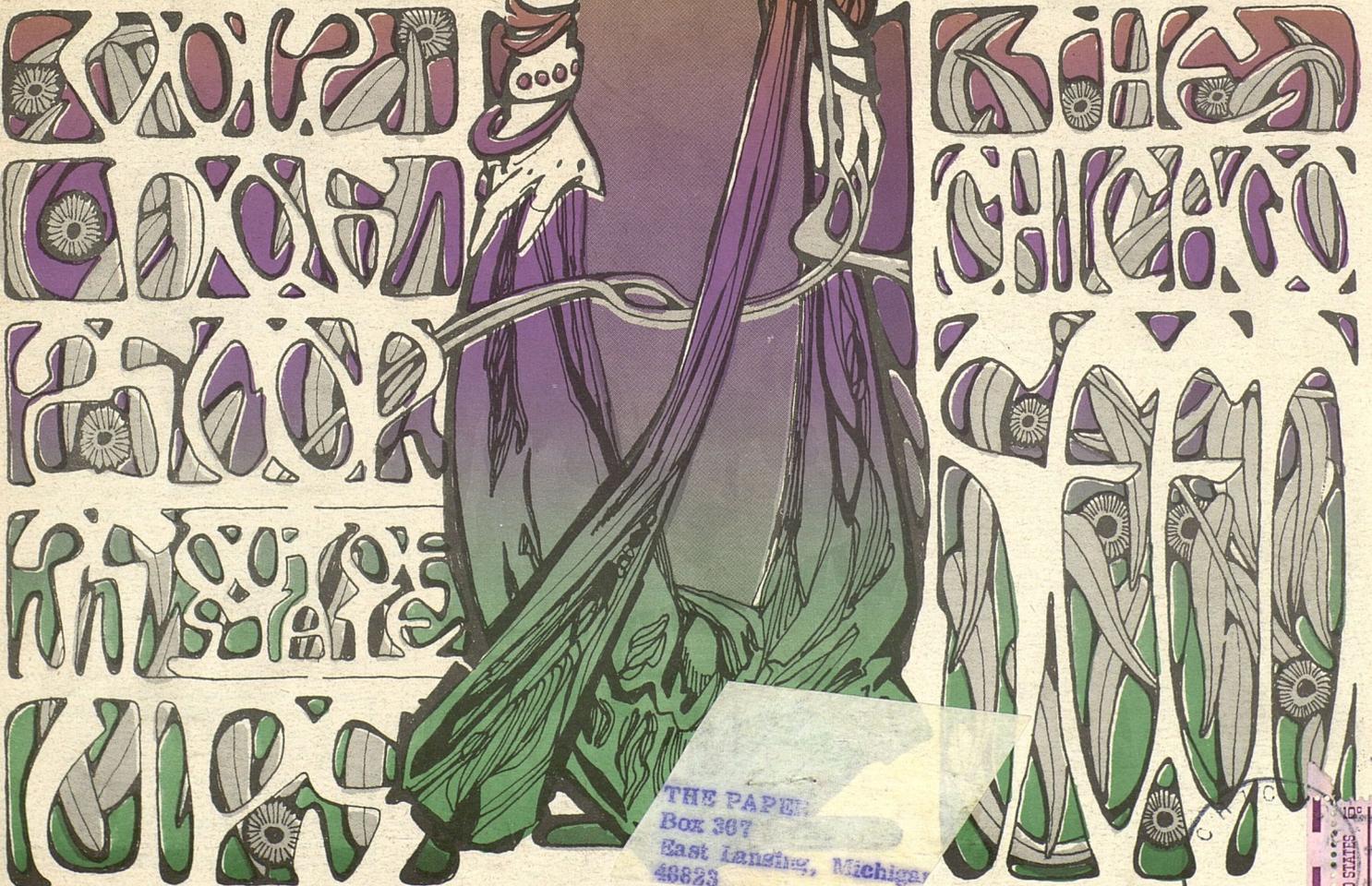




-HOBBO GRAPHICS '66



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(bless his thing...)



Dear Mayor Daley--

How come the streets around your house were all torn up so no cars could get through, and several workmen (?) were observed sitting casually around all during the time of the riots?

And what will you do next time around--put crocodiles in the moat?

---The SEED



Three friends threw the coins for the community. The hexagram was Ko, Revolution. The following is abstracted from this reading.

The Judgment

On your own day
You are believed.

Political revolutions are extremely grave matters. They should be undertaken only under stress of direct necessity, when there is no other way out. Not everyone is called to this task, but only the man who has the confidence of the people, and even he only when the time is ripe. He must then proceed in the right way, so that he gladdens the people, and, by enlightening them, prevents excesses. Furthermore, he must be quite free of selfish aims and must really relieve the need of the people.

Times change, and with them their demands. Thus the seasons change in the course of the year. In the world cycle also there are spring and autumn in the life of peoples and nations, and these call for social transformations. When we have tried in every way to bring about reforms, but without success, revolution becomes necessary. But such a thoroughgoing upheaval must be carefully prepared... The first thing to be considered is our inner attitude toward the new condition that will inevitably come. We have to go out and meet it.

When change is necessary, there are two mistakes to be avoided. One lies in excessive haste and ruthlessness, which bring disaster. The other lies in excessive hesitation... If a revolution is not founded on inner truth, the results are bad, and it has no success. For in the end men will support only those undertakings which they feel instinctively to be just.

...the object of a great revolution is the attainment of clarified, secure conditions ensuring a general stabilization on the basis of what is possible at the moment.

--- CYNTHIA EDELMAN

UP FRONT

"My orders were to shoot to kill all arsonists & looters and MACE or maim those children in the act of looting." The mayor's statement attained a certain unreal quality coming from my VW'stinnytoned speaker. My mind wandered back to a meeting that I attended weeks before to discuss the August Yippie festival. I was back there now--I guess I never really left. Our discussion that is.

To my left was Pacifica Radio's Bob Fass. Across the round table sat Jerry Rubin, to his immediate left Paul Krassner.

"We'll need portable sanitation units." Jerry recorded the comment in a note pad he was never to be seen without. "The National Guard can take our toilets" said Paul, "but we're not going to take any of their shit."

"You realize, of course, that neither the mayor nor the city is going to welcome two-hundred and fifty thousand Hippies, excuse me, Yippies (Bob Fass had just explained that a Yippie is a Hippy who has been hit on the head with a night stick). There could be a lot of blood in Grant Park this summer. Let's keep that in mind."

Jerry was the first to reply to my statement. "It would be political suicide to go out and crack the heads of sixteen year old kids. Daley wouldn't dare," he said. I wish he'd said that today.

A red light turned to green, first gear to second, second to..... "Bullshit, they'll beat the fuck out of those poor kids. Don't tell me about my goddam city, about Daley, about...."

"Take it easy" said Bob, "nobody's going to send the National Guard out on teenagers. Take things easier, everything will be cool, take it easy."

"It's an election year," said Jerry, "no politician does anything unpopular during an election year."

Down deep I knew that Hippies were among the most unpopular of causes; I knew that they had been attacked on every front by all kinds of structures, authorities and otherwise. Dick Daley couldn't care less about cracking a few youthful heads, mainly because the voters don't give a damn either, not about a bunch of dirty Hippies tearing up their park.

YIP's basic concept was a gas. Thousands of kids camped out on the Grant Park turf with nothing to do but be themselves. Why be an alarmist, follow the leader even if Yippies have none, the consensus seemed to be that everything would be mellow--it would be beautiful.

That night I was converted to YIP. Since then thousands of others have also come around. I'm not telling anyone not to come; to the contrary I hope you do. Be prepared, however, to cope with the harsh reality of violence. Don't let anyone tell you that your head is safe because it's an election year or because you happen to be young--that's non-sequitur talk, baby. If you know what's to it and can still do your thing without being paranoid, then all I can say is YIPPIE!!!

-----Al Rosenfeld

unfounded rumor department

A cop on Wells who had been at the Cabrini shootout Saturday night: "This is WAR! Everybody should be armed. The media have covered up everything, and the cops are madder than hell, because everyone should be warned."

Seed staff monitored police and fire calls on shortwave, and, contrary to official reports that one-third of the city's fire equipment was called out to the West Side, learned that at one time EVERY PIECE OF EQUIPMENT AND EVERY MAN in the department was there, with calls going out for more. Firetrucks in several instances were unable to reach blazing sites for lack of gasoline.

A Channel 26 cameraman confirmed that there had been "a clampdown from higher up" on what was to be televised. No live coverage was permitted and films were heavily edited. In fact, more was shown over Telstar than in Chicago. If you want to know what really went down, you might write your friends in London.

The stabbing of a young woman at the Polk Street entrance to the subway was not reported in the press until a day-and-a-half later, for fear of inciting trouble (source--the above cameraman and his sound assistant).

Seed staff living on Sedgwick St. were warned early Saturday that they should get out (after the fact). Shortly after, machinegun fire was heard from the vicinity of the el stop.

Monday night, when everything was supposedly cool, we heard more shots. Our Friendly Neighborhood Fuzz told us that "the South Side is up for grabs." The aboveground media said nothing. Very interesting.

-- Valerie

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Hey, Did You Hear Me?

Tranquility is in a total turn around on the black side--can you dig it?
We can dig it--just

STAY BEAUTIFUL BABY

Thank god for the people who got the soul to stay beautiful, like the lovely people on Wells Street who painted flowers on their improvised shutters and opened for business... and the nice men who took time to play with tops... and the gentlemen concerned about the solitary lady and the children who crossed the line and called it for the game it was--WAR
Business as Usual said the signs on the vanquished streets of Old Town Chicago... the residents of "Free City" looked on in amused astonishment as the disclaimed destroyed peace in the city. The dispossessed demand respect for their anger... if not for their love. Why didn't you hear them... why didn't you hear them... why don't you hear them now...

WHY DON'T YOU MAKE IT SAFE FOR ME?

Whatever happened to the time when men felt it their duty to protect their women from harsh and ugly things? Have those days vanished forever?

Nowadays it would seem that most men take delight in sharing only the ugly world that they themselves have created. A lady is not safe on the streets... why? Tell me, are the flowers and butterflies not safe or free either?

Those poor bad guys that pull wings off butterflies, trample over precious fragile blossoms and then try and ease their mucky minds by bringing all their nonsense to a woman. Pity for the men of this world who don't know the feeling of male pride that comes with putting his hands over his woman's ears to shut out words of harsh ugliness.

Women, who are the vessels of life... women who nurture the young and inspire the old, why have you sacrificed the rightful respect that should be paid to you? Why do you trade your dignity for some glib conversation and some faggot's idea of a chic pants suit?

Pity indeed for the lost and lonely young men but more pity for the sad and weary young women who miss the joy of being told, "Close your eyes, my love, it is too ugly for you to see".

----Just a Woman

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JAILED DRAFT RESISTERS: not for the big joints

By Christopher Hawk and Gerald Gray
LIBERATION News Service

Contrary to the common belief of many potential draft violators and other citizens, none of the violators of the United States Selective Service code are being sent to the ominous maximum security Federal prisons, such as those in Leavenworth and Atlanta. Those violators who maintain their position of resistance (about 50 per cent of the total number of initial violators recant their stand some way or another before sentencing) are sent to the minimum security camps of the Federal Bureau of Prisons.



