for meditation. I suggest an attempt with this album in particular, and all of Fahey's music in general, for meditations in a western scale. The student of occultist Yoga of the West will see readily the value of the more familiar progressions. No one need pass through a language barrier to identify, and the quality of the music, for meditation or any other purpose, is equal, in its respective bag.

--Unicorn





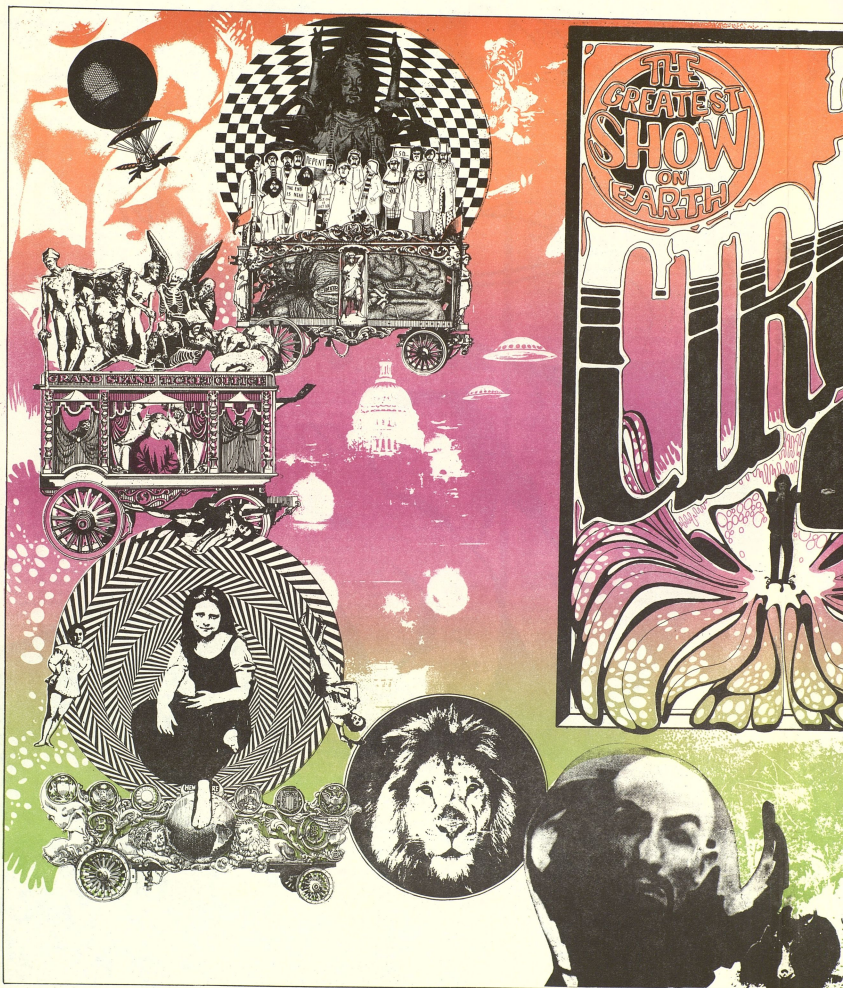


THE SUDDEN GARDEN SUN  
PRESSED MY BELLY TO THE EARTH  
DOWN TOWARD HER SOLID HUNK OF CORE  
AND I EMBRACED HER, AND DISCOVERED HER  
MY MAMA FOREVER,  
EVEN  
(AND ESPECIALLY)

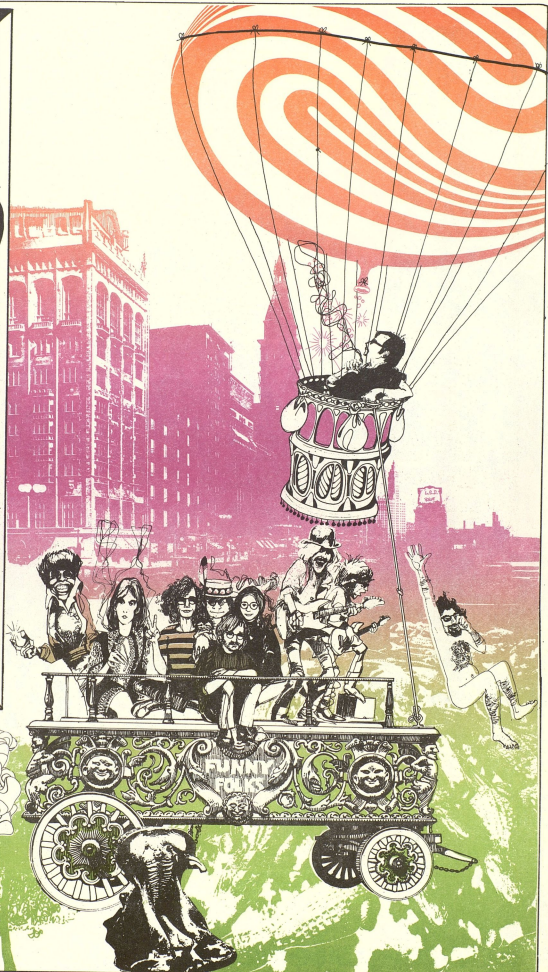
WHEN I WILL BE ONLY DEATH.  
I LISTENED  
WHILE SHE MOTHER-TAUGHT  
OF LOVE;  
I SUCKED HER BREAST...

... REMEMBER HOW IT USED TO BE  
AND WE GLOWED,  
BOTH EARTH MOTHER & GIRL  
I TOLD HER MY SILVER SECRET;  
SHE SMILED (SUCH A MOTHER)  
AND KNEW  
SHE COULD TEACH ME. SHE SMILED,  
AND I THANKED  
SOMEONE  
THAT I WAS STILL LYING ON HER  
AND NOT IN HER  
NET.











# THE FUGGS: TERSE REALITY!



"TENDERNESS JUNCTION"

