

THE CHICAGO



SUPER COMIX ISSUE

UNDERGROUND NOOZ FER POSIE KIDS!

VOLUME 3
NUMBER 1

25¢

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THE PAPER
BOX 367
EAST LANSING, MICH 48823

The debt-ridden Seed stumbles forth every two weeks from its ward at 837 N. LaSalle St., Chicago 60610. Patients can be contacted by calling 337-2623. Please be quiet when walking by the infirmary. Visitors can support our building fund by sending \$6 for a 26-issue subscription.

We belong to UPS, LNS and AMA. Make subscription checks or contributions payable to Seed Publishing, Inc.

Resident physicians--Drs. Schoenfeld and Sos-trin.

Attendants----- Dewar Pearlson.
Interns----- Walrus, Peck, Sebela
On leave----- Wald, Rosenfeld.
Bed-pan cleaner---- Filth.
Bed-pan----- 18th District
Syringe----- S. Treeman
Needle----- B. Pickard
Last Rites----- J. Tuttle
Patients----- M. James
 B. Blum
 The Yippies
 R. Davis
 S. Eisenstein
 R. Cobb
 E. Feldman
 D. Van Tassel
 J. Lester
 V. Walker

Children's Ward----- Aislin, Bode, Crumb, Almsay, Williamson, Lynch, the Kraut.

Best regards and get well soon to--Peggy, Mary, Steve,

and all the others who have been sickened by the State of the Union.



About our last issue: there were no rehashes of the August atrocities because the straight press (for once) did a decent job, and because Lincoln and Grant Parks were two "you had to be there" experiences.

Our usual lack of staff and bread-power held true, so we were again late in coming out. But there was a more vital reason--post-convention blues. We still had blood and tear-gas in our eyes, we still had nostalgic thoughts about the Festival of Life, we spent long hours away from the office attempting to straighten out our heads and our personal lives. We think that it's better now, we hope to return to a bi-weekly schedule. Keep sending material (especially if you're involved in a New or psychedelic left project. Feel free to come down and help out.

See you soon.

HELPFUL #s--CLIP & SAVE

Seed	837 N. LaSalle	337-2623
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18th Dist.	113 W. Chicago	WA2-4747
Police		
CENT. LOCK-UP	11th & State	WA2-4747
POL. EMERG.	---	PO5-1212
Audy Home (juv)	2240 W. Roosevelt	633-2300
Cook Cty Jail	26th & Calif.	LA3-0101
Grace Church (runaways)	555 W. Belden	LI 9-1002
Youth Influx Prog.	1722 N North Park	664-1144
LSD Rescue	1918 N. Mohawk	642-7937 664-1422
Ki netic Play-ground	4812 N. Clark	SU4-1700
Cheetah-Aragon	1106 W. Lawrence	LO1-8323
Triangle Prod.	211 E. Chicago	787--7585
Electric Movement	2948 Bryn Mawr	FI6-4453

There was a peace gathering on September 28th. The police were cool, even polite--but they generally are during "second marches." "Second marches" have become a Chicago tradition. On April 27th, police attacked demonstrators at the Civic Center; a week later they were less free with their hands and clubs. On August 28, police attacked demonstrators in Grant Park after practicing for two days in Lincoln Park; a month later it was carte blanche across from the bloodied Hilton.

The event was initiated by the Committee for a Free Chicago. It was supported by the Chicago Peace Council. It was important in the sense that a good many liberals showed up and flashed Vs while listening to speakers from the old, new, radical, and revolutionary left. But it raised several questions. Did these people, these well-intentioned people, absorb the words of the speakers from ACLU and the Panthers and MOB and the Latin American Defense Organization and Yippie and various civil rights groups and the American Servicemens Union and the National Community Union and SDS and Student Mob--or did they merely take their "we showed them" bodies and minds back to campuses and suburbs and forget? Were they applauding the speakers, or were they congratulating themselves for their 'courage' in coming together--for a "second march?" The following is most of the text of Mike James' speech on liberation.



O. K. We're back on the street again, we're together again. We're going to be here a lot more times, and we'll carry the message everywhere. We're back on the street again, where we belong, because the schools and factories we work in are jails. We're back on the streets again because we're a generation that's making a difference. The money machines who own those buildings wish we would disappear. We've got work to do, and coming together is important. It's here that we're reminded that our numbers are growing; it's here we reinforce each other and learn new things. We're beginning to make it clear, damn clear, a little bit at a time, that the streets belong to the people, that we're sick of slave labor to buy TVs and cars that are intended to fall apart. Liberation, which is what I'm going to talk about, is gonna be a long time coming, but it's got to come and the fight's worth it. There are a lot of changes taking place--got to--because we're going to make this a world worth living in.

There's one big change taking place. A lot of us here today are hip to it. We're not just here to

demonstrate against what the man has done to others--to black people, to the Vietnamese. We're here for that, but we're also here because we're getting hip to what the system has done, is doing, and is trying to do to us. We're coming to realize that we're oppressed and exploited, and we don't dig it, we don't buy the game they've been trying to run on us for too long. Not any more. No!

... There are still too many people afraid to call themselves radicals, too many people still in to the 'help other people' bag, afraid to look at their own lives and see what's been done and is being done to them. They live in the system, comfortably, and accept too much of it. Then they just can't understand why things get worse. They think, like some have implied today, that everything will work out in the end, if we're rational, if we just talk things out. Well, when the hell are people going to learn that individual acts, individual talks, just don't make it? All the Abes taken to mass and put in the collection box, all the pity felt for the underdogs and the needy won't change the way things are.

People have to understand that Capitalism is a rotten system, that it divides us from our brothers and sisters. It's not a rational system, but a monster, a monster that's gotta be put to death. If it's not, nobody anywhere can ever be free. A lot of good-hearted people don't want to deal with that. Well, you'd better; don't hide--deal with it, because the monster is tying you up more and more every day.

... The time has come to understand that in revolution isolation is an enemy. There isn't one building you can smash, or one person you can knock off, that will make a difference, that will free you alone. You've got to take a little time, get up on the mountain and look down at the flow of things, at the way things are patterned the way life is forged deep, the way things run, and the way we're run. Start to figure out the things that keep us going; how we're ordered and controlled. When we start to figure it out--about parents, about schools, jails, factories, TVs, newspapers, and how they keep us in line, then we're going to find that a lot of it has to do with profit, with Capitalism. Once we understand that, we can start to figure out how to jam it up, to mess it up so that it doesn't mess us up... We'll understand that we can't run away to freedom unless we forget our people... We'll understand that our lives are tied together, and that the only way we're gonna run a truth-and-beauty game on the man is by tying our lives together. It's not gonna be easy, 'cause the man is smart and he's ruthless--we know that now. Hell, he's got a lot to lose. Learn a lesson from the cat on the street. He knows that America is hard, that it's a reality smash, and that he can't go it alone without his brothers and sisters unless he cuts the man in. And when you cut the man in, you get tied up and cut, little by little. Get it straight: we've got to learn how to stick together and move together; we've got to do it 'cause if we don't we'll lose the struggle for life, the struggle for what we could be.

Let's think a minute about what life is all about. It's a struggle of good against evil. Evil's been winning, and some people say that men and women are born evil--that's just it. Remember the movie 2001, where the ape kills with a rock, and through evolution man develops the rock into an ever-increasingly efficient weapon? Then, there's another way to look at man, about how millions of years ago flowers developed, and how flowers are part of the evolution of man. So, what is man--stones or flowers?

Well, I think most men and women are a jumble of both good and evil. But I'm going to side with the flowers, because I don't think both are built in. Man is born with the potential to create, to be liberated and to be free, but the system pumps in the evil--greed and self-interest. That's the way the system is arranged--for profit, so of course they've got to make sure they get their stuff pumped into us while we're growing up, so that we'll fit into their thing and not give them trouble. If we give them trouble, they send us to brain cops--shrinks--to try and make us adjust. And if they don't work, then they use other kinds of cops.

... Believe that we have the potential to be free; believe it, demand it, and understand that to get it means fighting. If you don't fight, if we don't fight, then it's all over. Think hard about that--I'm talking about your life, not someone else's. Too many people have walked to slaughter, thinking things would be cool at the last minute. Not true, it don't work that way...

... There was a time, while America was building the machinery that led to today's abundance and decadence, that working people and all progressive forces for good had to fight for what they could get, what small measure of control they would have in their relationship to the industrial ogre they were forced to be a part of. Well, that's not so true today at least it doesn't have to be. Today, work is made-up work; jobs can be done without men and women having to be an arm of a machine--and that includes machines that you go to college to become a part of as well as factory machines.

Man has the potential to liberate himself. Our job, our goal, our vision must be the liberation of man from toil, from bullshit work, the rearranging of production and distribution so that people's relationship to work doesn't result in built-in mediocrity, stupidity, the dehumanizing of man and a robot quality of life. We want creativity, liberation and freedom. What I'm talking about is this, real simple: I was hitch-hiking across the country while back and a guy picked me up.

He was dull, nothing interested him. As we drove in his big car, him in his big suit, I asked what he did. "Oh, I co-ordinate the distribution and sales of toilet paper dispensers." For Christ's sakes, what's he telling his kids. Shit!

What liberation means is breaking out, saying "screw it! We only live one time and we'd better make the most of it. Now that doesn't mean just going off in small groups and just grooving on and digging things. That's running away, forgetting your brothers and sisters everywhere in the world. And anyway, it won't work, it's impossible--you can't escape the monster. What it means is this: to dig life, to spit in the face of what they tell us we're supposed to be, means fighting... Freedom means hard work, struggle, the purging of evil from our guts by striking out at the people and the institutions they run that pump evil into us: buy this, buy that, do this, do that, employees only, stop, no left turn, right turn only, one way street. Capitalism is set up to get you on a one-way street... The politics of liberation are far different from the politics of security. Capitalism forces people to seek security, and it's seemingly monolithic, impermeable nature forced people on the left to get caught up in security. Too often, even when garnished with revolutionary rhetoric, the left ended up fighting for piecemeal social democratic reforms, a little bigger share of the pie, a little better law on the books. We must be careful that our movement doesn't get caught up in security, in small reforms that give us material or monetary comfort, and some mental and heart relief at the expense of a lot of poor and working class people throughout the world. We must be about revolution. To fight in the shop, the factory, for more time on the toilet, better working conditions, a little more pay, vacation time and insurance and retirement benefits is okay, but it won't change much...

The same is true on the campus--demands can lead to comfort, self-interest at the expense of too many people who don't go to college. Demands that aren't strategic, that can be co-opted, taken over, or granted easily lead to changes for only a few. Student power is not an end in itself. Student power... can be just like changing the rulers...

... We're talking about a people who understand the past--the game that's been run on us, and how the good parts of our history, a history of radicalism, militancy and struggle, has been kept from us. We're talking about a people who understand the present, what's happening, and how we must move. We're talking about a people who have a revolutionary vision of what man can be. Let's be clear: man is the only animal (except maybe dolphins) that has a sense of history, an awareness of his own presence and meaning, a self-consciousness. But man doesn't know where he's going. The old carrots--security, reward, heaven--aren't enough... You work for leisure, but the kind of work we do destroys our ability and desire to use that leisure in a human and creative way. The Hell with it. Do what we've got to do right now--change...

... Let's look at Wallace. A lot of those potential brothers and sisters have been tricked. They're open to being tricked because they've been messed over and don't dig it, and they don't know of any alternative. The lack of an alternative is because radicals have not taken a message, a vision to most people in America, people who's only hope to escape the one-way street is revolution!

We know Wallace is a phony, that his simplistic solutions are a slap in the face at the integrity of working people. We know that his own state is a mess: education rotten, labor unions destroyed, on and on. Now, I'm not so uptight about Wallace

as a lot of liberals and radicals are. See, the support he's getting reinforces the belief by liberals and some radicals that workers are racist, that they have no potential to be a progressive, left force. Well, people aren't consistent... Someone can support Wallace, agree with something he said, and then say something that completely contradicts Wallace... Just because someone agrees with some ideas that God, mother and country have pumped into his head, bad ideas, doesn't mean you write him off. You don't if you understand that the people we think support Wallace are the very people--more than most of us here--who know by their very life experiences that they've been screwed--everyday!

... They've already been screwed by both democrats and republicans. They're upset and frustrated, and searching. The AFL-CIO has sold them out, sleeping with the bosses, automating jobs out of existence, and talking a lot of civil rights stuff that's been a phony too--just mouthed words, laws, with little umph to make them real, impossible to make real until this economic system is changed. Unions have sold out... Those who did talk Revolution were thrown out. So when the UAW in Flint, Michigan supports Wallace, bucking the so-called leadership, it's just the chickens coming home to roost.

The way you stop Wallace, and the other two, is by stopping all they stand for, and that means living and working with young working-class people, becoming friends, building trusts, and helping each other go through changes. It means spreading the message of revolution and liberation--for a lot of us here, it means going home. It means a whole lot of changes, changes that have got to happen if we don't want to end up a generation that could have made a difference but didn't 'cause we were too hung up on ourselves and afraid to seek to build real security, the security that comes from within, and from without, of a people who love and care.

We're talking about liberation, and liberation means understanding some things real deep. Let's take the cops, the pigs. The system is corrupt, and that means most of us are corrupted. The difference between them, the cops, and us is that we're trying to purge it of the corruption, they bought in. They can get their share, and get away with stuff a little easier (do you think cops don't smoke pot, don't steal, don't lie?).

