

North East Village (S) INDIAN

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HIRAP

Seldom has the assumption that justice is nothing but a joke been more justifiably upheld than by the antics of the Honorable Julius J. Hoffman, that midget Magoo/Maddox of the Federal Judiciary of the Northern District of Illinois, currently sitting in judgement of the Conspiracy.

It's difficult to comprehend just why John Mitchell selected this parody of jurisprudence to handle what will go down as such an important case. It will probably remain the only unresolved mystery coming out of Chicago, since there is nothing mysterious about the way Judge Hoffman takes care of business.

The most rigged kangaroo court down South would have difficulty competing in sheer judicial burlesque as it is practiced in Judge Hoffman's chamber of horrors. In all his years on the bench, the Honorable Magoo/Maddox has continuously proven himself to be a schmuck of unparalleled dimensions. His courtroom theatrics are as ridiculous as the boorish belligerence of his courtroom demeanor.

Having attained the dubious distinction of being the most reversed judge on the Federal bench in Illinois, the man persists in pulling some pretty funny numbers. When asked if he had had any previous contact with the prosecutor of the Conspirators, a black prospective juror answered in the affirmative: "My wife worked for him."

Hoffman: "Oh, in his domestic service, no doubt."

Prospective juror: "No, your Honor, in his secretarial service."

Hoffman: "Oooooo!"

Courtroom: "Hehehehehehe."

The capricious harassment to which the defense has been subjected reminds one of the Old Nazi policy of executing the defendants and their lawyers simultaneously. "Sit down or I'll have the Marshall put you in your seat."

For Jerry Lefcourt, no bail and a weekend in jail. When Tom Hayden greeted the jurors with his clenched fist, the jury was sent out and a typical Magoo tirade against "...clenched fists in the courtroom..." followed. When the jury finally returned, Abbie kissed it off with a lip-smacking kiss. There was little even Hoffman could do about that.

Perhaps the most enduring document to emerge from these Star Chamber proceedings in Chicago will turn out to be Jerry Rubin's letter from Cook County Jail, smuggled out by his co-conspirators:

"Kidnapped, handcuffed, chained and shackled, kept for one week without any contact with family, friends or lawyers. It was a clear case of kidnap, and I was held incommunicado. They wouldn't let me fly to Chicago because they were afraid of hijacking. I had double handcuffs on my wrists, chains around my hands and stomach, and shackles on both legs. There were two other prisoners in the car, a bank robber going to the pen for 45 years, to whom I was shackled, and another guy from San Quentin on five years to life. The driver, our Federal Marshal, packed a gun. We drove every day from 7am to 4pm, and every night were put in the lousy jails for safe-keeping. At lunch, our shackles were removed and we ate at truck stops, eating with our handcuffs on."

Hopefully, we all conspire for life - an act of Faith, and not a sin punishable by five to ten years in a corrective institution. **WHATEVER THEY DO TO THE EIGHT THEY DO TO US ALL... WE ARE ALL CONSPIRATORS.**



LETTERS

LENI SINCLAIR LETTER

We went to see John at his new quarters in Marquette. You won't believe that place. The jail is built like a huge medieval castle, and John says it's really like a dungeon inside. Thick walls & towers all over the place & neat

(Continued on Page 16)

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Tuesday PM 23 September

About 1000 young supporters have gathered for a candlelight rally at the Lincoln statue in Lincoln Park. The turnout is less than would have been anticipated on the eve of what the tubenews has called "the most important political trial in American history," the mood unexpectedly subdued, perhaps among the crowd, it's most restless element being the mass media in search of News which does not appear to be hanging heavy in tonight's air. For beneath the dispirited overtones, there is a certain sense of waiting particularly among the blacks, as if all energies are being held in reserve for more important occasions in what could easily become America's most historical political error.

There is occasional chanting and a mercifully brief piece of guerrilla theatre, after which a black brother takes the mike and declares that guerrilla theatre, love-ins, and dope-ins are "nice." But let's not disrupt the reality of the revolution with all that funny shit. And that gets everybody together with a chorus of "Right On!"

He turns the mike over to another guy who shouts, "Any of you chicken-shit Yippies got an answer?" Abbie Hoffman finally took the mike and gave a non-answer which is NOT meant as a put-down of Abbie; there is no "answer" to the black's statement. In point of fact, Abbie kept the crowd together by pointing out that racism and war resistance are only two of the reasons why we fight; harassment of our culture by police and politicians is the vital third reason. He dedicated a wreath to DEAN JOHNSON. This wreath was carried at the front of the march to the Federal Building in downtown Chicago, a distance of about 3 miles from Lincoln Park, where an all-night vigil was to take place.

As the people began organizing for the march, four police squad cars arrived to seal off the exits from the park, a futile attempt that was quickly overcome as the 1,000 or so marchers swarmed past the cars and the pigs, shouting "The streets belong to the people," and regrouped, still holding their candles, for the traffic-snorting 3 mile hike down to the Federal Building.

Glass walled and ringed by fuzz who have apparently been ordered not to come down on the demonstrations without genuine provocation. Thus "contained" between the enormous glass panels of the structure and the hundreds of young people who have descended upon the small plaza, the police run through the usual fuzz-riffs about stepping on their feet, blocking their access and like that, and finally an officer orders everybody to stand clear of his line of men, leave them space. "We don't want to be up against the wall," he explains with a straight face.

Large circle forms, everybody seated listening to a few speakers, and then chanting "Burn, Baby, Burn." Chants fill the area as money and draft cards are ignited in the center of the circle.

And the fuzz look on numbly and do nothing. The periphery of the crowd has them pinned in. Up against the glass wall.

Wednesday AM, 24 September

"Brothers and sisters up front, the rest of you fall in behind. And no down shit--we don't want no mechanical motherfuckers coming down on us."

So began the opening demonstration at the Federal Building on this first day of the trial. Led by the Black Panther Party and Chicago's militant Blackstone Rangers, this is probably the first major political demonstration to gain such dominant support and participation by leading black power forces. By coming out to support their chairman Bobby Seale, one of the so-called "conspirators" on trial inside this coalition of Panthers and Stones shows that blacks are not just beautiful, they're cool and organized with a very clear perception of the reality of the revolution, a point of view that is rarely amused by the costumes and guerrilla theatrics of the media-hip stunts.

In a far more vital sense, the Panthers are to these Chicago demonstrations what the Hog Farm was at the Woodstock Festival. The Panthers are keeping things cool, taking care of real business, while making an impressive show of strength in support of Seale who will be the first of the defendants to be tried. Heading the parade of WITCHES, Yippies, Rangers, etc., around the Federal Building, Panther leaders had little patience for diversionary measures, shouting at one point to a group of performers who had broken away and begun to sing and dance, "We're revolutionaries, not circus clowns!"

