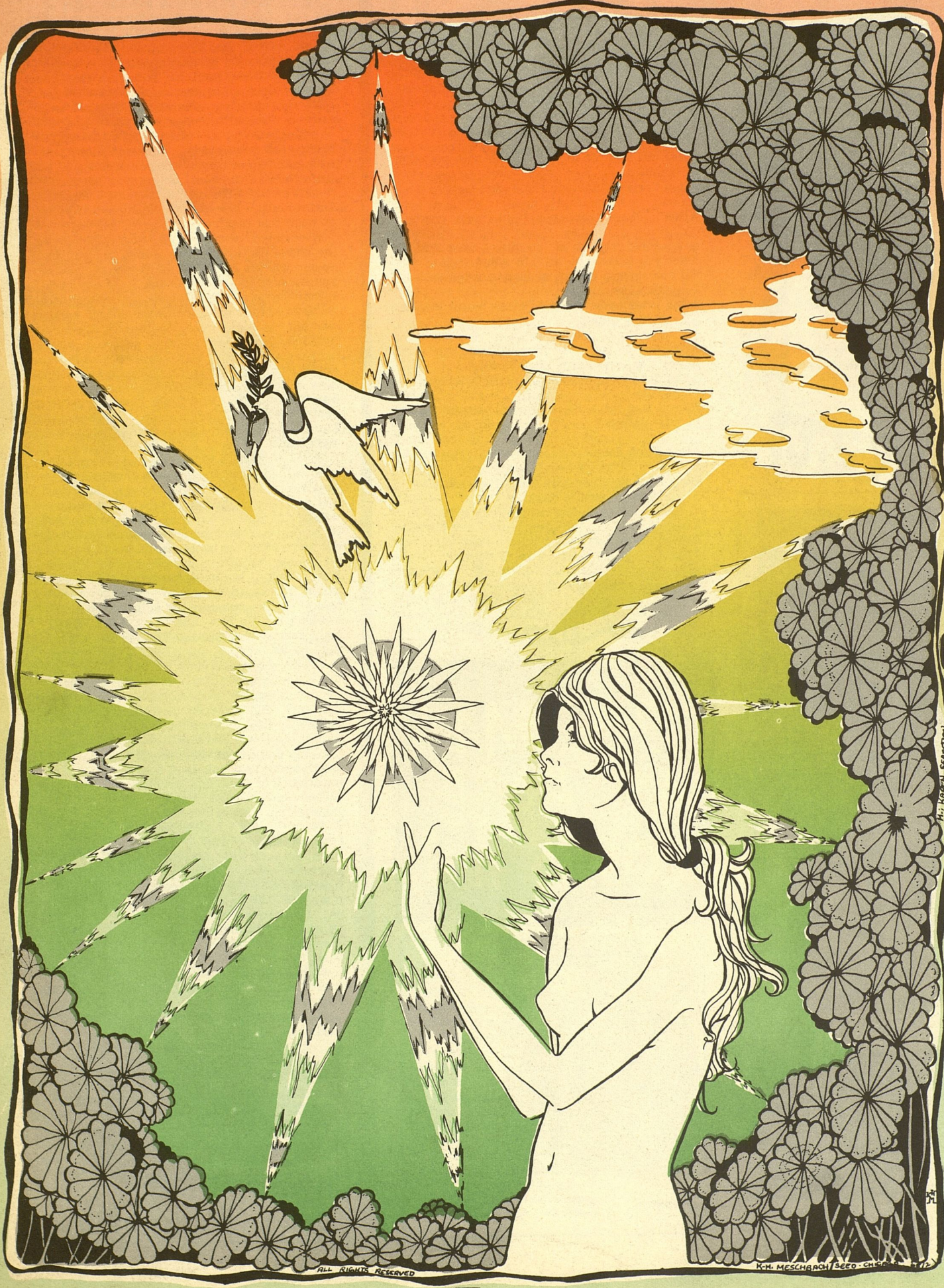


# THE UPS SEED

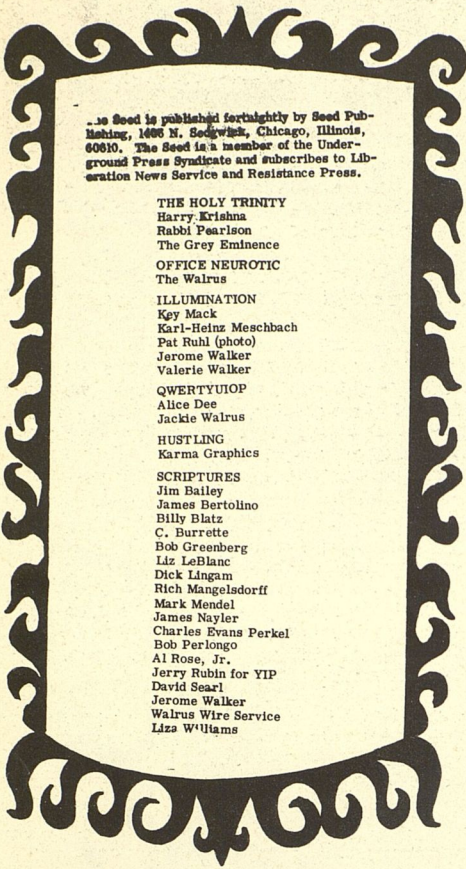


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K.M. MESCHARCH/SEED - CHICAGO - 1972





ALLEN  
or  
SUTRA SELF  
a poem by  
AMERICA

Allen you've given me all and now you're nothing.  
Allen two dollars and something  
Allen January nineteen something  
Allen here is your receipt.

Allen you told me to fuck myself with my atom bomb.  
Allen I tried it and you know what I got?  
An enlarged rectum Allen.  
Allen isn't that something?

Allen don't you like me because I am a WASP?  
Allen you used to be an NJB Allen  
Til you started fooling around with the yellow peril Allen.  
Allen I think you like the Chinks better than me.  
Allen Allen Allen.

Allen why do you wear your hair so long?  
Allen is it a symbol of protest Allen?  
Allen did you have your hair long before the Beatles?  
Allen I saw you suck in your moustache with your coffee.

Allen Allen you troublesome poet  
With your filthy Eastern ways  
What's wrong Allen with apple Pie  
Allen even if there is blood on it?

Allen!  
Are you listening?  
Allen?

-Bob Greenberg



THE MAN  
AT EASE  
LOVES YOU



... "of course a lover, mistress, or couples may be obtained in various ways. However, we already have them. For you see it's our bag."  
(couples \$8)

Thompson

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**BAD TROUBLE**

On the night of February 12th the SEED office was visited for the second time by a black nationalist group calling itself B.A.D. -- Black, Active, and Determined. Black they are, and actively determined to drive the SEED out of Old Town Gardens. It seems we are occupying their old headquarters, which they were forced to leave for nonpayment of rent, and they feel we're on their turf.

In the past few weeks this group had come in, broken our front window, threatened one boy with a knife and ripped his jacket, stopped the little Negro kids from coming in to get papers to sell because "black kids shouldn't be selling a white hippie newspaper", and generally let us know that they're planning to "get" us.

About eight or ten people came to see us on the 12th-- one girl, a one-armed guy who was apparently the leader, a short guy on crutches, and several others, all in the 17-25 age range. I was busy at the light table, and only noticed them after they were inside the office, such was my concentration. The thought flashed across my mind that they must be the B.A.D.s, but they were acting so decorously (aside from copping our Pepsis) that they might as well have been a visiting Sunday School. The one-armed man spoke briefly with Colin Pearlson about the paper and asked to see a copy. Colin gave him a back issue, and the group left, still quite calm and quiet.

Seconds later, a brick crashed through the window. My first thought was "hey, that's cheating--they didn't even act ugly this time, and now they're throwing stuff," and my second was to join in the chorus of voices urging Colin to leave the front door alone and not go running out there after the bastards unless he wanted to be crippled for life. When he had subsided a little, Jackie, his wife, called the cops. (What would Tuli Kupferberg say?) While we waited Nancy and Ike swept up the glass so the dog wouldn't cut his feet, and Colin, Harry Dewar, and I continued patch-and-strip operations at the light table.

The cops came, wrote out their report, and left, promising nothing. Property damage isn't important enough to do anything about, especially in this neighborhood. And there's not nearly the money in it that can be made three blocks east at the North and Wells traffic trap...

Jackie and I went over the whole thing at great length in the next couple of hours, much to the impatience of Colin and Harry, who undoubtedly wished only that these bloody women would quit yammering. Every liberal cliché you could think of was pulled out, and no conclusions were reached except these:

The B.A.D.s are the black equivalent of Nazi storm troopers. They have started on us first figuring that we'd be easiest to get rid of, but if we are easily gotten rid of they won't stop with us. For whatever righteous reasons, and caused by whatever intolerable conditions in their lives, these people are, for all practical purposes, insane. So we have to act toward them as we would toward dangerous mental patients--not in a spirit of hate, but determined not to give in to their sickness.

We stay in Old Town Gardens until we're damn well ready to go.

--the Grey Eminence

DENNIS RICE  
loxmyth  
MO 4-8435  
talk to the machine



The SEED was put down the other night for being neither EVO nor the ORACLE. For which all I can do is breathe a sigh of relief.

We aren't in New York or San Francisco either. But we have our own Chicago sort of bag, and if anyone doesn't like it he's free to leave.

The SEED isn't hard-core political, or hard-core head, or hard-core anything. We have no policy except possibly that of being useful to everyone... and that includes the people who don't run around the country like a bloody side-show, as well as those who do. Personally I'm not a head... I'm too busy, and being straight is so groovy I'd hate to turn it off... but I have no quarrel with those who are in that bag. I'm not gay either, but I have no quarrel with fags. And so on.

As Alan Watts is so fond of quoting: "In the landscape of Spring there is neither better nor worse; The flowering branches grow naturally, some long, some short."

We at the SEED do our thing. Let others do theirs and nobody put anyone down for it. As for me, I think I'll go home and listen to Miles Davis' "Porgy and Bess" while scrubbing the kitchen floor.

Love-  
The Grey Eminence



"SEED FREAK IN FUN CITY"  
OR  
THE CASE OF THE MISSING MAHARISHI  
by Billy Blatz,  
Our New York Correspondent

I had gone to New York to try to show my drawings around to the galleries, only to find I was--PLOP!--in the middle of a week-long garbage collectors' strike ... So there I was ... carrying coals to Newcastle.

I tried to find out first about the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi's think pad, the Transcendental Meditation Institute. I called the Indian Cultural Center and was told there ain't no such place in New York City. The nice Indian gentleman I spoke to said the Maharishi was just there, "signing people up," but he didn't know anything else about it. He seemed surprised when I told him there wasn't a Center in Chicago either (if there is, for God's sake let me know).

I then called the office of EVO and spoke to someone who sounded wiped out. Needless to say, I got nowhere there.

"New York is a summer festival," I says to the waitress in Howard Johnson's on 6th Avenue. "Yeh," says she, "and a winteh gahbidge heap."

A small gallery in the Village featured a sign out front, "BLACK ART HERE.!"

While the "gahbidge" got deeper & deeper, a few people were making political fodder out of it. The Gramercy and Stuyvesant Committee to End the War pasted mimeoed sheets on lampposts above the trash titled "GARBAGE and VIETNAM!" Their point was that the reason there wasn't enough bread to pay the gahbidge men was because it was all being spent on taxes to pay for Commie killing.

Meanwhile, New Yorkers were patiently waiting out the strike. They set 888 rubbish fires in one 24-hour period. You could actually smell them blocks away.

EVO was busted shortly after hitting the stands for a "pornographic" cartoon strip and the follow-up issue had a "join-the-dots" drawing of the offending panel on the cover.

Posters for an EVO Defense Fund Benefit immediately went up all over the Village, featuring such Underground Luminaries as Paul Krassner (The Realist), Tim Leary (The Illusionist), and Charlie Mingus (for all you older jazz hippies).

A cornerstone on Waverley Place proclaims "LOVE, PURITY, 1942." Ah there, you teeny-bops who think it all started in the mid-sixties!

I stopped under a streetlight to copy the cornerstone inscription in my little notebook and I must've been a dramatic sight, for a passing tourist remarked to his fur-draped frau, "You may read that in a novel 2 years from now!" Don't hold your breath, folks!

I passed 2 hours digging freaky Underground closed-circuit TV at Channel One, and tumbled into bed as my little pocket radio joyfully announced, "The streets are alive with the sound of music -- the clatter of gahbidge trucks going back to work."

And so, I left the teeming streets of Gotham--along with 100,000 tons of gahbidge.

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# AN IMPOLITE INTERVIEW

## WITH THE SEEDS

ANNOUNCER: Tonight we present the Frank Cardinal Spellman Show direct from the altar of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. Our sponsors are the Holy Trinity, makers of the universe, and the Catholic Church, manufacturers of the resurrection, Purgatory, and eternal life. Now here he is, that brother of all men, that defender of Western civilization, Frank Spellman.

SPELLMAN: Thank-you, This evening our guest is Jesus Christ, a migrant miracle worker from Nazareth. Here he is.