Cops in some places help little old ladies across the street. Very few of them do that in Chicago, a city that has the largest ratio of cops to people of any city in the country. Chicago is a nineteenth-century town. It's dying. Industry's moving out. Most jobs are crummy. A lot of people don't have much to do. And there are other people who have hope and are trying to change things, to make them better. In either case, nothing to do or about making changes, the system can't handle it, so they repress and oppress. Boredom leads to frustration, violence and crime... Systems aren't built to destroy themselves, but rather to perpetuate themselves...

Let's look some more at cops. They gotta work, so they take a job. Six years as an apprentice is too long. So they become cops. And some of us say, "Well, they're just individuals. They have families, right. They're human." Sure. But just don't act as individuals. They act as the military arm of the enemy, the ruling class. If we agree that capitalism

is the enemy, that it separates and destroys people, then you've got to make a political decision. I don't hate individual cops, I hate the oppressor. If the cops protect the oppressor, then they have chosen to side with my enemy. Eichmann was just doing [his job]

his job, cops are just doing their jobs. Screw that. They're a political force. Ramsey Clark obviously knows that the right wing is organizing inside the police department when he says that if they police are guilty of brutality, then ordinary people will sometimes have no one to protect them. Right--no-one except ourselves, and that means that people got to get ready in their heads and in practice...

Now I'm not writing all cops off. You took a job, you had to work. But you've got to make a choice between good and evil. If you side with the money men who string you out on credit, blue cross, blue shield, insurance, rotten schools, cars and houses that are expensive but crummy and fall apart, then that's it. We'll be enemies and there'll come a time when you or me will die, a time when your own kin--former friends and buddies--will do things they've got to do and you, if you do your made-up job, will have to kill them... Just remember one thing. Cops don't have to be the military arm, the doers or the dirty work for the rich business pigs who exploit us both. You can organize for change, as some blacks among you have. You can pass on information as some of you, black and white, have. You can look to France, where after the fascist right-wing pigs--just doing their jobs--beat workers and students, the left-wing cops lined up at the blood centers and gave blood to the workers and the students who were beaten because they had the courage to take a stride toward freedom.

... 1984 will come a lot quicker if we give up to the enemy before we really get started. Non-violent marches have their place, but they won't bring about the changes necessary for freedom. Capitalism won't crumble because of moral protest. It didn't in India, where only the color of the agents of the oppressors changed. Once again: revolution, liberation and freedom must be fought for. And that means we're dealing with power. They've got the guns, we've got the people. Right now they're stronger. The time will come when we'll have to use guns. Don't let that hang you up. Some of you say violence isn't human. Well, taking oppression isn't human; it's stupid. You only live one time, so you'd better make it good and make it liberating. The jerking of the brake may be violent, but sometimes the rolling of the wheel is more violent. For otherwise the violence of liberating a violence of oppression will only increase for those who follow. Violence, when directed at the oppressor, is human as well as necessary. Struggle sometimes means violence, but struggle is necessary because it is through collective struggle that liberation comes. And life is nothing if it is not about liberation.

... In two years, Chicago will have factories closed by workers as students closed Columbia. Get to it. Don't hang onto the Movement, don't exploit it--do it, be in it. You'll dig it. If you don't do it, your life will be nothing because you will have given up and let yourself be tied up...

... It's from America we come--don't hide from it, don't reject it. Be of it, find beauty among the rot while working out the contradictions and making whole lots of changes.

Someone said somewhere that "the youth will make the revolution, they will make it and keep it, throughout America and the world. Be strong, be beautiful." That's where it's at. It's not intended to cut anyone out. We all play a part... What it means is that right now that's where the action is... Let's just make sure we do everything in our power, sharing what we know, so that every generation of revolutionaries runs up a bigger score on the man.

Liberation, revolution, ain't easy. We're just getting started. Many of us will die. But, if dying is necessary to prevent the death of what men and women can be, then that's okay. That's necessary. Life is the revolution, it's spreading the word, being little bands of revolutionaries, traveling mistrel-show jug bands. Its digging deeper into ourselves and each other, opening people up, giving each other the courage to believe in something. It's fighting, it's loving, it's discovering sunshine and laughter. But, remember, like the man on the jukebox says: "Sunshine and laughter, just over the hill." The hills don't stop. Get hip. Climb as many as possible while we can. The time for struggle is long. The time we'll be a part of it is short. Let's go...

Mike James

the garment district
110 E. wells
chicago, illinois
fashion inventions

On Oct. 7, the day of the Seed Benefit, Bernard Marzalck of the Solidarity Bookstore walked in the Seed office, grabbed 1150 advance tickets and split. Bernard is no thief; he didn't do it for the bread. His explanation was printed in a pamphlet entitled "The Grand Heist," reproduced below. Our version follows, Judge for yourselves.

THE GRAND HEIST

WHO'S HEISTING WHOM?

On MONDAY, OCTOBER 7, five hip hoods stormed the SEED office and at finger point heisted 1150 pieces of hot pink paper valued at \$2.50 each, total heist—\$2,800!!! Previously mentioned hot pink paper was to be exchanged. EXCHANGED FOR WHAT???

Said hoods laid the paper on the people. AND WHY???

"Hey Man want to go to the SEED Benefit?"
 "Dig it. But no bread."
 "Don't need bread when you got hot pink paper."

YIPPEE!

THE SEED refused its own paper at the door!

was the paper worthless?
 were the people worthless?
 is the community worthless?

WHAT COMMUNITY?

ITS OURS! LETS TAKE IT!

VIVA R. HOOD!

"This is number one. The fun has just begun!"



IF YOU WANNA SLING MUD, R. HOOD, DO IT IN STYLE! YOU ARE HEREBY CHALLENGED TO A MURPHY SLINGING DUEL AT DAWN IN LINCOLN PARK, ON A DATE OF YOUR OWN CHOICE. (BRING YOUR OWN MUD).

The Seed

What was the point?

In response to the Daley Administration's epic film on the Convention (an Emmy nominee for the year's best comedy), members of the 49th Ward Citizens for Independent Political Action (CIPA) attempted to plant a Japanese yew in Joyce Kilmer Park (Ashland and Rogers) as a gesture "toward building a new politics of individual freedom in our community and in America."
 The anti-nature patrol appeared in two blue-and-white cars as Marty Noone, CIPA candidate for state representative from the 10th District, was in the process of digging a home for his offering. The tree, shovel and Mr. Noone were captured after a show of force in the form of a skirmish line along Rogers Street.
 Noone was incarcerated at the Foster Avenue Station until chants of "Free the Tree" and "All Power to the Saplings" freaked the desk sergeant badly enough to process his release. Noone was charged with "digging an improper hole" and set free on \$25 bond.
 At last report, the Police Department was holed up at Eleventh and State, fearing an attack by Smokey the Bear.

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 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
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F*CK N*XON

Ignoring the old maxim about the impossibility of legislating morality, tricky Dicky Nixon has come out in favor of a federal anti-obscenity act. Accepting the recent film industry edict establishing a classification system for children under 16 as a step in the right direction, he called upon his Los Angeles audience to back his attack on "corruptors" who use the mails to "subvert the moral standards of our children."
 One wonders who would determine what constitutes "a dangerous threat to the psychic health of young people." One wonders about the sanity involved in hailing the "Green Berets" while damning a nude production of "Peter Pan". One wonders about the role of the taboo itself in making "hard-core" pornography attractive to its audience (witness the Danish experience, where the removal of all bans led to a drastic decline in the sale of tits-and-ass, black-stocking and S & M magazines). And, last of all, one wonders whether Richard Nixon used to spend a few extra minutes in the bathroom during his adolescence.

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QUICK QUACK!



How does one describe a HUAC hearing? From a legal viewpoint? Confrontation of opposing forces? Show biz? From any point of view, the hearings held in Washington October 1, 3, and 4 to investigate what took place in Chicago were a flop, a farce.

Only two of the seven subpoenaed "defendants" were questioned--Dr. Quentin Young of the National Medical Committee for Human Rights and Robert Greenblatt, co-chairman of the National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam. Not called to the witness stand were Jerry Rubin, Abbey Hoffman, Dave Dellinger, Renny Davis and Tom Hayden. Rubin or Hoffman, representing the Yippies, probably would have livened things up a bit,

but they had to be content with making their presence known via interruptions and antics outside the hearing room.

For Rubin, it was a repeat of 1966, when he was also subpoenaed by HUAC but was not called upon to testify. Then he came dressed as an American revolutionary soldier. This time, Jerry was a guerilla fighter--bullet bandolier slung across his bare chest, toy machine gun on his back, beret, pajama-type pants, colorful paint on his face, chest, and arms, and--to symbolize the union of guerilla fighter and flower child--bells, whose tinkle, tinkle in the hearing room produced some of his few laughs.

Hoffman showed up the first day as an Indian. When he showed up on the second day wearing an American flag shirt, he was grabbed outside by Capitol police and thrown into a paddy wagon, as was his wife, who came to his rescue, and a kid who was caught letting the air out of the wagon's tires. Hoffman spent Thursday night in jail, which led to a walkout Friday morning by all the witnesses and their attorneys (except for Young and his counsel, who were involved in testimony). They all returned for the afternoon session, when Hoffman showed up minus his flag shirt.

Dr. Young engaged in a lot of cat-and-mouse play with the committee. He refused on first amendment grounds to answer the classic question of whether he was a member of the Communist Party. But, outside the hearing room he gave a "No", saying that he would never answer such a question before HUAC. One of the committee members asked him what his answer had been to the newsmen. Young replied, "Read the papers." He was also asked whether he had attended a certain Communist Party meeting in, would you believe it, 1948. Young and many in the hearing room cracked up, and he refused to answer. Although protesting that his right of free association was threatened by the question about the Communist Party, Young later spoke of his associations with the NMC and SDS. The CP, conservative and ineffectual, still carries weight on both sides at a HUAC hearing.

Much of the questioning of Dr. Young centered around a check he had made out for a thousand dollars in payment of the rent of the NMC office in Chicago. The committee had a photostat of the check. Young said it was merely, in effect, a loan to Renny Davis to be paid back in 48 hours

(which it was). The committee also had a copy of an index card from the NMC files which listed Dr. Young as a contributor.

Robert Greenblatt was a juicier prospect for the committee. Greenblatt had been to Hanoi and had conferred with the Viet Cong in Prague and in Paris, and had attended a communist youth festival in Cyprus, all of which the committee gleefully questioned him about. But first Greenblatt had some fun with them. When asked where he was born, which was Hungary, and when he came to the US (1949), he took the opportunity to speak about the Nazis and the concentration camps he had been in, making various analogies to HUAC along the way. In speaking of his contacts with the NLF and the Viet Cong, Greenblatt caused committee chairman Ichord to ask incredulously "Do you support the NLF?", as if he couldn't imagine such a thing were possible for any American. Greenblatt went into a rather long answer, the effect of which was to say yes (including the idea that he supported oppressed peoples everywhere). When asked if he intended to make further trips to meet the NLF or the Viet Cong, Greenblatt said "In the words of a famous American, I will go anywhere, anytime, and speak to anyone if it will serve the cause of peace."

The most significant legal hassle that arose during the hearings was the defense counsels' claims that, inasmuch as five of the seven witnesses had charges pending against them in Chicago and elsewhere, testimony being heard at the hearings could "hopelessly prejudice those cases." Ichord paid some lip service to this and then proceeded to allow all kinds of testimony from the police informer who had served as Rubin's bodyguard and the insertion of material about the other witnesses (including Greenblatt's pending narcotics case and letters confiscated at the Canadian border at the time of his arrest).

Although the committee is still hung up on the Communist Party myth and otherwise showed naive about how the Left operates in this country, they were spared much of the ridicule that in the past has been their fate, primarily because there is no buffoon type like Joe Pool on the present committee.

Bill Blum--LNS-Mass

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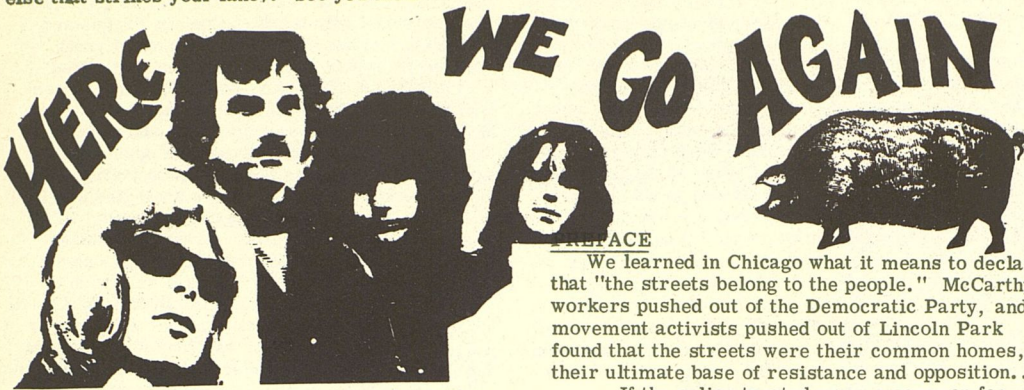
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AND TAKE A
NEW TRIP



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On November 5th, people all across America will hide their shame by pulling curtains behind them when they "vote". The two branches of the Movement, as with the Democratic Convention, have stated suggestions on how to deal with National Lesser-of-Three-Evils day. Act upon any suggestions that strike your fancy. On the fifth, we will be serving coffee and cake at our office. Stop by and rap about the elections or anything else that strikes your fancy. See you then.



Come into the streets on November 5, election day. Vote with your feet. Rise up and abandon the creeping meatball. Demand the bars be open. Make music and dance at every red light. A festival of life in the streets and parks throughout the world. The American election represents death, and we are alive.

Come all you rebels, youth spirits, rock minstrels, bomb throwers, bank robbers, peacock freaks, toe worshippers, poets, street folk, liberated women, professors and body snatchers: it is election day and we are everywhere.