This fact was learned by two members of the faculty of the University of California during an informal meeting with high-ranking officials of the Federal Bureau of Prisons in Washington, D.C. In this meeting, specifically intended to discuss what to do with the alarming increase in draft violations, it was made known that the Bureau's intention (and their only course of action within their already submitted budget) was to continue to send draft violators in groups to minimum security camps, at least until the fiscal year 1969-70 (i.e., June 1969).

The directors of the Bureau are doing this for many obvious reasons. Initially, they want to keep cost and effort as far below their \$18-a-day limit as feasible. This automatically points to a minimum security camp which is partially or wholly self-sustaining, with the inmates sustaining their prison commune--when possible. Here, as always, "possible" reads: the prisoners won't break. Until now, escape has been incredibly low, out of the total 600

violators of the draft, all of whom are incarcerated in these camps, only one has tried to break. Another reason is the capacity of the maximum security prisons; they simply don't have room for the expected onslaught of Selective Service violators, and maximum security space is even now overcrowded with those other aliens of society who are considered to be "maximum security" risks. A final and very real reason for sending violators to camps is a combination of preservation of the established modus operandi for maximum security institutions, plus seasonings of compassion (instilled from a public which as of yet does not equate draft resisters with murderers) for the youthful idealists who would get psychically and physically chewed up by one of the big "joints." The current inmates wouldn't know how to deal with this youthful influx, causing real internal confusion. The guards couldn't begin to protect the new inmates. The big joints now find it very easy and normal to assimilate the hard core types who have done lots of time before but have little experience in handling draft violators who have a very minimal knowledge of the "ropes," but an intelligence far superior to their custodians; this would be literally unbearable. Even a handful of resisters would disrupt the very delicate equilibrium creating absolute chaos for inmate and custodian alike--and nobody is talking in handfuls any more.

Minimum security camps are very similar to the U.S. Prisoner of War camps of World War II and to many of the county prison farms, such as Santa Rita in California. The inmates cultivate their own crops, raise some livestock and carry on, rather autonomously, the other basic needs of the community. There is recreation time, minimal libraries, a real eagerness of the Bureau to incorporate any reasonable, productive program for inmates and a lot of contact with people into the same trip for about the same reasons. Sentences for draft resisters average 32 months, which usually means 14 months after good time and work time are subtracted. Some are also paroled.

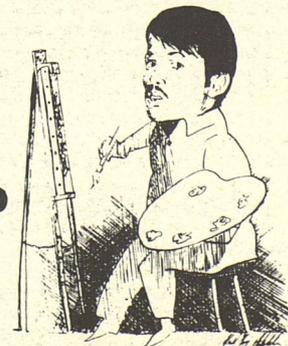
Anyone considering violation of the U.S. Selective Service act had better be ready to fulfill a sentence in a Federal prison camp like Allenwood, Pa. Those who had hopes of going to a maximum security joint had better give it up, because even if you ask them for a ticket going there, they won't let you in -- you aren't fit for it.

--This article was provided by the Student Communications Network, Berkeley. The authors, Christopher Hawk and Gerald Gray are associated with the Federal Prisons Project, 1703 Grove St., Berkeley, California.

Jericho is the name of a new underground paper out of I. I. T. by some crazy people. They need typists and all sorts of help. Contact Bill Bolt at 247-3948. Support your underground by supporting the underground press.....

ACHATUNG Seed ARTIST NEEDS HELP

Vill you pleahse sent art vork! I don't know how you wout sahy it. Drawings! Look I am a Kraut man. Vhaut helse or vhaute hever helse you dooh. Sent it yah!





The following are excerpts from the transcript of Andreas Papandreou's appearance on "Meet the Press" Mar. 10. Papandreou was a cabinet member and a member of parliament of the overthrown Greek government.

PAPANDREOU: The United States Embassy I charge with historic responsibility, not necessarily involvement in the coup itself. Actually, coups don't occur accidentally; an atmosphere has to precede a coup, and the U.S. embassy I think participated in creating the atmosphere that led to the coup...

Papadopoulos was the contact man with the American CIA, and I add that the American CIA finances the Greek CIA directly....

The United States might not have been in a position to prevent the coup, but the U.S. could surely have overthrown the junta had it wished.... Surely it should not assist the junta, and the recent exhibitions of friendship on the USS Roosevelt, the recent statements of Adm. Horatio Rivera in favor of the junta in Greece surely shocked the democratic forces of Greece that are struggling for a free country....

If the United States did not lend its moral and material support to the government of the junta, the junta would collapse of its own weight, for it has no strength among the Greek people, and it has not strength in fact among the Greek armed services.

QUESTION: Was there not danger of civil war at that time (the time of the coup)?

PAPANDREOU: "Of course not. The junta has charged that the Communists had arms with which they would threaten to overtake the country. In the ten months of their government they have not been able to discover one single cache of arms, and, after all, the democratic center forces were overwhelmingly in the majority in Greece.

QUESTION: All you would have us do now, as I understand it, is what?..... withdraw recognition from this government, or withdraw all aid? What would you have us do?

PAPANDREOU: Recognition is a formal thing. Sometimes one recognizes even governments it doesn't like. First of all, to stop the display of enthusiasm of love and affection for the government. Second, to stop shipping arms to the junta with which they subjugate the Greek people.

After all, what are the Greek people to say when the alliance which they joined to protect their freedom arms this mafia, these few officers, to keep the country in bondage?...

It is not quite true there is no resistance in Greece.... Publicity is a little difficult to get. Let's not forget we have 4,000 prisoners today, and heavy convictions. We have mass firings of army officers and civil servants. Why the tortures today? One should read the amnesty international report.... to know the extent to which the junta has surpassed the Nazi techniques in psychopathic punishment and torture, things which are not well known abroad, for the public relations firms, including the Lytton firm, which has turned out to be nothing else but a public relations firm for the junta, managed to put a cover of secrecy over what happens in Greece.

QUESTION: Mr. Papandreou, I understand you to say that the junta would fall really quite easily if we withheld our support, that it has no popularity amongst the people, and not even any support in the army. What does keep it in power?

PAPANDREOU: An intelligence apparatus with modern technology. Use of tanks, bazookas and a very good communications system and spy system, and you go a long way indeed. --LNS

from GUERRILLA STREET EVENTS
by SETH WEEKS:

#4: CHECKPOINT CONSCIENCE

This event should take place on a not-too-heavily travelled street. (A block containing the apartment of a sympathizer is recommended in case the fuzz should conceive the stratagem of plugging up both ends of the street.)

About halfway down the block, garbage cans are quickly rolled into the street, thus forcibly halting each passing car. BORDER GUARDS hold aloft banners reading "Checkpoint Conscience". The OFFICIAL, in some sort of uniform, flags down each car. He carries several packets of "propaganda" as well as a portable microphone which is attached to a small sound system allowing those within the nearby area to hear all that passes between the driver of the car and the OFFICIAL.

There is no standard script. The driver must be more or less subtly made to feel that

he will be allowed to pass only after satisfactorily answering certain probing question of conscience put to him by the OFFICIAL. A few such questions are suggested below, but need be only used as guidelines or inspirations for your own approach:

"Are you concerned about your neighbor, or do you lead a completely private life?"

"Do you feel responsible for anything?"

"Are you worried?"

"Are you happy?"

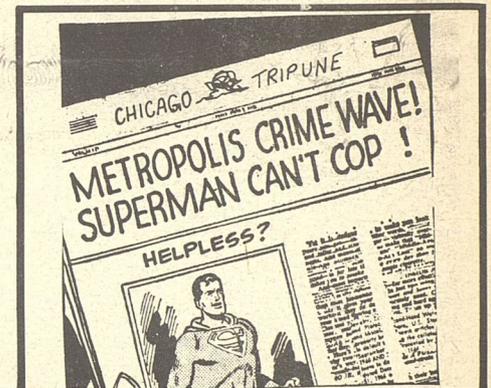
"Do you think you can achieve peace without before first attaining peace within?"

Etc.

Those who answer truly and well should be decked with gaily-colored crepe streamers and invited to other events. Those whose answers indicate a want of social consciousness should be obliged to accept a packet of benignly-selected propaganda. Those who wish to fight should be allowed to leave their cars, mocked by retreating, ever-elusive participants, and at last obliged themselves to move the garbage cans in order to escape. A second ambushade, lounging inconspicuously at the far end of the street, should quickly re-block the path of such ill-tempered automobilists and toss a little propaganda through their windows.

Since the conversations are being broadcast on the portable PA system, Checkpoint Conscience is a sort of spectator sport in which, as in the Roman arena, the upturned thumbs of a majority of spectators may at any moment allow a driver to pass through.

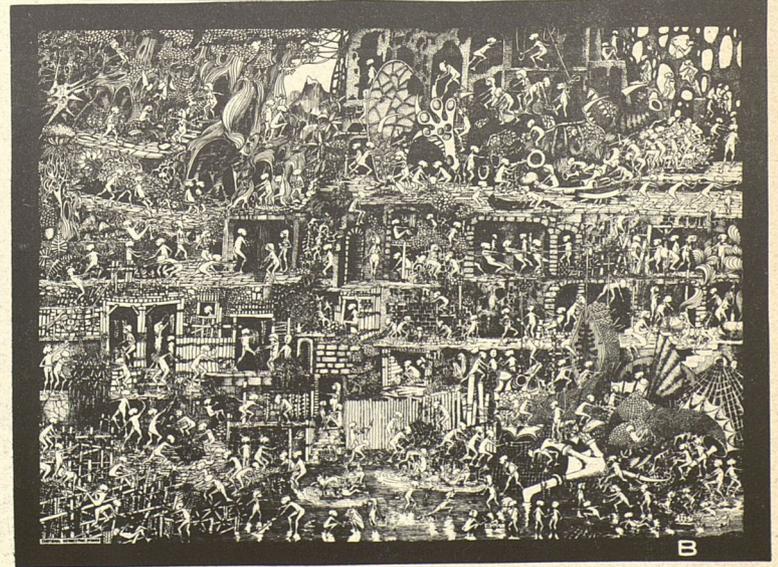
Such Checkpoints can be mounted and dismantled almost instantly anywhere in any city, providing wholesome, thoughtful fun and tonic disruptions of traffic.



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JOURNEY TO THE COSMIC OCEAN

THE ART OF ASHA, Journey to the Cosmic Ocean, by Edmund Bordeaux (Tierra del Sol, Calif.: Mille Meditations.)

To Western civilization the game of chess means many things--a game of highbrow intellectuals, often played by mail with a fervor that borders on religious, an art now being mastered, so they tell us, by computers. Indeed, as an expression of the culture it can hardly be beaten--with the king the ultimate indicator of victory flanked by all his institutions--the church, the army, his queen--and his pawns out front.

The originator of the game would be quite as astonished to see what has happened to his creation as he would be to breathe the air of New York City--for the originator of the game was Zarathustra, the legendary Persian spiritual master, and his creation was every bit as rich and fraught with spiritual meaning as the current version is lacking in it.