CHRIST: Glad to be on the show, Frank.

S: That's alright, Jesus. Could you tell the audience how you started in miracles? What's your background?

C: Actually I'm the Son of God.

S: Wait a minute, don't proclaim your divinity so early.

C: Okay, but remember, he who is not with me is against me. It all began with my mother who was a virgin.

S: No, no, the audience will never believe that.

C: They have for 2000 years. Let me make the doctrines, Frank. After my miraculous birth this guy Herod tried to do me in. So me and my folks cut out for Egypt. There I learned Joseph's trade, carpentry, but I didn't like it. My father used to make crosses for the town executioner. It used to scare the hell out of me.

S: What did you do when you came back from Egypt?

C: I studied theology at Beelzebub University in Jerusalem. But I got into trouble with the Pharisees there when I began practicing black magic. This group of Apostles I hang out with helped me. One trick I had was to change water and wine into human flesh and blood. Then I'd sell it around the bazaar. I told people if they wanted to be my disciples they'd have to eat my flesh and drink my blood.

S: What happened after that?

C: Well, Frank, the word got around that if anyone wanted to hang around with me they'd have to eat me. Guys began saying that I was queer.

S: I've heard that too. What's with you and the beloved disciple, John?

C: Nothing. He's a very sweet boy.

S: Could you work that water and wine trick on my show?

C: Let me talk to my lawyer first. The last time I did it in public I got caught by the Roman police. They brought me to the station to see the captain, Pontius Pilate. Crazy bastard! He was always washing his hands!

S: What did they charge you with?

C: Let me explain. During the trial they let this creep Barrabas go. It was very embarrassing. I was charged with claiming to be God without a license.

S: That's too bad. I heard you were having trouble with the Scribes at the temple.

C: Yeah. I asked them too many embarrassing questions like 'why can't you read Hebrew?' After that they threw me out of the temple and I started preaching on streetcorners.

S: Do you make enough money from this?

C: No. This chick I'm living with, Mary Magdalene, supports me with her earnings.

If anyone asks me any funny questions I say 'if any of you are without sin, cast the first stone.' Some smart-ass heard me and hit me with a rock. I still have a headache from it.

S: What are your plans now that you've been kicked out of the synagogue?

C: I'm starting my own church. Four friends of mine have done public relations writing for me, you must have seen the Gospels.

S: Yes, I have. But all those things you claim, raising the dead, healing the sick, you think anyone will buy it?

C: Frank, between you and me, we know I can't do that shit. But people will believe anything that I do or say because I tell them that I'm the Son of God. God can do anything.

S: How do you think your new religion will stack up against Buddhism or Hinduism?

C: It's easy. I say that my church is the only true one. This way I can get absolute obedience from my followers.

S: What advice would you give to a young man who is just starting out?

C: I'd tell him to go into religion, Frank.

That's where the money is. You can start small, work up a few miracles, fulfill a few prophecies that your agent has made up. When you get enough people to believe in you then you can really sock it to 'em and say that you're God. You don't have to prove it. Then tell them that the world is coming to an end and people will sell everything they own and give it to you. It always works, Frank.

S: Our time is up now. Thanks for coming on the show.

C: It was nothing, Frank. Remember, I'll be with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.

Jim Bailey



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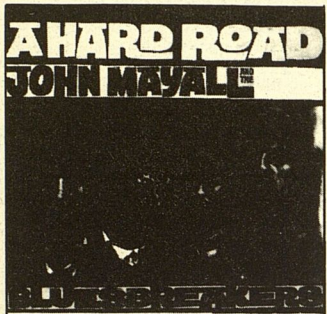
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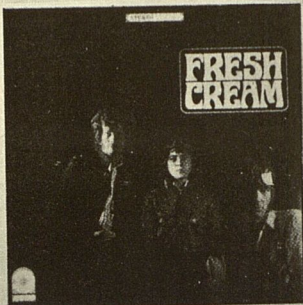
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ON BEYOND FOLDING,  
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"The older, traditional ideas of private, isolated thoughts and actions... are very seriously threatened by new methods of instantaneous electric information retrieval, by the electrically computerized dossier bank---that one big gossip column that is unforgiving, unforgetful and from which there is no redemption, no erasure of early 'mistakes'. We have already reached a point where remedial control, born out of knowledge of media and their total effects on all of us, must be exerted."

Marshall McLuhan,  
The Medium is the Message

The system MUST be beat. The alternative, Big Brother having almost every past action of each citizen available at a flash, would be the END. Political and social mavericks could be much more easily hounded, denied employment, etc. Other possibilities exist. I think it's practical to make a statistical profile of typical "offenders," such as grass-smokers (higher education and intelligence, read SEED rather than the CHICAGO TRIBUNE, etc., etc.). Then ask the Machine who all fits the profile, and Bang. It's entirely likely in our data-oriented society that statistical probability of a violation will become legal basis for issuing warrants of search, seizure, and/or arrest. Fill in your pet paranoia; modern science can make it come true.

So, since it MUST be done, how to do it? Though the problem is grim, I think a Games approach offers a promising lead: "Freak-out the Machine."

(You may well say that the Machine does only what the men in charge tell it to do--- that the solution is political. But I believe that the data direction is inevitable, that no men who stand any chance of being elected to office could or would avoid it. The Ring of Power corrupts everyone.)

Obviously, data processing on the totalitarian scale requires that the Machine can identify an individual consistently, no matter what data about the individual it's swallowing. For openers, try using variations of your name when Filling out Forms (the sacred

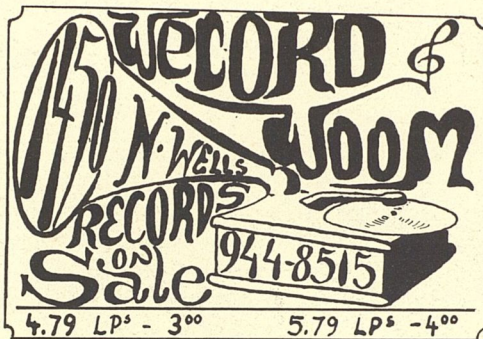
rite of the data society). Richard Lingam, R. Lingam, Richard Harry Lingam, for example. If your last name (or first) can plausibly be spelled different ways, do it! Inconsistency is the goal. Remember, the Machine is fast, but STUPID; it must have exactly the same name to be sure it's you. Freak it out.

Change your name periodically. Remember the guy who recently reversed the letters of his name to get out from under. It took about 1 1/2 years, with him helping, for Big Brother to get squared away. Take your father's or mother's name. Give your son your name without the Jr., give all four of your sons the same name. Men take feminine names; girls take masculine names. Adopt names that will confuse the machine. Joe Heller had the right idea: Major Major Major may be a common name in a few years.

Now of course the computer can be programmed to check birthdates and social security numbers against names when compiling. So vary these. Just one digit changes--- after all, anyone can make a mistake---can Freak-out the Machine. When giving dates of employment on a Form, vary them slightly. The permutations are endless.

But that's only a delaying action. Big Brother will eventually give everyone a single number. It will be theirs for life---their social security number, draft card number, employment number, telephone number, the whole bag. More properly, the number will be given a person.

Fight back. Invent fictitious persons



Watch for the SEED's Kite Page, and be with us for our First Annual Fly-In in Lincoln Park next month. Details to come...

with fictitious numbers. This will need the cooperation of many people. If an entirely fictitious person starts "living" (and to the Machine, turning in data is living), confusion will result. Some years ago I read a science fiction story about a similar struggle--- a full revolt actually---that started with a data clerk inventing "Sam Hall" to Freak-out the Machine. If you know the folk song Sam Hall, you get the point. Yesterday's science fiction is today's bad news.

Of course, at that point it will become a capital offense to turn in false data to the Machine. It will become the worst of crimes.

It may be that suicide commando raids on data centers will occur, raids to destroy stored data. But Fort Knox-type security and multiple storage of the same data will probably make them futile gestures.

Another possible approach is through the courts. Perhaps concentrated effort will win for those who choose a "non-data" status, i.e. a conscientious objector to supplying data to the Machine. Of course, you would likely have to forfeit all rights as a citizen at the same time ("War is Peace" of 1984 is already here---can "unperson" be far behind?). Perhaps on your 17th birthday you will get to make a choice: being a numbered person, or an un-numbered unperson. A drop-out. You can't beat their game, why play it?

It may be, and probably is, that my above approaches are hopelessly naive and inadequate. What's really needed is for people who are professional data-processors to work out ways to Freak-out the Machine. I have hopes; after all, they should see where we're going more clearly than anyone else. There must be some real people in there that will do something like drop acid one day and suddenly SEE!

But the rest of us should think, create, brainstorm, write and talk ideas, no matter how crazy, because the crazy ones may suggest better ones. And Do them, change numbers, names, start a Sam Hall, today. Now sing this all together---Freak-out the Machine

Dick Lingam

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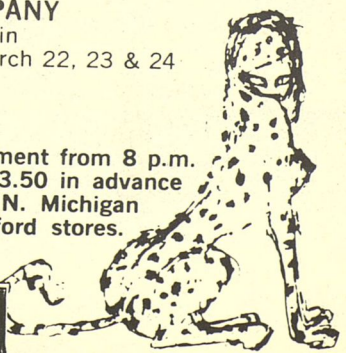
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CHEETAH





# THE YIPPEES IN CHICAGO

Jerry Rubin, a long-time peace activist in Berkeley, is a founder and organizer for Youth International Party (Y. I. P.) which plans to hold a major, week-long celebration in Chicago at the end of August. The festival they are working on will bring to Chicago rock-groups, painters, poets and assorted freaks from all over the world.

The following is excerpted from the Seed's interview with Rubin:

**Seed:** Why are the YIPs coming to Chicago?

**Rubin:** What we have to do is to bring people here in massive, massive numbers, with massive visibility. Because it is in our numbers and our visibility and our common support of each other that we gain strength. In Chicago in August, every media in the world is going to be here, double and triple, and we're going to be the news and everything we do is going to be sent out to living rooms from India to the Soviet Union to every small town in America. It is a real opportunity to make clear the two Americas.

**Seed:** How do you think Chicago will react?

**R:** First of all I think that Daley has succeeded phenomenally in winning people's heads and creating a myth about the city and about its power and willingness to use power, that is just just incredible and that has frightened people. This has forced people to hide under their beds, forced people to deny who they are, and really prevented any kind of an explosion of energy taking place in Chicago. Instead of killing anybody, he's just brought out the instruments to kill and frightened everybody away. I can understand that people are afraid, but I think that people should understand that the myth of power is usually much more effective than power itself. I think the two things of creation and protest, creation and confrontation are like tensions which have to be very much balanced. At the same time we're confronting them, we're offering our alternative and it's not just a narrow, political alternative, it's an alternative way of life. It's an alternative sense of identification, an alternative attitude, an alternative toward work, an alternative attitude toward the nation, toward family, toward money, I mean, we burn money and they burn money, but we burn the dollar bill and they use it to burn people.

This whole thing can be looked upon as a theater. It's important that there's troops there, because they're an important part of the theater. You have the theater of the convention and its bullshit politics and Johnson, and he's important to the theater because he's stupid; and you have the paratroopers and they're going to be important and Daley's important and we're important. A kid turns on television and there is his choice. Does he want to be smoking pot, dancing, fucking, stopping traffic, and going to jail or does he want to be in a blue uniform beating up people or does he want to be in the convention with a tie strangling his throat making ridiculous deals and nominating a murderer.

See, the interesting contrast is that there are going to be two freak shows coming to Chicago. One freak show is going to come by a airplane, carrying briefcases, drunk on martinis, and alcoholic shit, nothing in their heads, coming to nominate the President; and they could just as well be bankers or businessmen. They are going to stay in the best, antiseptic, boring, dumb hotels, and eat in the restaurants that best protect them from any kind of living

BY JERRY RUBIN

1968 is the year of the "yippees."

A yippee is anyone who wants to be. A yippee! sounds like the name. Say it loud, and you'll see what I mean. Yippee! Yippee!

The yippees will be in Chicago this August for the youth festival, or Youth International Party, YIP.

The yippees were born at the Pentagon last October, although they have been developing in the womb of Mother America since the late 1950's.

The yippees are the children of the middle class, children who refuse to "grow up," refuse to accept the world their parents created. The yippees have had white middle class America, and they didn't like it.

A yippee is a stoned-idealist, moved by a vision of a future utopia. He is a romantic. It is not fear which moves the yippee; it is faith and hope.

The yippees are fighting for their own freedom. The yippees know in their bones what America has done---rivers of blood, man against man, death of spirit, denial of dignity. The yippee is free because he is engaged and committed to change.

The yippee sees America as a huge prison, with her institutions (bureaucracies, office buildings, armies, universities, schools) as bars. The yippees are drop-outs from that world. They were raised on horror stories of Eichmann, the bureaucratic cop-out.

The yippees are with the Vietnamese, peasant guerrillas wherever they are, and the black and other struggling people of America in this mid-20th century saga of the battle of Man vs. Machine.