Don't vote in a jackass-elephant-cracker circus. Let's vote for ourselves. Me for President. We are the Revolution. We will strike and boycott the election and create our own reality.

Can you dig it: in every metropolis and hamlet of America boycotts, strikes, sit-ins, pickets, lie-ins, pray-ins, feel-ins, piss-ins at the polling places.

Nobody goes to work. Nobody goes to school. Nobody votes. Everyone becomes a life actor of the street doing his thing, making the revolution by freeing himself and fucking up the system.

Ministers dragged away from polling places. Free chicken and ice cream in the streets. Thousands of kazoos, drums, tambourines, triangles, pots and pans, trumpets, street fairs, firecrackers—a symphony of life on a day of death. LSD in the drinking water.

Let's parade in the thousands to the places where the votes are counted and let murderous racists feel our power.

Force the National Guard to protect every polling place in the country. Brush your teeth in the streets. Organize a sack race. Join the rifle club of your choice. Freak out the pigs with exhibitions of snake dancing and karate at the nearest pig pen.

Release a Black Panther in the Justice Department. Hold motorcycle races a hundred yards from the polling places. Fly an American flag out of every house so confused voters can't find the polling places. Wear costumes. Take a burning draft card to Spiro Agnew.

Stall for hours in the polling places trying to decide between Nixon and Humphrey and Wallace. Take your clothes off. Put wall posters up all over the city. Hold block parties. Release hundreds of greased pigs in pig uniforms downtown.

Check it out—in Europe and throughout the world thousands of students will march on the USA embassies demanding to vote in the election cause Uncle Pig controls the world. No domination without representation.

Let's make 2-300 Chicagos on election day.

On election day let's pay tribute to rioters, anarchists, Commies; runaways, draft dodgers, acid freaks, snipers, beatniks, deserters, Chinese spies. Let's exorcise all politicians, generals, publishers, businessmen, Popes, American Legion, AMA, FBI, narcos, informers.

And then on Inauguration Day, January 20, we will bring our revolutionary theater to Washington to inaugurate Pigasus, our pig, the only honest candidate, and turn the White House into a crash pad. They will have to put Nixon's hand on the bible in a glass cage.

Begin now: resist oppression as you feel it. Organize and begin the word of mouth communication that is the basis of all conspiracies. Co-ordinate information and ideas by writing to Youth International Party, c/o Eldridge Cleaver, Ramparts Magazine, 495 Beach St., San Francisco, Cal. 94133.

Every man a revolution! Every small group a revolutionary center! We will be together on election day. Yippie!!!

Stewart Albert Abby Hoffman J. Rubin

OFFICE

We learned in Chicago what it means to declare that "the streets belong to the people." McCarthy workers pushed out of the Democratic Party, and movement activists pushed out of Lincoln Park found that the streets were their common homes, their ultimate base of resistance and opposition...

... If the police treated us as a common foe, we asked, why not treat ourselves as a common movement? We talked and argued, and finally we came together, not yet with a common ideology and strategy, not without some lingering friction, but now with a common reference point, a bond of experience which will help us grow together in the future.

We hurt the people who rule this country...

We aided the black liberation movement by sharpening the battle within the heart of the Mother Country...

Hubert's notorious promise to "bring the Great Society to Asia" is turning into the opposite: Vietnam is coming home...

... We are taking the new class struggle—between the youth and the corporation-society—in to the home. "These were our children," cried the New York Times analyst, "and the police were beating them..."

... But Chicago is not over. We are now a major campaign issue, and we must see ourselves accordingly.

Immediately, we have to explain and interpret ourselves... Some will insanely convince themselves that voting for Hubert is a necessary evil; some will pull along, like Sisyphus, trying to reelect the Senate doves; others will do nothing, fearing repression. But for increasing numbers of Americans, these alternatives will not do. For them, we believe the movement must organize an election offensive which demonstrates our refusal to accept the election choices offered and repudiates and discredits the system which imposes such choices on us.

Rennie Davis

National Mobilization is calling for a strike against the three major candidates on November fifth to register the fact that more Americans than ever find themselves disenfranchised and angry... It is a program that must be shaped locally but could provide a national meaning." The three major tenets are:

1. CONFRONT THE WAR CANDIDATES: Itineraries of the travels of Humphrey, Muskie, Nixon, Agnew and Wallace can be obtained from National Mobilization, 5 Beekman St., New York 10038.
2. NATIONAL G. I. WEEK: "Its purpose is to dramatize American support for the right of soldiers to return to civilian life... Anti-war delegations should visit every army base to talk with soldiers, investigate conditions in military prisons, record and report the grievances of G. I. s. Church should join in declaring November 3 "Vietnam Sunday"... Public hearubgs sgiykd be igranized... Demonstrations in support of amnesty for deserters or against symbols of military oppression should be organized... National G. I. week is our vote to bring home the troops, in an election which ignores the hardship and terror waiting for the Vietnam-bound G. I."
3. ANTI-WAR ELECTION EVE RALLIES:

As part of the election strike, it is suggested that students close down their schools to leaflet and boycott. It "should not be a passive 'stay-at-home' boycott of the meaningless Presidential race but an active campaign to raise the relevant political issues."

Finally, there will be some sort of action in Washington on either January 3 (if the electoral college fails to give a majority vote to any candidate) or the 20th "if the government seems set to launch another four years of war, political repression, poverty and racism."



"Barbarella" is a unique movie solely because it is the first space-age styrofoam spectacular. "Barbarella" is a disappointing movie, for one would expect that the magic of Dino de Laurentiis (production), Roger Vadim (direction), Claude Renoir (photography) and Terry Southern (screenplay) would be able to overcome the insipid acting of Jane Fonda and John Philip Law. "Barbarella" is kinky, campy and goofy—but not very good.

You can't avoid comparing "Barbarella" to "2001". "2001" transcends reality by expanding it into another dimension. The transition from a linear journey to a death-rebirth cycle, the rupture of space into a light-show universe, and the shift from deliberately stilted dialogue to the non-verbal experience in Rococoland are calculated to rupture gestalts and blow minds. In "Barbarella" we have self-conscious plays on our heroine's naivete, kitschy references, cute but artificial sets. The space of "2001" is deepest blue, the city of evil in "Barbarella" is done in eight decorator colors.

"Barbarella" was originally done in book form as a cartoon. It didn't take two hours to read, it didn't have time to get boring and tedious. "Barbarella" is vacant; after a half-hour you begin to stir in your seat. "Barbarella's" word-plays lack the spontaneity that made "Help" a delight. Barbarella and Pygar the Angel and the mad scientist and the Black Queen are cartoon characters of the D. C. variety—one-dimensional archetypes of an emotion or value. Personifications are standard. To cartoons, personifications are necessary to underline battles between the white-hats and the black-hats, but personifications fall flat when reused in situation after situation.

You may like "Barbarella" if your thing is wearing plastic boots and drinking cocktails. You shouldn't feel bad; it's better than grooving on the "Green Berets". But, all in all, "Barbarella" is a pretty lame film. Maybe the European version...

Klot Bev

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Jane FONDA

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STARRING

JOHN PHILLIP LAW MARCEL MARCEAU

SPECIAL GUEST
APPEARANCE

DAVID HEMMINGS

AS DILDANO

AND WITH

UGO TOGNAZZI

AS MARK HAND

Produced by DINO DE LAURENTIIS · Directed by ROGER VADIM

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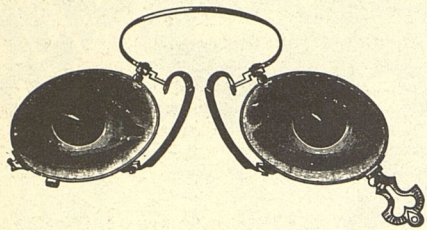
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HOW TO STAY ALIVE IN THE CLASSROOM



While junior high school kids light up a joint in Palos Verdes the State Board of Education decides in their collective wisdom that "damn" and "by the Virgin's milk" are too strong for the minds of young citizens. And LAND OF THE FREE is too free with the facts of the racism that colors American history. So everybody learns to turn off in the classroom, because there isn't anything going there that has any relevance to real life.

This fall, how many students are going to hear anything meaningful or participate in any discussions about the issues: fascism-black, white, military, industrial; wars of aggrandisement and imperium; sex as the new all-day sucker; alienation as a way of life; suicide as a way of life; purpose vs hopelessness; freedom; resistance; philosophies of action. And on and on.

The curricula are not set up to do what John Dewey, the great educator, said must be done in education: "Putting the student in full possession of all his powers." We can't do that by "training" somebody, even if that training is in all the great classics or learning how to use the electron microscope. Someone who is really educated is not trained at all, except in the ability to train himself to do whatever is meaningful for himself and his society, whether he is in school or 20 years later. The best man, Ortega y Gasset wrote, is the man who can be "a complete human being, a wise citizen and a good man, living at the height of his times."

That educated man lives immersed in his tradition, in works like the Bible or the Classics that illuminate human life under any conditions that may arise. This means that education has something to do with transmitting to the student the excitement of discovery in every generation of the "accumulated wisdom of the race."

But it's very hard to care to dip into these words of sweat and genius when nobody seems to want to listen or cares whether you live or die. In the flesh or in the spirit. When you come from a home without a book or even heat or cold milk, or milk at all. When your friends are being rousted on the Sunset Strip or on 103rd Street and any meeting place in between. When the only strength and manhood or womanhood seems to stem from having weapons that shoot or brotherhood based on hate of the other race.

While the teachers go on with grammar and parsing sentences and spelling tests and Civil War history in which the Negro is either a pawn or a patsy or a raving maniac.

The teachers, the majority of them, have no choice. They are like the policemen that Dick Gregory describes as victims, just like the people they kill or bully, frustrated, underpaid, used by the system, venting their frustration on the public, especially on the unrepresented public, the kids and the Negroes.

If a teacher like Sol Castro on the East Side attempts to stand up for the rights of the Chicanos, he is transferred to a "less sensitive" spot. Saford Chamberlain, of East L.A. College, is awaiting a hearing by the State Board of Education that apparently wants to pull his teaching credential because of his participation in the June 23, 1967, protest against President Johnson at Century City Plaza in Los Angeles, California.

How many teachers can there be who would be willing to put their jobs in jeopardy to teach and act as their conscience and interests dictate? It's too much to ask of most of them, since society in the form of mortgages, loans, families, children, fear of unemployment, has hooks in all of them.

Teachers are afraid. And with good reason. If a teacher becomes too popular, other teachers, sour or jealous, tend to believe it's because he's too soft with grades or is fraternizing too much. Administrators are afraid because they don't want their school to get a name for "progressive" education, especially since progressiveness is synonymous with permissiveness, and that means getting away from the curriculum.

Which brings us right back to the first question: what can you do to stay alive in the classroom?

You have to go to school, either because you are under 16 or because you'll be drafted if you aren't in school.

First, you have to shake off that sullen feeling that if the teacher is a racist or an idiot the material of the course isn't worthwhile. After you're out of the class, graduated from high school or college, there isn't going to be much time to learn for fun. Use the time in class despite the teacher to find an area that you can call your own, and work on it. Even the deadliest teacher won't be able to stop you from learning the subject. He won't stop you from writing most of your assignments on some aspect of the area of interest if you can gently and patiently explain to him what relevance the area of study has to his curriculum.

If the teacher hesitantly attempts some "hip" language or tries to show he is not entirely ignorant of what kids are doing or thinking, don't make fun of him. He's human, he's scared, he's antiquated and lost, and he responds to warmth. Write a contemporary dictionary for him, or organize a symposium on current issues. He may not have heard of them.

Try to get a student union together. Right in the classroom. Not to put down the teacher, since he is a dictator, and if he hasn't any innate authority, he's going to pound what authority he has and punish you by giving you lousy grades or kicking you out. A union of students to determine whether the curriculum is significant or just another stale bunch of platitudes and memorized dates. Suggest an alternative. The class as a whole is stronger than any single teacher.

Begin an underground paper, but not just to put down the ineptness and cruelty of the teachers and administration, but to form groups, experimental classes, off-campus organizations, parent groups, teacher-student coffee sessions.

Insist, in the humanities classes, that he "underground" publications be used on an informal basis, even if not read in the classroom, since that might cost the teacher his job, but outside, and then discussed in class. The underground isn't just The Berkeley Barb, the L.A. Free Press or Open City--it's Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, Hesse, Aldous Huxley, George Orwell, Jesus Christ, "The Center Magazine", "The National Guardian", "The Minority of One", "Evergreen Review", "I. F. Stone's Weekly", quarterly literary magazines, stuff you find in the big news stands; it's girlie magazines, "Sunshine and Health", the New York Times. It's wherever you find something that opens your head to a whole area you weren't aware of.

But what about staying alive in the classroom? That involves also staying alive on the streets and at home, in the economic world, not giving up, not selling out, not delivering up your soul for the paycheck, whether it is a grade or a mark for behavior or money.

Staying alive in this society or any society means becoming conscious of the minimum requirements for entrance into the society. Negroes used to be needed as draft and stud animals, but they were not part of the society. The Japanese were also used as animals, but very quietly became independent entrepreneurs and professionals before they could be killed, and this was AFTER they had been put into the concentration camps that are opening again for blacks and other dissidents. The minimum requirements are high school and college diplomas, and an awareness of how to make an automated society work to one's benefit. In literature, which is no respecter of race, most of the problems of living are dramatized. The student who reads Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Baldwin, Wright, Kafka, Lawrence, is better equipped than one who reads only what comes out weekly or monthly, or the latest race propaganda.