After a rally in Grant Park where co-defendants Abbie Hoffman and Rennie Davis spoke, a group of blue-helmeted pigs arrived presumably to break up the rally that had ended anyway (Chicago cops seem to have very bad timing: they seem to be on the scene when the demonstrators are about to be dispersed). Shouting to the approaching pigs and the crowd. Shouting to the people to "Get the fuck outta here!" and "All you niggers get home!" the Panthers held their ground as the crowd quickly dispersed.

Later, back at the Federal Building, a small group from the American Nazi party got severely stomped (and then busted) when they tried to disrupt the disruption. Evening papers here report another clash between trial supporters and police in which 3 of the latter were injured--2 pushed to the ground and kicked, the third receiving a mouthful of lead pipe in his efforts to help the other two. No arrests and the news photos look like it was pretty wild.

CHICAGO Hog Butcher Of The World by Renfrew Neff

I only know what I read in the newspapers. Upstairs in the courtroom all you can hear is the ticking of the clock.

Because it is here that one becomes so acutely, so painfully aware of time--it's passage from hour to hour, the years of social change that separate the defense from the prosecution. But it is from the bench that one realizes a distressing difference of time, a hopeless unbridgeable difference between Judge Hoffman and the 8 defendants, and one wonders if perhaps we are really dealing in some totally abstract metabolic time and space continuum.

Senile, wizened and moving behind the bench like a hand-puppet manipulated by some spastic demon, Judge Hoffman has, despite this exasperating appearance--no, BECAUSE of it--a distinct dramatic flare that is further heightened by a rasping, reedy voice. But here again time intrudes, for his delivery carries the rocco banality of Restoration drama. Fuck guerrilla theatre, he and Charlie McCarthy doing a take on John Gielgud. The thin hands flutter about as if erasing the defense attorney's motions and objections from the air, the little face controls itself into frowns and pouts, expressions of outrage and indignation, the movements are all exaggerated and posed. A deaf man would come away with the impression that Judge Hoffman was the object of a courtroom conspiracy of peletonians.

Kunstler and Weinglass, hard pressed defense attorneys who must cope with it all, grasping thin threads of reason from the frustrating skeins of irrelevancy and contradiction, inspiring tremendous admiration for their fortitude in the face of the calculatedly insane.

The morning session ends with all of the defense's motions denied.

Attorney Weinglass: "The result of 7 months of legal work on this case is that Judge Hoffman has agreed to allow us to push two tables together so that we can sit together."

Hoffman has ordered the arrest of four attorneys, experts in Constitutional Law who had worked on the case for the defense, but whose work was now completed. The objective of this move is apparently to mislead the public into believing that these four lawyers are now refusing to appear for the defendants. Chief defense counsel Charles Garry could not be present because he has recently undergone surgery and is recovering in a hospital; Hoffman refused a postponement of the trial, an unprecedented move on the part of a judge.

According to many observers, the police who caused the trouble at last year's Democratic Convention are now in control of the building, the courtroom is filled with government and FBI agents, "witnesses" for

the prosecution. A total of 15 wives and family of the defendants are allowed into the courtroom; only 75 members of the press, 5 of which are regular reporters from two Chicago dailies.

Defendant David Dellinger: "I have changed my opinions about not allowing television and news cameras into the courtroom for important trials. I know now that TV cameras in Hoffman's courtroom would cause an even greater revision than the Convention riots created in the public's eye. But aside from Hoffman, legal precedents and the court system itself are weighed against young people, radicals, the dissenters."

Defendant Tom Hayden: "We have protested the process of jury selection because we will not have a jury of our peers. The prospective jurors are all registered voters, they are all over 40, 95 percent are white--the trial is already rigged by the machinery of jury selection."

"There is a conspiracy between the police officials and Judge Hoffman to suppress the Black Panther Party by excluding their representatives and denying them press credentials, and their chairman Bobby Seale is not allowed out of his cell and therefore does not have access to the media."

The afternoon session starts with the selection of a jury, a process which some speculate could take anything from a week to a month to complete. The court is called into session and all must stand as the judge enters. Everyone dutifully rises--EXCEPT 7 OF THE DEFENDANTS; only Seale stood, for obvious reasons--he's already in jail on charges of murder in New Haven and he's only allowed out of his cell in Chicago to attend this trial. Seale has enough problems without contempt of court. U.S. Marshalls scurry over to the defendants and repeat the order to rise. They rise. Hoffman threatens--his favorite phrase, by the way--"to take appropriate action," should the defendants attempt any future disruptions of the court.

A U.S. District Attorney (Rooker, I think was his name) from Virginia is then introduced by Assistant U.S. Attorney Richard G. Shultz. This new face has been dispatched by Attorney General Mitchell, and he has been sent to turn over to the court two more cases of wiretapped information on two of the defendants, Abbie Hoffman and Lee Weiner, now making a total of 7 defendants admitted by the government to have been under electronic surveillance. Mitchell's aide reads from an affidavit that claims that this new evidence is perfectly legal because it was gleaned in the interest of national security.

Kunstler objects to the admission into the trial of this new evidence--having claimed to have turned over all of its wiretapped information, the

government now comes in on the first day of the trial with material it has had in its possession all along. This is dilatory, late, and wholly unfair to the defendants; it is also unconstitutional, inasmuch as it is in clear violation of the seven-day rule for the presentation of evidence.

Prosecuting Attorney Foran claims this evidence to be a "response" to the defendants request that all such evidence be returned. Kunstler presses his objection and is soon interrupted by Judge Hoffman who then wheezes out his acceptance of the newly presented information.

There are further intimidations by the government attorneys:

Objection is made to members of the Conspiracy office staff being at the counsel table in the courtroom. Hoffman orders the counsel staff to take seats on the public benches.

Objection is made to press conferences prior to trial, claiming that Kunstler, Weinglass, and Garry have violated court rulings on media communication.

Kunstler cites Foran and Attorney General Mitchell's interviews and press discussions of the trial. He is overruled. He accuses the court of intimidation, and is overruled again.

After a brief recess to clear the court of everyone but the press, hundreds of prospective jurors are brought in, and watching their entrance is a very bad down trip.