To America's insanity, the yippees ask: "Why?" Yippees are naive.

The answers?

"You're freaky-looking."

"The Chinese are coming."

"Watch out for the commies."

"Get a bath."

The yippee is not busy working within the system or trying to explain his actions to the Establishment or the middle-class mentality. He is too concerned with creating a clear alternative, an underground, an opposition. He is involved in a cultural revolution. In the process he is seducing the 10-year-olds with happenings, community, youth power, dignity, underground media, music, legends, marijuana, action, myth, excitement, a new style.

The yippees are out there blocking traffic, throwing blood, burning money, tying up government telephone wires, milling in, fucking up the draft, throwing live snakes into Dow Chemical executive cocktail parties.

You probably don't agree with this description of yippee, but that's because you are a yippee, and you have your own fantasy.

\* \* \*

The New Left created the teach-in, the hippy created the be-in, and the yippee is creating the do-in or live-in. America's first youth festival will be a do-in and it will take place Aug. 25 to Aug. 30 in Chicago in Grant Park.

That's the same time the National Death Party meets to crown LBJ. Quite a coincidence! The world will see what the youth of America thinks of the Death Party and its war games. Our youth festival will be a living alternative. Take your choice.

Imagine the sight, thousands upon thousands of yippees, from 200,000 and beyond, making their way to Chicago by thumb Magical Mystery Tour bus, bicycle, car, truck, foot--- from big town to small hamlet---carrying sleeping bags, guitars, blankets, food---and coming together in the middle of the country at the end of the summer for a super-creative synthesis, energy explosion, information exchange.

It will be a total multi-media experience. For six days we will be together sharing and learning. Every morning all our money is thrown into big barrels to buy enough food to feed everyone. Our own Alice's Restaurant! And that tells America how we think the needs of human beings should be solved---everything free.

The music will be free. The performers will be playing for their community. Definite already are Country Joe and the Fish, the Fugs, Arlo Guthrie, Phil Ochs, the United States of America band, Pageant Players, Bread and Puppet Theater, Allen Ginsburg, Timothy Leary, Paul Krassner, Steve Miller Blues band; invitations are now going out to Dylan, Eric Burdon, the Monkeys, the Jefferson Airplane, Richie Havens, Simon and Garfunkel, the Doors, the Who, Beatles, Mothers of Invention, Mamas and the Papas, Janis Ian, the Cream, Smothers Brothers, to name just a few.

Walk across Grant Park at any time during the youth festival and you'll find:

1. Free mikes and soapboxes for anyone who wants to rap.
2. Free mimeo for anyone who has something to say.
3. The underground papers will come from all over the country to publish a daily paper for the festival. They'll do it right in the park and teach people how to start and do a paper.

4. Film-makers will hold workshops, showing at night what they film during the day.
5. Workshops will be continuous on the draft, and how to end it.

A real school for drop-outs. Art of the streets, art for and from the people. You name it, You do it. Everyone participates---every man a creator.

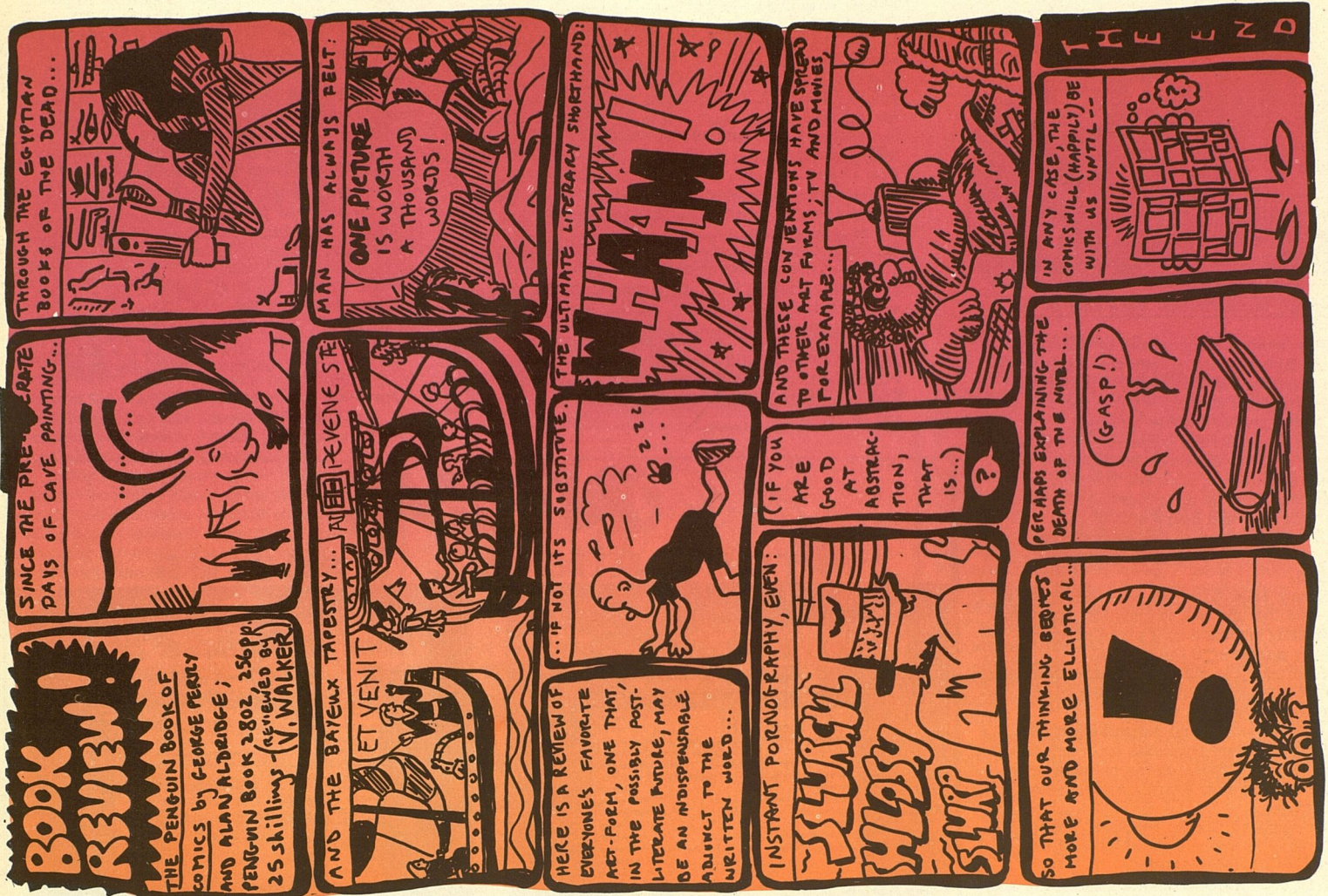
6. We'll have yippees dressed like Vietcong, walking the streets and shaking hands like ordinary American politicians. We'll infiltrate right-wing crowds with short-hair yippee veterans who, at the proper moment, will blow minds with speeches like: "Now, these here yippees have something to say..."

7. Guerrilla theater groups will be there. The day before LBJ arrives we will announce to the overground press that the President will arrive at 2 p.m. at O'Hare Airport. And it will be our own LBJ who will be greeted enthusiastically by the yippees, honored with a motorcade through the city, and then grant a press conference to announce America's withdrawal from Vietnam. You are there!

8. Yippees plan to paint their cars like cabs, pick up delegates, and drop them off in Wisconsin. We are infiltrating the hotels with bellboys, cooks. We are also infiltrating the press.

9. We'll also have our own theater-convention. We'll nominate Bancroft P. Hogg, a pig made out of vegetables, for President, and LBJ for Vice-President. After Hogg is nominated, we will eat him. And we will say to America: "You nominate a President and he eats the people. At our convention, we nominate a President and we the people eat him!"





situation that best puts them in some heavenly dull world and spend their time at the convention giving their canned cheers for candidates. That's one freak show, that's freaky, you know. There is no way to talk to that. I cannot see going to those people and saying, "end the war in Vietnam." I can only see going to them and saying, "you're a bunch of thieves, murderers, get out of here." That's one freak show.

Another freak show is going to be the long-hair, mustache, beards, psychedelic colors, pot, trailers, cars, tents, bumping into town in Chicago, that's another freak show. And there's the two freak shows. That's what's going to happen.

That week in Chicago will be a living theater of America. King will be there, also Gregory, also Spock and the peace movement. The Democrats will probably have to travel from hotel to convention hall by helicopter. Johnson will be nominated under military guard, under the protection of bayonets and the Army. Even if Chicago does not burn, the paranoia and guilt of the government will force them to bring thousands of troops, and the more troops, the better the theater.

A lot of troops will have to stay and watch us (long hair freaks them out), diverting troops from the black community. And the yippees, being wanderers, will be all over the city.

Lyndon Johnson and his Democratic Party gang cannot rule this country---it is becoming clearer every day. The choice is between the life of youth and the death of the Establishment. For those who don't see that now, Chicago will be an eye-opener.

Yippee!

10. The youth festival will dramatize the nation's most massive collective and individual acts of resistance. One night 100,000 people will burn draft cards at the same moment, with the fires spelling out: "Beat Army." The next day all the pyromaniacs will send signed letters to the government confessing their act, and will encourage more young men to follow them.

This do-in will be unique in that it must be a bottom-up revolution to succeed. Heavy preparations are naturally needed. You are needed to work on it to make it happen. It will not be done for you. We have opened up a coordinating office, at YIP, room 607, 32 Union Square East, New York, 10003, New York, phone (212) 982-5090, and we are there coordinating information.

At the same time as the American Youth Festival (YIP), youth festivals may take place all over the world, dramatizing the youth international revolution.

The Chicago power structure, especially Mayor Daley, is not going to be thrilled about our using Grant Park. But with hundreds of thousands of us, what are they going to do? It is our human right. We are confident of receiving a permit to use Grant Park.



The SEED is pleased to announce its GRAND BENEFIT on March 25th, at the Cheetah, Lawrence Avenue at the El. All the Seedfreaks will be there, and the most fantastic array of musical talent ever assembled in one place---We aren't allowed to be more specific, but it should be a trip and a half. More details later as the vast plans unfold.....

Put wow on the wall!!!  
PSYCHEDELIC FULL-COLOR  
**BEATLE POSTERS**

(Actual size 22 1/2" x 31")



JOHN

RINGO

GEORGE



PAUL

Big, full-color brand-new posters of the fabulous Beatles! A psychedelic blast for the young of all ages. Flame-bright John... Flower-power Paul... Dove-loving Ringo... Mystic George. All clicked in Swinging London by world-famous photographer RICHARD AVEDON, and printed in dazzling, first-time colors that turn on the patterns of our lives. Like the Big Four themselves, they're kicks, a happening, an art form, a chest thump. Get them and believe.

**\$1.50 EACH**

Photographed in Swinging London by RICHARD AVEDON. Exclusively for LOOK Magazine.



BEATLEBANNER 3 1/2 feet-wide, black-and-white portrait © 1967 News Enterprises Ltd. All rights reserved.

**THE MOLEHOLE**

230 W. NORTH AVE. CHICAGO, ILL.





Orangeburg black victims were shot in the back.

New evidence uncovered by Newsday reporter Brian Donovan indicates that two of the three young black victims of police bullets at Orangeburg, S.C. Feb. 9 were shot in the back, perhaps while fleeing.

Two white faculty members at the State College, William Hine and Jack Dodds, said that they discovered exploded firecrackers lying in the grass in the general area where police said they had heard sniper fire.

"We got to the scene as the students were running away, and we didn't see any guns," Hine said.

Henry Lake from the S.C. governor's office said that the cop in question had been superficially wounded by a piece of wood thrown by someone in the crowd.

Lake said the students ignored police orders to disperse, but acknowledged that no warning shots were fired.

Local police and federal sources said that no student firearms or empty shell casings had been found on the campus or in the surrounding area despite a three-day investigation.

Orangeburg County coroner, Joseph Dickie, said an inquest would be held into the death of the three youths.

Although police denied knowledge of any autopsy findings, it was learned that Dr. Roy C. Campbell of Orangeburg Regional Hospital signed a death certificate saying that 18-year old Samuel Hammond of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., a freshman at the state college, was killed by a single bullet in the back that severed a major artery. Campbell treated Hammond for 45 minutes before the youth died.

Another local doctor, Albert Wolfe, who examined the body of 17-year old Delano Middleton, said that Middleton was killed by bullets that had entered his chest from the front. But Edward T. Jones, the funeral director who embalmed the body, said that the wound was in the back of the youth's right shoulder.

Jones produced young Middleton's jacket, shirt, and undershirt, turned over to him by the hospital. Each garment had a large hole in that location, with no holes in the front. FBI agents, who have refused to discuss their "investigation," visited Jones' funeral parlor last Saturday night and took numerous photos of the bodies and clothing of both Hammond and Middleton. "They told me when they were through that they were satisfied both these young men were shot in the back," Jones said. --LNS

Clint Westcott, 51, known hereabouts as "whiskers" or "the old man," has 44 cents in his pocket and \$19,219.68 in a New York bank which he won't accept.