You have to care. If there doesn't seem to be anything or anybody for whom or for what you can care--care anyway. Something has got to be important to you. With a mission, you can make it, in the classroom or anywhere else. If it is to save your brothers from pain and humiliation, read and discuss and find out everything there is to know about it. If you want to prove that there isn't any purpose to life, find out what other heads have written about it.

You have to care. Of course the system and the teachers who are slaves to the system have knocked out most of the delight in discovery you had as a child. Of course there doesn't seem to be room in the world for individualism or eccentricity, but things have gotten to this pass, and they can go somewhere else too. And if we do become another Mussolini Italy or Hitler Germany, then we have to know a lot about everything, mechanics, literature, history, math, graphics, to resist powerfully, even if underground.

Anger, hostility and negativity lead to death--the establishment has weapons to deal with suicide leaps. But if you are in complete possession of all your powers, and if you can educate your teachers, parents and friends, and get them to work at themselves, you can live in the classroom this fall, and you and I can maybe become a power in the world.

Sam Eisenstein
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LET US ALL BE NAMECALLERS

It is imperative that we in the radical movement know exactly who our oppressors are. That means, among other things, calling names--especially the names of those key money-powers and their servants who attempt to remain invisible behind the screen of their power apparatus. One such figure, brought recently to the attention of the Guardian, is the man above: Dr. John S. Foster, Director of Defense Research and Engineering for the Defense Department. His job? To hand out more than \$60 million per year for scientific research on behalf of U.S. imperialism. One of his interests, indeed, is the "motivations" of the Columbia rebels. In a future issue of the Guardian therefore, you will learn more about him, including his address.

Among other of our recent and regular features: A two-page diagram of the power structure that dominates Columbia University A detailed breakdown of U.S. military arms manufacturers Regular dispatches from Southeast Asia and Paris by Wilfred Burchett Former SNCC-member Julius Lester's popular column New left analysis by Carl Davidson Book, film and record reviews Much more in 20 to 24 pages tabloid

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HIP MAGAZINE

The A. M. A. and Marijuana

When the American Medical Association speaks out on social issues, such as the means of implementing medical care, the public has learned to regard its statements as representing a small but powerful union of businessmen. The public has also learned to respect the A. M. A.'s role in maintaining high standards of medical education in the professional schools, promoting conferences for the continuing education of practicing physicians (even if they sometimes take place in Las Vegas), the dissemination of medical information through health booklets, magazines such as *Today's Health*, educational television programs for physicians and laypeople, and medical journals such as the *Journal of the A. M. A.*

In the June 24th issue of the *Journal*, the Council on Mental Health of the A. M. A. presented its views on "Marihuana and Society". Their statement began as follows:

"After careful appraisal of available information concerning marihuana (cannabis) and its components and their derivatives, analogues and isomers, the Council on Mental Health and the Committee on Alcoholism and Drug Dependence of the American Medical Association and the Committee on Problems of Drug Dependence of the National Research Council, National Academy of Sciences, have reached the following conclusions:"

Five major conclusions were given:

"1. CANNABIS IS A DANGEROUS DRUG AND AS SUCH IS A PUBLIC HEALTH CONCERN."

The Council cited as evidence that dogs and monkeys given the purified and concentrated active ingredient of marijuana, tetrahydrocannabinol (THC), have been completely anesthetized for several days. They also state that on a weight basis, THC is more powerful than barbituates or alcohol. What they neglect to mention is that one would have to ingest several kilos of AMA Gold in order to produce anesthesia in man.

The A. M. A. statement continued, "In many countries where chronic heavy use of cannabis occurs, such as Egypt, Morocco, and Algeria, it has a marked effect in reducing social productivity of a significant number of persons."

The A. M. A. chose in this case to ignore the voluminous studies of the British Hemp Commission in India and our own Canal Zone and La Guardia reports, which showed no short-term or long-term personality changes in chronic marijuana users.

"2. LEGALIZATION OF MARIHUANA WOULD CREATE A SERIOUS ABUSE PROBLEM IN THE UNITED STATES."

Casting itself as prophet, the Council demonstrated its lack of familiarity with the current American marijuana situation by the following statement: "Further, hemp grown in the U. S. is not commonly of high potency and 'street' samples sometimes are heavily adulterated with inert materials." Most laypeople, to say nothing of drug experts, know that while marijuana can grow almost anywhere, most is brought into the United States from Mexico.

Contrary to all known evidence, the A. M. A. statement denies that alcohol is more harmful than marijuana. Legalizing marijuana, they said, would create "a comparable problem of major proportions."

The incoherent, vomit-covered drunk was a common sight in college infirmaries a few years ago. He is now rarely seen on campuses where students have switched to marijuana.

"3. PENALTIES FOR VIOLATIONS OF THE MARIJUANA LAWS ARE OFTEN HARSH AND UNREALISTIC."

Tim Leary, who faces a 30-year prison term for possession of half an ounce of the weed, would, in this case, agree with the A. M. A. But the A. M. A. does not condemn the principle of legal penalties for drug use, a method notably unsuccessful in the treatment of narcotics addicts and alcoholics.

"4. ADDITIONAL RESEARCH ON MARIHUANA SHOULD BE ENCOURAGED."

Few would disagree with this statement, except for the governmental agencies which have blocked almost all research applications since the La Guardia Report appeared in 1943.

A most perplexing sentence appears in this section which makes one wonder if a pothead Council member was trying to sabotage the entire report:

"The issue is whether we can ignore the experiences and observations established over centuries of heavy use of hemp preparations in various societies."

Some might conclude this is exactly what the A. M. A. has done--ignore known experience.

"5. EDUCATIONAL PROGRAMS WITH RESPECT TO MARIHUANA SHOULD BE DIRECTED TO ALL SEGMENTS OF THE POPULATION."

Right. They should first be directed to members of the A. M. A.'s Council on Mental Health and Committee on Problems of Drug Dependence of the National Research Council, National Academy of Sciences.

* * * * *
Marijuana is a drug and there are those who react unfavorably to it. Diabetics may have their insulin requirements altered, a few individuals are allergic to the weed, some people with border-line personality problems have freaked out after using the drug one time.

But the most important issue is not marijuana per se. The important issue is that the scientific judgement of the A. M. A. will now be looked upon with some suspicion by the millions of American marijuana users, most of whom are "productive" and "responsible" otherwise law-abiding citizens. They include attorneys, judges, journalists, policemen, engineers. In fact, the A. M. A. would certainly be surprised by the great numbers of medical students and young residents who chronically use marijuana with no observable detriment to their physical or mental well-being.

Dr. James L. Goddard, former commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration, said he would rather have his daughter smoke a joint than drink a highball. Last fall, a California State narcotics agent, speaking on a San Francisco radio station, said he would rather have his daughter use heroin than marijuana.

Dr. Goddard was fired.
* * * * *
Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him c/o P. O. Box 9002, Berkeley, California.

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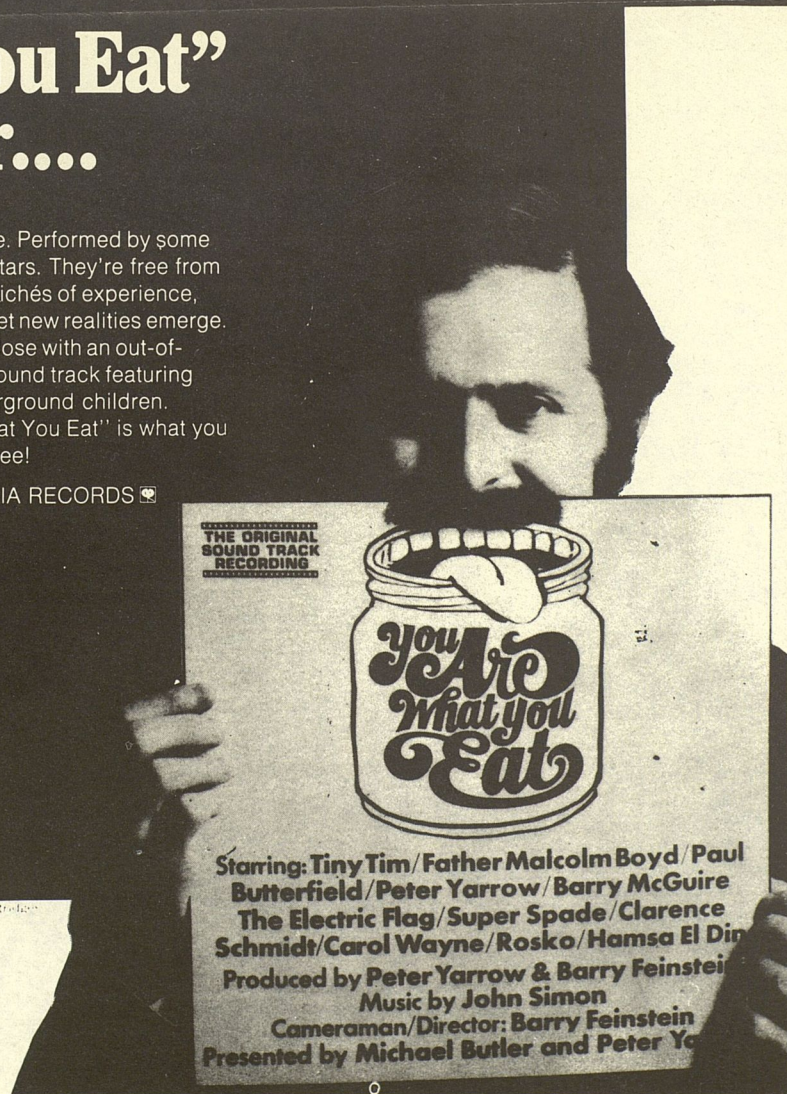
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The album is just a place to go. It is what it portrays: the moment of

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So, get close with an out-of-sight movie sound track featuring today's underground children. "You Are What You Eat" is what you want... you see!