ON REPRISE RECORDS



R/RS 6280



# TO ALL WHO WOULD KNOW

On the subject of LSD. LSD works because that's what it is. If it didn't work there would be no LSD. LSD does what it's supposed to do, further and accelerate the evolution of man. It is an organic development that came when it was needed. There is no reason to fear it, we created it because we NEED it, like the electric light. Everybody wants to know about it and that is proof enough of its importance. LSD does what alcohol did when IT was new and what EVERY new creation does, it lets a little more light into the darkness of man. It is art, it is philosophy, it is education, it is whatever fills the mind with more light. It takes man out of himself for a little while, out of the confines of his mind. It is a trip from the mind to the soul and back again, a ROUND trip. There is nothing strange or far out about LSD. Everyone has been a child, everyone sleeps at night, everyone has fallen in love, everyone has experienced many times what it is like to not be imprisoned by the mind. LSD simply loosens the connection between the mind and the soul. The difference between a child and an adult is the child has not yet developed a mind, a child is high on LSD. When we sleep we are not limited by our minds and so we experience life more freely, we are high on LSD. When we fall in love the heart rules the mind and so we experience ecstasy mindlessness, we are high on LSD. LSD is adult childhood, conscious sleep, subjective love. After one has experienced LSD under the right conditions what was once mysterious is no longer mysterious. He understands the mystery of childhood, the abandon of sleep, the joy of love, the chaos of insanity. Mindless existence is no longer feared and yet he realizes the absolute necessity of the limitation of mind for the mind is the soul's extension into matter, the soul's CREATION of matter. Mind is the instrument through which the soul creates an orderly world and only through the development of mind can the soul expand and become more. All form is only the evolution of mind at different stages of development. Man is the most evolved form, the highest creation, hence inherently the most aware of the need for order and fulfilling this need is called thinking. Thinking is building a mind. But there is more, there is that infernal gap between the builder and the building, the thinker and the thought, the giver and the receiver, the Creator and the Created. This gap has plagued man forever, the twilight zone, the point of infinity, the CENTER. A little too much on one side is materialistic, a little too much on the other is spiritualistic. This imbalance is the conflict and the challenge. In order to continue our development as humanity this gap must be spanned. The light that always was must now cross this bridge and illuminate the mind that the world may live in the light, that the soul might make the mind its own. This bridge is like a resistance between the transmitting primary, winding and receiving secondary winding of a transformer, just enough life-energy-spirit dribbles through to keep the secondary circuit responding. As man slowly evolves the resistance is slowly lowered and there is slowly more life in the world, more CONSCIOUSNESS. Now LSD short circuits this protective resistor and the juice pours in temporarily burning out all the components in the receiving circuit, in other words, you LOSE your mind. The receiver temporarily ceases to exist, the mind returns to chaos and life is experienced in the transmitter, the SOUL. Of course this is all very temporary. Rebirth is inevitable, a new and better receiver is consciously constructed and we have a new and more conscious individual. Hooray! Now some people with or without LSD have gone to never never land and haven't been able to get back. It is inevitable that they will return to the world in time, what goes up must come down, and these people are temporarily insane, they cannot establish order in the world. There is nothing mysterious about insanity. A child is not yet able to help create an orderly world, he is temporarily insane. When we sleep we take a vacation from creating an orderly world, we are temporarily insane. At these times consciousness is not centered in the world of form, it is experiencing the world of content but the demands of the world of form must be met and the madman will become sane and the child will grow up and the sleeper will awaken and the lover will have to go out and get a job. Any inability to cope with the world of form and there create order is a measure of insanity, a poor connection between the mind and the soul, an LSD. In our sleep walking consciousness we have only recognized the EXTREMES but truly we are ALL insane, we are ALL out of control, we are ALL high on LSD, we just aren't high ENOUGH. LSD only ACCELERATES what already is, makes us MORE of what we already are, brings us CLOSER to the Creator and as a result more in CONTROL of the created. Whenever and under whatever conditions, however we go about widening the connection between the soul and the mind we are drawing closer to the Creator be it religion or drugs or acts of bravery life makes us more and MUCH life makes us MUCH more and LSD is MUCH LIFE. The mind is ENRICHED, vitalized, FED by the soul. The mind IS the world, the soul IS the Creator. Man is the only form of life that has evolved to the point of taking part in the creation of the world consciously, all other forms are as yet almost mindless, almost totally unconscious and still at one with the soul. Nature is not yet separated from the creator, man IS, man has separated himself by evolving the mind so that he can take part in the creation of the world CONSCIOUSLY. Now man has developed LSD to realize this unity and this separation. It is not the only way but it is the quickest. Under LSD we realize that we are of the same stuff as our environment, all form is from one source, we SEE the source because the mind is temporarily held aside and we see form FROM the source, we are at ONE with the source, we ARE the source. There is nothing mysterious about all this, wise men have always had this experience. Call it inspiration, illumination, self realization, it is still very simple, the soul is all wisdom and all love, the soul is ALL. One who has experienced conscious unity with the soul, the source, God, one who has experienced consciously a state of mindlessness knows the meaning of life because for a moment he has been ONE with life, he has been LIFE ITSELF. Men who longed for this experience used to spend their lives in meditation seeking to transcend the mind and see the Self, now with LSD it can be done in an evening. Be warned, losing your mind may be a little scary. Never take LSD without an experienced guide, someone who has HAD the experience and UNDERSTANDS it, NEVER take it alone, you might jump off a building with joy. Also, don't expect immediate salvation, you will still have to work in the world, you will have to come back and do the same old things, you are still obligated to create an orderly world only now you will have a little better of an idea WHY.

To you intellectuals who still want a descriptive explanation, an answer to what is LSD. Believe me it will never be written in words. Only that which is created by the mind can be defined by the mind. Can you define a kiss, loneliness, a hat full of rain. If it were possible I would do it for you but I'm sorry, this isn't one for the books. Take it or forget it, this time you're going to have to take a big chance, there is no way to prepare yourself, you either take it and understand it or you study it all your life and don't gain a WIT of a grain of knowledge so just TAKE it and see or FORGET it and just try to. LSD opens you to the Truth, that which you have been so feverishly SEEKING with your little mind all your life and that which you haven't FOUND because the mind cannot SEE anything bigger than itself, it can only finally REALIZE that there is something bigger than itself, its CREATOR, and just lay itself open and take a bath and afterwards brother, believe me, you will see how ridiculous this whole article is. I wish EVERYBODY would sit right down and gobble up 1,000 micrograms of acid and get it over with instead of drawing their misery on and on and being afraid and defensive and proud and lying and cheating and being careful and worrying and killing themselves every moment of their lives with meaningless trifles and unnecessary agony and aimlessness and greed and suicide and war and all this nonsense is so Goddamn unnecessary and YOU you dumb son of a bitch you're doing it to yourSELVES and you're doing it to everybody else and you're doing it to ME and I'm SICK of it so QUIT IT! WHY WHY WHY GET HIGH TAKE LSD AND SEE DO ANYTHING STOP BEING SUCH A FUCKING DRAG

Mel Lyman



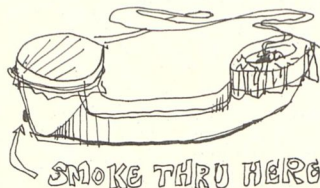


We were wondering what happened to the Poison Cookie Hole, a coffee house to be owned and operated by young people in the Rogers Park area. Seems the landlord, having leased the location, decided he wanted the kids out and refused to make repairs necessary to meet fire department regulations and eventually threw the kids out and repossessed the storefront. Help from the Rogers Park Community Council Youth Committee was promised and then withheld apparently because Alderman Wigoda (49th Ward) was pissed off at the (apparent) connection between the Cookie Hole and CIPA (Citizens for Independent Political Action.) CIPA is a liberal, anti-war group and Wigoda deplored what he termed the "brain-washing" of Cookie Hole members by the group. The Cookie Hole needs a new location in the Rogers Park area to continue its program of entertainment, discussion, and regular debates. Persons who could help should contact the RogerSpark, the new North Side community newspaper, 1517 W. Howard St., Chicago, Illinois 60626, or call 338-5872

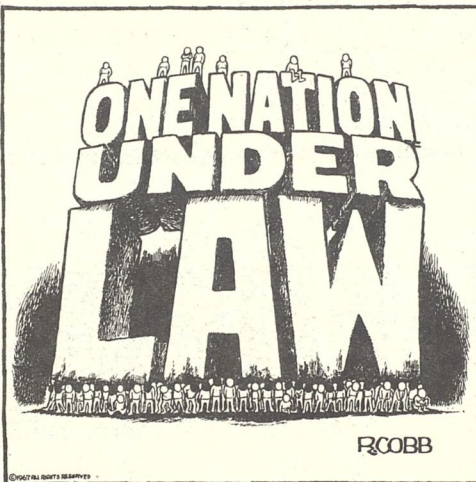
DON'T FORGET TO REGISTER AS AN ALIEN BEFORE THE END OF JANUARY.