"I'd rather stay at the bottom of the barrel. I'm not ready to go over to the other side. Not yet. Hand me a dollar. I'll take it---buy a little drink, a little smoke, Clint says.

The freeman, called by the L. A. Times which uncovered the story, a "bum," got the money from the sale of a gas station he owned and abandoned in 1933 in Burnt Hills, N. Y. --LNS

Some recommendations on what the individual can do to protest the war:

1. Refuse to pay the federal excise tax on your telephone bill. This tax is ear-marked for the Vietnam war. Bell Telephone doesn't care if you pay it or not. No one has yet been prosecuted for refusal.
2. Refuse to buy any product of the Dow Chemical Corporation, e.g. Saran Wrap, Handi-Wrap, Dow Oven Cleaners, Sight Savers, Shoe Saver, Suede Saver, Sno-Shoo, Dow Bathroom Cleaner, or Weatherset antifreeze. And write Dow a letter telling them so.
3. Write to: your alderman, the mayor, your state representative, your state senator, the governor, your U.S. Congressman, your U.S. senators and the President, telling them that you will vote, but you will not vote for any candidate who does not advocate an end to the draft, cuts in military spending, and immediate withdrawal of U. S. troops and weapons from Vietnam, Laos, Thailand, Guatemala, Peru and Bolivia. --MH

Beads, bare feet, and other "fantastic getups" will hereafter be no longer permitted in postal carriers according to a new fiat of the Berkley, California authorities. Assistant Postmaster General Richard Murphy has decided beards must be "kept trimmed" and hair kept "not below the earlobes" if "Hippies" expect to weather snow, sleet, etc. for Uncle S. The P.O. has been forced to hire the longhairs, Murphy said to UPI, because it is "hemmed in by numerous laws and regulations which were designed to prevent discrimination in hiring on grounds of race, religion or politics. "The hippies," he added, "are highly educated so they make tremendous scores (on the postal intelligence test) and go right to the top of the hiring register. In other words, the P.O. can't dump a mailman because he is black or a hippie. They are therefore stuck with the most intelligent of their applicants. Now ain't that a shame. --from the Berkeley Barb

# NEW

## From Atlantic Records

Volume 1  
**History of Rhythm & Blues**  
*The Roots 1947-54*

OL' MAN RIVER	THE RAYERS
IT'S TOO SOON TO KNOW	THE DRIFTERS
DRINKIN' WINE SPO-DEE-O-DEE	"STICK" McGOHEE & HIS BUDDIES
COLE SLAW	FRANK CULLY
IF YOU SEE THE TEARS IN MY EYES	THE DELTA RHYTHM BOYS
ANYTIME ANYPLACE ANYWHERE	LAURIE TATE & JOE MONROE ORIOLE
GOODNIGHT IRENE	LEADBELLY
DON'T YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU	THE CLOVERS
SHOULDN'T I KNOW	THE CARONALS
CHAINS OF LOVE	JOE TURNER
HEAVENLY FATHER	EDNA McGRUFF
WHEEL OF FORTUNE	THE CARONALS
5-10-15 HOURS	RUTH BROWN
ONE MINT JULEP	THE CLOVERS

ATLANTIC  
MONO 801

Volume 2  
**History of Rhythm & Blues**  
*The Golden Years 1953-55*

A BEGGAR FOR YOUR KISSES	THE DIAMONDS
MAMA HE TREATS YOUR DAUGHTER MEAN	RUTH BROWN
YES YES YES	THE CLOVERS
MONEY HONEY	THE DRIFTERS featuring CLYDE McPHATTER
SHABOOM	THE CHOROS
SHAKE, RATTLE & ROLL	JOE TURNER
HONEY LOVE	THE DRIFTERS featuring CLYDE McPHATTER
JAM UP	TOMMY RIDGELLEY
TWEEDLE DEE	LA VERN BAKER
I'VE GOT A WOMAN	RAY CHARLES
BLUE VELVET	THE CLOVERS
CLOSE YOUR EYES	THE FIVE KEYS
ADORABLE	THE DRIFTERS
GREENBACKS	RAY CHARLES

ATLANTIC  
MONO 802

Volume 3  
**History of Rhythm & Blues**  
*Rock & Roll 1956-57*

SMOKEY JOE'S CAFE	THE ROBINS
DEVIL OR ANGEL	THE CLOVERS
CORINNE, CORINNA	JOE TURNER
RUBY BABY	THE DRIFTERS
TREASURE OF LOVE	CLYDE McPHATTER
SINCE I MET YOU BABY	IVORY JOE HUNTER
JIM DANDY	LA VERN BAKER
FOOLS FALL IN LOVE	THE DRIFTERS
SEARCHIN'	THE COASTERS
YOUNG BLOOD	THE COASTERS
C. C. RIDER	CHUCK WELLS
JUST TO HOLD MY HAND	CLYDE McPHATTER
LONG LONELY NIGHTS	CLYDE McPHATTER
DOWN IN THE ALLEY	THE CLOVERS

ATLANTIC  
MONO 803

Volume 4  
**History of Rhythm & Blues**  
*The Big Beat 1958-60*

VARIETY YAK	THE COASTERS
SPRINK PLASH	BOBBY DARR
A LOVER'S QUESTION	CLYDE McPHATTER
I CRIED A TEAR	LA VERN BAKER
CHARLIE BROWN	THE COASTERS
THERE GOES MY BABY	THE DRIFTERS
WHAT'D I SAY	RAY CHARLES
POISON IVY	THE COASTERS
IF YOU CRY TRUE LOVE, TRUE LOVE	THE DRIFTERS
DANCE WITH ME	THE DRIFTERS
THIS MAGIC MOMENT	THE DRIFTERS
SAVE THE LAST DANCE FOR ME	THE DRIFTERS
SPANISH HARLEM	BEN E. KING
GEE WHIZ	CARLA THOMAS
I COUNT THE TEARS	THE DRIFTERS

ATLANTIC  
MONO 804

### Look for Them at Your Local Record Store



News of local draft resisters:

Jeremy Mott was originally sentenced to five years by judge Parsons for leaving alternative service. There were several continuances during which Jeremy was to thing about accepting a CO status again and Parsons was supposed to reconsider the sentence. Parsons finally reduced Jeremy's sentence to four years. He is now at the federal penitentiary in Marion, Illinois. (a maximum security prison in which, as far as we know, there are no other public resisters). Dan Fallon's trial was Jan. 18th. His lawyers attempted to discuss the Constitutionality of the draft law according to the 4th, 5th, and 13th amendments. Parsons dismissed this after a brief dialogue, and then Dan had his chance to explain why he was a resister. Dan we found guilty of refusing induction and was sentenced to five years. Dan is appealing the case on the constitutional issues. However, Parsons denied Dan any appeal bond, and had him immediately incarcerated, which was a shock to all present. His lawyers are currently taking the necessary steps to try to get Dan out on bail. Dan's wife, Mary, is pregnant, and has some medical expenses that she and her husband were in the process of arranging for when he was put in jail. Any contribution to the CADRE family fund would be greatly appreciated.

Fred Aviles returned to court to be sentenced on Feb. 6th, after having been found guilty of refusing induction. He was sentenced to 3 years and is to report to the federal lock-up on Feb. 16th. Fred has been active in the Spanish-speaking community with LADO, and has also worked with CADRE.

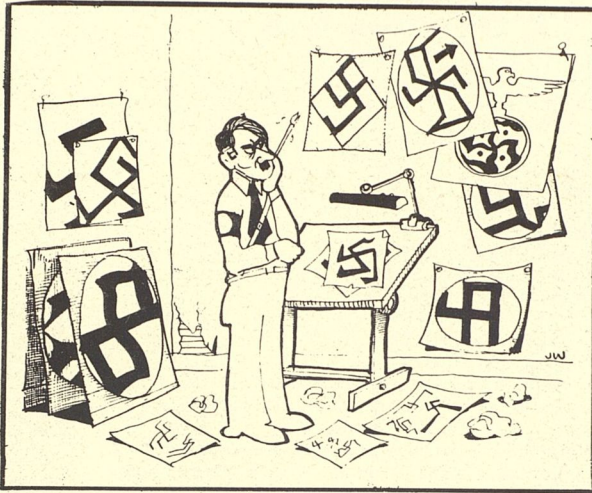
Senator Thomas Dodd's Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency is planning hearings on LSD. They have not yet been scheduled. These hearings will consider legislation to make personal use of LSD, or possession for personal use, a Federal criminal offense. Johnson has given this legislation high priority. The Psychedelic Information Center of Washington, D.C. (P.O. Box 4958) has requested that medical and professional persons and organizations write to Senator Dodd to ask to testify to make their views known. "Unreasonable fear of LSD could cause passage of damaging Federal legislation not based on evidence," the Psychedelic Info Center said. The Center added, "We will know who does testify, and would appreciate hearing from anyone whose offer is rejected." -- LNS

Valentine's Day at Circle Campus, Tim Leary, more lucid than in the past, spoke to and with about 500 interested people. The vibes were good.

After his speech, which covered God, Man, the Universe, and acid, among other subjects, a confrontation with mark Rigoni became theatre when a black student asked Rigoni if he planted shit on suspects. Rigoni's answer--"how would you feel if I called you a nigger?"--was a tribute to Leary's lack of faith in structured higher education. (Rigoni is a college graduate.)

Later, Leary conferred with a group of Yippies, suggesting a rapprochement with the black community and the holding of the August love convention in Washington Park. (Washington Park?) Final decisions on this and other matters will be made in April.

On Feb. 15, Leary and wife were to be found at Lincoln Park's Farm-In-The-Zoo, where they staged a mock lantern-and-cow ceremony, which was well attended by the overground press, fire department, and other circus-lovers. (Oh Christ...)



Coca-Cola Co. says it is introducing a new drink to combat malnutrition. The beverage, called Saci, is being test marketed in Rio de Janiero, according to a report in the Wall Street Journal. Saci contains protein and vitamins, the company says, presumably to distinguish it from its better-known product. "We are all becoming increasingly aware that two-thirds of the world's population suffer from some degree of malnutrition," Coca-Cola president J. Paul Austin said in introducing Saci. -- LNS



FLASH FROM THE U. P. I. Appleton, Wisc.

Allan Ginsberg and forty Lawrence University students gathered around the grave of the deceased Joseph R. McCarthy. The group held an hour long exorcism rite. The purpose was to summon him from whatever happy place he is in and send him into nowhere. The reason for this is for all the "bad things" the wicked Senator had done.

The bearded Ginsberg and his group (among the elite group were the renowned Fugs of Crotch Rock fame) "made a holy circle around the grave," and sucked him out of eternity. "He (McCarthy) was among us," according to Linda Hatchell, 19, a coed who attended the ceremony.

McCarthy, who died in 1957, used Congressional immunity to carry out the infamous Pinko Prevert witch hunts, often without proof.

Miss Hatchell, who said she "danced on the grave," described the ceremony as "beautiful, maybe just because we were forty people out there freezing together."

She said the onlookers placed offerings on the grave, including money, cigarettes, and flowers. Sen. McCarthy, wherever you are, sock it to 'em.

NOTE: Dennis Riordan, who was sentenced on December 18, 1967 to three years by judge Julius Hoffman for refusing induction is in the Medical Center for Federal Prisoners (as part of a 200 man "maintainence" crew) in Springfield, Mo. He sends his Love to all.

--CADRE

LNS--Twenty members of Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) left February 6 from O'Hare Airport, enroute for a two and one-half week visit as guest of the Republic of Cuba. The organizing principle of the trip is to get North American and Cuban youths together. The travelers expect to spend most of their time actually working in the countryside with young Cubans.

The long-awaited second issue of the Chicago MIRROR is back in the saddle again, and it's even better than the first. Classy new format, new improved formula, groovy new high (doggie pooh pooh), the talents of Skip Williamson (who draws like a cross between Basil Wolverton and Arnold Roth), Jay Lynch (who is obviously some sort of dangerous freak), and a host of other goodies, some of which are simply disgusting and ought not to be allowed in a family publication, like lotsa nekkid ladies, dirty words on bathroom walls, death, Jay Lynch tee-shirts, and Joe Pyne. Buy it now -- it's perverted!

Under the noses of their guards, a group of San Quentin convicts have published a true underground newspaper, illegally, every week since June, 1967. "The Outlaw," printed by mimeo or ditto process, continues to appear on schedule throughout the prison despite the fact that all duplicating machines are now kept locked except in the presence of an official. The "goon" squad" a special group of security officers, has been relentlessly shaking down cells and inmates suspected of working on the forbidden paper. So far they have failed. "The Outlaw" continues to appear weekly on the warden's desk. --LNS

DEED  
BENEVO  
coming march 25  
TA THE  
HATERS

27 CALL HOME WE WIG YON  
A.R. 02091204



ACCLAIMED AERIAL ARTISTS

TA DA tatata TA DA!!!

in bronze shrieks they are born  
into the arc-lights  
like diamond-backed butterflies  
flashing the sun.