Edmund Bordeaux tells us "the word chess derives from the Persian 'Shah,' meaning King, which originally was Asha, the Cosmic Order. The legend survives that King Vistaspa of Persia became extremely bored with life, for he had accomplished everything he wished: he was satiated with triumphs in war, tired of hunting, surfeited with the intrigues and pleasures of his court. The King suffered from ennui and finally offered an unlimited reward to the man who could give him some interest in life. No one was successful until Zarathustra appeared with the original, undistorted chess game: the Game of Asha.

"He taught the King to play it and through

it demonstrated to the King all the laws of the universe and life."

Zarathustra designed in his game the struggle between the eternal order of good, represented by the army of Ahura Mazda, and that of evil, fought by the pieces of the Kingdom of Ahriman. "The game of Asha represents a vital bridge of understanding between the universal, all-encompassing world-conception of Zarathustra and his practical, daily application of the ashaic system of self-analysis. To play the game is to bring into focus the vast universal conception of Zarathustra and to apply the rules of the game to daily life."

The board itself is the embodiment of the "Unity of the Universe in its Eight Basic aspects of Time and Space, Force and Matter, Seasons and Cardinal Points, and their dualities." Its consummation in black-white squares represents the "Final Cosmogonic Pictograph: Division of Universe into Light and Darkness, Good and Evil."

The pieces "symbolize and exemplify the natural and cosmic laws represented by the Ahuras (cosmic forces), the Fravashis (natural forces), and their shadows." The "King" of the forces of good is Creator Ahura Mazda and his Fravashi is Man, his evil counterpart Destroyer (Ahriman) and that piece's Khafastra (negative force of nature) is Inferior Man. The good "Queen" is Preserver, its Fravashi Food, its shadow Spoiler whose Khafastra is Impure Food.

"The more he plays the game, the more an individual comprehends his unique role as Man, the center figure on the chessboard, the most important of the Fravashis, partner of the Creator and he who must carry on His work of creation on earth."

The moves of the pieces, which are

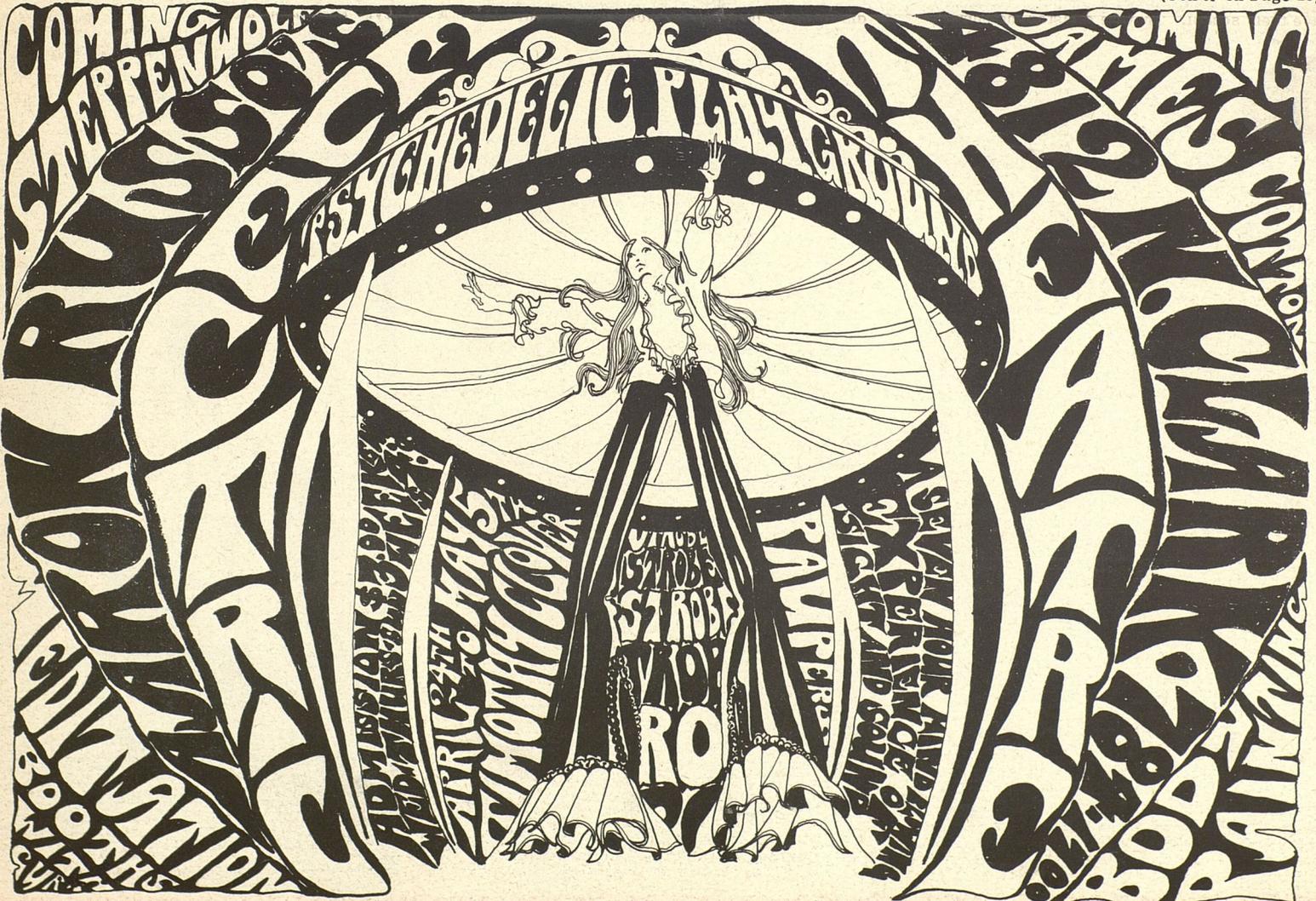
identical to those of the modern-day game, are given their own symbolic meaning. "Power and Peace, at each end in the first rank, move vertically and horizontally, indicating sweeping motions of infinite strength. They are second in importance only to the Preserver in winning the game. Love and Work, like the Knight, move in ingenious patterns, and are the only figures which may jump over any other figure. Thus, obstacles which may exist for other forces do not exist for them, recalling to mind the words of the Bible, 'Love is stronger than Death,' and the ancient Roman proverb 'Work overcomes all evil,'

"The Creator is able to move only one square at a time in any direction, while the Preserver has great versatility and may move any distance in any direction. This symbolizes that while the creation of the Universe may have taken place in a Moment of Time, the rest of Eternity is given to the Preserver to make eternal that which has been created."

The author presents musical interpretations of the moves of each piece to fit poetry about them taken from Zarathustra's spiritual dictionary "Zend Avesta." "Oh Gracious Love! Demonstrate Spiritual Truth through Thy Cosmic Order. /O Creator of Love! Reveal the Best Words/Through Thy Good Mind living within us." Thus Bordeaux shows "each game is a symphony if we apply the key to Asha" by presenting music to correspond with Leo Tolstoy's famous victory over Fritz Kuhler, a fitting choice, as it was Tolstoy who once observed "Man is not alone on the Chessboard of Life. He is surrounded by Divine Powers, Love and Wisdom and all the good forces of Providence in this world of Shadows and Lights."

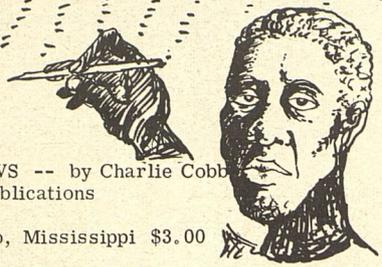
Bordeaux' volume presents the game as a fascinating and compelling masterpiece of philosophy and meditation, an incredibly rich legacy. To follow the explication of the game Bordeaux outlines a questionnaire of self-evaluation which asks such questions as "Do you understand the importance of joy in life, and on the health and happiness of those a-

(Con't. on Page 19)



FURROWS

REPRINTED FROM THE VIEW FROM HERE



FURROWS -- by Charlie Cobb
Flute Publications
Box 109
Tougaloo, Mississippi \$3.00

To begin with, "Furrows" is only the label that's been put on this book of poems to satisfy U.S. copyright laws. A book without a label isn't really a book, according to the copyright people, so Charlie Cobb's tacked a label on his book of poems and photographs saying OK, call it Furrows, one label's just as good as another. Or as bad.

But to the people for whom he wrote his poems, Charlie said: "There is no title to this book. It is not finished. It begins in struggle and ends in struggle with interludes of peace woven through the fabric of words and photographs. When black America's struggle is finished, when black children will look in a mirror and see a symbol of resistance, a symbol of beauty, blessed by the color of their skin and the strength of their heritage, then this book will be finished."

Charlie Cobb was one of the first people I ever listened to. I mean listened like you're supposed to listen when someone else is talking to you. Like you listen so hard you almost get inside him, are almost able to see through his eyes, almost able to look in a mirror the way he looks in a mirror.

Charlie listens, too. He's a good listener. And writes. So you can keep listening to what he's listened to after he's gone. To the next city. Next county. Next country. Charlie's furrows are seedbeds. You got to listen hard to hear seeds growing.

Back in January, 1966, Charlie wrote a report for SNCC about the Poor People's Conference, held in Mount Buehlah, Miss., a meeting of black Mississippi plantation work-

ers. Charlie said the meeting was "three days of talking to let out lifetimes of denial. To understand that what they needed was not going to be given them. To plan how to take."

The people had been waiting for a six month demonstration food distribution program promised by the U.S. government. In November, the State of Mississippi had received \$1,600,000 to cover the costs of distributing \$24,000,000 worth of surplus food. "To date," Charlie reported, "none of the food (had) been distributed, and the winter (was) half over."

The people weren't interested in a six-month demonstration food distribution program. They needed food.

Most of Charlie's report was quotes. Voice: "At night we lay down so worried so bad 'bout what we gonna feed our children the next morning, we can't rest at night. 'Cause I can't. Lay over an' work my pillow with tears 'bout my little children. Git up the next morning an' wonder where I'm gonna get my next meal from for my children."

Voice: "I believe in the Bible myself, but when you say 'Lord I'm hungry, give me some food,' you might as well say 'Lord I'm starving, let me die quickly.'"

Voice: "If we gonna take it, I wanna take it. You can call that radical, extreme, or whatever you want, an' I don't give a damn about that. I wanna know who is ready. Is you mad enough to stay 'till we get that 24 million?"

"Mad enough to stay?" The people had been talking about moving onto the deserted Greenville Air Force Base, moving into the empty barracks so much better than their own shacks or tents, asking the U.S. government to fly its surplus food they weren't getting to the base. They'd unload it, they said.

And move on they did, about 40 of them. Stokleyed up a fire in one of the empty barracks. Put up a sign -- THIS IS OUR HOME. PLEASE KNOCK BEFORE ENTERING.

Lieutenant Colonel Andrews of the Mississippi Air National Guard, about half an hour later, knocked. "You are trespassing

on government property," the colonel said. They gave him a leaflet explaining why they were there -- demanding food, jobs, job training, income, land. "My only concern is with this building," said Colonel Andrews.

30 hours later, Major General Puryear and 150 air policemen marched up to the barracks and knocked. Heads.