Pensacola, FLORIDA? Right. Ben L. Osterberg, Jr., local Boo-hoo and veteran of many frays with the Selective Service System, the U. S. Army (he tried to become the first psychedelic chaplain), and the local establishment opened a head shop called the All Night Harmonica Shop. The local constabulary sent out a detachment to bust the hippies for trespass (the owner of the bldg. lived out of town and freaked out when he found his local agent had rented it to hippies)--twenty cops to bust twenty hippies--they found no harmonicas and no dope. "It was something right out of a Keystone Cops movie," stated Osterberg. All parties were found innocent in court the next week. They said it couldn't happen here.

AVATAR out of Boston grows more beautiful and honest with every issue. A string of busts for pornography has produced only a stronger reaction from AVATAR and an increase in circulation. It's not yet available on Chicago newsstands---hit on your local underground press dealer to stock it or write AVATAR, 37 Rutland St., Boston, Mass. 02118.

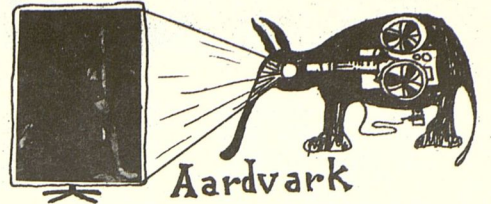


The Telephone Dope Pipe. Disconnect receiver. Gut. Place aluminum foil over place where earpiece was and prick with pin, make small depression for dope. Put Saran wrap over place where mouthpiece was and secure with rubber bands. Smoke thru hole that cord came out of.



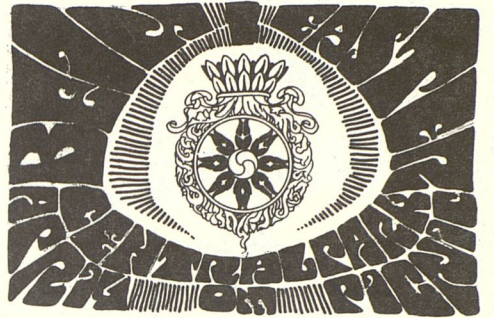
The young ladies of Islamia College, Karachi, have been much embarrassed in the last few months by the presence of a naked man, age 20, who has taken to roaming around the Regal Bus Stop. Another naked man, this one aged some 35 years, has been roaming the Victoria Road in which the Regal is located. But above all, Saddar Road is crowded with nude roamers, for here, in addition to four or five naked men, two women - one no more than 19 - constantly roam nude. "Karachi must have at least 100 nude roamers", said the Chief of Police, "in a city of some half a million souls, this strikes me as a reasonable figure. Let them roam where they will." --Christopher Logue, Private Eye

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IN PIPER'S ALLEY 1608 WELLS

Coming soon in The Seed (we hope) interviews with Janis Ian, Steve Miller, Jerry Rubin. In the meantime some Seedlings splitting for California. If you think you have your underground graphics thing together, bring a portfolio by the office. Also need music reviews (live and recorded), news of local Resistance, help with paste-up, etc. We promise news from the Holy Coast. Bye.



John Wilcock's OTHER SCENES, a 20-times-a-year newsletter, emanates from wherever its editor happens to be. The current issue was published in Tokyo, Japan, January 1968. Subscriptions to OS cost \$6 (\$7 foreign) should be sent to Box 8, Village Post Office, New York 10014 N. Y.

Dear Readers:

The acid in black-and-yellow caps is for shit. The acid in little white caps is dynamite. The acid in caps with a pinkish cast to them is pretty good, but seems to have some speed in it. Keys shouldn't go for more than \$150; don't pay more than \$20 for a five-shot can. Maybe we don't have enough dope here to eliminate the dealing scene altogether, but we can at least keep prices constant. Speed kills.

(signed) A Friend

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**DENNIS RICE**  
loxmyth  
MO 4-8435  
talk to the machine

The Greek Patriotic Front blames the U.S. in large part for the right wing coup establishing a military dictatorship in that country. (Since the military coup in April, thousands of Greeks have been put in concentration camps and prisons as political prisoners, freedom of speech has been abolished and newspapers have been severely censored, haircut and dress standards have been prescribed for Greeks and tourists, plays of Aeschylus and Euripedes have been banned and singing and performing of songs by Theodorakis has been outlawed. The citizenships of Greeks in other countries who have criticized the dictatorship, such as Melina Mercouri, have been revoked.) The front was called together by Theodorakis, a famous composer (Zorba the Greek theme). The generals who organized the coups used a plan devised by NATO and American advisors for defense in case of attack by another country. Litton Industries, meanwhile, has moved in to develop industry to its own great profit, after being rebuffed several times by the previous administration.

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continued from page 17  
country, its heritage, even its economic system to a degree and I am therefore concerned gravely about what is now happening to it. It is being broken into little pieces with no sense of unity whatsoever. And it is happening violently.

I blame not only the current administration, but the attitudes, the prejudices, the actual stupidity & red-tape promises that strangle the most basic sense of unity. In other words, I feel that this government is being torn apart at the extremes by extremists & decaying within as well.

Obviously the present whole establishment is not what is needed to pull us back together again. But the question that inevitably follows is what is? Total Anarchy? Communism? These are the questions that I weigh continuously and, once, and if, an answer is found, how do I do my share within this environment?

The standard answers are, of course, to start at home; love and help everyone; go along with the scene as it is and don't touch the system; Support candidates where you agree most; wait and see; and others equally futile and blind. Where is it at?

I'm sorry that you allowed yourself to become the recipient of such letters as these, but thank you at the same time.