Bow... Bow  
They pace  
Slow priests...toward the white ladder

Poised on a mainmast  
Curved arms down  
At us  
One last time

The old one swoops a catch at the far swing  
falls  
head  
down and forward toward

the others  
Gemini'd across emptiness

SECRET SIGNALS

Takes one  
to the light  
trapeze

To make anew the same pendule  
then BACK and Up

HIGHER than up--he stalls--

a heartbeat seventy feet  
over the sawdust floor  
drawn in the shape of a  
tri-colored star--then

AWAY away and down--til whiplashed flesh  
becomes a ball  
to mediate twixt speed and space

Straightens--horizontal atoms stream transform become  
a man again

A man whose outstretched arms are reaching for another pair  
almost--seldom--never--always seldom never always almost  
neveralwaysalmostseldom  
!THERE!

--Liz LeBlanc

Do your work, seahorse, in your yellow:  
Take my mind away with your delicacy.  
That's why I put you there where I could see  
you:

Dead as you are, you move me.  
Tease me out of thought, seahorse, in your  
plastic;

Let me only admire and no longer turn  
Over and over in my aching mind  
The words that shatter, the thoughts that burn.  
Oh God, seahorse, what have we come to  
When only you can provide  
The hinge that swings the universe together?  
For the forgiveness of sins, seahorse, you  
died.

WHO IS SHE: DO YOU THINK I CAN FUCK HER

carol, i can see  
you are crying -- again  
how many lovers have you had  
without love

and always the word  
love love love  
that you say is  
a four letter word

but how i gather you in my arms  
like so many forgotten flowers  
on a road without wind

only to know something  
is missing  
like a mother dog's face  
whose puppies were taken away  
in the night  
your face

they talk about  
the men in the bars  
while they drink their drinks  
and fuck the missing part of you  
as if  
they never heard children laughing  
in a playground at noon.

but carol, your breasts are made of sunlight  
while the mailman knows your night  
someone will call early  
and be there in the morning  
and you will walk at noon (with him)  
without having to talk through silence

'Under the bed the dusty glasses,  
Residue of wine or orange juice;  
A postcard from an ancient love  
Hip in Cleveland, wanting you;  
Ashes from a thousand cigarettes  
Mine on the right, yours the left.  
Wipe the fingers from the mirror,  
Even see myself clothed.  
The sheets relief of blood and wine  
Sent to be sterilized. Footprints  
From the floor unsealed, and  
I dissolve in soap.



## THE BEAST APPROACHES THE MIRROR

The room has long since emptied  
and with the plump-breasted strut  
of a pouter pigeon,  
metal feathers clanking  
like a rack of swords,  
and an odor of the sewer,  
the Beast approaches the mirror;

Jams his dripping snout  
up to the glass and heaves his sullen flanks,  
but leaves no more mark  
than if a bird had breathed there.

In the liquid center of his sockets,  
the image clears:  
imprisoned, small and true.  
He examines the vision  
in his eyes impassively,  
then with a rustling claw  
extracts the mirror from the wall  
and with a delicate fang devours it.

The vision vanishes.

--David Searl

## SEVENTEEN

Cherry Street Manhattan  
Between two bridges  
And busy sheets  
Around your bounding baby  
And none of us belonging

Where we were. Time tick  
Clocking our stolen moments  
Inside transistor pop songs  
You were young with lipstick heavy  
And a static-ed cantata of Bach

'You're taking advantage,' you said,  
And window-open streetside sounds  
Unmuffled beneath your blanket-edge  
While we held still the city's riot  
In the hustle of that crowded place  
In that airless project world;

You were young and fed us juices  
While the baby and I made our separate scrawls--  
Three orphans of a war  
Man and Woman launched  
Long before our fathers had escaped from  
Lives so carelessly wrought,  
Now let twist from all shape

Again, and again--re-cremnations--  
Cutting us bites--August icicles, parting--  
To be cast back within a spindrift summer  
Etched through your seventeen years,  
Lost, unloving again, alone with echoes,  
And you were young with no forgetting  
On Cherry Street, Manhattan,  
Between two bridges.

--Bob Perlongo

## DREAM-CHORDS

1.  
The yawp  
wearing to its thinnest  
timbre strokes  
even then the timorous  
notes to spin to color  
to something brighter  
to chord

Thus my fingers  
stroke responses  
in the morning air

Thus I pair my breath  
with sunfish; the stream

2.  
My lips  
upon last night's  
nipple come nearest  
the scorpion now  
on my wrist

I feel its firmness  
impress  
upon the nerves this  
moment's dream

I move it moves  
and the rest of the day  
my heart wings.

James Bertolino

## I CHING

in these opposites  
a clearer image  
sun rise on the high road  
set on the low one  
whichever road you take  
get you there  
just the same  
the newer juxtaposition is only tomorrow's table

appearing less vague  
in reflexion

(precise)  
sixty four  
is a hell  
of a lot of hexagrams for  
1  
life ( )  
4 seasons  
some women  
maybe 15 kids maybe  
a child  
many moons ((one moon))  
several acquaintances ((one man))  
changes. . . )  
(try & illustrate pointlessness without a circle

sixty four  
is a hell of a lot of hexagrams  
for 1 life  
maybe there were sixty four sages maybe  
64 varieties of spice

--Mark Mendel

## XVIII

We bicker,  
then we scramble,  
for our places,  
though the pecking order's clear.

PERHAPS:  
we just pretend,  
we have a chance for change,  
to keep,  
our sanity,  
from turning in,  
our lives.

PERHAPS:  
the chance  
is real.

NO MATTER,  
we can't stop,  
because we can't afford,  
the risk of finding out.

--Charles Evans Perkel



WLS-FM  
94.7  
Stereo

Sunday - Friday 10:30pm

*The Flesh that Holds  
the Wheel of Life Together*





He who is not busy being born is busy dying.

When LSD first began to be experimented with, professors and doctors thought that it was an excellent drug for inducing a model psychosis or temporary insanity. One of the names proposed for the effects was psychotomimetic, or psychosis-like. They were wrong. Not only were they wrong, but they already had drugs which did, and do, produce insanity; and it is the particular aspect of our culture and the nature of these insanity creating drugs which is the framework for their error. These drugs which make the human organism insane are the amphetamine group of drugs--speed. It becomes blatantly obvious to anyone observing our culture from a natural, human, organic state of mind that the mass of Western man is living within an area of consciousness which can accurately be described as amphetamine psychosis. The externalized rushing pursuit of pleasure and happiness in things is characteristic of a twelve year old child and not of a mature, spiritually harmonious adult human being. There is nothing wrong with being twelve years old when you're twelve years old; but when the emotional and psychological development of an entire culture stops and stays at the twelve year old level for hundreds of years there is something drastically wrong. Our culture and way of life is neurotic and sick because it never grew up, kids take drugs because they are sick and are looking for other answers and they start taking speed because they are incapable of growing beyond the emotional level of the society which surrounds them and pressures them into staying where they are. Speed freaks are the

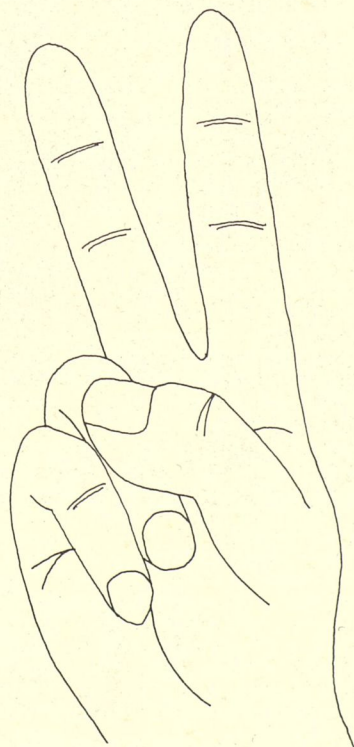
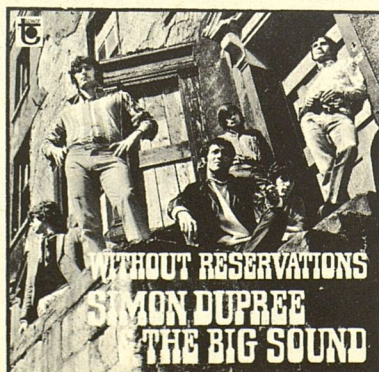
biggest conformists in the country whether they know it or not. There isn't much, if any difference between Daddy's buying a new car every year and having a mistress and hating and hurting and somehow missing it, and fucking yourself in the arm with a needle and a dropper full of methedrine. Daddy can't come, he can't release so he externalizes his desires. Well, baby, if you find that you are having trouble loving just like Daddy you won't find any more love by masturbating yourself with a needle than Daddy's stick-shift chrome prick gives him when the new models start to come out. If you can't find it inside you won't find it outside so you better take another look inside because it's there and that's the only place it is. When you find real love and living life growing and flowing within you, then it is easy to see life growing on all around you. The Sad Eyed Lady of the Lowlands and Sweet Loraine are sisters and they are both speed freaks, and not only that, but their Mommies and Daddies are businessmen and corporation presidents and suburban housewives and committee women; and they keep going with coffee and nicotine, which are stimulant drugs, and pep pills and diet pills, which have an amphetamine base. President Johnson isn't a junkie; he is a naturally-born, culturally guided, speed freak. Speed freaks aren't super cool; they are merely emotionally castrated, psychologically stunted, children. They were murdered by their parents in infancy and childhood, and in a weakened condition they took drugs to try and find something else. If they couldn't find the strength to grow beyond drugs and emotional drug addiction;

they got themselves strung out in an amphetamine--methedrine treadmill which follows the circle of the tie they use around their arm when they do up. It's very bloody and never satisfies. When you crash, you need more speed or a new car or a new face to fantasize on in your deadened non-feeling masturbatory fucking and not living, rushing and not releasing, grabbing and not getting, psychotic existence. Speed kills but the phrase has been overused because speed freaks don't understand death. Taking drugs at all is a desperately dangerous way of finding out about life, and there are many traps and dead ends; but I don't suppose it is any more dangerous than living in the United States in the twentieth century. Stunted growth is the same whether you are a frustrated city official or a lonely speed freak, the drugs just get you there faster. Instead of saying that speed kills maybe I would say that speed stops growth and that "He who's not busy being born is busy dying." Take another shot or another snort you poor dying bastards. You won't stop if I tell you to anyway, but the next time you're crashing take a thousand micrograms of acid, read this and think about evolution being a process of natural selection and survival of the fittest. Think about the cosmic garden that God is weeding and remember that the meek shall inherit the earth. Then maybe--maybe you will grow up and become men and women in the image of the creator.

Rick Herndon  
--reprinted from Avatar

# English Imports.

The Pink Floyd    Simon Dupree    Now and "Them"





# LEROI JONES YOU WORRY ME

by Liza Williams  
reprinted from the LA Free Press

LeRoi Jones, you have me worried. Sure you're a good poet, maybe the best racist reactionary poet around; you can make kill and prejudice sound almost lyrical, you can stir your audience to blood-lust, you use words as they really are, language as it is spoken, feelings as they are felt, and you produce some of the most insidious destructive stuff I've ever heard.

Last Friday evening I went to the Black Congress Hall to hear you read some of your poems, sponsored by the Black Congress to a crowd of over 300 people, people who acted for the most part like Hitler Youth in black-face. I heard Maulana Ron Karenga in introducing you, say your poetry was "conceived with feeling, not from the sterile forms of white folk" (goodbye Lorca, goodbye Ginsberg, goodbye Yeats, we are gonna keep the faith baby.) I heard Karenga lay out the three point plan for revolutionary art. 1: functional; that is, all art must reinforce the context of its existence... if you are going to paint a tree it must be painted as cover for guerrilla fighters. 2: Collective; it must be in a language that anybody can understand, serve the collective good (hello Moscow Literary/Music/Art trials, Hitler book-burning, we are keeping the faith baby.) 3: Committed; it must commit you to revolution and struggle, IF IT DOESN'T DO THAT IT IS INVALID, FOR IF IT ISN'T FOR BLACK PEOPLE, WHO IS IT FOR? (all human beings maybe?)

I don't put down art in the service of humanity; rather I think such art is the highest form of art, or the most meaningful, the art that comes of involvement, portrays the state of man to man. But socially committed art, in order to be art, must come from the inside of man fully aware, not be superimposed on the creative spirit legislatively, for when it is superimposed, you get instead of poetry and painting, doggerel and cartoon. Perhaps it is a valid aesthetic for a revolutionary army, if you like army aesthetics, if you like war aesthetics, because it produces art that yells "kill" in the same shrill accents as the drill sergeants of the marines.