The 8 defendants are then brought back into the courtroom and a wave of instant paralysis goes through the prospective jurors--embarrassed, offended, completely confused by this mixed bag of "conspirators"--Rennie Davis, resembling a clean-cut American collegian; Dellinger's pathos of stout respectability over the distance at the core of every Quaker; Seale clean and high-spirited in a blue and white striped jersey does not look like a militant street brawler; Hayden's open humorous face; Abbie Hoffman the maniacal Harpo Marxist; Rubin with prison-cropped hair; Foran and Weiner looking like friendly college professors--the prospective jurors glance at them nervously and quickly look away before any eyes can lock. The agony and pain is on every blond mid-Western face, they will never fathom what this is all about, and perhaps it will be impossible to find twelve of them capable of coming up with a verdict of any kind.

But Judge Hoffman begins an endless riff, telling them what this matter is all about. And somehow you know that twelve will be picked, it's not so difficult after all. It doesn't really matter WHICH twelve are finally chosen--because it won't make any difference. We're in trouble already and the game is rigged.

Making it in America in 1969 still dominates the Arts. It always has and it always will. What differentiates art today from any other time is defined by a time and a place. Take for instance the city of Los Angeles (Pop Art America), if one were to put it inside a museum, it would disappear as a city. If you were to do it to New York City, all you would have to do was to change the designation of its spirit from Pop to Junk art.

Art, in other words, in this day and age, is a waste product rather than a taste product. It is lying around waiting to be named and tagged.

I remember once visiting a good friend of mine and being amazed at his having a brillo box on a pedestal in the middle of his living room. The whole juxtaposition of images threw any sophistication I had off, and I foolishly asked him, "What was a brillo box doing on a pedestal in the middle of your living room?" He replied, "Why it's an Andy Warhol 'Brillo Box!'" I summarized, "You know, if you were to put it in the kitchen, it would disappear."

What made this brillo box significant more than any other was the fact it was not a real one (as if brillo boxes are real) and it had Warhol's signature appended to it. I'm sure if Hieronymous Bosch were alive today, all he would have to do was to skywrite his name over New York City and he

would have another masterpiece to his credit.

Which brings me to the most significant art opening of the season. Claes Oldenburg's show at the Modern Museum this past Tuesday was a triumph for someone, if only you could find a signature.

There were more pop art roaming the sterile marble passageways than could be found in a stationary position. People sitting or talking or moving around, ignoring what they were there for and showing off their lifestyles like blown up zeppelins.

Somehow in all this polite gossip with deep overtones, Claes Oldenburg disappeared (as if he were ever there). I imagined him to have miraculously crossed into a 4th dimension. Floating among images not yet born or bumping into the spooks of the future. He would never grow old in this sea of constant conversation. He would take on the specter of a Nameless One.

But Oldenburg was there alright. The plastic hamburgers and giant lipsticks being swallowed up in all that plastic and giant of a scene. If only Oldenburg's art could get up, move around and talk, then we would see something happening.

The room would scream with a delight which could be found only at the hour the mad jnd insane

get together to howl at the moon. Oldenburg is the Jolly Green Giant of Art. He would sell his niblets amongst all that corn and howling and be only so happy and jolly to do it again. It takes a magician to work among the dead, the captured. Oldenburg chooses Masoiteurns like Moma to work his art and still comes off tall.

It is a feat which is uncommon to this day and age (come to think of it, almost any age). To survive among that crowd of Art Lovers, cheap conversationalists, madmen, magicians and dilletantes, is no small feat. It's a better trick at this stage of the game than making wine into water, even though it is ass backwards. There is something holy in Art, though who the hell knows what it is, and there is something even more holy in surviving in Art.

It has almost been eight years since I saw Oldenburg's work in his Gun Ray Factory on east 4th Street on the lower east side. His huge giant things so real, yet so unreal, were even more exaggerated in the middle of that huge giant Tuesday night in the middle of that huge giant thing the sociologists call a crowd. The enemy of art and artists were the very thing it needed to nourish itself on. The lookers, the gaspers, the venerators, the curious had now a jaded quality about it just around the eyeliners and chiffon, the beards and

Poor Paranoids by Allan Katzman.

caked faces. The snake had grown in a matter of no less than eight years, a little older, a little fatter. What could it do next but grab its own tale and swallow this last bit of nonsense.

The Gun Ray Factory was more alive with real art and life than any Museum could ever be. But we were all there, and some of us too who still remembered. The memory looming large above the smoke, sweat and marble. If only we could have grabbed a handful of Oldenburg and run out into the street with it. New York might have understood then when it came face to face with a giant hamburger or lipstick in the middle of Fifth or Sixth or Seventh Avenue in Wednesday morning traffic.

The taxis, cars and lampposts would have pulled up roots and joined its comrades in the middle of the street. There would have been no stopping Art then. It would have been a spectacle of puzzlement, then anger, and finally revenge as all the art of the world would have to have been done in with sticks, stones and flames.

I am sure it would have tickled the ribs of a Picasso, Michealangelo, or even an Oldenburg. It would have been a race for all three to have put their signature first to it. An Art Olympics to please the hosts of angels standing about waiting to declare the winner for the gold

There were no angels though Tuesday night, more than likely because they were not yet invited and being good angels would refuse to gate crash. No one had to shoot a painting, or rape a plastic monster to survive. We were all inebriated in each others presence. We were there because it was a place to be, all us except maybe what was on display. It should have been out onto the streets accusing the landscape for all the notice and attention it got.

Or maybe it should have been there where all old elephants go to shed their skin, let their bones decay, and drop their ivory among the rest of this graveyard of jaded senses. Old art cannot get drunk or stoned like humans can, but it could stand about like the rest of us and not be noticed.

Only the best of dreams could have a one man showing. As for vision, they will have to wait like the rest of us looking at nothing in particular but other faces staring at the ultimate end of a bad joke. Some of us are waiting for that day when we could all laugh together and begin to get down to making an art we could live in. Meanwhile New York and rest of the country continues to choke on its pedestal. When we put it back into its rightful place will be the day II Museums die. And an Amen to Art also.



1968-69 BUTIGERS COLLEGE 1969-70
 The student body of Rutgers College is proud to announce the election of its officers for the year 1968-69. The officers are: President, [Name]; Vice President, [Name]; Secretary, [Name]; Treasurer, [Name]; and Student Body President, [Name].

photo by RAEANNE RUBENSTEIN

I remember way back in my dark past when I used to spend some part of my day watching such thing as the Dick Clark Show, Hullabaloo, and Shindig, back in those years when all rock-pop shows were in. Anyone remember Lana Edmonds, Jr., the Gazarrri Dancers, and Cousin Bruce on Channel 7 (ABC)? After much soul searching, it was decided by the waste-makers, the TV moguls, that rock was out having been killed by an injudicious combination of overpublicity and under-ratings. In fact, it was determined that the average vidiot no longer wanted to see chicks dance with their glands flapping in the wind. So for the space of a few years, rock was relegated to late-night television shows like Johnny Carson or Merv Griffin, or to insipid talk shows like the David Susskind show which specialized in purient entertainment for the whole family coupled with the host's insipid or insipient liberalism (take your pick - either way you lose).