Love, in spite of all,  
Jeff

**NSMC NOTICE 1610**

From: Commanding Officer, Naval Submarine Medical Center, Naval Submarine Base New London, Groton, Connecticut 06340

To: DISTRIBUTION

Subj: Loyalty and allegiance of naval personnel

1. THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF U.S. ATLANTIC FLEET NOTES WITH CONCERN THE DETERMINED EFFORTS OF VARIOUS GROUPS TO SUBVERT THE LOYALTY, ALLEGIANCE AND MORALE OF MEMBERS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES AND TO OTHERWISE OBSTRUCT OUR MILITARY EFFORT AND COMMITMENT TO THE REPUBLIC OF SOUTH VIETNAM. IT IS RECOGNIZED, HOWEVER, THAT THERE ARE SOME BONA FIDE PACIFIST GROUPS

IN THE UNITED STATES WHICH ARE ATTEMPTING TO EFFECT A CHANGE IN U.S. POLICY BY CONSTITUTIONAL MEANS IN WINNING OVER A MAJORITY OF THE ELECTORATE TO THEIR VIEW. IT IS MOST DIFFICULT TO DISTINGUISH BETWEEN LEGITIMATE POLITICAL MINORITY GROUP ACTION AND SUBVERSIVE PROPAGANDA AIMED AT WEAKENING THE MILITARY EFFORT. IN ORDER TO CLARIFY THE AMBIGUITY RESULTING FROM THE FOREGOING, THE FOLLOWING MATTERS SHOULD BE CONSIDERED: FIRST: WE ARE AMERICAN FIGHTING MEN DEDICATED TO GUARDING OUR COUNTRY AND OUR WAY OF LIFE. THIS DEDICATION BY NAVAL PERSONNEL EXISTS WHETHER SERVING IN PEACETIME PURSUITS, COMBAT OR EVEN AS PRISONERS OF WAR. SECOND: AS A FIGHTING MAN WE WILL NEVER SURRENDER OF OUR OWN FREE WILL AND IF IN COMMAND WILL NEVER SURRENDER OUR MEN SO LONG AS WE HAVE THE MEANS TO RESIST OR EVADE. THIRD: IF WE ARE CAPTURED, WE WILL CONTINUE TO RESIST BY ALL MEANS AVAILABLE AND WILL MAKE EVERY EFFORT TO ESCAPE OURSELVES AND AID OTHERS TO ESCAPE. WE WILL NEVER ACCEPT PAROLE OR SPECIAL FAVOR FROM THE ENEMY. FOURTH: IF WE BECOME PRISONERS OF WAR, WE WILL KEEP FAITH WITH FELLOW PRISONERS AND WILL GIVE NO INFORMATION OR TAKE ANY ACTION WHICH WILL BE HARMFUL TO OUR SHIPMATES. FIFTH: IF CAPTURED, WE ARE REQUIRED UNDER THE GENEVA CONVENTION TO GIVE ONLY OUR NAME, RANK, SERVICE NUMBER, AND DATE OF BIRTH. WE WILL EVADE ANSWERING QUESTIONS PROPOUNDED BY THE ENEMY AND WILL MAKE NO ORAL OR WRITTEN STATEMENT DISLOYAL TO OUR COUNTRY, ITS ALLIES, OR HARMFUL TO OUR CAUSE. SIXTH: WE WILL NEVER FORGET THAT WE ARE AMERICAN FIGHTING MEN RESPONSIBLE FOR OUR ACTIONS AND DEDICATED TO THE PRINCIPLES WHICH MADE OUR COUNTRY FREE. WE WILL TRUST IN GOD AND IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

2. WITH REGARD TO THE SIX ITEMS OF THE CODE OF CONDUCT WHICH ARE PARAPHRASED ABOVE, ALL PERSONNEL ARE REMINDED THAT WHEREVER WE SERVE AS AMERICAN FIGHTING MEN, WE SHOULD REALIZE THAT IRRESPONSIBLE ACTIONS ON OUR PART CAN RESULT IN GRAVE CONSEQUENCES TO US AS INDIVIDUALS AND IN IRREPARABLE DAMAGE TO THE REPUTATION OF OUR COUNTRY IN THE INTERNATIONAL COMMUNITY. ALL HANDS SHOULD BE MADE AWARE OF THE SINISTER INFLUENCE OF GROUPS POSING AS PEACE ADVOCATES AND DIRECTED TO AVOID AND REPORT THE OVERTURES OF ANY SUBVERSIVE GROUP WHICH SEEKS DEFECTORS FOR PROPAGANDA PURPOSES. INDIVIDUALS WHO SUCCUMB TO THE APPEALS OF THE PEACE ADVOCATES OR SUBVERSIVE GROUPS NOT ONLY LET DOWN THEIR SHIPMATES, BUT ALSO THEIR FAMILIES, THEIR FRIENDS, AND THEIR COUNTRY. ALTHOUGH TEMPORARY PUBLIC NOTICE MAY BE ACHIEVED BY SUCH IRRESPONSIBLE ACTION, THE INDIVIDUAL DEFECTOR SOON WILL BE ABANDONED BY THE GROUP WHEN THE DEFECTOR LOSES HIS VALUE TO THE GROUP SEEKING HIS COMMENTS OR EMBRACE.

3. DEFECTION BY MEMBERS OF THE ARMED FORCES SUCH AS RECENTLY OCCURRED IN JAPAN NOT ONLY BRINGS ILL REPUTE TO THE UNITED STATES AND DAMAGE TO OUR PRESTIGE, BUT SUCH DEFECTIONS ENCOURAGE THE SUBVERSIVE GROUPS TO INCREASE THE TEMPO OF THEIR EFFORTS TO SUBVERT EVEN GREATER NUMBERS OF LOYAL U.S. SERVICEMEN.

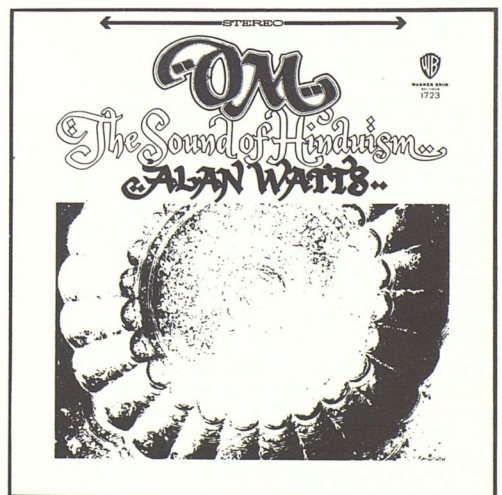
4. THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF U.S. ATLANTIC FLEET IS ALSO BECOMING CONCERNED WITH THE DAMAGING IMPACT OF FILMED TAPED INTERVIEWS WITH U.S. MILITARY MEMBERS WHO ARE PRISONERS OF WAR. THE CODE OF CONDUCT AS WELL AS NAVY POLICY FORBIDS SUCH INTERVIEWS WHICH ARE IN CONTRAVENTION OF OUR OATHS OF FAITH AND ALLEGIANCE TO THE UNITED STATES.