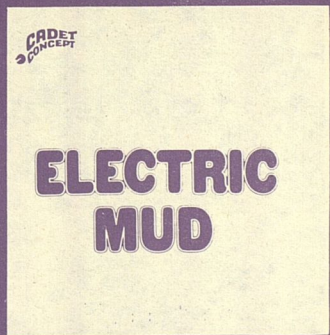
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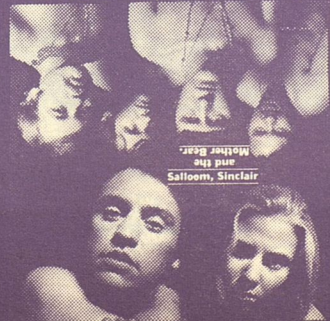
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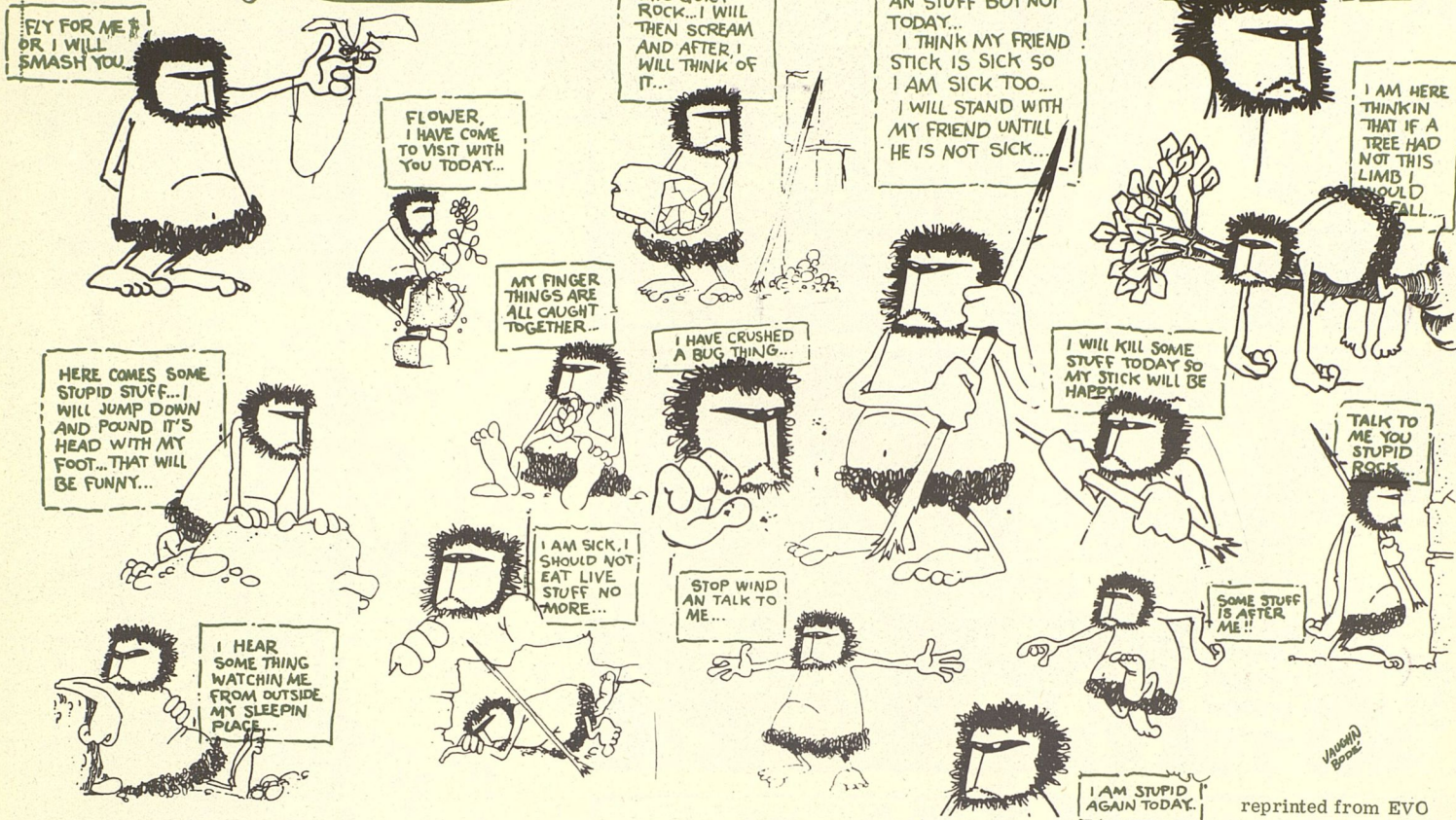
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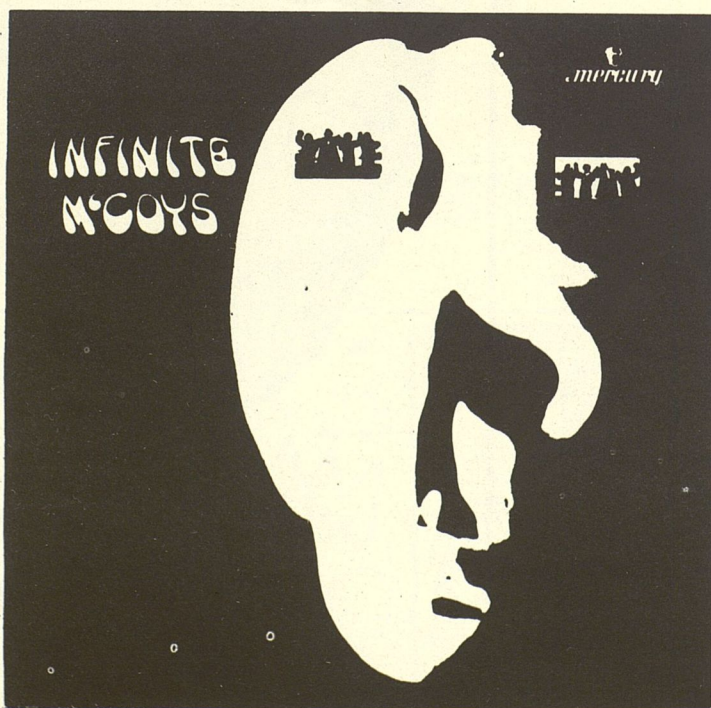
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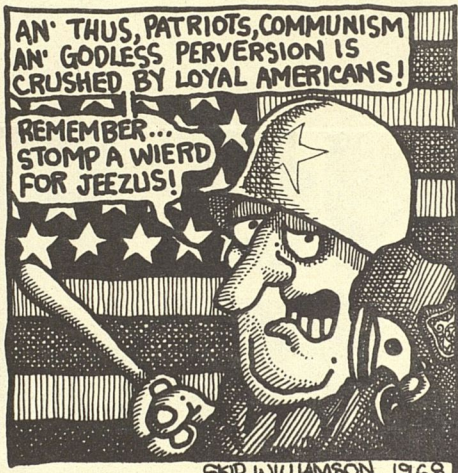
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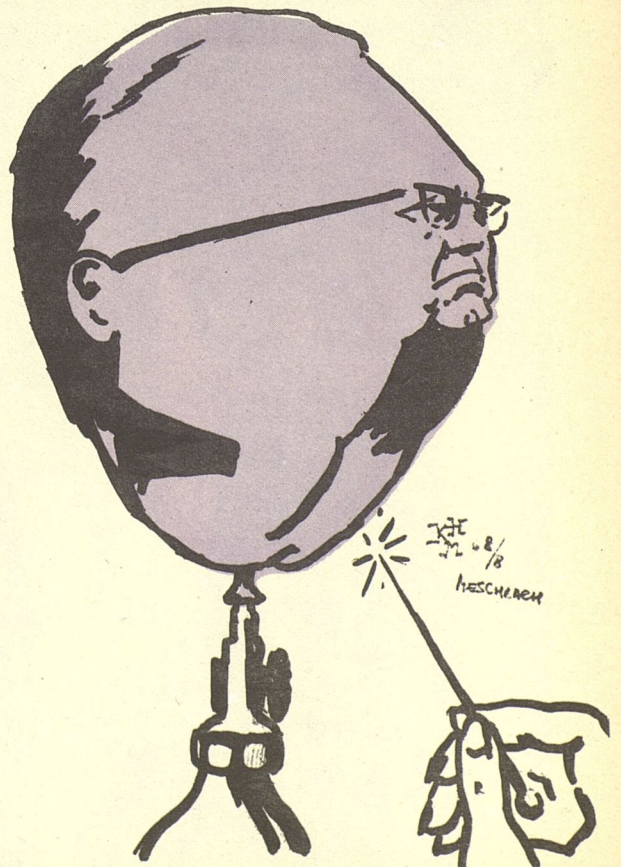
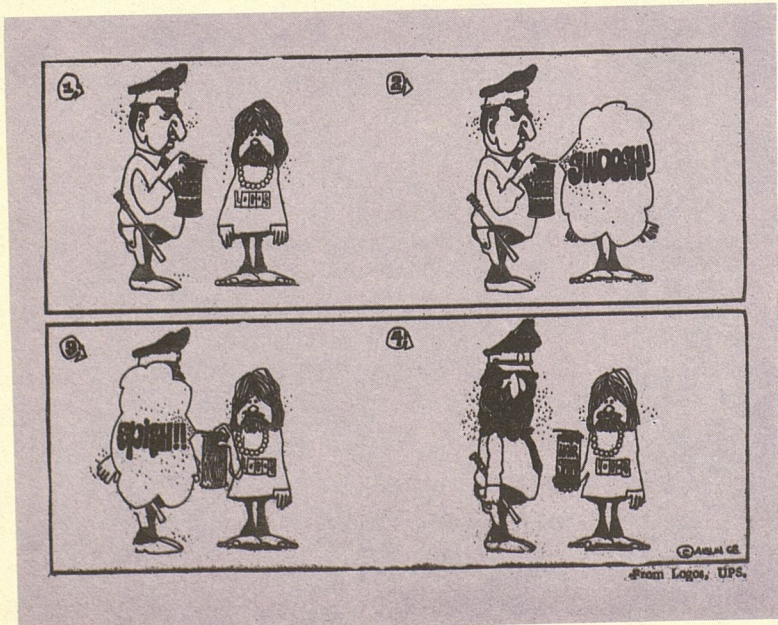
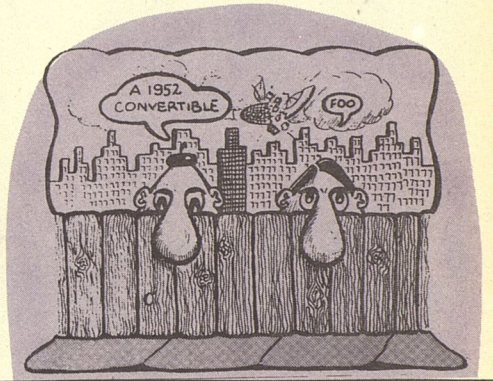
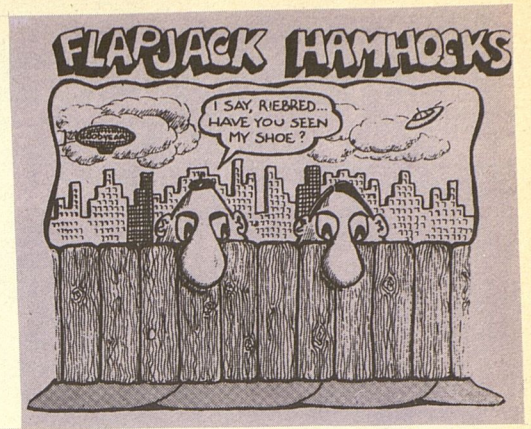
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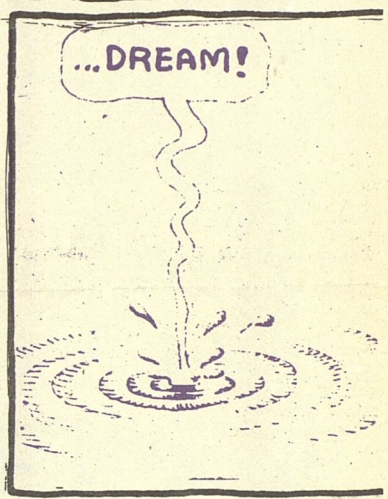
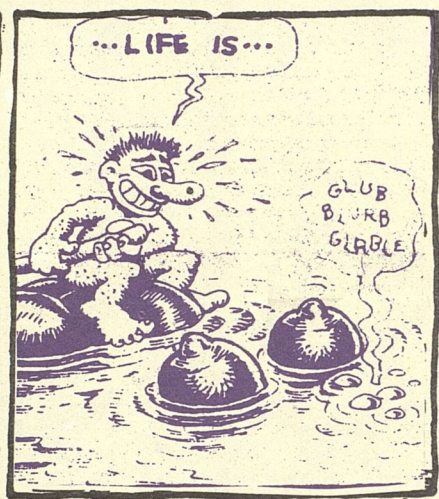
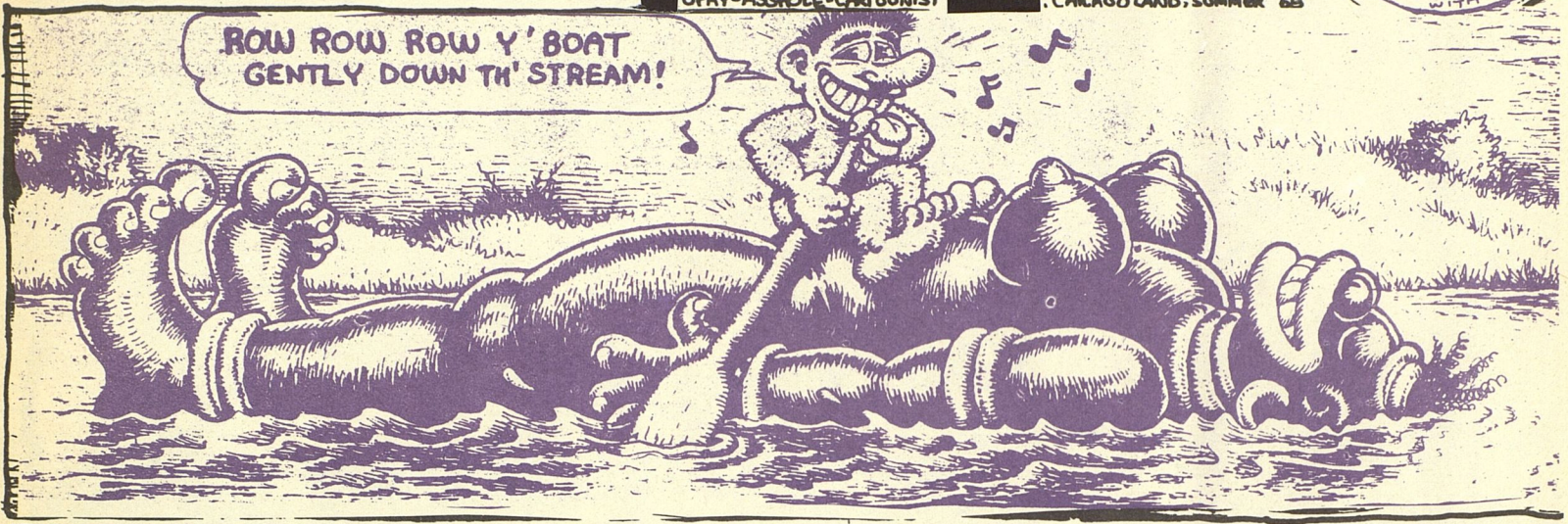
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ALL ASSHOLE COMICS



OFAY-ASSHOLE-CARTOONIST CHICAGO LAND, SUMMER '68



OH OH! HERE COMES TROUBLE!!



VERY FUNNY, MR. SNOID!!

THAT LUVABLE CHUBABLE FAT LITTLE FREEK

YAY!

A STRAGG COVE COMIX

MR. MAYER!! A DIRE EMERGENCY EXISTS WHICH NEEDS YOUR FULL ATTENTION!!

Jawohl!! I mean YEA!

MOD SQUAD

TEN MILLION (10,000,000) FLOWER, COMMIE, RAT, HOODLUM, PUNKS ARE COMING TO PARALYZE THE CITY. THEIR PLANS ARE TOO FIENDISH TO BELIEVE.

OFFICER FRIENDLY

CHICAGO IS NUMBER ONE!

MOSCOW IS NUMBER TWO!

THEY'LL FILL ME IN ON ALL THE DETAILS OF THEIR FIENDISH RASCALITY! THEY ARE GOING TO PROTEST THE WAR! HORROR AND SLEEP IN THE PARK! THEY WOULDN'T DARE LISTEN TO MUSIC, MAKE LOVE AND NOMINATE A PIG FOR PRESIDENT!

CALL OUT THE NATIONAL GUARD, CANCEL ALL POLICE LEAVES, ALERT THE FBI, CONTACT THE CIA, PREPARE EXTRA FACILITIES AT THE COUNTY JAIL, LOAD ALL CITY MACHINE GUNS, GET THE MACE, GET TERRORS AND BILLY CLUBS IN ORDER, WE MUST HAVE PEACE IN OUR CITY!

LATER

FROM THIS HELICOPTER WE CAN SEE WHAT'S GOING ON.

CHICAGO PIE DEPT

GOD BLESS THE MAYER! HOORAY FOR THE MAYER! I LUV THE MAYER! HEIL MAYER!