"All the people expelled from the base began an eight-mile walk back to town along the highway," Charlie wrote.

One of the photos in Charlie's book is one he took as the people were being knocked off the air base. A hurt woman. Not physically hurt -- how many different ways can a person hurt? -- hurt by that blurred line of flat-hatted Air Force cops standing behind her, who would presently be riding back to Greenville after they'd "secured" the deserted barracks, deserted because riding, the air cops would pass her and her companions walking that long, cold eight back to town. Hungry. (At least when you're busted you get fed.)

OK. Charlie's poems. Poem: from "L.A. -- the order of things"

It is you
who feels the pain
for a burning supermarket
and cannot
hear the cries
of a hungry child.

Charlie doesn't like capital letters because they remind him too much of supermarketowners, or anyone else you have to call "cap'n mister boss mansir." And he doesn't like too many periods, either, because periods say this is ended, done, go on to something else, and Charlie's folks aren't finished yet.

Poem: Says a man/standing/in/his black/with his together black/and in the flickering/fire red/white bled/black dead/night:/You/gave me the bottle/and taught me/to/empty/its burning inside my body. I/gave it back/Stuffed/with the rags you made me wear/Ker-osened/with my swear/Lit/with the match/of your oppression/Burning baby/burning/i feel the fire/burn/baby/burn/feeling froggy/got/to/leap.

Part of a poem: cop/jacked up one of the boys/last night/ain't nothin harder on us/than/a splib cop. Times is hard/cats startin to punch fags/to keep in loot.

onward & inward

Two recent arrivals in Chicago are "Planet of the Apes" and "2001--a Space Odyssey", the latter in Cinerama. They contain, I think, the history of science-fiction in microcosm.

"Apes" is a morality play, a "what-if" story without too many pretensions at intellectual meanings aside from the obvious poking fun at human foibles by transferring them to the simian. For many years (one might say, too many), science-fiction literature seemed restricted to such tales, spiced with plenty of thud-and-blunder action, gruesome monsters, knight-errant heroism, and so on. There is still a branch of SF that is dedicated to the old ideal, but, with the inevitable catching-up of actual science and consequent demoralizing of spaceflight, etc., these stories have had to retreat into realms of avowed fantasy. The Conan stories are a case in point, as is the very entertaining Gray Mouser-Fafhrd series of Fritz Lieber, not to mention the Edgar Rice Burroughs revival.

"Planet of the Apes", then, is really one of this type of tale, transferred to the screen. The audience is asked to ignore verisimilitude to the extent of accepting without question the fact that the apes both speak and write in present-day English, seem to possess just about all our human institutions (including the pompous academician), and are, despite the makeup, really humans. Perhaps it is this that gives a slightly quaint, al-

most dated effect to this film--at least to an SF fan of long standing--a quite European flavor reminiscent of Verne or Gernsback. Perhaps it is in this quaintness and simplicity that the mass audience finds the film appealing--there are crowds outside the theatre at every performance.

All snobbery aside--"Planet of the Apes" is good clean fun, just the sort of thing the average SF fan used to look for in his copy of Thrilling Wonder Stories (anybody remember when?)

"2001" is another thing entirely. It begins as a (superbly done) let's-look-at-man's-marvelous-toys film, complete with waltzing space station, Howard Johnson's Earthlight Room, and a mad computer. Then it catches up with recent trends in written science-fiction and goes into the reaches of the mind. It becomes incomprehensible, surrealistic, beautiful. I was amazed at the bravery of the men who made this film in ending it the way they did--an ending calculated to send the average non-SF fan home shaking his head in bewilderment. But this surrealist (very probably drug-inspired) ending is something which has been occurring more frequently in SF novels in recent years. Space travel is a reality--nobody gives a damn what men's reactions to the first landing on the planet Zotz will be, because it's been done too many times before, and pretty soon the newspapers will have their turn--so where do we go, novelist? Into the fourth dimension brainwarp time travel inner space one might also say religious meditation...

Yes. Because the ending of "2001" is religious, and when we have nowhere to go from science, we turn inward. Science-fiction has done it. The films are discovering it. How about you?

-- Valerie



Sam Cooke
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the garment district

SOME HAIKU, OF DENMARK IN SEPTEMBER

THIS MORNING'S SPIDER WEBS
STRETCH OUT LIKE TEA TOWELS
ON AN ENGLISH HEDGE.

SEAGULLS IN A SPECKLED WHITE RIBBON
FILL THE FURROW
BEHIND THE PLOW

BARLEY MOVES TOWARDS THE WATER
LIKE THE PELT OF ONE HUGE TANNY BEAST.

CLOUDS PART, SUN COMES ON STAGE ---
I EDGE INTO MY SEAT AND BEGIN THE DAY.

TRACTOR COMING NEAR
WHITE GULLS LIFT OVER A FIELD
LIKE SNOWFLAKES IN REVERSE.

BARLEY BAGS LIKE STOPPED PILGRIMS
IN THE FIELD: PIDOCY, STUNTED,
ALL FACE EAST.

WHO WILL USE THE SILVER TRAMPOLINE
LEFT BY DAWN SPIDERS IN THE GRASS.

UNDER GRAY SKIES OUR WORLD IS PARTIAL,
INCOMPLETE ---
WE MUST FILL IT IN.

WANTING SO TO PERMEATE INSIDE ME;
AFRAID TO FIND

AFRAID OF FINDING --- NOTHING.

SKY AND FJORD OF NO COLOR
HIS WASH PUT DOWN, THE ARTIST
LEFT THE SCENE.

FIVE GLOWING CHILDREN -- PEOPLE
BURST: ---

FIVE GLOWING POINTS ON MY INSIDE STAR.

GREY DAYS OF NO CONTRAST FLATTEN ME OUT ---
NOTHING COMES THROUGH THAT MATTERS.

SUSAN'S LAUGHTER COMES PELTING DOWN
--- THE HALL ---
FURRY, TUMBLING BEASTS.

I MUST HAVE SLEPT UNDER A ROCK:
SICK, YELLOWISH. A LONG WAY TO GREEN.

FUNNY HOW I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY ---
I KNOW I KNOW MORE THAN MOST PEOPLE.

SUSAN REACTS TO NATURE
LIKE THE REST OF US, TICKLED ON OUR FEET.

FANCY ME TURNED ON BY NECESSITY!
AND YET I SWEAR I FOUND THE CLUE.

HOW IS IT THAT ART SEEMS TO FILL ME
WITH ENVY,
WHILE NATURE DOES NOT.

SEPTEMBER DAYS ARE PUSHED IN AT BOTH ENDS.
BOTH ENDS ---
SOON WINTER WILL COLLAPSE THEM.



A MODEST PROPOSAL



Dear President Johnson,

I would like to make a modest proposal to be executed in this, the year of our lord, nineteen hundred and sixty-eight. I know you get a lot of mail from people of little reason and you must receive many crazy curealls for the ills of the world. I imagine you put those letters all in a certain pile and have your secretaries answer them. Believe me, I am no nut and I think if you think my proposal over you will see how it solves a number of problems that don't do your popularity ratings any good.

My proposal concerns itself with our present conflict in Viet Nam. Since we are both Christians, we think as Christians which leads us to the fact that Viet Nam is a moral as well as a military issue. The moral question is even more present before my mind because of our recent celebration of dear baby Jesus' birth--Christmas. I have to ask myself, "What would Christ say about our right to be in Viet Nam." I ask myself that question whenever I am faced with a moral dilemma. To answer this I turn to my Bible, "Go ye then and teach all nations." That's what Jesus would say, all right, He'd be behind us 100%. We have a duty; a regular burden, to help our fellow men. For me the moral issue is clear, we belong in Viet Nam. God wills it.

He has been on our side before--when we, his people, were threatened by invaders and heathens. In the two wars that men who lusted for power forced on us, Mighty God sustained us in our stand for truth and the American way. We did not let God down, we passed the test. We were great enough to beat the war mongers back to peace. We, practically single-handedly, made the world safe for peace. And now, we are faced with yet another vicious viper, the communists in Viet Nam.

I think about this a lot, about the communists, about Viet Nam, and about God. We belong in Viet Nam to force those people to understand how great the freedoms of Democracy are. Even if it means killing every last North Vietnamese. We belong there, God wills it. What if Viet Nam falls to the communists? What will be next? First will come the Near East, then South America and then Cuba. Finally Mississippi and Georgia will fall--and then--God forbid it, the heart of our nation will be in the cardiac of communism. America in the hands of godless guerillas. We have a moral obligation to stay in Viet Nam until the pagan is educated.

However, this is just the background for my proposal. I am more concerned now that I have established our right to be in Viet Nam, with the expense and unnecessary waste such as our commitment in Viet Nam calls for. Money that could be spent more profitably on nuclear bomb and space races is being poured into Viet Nam. I have a modest proposal to make that would economize and humanize our position in Viet Nam. (Not to mention helping your popularity ratings.)

We all know that in any war, both sides are guilty of atrocities, although we all know that the Viet Cong's atrocities are much worse and much more sadistic than ours, nonetheless we must admit that there are atrocities. Recently, on the University campuses throughout the nation, students have been picketing Dow Chemical Company, the company that makes Napalm. They are upset that this company produces the inflammable jelly that sticks to the flesh of women and children in North Vietnamese villages, (sometimes South Viet Namese villages when they miss) and burns their flesh horribly, sometimes even killing them,

but at least destroying portions of life-filled flesh. The picketers are right to be against this needless and costly waste of good women and children for no visible good. I have a much wiser and more intelligent proposal for handling this problem. I too think that the United States should drop the Dow Chemical Company's contract and stop using Napalm; but for a different reason.

That reason is expense, the cost of weapons and supplies for our troops is fantastic. We have to fly fruit and eggs and other staples such as potatoes and prophylactics to the troops at a great expense to our government. But the biggest and most-difficult-to-supply staple is fresh meat. And this comes closer to my proposal, not only should the US stop using Napalm and save money, but the women and children can be put to a much more Christian use.

I have already mentioned how Napalm damages the flesh of the people it's dropped on and renders them and their useless bodies deficits to society, in this case the Vietnamese society. My proposal will take care of that and lead to a great victory for the democratic way. I propose that we set up camps in Viet Nam. North Vietnamese women who are captured and children from the Northern villages up to the age of three would be brought to these camps after capture. Here they would be raised in clean, well-lighted places and fed well and loved. Now many children grow up in squalor, underfed and diseased.

In these camps, run as an American concern with all the attention to cleanliness, a child could grow fat and happy. When the child reached the age of three, having been raised under American-type conditions, he would be tender and ready to be butchered for fresh meat for our troops. The reason for the three-year-old system is that after a child has been walking for more than two years the muscle sinews begin to strengthen and the meat becomes less tender.

Once the program got off the ground with available infants, a breeding program could be implemented. Men of suitable body type from the troops could use the facilities for a double good. Not only could they father additional infants for the program, they would find that the expense and dangers of the brothels, at least for those that are fit, would be greatly reduced. Once this program began running smoothly, providing that the war lasts long enough, we could use every scientific breakthrough known to modern man to improve the program.