Television has always had an ambivalent feeling about popular music - if it's not Dean Martin, then it's Perry Como who represent the nation's uniform taste. Most of the time rock is presented with the Ed Sullivan mentality, "...and now here's something for the kids to enjoy". Rock is still an unknown quality on television because (with great exceptions like the Dick Cavett Show) rock can't be presented of itself, rather it is valued because of what it can sell to the unsuspecting viewer. Pimple cream, anyone? If they only knew that no one would buy their garbage, even if the Airplane put in an appearance on the National Gas Oven hour. Ho hum.

Let's face it, if television was going to present rock and roll on the screen, they would have advertisements from the Resistance, the

Conspiracy, or the Serviceman's Union. In characteristic ways, it is apparent that television cannot really grasp either the significance or the power of the music they exploit for their own silly ends. Because television is for the masses doesn't mean that it should be played to the lowest common denominator of intelligence. Why not make television an elevating as well as an entertaining media. Who says that 'classical' music must always be done within the confines of a Leonard Bernstein - Meets-the-Culture-program where everything is neatly and quite rationally explained...and boring as hell, not to mention it is, militates against any sort of learning, except on the basic animal level...watch television if you want to see the America which the rest of the world ridicules (Dig the line, "My laundry's clean, really clean, Thanks to X" and the sceptic viewer wonders whether she gets hers when her old man comes home....)

In forgotten days, long before television became everyone's official concern from Congressmen to the President, people used to look to the tube for enlightenment. Today, people learn about how to be manipulated, they learn about advertising techniques. Why? Television is a multi-billion dollar toy which sells the masses the American dream (no cash down). Nothing but clean folk on television, every so often a token spade for a mouthwash commercial or newscast. Everyone complains about oppression, from the government, from the draft board, from the credit company. Rarely does anyone think of that one-eyed monster as the oppressor. The more one watches, the more one comes addicted to the plastic dream of uniform, cavity-free America with a Ford (without a better idea), and a Westinghouse and a crease-free, burn resistant blond uniwife. All of this

brings me to the now fabled abortion presented on Channel 7, the American (how fitting) Broadcasting Company, entitled "The Music Scene".

"The Music Scene" should be obscene and not heard. It is a case in point about the television which is wholly subscribed to by both the network heads and the sponsors of the American advertised dream. On this first 45 minute televised segment, one saw a reshaped version of a show that appeared maybe ten whole years ago, replete with lame comedy routines called, "Your Hit Parade". "The Music Scene" is ten times as bad because it is a recent product of television hype. Although it contained such notables as Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young, The Beatles, and James Brown along with various lip sinc-sight gags from Top 40 thrown in, it still reeked of crass commercialism and bad planning. (All package and no substance....)

The section with Crosby, Still, Nash and Young went off well enough at least they played their own instruments and the sound was reasonable. However, they only did one number and that was all. Next James Brown without the Flames and that was a bring down. The biggest hype of the evening the highlight of this rather dismal in a series (I suspect) of rather dismal shows, was the appearance of the Beatles. No, they weren't live, not even videotaped. No, they were filmclipped playing "The Ballad of John and Yoko" which I must add was badly cropped and censored to the point of absurdity. The censors took out the central line of the song, "Christ you know it ain't easy" and it sounded flat.

It appears in the case of The Beatles that the networks decided that since they couldn't deny the public the Beatles, the least they could do would be to cut the lyrics. The thing which Brother John was talking about was overlooked in favor of some

Getting Bent Another Look At The Tube by David Walley.

cursey shots of the couple in bed or riding in their Rolls Royce. In that way, television got back at the Beatles for all the promotion and publicity they had given them. In fact, to censor a song for airing is the lowest thing which any communications network can do to its public...which brings me back to the original thesis of this essay.