NOT IN MY CITY! THANK GOD THEY STILL HAVE SOME RESPECT FOR TRADITIONAL AMERICAN POLITICS

THERE GO SOME SQUAD CARS TAKING AWAY A SUBVERSIVE GROUP THAT TRYED TO ENTER THE AMPHITHEATER.

WHAT DID THEY CALL THEMSELVES?

THE WISCONSIN DELEGATION

HERE WE HAVE POLICE PEACEFULLY DISPERSING A MOB OF OUTSIDE AGITATORS!

WHERE ARE THEY FROM?

SKOKIE!

KILL COMMIES TROUBLE MAKERS BECC

MAYER FOR GOD!

DID YOU REMEMBER TO BREAK THE NEWSMENS' CAMERAS?

CHECK! THE NEWSMENS THEMSELVES?

TO ATTACK THE MEDICS? TO TERRORS THE PUMPROOM?

RIGHT! ALL DONE! YEP!

GOOD! ALL I HAVE LEFT TO DO IS TO COMPLAIN ABOUT MY UNFRUIT TREES!

REMCO

ICE We serve the Mayer

YOU PREVENTED THE COMMIES FROM DESTROYING OVER YOUR TOWN!

YEA MAYER!

HOORAY FOR THE POLICE!

OH SHUT UP!

KEEP CHICAGO CLEAN-SHIT IN CICERO!

WE SERVE AND PROTECT OUR OWN INTERESTS

CONGRATULATIONS MR. MAYER; BY YOUR TYPICAL QUICK THINKING AND INTELLIGENT ACTION!

YOUR TAXES AT WORK - ANOTHER IMPROVEMENT FOR CHICAGO.

BY SOSTRIN

3/14/46

RHYTHM-BLUES COMIX

THIS WEEK'S TUNE IS A JUMPIN' JIVIN' OLDIE REQUESTED BY DICKIE BERKOWITZ OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

COOL COOL SCHOOL

EIGHTH GRADE TEACHER PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE

COMING BACK TO SCHOOL IN HER BRAND NEW CHEMISE

SHE'S COOL COOL COOL

COOL AS A FISH IN A POOL

EVERYBODY'S REAL COOL

AS THEY'RE ROCKIN' AND ROLLIN' BACK TO SCHOOL...

PEGGY SUE GOT A NEW HAIR DO

BETTY LUE GOT A NEW PAIR OF SHOES

MARY ANN, SUKIN' ON A PICKLE

HANDSOME HARRY ON HIS NEW BICYCLE

JOHNNY JONES SAYS...

LATER ALLIGATOR

IN HIS NEW HOT ROD WITH THREE CARBURATORS

HOT ROD CHARLIE SAID TO SYLVESTER...

You GOTTA' ROCK AND ROLL TO THIS BRAND NEW SEMESTER.

COOL COOL SCHOOL WAS WRITTEN BY MR. JIMMY JOHNSON. WORDS © 1955 BY RECORDO MUSIC.

DON'T BE A FOOL. GO BACK TO SCHOOL. EN JACKET BUY?

YES GANG, TAKE UNKLE JAZZEY'S ADVICE AN' GO BACK TO SCHOOL IN SEPTEMBER. AS MY GOOD PAL JAMES BROWN SEZ, 'BE COOL, STAY IN SCHOOL.'

AT LAST, I'VE BROUGHT MY MONSTER BACK TO LIFE...

YEARS AGO, WHEN I FIRST CREATED HIM, THERE WERE A FEW FLAWS...HE DIDN'T MAKE IT...

HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR SOME YEARS...THE TIME IS NOW RIGHT FOR HIS RETURN...

...AND WITH THE IMPROVEMENTS I'VE MADE IN HIS STRUCTURE, HE SHOULD BE UNSTOPPABLE!

HE'LL DESTROY THE WORLD!

GASP!

NIXON AGNEW

SENSUOUS SOUND & Unconventional.

JIM & JEAN BREAK TRADITIONS. Right and left. Musical and otherwise. And make it seem as natural, as inevitable as life itself.

They can take Phil Ochs' indelibly stamped "Rhythms of Revolution" and use it to make their own musical collage, in their own colors. They can be lusted one day, cleared the next and then write a song about it—"Topanga"—for all the world to hear. And when they sing a song without words like "Hanoi Hoe-Down", you may feel as if you've finally heard everything.

The soft touch of Jim & Jean. It took them a year to put it on their latest album. (You don't develop a seventh sense in a weekend.) It will take you just one hearing to decide that no one else can touch them.

THE WORLD OF JIM & JEAN

FTS-3015

THE FOLKS BACK HOME

SALIENT SAGA OF THE UNIVERSAL FLIP OUT!

ETHEL FORREST, SUBURBAN MENOPAUSAL HOUSEWIFE WAS TAKING A BATH;



HER HUSBAND ED SAT IDLY, GLANCING AT THE TV TIPS IN THE LOCAL PAPER

KNOCK KNOCK

HEARD

HUMPH SHOOVE

WHAT IN BLAZES IS... GULP

POOP

IT WAS A LOCAL PROVO,...

YA HA HA HA HA HA HA

DAMN KIDS

THE KID DID HIS THING AND SPLT

GREAT SCOT!

LOOK LADY I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE BUT IF MY WIFE ...

I'M PRINCESS FLAVIA, AND IF YOU TOUCH ME I'LL SCREAM

NO DON'T! NOW LOOK MISS TRY TO UNDERSTAND I-I-JUST WANT

WHY YOU LOOK JUST LIKE HELEN GRINKLE BACK IN EIGHTH GRADE. THE SAME LIMPID BLUE EYES.

THE SAME GLORIOUS TITS!

BLACK DOUGLAS! EEEEEEE

GAAAAAA

SUDDENLY!

WELL BLOW ME DOWN

OH SAVE ME PLEASE MY THING STILL THROBS IN PAIN, FROM HIS LAST BRUTAL ATTACK!

& BUT

YEAH SAVE HER WHY DONCHA? HYUK HYUK

SIGH

MEANWHILE

HEY CREEP WHO WAS THAT AT THE DOOR BEFORE...

HMM.. WONDER WHERE THE OLD FART WENT, ... OH WELL...

ED!

OVER YA GOES

KNOCK KNOCK

W-WHO'S THERE?

IT'S ME ED, OPEN THE DOOR

BANG

POPPING

THERE, NOTHING TO IT

OH ED I'M SCARED

DON'T BE SILLY, C'MON AND HELP ME GET HER INTO THE KITCHEN; WE'LL RUN HER THROUGH THE MEAT GRINDER AFTER THE LATE SHOW

MY HERO

THE NEW INDIANS

by STAN STEINER. N. Y., HARPER & ROW, \$7.95

If the Indian should say "Whirey Go Home", he means way off the continent. So said Dick Gregory while talking about Steiner's book. Gregory believes that if the Indian problem is solved anytime in the near future, it will be because of the impact of this book. Gregory pointed out that an Indian brought it to him while he was serving a jail term in Olympia, Washington for participating in a Fish-In on reservation land.

Indian fishing rights are a continual source of conflict between the states and Indians. Federal treaties gave the Indians the right to fish and hunt as they saw the need, but state game wardens arrest reservation Indians for fishing--often on the grounds that the Indians are violating a law which restricts the use of nets at the mouth of a river. Steiner points out that fishing rights are taken away from the Indians and immediately sold to commercial fishing companies. The attitude of many whites toward these Indians who violate state fishing laws is not unlike the attitude of the poor white southerners toward the blacks. In their narrow, perverse way, many educated whites believe that these Indians are nothing more than dumb, smiling, happy creatures who couldn't care less about anything.

Steiner explodes this myth when he talks about the New Indian and Red Power. He talks about an Indian who is no longer content to sit at the sideline while the government builds a dam on his people's land. He talks about an educated American Indian who has learned how to play and fight by the white man's rules. It is a common trick nowadays for the government to flood the Indian's land, making it necessary to relocate. But resistance to this and other tactics is increasing--witness the Yuk tribe's (California) battle with the Corps of Engineers over dam construction.

Although U. S. citizens have always thumbed their noses at the Germans for allowing a program of genocide to operate against the Jews, they have safely ignored their own government's rather successful policy. Up to 1900, official policy was framed around elimination. As recently as 1920 the Army occupied some reservations, allowing the Indian little privacy and less rest. The present approach is one of cultural genocide.

Dillon Myer, the former head of the Japanese-American concentration camps, was appointed Indian Commissioner in 1950. It would have been difficult to pick a more qualified man. Under Myer, Indian cultural genocide flourished. Plans were drawn up to terminate federal services and to relocate reservation Indians--in total opposition to what the Indians wanted. It is appropriate that many Indians call the Bureau of Indian Affairs the "Colonial Office". Even more hidden is the fact that South Africa has more than once justified its apartheid discrimination on the grounds that such policy is modeled after U. S. treatment of American Indians.

The Bureau of Indian Affairs is the oldest and least efficient bureau in the government. It receives an average of \$900 for each Indian under its aegis, yet little is done to better individual or tribal welfare. If the money was just given to the people, annual family income would be \$4500 instead of the present figure of less than \$1500.

In New Mexico and Arizona state law denied voting rights to Indians until 1948. As late as 1956 Utah revived a statute that prohibited Indians living on reservations from voting. Gerrymandered districts and the lack of provision for polling places were used as franchise bars in Arizona during the last Presidential election. State legislatures in both South Dakota and New Mexico attempted to refuse seats to elected officials of Indian extraction.

Steiner says the American Indian is interested in Red Power as much as the Blacks are into Black Power. To an Indian, Red Power is the political and economic ability to run one's own life one's own way: he feels his way of life is better and more human than that of the white man, and has no desire to embrace the white man's materialistic values. These Red Muslims are fighting for ideological survival. Not only do they feel that their ideas are superior to the white man's, but they also believe that their values will someday be universal. The Indians have their Uncle Toms, but they call them Uncle Tomahawks.

Considering that the world has reached few of the white man's settlements--the word of an Indian uprising: ideological, social, legal, political--this book provides some understanding of the Indian's revolutionary image. Steiner has made possible the unbridled presentation of the voice of the Indian, long-silent and stoic, now vibrant, angry and eloquent.

D. Van Tassel

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FREAK
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Leonard Bernstein and Eugene Ormandy have made this "2001" a truly ultimate experience in sound today.

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Sometimes we are the victims of our own words. At best, words are poor conveyors of information. They are imprecise and must be used with the utmost care if they are to do what we want them to do. When they are used imprecisely, improperly and without regard for the many dangers inherent in them, they can turn upon the user, confounding and confusing him and eventually be the cause of the user's destruction.

We of the left are in danger of falling victim to our own words. We have proclaimed to one and all that we are revolutionaries and involved in revolution. We have proclaimed that the revolution has begun and if red flags are a sign of revolution, then indeed it has. All of us use this word, "revolution", like a manufacturer making certain that the name of his product gets in every sentence of a commercial. And because it makes us feel good to be revolutionaries involved in revolution, we fail to ask ourselves if we are, indeed, involved in revolution; if we are, indeed, revolutionaries.

To a limited degree, it is clear that we are involved in a revolution. A revolution, however, is not the revolution and too many of us mistake the former for the latter. The revolution we are presently involved in is a cultural one, an uprising of the young against the values which the society is based upon and perpetuates. It is a revolution which has seen the young go into the streets to confront the present with the new of their uncut hair, the new of their multi-colored clothes, covering less and less of their bodies (which are real and good and beautiful and yes yes it is nice to touch each other, isn't it?). They have been willing to accept the consequences of their new lifestyles of lying on the grass openly passing joints, of saying no to the government's immoral demand for two years of your life in a uniform to fight a war, of repeatedly placing their bodies in the streets.

It has been a cultural revolution, but not a political revolution. It has been a cultural revolution with political consequences, political ramifications, political meaning, because culture and politics cannot be separated. It has been a middle-class cultural revolution, bearing no similarity to the cultural Revolution in China, which was



FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRACKS

named with scientific precision, The Proletarian Cultural Revolution. The proletariat have been the spectators of our revolution, eagerly reading the newspaper and magazine articles about us, but still regarding us as different from them.

It has been a cultural revolution which has brought an ever-growing consciousness of the necessity for a revolution which changes the economic structure of the country, because all of the cultural, social and political institutions of the country evolved to justify and maintain the economic structure. While our revolution has threatened the nation's sense of psychological security, the economic structure remains intact, leisurely chewing up millions of people every day.

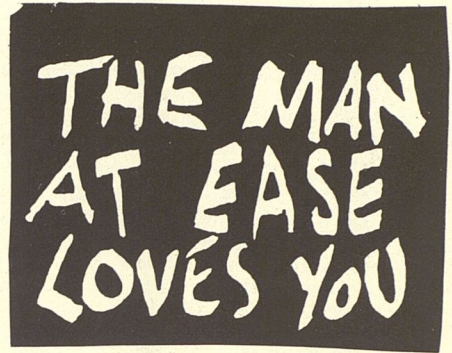
We defeat ourselves by calling what we have brought about "revolution." It is a step toward that revolution, but we have not begun to approach that day when we have seized power, held it and begun to create a system that is based on a sense of community (which does not mean living together physically). When we call what we have done thus far revolution, we give ourselves the feeling that we have done much more than we actually have. We blind ourselves to the dangers on every side.

The feeling that revolution is a necessity is the mere beginning and is really nothing to compliment oneself for feeling. Anyone who is not afraid to feel his humanity feels the necessity for the creation of a society in which man can truly be man and woman can truly be woman. The implementation of that revolution is a job requiring a scientific precision. The tide did not stop because King Canute yelled at it. The system will not disappear because we say "fuck the system", or because we know all the right things to say. This system will die only if we do everything from having a correct analysis to getting shoelaces for the guerillas who will one

and to be certain that it is maintained, the caretaker of the system attend to every detail, even to the extent of trying to anticipate what details will need attending to in 50 years. We say that we are involved in a revolution because we feel better about ourselves that have not been revolutionized. And as long as one man is enslaved, all of us all enslaved. Thus, Che who could've rested on his laurels, went to Bolivia.