This would work a double good. First, the Vietnamese could visit the camps and see how wonderful and healthy children brought up in an American environment are. They would realize how great democracy has made America. Secondly, our troops would be supplied with fresh meat that had never been injected with preservatives nor frozen. The overall plan would cut costs because we would use native stock. We would not have to worry about large shipments of meat. Besides that, you could send Vice-President Humphrey to visit and keep up morale.

This then, is my modest proposal. I think that if it were implemented by our government it would be in the way of Democracy and prove to the peoples of the world how great technology can be. Besides that, it would save us, the taxpayers, a lot of money.

Sincerely,
Jonathan Thrift
Middle Earth

FUN FREAK IN SEED CITY

or
"Presenting for your pleasure, direct from
the Town Burlesque... TROOPS' GALORE"

Since I teach in the Loop, I took a leisurely stroll on my lunchbreak to get the feel of the city after 5 days of urban upheaval. As I passed the rusty Picasso (another stripper) in the Civic Center Plaza, I noticed a group of people in uniform holding forth with some sort of ceremony. I walked across the plaza--stepping around 6 people who were standing toy soldier straight holding a single sign that read "Viet Nam Vigil"--only to discover it was the good ol' Salvation Army dishing out hot ladles of good advice and prayers.

I turned to leave, but halfway across the plaza the pigeons (and myself) were startled to flight by a booming voice singing "What a Friend We Have In Jesus".

After the opening versè, God's General was drowned out by the wail of a fire engine passing by; now after 5 days of fires and shooting, this was the last thing anyone in that vast plaza wanted to hear and everyone froze in their tracks. At that exact moment, the church bells across the street began to ring and the whole place sounded like a bad trip. I had to dash into a stamp & coin shop to escape the racket and the feeling that everyone in the world was going insane and the city was dying around my ears while this poor, deluded man in mock military uniform was singing his lungs out about someone named Jesus.

The "Viet Nam Vigil" people held their post but peeked over their shoulder at the siren, while the "soldiers of God" piled into a large bus labeled "Salvation Army Officer's Training School" and sped away, almost crashing into an unmarked police car parked at the curb.

Now I don't know why, but this all reminded me of something that happened to me when I was very young--around 11, to be exact, I was in a hospital in St. Louis then and it was 1948 and I was blind as a bat. I could barely distinguish between night and day, but that was about it.

My bed was in the front, or white ward and all the blacks were in the back ward.

Since I had one of the few radios in the place, I used to feel my way back to the Black ward and share it with one of the patients there who was always friendly to me.

One day I sat on the bed next to his and a voice, seething with hatred hissed, "Get yo ass off mah bed, white boy!" Although I couldn't see the speaker, I knew what his face looked like as he spoke and I moved as fast as I could.

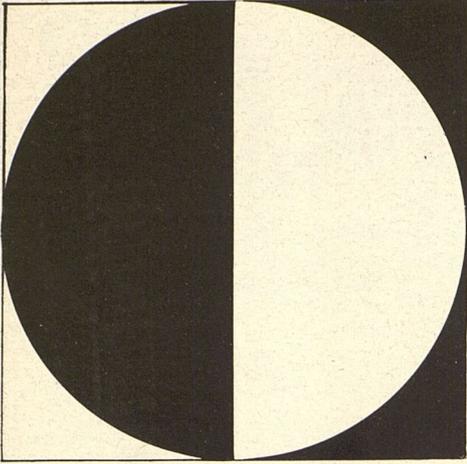
Now I had grown up in a small town where there were few Negroes and I had never encountered undiluted race hatred, so I was stunned by the viciousness of his tone.

Before this had time to sink into my young unformed mind however, my other black friend put his hand on my shoulder and said soothingly, "Don't pay any attention to him--he's just bad!"

Last week, at the height of the disorders, we all looked at each other suspiciously on the street, expecting a treacherous move at any moment by that nigger/hunky who was perfectly nice to us in the grocery store just last week.

Everytime I find myself thinking that way I have to go back to St. Louis in 1948 and remember that hand on my shoulder and kick myself in the ass for being so stupid.

--Billy Blatz



The symbol above was sent in by SEED reader Cindy Thompson. Unfortunately lack of space prevented us from running the letter she sent with it explaining what it's all about. In the letter she expressed her shock and growing sense of fear at the recent developments in race relations in this country. The symbol, her personal attempt to seek a solution, has already produced a surprising range of reactions from apathetic cynicism on the one hand ("It's naive") to outright hostility ("a bunch of shit") on the other. Both these reactions might possibly be true, but we feel that any individual who takes the time and effort to try to contribute something that might help the sick situation that now exists merits some encouragement.

Quote from the letter:

"I think it's time for those people who are for 'integration now' to declare themselves, to make their feelings known by a symbol they could put in their window or in their car."

Anybody interested in Cindy's idea can contact her at 642-8652.



SOME RECENT POT INFO



compiled by
Mike Aldrich/
SUNYAB LEMAR
Box 71 Norton Hall
Buffalo, New York

1. 23,952 arrests on marijuana charges were made in 1966. (As compared with 1963, when 6,800 such arrests were made.) (Source: New Republic, 16 Mar, 68, p. 11, FBN.)

2. 23,716 pounds of marijuana were seized at borders or within the US in 1966, as compared with 6,444 pounds in 1963. (ibid.)

3. "Narcotics officials estimate that Americans spend \$100 million a year on marijuana." (Source: LOOK magazine, 5 Mar, 68, p. 58.)

4. "The top marijuana dealers LOOK talked to estimate from their orders that between three and a half and five tons of grass are smuggled into the U.S. from Mexico each week. Little gets stopped." (Source: ibid. Continues, in contradiction to #2 above, "US Customs officials have seized just 25,000 pounds of pot." Not really contradictory tho: latter figger refers only to amount stopped at borders.)

5. Prices: the Mexican farmer gets \$1 - \$2 a kilo. U.S. prices depend on quantity purchased and on distance from source: Laguna Beach, \$55 - \$60 a key; in deep South or Midwest it runs from \$300 - \$400 a key. (Source: ibid.) (Comparative economics: a kilo of beautiful Pakistani or Nepalese hash --charas-- sells for \$15 or \$20 in northern India, but good hash in the middle east, sold to a foreigner

(which shoots the price up) sells for about \$80 to \$100 a key. Grass is at least as cheap in Nepal, Afghanistan, India, Pakistan, or any middle eastern country except Israel, as it is in Mexico or southern California.) (Source: M. R. A., 1965.)

6. "Estimates as high as 20 million (users of marijuana in US) have been made, but it is much more likely that in the neighborhood of 4 to 5 million persons have used it at least once."

(Source: Dr. Stanley F. Yolles, director of NIMH, in testimony before Senate Juv. Delinq. Subcommittee, March 6, 1968 reported in New York Time, 7 Mar 68.) (p. 26.)

7. "With the impending availability of adequate supplies of synthetic tetrahydrocannabinol we have developed and have given high priority to an intensive systematic plan of research to elucidate a number of basic facts (about pot)... We estimate that these studies of marijuana will cost approximately \$5.25 -million over the next three years. Though major gaps in our knowledge do exist, data from ongoing and past research have already given us some answers." (ibid.)

8. "Surveys of high school and college drug use indicate that approximately 20 per cent of the college students questioned reported some experience with marijuana. It is estimated that about 2 million high school and college students have had some experience with marijuana."

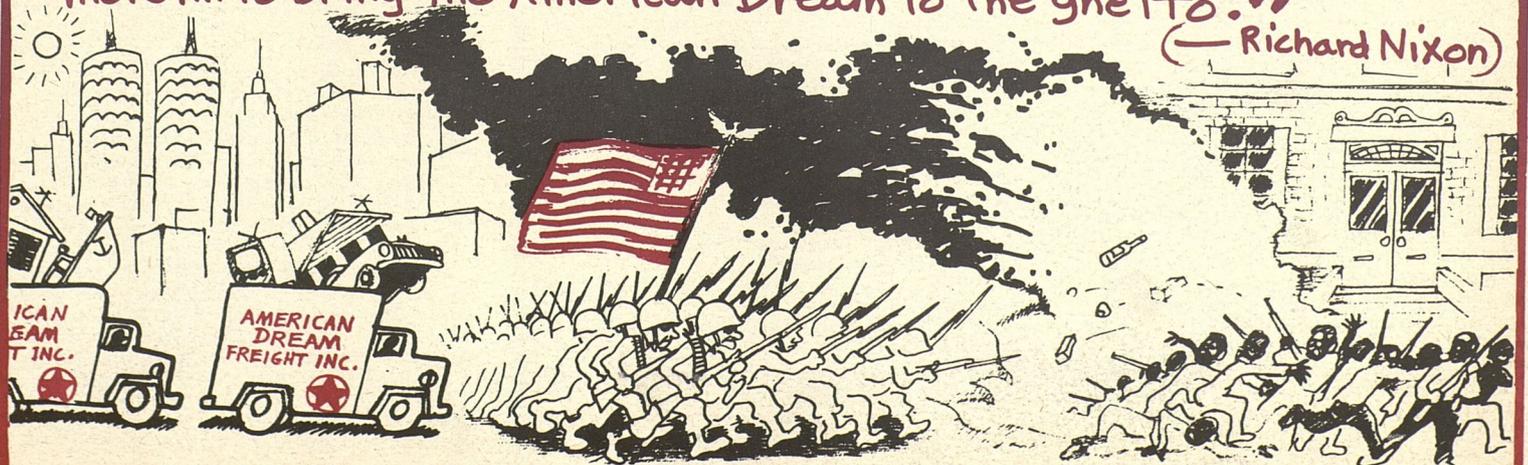
(Source: ibid. That figure alone means that one out of every hundred Americans has turned on.)

9. OM, AING, GHRING, CLING, CHARMUNDA, YEI VIJAY... ancient Brahmin mantra for consecration of Bhang.

Source, Allen Ginsberg

"...We must take the warnings to heart and prepare to meet force with force if necessary. BUT on the other hand we must move... to bring the American Dream to the ghetto."

(— Richard Nixon)



A MIND BLOWN
IS A MIND SHOWN:

GORILLA • BONZO DOG DOO-DAH BAND

HA!

HAPSHASH AND THE COLOURED COAT FEATURING THE HUMAN HOST AND THE HEAVY METAL KIDS

GORILLA
BONZO DOG DOO-DAH BAND

IMPERIAL
A PRODUCT OF LIBERTY RECORDS

HAPSHASH AND THE COLOURED COAT
FEATURING THE HUMAN HOST AND THE HEAVY METAL KIDS

LP-12370

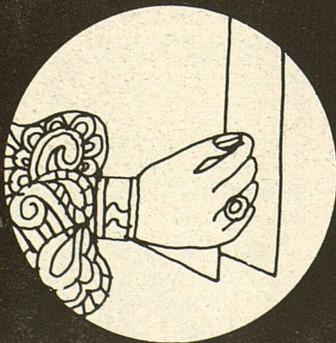
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MUSIC FOR THE READ BAGGET ON IMPERIAL RECORDS

SPANKY
& OUR GANG
LIKE TO
GET TO KNOW YOU



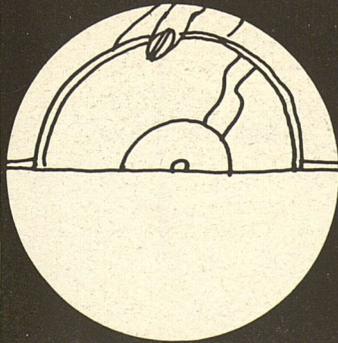
SR 61161



1 open



2 unfold
freaky 4 color poster



3 remove record.