GERALD J. DUFFNER

# ALAN WATTS!

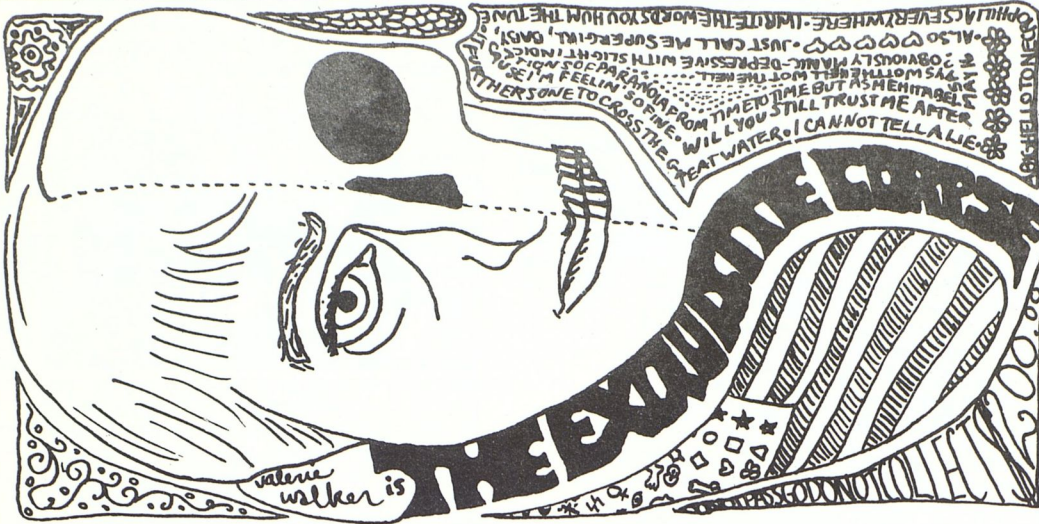
The wisdom of the East ---  
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W/WS 1723  
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# ALAN WATTS!





you are the sound of falling:  
 a white dove landing in the white branches.  
 snow stings my face as i think  
 about you and the sound of falling:  
 sitting smiling at me in the morning light  
 is the sound of falling.  
 (only my ears can hear the white dove's  
 wings.)  
 frost on your windows is the sound  
 of falling.

\*\*\*\*\*

Tuli Kupferberg is 43 years old.

\*\*\*\*\*

Recently I had a run-in with a person who is a professed pacifist, a strong worker in the peace movement, a man with deep religious convictions about his political stand. The argument had nothing to do with peace; it was purely on a personal level, and on that level I found that he was a lot more hostile and violent than I.

Now, I have never dared say I am a pacifist politically precisely because I am not by nature a peaceful person. I am noted for being over-emotional, angry, and, I'm afraid, malicious toward the people I deal with. But I thought that someone who is so deeply committed to peacemaking must surely have overcome these hangups in his personal life.

It turns out that I'm being naive. Personal pacifism, I'm told, has nothing to do with the peace movement.

Perhaps I'm dumb, but isn't there something wrong? Does being a demonstrator, say, or going to jail for the cause, or even being beaten up or killed for peace, give you the right to be a snotty bastard?

I'm beginning to wonder if organization pacifists whose hearts are ice-cold in all other areas of concern aren't becoming involved with a Cause precisely because of the lack of love, peace, and power in their own lives. I sure hope not. The cause is such an obviously right one, and it needs everyone it can get, and I'd hate to think that most draft-resisters were following the path of hatred of authority rather than unwillingness to participate any further in diminishing other human beings. In fear and trembling (and these are not just words) I have seen the power of hatred and darkness in this world; I have seen how little I have done to fight it, how much I have done out of ignorance or laziness or fear to perpetuate it; with the greatest trepidation I have done a few things for good that are nothing beside the sacrifices others have made. Still, everything I have done, little as it is, has been done because I was moved to do it. And to those who are doing great deeds I must say (knowing how they could condemn me as much talk, little action): If you can't love truly, don't fake it: truth is real love.

\*\*\*\*\*

The trouble with Alice's Restaurant is that the service is lousy.

\*\*\*\*\*

For Jim Garrison

is it four years ago?  
 the shots raised dust  
 that hangs still in the sky.  
 how much water trickling down  
 how many wings furry with rust  
 all that blood has flowed under the years  
 of words that spin unread:  
 they were already dead.

\*\*\*\*\*

TUNING IN

Some would say it was satori; others that I was saved by the grace of God or encountered Ultimate Reality or blew my mind. Objectively, it was a trivial incident. I had been listening to Side Two of the Beatles' "Magical Mystery Tour", with the bass speaker on the phonograph turned up full. I turned the treble speaker up and suddenly heard the counter melody of "Hello Goodbye" for the first time. It was my own situation in miniature: a whole new song that was always there, but I'd never heard it before. Words which had seemed meaningless before, because I'd heard only the questions and missed the answers.

Hello/goodbye/hello goodbye: all real living is meeting/nothing gold can stay.  
 Hello/goodbye/hello forever.

Jesus, I thought, I've been going around with half of myself turned off!

Hello/goodbye: the most significant of words. Tell you why: if it is true as Buber says that I only experience It (the world and people as objects apart from myself) but relate to Thou (the realm of direct confrontation of the world and people) then obviously the search for experience for its own sake is a process of turning the world into an It, and myself with it. Sexual experience rather than sexual relationship turns lovers into objects. Drug experience rather than relatedness turns the whole Self into a thing, an object, demeans it. Relate only, and there will be no more conversation. "Hello" and "Goodbye" will suffice, with silence between. "Hello" and "Goodbye" carry no objective meaning to be experienced. They are sounds of relation. Even saying "I love you" has an element of meaning, of experience, of it-ness. Don't say "I love you". Say "Hello" and then "Goodbye". Hello/goodbye/hello/goodbye/hello/goodbye/you see it doesn't matter that I say hello and you say goodbye because the words have no meaning. It is enough for us to look at each other and know.

Enough of this male-female ego shit: forget what I am. My skeleton has no sex, and these my bare bones which speak to you now are as naked as I can be. Shed your flesh too and let me see you. Hello/goodbye

...



Well, actually, you hadda BE there. World War Two, I mean. There it was, just as I remember it, in livid color (I used to have a child's gas mask like that. . . it looked like Donald Duck).

Now, I'm a fan of surrealist flicks. . . I saw "Zazie" about eight times, and I was the only kid on my block to enjoy "Modesty Blaise". . . and the fact that I understood almost all the dialogue did help. You really do have to be English, or at least British, to get what you need out of "How I Won the War". (Perhaps subtitles?)

But the critics who are putting it down for being technically marvelous (which it is. . . John Lennon couldn't have bled to death more prettily) but a rotten failure as an antiwar film are way off the mark. This isn't an anti-war film. It's either an anti war-film film or an anti anti-war-film film.

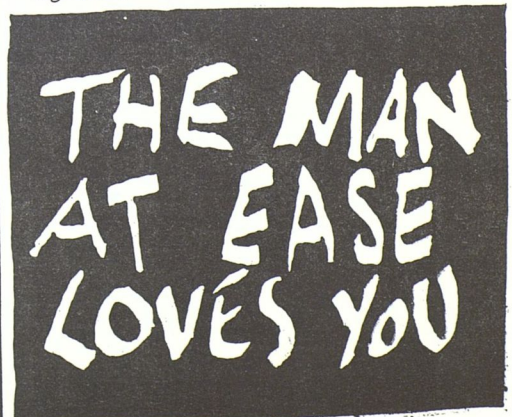
The theme which engrosses artists, writers, film-makers and readers of newspapers in these the last days: is all this real or just a bad dream? Reality-as-Light-Show: John Lennon the dream figure playing a real soldier dying in dreamlike colors, speaking out of the screen, a shadow, to the audience of shadows: Bonnie and Clyde transformed into fashion-magazine Beautiful People, shocked at the fact that real bullets hurt: "Blow-Up"'s invisible tennis ball rolling to his feet (should he pick it up?): how can we know the dancer from the dance?