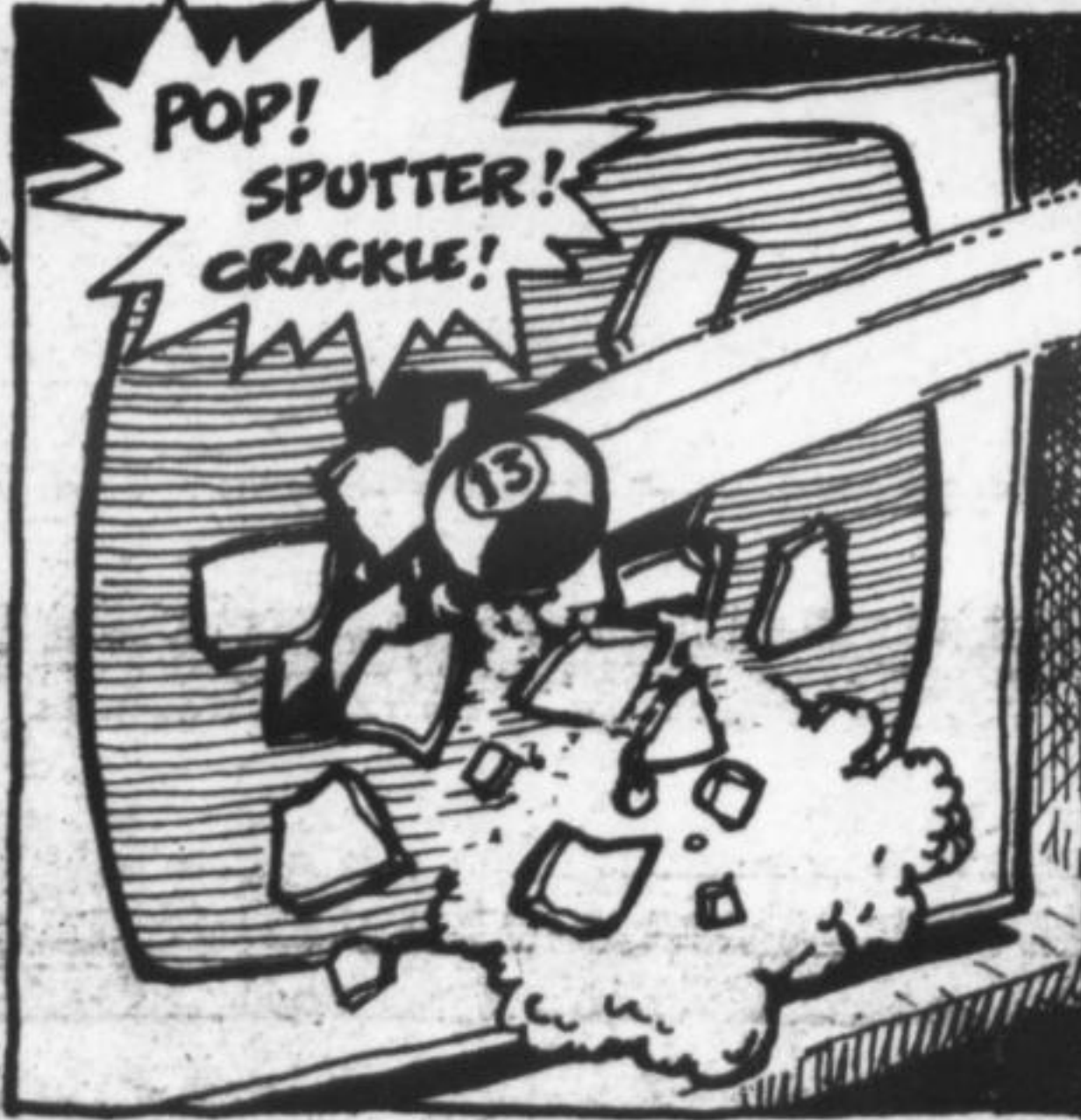
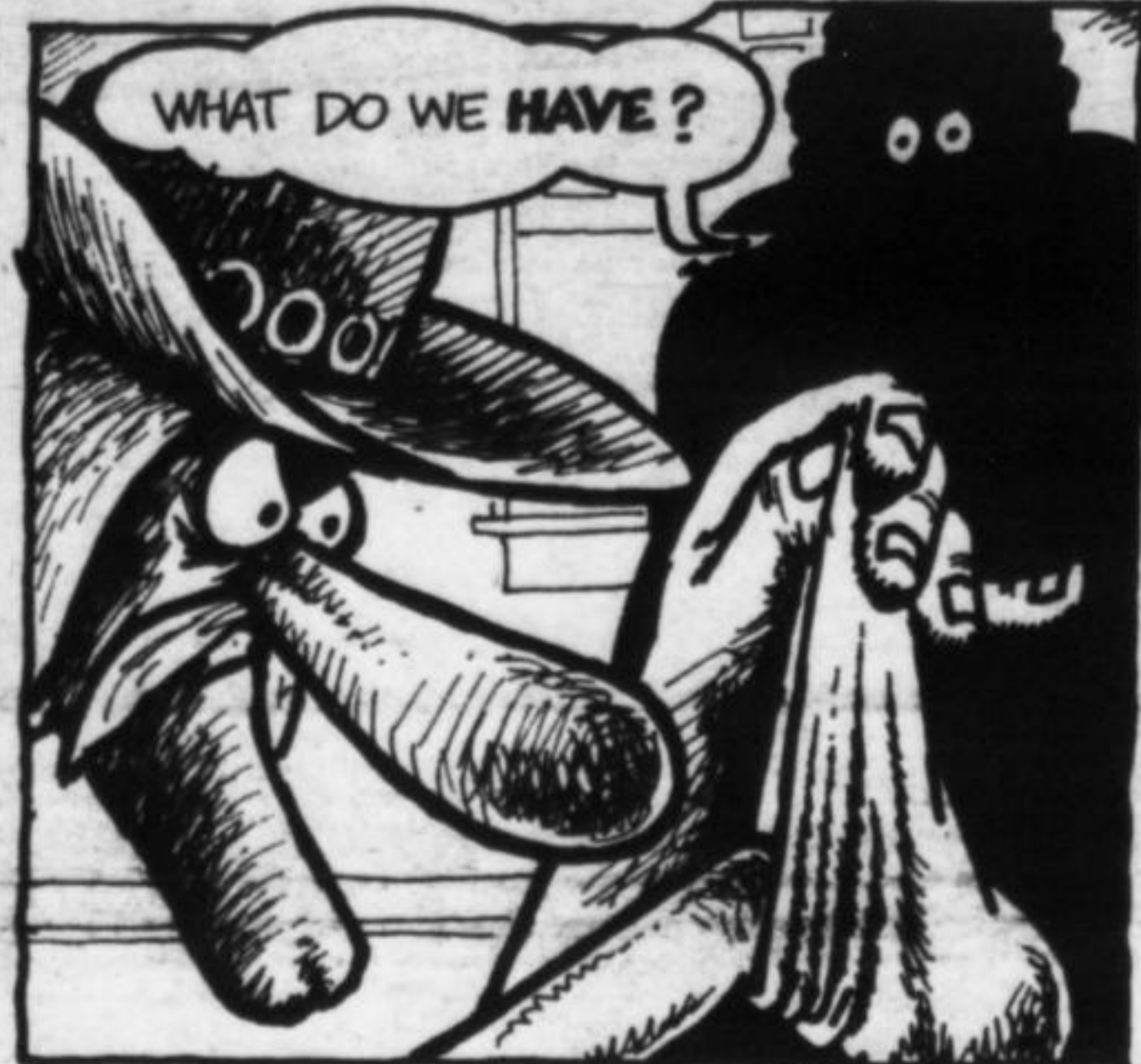
The censorship and media packaging done with the Beatles as well as with the plastic treatment of the rest of the performers on "The Music Scene" is significant of the spider cracks which are shattering the American image. Television as the networks think has a responsibility to the PUBLIC to present clean entertainment albeit castrated of any meaning and packaged in such a manner as to give the wrong impression about what is presented. The networks, however, like good Nazis, are just following orders because it is the people who willingly watch the tube which are most at fault. The networks follow suit by tailoring their programs or the good of the PEOPLE. Like Robespierre, to paraphrase R. R. Palmer, the networks conceptions of the PEOPLE labor under a tragic misconception about the PEOPLE who are "...nothing like what (they) imagined...not all compact goodness; not particularly governable by reason...not even a unitary thing at all." And so they bring such gems as "The Music Scene" and expect everyone to dig it for its plasticity and buy all the drugs they want you to buy.