4 listen to an album
that's hard to believe



FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRACKS

The Youth International Party (YIP) has announced plans to hold a Youth Festival in Chicago at the same time as the Democratic convention. The typical response from most political activists has been on the order of that expressed in the March 4th issue of Students for a Democratic Society's New Left Notes.

In an article significantly titled, "Don't Take Your Guns to Town," YIP is analyzed and dismissed in two sentences: "... their intention to bring thousands of young people to Chicago during the Democratic National Convention to groove on rock bands and smoke grass and then to put them up against bayonets—viewing that as a radicalizing experience—seems manipulative at best. The idea would not be bad, were it not for the Illinois National Guard and the Chicago Police." This glib distortion of YIP's intent is shared, unfortunately, by a good many people, who, if they are going to be responsible radicals, cannot afford to so lightly dismiss and refuse to relate to an important political development.

It must be clearly understood that there are many paths to revolution and in the context of a McLuhanesque America, this becomes increasingly so. (McLuhan's "Understanding Media" should be required reading for all radicals. Marx can wait.) Know your enemy is a primary rule for revolutionaries and knowing how capitalism and imperialism, etc., function does not necessarily mean that you know your enemy. The Yippies reflect knowledge of another facet of the enemy—psychological knowledge—and this knowledge is reflected in their style and action. Of course, it is apparent that a lot of activists cannot relate to the Yippie style of the constant "put-on" (but is it?), the air of irresponsibility, the seeming lack of any political orientation and a total and complete lack of seriousness. But

as Marshall McLuhan has pointed out so beautifully, the medium is the message and the Yippies, in and of themselves, are the message.

On one level they represent what the new left was lamenting a year ago as non-existent. Well, now it does. "Hippies" have gone political. (It can be argued that they always were.) But because they aren't talking of grassroots organizing or any of the more traditional approaches to revolution, it is thought that they aren't political. Beyond that, they are articulating the principles of an alternative way of life—a necessary step in any revolution. And most important, perhaps, they address themselves directly to people, not with words, but action. "The only vanguard is the vanguard in action," Jerry Rubin, one of the most articulate revolutionaries in the country and a founder of YIP, has said. "All those hundreds of hours of bullshit meetings were just that—bullshit." We've all sat in more meetings than we can count and have come away tired, demoralized and entertaining thoughts of joining the air force or the WACS, just to get the taste of the meeting out of our mouths. And all of us are veterans of picket lines, marches and demonstrations, and we left them so frustrated and angry that we felt like kicking trash cans and little kids. "What's needed is a new generation of nuisances, a new generation of people who are freaky, crazy, irrational, sexy, angry, irreligious, childish and mad... people who burn draft cards, people who burn dollar bills, people who burn MA and doctoral degrees... people who lure the youth with music, pot and LSD, people who proudly carry Vietcong flags... people who say fuck on television... people who have nothing material to lose but their bodies."

The Yippies represent psychological guerrilla warfare. They created stark fear when they went to the

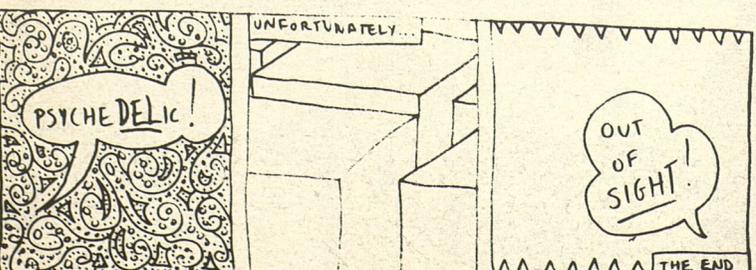
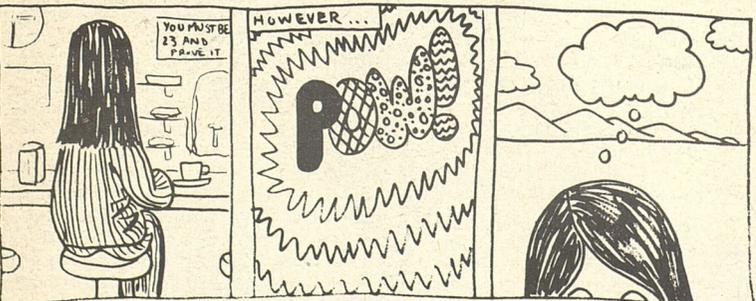
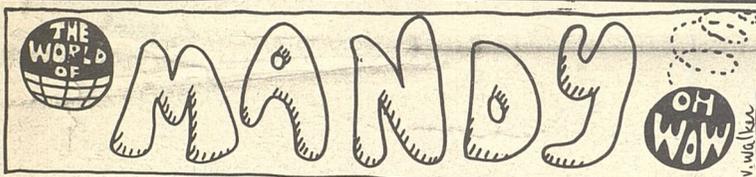
Stock Exchange and threw dollar bills from the gallery on to the floor during the peak trading hours. They've run through the streets of New York yelling "The war is over!" Into stores and out, "The war is over! The war is over!" In a country where the picket sign, march and demonstration have become respectable, other means of communicating a political point of view must be found. Regis Debray talks of armed propaganda, which is exemplified in this country by the Deacons and Huey Newton and the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense. The Yippies have begun to explore the techniques of disarming propaganda. They have their roots not in Mao or Che, but in the Provos, rock and Lenny Bruce. They ignore what a man thinks and grab him by the balls to communicate their message. They seek to involve people in an experience, not argue with them. They are like Zen monks, who never answered a question directly, never set forth a list of Do's & Don'ts, Rights and Wrongs, but answered a student's question with a hard slap. The Yippies are a hard slap, a kick in the crotch, a bunch of snipers pinning the enemy down and making him afraid to move.

The Yippies are aiming their festival, not at the Democratic convention as the other political organizations will be doing, but at the youth, at those more than 100,000 teen-agers who ran away from home last summer, going on strike against the way of life America was presenting them through their parents. The Yippie festival presents an alternative. Embodied in the festival will be the values for another way of living, just as the liberated zones of Vietnam present an alternative way of life to the Vietnamese peasant. And once you've lived in a liberated zone, you'll fight to keep it from being reclaimed. The Yippies are a liberated zone. Revolution is the experience that revolutionizes and it is not successful until it has involved the greatest number of people in action that revolutionizes them. This is the intent of the Yippie Festival.

It is all too easy to reject the Yippies without ever understanding their value. They do not have the complete answer, nor do they claim to. But they represent one level of activity that is essential. They may not represent your particular "bag." Fine, but they are too important to be rejected as so many who consider themselves political have done.

— Julius Lester

(reprinted from The Guardian)



YIPPIE YIPPIE YIPPIE YIPPIE YIPPIE YIPPIE

The Youth International Party has secured temporary headquarters at 2120 N. Clark, 3rd floor. As the Seed goes to press, the grey minions of the strike-bound phone company have yet to respond to our cry for installation. See the "President's Analyst", then call information.

The YIP non-leaders are still comatose from having found a place to do their thing, and have scheduled a meeting for Thursday the 25th at 7PM to establish some sort of timetable and (curse the word) structure. A second meeting will be held at the Seed office, 837 N. LaSalle, on Saturday, May 4th, at 11AM. Call John Walrus at 337-2623 for further information. All are welcome, so long as they leave their herbs at home. Until then, YIPPIE.

JOURNEY TO THE COSMIC OCEAN

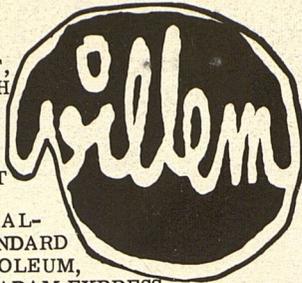
round?," and "Do you understand the importance of good works in your own health and emotional life and for the health and well-being of your fellow man?"

The author's account of the origin of the Game of Asha relates that when it was presented to him, "the King was extremely satisfied and his interest in life was renewed. He thereupon told Zarathustra to ask for whatever he might want and said it should be given him. Zarathustra wished to give the King a lesson which would teach him not to be so megalomaniac as to think he could give anyone everything he wanted."

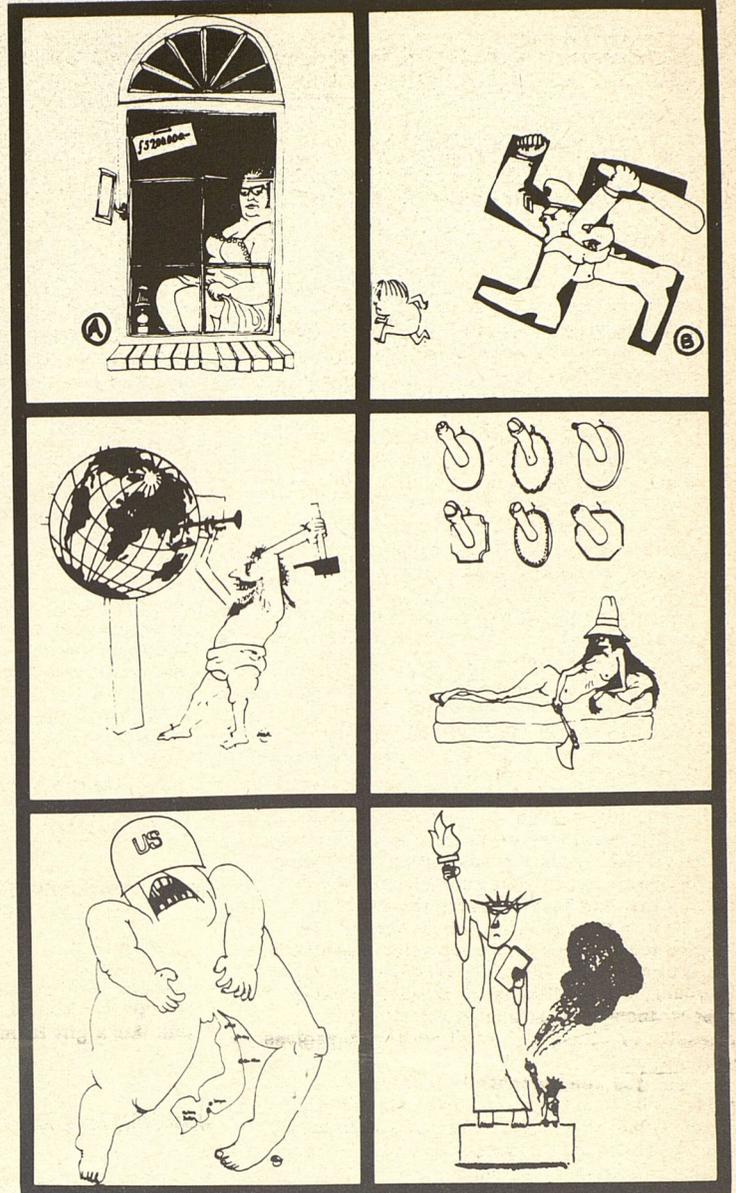
Later in the volume, Bordeaux wrote that "Zarathustra, considering that man lives in the midst of a field of forces, knew that the natural and cosmic forces which surround him and flow through him are superior positive forces. But he also knew that man by his deviations from Law in thinking, feeling and acting, constantly creates negative, inferior forces in the midst of which he also lives. He is connected with all of these forces and cannot be separated from them; moreover, he is always cooperating, consciously, with the superior forces or with the inferior ones. He cannot be neutral."