In any case, seen in the context of the actual atrocity films of Buchenwald/Auschwitz/Bergen-Belsen, etc., etc., that were shown on the telly later on the evening on which I'd seen "How I Won" for the second time, and bearing in mind that as I am both English and a Jew only 19 miles of water lay between me and the soap vats, "How I Won the War" has become for me (as Ramparts put it) the World War II movie to end all World War II movies. But not for the same reason.

Despite the fact that Ernest Goodbody saved me for World War III, I shall never again be able to watch "Victory at Sea" or "The Desert Rats" without falling over laughing, with tears in my eyes for the six million whose deaths were only black-and-white.

In that respect, then, "How I Won the War" was a successful film. But this is my personal "How I Won the War", which may not be yours. I don't pretend to be objective: this film is a part of my life, and perhaps we came into the theatre at different points in the show.

Tell me, though, after you've seen it: do you still wonder about that tennis game in "Blow-Up"? Or are the pieces starting to fit together? . . . VLW







The Seed

**IVORY TOWER REVOLUTIONARIES UNITE FOR TANGIBLE RESULTS---NEEDED NOW!**

Will the Free Store concept become the apex of humanity in our "civilized" society? It is needed for basic reasons, those without and for those who are REPULSED by overpriced and taxed goods especially food. Co-op and co-operation will be necessary from many sources not just a few HARD CORE Lone Rangers.

- How?
1. Contacting existing Free Stores and Communes.
  2. Check out Markets---Maxwell and Water St. for bargains, supplies, goods.
  3. Contact peace, rights, schools and unions for ads in their publications.
  4. Pledge or donation of 25¢ to \$5.00 a month for needed buyable items and overhead would help and should be encouraged.
  5. Attend rummage sales---talk to committee chairman or the church pastor, priest, rabbi, guru---before sale. Often large amounts of clothes, shoes, pots, pans and utensils are given away to charities or dealers for a small amount.

Let's start it rolling!

---R. Mokate

Dear Seed Staff:

The Seed is looking better and better with each issue. I laughed my ass off at the cover of #10. So fucking typical. . . That corn for Marina City. The guy who thought of that is a genius.

Keep The Seed coming, we look forward to each issue.

Oh, also saw the bit in Playboy. How establishment can you get?

Anyway, keep up the good work of shoving hot pokers up the ass of the Chicago Establishment. . . they need it.

Peace,  
Stoney Burns  
Editor

Notes from the Underground  
P. O. Box 7140  
Dallas, Texas 75209

Dear Seed:

First I'd like to thank you for your wonderful paper. It's really a funny thing, though—I was reading Seed #12 and thinking that you should put in some album reviews. I turned the page and there they were. Then I was thinking (I do a lot of thinking these days) that you should have an article explaining astrology. I turned a few more pages and there it was.

But I have one more thought that you haven't fulfilled yet, and that is: how about a column on interesting books? Not a book review type of thing, but just little descriptions of really good books. I have a few to recommend. (Even if you don't do the article, you can read them anyway.)

Demian by Hesse; A Separate Peace by Knowles; Salar the Salmon by Williamson; On Aggression by Lorenz; The Harrad Experiment by Rimmer. I hope that will give someone a start.

Thanks.

Love and peace,

Joan



Dear Seed:

This was caused by napalm, it was taken from the National Guardian of December 30.

We talk about love and freedom, but what kind of love or freedom is it that will corrode little children's skin into raw oozing pus? But of course this is a just war, which gives us the right to inflict this agony on the people we are saving for democracy. Certainly the Viet Cong are committing their own atrocities, but can we use this as an excuse to justify ourselves? Where is the humanity in all this?

Perhaps I am wrong in saying this, but I can not see how there can be any such thing as a just war -- we destroy people in the name of an ideal or an abstract concept such as freedom or love as though an ideal is more important than the people involved. How can this be so?

Do you know the answers to these questions? Can you explain this to me? How can we do things like this? We can't mean what we say about freedom so why do we even bother to talk about it? If you do not know the answer to these questions it is alright. I had to speak my mind of this and I thought perhaps you would know.

Anne Ireland

From the I Ching, the reading Ming I

The dark power at first held so high a place that it could wound all who were on the side of good and of the light. But in the end it perishes of its own darkness, for evil must itself fall at the very moment when it has wholly overcome the good, and thus consumed the energy to which it owed its duration.

Dear Seed Freaks,

"I am the eggman you are the eggmen, I am a walrus. . ." the message from California is LOVE--in its purest form--uptight Chicago--fuck it--drop out--DROP OUT--"Please don't be very long please don't be(-)long." leave the filthy ghetto's--grab your old lady (or old man) go to the country--live--LOVE--have children that will continue and live the vibration that is the strongest--convert negative vibes to positive.

**IN CHICAGO KILLS--CREATE--FREAK OUT--NATURE--LOVE--FUCK DIRTY AIR--**

UPTIGHT PEOPLE--I LOVE YOU --I CARE--CHICAGO CAN CAUSE HEMMROIDS (sp? How the fuck do I. . .) the filthy air can break your chromosomes ( w.t.) thing of how trees--woods etc. can help your head--plastic buildings--plastic people don't do anything but put you on an absurdity trip--Instant Thorazine--They're DOWNERS--If you care enough to LOVE--leave the city--it can function without you--can you function in it? DO YOUR THING --FREAK OUT--LOVE--"it's getting better all the time. . ." the streets a drag--it's not reality--it's absurd." (see, already the city has affected me.) I say good-bye I don't want to put people on my trip--"We care a lot--and don't care how." Be an egg man--A Walrus DO IT--LOVE IS REALITY--CHICAGO IS NOT--I LOVE YOU--

"sitting on a cornflake waiting. . ." Vibrate Love--it's contagious Kiss a freak Hug a Head. I LOVE YOU I LOVE YOU I LOVE YOU. goo goo goo joob. Don't Let Chicago become another L. A. TURN ON TO LOVE--end of sermon

J. Mrvos  
c/o Lincoln Park Zoo  
Walrus House

Dear Seed:

You are most cordially invited to attend the "First International Love-In" to be held this summer in Saigon, South Vietnam. The time has come for those of us who see beyond the limitations of our governments to bring an end to the war in Vietnam. If 500,000 to a million of us gather in Vietnam this summer, beginning July 4th, we can bring Peace to our Vietnamese brothers and we can bring our American brothers home.

Let's waste no more time and energy appealing to a government that doesn't govern. If we really want to end the war, then let's go over there and end the war!

Organization: The West Coast tribes should concentrate on transportation, chartering airplanes or cargo ships, at a cost of around \$50 per person. The Mid-West should concentrate on transportation and lodgings for people in transit from the East to the West Coast. The East Coast will have to concentrate on fund-raising.

See you in San Francisco around the first of July!

(signed) Mother of Voices

(For further details — see Mother of Voices, issues #3 and #4 or write Ed Felien, Mother of Voices, Northampton, Massachusetts)

Dear Seed:

My only "actual" purpose for writing is to enclose this very official-looking bit of Government Tax issued toilet paper.

It is undoubtedly my imagination, but this came out right after I became involved in a very heated discussion over whether or not I would carry a gun, go to Viet Nam, "straighten out", etc. This is the very dear price I have to pay when I release my thoughts to others. But I didn't learn if its any easier keeping all of these things within me.