Television, in short is everyone's responsibility as well as everyone's enemy. To the advertisers who sponsored "The Music Scene", they have a commercial success - they got their products on the tube so that the strung-out freaks in Mid-America will buy it. For the rest of us, who watched the program, it was a disaster of the worst sort because it showed, once again, that television cannot be trusted to present things as they are, only the impression, an imperfect one at that of the

RANDOM NOTES

Jethro Tull is one of those groups which grow on you given half a chance. They were well received at the Newport Jazz Festival and the Schaeffer Music Festival. They have just released a new album called Stand Up (Reprise) which you should get into. The band has a decidedly jazz orientation, though they are not what is normally called "fusion", the microscopic difference between jazz and rock. They have their own feel for music. A special credit goes to Ian Anderson, the mad flutist, and Martin Lanclot Barre lead guitar. An experience which is worthwhile....Oh yes, how could I possibly forget, as if I ever could get it out of my head. There are few experiences in my life which have frightened me as much as spending An Evening with Wild Man Fisher (Bizarre), I have never been so repelled and equally fascinated by an artist, a mind. Larry "Wild Man" Fisher is a Frank Zappa creation (though he really does live). The record contains many of Larry's here-to-fore unreleased songs such as "Merry-Go-Round", and "The Taster". I honestly don't know when or what to do with it. Every so often I listen to the record to remind me that it's nice to be in one's right mind. However, if Larry's released on Bizarre, you can be sure that it's a bizarre release....Byrds fans should rejoice over Preflyte (Together Records ST-T-1001) which contains original Byrds tapes with the original cast, Jim McGuinn, David Crosby, Gene Clark, Michael Clarke, and Chris Hillman. For nostalgia, it's one hell of a bargain - an important addition to any record library which claims to be complete.

THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS



GILBERT SHELTON

END



HI GANG, WELCOME TO OUR LITTLE DRAMA. ANOTHER CHAPTER IN THE CONTINUING TRAGEDY OF MAN WITH YOUR HIDEOUS HOST, ME THE CONQUEROR WORM (HEH HEH HEH)

TODAY'S EPISODE... A LITTLE DITTY WE CALL IT ALL CAME OUT IN THE WASH!

THERE WAS NOTHING OLD MAN ST. CLAIR LIKED BETTER THAN WATCHING T.V.

HEE HEE HEE

ESPECIALLY THOSE GREAT OLD CARTOONS THEY WOULD RUN IN THE MORNINGS

HAR HAR

WHEN DEATH FINALLY TOOK HIM, HE DIED WITH A CHUCKLE IN HIS THROAT

TH' OLD COOT'S DEAD AS A DOORNAIL

MEANWHILE... IN ANOTHER DIMENSION

GRAB HIS LESS

HEY LOOK! OLD MAN ST. CLAIR JUST CROAKED

YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO! GO TO IT!!

CHEEP CHEEP

WHAT IN TARNATION!

CHEEP CHEEP CHEEEEP!

OH HO! NOW I UNDERSTAND

LOSING NO TIME I BEGAN TO BURROW DEEP INTO THE EARTH'S BOWELS

GNNHH!

THROUGH ITS VERY CORE AND OUT AGAIN

PUFF PUFF

MILE UPON SOIL CAKED MILE, UNTIL AT LAST I CAME UPON MY QUEST

SNIF...

THE MORTAL REMAINS OF OLD MAN ST. CLAIR

EUREKA!

NOW DONT ALL YOU KIDS BE GETTIN TH'WRONG IDEA. I'M NOT A BAD GUY!

LOOK AT HIM! THE OLD COOT HAD HIS PLAY! AND BESIDES,

..THERE ARE MANY MOUTHS TO FEED

ME FIRST

NO ME

ME

ME!

ME!

Kim Deitch

Decomposition by D. A. Latimer.

he tries to justify obscenity charges against this one. And the Moscoso stuff, well, if you find that Mr. Peanut and Daisy Duck can stimulate your prurient interest, you might come in handy as a prosecution witness; you might also get committed to Bellevue, though, so you better keep shut about it.

In Zap 4 there is also some incredibly beautiful stuff by Robert Williams, an assistant to Big Daddy Roth on the coast. If you can bust Zap for Williams' long-leggity bareassed women, then you can bust Vogue too. Right after this one, Gilbert Shelton weaves a tale about Wonder Wart Hog's experiences with the suppression of smut: in his later ego, Philbert Desanex visits the local playground disguised as a fat, hairy-legged little eighth-year-old girl. Robert Scum, King Of The Underground Comics, gives her a copy of Snatch. After admiring Philbert's legs, Scum is dejected to find she objects to the penises and vulvas it so flagrantly depicts. But he is yet more let down when Wonder Wart Hog stomps his guts out--I'll teach you to CORRECT: delete paragraph beginning "In Zap 4 there is also..." as it is incomplete. The correct paragraph follows. Keep the same order of paragraphs. /\$\$/

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This stuff is easily defended. It might be harder, though, to justify the many inclusions of S. Clay Wilson in Zap 4. Wilson, the Da Vinci of the Hell's Angels, is more of a pure artist than a satirist or social commentator; and his art is the art of turds, own.

For this they're trying to send somebody to jail? I'll tell you, I got an extra copy of Zap 4 which I will sell at the exploitative price of one dollar to whomsoever wants to come up to this office and buy it. Unlike H.L. Mencken, I will not step a foot out of my way to make an asshole of the District Attorney. He does a good enough job of it on his own.



NYRS&P were granted abearing in Federal Court on their damages suit. They kept everybody in jail for ten hours, about nine hours and thirty minutes longer than absolutely necessary. When the case gets to court, it will be the allegation of the District Attorney that these dealers, having eyes with which to read, should have known before they placed Zap No. 4 on the racks that they were thwarting promoting the sale of obscene material.

For those of you who never saw it, the loss of Zap 4 is your loss. It started off with a luridly coloured Moscoso cover, featuring an extremely phallic rendition of Planter's Mr. Peanut doing a tap dance with spat and cane, and in the far distance the pyramid and minaret city from the Camel's package; the horizon stretched over to the back cover, which depicted an extremely Mr. Peanut-ish rendition of a phallus doing a tap dance with hat and cane. Moscoso also drew the first half-dozen pages, which show various scenes from an orgy taking place in a square room, which room if you turn it upside down has on its ceiling another, even dirtier orgy taking place in it. The participants include Mr. Peanut, Daisy Duck, Little Bo Peep, Maggie and Jiggs, and various frogs and tortoises. Immediately after the Moscoso inclusion, you have what is commonly considered the reason for the crackdown on Zap 4: R. Crumb's latest masterpiece, 'Joe Blow', starring Joe, Lois, Joe Jr. & 'Sis'. Joe, the strapping short-haired father, discovers Sis in the act of raking herself off on her bed. Taking himself then to the medicine cabinet, he pops 'A simple pill called "Compoz" ... and I'm a new man!'. Summoning Sis, he pulls out his dork and directs her to suck it, pretending it's candy. 'Yummy nums!', gurgles Sis. The, after various poses of Joe and Sis fucking, you Joe Jr. returns home fresh from a successful Little League tilt, surprises them fucking, and runs to Mom. 'Don't be upset,' admonished Mom. 'Let me ask you this--do you ever jerk off?' 'Aw gee ... complains Junior. 'What a thing to ask a guy.' But she persists, and he admits to masturbating over pictures of women in magazines: 'Sometimes I even get a hardon when I'm playing baseball...' So Mom disappears and returns in nylons and garterbelt and cutout bra, and Joe Jr., hugging her, gushes, 'Gee ... You must be the greatest mom a guy ever had!'