The revolution is not yet. The seeds have been planted, but whether those seeds will receive the sunlight, water and proper cultivation which they desperately need, depends upon our ability to look honestly at ourselves and recognize that the time has come when it is suicidal self-indulgence to engage in romantic role-playing. When this system is threatened, it bares its teeth and claws and fights and cares not who sees (the networks photographed the beatings in Chicago in color). The system plays for keeps. It will destroy us or we will destroy it. It is that simple. As Rap says, "in revolution one either walks off the battlefield victorious or is left lying there." At least, if we are left lying there, let it not be because we committed suicide.

Julius Lester



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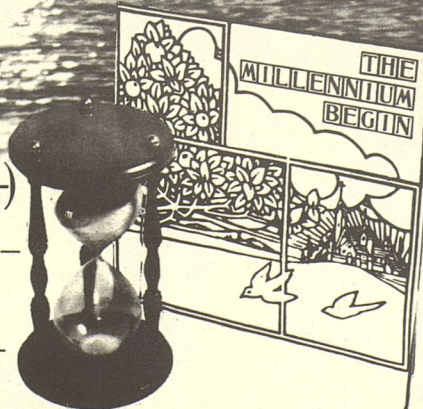
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The Millennium begins with *Begin*. And will continue on COLUMBIA RECORDS





DRAFT-DODGER RAG I

Milwaukee, Oct. 2-- Fourteen draft resisters, including six clergymen, were arrested on Sept. 24 after burning 25,000 records with home-made napalm. The 'Milwaukee 14' is currently in jail

under bail totaling \$400,000 for charges of burglary, arson and theft(keys), as well as for the federal crime of torching draft records.

Dick Gregory was arrested the following day for leading 200 people on a support march.

The group has announced that "the service of life no longer leaves any option other than positive action against what we can only call the American way of death."

Contribution can be sent to: Milwaukee 14 Defense Fund, Box 5405, Milwaukee, Wisc 53211

DRAFT-DODGER RAG II

Baltimore, Oct 8-- The Catonsville nine, pacifists who "napalmed" about 800 draft records on May 17th, were found guilty of mutilating government records and causing injury to government property. Among them were Rev. Philip Berrigan and his brother, the Rev. David Berrigan. Father Philip had been previously convicted on a similar charge. The crowd sang "We Shall Overcome" as sentence was pronounced.

DRAFT-DODGER RAG III

University of Washington, Sept. 18--The Naval ROTC building was burned to the ground. The crowd sang "Burn it down, burn it down!"

DRAFT-DODGER RAG IV (generalized)

Ann Arbor, Sept 30-- A small office occupied by the Central Intelligence Agency was blown up... There were no injuries. The CIA has been conducting a recruiting drive at the University of Michigan.

DRAFT-DODGER RAG V

Buffalo, N. Y. --Federal marshalls, police and agents captured two draft resisters from the Unitarian-Universalist Church. Chains and blackjacks were used on the crowd. Among the six others arrested were three Viet-Nam veterans.

DRAFT-DODGER RAG VI

Boston, Oct9--PFC Kay Kroll was taken from Boston University's Marsh Chapel by federal officers.

DRAFT-DODGER RAG VII

Generally speaking, men in Federal prison camps are not allowed to correspond with persons not on their approved list. However, cards for specific occasions, such as for Valentine's Day, a birthday, Thanksgiving, Christmas, as well as simple and straightforward letters often are acceptable. One suitable message would be: "Congratulations, Dan Fallon, on the birth of your son."

SCHOOL DAZE I

New York, Sept 241-- 200 people met on the 21st for the founding conference of the New York High School Union. Most of the kids were into student power as an end, and the gathering took on the tone of a bunch of white, affluent kids shitting all over each other.

Attempts at organizing committees broke down early in the session, with such groups as "The Free Greenland Now Caycus" and the "Bullshit Caucus" taking everyone's games to task. However, several productive workshops on dress reform, regents Exams, and curriculum managed to take place. Unfortunately, the role of the Conference with regard to the Black High Assschool coalition and the war still stands in need of expostulation and definition. adapted from LNS-NY

SCHOOL DAZE II

Berkeley--The Board of Regents of the University of California is reacting to the appointing of the Black Panther Eldridge Cleaver to a lecturing position at the Berkeley campus. Cleaver had been invited to give ten lectures in an experimental course on "racism, poverty, and injustice." Governor R. Reagan was "astounded" at this proposal, and the Regents immediately hopped to by passing a rule that no-one not on the regular faculty can give more than one lecture per quarter. Even this was not good enough for Ron the Bomb, he went on record with the Delphic statement that "if stopping Cleaver causes a disruption, we will have to do what we have to do." Needless to say he was supported by fighting Max Refferty, current State Superintendent of Schools and latest in the line of atrocities to run for California state office.

Positive reaction has made strange bed-fellows. The faculty had gathered behind the standard of academic freedom and the threat to the decision making role of the Academic Senate. Moderates of all stripe (including San Francisco Mayor Alioto) have supported Cleaver's right to be heard, proving, in the words of LNS-NY's Marlene Charyn, "that a rightist bureaucrat can often do more for the left than a whole city full of agitators."



from - Helix

SCHOOL DAZE III

Chicago, Oct 16--Predominantly black high school schools in Chicago are currently up for grabs, with massive walkouts having affected the functioning of at least 20 high and elementary schools in the city. 20,000 students boycotted classes on Monday the 15th, with 3,000 marching on the Board of Education. Among the 24 students arrested today was Victor Adams of Harrison High School, a major spokesman for the loosely aligned coalition of black students.

The group has stated 12 demands, including more black faculty members, an expanded Afro-American history program. Similar demands have emerged from 200 Latin American students at Harrison.

BROTHERHOOD IN ACTION

Fort Hood, Texas, Sept. 24--Nine of the 43 GIs who refused to come to Chicago during the National Convention have gone before a court-martial. Six have been convicted and sentenced to three to six months at hard labor.

COME THE ARMY

Porton Down, England--Oct. 14--British soldiers have been receiving doses of LSD to determine the effectiveness of hallucinogens in chemical warfare. A high government official was quoted as saying "These are chemicals which might not kill, but whose mental and physical effects might help to make an army militarily ineffective."

SUPPORT THE GRAPE STRIKE

Contacting Eliseo Medina, 1300 S. Wabash (427-4357, HA 7-7078)

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"It's an old truism that the natives seldom enjoy the sights as much as the visitors. This certainly is true as far as Chicago's magnificent Lincoln Park and all its attractions are concerned... Best of all, it's free--Near North News."

for the **EROTICALLY MINDED...**
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CALL Jim Bond (324-6361) or Jim Bailey (864-3283) for info



YOU MIGHT CARE TO WRITE TO...

Otto G. Heinecke, former head of the Chicago office of the Bureau of Drug Abuse Control, Otto will be in charge of the Indiana-Illinois campaign by the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs. The Bureau has undergone a re-organization program to undertake "massive efforts in enforcement, education and research." LNS-Ny



SOUTH OF THE BORDER

Mexico City-- The Olympic Games opened in a stadium surrounded by the ashes of yet another student rebellion which has been marked by at least 39 deaths and the invasion of the National University on September 18th. Thousands of students have been jailed, others have been attacked by both troops and members of the right-wing MURO organization.

As we go to press, meetings between the governments and a faction of the National Students' Strike Council seem to be working toward a peaceful solution. Both sides are now blaming an unidentified "third force" for the sparking the violence at the battle of the Plaza of the Three Cultures last week, and the government is adopting a soft line toward the release of the students held for political reasons. Status quo ante bellum?



COPS AND CREEPS I

Oct. 6--Patrolman James Gedville of the Grand Crossing District fatally wounded James Sahlin near the intersection of State and Chestnut. Sahlin had reportedly been taunting and pushing a group of long-hairs prior to Gedville's arrival on the scene. Police officials have claimed the shooting to have been an accident.

COPS AND CREEPS II

Brother Joseph, recently jailed for conducting an "illegal" marriage, was busted for grass and pills at the apartment of Marion Matthews, 225 W. Wisconsin.

COPS AND CREEPS III

As of Oct. 12, six policemen, including a Chicago Avenue (eighteenth district) sargeant, have been suspended for either removing or ordering the removal of stars and other identification during Convention Week in Lincoln Park.

YOU MIGHT LIKE TO READ...

The Chicago Journalism Review, a new publication by newsmen fed up with copy management both during and before the Convention. The first six-page editions is chock full of goodies describing how the Chicago dailies managed to stress pre-judgement over actuality.

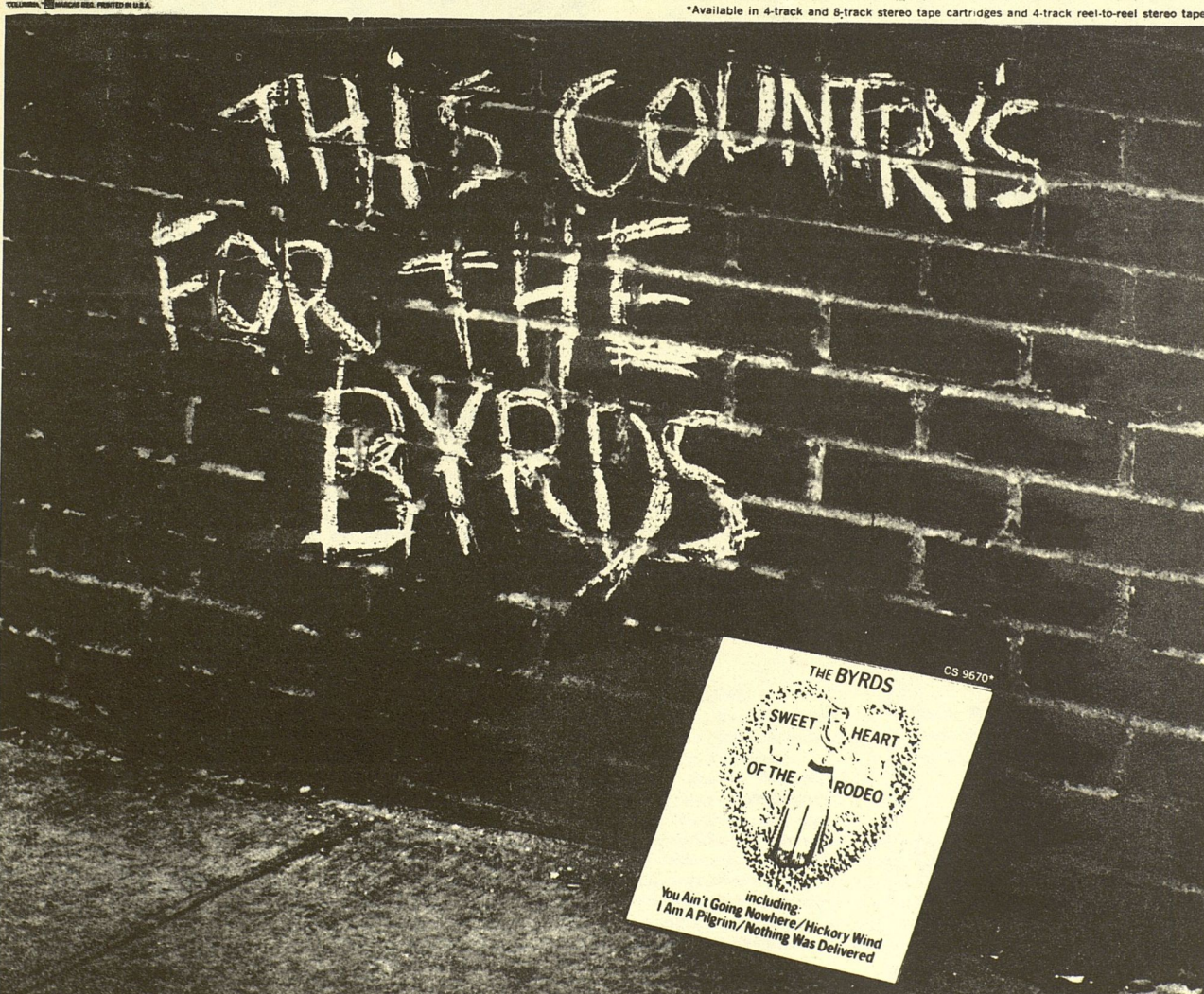


EDITOR'S ALMA MATER DEPT.

New York, Oct 12-- New York University Height Height's #Campus was perhaps the lamest fount of knowledge in any major city during the year's 1961-65. But, the time's they are a'changing, and the seeds of student ferment arrived on the eleventh in the form of a blackstudent takeover of three buildings.

John Hatchett, the black director of the Martin Luther King, Junior Afro-American Students Center, had been fired after rocking the Administration's boat with some statements about the "racist Bastardy" of the Hump, Nixon and Albert Shankar, head of the United Federation of Teachers. The uptown SDS chapter ('twasn't any in 65) spent the night canvassing the dorms in search of support, and then met with Katara, the black group on campus. The blacks went into the student center, the whites into the library.

Unfortunately, the story lacks a happy ending. The black students were told that Hatchett had been re-instated, a fantasy that had the effect of bringing them out of the center. By the time they found that the University was "thinking" of reinstatement, it was too late for effective action, and Rip Van Winkle U. settled back into suburban reverie.