I don't agree with the extremely subversive things you send me but I can't accept the hypocrisy, blind stupidity, gung-ho strict caste system, and red tape & exploration of timid and unnecessary rules & regulations that is this environment.

What I feel, I believe, is that I love this

[continued on page 15



# SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND

Sought: Articulate yin who's integrated to what's going on in this system. (Wanted as guide, freind, by non-artist yang, 40, who desires to know where he's at and to become what he is.) Write "Mac" c/o Seed.

IF YOU MAKE SOMETHING, LIKE BEADS, JEWELRY, LEATHER POUCHES, HOOKAS, CLOTHES, LSD EMBLEMS, SCULPTURE, PSYCHEDELIC PANTIES, LOVE, etc., COME IN AND TELL US WHAT YOUR THING IS AND WE'LL TRY TO FIND YOU A SHOP WHICH WILL SELL YOUR WARES, HIP JOB CO-OP.

1406 N. Sedgwick  
(AT THE SEED)  
337-4534.

Man 35 wants swinging morning or afternoon dates with married or single females. Reply with phone number to Box 14, The Seed, 1406 N. Sedgwick, Chicago, Ill.

GET HIGH NOT BURNED: SAVE your lips and fingertips. Use a Zok-Stick. The perfect portable joint holder. Stylish, practical. Send \$1.00 to the Zok Shop. 404 E. 69th St., NYC, 10021.

AARDVARK CINEMATHEQUE  
In Piper's Alley  
1608 Wells Street  
Chicago, Illinois 60614  
337-4654

Very young man in late 20's well-versed in the underground, the college community, but not the real world, offers himself to attractive married and unmarried women, aged 20-40 who are seeking exciting companionship and friendly sex. Reasonable rates. Call 944-0487.

Out of sight '58 Triumph TR3A for sale to finance trip to promised land. Formerly owned by Seed staff member, and you know now how cool it's gotta be. Drawback. . . needs minor clutch work. Call 777-5934 after 6:00.

YIPPEE! YIPPEE! YIPPEE!  
YIPPEE! YIPPEE! YIPPEE!  
YIPPEE! YIPPEE! YIPPEE!  
YIPPEE! YIPPEE! YIPPEE!  
YIPPEE! YIPPEE! YIPPEE!

TO SELL: Fourteen foot boat; 25 horsepower engine; beautiful handcrafted workmanship. Call 272-3607.

PASSIONATE FEMALE FOLK BUFF over 21 wanted to attend all concerts and workshops Feb. 2-4 at U. of C. folk festival with male folk buff who plays banjo and guitar, so it would be groovy if you played banjo, guitar, mandolin, or fiddle, but not vital, just so you really dig the music. Would be ideal if you have own pad in U. of C. area, but other arrangements possible. Choice seats assured at all performances, would also be nice if we had other interests in common, like photography, angling, and Johnnie's Finé Food. Write Box 333, c/o The Seed.

Kathy from Janey. Get in touch. You owe me \$10.

SEEKS GROOVY CHICK (Or one that would like to be) I'm 24, male, intelligent, handsome, (all that good stuff), looking for good-looking girl, for turn-on, and just talking with. Single or married, but interesting. No phonies, please. Drop me a note, and we will have lunch and dig each other. P. O. Box 50056 Cicero, Ill. 60650.

LOVE SCENE  
Sexual Freedom League newsletter. Mailed in plain cover. \$1.00. SFL, Box 14034, San Francisco, 94114.

IF YOU NEED ARTISTS, BABY SITTERS, HOUSE-CLEANERS, SNOW PUSHERS, MODELS, POSTER DESIGNERS, OR A WILLING WORKER FOR ANY JOB LARGE OR SMALL...CALL 337-4534. HIP JOB CO-OP.

THE HIP JOB CO-OP NEEDS A TYPEWRITER, PEOPLE TO HELP ANSWER PHONE AND LOCATE JOBS AND A PLACE FOR THE JOB CO-OP PEOPLE TO SLEEP, EAT AND FUCK.

Need job now with recording, tech, or dist. Jim 544-0492.

Free -lance photographer needs female figure model. Good rates. Box STP.

'Since we placed our Seed unclassified, our phone hasn't stopped ringing. We've heard from every freak in town.' writes Mrs. M. R. of Chicago.

The most exotic, sophisticated and functional Hash Pipe ever handcrafted. Send \$2.00 to the Zok Shop, 404 E. 69th St., NYC 10021.

SWING BABY, SWING!. New club magazine, "Contemporary Swinger" gets results for hip young adult singles and couples. Sample, \$1.00. Services, Box 3600, St. Paul, Minn. 55101.

Will give money to needy, desperate runaways for food and shelter. Write The Runaway Fund, P. O. Box 246, Forest Hills, N. Y. 11375, and enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

BLOW YOUR MIND, BABY! For our fantastic free lists (wholesale and retail) of UNDERGROUND BUTTONS, PSYCHEDELIC POSTERS & other GOODIES, write: Underground Enterprises, Dept. S, 16 East 42nd St., N. Y., N. Y....then Freak Out!

Shy male, 21, wants to meet shy hippy girl for tender moments, Stone minutes and Beatle Trips together. 642-8913.

Females -- Bread needed by all. Photographer act as your agent. Will take or develop negatives for sale to magazines. All B&W films -- Anscochrome & Ektachrome color slides. Send B&W roll for appraisal. Bob Eman, PO Box 231, Arlington Heights, Ill. 60006

THE SEED REACHES 25,000 USE SEED UNCLASSIFIEDS TO TIGHTEN YOUR GAME

THE COST IS \$1 FOR THE 1st LINE AND 50 CENTS FOR EACH ADDITIONAL LINE; THERE ARE APPROXIMATELY 32 SPACES TO THE LINE. COPY MUST BE SUBMITTED BY NOON SATURDAY BEFORE PUBLICATION.

RIPLEY

Could people believe that you/  
Love anyone/If you do things  
that/Cause you to feel/Unhappiness  
and/Pain?/When you hurt yourself/  
You are hurting/  
A human being that/Doesn't  
deserve it./Who Does?/Love  
is taking/Care/Not to hurt/  
anyone. I mean/Hurting is  
hating/Not loving/Love always/  
Comes from within, and/No  
one really/Comes/Without it.

