

JIMMY SEED—A REAL SEEDY GUY

Karen Greene

Jimmy Seed sat on his handmade tapestry rug in his army issue jeans munching on his own home-grown yogurt from an earthen pottery jar. The corner of his "return to nature" type apartment was kept somewhat like a shrine, for it was there that his stereo stood on a wicker stand under his Peter Max poster. Ancient cithara music was frequently heard mingling down the hall along with the scent of curry, frying mushrooms, and another obvious sweet odor. Anything unusual in the apartment was always associated with Jimmy Seed.

Jimmy Seed was an accomplished zither player who had hitchhiked to California from Iowa several years back. After graduating with a degree in agronomy, Jimmy found that he was fed up with "watching the corn grow" and decided to go off on his own to try to make it with his zither. Life seemed like paradise for a while. He met a group of underground writers who really dug the zither and provided him with some great publicity. Jimmy became a regular at the Sunflower, a coffehouse frequented by local arty types. He was a fun, free-loving guy who could get along with anyone. Disappointment followed when Jimmy found that this society didn't believe in paying in currency and he was therefore paid in sunflower seeds. Feeling defeated, Seed picked up his zither and headed for a new surrounding where he'd be appreciated. This is still his goal in life today.

The glassy brown-eyed musician can be found every day sitting on his tapestry rug. He plays his zither from 11:00, when he gets up, until 3:00. His only break is lunch when he munches on his own cultured yogurt and eats a few berries. "Someday," he says, "someone will come to appreciate me and my zither."

"The preciousness lies in the lonely mind of a man."

—John Steinbeck,
East of Eden