Black is beautiful, so is white, or yellow or any color; it isn't any more beautiful, it isn't less beautiful, it's just beautiful to be black/white/yellow/red/alive, human, honestly what you are. I had the same feeling sitting there among the costumed aryan of the Black Power movement, as I imagine I would have had sitting at a meeting of the American Nazi Party. There were all the old gimmicks of racial purity, of a superimposed national heritage, the women looking gorgeous in pseudo-African dress, the men sinister in black leather coats (expensive garb for a people's revolution), the secret handshake, the raised fist salute, the mumbo jumbo chorus of greeting, the unison shouting of African language slogans. What the hell was I doing there? I who have always fought as best I can for the abolishment of racial designations, and that doesn't mean that Blacks should think of themselves as no color, but that we should all think of ourselves as people, with the added benefits of whatever cultural heritage we come from apart from the common cause that unites us as fellow human beings.

... Some of these uprisings in the northern cities wasn't only black folk. In the north there were some integrated riots. Because, let's face it, man, what's hurting the black folks that's without, is hurting the white folks that's without. You see, I'm 100% in the same way that I felt when I started working in the movement, and I say that if the white folk fight for themselves and the black folk fight for themselves, we're going to crumble apart... You know, there's a whole lot of people. There's whites that suffer, there's Indian people that suffer, there's Mexican-American people that suffer, there's Chinese people that suffer. So as black people, we're

not the only ones that suffer, and I'm perfectly willing to make this country what it has to be. We're going to have to fight these battles together." (Fannie Lou Hamer, quoted in the October 1967 Movement, a SNCC publication.)

There were certain images that stood out, that ran through almost all of the poems Mr. Jones read; the images of fire, of burning, that Black was best, that White must be destroyed. Fire can stand for purification; fire can also mean destruction, and when LeRoi Jones says it he talks of burning the Honkey. (Sitting there next to "Honkies" I was amazed to see them enthusiastically applaud his poetic espousal of their destruction!) How can I join LeRoi Jones in saying Kill Whitey, Kill Jew? Isn't this the converse of Lynch the Nigger? Here are two quotes taken from Black Mass Revolt, a statement published by News and Letters Committee of Detroit in their October 1967 issue, concerning a series of anti-Semitic articles that appeared in the publication Liberator Magazine:

"... That series of articles smelled so foully of anti-Semitism that one of its editors, who is a Black Nationalist, and even more proudly anti-chauvinist--Ossie Davis--wrote the editors: 'Here is where I get off, adding that in his last years 'Malcolm X specifically renounced racism; can we do less?'"

"... I think it is most distinctly immoral to blame Harlem on the Jews. Why, when we should be storming Capitols, do they suggest to the people they hope to serve that we take refuge in the most ancient and barbaric of European myths? (James Baldwin in a letter of protest to the magazine.)"

If the Jew exploits the Blackman isn't it because he was prevented by virtue of his Jewishness from being a part of the even bigger exploitive powers? The Black is exploited by the system we live under, and to understand this would surely help the poet choose a more accurate metaphor, the freedom fighter a more pertinent target. In the end, there may be no other way but a violent one, for the money, legislative power, the armies, the national guard, and the police are all in the service of the oppressors. But violence, if it is justifiable, must accomplish a justifiable end, and revenge and racism are not to be justified.

It seems tragic to me for the poet to awaken humanistic aspirations only to divert them into a hate-motivated blood-feud. It is a betrayal of the newly-awakened energies and self-awareness of the Black people.

LeRoi Jones is a poet with power; sitting there amongst the army, I saw something marvelous that I have never seen before. I saw poetry come to life in the minds of the audience; people shouted back at the lines, answered the lines, spoke back to their poet, who was, I think tragically, irresponsibly, echoing and reinforcing in marvelously vivid terms, their destructive anger. Not all the poems were entirely kill and destroy, there were some poems that even for white Jewish me had truth and beauty. And when Mr. Jones said "Poetry is images and rhythm, don't let anyone tell you anything else," I said amen, wondering what had happened to Mr. Karenga's three point plan.

We were asked not to use our tape recorders, and as I can't take shorthand, I was able only to write down those lines which seemed to me to be significant of the whole poem. I can't vouch for their word for word accuracy, though I believe I have distorted nothing of the meaning. The following, therefore, are just separate lines from separate poems read during the evening and are intended to give you an idea of some of the content of that reading:

All must work to force reality/into reality

Now is the time we move from/slavery to masters of our fates

Take off the wig, take off the wig, take off the wig, take off the wig, take off the wig... (repeated rapidly many times to the great applause and enthusiasm of the audience.)

Integration is an illusion.

Tom, Tom, where are you going, /we are going to kill you pretty soon

Cracker you may be wood, and/fire is what you need to change/your ways

No money down, no money ever, /you can't steal nothing but what/a white man he already stole it

Smash the windows at night, these/are magic actions... beautiful /radios on Market Street they are/brought here specially for you

We are creators, the first to walk/the earth (speaking of Black people)/all beings come from God

We seek only to rule ourselves, /we are not murderers, we have /killed no one.

Who will survive America, few/Americans, some Blacks, and/no Crackers at all.



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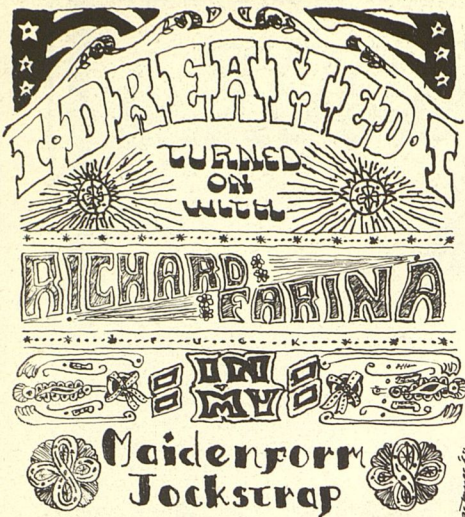
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BEEN DOWN SO LONG IT LOOKS LIKE UP  
TO ME  
RICHARD FARINA  
Random House \$5.95 hardbound  
(paperback available)

What! Insert a heroin suppository up some chick's ass? Because she gave Gnossos Pappadoupolis the clap, that's why... The above is one small portion of the freaky things that happen to the hero of Farina's only book.

Who is Louie Motherball? Who is the chick in the green knee socks? Who are Heffelump and Fitzgore? This and many other questions can be answered by reading the above book, (or else look in the Yellow Pages).

The hero Gnossos is without a doubt the most beautiful, freakiest, insane hero ever conceived. After reading the book and reading about Farina, one wonders if the two are not the same. Farina takes you on one fantastic trip after another. The book is a little over three hundred pages long but reads fast... for all you YIP anarchists, you can learn a little about revolutions by digging on the way Gnossos' freaky friends go about taking over a community.

The critic freaks that reviewed the book have placed Farina among other writers such as Vonnegut, Grass (Gunther), and Donleavy I would have to agree, and found the book even more hilarious.... Read it, don't believe everything you read in dirty hippie newspapers.... if you dig a very hip form of insanity read BEEN DOWN blah blah blah or, for that matter, if you dig any form of insanity... Dig on it.

the walrus

UNDERSTANDING HALLUCINATIONS

You can be made to have hallucinations. If you stay in a soundproof room set-up to minimize sensory experiences, chances are that you will begin hallucinating in less than an hour. It seems that you need sensory stimulation in order to keep your head.

But too much sensory input can blow your mind, too. Strobes can affect the normal activity of your visual system and cause "photoc driving". When this occurs, some of your brain cells begin to follow the flashing of the strobe. This may interfere with the normal activity of your brain and cause hallucinations. (Walter, W.G., *The Living Brain*, 1953)

Most schizophrenics have auditory hallucinations. Visual and bodily hallucinations occur less often. When hallucinations do occur, schizophrenics are usually aware of them. The wierd sensations they feel are often described to the shrink as "unreal", but schizophrenics can't stop them. (Dis. Nervous System, 27: 349, May 1966)

UNDERGROUND AIR WAVES



I wonder how many of our readers know who Ken Nordine is? Certainly many older ones, native Chicagoans will, but the fact that many younger or more transient readers haven't is their loss.

I suppose he is McLuhan's ideas personified, but you'll be too engrossed in what's happening to think much about it. His midnight TV show, "Lights Out," (back in 1954) of readings of horror stories had audiences cowering under the covers.

Nordine became famous for his "word jazz" recordings (more than 10 years ago) and he's still going strong every night.

I won't go into a long descriptive thing about what he does, because I'm hoping to whet your curiosity enough to make you listen just once. I know that once will hook you. He's the daddy of underground radio, and he's on WBBM radio 5 nights a week, Mon.-Fri., 11 to 11:30 pm.

p.s. Ken Nordine, "COLORS," Philips Records, PHS 600-224.

UNDERGROUND ROCK STATIONS?

Well, there's something called "Rock Garden" on WOPA-FM (due to start March 4, 10:30 pm - 1 am) and on WSDM, 97.9 FM, the "Underground Den," hosted by a chick named "Nice 'n Easy" who plays sides by the Stones, the Beatles, Airplane, Prunes, Mothers, Big Brother, Grateful Dead, etc. Believe it or not, there's a very underground show on network TV! "The Rowan and Martin Laugh-In," Monday nights at 7 on NBC (Channel 5, Chicago) is getting away with murder and I don't know how long it will last, so dig it soon.

It's a whole hour of fast moving, risqué, anti-Establishment, corny, vaudeville jokes, ridiculous dancing and damned good silly fun! While in New York you'll get a kick out of WNEW-FM. A lot of good talk and good music all night. They sound rather stoned at times, but who cares?

Also in New York, dig Channel One, underground closed circuit TV, 62 E. 4th Street, between 2nd & 3rd Avenue.

A crowd jammed into a room, three large TVs hanging from the ceiling, two hours of satire, filth, music -- some mediocre, overdone, but a few very funny bits you won't see on the Johnny Carson show.

Jerome Walker

It is hard to say how much of the hallucinating that goes on during a pot high is caused by the cannabis and how much is the result of paying more attention to things that go on all the time but are not noticed. It seems that people who dig grass had already had some hallucinations before they smoked their first joint. (Amer. J. Psychiatry, 122: 572, Nov. 1965) It could be that hallucinations are going on all the time and that some heads freak out by getting hung-up on them.

Smitty



(Photo by Pat Ruhl)

Pat Grove, Peter Coleman and Jack Wallace in "The Successful Life of Three."

It takes a heap of self-confidence for a playwright to delve into the Condition of Man, and twice as much to talk about the Condition of Woman. The Chicago City Players are currently performing three short plays that do just that, and very enjoyably too. THE SUCCESSFUL LIFE OF THREE, by Maria Fornes, CALM DOWN MOTHER by Megan Terry, and LUNCHTIME by Leonard Melfi have been playing up at Baird Hall Theatre, in the Wellington Ave. Congregational Church, 615 W. Wellington (just off Broadway), and their run has just been extended to March 10.

THREE is "a skit for vaudeville" out of Burns and Allen by Robert Crumb. The Eternal Triangle is played with blank stares by Pat Grove as She; with straw hat, striped jacket and bewildered innocence by Peter Coleman as He; and with a wildly waving moustache and much mugging by Jack Wallace as Three. They are aided by Kris Welch, a very cutesy Scene-Setter, and Russ Case and Wally Taylor, a couple of villainous-looking bodyguards and cops.

MOTHER features three women being women in all sorts of situations. Kitty Amelianovich is the older woman, variously Southern Belle, madam, tavernkeeper and mother; Christina Ranallo is young, but already an expert at gesture and facial expressions which speak volumes; and Kathy Ruhl is the sexy blonde who is pitted against the other two in most of the situations. All three are excellent and work well together in a piece which is definitely intended for female audiences.

LUNCHTIME features Kathy Ruhl and Jack Wallace in a marvelously-done seduction scene. Miss Ruhl plays a real peach of a young wife who's tired of being treated like wax fruit, and Mr. Wallace plays Rex the furniture refinisher, a real Neanderthal who has the good sense to realize that all this chick needs is a good healthy fuck and a nice baby, and that her husband isn't about to give it to her. Both the actors in LUNCHTIME are great--the audience breathed an audible sigh of relief when they finally hopped into bed. The forces of life triumph again! Altogether, an enjoyable evening. Go see it.

--James Nayler

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG

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It would be interesting to know whether this is all new material or whether some of this is from his previous British releases. At any rate, it looks like Hendrix has done it again. You can't think of him as playing "better" than on his first US lp but rather as exploring some more possibilities of the bag that he started out on top with. Which might lead him to choke his listeners on caviar, but the other alternative is to go so far out of sight only those with supersonic listening habits could follow. Which would be beautiful and informative, but would they let him keep on making records on those terms? This would also be beautiful, were it to happen.

Hendrix' directness shapes up as one of his primary traits. He is in a position to do what a lot of us would like to do; drive straight ahead and forward without preliminaries or concessions. He uses the constant surprise and mindblower as stock-in-trade. He picks up where most people have to think of leaving off.

Hendrix and The Cream could be opposed to, say, The Beatles and the Vanilla Fudge, as the schism between the radically improvisational and the premeditated styles appears to grow. He has what jazz musicians would understand as a "blowing" group, one constantly playing the on-the-moment challenge into the improvisational spectacle. Reckless knowlegability. Like what Sonny Rollins can do with his tenor.