Later on the family gets together in the living room, swapping togetherness platitudes, and Joe Jr. and Sis take off arm in arm while Joe and Lois stand beaming in the background: 'There they go...off to make even more new discoveries! And to build a better world! Yes, youth holds the promise of the future!'

For its own medium, the Crumb thing here is about as good as anything Ionesco has done on stage. The District Attorney is not to be envied if he does a good enough job of it on his own.

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It was a weird scene last Wednesday in Federal Court. District Attorney Hogan and Police Chief Leary were on trial for a change. It seemed to disturb the defendants to have to plead their own case. I can't produce the exact figures, mandered the counsel for DA Hogan, 'but it seems to me that we haven't gone overboard on this thing. Offhand, I'd say we've only busted fifty newsdealers for selling these sex papers.'

'Fifty newsstand dealers?' It was my friend Bogus O'Shaughnessey, an old coot who spends much of his time evesdropping in courtrooms, and he was shocked. 'That's not a bust, that's a program. They busted more than that, I told him. At least seventy, over the last nine months. They only busted fifty or so on the last bust.'

'Oy,' moaned Bogus O'Shaughnessey. 'Beets should grow in their belly, God forbid.' 'And as for these allegations that we've been busting blind newsdealers, the corporation counsel went on, 'I give you my word we've only busted one.' ('Alie! hissed Jim Buckley of Screw, and started gesticulating: 'Maledicant illum Deus pater Qui Hominem Chraevit; Maledicant illum Sacarum Virginum Chraevit, quae ...') 'And he was not really blind, sirs, but only legally blind ... That is, he could still read the matter under consideration here, and thus it follows that he must have known it was obscene, this matter, because we say it is obscene, and we are all honorable men ...'

Federal Judge Murphy evidently agreed with this assessment. The other two judges on the panel, who were not visibly Catholic, looked a little more amiable. It was an interesting case: Screw and The New York Review of Sex and Politics were suing to obtain an injunction in Federal Court against further harassment and intimidation from the District Attorney's office and the Administration of Public Morals of the New York City police Department.

Lately these fellows have been administsteering their morals to the public with a lead sap. They made a mistake last winter, when the sex papers started coming out--they let them publish, hoping probably that when they finally did go to wipe them out it would make glorious headlines for the Administration of Public Morals: 'SMUT SELLERS STOMPED SHITLESS BY SANGUINARY OLD SMUT-STOMPERS!' Unhappily, this was not the case.

You see, they went about this stomping in such a disagreeable manner--telling lies to the press, busting blind newsdealers, citing the effects of smut on The Children, making sure the DA's name figured prominently at the beginning of every news



Busted artist R. Crumb, dismayed by police action in N.Y. against ZAP prepares to split for Guatemala with distraught wife



CINEMA

"If motion pictures are not made to interpret dreams, or everything in waking life connected with the world of dreams, they do not exist. There is nothing to distinguish them from the theatre. However, since motion pictures are a fast, direct order to live and flourish. Either motion pictures language, they do not need slow, heavy logic in fantasy we daily realize all reality rests on, or they will not live long." -ANTONIN ARTAUD.

Film is a medium of ultimate faith, a suspension of disbelief in the "impossible". Within the rectangular ratio of the motion picture image, all dimensions are boundless, the two-dimensional confines of the projected brilliance transmuted at magical moments into the transcendental transparency of the screen's non-existence, the unique instant of the vision in space, the burning bush of the divine presence. This alchemy of film is unmistakable to even the simplest viewer, communicating beyond all verbal reliance, all dialectal intellectualism.

Beyond the world of words and ideas, film speaks with its own inner syntax, a cyclical system of signs and light impulses engaging the eye with panoramic stimulation: the eye, the eye-brain of physiological reality, the mind's eye of self-reflectance.

"Motion pictures are fundamentally the revelation of a complete, graphically communicated occult world. But it is up to us to find the clue to this secret life...Using them to tell stories--exterior action--is to deprive them of the best of their resources, to go against their deepest aims...Motion pictures have arrived at the turning point in human thought, precisely at the moment when language is losing its symbolic power, when the mind is tired of stimulation." -ARTAUD.

The New York Film Festival continues its multifarious peregrinations within the global cinema landscape, from September 16 to October 2, 1969. More than ever, the usual questions abound: What benefits can the expansive, but mortal, human mind absorb from this plethora of filmic input? What selection committee has powers that are objective enough to program a representative array of cinematic brilliance? And to what extremes is the human animal, the audience, willing to be herded in search of, and hunger for,

EVER

The grandiloquent gesture moves delightfully also in THE MERRY WIDOW (1925, and silent) of the master Erich von Stroheim, in the incredibly triumphant love story of a prince and a showgirl, John Gilbert and Mae Murray, the Prince Danilo and the Irish Sally O'Hara. Beyond the frustrations and tragedies of broken enchantment, the evil machinations of the snarlingly covetous Crown Prince, the regal rebukes of King Nikita ("If you persist in this folly, I'll make you a beggar"), Sally's disparate marriage to the anciently lecherous Baron Sadoja (who succumbs to a heart attack on their wedding night), the misunderstandings of broken hearts, an ill-advised duel, and the sudden assassination of the Crown Prince (now King and then gone), the lovers are reunited in a florid burst of fantastical reality in a coronation of consummation.

But what of the films of today? At the Film Festival there have thus far emerged only a handful that still live in the memory: the penetrating poetry of Robert Bresson's UNE FEMME DOUCE; the bittersweet revolutionary impressionism of Bo Widerberg's (ELVIRA MADIGAN) ADALEN '31; the stark explosive episodes of Ingmar Bergman's THE RITUAL (unconceivable in this country of television pap that this priapic celebration could have been produced for Swedish television); and the magnificent nihilism of the hero of Rene Allio's PIERRE ET PAUL, "an indictment of the false security of life on the installment plan", as a building contractor, who stakes all to live in a lifeless co-operative housing project, like a rat trapped in a foodless maze, selling his soul for a few square feet or supposed happiness, grows beserk in the face of the insensible reality surrounding him. PIERRE ET PAUL lives in its unveiling of disillusionment, not as a hopeless cry, but as a blast against the affront of contemporary absurdity. Is it not ironical that this film has not yet found an American distributor, indeed may never be shown again in this country?