To this inner conflict, the original game of Asha was dedicated. Thus spake Zarathustra.

WILLEM, A 26 YEAR OLD DUTCH CARTOONIST, IS CURRENTLY THREATENED WITH A 3 MONTH GAOL SENTENCE IN AMSTERDAM FOR PUBLISHING TWO "OFFENSIVE" CARTOONS. BOTH ARE REPRODUCED HERE. CARTOON A. DEPICTS QUEEN JULIANA AS A WHORE. AT THAT TIME SHE HAS ASKED THE GOVERNMENT TO DOUBLE HER ALLOWANCE. (QUEEN JULIANA ALREADY OWNS \$2-1/4 MILLION WORTH OF STANDARD OIL, \$2-1/2 MILLION OF ROYAL DUTCH PETROLEUM, \$3-1/2 MILLION OF KLM, \$4-1/4 MILLION OF ADAM EXPRESS AND \$19-1/2 MILLION OF ANACONDA COPPER). CARTOON B IS BEING PROSECUTED FOR "CRUELTY TO POLICE". WILLEM HAS RECENTLY PUBLISHED A BEST-SELLING COMIC BOOK IN AMSTERDAM, 'BILLY THE KID' AND HE EDITS A CARTOON MAGAZINE, 'GOD, NEDERLAND AND ORANJE'.



----Reprinted from OZ



Mike Bloomfield Interview!

We hate to bring you down, but did you know that you missed the Rolling Stone Interview with Mike Bloomfield? In the interview he told how he plays the guitar, gave some excellent advice for those who listen to him, explained how he got involved with Bob Dylan, said why he thinks Eric Clapton is great, and many, many other things.

You wouldn't have missed it if you were subscribing to Rolling Stone, the journal for rock and roll musicians published in San Francisco. If you had been subscribing, you also wouldn't have missed the interviews with Peter Townshend, Donovan, Bob Dylan, B. B. King, Ravi Shankar, George Harrison and Jimi Hendrix.

If you subscribe now, we'll send you the issue with the Mike Bloomfield interview and any one of the others you want in addition to your regular subscription. But subscribe now, our stock of back copies is limited.

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PLAY REVIEW:

HOMETOWN USA

"The Rimers of Eldritch" by Lanford Wilson is one of those Our Town/Under-Milk-Wood/group-stream-of-consciousness plays which turn a basically uncomplicated story into a jigsaw puzzle. As performed by the Chicago City Players (Baird Hall, 615 W. Wellington, 525-1052 for ticket info), it gets the audience involved quite quickly in picking up and putting together. Set in the semi-deserted mining town of Eldritch (too like towns I've known to be comfortable), it warns the tormented city dweller that small towns are no refuge: folks there are just as mean as city people, and crazy as bed bugs besides. The only real human beings in the town are the old hermit Skelly Manor, beautifully done by Russ Case, and the town's official loose woman, Cora Grove (Kathy Ruhl). They both give outstanding performances. Also ably performed is the role of Eva Jackson (Kathy Renard), a crippled adolescent who dreams about hoarfrost, or rime, which will cover the whole town and make it beautiful; instead she is the catalyst which shows what sort of rime Eldritch is really covered in. Keith Santilli plays Robert Conklin, the other catalyst and embodiment of all younger brothers.

Cordis Fejer is properly bitchy as Patsy, the American Dream ("Oh Walter, Ah love you, reely Ah do---yoah name IS Walter, isn't it?"); James Cory is hateful as her brother Josh (the American Dream Boy); and James Shiflett and Lilian Mackery are their ineffectual parents. Nancy Sherburne is excellent as Eva's mother ("The burden that poor woman has to bear, well, I don't know"), and special honors should go to Lisa Bahe as the goofy old lady who, listened to by no one, slowly flakes away in little pieces like the town.

Bill Hildreth directs this well-put-together collage of real, nasty Americana, which is well worth seeing.

The American Dream, yes.....
---James Nayler



MACE IN THE FACE

Dear Seed:

I'm sure you, as well as many others, are concerned about the prospects (?) of a restless spring and summer with the probable (?) excess of brutality and lack of restraint by our police force.

The Chicago police department, themselves responsible for much of the hate and unrest in the Ghetto, in preparation for "dangerous" and "subversive" activities by "activists", both black and white, is being armed with some of the worlds most elaborate riot-control arms....including the controversial and sometimes dangerous, MACE. In short, the police are prepared to wage war against the poor and oppressed of Chicago.

The laws and ordinances of Chicago are designed to leave the ordinary citizen powerless to legally carry sufficient protection on his person. However, our dangerous, and often sadistic, police force are armed to the teeth, against us, black and white, while we are not allowed to carry any weapon, legally, to protect ourselves against them.

The harmless, but effective Protect-U spray cannot be carried on the person. Nor can a knife, a gun, or in many cases, a simple fingernail file. I am not advocating the arming of Chicagoans against one another...this is the insanity that has been sweeping the Bogan area.

I am asking the simple question: If the Chicago police force can carry arms and MACE to use against the citizens of Chicago, mostly the young, aware citizens...frequently using these weapons without just provocation or necessity....then, why can't we arm ourselves against them?

Can you see the insanity in this? It is insane...but it may be necessary not only this summer, but for many more summers to come.

It is becoming increasingly difficult for the Ghetto dwellers to communicate with Chicago's racist and corrupt police department.....time is growing short...for the police. Cops can die too.

I, personally, am calling for the police department to use both restraint and intelligence....not only this year but for many more restless years to come. Not for our sakes... but for yours.

Sincerely,
Reginald Walker

HELP FROM MY FRIENDS DEPT.

Dear "Seed",

I hate to write a letter that sounds like a "body commercial", but I am very lonely. My feelings of love---love that's me; love that's you; love that's the sun, the moon, have been depressed by the narrow minds of those around me.

You see, I am speaking for a group of people who are forced to turn on in the dark, sweaty caves of the South Side, where cries of "Burn Baby Burn" and "Kill whitey" cloud the air with paranoia and fear. Their minds are closed to love and the words of peace. Their vengeance, whether justified or not, is violent, hateful, and very uncool. And this vengeance is general, not specific. It is directed towards themselves and anything unlike themselves, which includes us, for we proudly wear beads and flowers waving our "Freak Flags High".

I wish to thank you for the "Seed"; I wish to thank you for showing us that we are not alone as "we are all together". I believe that people like the people behind the "Seed" will be the people who will shape America tomorrow, and I want a ticket to ride!

Earl J. McGhee Jr.

CANCEL-MY-SUBSCRIPTION DEPT.

Dear Seed--

You must be the biggest put-on since "Playboy". Please cancel our subscription. If you give refunds, check your records since this was a gift from "friends."

Joseph Wegner et Cie
Wegmet Dr. & Hobart Rd.
Hobart, Ind.

ANOTHER MAN DONE GONE

Little Walter passed this way
Now he's dead and gone away,
No one knew just how he met his end
Not even Wolf who was his friend.

A Windy City music man
Looking now for better land,
The pawnbroker of man took his soul
But death will treat him good I know.

Such a violent death to pay
For a life of rhythm play,
A soul singers singing soul
Still singing now for judgment day.

- Rich Sara
Chicago

THE KING IS DEAD

OUR BELOVED

MARTIN LUTHER KING
HAS PEACE NOW BUT NOT THE KIND HE
HOPED AND PRAYED FOR. MR. KING
WAS ONE OF THE FEW MEN WHO WOULD
DIE FOR PEACE.

HE LIVED FOR THE PURPOSE OF PEACE
HE DIED WITH THE HOPES AND DREAMS
OF PEACE

OH, MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS
BLACK, WHITE, RED OR YELLOW
PLEASE DON'T MAKE OUR WONDERFUL
DEAR FORMER

MR. KING
TURN OVER IN HIS BED OF
ETERNAL PEACE WITH
GRIEF

Sheillah Witherspoon age - 13

DEAR DICK

I just heard you speak on the TV and had to write and tell you that I think you would make a top-notch president, maybe even a king. I can only speak for myself and the others when I say that we are firmly behind you and everything you stand for. By the way Dick, just what is it you stand for?

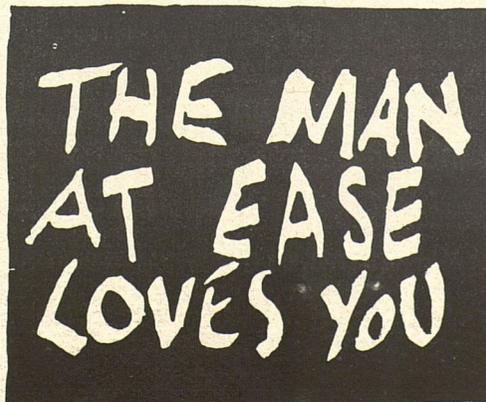
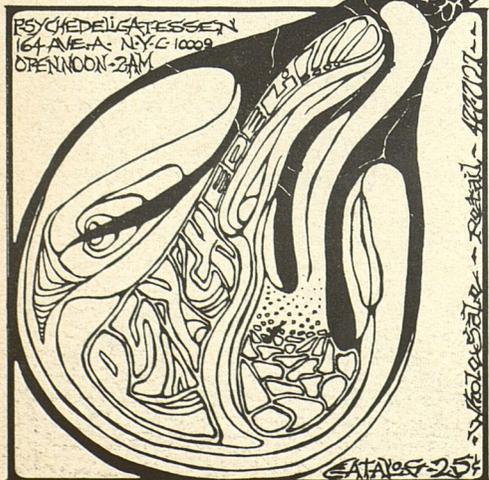
I feel that as a reasonable person you have expressed the feelings of most god-fearing persons when you said we should kill those niggers. I was very mad when you allowed coons to be bussed into our schools, but I now realize that you are sharper than you look and must be working on some master plan for the solution of our problem. Don't worry Dick, together we stand on the shores of what will some day be a better America, a whiter America.

God bless and keep you,
Mrs. Shoily Telowp

HARE KRISHNA

May the peace and beauty of the Innocents be yours eternally.
May your only sadness be but a wisp of fleeting darkness on the horizon.
Hare Krishna. Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna.
A Prophet of Peace
Sent with a message of Love
Lights the Fire of Hope.
May beauty and happiness be yours this Spring.
To wish love is not enough; That love may well up in your heart like an everlasting fountain is my wish to you, this month of April, and ALWAYS.

Peace and Love to you,
Mary Meli



MUSIC SCENE

By Bob Wettlaufer

The Butterfield Band have their fourth album in the can. Even tho Pigboy Crabshaw is still way up on the charts, plans are to release the new album in June. No title has been decided on as of this writing. If Paul's enthusiasm is any indication, this album should be a winner... he says it is the best record they have ever made.