Hendrix' guitar style combines virtuosity and imagination in equally heavy amounts (which is why he started out on top). Virtuosity informs his style, his flow of ideas being facilitated by the obvious lack of gap between conception (even whim) and execution. He pulls off the chances that others couldn't even take and produces an opulence of guitar SOUND unparalleled and nonredundant as well; you never feel him scuffling around or boxed into anything mediocre.

"Spanish Castle Music" is a hard-driving piece in the style familiar to us from the first lp. "You Got Me Floating" is too, with more insinuation added. The wood-sawing undercurrent kicks "Little Miss Lover" along, then explodes out of itself into a free-flowing romp. A "talking" jazz-like line informs "Up From the Skies", and jazz is also present in the lyricism of "Little Wing". He salvages "Wait Until Tomorrow" with an interesting linear attack built up of nicely differentiated short phrases.

As lyricist, Hendrix is fine, in the kind of bag he's in. Which is a sort of sophisticated crudeness, at its best when its most hip. Like the way he makes "its a drag on my part" fit into "Wait Until Tomorrow". Or some nice lines like "some just stay there and dust away, past the age of old" from "Up From the Skies". But, his lyrics can't compare with those of, say, The Beatles, The Stones, COUNTRY Joe or The Doors, to name some (Dylan and Donovan are in a separate category, really). Unless you're set upon substituting balls for skill and subtlety. Perhaps for relevance, too. Lyrics for "Wait Until Tomorrow" are generally unimpressive and "If 6 was 9" has a message which has been put down in groovier ways.

The Beatles' confrontation of this problem in "Day in the Life" (not even considering their lyrics) appears several steps advanced. Too much singing in this lp, anyway, it's the instrumental work that I'm always most anxious to hear. Hendrix might do well to listen to Arthur Lee from Love and see if there isn't anything there he might be able to pick up on.

The group itself is tremendous, what SOUND. "If 6 was 9" is a good showcase, with some excellent Redding, all kinds of figures and tempos by Mitchell, and Hendrix' guitar in full form. And the flute & birds electronics at the end. Or the second half of "Bold as Love". Mitchell's drumming is tremendous too; where did you ever hear rock brushes as in "Up From the Skies"? Listen to him drive "Spanish Castle Magic". Even if he does sound overrecorded on "She's So Fine", his almost phenomenal exhibition there makes it worth it.

In the future--why doesn't Hendrix do a couple of long instrumental cuts on his next lp? Like 8-10 minutes apiece. Also investigate more jazz. With his guitar command and Mitchell's drumming, it could certainly be done. Let Redding come up front more often ("She's So Fine" is pretty promising).

No matter what he does, though, the lp will probably be an inevitable addition to your collection, as this one is.

#### A FEELING.

ON SUMMER EVENINGS I shall take the bridle-ways,  
Wheat pecking at my wrists, slim grass beneath my tread;  
I'll feel its coolness penetrate my dreamy haze  
And let the wind wash over my uncovered head.

I shall not speak, I shall not think of anything.  
But through my soul will surge all love's infinity;  
Far, far away I'll go, a gypsy wandering  
Content in Nature as in woman's company.

—RIMBAUD.

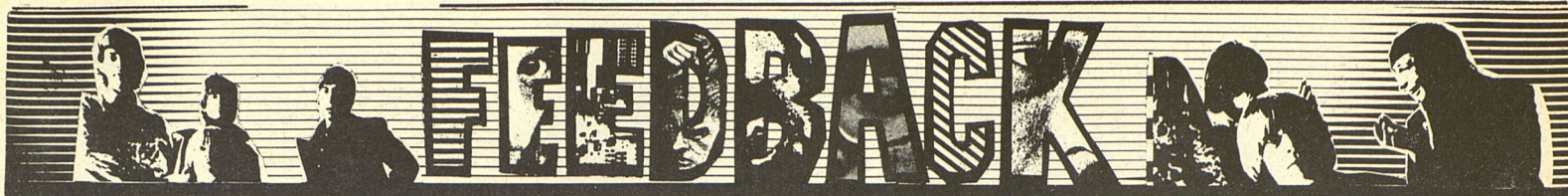


REPRISE  PRESENTS

# RAMBLIN' JACK ELLIOTT "YOUNG BRIGHAM"

ALBUM #6284





Dear Seed:

I have just finished with vol. #2, the first one I have read. I must say truly that I was quite happy to have read it. For it is my belief that you and the rest of us have come closer to the true meaning that the Lord had intended for mankind. The Mother of Voices idea of the first International Love-In at Saigon, Vietnam, shows that we are not only willing to protest it but do something about it! I am going to currently enroll in the Columbia School of Broadcasting, and hope eventually start a radio station of my own to present the view much better. For I believe that groups like the Stones, Doors, Mothers of Invention, Beatles, etc. have a message that must be heard. Also I intend to go to Calif. this summer on my bike, but I do need contacts out there for a place to stay. I do hope that your message keeps coming for a long time. I do hope that some one out there can help me in this quest.

May the Lord bless us all,  
for there may not be a place for us  
to find peace and love tomorrow.

Rod Ivy

Dear Seed:

Upon attending a human relations day, I found the following paragraph printed on the back of the program. I thought you might be interested.

Yesterday I met a whole man. It is a rare experience but always an illuminating and ennobling one. It costs so much to be a full human being that there are very few who have the enlightenment, or the courage to pay the price... One has to abandon altogether the search for security and reach out to the risk of living with both arms... One has to embrace the world like a lover and yet demand no easy return of love... One has to

expect pain as a condition of existence... One has to court doubt and darkness as the cost of knowing... One needs a will stubborn in conflict, but apt always to the total acceptance of every consequence of living and dying.

Morris West

Peace and Love to all,  
Connie Marek

Dear Seed:

As time has progressed, so has The Seed. I would like to commend you on your excellent and timely articles. As a Black in a white society, and having been exposed to the hostilities of the white society, I am naturally and justifiably wary of any white publication that is an exponent of Black Power and Black Nationalism. However, your publication is an exception.

I feel a closeness to you and what you are saying because we both are labeled Communist and "Red" simply because we are humanists concerned with humanity and the faulty societies in which he must live. If being for black equality makes me a communist or subversive, then I am that. If being anti-war and having the courage to say "My country (?) is wrong, wrong, wrong, both here and in Viet Nam", then I am subversive... and any other name that the narrowminded Tribune readers care to call me. Like the man said; "The Viet Cong never called me Nigger".

Here are two excerpts from two speeches by Malcolm X.....the man both Black and White America needs so desperately.

(A.) "I'm not going to sit at your table and watch you eat, with nothing on my plate, and call myself a diner. Sitting at the table doesn't make you a diner, unless you eat some of what's on that plate."

"Being here in America doesn't make you an American. Being born here in America doesn't make you an American.... No, I'm not an American. I'm one of the 22 million black people who are victims of Americanism. One of the 22 million people who are victims of democracy, nothing but disguised hypocrisy."

"So, I'm not standing here speaking to you as an American, or a patriot, or a flag-waver, or a flag-saluter-----No, not I. I'm speaking as a victim of this American system. And I see America through the eyes of the victim. I don't see any American Dream; I see an American nightmare"..... April 3, 1964

(B.) "You get freedom by letting your enemy know that you'll do anything to get your freedom; then you'll get it. It's the only way you'll get it. When you get that kind of attitude they'll label you as a 'crazy Negro', or they'll call you a 'crazy Nigger'; they don't say Negro."

"Or they'll call you an 'Extremist', or a 'Subversive', or 'seditionary', or a 'Red', or a 'Radical'."

"But when you stay radical long enough and get enough people to be like you, you'll get your freedom!"

All this is groovy and there is nothing you or I can add to this. Black Power, Hippy Power, and most of all, "Right Power".

Reginald Walker

Dear Seed:

On April 3, The Resistance will grow. Young men across the country will return their draft cards to the government, expressing their refusal to support the American military... not with words of peace and cries of anger, but with their lives. They know that they could protest and demonstrate against the war and imperialism, for the blacks and the poor whites, but they know that their protests would be ignored. For the government, while not requiring silence, demands that dissent remain inactive. It demands that our opposition to the war must not develop into action which obstructs the progress of the war. The Vietnamese peasants who act in opposition to American war efforts face death. We face only a few years in prison. We must act honestly now to end our collaboration with the war, or tomorrow both our country and the world will reap the bitter fruits of American policies.

If we are honest with ourselves we will admit that none of us wish to carry draft cards. But we carry them anyway. We carry them out of fear. We carry them because we have been told that it would be "politically ineffective" to return them; we are trapped in our own elaborate rhetoric. Somehow we think that we can end a war fought by the most powerful military establishment in history, without some sacrifice. For some reason we seem to believe that peace will come even while we acquiesce and grant the tools of war legitimacy in our own lives. We seem to think that freedom can come easily and that we must avoid prison terms which will remove us from the struggle. Such thinking is possible only for those who believe that this war is just a tragic mistake which will end, to be followed by peace abroad and at home.

The young people of The Resistance know that war is part of the way America lives. They know too that if there is to be peace it must begin in their own lives, with their refusal to collaborate with those who make war. If we are to be free, and if we are to help liberate our brothers in the ghetto, the army, and the countries America chooses to dominate, we must first remove ourselves from the institutions which seek to divide, and silence us all and thus control us. We must begin to practice the values of truth and honesty which we proclaim, and reject in fact the values that we condemn in words. In the face of a dis-integrating nation, we must begin to build the spirit of community, to teach, to make 'peace' a meaningful word.

We ask you to take hold of your own life. The dead and the living of Vietnam are calling on you. Our dead American brothers can speak no more, and those who continue fighting will die while we decry the war but continue to pursue our studies. Those men who have gone to prison for draft refusal are asking that you join them in the struggle. Those of us who no longer have draft cards want you with us. The time grows short and the demands are great.

Will you join us?

--CADRE

333 W. North Ave. Chicago, Ill.

The Resistance: On October 16th and December 4th over 85 men from the Chicago area severed their ties with the Selective Service System. They joined more than 1500 others in this nation-wide action. Most of these men handed in their cards. Others handed in statements of noncooperation (having already burned their draft cards prior to the 4th or 16th) or made public their refusal to register.

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# RIGHT VS LEFT

## Right vs Left--Open Conflict

Ivory tower intellectuals are suggesting that the right and left are now moving towards open conflict because the centrist-liberal alternative is now longer viable. Many feel that a fascist repression may result, largely because those of the right hold the tools of power and have no qualms about using them "in defense".

But what does this speculation imply for the Chicago hippie, peacenik, black militant, liberal or anybody who has been associated with anti-establishment events? It implies that anyone not now of the right-wing had better become so or prepare for a long ugly battle.

One month before Robert McNamara announced his resignation as Secretary of Defense, a syndicated columnist (moderate-liberal) predicted a forthcoming power-play between the militarists on the right and the "rational-liberals". The columnist argued that McNamara stood alone in the Johnson war administration as the protector of rational-liberalism, blocking the militarists from pushing the war into North Viet Nam and goading China into nuclear suicide. (The right-wing theorists have long wanted China conquered before she develops a nuclear defense-retaliatory system. McNamara liberals, left over from the JFK group, felt that all would come in due time and merely planned for the future while it happened.) The columnist predicted that, if McNamara fell, the right-wing militarists would have free reign.

McNamara is gone and Clark Clifford, a long-time attorney for military-industrial interests, can not be expected to stand strongly in defense of liberal reason--especially if that reason does not promote the sale of war materiel. If McNamara was in fact deposed and if the war-gods now have free reign, what do current military events point to? The Pueblo incident occurred too shortly after McNamara's announced resignation to be ignored. Even as the liberals finally examine the Gulf of Tonkin incident, (so coolly used to escalate the war in 1964) the Pueblo is somehow stolen under the strangest of circumstances, the President calls for unity, and reservists are called to duty. If the Gulf of Tonkin was a ploy for escalation, might not the newly strengthened war-gods sacrifice one small ship for the sake of an increase in public anti-communist sympathies?

At the same time, the establishment press released news of increased North Korean aggressions and treaty violations. I talked to a GI stationed in South Korea for the past year and he spoke of frequent fighting that was kept out of the American press, presumably for fear of frightening the public. Yet this news is now "released". And, although the recent Tet-offensive of the National Liberation Front may have indigenous origins, it is already being used as an excuse to move away from peace efforts and towards an invasion of North Viet Nam.

So, now that the militarists control the Department of Defense, it looks as though the American public will have every chance it needs to realize the ugly threat of world communism. Strange cause and effect but at least now we have some hard-liners in control who can really protect us, as they make it necessary.

While the god-save-capitalism war escalation continues, the peace movement grows. More people are becoming aware of and appalled by our methods of "pacification". Too many people are finding out what it's really all about. Logic suggests that as the right-wing militarists gain and accelerate power they will want to reduce the power of dirty "peaceniks" and "commie-rat-fink-bastards" at home who impede the great crusades abroad.