Their message is all country...their sound is all Byrds. On Columbia Records

Feedback

It's really so hard to write--there are so many things and yet they don't really matter. I feel like I don't know--like I copped out or something because I wasn't in Chicago which doesn't make much sense I suppose---but the awful helpless feeling of sitting in front of my television set just watching it... Any rage that I felt just wasn't enough. Kicking my television set in just wasn't anything. I haven't gotten over it--and all I can do is clench my fists and that's so impotent and lame. I would rather have been beaten and gassed and everything else than just to have sat in front of the tube watching. I know you probably think that that is just stupid and I don't really know what I'm talking about when I say that but I really mean it. The last night of the convention when they showed the RFK thing and all those awful cretins who hated him sang the Battle Hymn of The Republic like they meant it and turned around and held up their We Love Mayor Daley signs I just sat there and cried for my stupid lost country and got this incredibly terrified feeling that I haven't been able to shake and in the end all I could do was get in the shower and sing for three hours. You can't possibly in the whole world know what an awful feeling it is when all you can do is get in the shower and sing. I'd just give anything to have been there and worst of all I could have been there but I copped out. I copped out. If I ever cop out again like that in my whole life I think I will just quietly slit my throat.

I've got a good job at this station and I'm making a lot of bread and meeting groovy people. Big fucking deal! I have a nice new apartment. Big deal. The United States of America is about to sink into the ocean forever and eternity and all anybody ever does is get stoned and talk about what a fucking shame it is.

love Deborah

Dear Seed:

With great pleasure I read "CHICAGO, The Year of Our Lord, 1968," in the November issue of Esquire. It was no surprise to me that four such beautiful people, Jean Genet, Terry Southern, William Burroughs, and John Sack, can see and express with such great pinpoint accuracy the atrocities and absurdities of the Democratic Convention. And not only have the literati expressed a negative reaction to The Spectacle, but the news media in general innocent bystanders, the clergy, to mention a few. But what does surprise me is that there are still so many people that lack such perspective. WHAT DOES IT TAKE TO DRIVE THIS UNHAPPY REALITY HOME TO PEOPLE?? I find it hard to believe that humanity is as myopic and unfeeling as it appears.

Lee Cummings had the right idea when he wrote:

"humanity i love you
because you would rather black the boots of
success than inquire whose soul dangles from his
watch-chain which would be embarrassing for both
parties and because you
unflinchingly applaud all
songs containing the words country ahome and
mother when sung at the old howard

humanity i love you because you
when you're hard up you pawn your
intelligence to buy a drink and when
your flush pride keeps

you from pawn shops and
because you are continually committing
nuisances but more
especially in your own house

humanity i love you because you
are perpetually putting the secret of
life in your pants and forgetting
it's there and sitting down

on it
and because you are
forever making poems in the lap
of death humanity

i hate you"

Seed Publishing.

"Response", a juried show of works by art students concerning the Convention week disorders, is planned to open at the Rosner Gallery. November 2. The exhibit is part of an organized effort by various gallery owners in Chicago to give artists an outlet for their response to current events in our city. The exhibit will include paintings, drawings, prints, and photographs, and is open to art students in Chicago area colleges and universities...

Rosner Gallery
235 E. Ontario St.
642-7007



Most fragile congratulations from this sun of the seed (central fold-out Vol. II No. 12) Tibetan Book of the dead has been my alka-seltzer in the city, and what has made me climb the high mountains in search of the mother-death made in love. Flesh air for all of you from this small giant called love and who is getting bigger also here in the kind world. I'm including the two posters of my book. If you want big article with photos on this place write to me:

Manuel Quinto
Peridico Olvidate
Apartado Nacional 8737
Bogata Colombia

We haven't put out the paper because no money. But we've been making love much more than we have preached it. Write, our stars are the same and there will always be lower parts.

Dear friend,

We feel it is our public obligation to acquaint you with P. E. R. O. (Peace and Equal Rights Organization) We represent several hundred people in our newly formed organization who believe that there should be an end to police brutality war and prejudice of any kind.

After witnessing the display of police brutality which has just occurred in Chicago recently and knowing it does and will continue to exist in other parts of the nation we cannot help but try to put a stop to it. And what about all of our American boys being killed in Viet Nam? Why is it okay for one group of people to demonstrate and not another? Ask yourself if it would be safe to walk down the street without getting hit in the head with a night stick or busted for the way you look or for what you believe in.

Can we put a stop to this? That depends on the public. No, we cannot change the laws. But what we can do is to try and be heard and elect candidates who are against war and police brutality. We need the help and support of every person, newspaper and radio station that we can get. We want to let the public know what's really happening out in the streets and we intend to do it.

What can you do to help? Give P. E. R. O. as much publicity as possible and encourage people to join P. E. R. O. (it's free). Let the people know what's really happening out in the streets and the tragic death rate in Viet Nam. Publicize the candidates who are for peace, equal rights and are against police brutality.

There are several candidates from both parties who will bow in the November election who have the same beliefs as we do. Please contact us if there are any that you know of. We have several newspapers and radio stations supporting us but would welcome new additions. We would appreciate it if you could get this information out to the public and have them contact us. If you would like to work directly with us then the people in your area could contact us or you. Any further suggestions, comments or questions would be welcomed.

P. E. R. O.
2948 West Bryn Mawr
Chicago 60645
(312) 334-4600

BLACK HERITAGE

THE COMING OF EUROPE

When the Portuguese came to the Kingdom of the Kongo in the 1400s, they came in search of gold, slaves, and other forms of wealth. To their surprise, their advances were repulsed by the King's armies. They were forced to bide their time until internal dissention allowed them to gain control of various elements of the population. Once they subdued the Kongo, they began to take more and more of its people as slaves. Some were sent to Europe on ships bearing such names as "Jesus". These ships left from anchoring sites near what is now the slave colony of Angola.

When the white discoverers came to Zimbabwe, the people covered the mouths of their mines and abandoned their stone buildings rather than enrich their conquerors. Today black people fight against the government of a land named after Cecil Rhodes. They name their combat units in honor of their ancient nation.

There were many port cities on Africa's east coast which traded with India, China and Java during Europe's medieval period. These cities were thriving mercantile enclaves with unrivaled sanitary facilities. The city of Kilwa was a metropolis of learning and culture, rife with beautiful homes, broad streets, schools and fine libraries. Kilwa and the others now lie in ruins.

These were great cities, great kingdoms. If you wish to know more about them you might read W.E.B. DuBois' book The World and Africa or Basil Davidson's The Lost Cities of Africa.

Wanted: Students interested in studying Black History. Students can be of any sex, color, religion or national background, ugly or handsome or pretty, soft-bodied or hard-bodied, literate or illiterate. The only prerequisite is to want to study this subject. Contact me c/o Seed.

Eugene P.R. Feldman

"Ron Cobb is one of the best political cartoonists in the country"

- Michael Lydon, in Esquire Magazine



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BLACK PANTHER PAPER ISSUES

WARNING TO SO-CALLED "PAPER PANTHERS"

Black brothers stop vamping on the hippies. They are not your enemy. Your enemy, right now, is the white racist pigs who support this corrupt system. Your enemy is the Tom nigger who reports to his white slavemaster every day. Your enemy is the fat capitalist who exploits your people daily. Your enemy is the politician who uses pretty words to deceive you. Your enemy is the racist pigs who use Nazi-type tactics and force to intimidate black expressionism. Your enemy is not the hippies. Your blind reactionary acts endanger the BLACK PANTHER PARTY members and its revolutionary movements. WE HAVE NO QUARREL WITH THE HIPPIES. LEAVE THEM ALONE. Or—the BLACK PANTHER PARTY will deal with you.

LBK invites you to a Halloween ball. A wild party for those interested for more info. write Box LBK c/o The SEED.

STUART AND THE SOUTHERN ONTARIO

Free box of fab Beatle mags. Phone 383-8562, ask for Marilyn

Anyone who witnessed assault under statue in Grant Park near 9th and Michigan Aug. 30 Please call 225-3518 eve. or We 9-4681 ex. 8

Bass player-exp. free to travel looking for working group. 312-271-9877. 4958 N. Damen- Howard Hradek

Anyone interested in joining an informal group connected with a local university's electronic music studio relating to avant-garde music, experimental films and other contemporary arts. call WA 5-8809

SEXUAL FREEDOM LEAGUE publication, Intercourse. New issue, mailed in plain cover, \$1, SFL, Box 14034, San Francisco 94114

Gustav Mahler sweatshirts \$6 plus 30¢ postage Mahler photos(24x 20) \$5-- 30¢ postage 'Mahler Grooves' bumperstickers 50¢ Buttons 25¢ Mahler Society, 8844 Wonderland, L.A. Calif.

Rhonda Lou Larson please call home, we're worried----Mom and Dad

PHOTOGRAPHERS: Models for Hire - Studio membership \$3 per year, continuous group photo sessions Fri, Sat Sun 2 to 10 PM Studio at 2834 N. Southport Ave. Models call 477-2962

Wanted: young males for photo figure studies if under 21 must have parents' permit. Write to Seed Box D. C. give name and phone number.

MODELS (figure and lingerie) for experimental love poem project. Prof. photo illustrator will need over a period of several months. Exp. not nec. Call Sat, Sun, or 7 to 11 PM daily 477-6343

Grad student needs surrogate mother for 2 yr. old child. Live in Mon-Thur. RM/Brd Call 525-2479

Complete portable light show for rent, no job too small; strobe and overhead projector for sale. The Incredible Light Show 945-9264

40 DISORIENTED 40 I am 40, single, bald, a Gemini, and alienated from the current scene. Too old for a Hippie and too young for Medicare!!! I dig Thoreau, McCarthy and Erich Fromm. Joanne Woodward turns me on. Ballet, Beethoven and Snoopy are in my bag. Sound like you? Write; enclosing forwarding postage; describing what's in your bag! I'll forward your letter to someone who indicated similar tastes, unless you resemble Joanne in which case I'll keep you for myself! (When you get a letter forward it to someone else in the Circle) Let's start a pre-senile love in, or something
Gene Kalin
3042 W. Wilson Ave.
Chicago 60625

Americans about to be drafted and soldiers dissatisfied with military life are invited to write to for information on immigration to Canada:

Stuea
Stuart Roche, The Southern Ontario Committee On War Immigrants, Box 155 Station E Hamilton, Ontario, Canada

For an honest appraisal of your chances of passing the "point test" at immigration, include your age, education, work history, if you speak French, and any felony convictions.

Awareness, sensitivity marathon therapy group, weekends. For info call Duke 785-1626 or c/o Seed.

Skokie girl, attractive, age 22, with car, would like to meet a girl 21-25 who likes lots of spice on her life for friendship, weekend trips. Box 200

Major San Francisco area poster distributor needs hungry , aggressive local sales reps. Reply: 1905 McGee, Berkeley, Calif. 94703

--CHANGES--

Out of sight moving and hauling, absolutely free estimate.... WH4-1883

Young groovy guy looking for groovy part-time job in or about Old Town. Evenings, Sat, Sun. Contact Seed for phone number and address.

Female model needed for photography. Min. age 18 yrs. Call 378-2294 6 to 10 PM

Pigs & Things



pigs and things, the sights and sounds fall in and out as boy gets shot for shooting first and these who shoot you in self-defense and can't accept your beads and heads because of regulations help you stage a march which everybody favors and which someone will write about as on the brighter side hippy-yippy-long-hair kids help fight communism in police demonstration to peopleless streets and screeching el train roar.

pigs and things, the sights and sounds of army taking three days to train defensively against army of night who will fight on green mat of city park with police-dog mind and tooth asking not what their country can do for them but what they can do to it.

newspaper of the mind rejecting headlines and mainlines and captions and twists, dancing in the bolshoi line which was washoi and must be chinese, he said, because an hour after you say it you wanna say it again.

pigs and things, the sights and sounds of black preacher knowing why you are in the street, knowing that the wage is too low to wage the war against poles and sprays and checked-out space where the white nigger sits in the back of the plane but away from the wing and dances and sings into a strange Chicago with toothbrush in pocket and sleeping-bag eyes. Do not stereotype the pig because he has already stereotyped himself and typed himself in large black and white letters saying I have chosen to be a pig and love and beat you.

newspaper of the mind and the street locked in from all sides by horse blinders on searchlight eyes wringing news from news-men who get 400 feet of child crying as mother strains to protect child's life and news-man gets 400 feet for more of the lighter side of people are people and boys will be boys and hooray for all the noise that sells the roll-on and rollover martha, i ain't got no room to watch the news-cast which casts a happy glow between the costumed stewardess and the red-carpet and blue-caped flights away from the nonsense of that man who said that they are sending in the troops not to quell the slum landlords, not to hold back the ghetto principals, not to encircle the ghetto cops, not to protect the sleepers in the grass but to hold on to law and to hold on to order which is now the law of the land and the order of the mind. And someone who we knew jumped out of a window in los angeles because maybe all that law and all that order had nothing to do with all the lawlessness and disorderliness which was written in the newspaper of his mind. Nobody asked him what he could do for his country except for a few exploiting newspeople who always wrote that even in the darkness of the challenge we face, we can find that silver lining.

Sure, read the mindless newspaper and hear the voiceless news, all that is good is cast in silver and gold; beware the black days and dusky nights. the newspaper of the mind repeats and repeats with order and without law and without regulations forbidding the acceptance of tin necklaces and fostering smiles for monday and blood for tuesday. a new dietary law and order.

pigs and things, sights and sounds still reverberating amidst the multi-speeded tape recorders and film reporters and from around the not-so-round globe who march like an army and pass out five dollar bills to grease-kids to do something for the camera and here kid, here's a firecracker, wait till we change the magazine, and I wouldn't have believed it either, so you don't have to either if you're not ready.

things and pns talk breastedly in the jike soup.