Elvin Bishop and Bugsey Maugh made their last appearance with the Butterfield Band at Fillmore East April 12th and 13th. They are leaving to do their own thing; Bugsey is going to record with Elvin assisting and playing, and then Elvin plans to return to Chicago for "at least six months." He doesn't plan on playing in public; perhaps jam around the south side on weekends and spend the rest of the time working out musical ideas. When Elvin does form his band it will be based on McLuhanesque concepts... POW!!

Nick Gravanites is no longer with the Electric Flag. He is writing music and doing some producing for the Grateful Dead with an old Chicago Buddy of his, Ron Polte. Here's a goodie for you music historians; Polte is one of the guys Nick grew up with, and wrote about in his autobiographical opus "Born in Chicago."

George Carlin alias Al Sleet the Hippie Dippie weather man, and an old friend of Chicago has completed his first movie. It is called "With 6 you get egg roll" and stars Brian Keith and Doris Day??? I wonder what they thought of his beads on the set? Maybe the general public will get to hear some of George's hilarious material on next seasons Smothers Bros. show where he has two scheduled appearances. Up to now, the fuzz censorship, and "public standards" have prevented him from presenting his "Jazz Musicians and Their Customs" type of humor.

I'm writing this from New York where the music scene is all Chicago. Jimmy Cotten headlines this weekend at Fillmore East. Jimmy is also wrapping up his old obligation to Vanguard for one album, working out some of his band. Steve Miller is back from England and is alive at the Cafe Go Go, and Howlin' Wolf is knocking them out uptown at Steve Paul's Scene. Howlin' Wolf and Charles Lloyd

appear together at the Scene on 25th... they expect a full house! The late night jams with all the Chicago people are at the Scene which is the friendliest place.

One of the grooviest places in the country, the Club 47 of Cambridge, Mass. is going out of business on the 27th of April. This club introduced or discovered more acts than any place I know of. Such as Jim Kweskin and the Jugband, Mimi Farnia, Eric VonSchmidt, and Arlo Guthrie all got their start out of the Club 47.

Although they were strongly folk oriented the 47 didn't get hung up and presented the full spectrum of music from Bill Monroe's bluegrass to Siegel-Schwall's white blues. It's a small relaxed place filled with friendly warm people who run the place not for profit and have never charged enough to support the operation; you know, the kind of place you dream about.

Bob Kester of Delmark Records promises that the long awaited Magic Sam L. P. will be out in a couple of weeks. You can catch Magic Sam's amazing guitar and his band live at the Sitzmark Tuesday April 30th.

SAN FRANCISCO VIBES by Lou Niebauer

The Cream returned to San Francisco and again demonstrated its ability to destroy minds at random; aside from the newly grown mustaches on Jack Bruce and Eric Clapton, the only major difference was the presence of the Atco Recording Co. to capture some of the excitement of a live performance for an L. P.

Eric Clapton of The Cream can make a convincing claim to the title of best rock guitarist in the world. His improvisations are electric in every sense, there is little repetition, and most important, no hesitation or discontinuities are discernible.

Three other guitarists of similar stature come to mind: Jerry Garcia of the "Dead", Mike Bloomfield of the Electric Flag (formerly with Paul Butterfield), and Jimi Hendrix of the Jimi Hendrix Experience. Jerry Garcia can improvise at an extraordinary up tempo pace, but his finger work on the bridge of the guitar is perhaps not as smooth as Eric Clapton's. Unfortunately the electric guitar connoisseur will find only smatterings of good Garcia guitar on the Grateful Dead's

L. P. The best indication of what Jerry Garcia can do live is on "Viola Lee Blues" with its quickening tempo and driving improvisation.

Jimi Hendrix unfortunately seems to be moving away from "clean" notes and emotional content into the realm of pure sound. The gutsy guitar solo in "Red House" on the first English album is pointed to by Hendrix admirers, but one is hardpressed to find more of the same on the subsequent American releases.

Mike Bloomfield is the guitarist most similar to Eric Clapton, but then this similarity exists because both have gained their reputations as blues guitarists. Clapton became widely acknowledged as the best blues guitarist in England during the two year period in which he played with John Mayall and the The Bluesbreakers. A London L. P. entitled The Bluesbreakers: John Mayall with Eric Clapton has some fantastic Clapton guitar on it.

The Jimi Hendrix-John Mayall-Albert King dance concerts broke all attendance records in drawing nearly 20,000 people. The man who got them standing and yelling that weekend was Albert King. He gave a demonstration of what he termed "blues power" on his guitar (very powerful those blues) and at the same time was introduced to the great San Francisco audiences. Old Albert said he'd been looking for people like this for a long time.

And perhaps this is the best thing that San Francisco has going for it now. The music, that is. With the hippie thing rather destroyed by the national media, music may be the saving grace. James Cotton put it ably after he and his blues band had been cheered back for an encore: "Sometimes we've had to beg to play, but not here. And we love you for it."

Blue Cheer's "Summertime Blues" is in the top five records on both top 40 stations in San Francisco, and their L. P. is the best selling album since Cream's "Disraeli Gears" and Dylan's "John Wesley Harding." (Seed L. P. reviewer; Have your mind cleansed by Blue Cheer.)

A few notes on Blue Cheer live: Blue Cheer is lethal. One is hit by a five mile an hour wind when standing adjacent to their six Marshall amps (72 sq. ft. of sound). Thus blown eardrums as well as blown minds can result.

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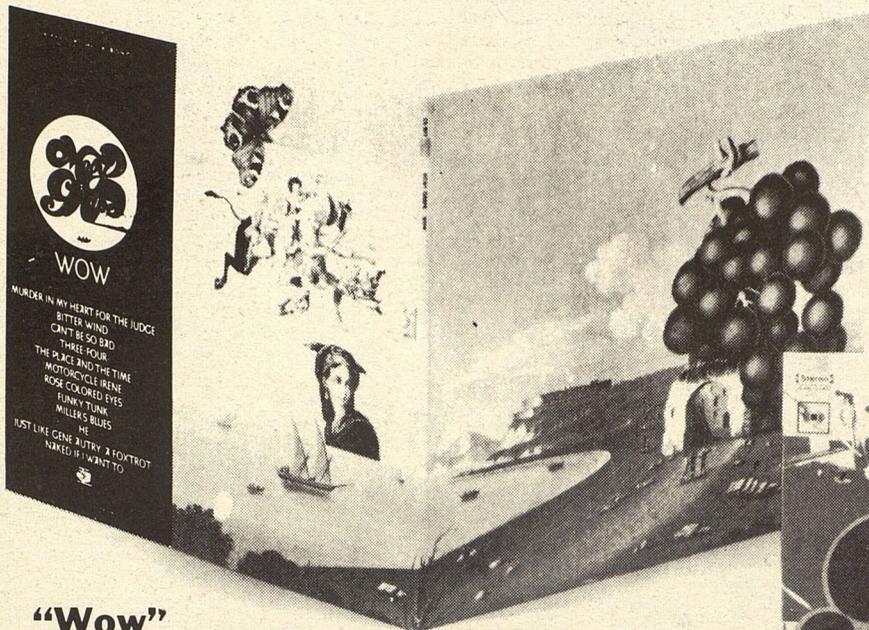
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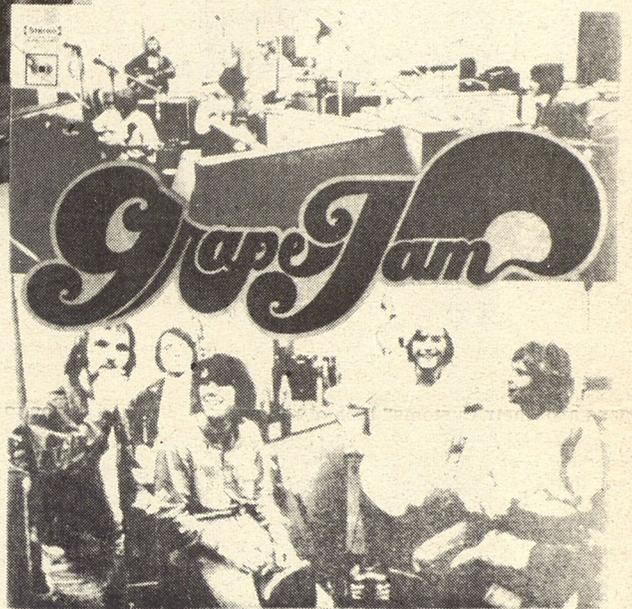
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 optical toys, pipes, books
 hookahs, records

The Story of the New Moby Grape Album(s)



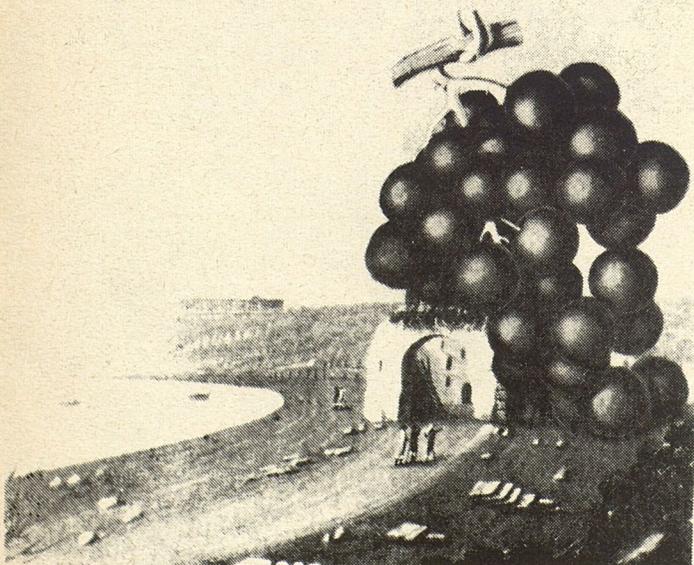
“Wow”

(Which is “Mom” upside down.) This is real Moby Grape. Which doesn't mean there's ever any unreal Grape. But it's different from any other Moby Grape. If it can be, it's more serious and more fun. At the same time. “Naked If I Want To” (Can I/Walk down your street/Naked/If I want to?). “Motorcycle Irene” (Super-powered, de-flowered,/ Over-eighteen Irene). “Just Like Gene Autry; A Foxtrot” (Featuring Lou Waxman and His Orchestra, and Starring ARTHUR GODFREY, Banjo and Ukulele) (NOTE: This band is recorded at 78 R.P.M.).



“Grape Jam”

These are jam sessions with The Grape (and other rock musicians sitting in). The music in this album just happened—at various odd hours all through the sessions for the “real” album. Just laying it down the way it happened—when the mood struck. Finding out again that music can be fun, and the fun can be shared . . .



CXS 3 Stereo

The Package.

This has got to be one of the wildest jacket designs going. And it houses a fantastic music concept that's bigger than most 2-record sets. You can't buy “Wow”/“Grape Jam” separately. But when you get it (them?), you *can* separate them (it?) into two albums, so it looks like you have a whole Grape library.

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