Further, the increase of black militancy frightens (it seems) everybody who is not a black militant. Every law-abiding citizen is appalled by crime (riots) in the streets. Every white racist (20-50% of the American public) is frightened by liberal measures put forth for open housing and school busing and by the new political power exhibited by organized black people.

Further, the bearded, beaded, pot-smoking and worse-free thinking-youth of the nation are running astray in ever-increasing numbers. They're going even so far as to assert the right to control their own lives. And youth everywhere are trying to organize the poor to help themselves economically and politically, without benefit of government programs.

And it's all happening fast. Left (anti-establishment) things are being done everywhere. That strikes fear in the hearts of good men everywhere (on the right). But what about all those people full of apathy who make up the great American majority? If they aren't on the left, they aren't on the right either.

The right-wing has exhibited a rise in power by taking over the Defense Department, by slowing down the Administration's Great Society plans, by watering down rat-control and welfare-without-an-old-man bills, etc. Yet, it does not yet control the nation, only the upper crust of it. Then, why worry about repression, as safe as we are here in Chicago?

Because every "movement" thing that has been done against the establishment has been wrought with Marxist rhetoric. Really, that's what it's all about and everything that opposes the Great-American-Way of economic exploitation is really Marxist in some vague way. And everything communist is evil. Yet, the "communists" at home do not pose so great a threat as when the "communists" abroad are attacking. So let's watch out when those communists abroad are attacking; it's a great way to unify the apathetic American majority and clamp down on the frightening growth of leftist things at home.

Still, what sort of repression will it be, how and where will it come to pounce upon us? You could justifiably assert the repression is already here. Witness the infiltration of and head-busting by federal agents during Oct. 21 demonstrations; the increased Selective Service activity in the processing and jailing of activists; the sporadic harassment by cops of local radical groups and underground newspapers in every major American city; public statements, investigations, and proposed legislation about crime(riot) control; etc. Let's admit that there is and has been repression but also that this repression has been spastic, scattered, and aimed at parti-

cular events according to immediate needs for "public protection". Some radicals have been jailed and/or clubbed but most are still out doing their thing. Remember, the right is growing into power and could not, heretofore, openly repress good Americans. Let's call this the Spock stage, characterized by the sporadic efforts of the not yet strong right in repressing a not yet "communist" American left. It ends, perhaps, with the incarceration of the "good citizen", Dr. Spock.

If the current political struggle can be divided into stages, the next stage may well be called the Chicago stage. It will be characterized by strong repressive measures exercised in a sophisticated and coordinated long range manner by a power-holding right, against an American left clearly labeled as communist.

Next August Chicago will provide the establishment with due cause to label all anti-establishment things "communist". The strongest proponents of establishment power will converge here in August for the Democratic National Convention. And this convention will have more than normal importance; they must maintain the decorum of dignity and honour as their empire abroad is falling to pieces; internal party dissension is going to make Johnson's bid for renomination a (for him) life or death matter; the American public will by August be in a frenzy about crime (riots) and if the President's convention is not safe, how can the normal feel safe anywhere?; etc. The strongest proponents of anti-establishment power will converge upon the aforementioned convergence. Like, watch them mix. (Adding up Martin Luther King's support for Dick Gregory's thing, the newly formed Youth International Party's convention, the public activities of the National SDS office, the many strong local community union and peace organizations, and other things planned, this city will have some of the best radical and militant minds in the country available to beleaguer the important establishment convention.

Mayor Daley has promised a quiet convention city for the President's party (at any cost?). Now the question is, have you ever seen the Chicago Police Department's Red-File? And the normally hyper-active CPD Red-Squad may be supplemented by the rumored one thousand federal agents for the convention. Anyone and everyone not of the establishment will be suspect. Every black who seems even vaguely potentially aggressive, every hippie who seems capable of carrying a sign, every activist doing a leftist thing--all pose a real threat to security.

Initial Daley-type repression will cause a reaction from those repressed, towards increased militancy. That will lead to increased Daley-type repression, that will lead to more militancy, and it will grow. It may spiral (escalate) into a real ugly scene. And as it does, the establishment press can panic the public about the strength and audacity of the radical opposition (communists) and the right-wing can demand, offer, and effect its own brand of protection. And thus the open conflict begins.

C. Burette



# SEER AND YE SHALL FIND



Seed artist, 24, wants girl to share groovy northside apt., give aid and comfort of physical, spiritual, not necessarily intellectual nature.

Write Box KHM, The SEED

Tamaka--  
Because Berkeley has hills  
we once climbed  
And evenings and sunsets  
when we watched the hills  
I learned to look up  
and saw you.  
Because Chicago has none of these  
I looked down.  
Now when I look up again,  
Away from Chicago,  
You are gone.  
New Mexico's hills are so near.  
RLC

THE HIP JOB CO-OP NEEDS HELP. IF YOU CAN SPARE A FEW DOLLARS OR HOURS, CALL US AT 337-2623 Or 337-2624.

To that beautiful hippie steve who works at Headland... I yearn for you. Please yearn for me. Contact Box 4534. I WANT YOU... the flower power babe

HEY YOU!!!  
WE ALL GOT NEW PHONE NUMBERS!

Because the Seed is getting too big for its pants... we got two new phone numbers. (Status Back Babies) they are 337-2623 or if our busy, busy 337-2634

Chem. Major and wife need apartment to share with some good and gentle people. Can provide car and some furniture. Maximum rent and utilities \$50 per month. Have phone -will live practically anywhere. Are willing to help you look or move in where you are Call Jim - 421-5549

Hare Krishna

The people at the Seed would be very happy if they could get a tape-recorder very cheap or free. Contact us at our office - 337-2623 or 2624.



Whatever the hell you make, the hip job co-op can help you sell thru a qualified agent who is not out to get you. if your thing is suitable for headshops, light - shows, or is just generally a gas, call sharon at the job co-op, 337-2623, or visit the seed office, 1406 n. sedgewick and talk it out.



Chick is looking for a crib with groovy males and females. No phonies, freaks, speed freaks. Contact me at Box 6970 at the Seed.

TO REACH 50 SOULFUL WORKERS..... MODELS, ARTISTS, POETS, GROOVY CRAFTSMEN, BABYSITTERS, TYPISTS, HOUSECLEANERS, CHIMNEY SWEEPS, FREAKS AND AN ILL TEMPERED DOG... CALL THE HIP JOB CO-OP AT 337-2623.

Chicago Provo and friends are starting a Chicago Switchboard/Communications Co. The Switchboard will be a phone number through which messages can be exchanged; free services--doctors, lawyers, crash pads, hip job co-op-- can be obtained; etc.

The Communications Co. will publish a freepaper/rap sheet and instant leaflets. Support is needed--bread, mimeo paper, electric typewriter, laborers, reporters and leafleters; etc. Use your imagination.

The idea is to provide communication-- instantly when necessary--in the hip and poor community. Free brothers and sisters to share their thing (s). Can you dig it? Respond to Box Whatever c/o The Seed or call 337-2623 Or 337-2624.





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(SINGER.)

**LEONARD COHEN**  
(COMPOSER.)

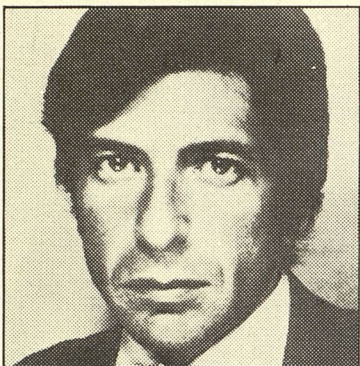
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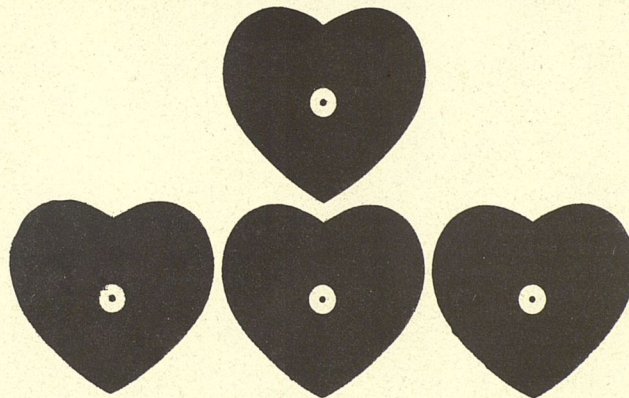
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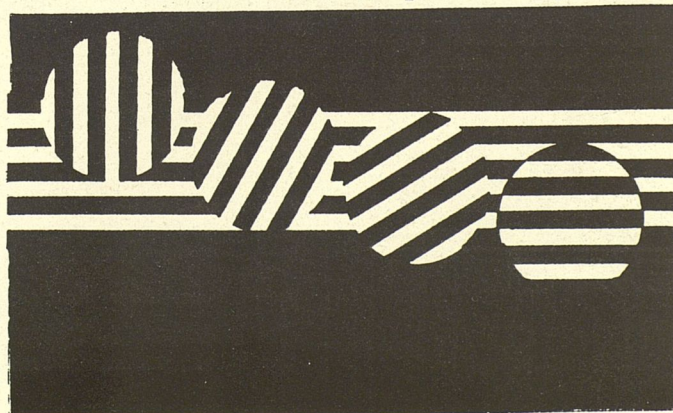
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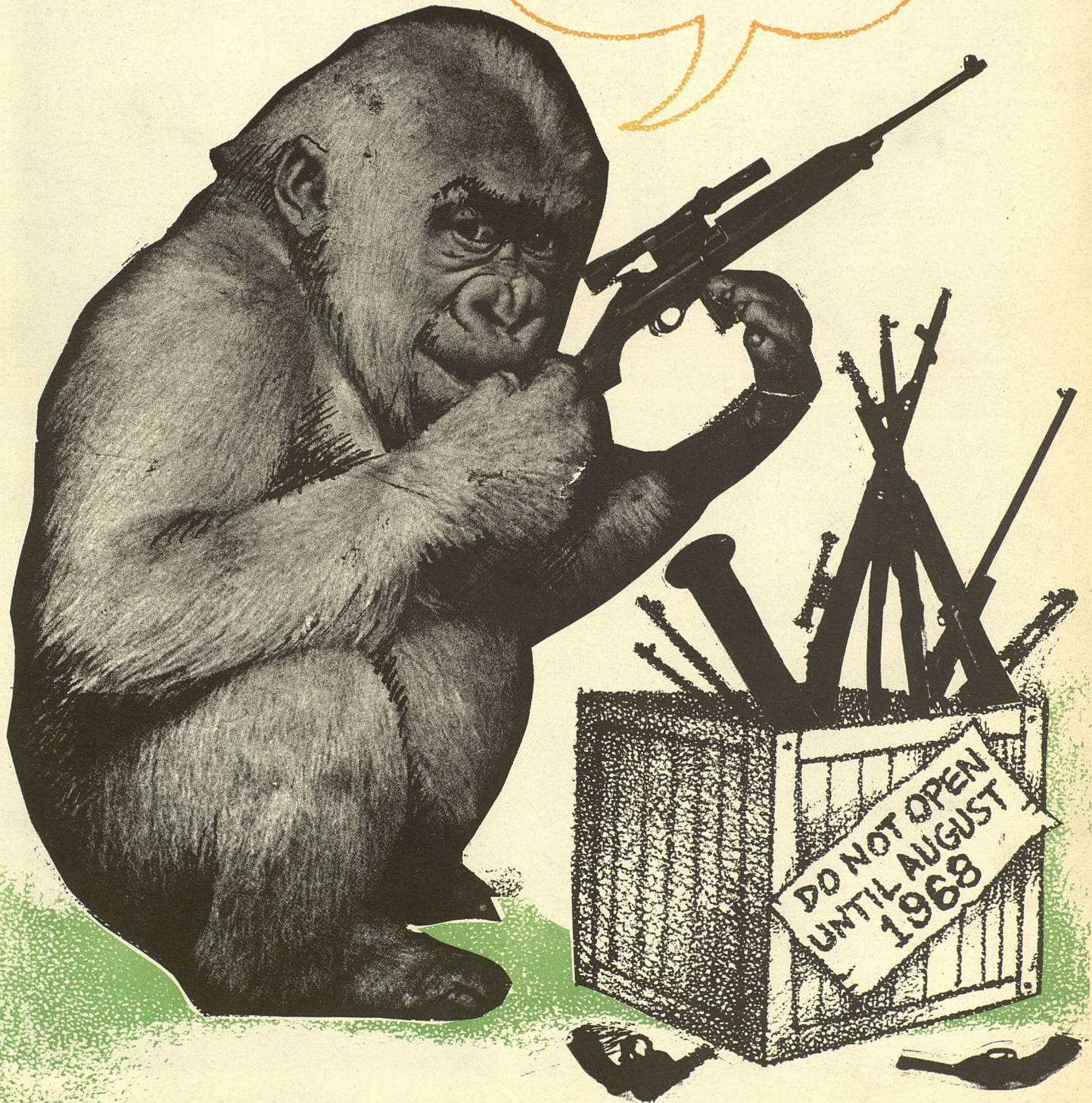
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Just wait'll next summer! I'll show those

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