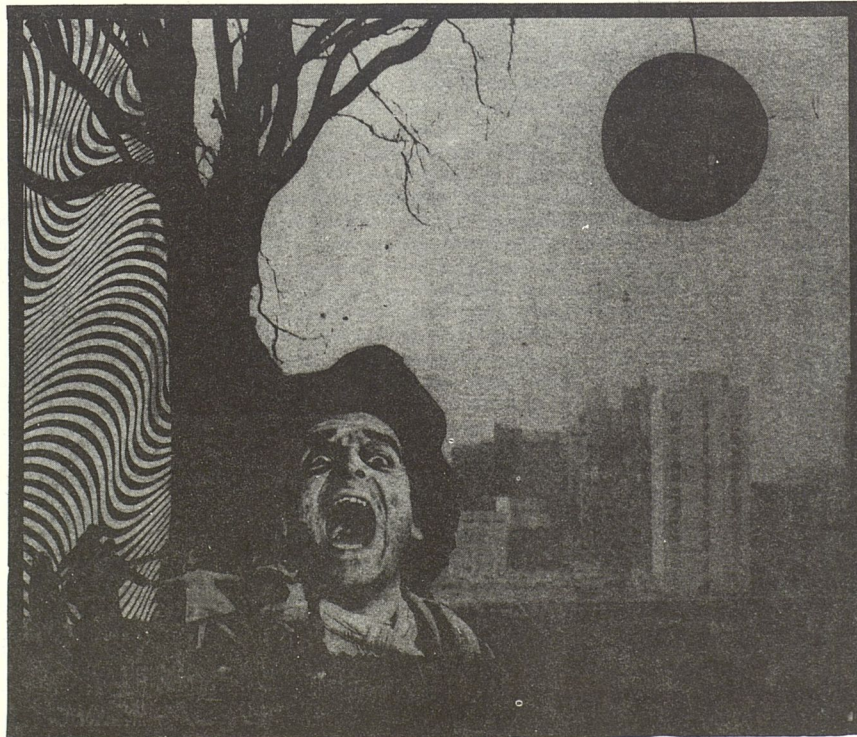
A.K

Established r&b group needs more horns, drums & a Hammond. Call WA 5-2056 r 737-3714

NUDISCOVER

Meet interesting people near you who enjoy soical nudism. Any age. Male/female. Married/single. Send \$1.00. Alan Tuck Assoc., P. O. Box 1532, Dept. SC. Union, N. J. 07083

New Indian sitar for sale, purchased in India. \$295 or best offer. Call 734-7697.

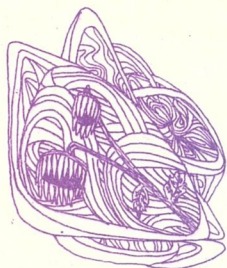




NOW  
 "Cool Hand Luke" as portrayed by Paul Newman at the Woods, Randolph and Dearborn.



Every Friday Night  
 Free films at the Guild Bookstore and Community Center, 2136 N. Halsted. Good books, good movies (of the Chaplin and Laurel & Hardy era), and good people.



Every Sunday  
 Catholic Worker meetings at St. Stephens House, 1339 N. Mohawk. Short presentations followed by round table discussions. 2:30 p.m.

Thanks to Richard Trotter for mimeo instruction.

If you think our calendar looks a little sparse, it's because it is. If you want your event listed in the Seed Calendar, send all pertinent information to The Seed, 1406 N. Sedgwick, c/o The Calendar Girl.

January 28  
 "The Clergy and Civil Disobedience" -- a service in support of draft resisters, led by Fr. Daniel Berrigan, S.J., at McCormick Theological Seminary Chapel, 800 West Belton -- 3:00 p.m.

February 4  
 The Catholic Workers' Meeting at St. Stephen's House, 1339 Mohawk. A talk, entitled, "Income Tax Refusal -- Reasons and Methods", led by an eight-year expert from whom IRS unsuccessfully claims \$958.36.

February 11  
 "Catholics and the Left--The Slant Manifesto" Discussion of the book by Adrian Cunningham. At the Catholic Workers' Meeting, St. Stephens House, 1339 N. Mohawk.

Joe Lomuto in his one-man show called BOTH/AND gives us both love and revolution, acting and performing, poetry and prose.

January 25th  
 THE NATURAL CHILD, 1935 N. Sedgwick, 10:00 & 12:00 p.m. \$1.50.

January 26, 27  
 THE DOOR, 3124 N. Broadway, 9:30 & 11:30, FREE, FREE, FREE.

January 28  
 THE ROOT, 3260 W. Armitage, 8:30 p.m., \$1.00.

January 30  
 DEPAUL UNIVERSITY, Center Theatre, 25 E. Jackson, 4:30 p.m., (it costs).

January 25 & 26  
 Thursday Evening-Friday Afternoon concerts by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra at Orchestra Hall. Ernest Ansermat, conductor.

January 26  
 The Cowsills at the Civic Opera House, 20 N. Wacker. 8:30 p.m.

January 27  
 Birth of Lewis Carroll, 1832.

January 26 & 27  
 The Great Cheetah presents The Tremeloes plus The Lemon Pipers, and the Y-Knots. Admission \$4.00.

January 26, 27, & 28  
 At the Cheetah, 1106 West Lawrence Ave., The Lemon Pipers. Also the One-Eyed Jacks, and the Y-Knots. Admission \$4.00 on Fri. and Sat., \$2.50 on Sunday.



January, February, ?  
 Seed staff leaves for the Promised Land. HOOOOOEEEEEEEE!!

January 26 & 27  
 The Grateful Dead will incarnate themselves long enough to play at The Factory, 315 W. Gorham Street, Madison, Wisconsin.

February 2  
 See The Osborne Brothers, Johnny Shines, Kilby Snow, Joseph Spence, The Poplin Family, Bukka White, and The New Lost City Ramblers at Mandel Hall at the University of Chicago. Sponsored by The University of Chicago Folklore Society, 8:15 p.m. Ricketts \$3.00, \$2.50, and \$2.00.



February 3  
 The University of Chicago Folklore Society will hold one of a series of folk concerts as a part of its eighth annual Festival, at Mandel Hall, 57th Street and University Avenue. Featured are the following: The Osborne Brothers, Bukka White, Joseph Spence, John Jackson, The Poplin Family, and Clark Kessinger. 8:15 p.m. Tickets: \$3.00, \$2.50, and \$2.00.

February 4  
 The University of Chicago Folklore Society presents the following: Howling Wolf, New Lost City Ramblers, Bukka White, John Jackson, Kilby Snow, Joseph Spence, and Clark Kessinger: in a concert given as part of the Eighth Annual University of Chicago Folklore Society Festival. At Mandel Hall, 57th Street and University Avenue, 8:15 p.m. Tickets: \$3.00, \$2.50, and \$2.00

February 8-9  
 Thursday evening-Friday afternoon concerts by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra at Orchestra Hall. Jean Martinon, conductor; Maureen Forrester, contralto; Chicago Symphony Chorus.

February 9, 10, 11  
 At The Cheetah, 1106 W. Lawrence, The Human Beings! Also Jimmy Stells & The Ambassadors, and the Weaker Six. Admission \$4.00 on Friday and Saturday; \$2.50 on Sunday.

February 10  
 Chicago's first indoor Be-in will be celebrated in Illinois Institute of Technology's Student Union Building. All are most welcome. Music will be provided by: Little Boy Blues; Nightshades; Sacrament of Otto; Looking Glass; and In Motion. Vibrations begin at 1:00 p.m., Saturday afternoon.

February 14  
 DEMONSTRATION AGAINST DOW at Northwestern University.



February 16, 17, 18  
 Cheetah features Carl Holmes and The Commanders with Ruth McFadden plus the Exception. Admission \$4.00 on Friday and Saturday, \$2.50 on Sunday.

February 27  
 Jimi Hendrix will demonstrate guitar destruction and body wrestling at The Factory, 315 W. Gorham, Madison. Great light show.

# SEED CALENDAR



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