The passionate outcry of PIERRE ET PAUL, and the surging solidarity of the embittered workers of ADALEN '31, are a living condemnation of the empty intellectuality of many of the other Festival selections: The dilettantism of Agnes Varda's LION'S LOVE, a flirtation with the beautiful

the ritual by INGMAR BERGMAN

people, a smattering of Michael McClure's brilliant play THE BEARD, the menage-a-trois of Viva! and Ragni and Rado (of HAIR fame) the gentle clearheadedness of Shirley Clarke as an "underground" director not allowed by Hollywood to make the picture of her vision, the over-emphasis on the tragedy of Bobby Kennedy's assassination as seen on color television for 35 minutes, the "TV" as star in Viva's pink ostrich wrap or draped in black or American flags--has a film ever presented such individual delectables and yet never fully whetted the appetite?

Against the emotional starkness of Bresson's masterful direction of UNE FEMME DOUCE can be contrasted the dry rigidity of Eric Rohmer's MA NUIT CHEZ MAUD, as a "practicing Catholic" braves seduction by a tawny young widow, an irresistible force "meeting an immovable object" (but nothing gives) to end in secure wedlock with a blonde, Catholic wife. Or the parlor game intellectuality of Marguerite Duras' DESTROY, SHE SAID, a parody of the open time - and space game continuum of a MARIENBAD, an attempt at allegorization, "The breakdown of our class society?"; a contest of madness as futile as the empty card game played by its actors, never has film been treated so like the juggling of words. When asked what difference she saw between the writing of the NOUVELLE ROMAN and filmmaking, Miss Duras said they were the same, but that making a film "was healthier" (when she tired of writing in a cooped-up room).

"We are all cruel in films. Therefore this art's rhythm and speed give it an unparalleled, powerful formula, and its characteristic detachment from life and illusory appearance require precise screening and the incarnation of different elements. For this reason they require extraordinary themes, climactic degrees in the soul, and a visionary atmosphere." -ARTAUD.

/Recommended: The New York Avant Garde Festival, on Two Islands - Ward's Island and Mill Rock Island, foot-bridge to Ward's Island at 102nd St., Sunday, September 28, to October 4, Saturday, from 11 AM to 11 PM - A world's fair of events, happenings, jazz, electronic music, light art, a TV art pavilion - and avant garde films each evening. In the East River. Admission free.

filmmakers and catalyzers of film rather than exclusively analyzers.

"People tire quickly of the haphazard beauties of the cinema. A more or less pleasurable ticking of the nerves by the sudden and unexpected appearance of a cascade of images not ruled by the laws of rational thought could appeal only to a few aesthetes of the obscure and unexpressible, who deliberately were looking for that sort of sensation without ever being sure to find it. This haphazard and unexpressed character was a part of the dark and delicate spell woven by the cinema over the mind." -ARTAUD.

Let us get down now to specifics. As the New York Film Festival nears its min-unfolding-point, can one truthfully say that any GREAT, that dreadful idolatrous word, films have yet been shown? From this writer's standpoint, the most truly satisfying experiences have been provided by those retrospective choices, the uncovering of cinematic antiques, included in the main body of the Festival screenings. The majestically opulent eye of Max Ophuls, in his 1950 realization of LA RONDE, sweeps across the screen in the grand 3/4 time of the Viennese waltz, a roundelay of sexual interplay implicitly choreographed, as the search for passion evolves through the strata of latter-day society, the prostitute, the soldier, the chambermaid, the young man, the married lady, the husband, the "grisette", the poet, the actress, and the count. The i-rechanging game, the game of couples, immortal in Arthur Schnitzler's play on which LA RONDE is based, sweeps from the carousing of soldiers on leave, to first love, to sheer seduction, philandering, passion, and drunken forgetfulness as Gerard Philippe (the Count) awakes in the arms of the honest whore (Simone Signoret), and the wheel has played its never-ending course, conducted by Anton Walbrook as the narrator, the carousel-keeper, the servant of the love game. As each scene reaches its passionate climax comes the sardonic blackouts, punctuated at one point by Walbrook mimicking the censor, as he snips with his shears the "offending" scene.

"We must look to films with purely visual situations whose drama comes from optic shock, the stuff of sight itself, and not from psychological circumlocutions which are only texts visually interpreted." -ARTAUD.

audio-visual archetypal revelations?

From the point of view of the maker and-or lover of films, the question of willing exposure to extended seances in the darkened temples of cinema, can easily be self-sacrificingly resolved. Just as any connoisseur of the finest vintage wines or the most exotic magic herbs refines his taste through a willing, and loving, long-term experience, so too the film-lover (the "amateur" in the classical purest sense, as Stan Brakhage has passionately reiterated) sees-makes-lives film, absorbs as much as possible of the 24 frames per second hypnotic light and its infinite possibilities of modulation. Beyond the physical extremes of exhaustion, merely the acceptance of watching six, eight, or even twelve hours of briefly interrupted films, as in the concentration of a film festival, can only ultimately heighten one's perceptive powers, rendering most succinctly those cinematic moments that blaze forth with the greatest living clarity.

But the general public, the great unwashed who shell out \$2.50 to \$5.50, who regard "movies" as their temporary nepenthe, a submergence into a blissful, but momentary, forgetfulness, can only dimly perceive the persistently intermittent shutter of film projection as the monumental fluttering of the inner eyelids. The lover of film, on the other hand, is as aware of the gradations of cinematic values, compoundly contrasted one film against another, as of the light and shadow fluctuations of the film process itself.

Granted the ever increasing numbers of feature films produced internationally each year, and the difficulties of appraising their comparative values, who ultimately can feel justified in selecting a mere, again a comparative term, handful for the New York audience? The New York Film Festival's selection committee has, since its inception, been composed exclusively of critics, non-filmmakers. Only this year, has one critic-member produced a film herself, Susan Sontag, and this film, DUET FOR CANNIBALS, is included in the Festival selection for this year. Can any form of incestual critical inbreeding produce an objectively penetrating eye? Is the current world of film criticism only an analogy for an interlocking directorate? Perhaps one can be well justified in praying for a rotating selection committee each year, one that includes

Roy Lichtenstein Picard.

Kaprow and the Objects of our daily life-experiences, industry debris, throwaway culture and the "commercialism of our environment."

The latest paintings of 1969 shown in the Guggenheim are quiet, clear, classical. There is one with three triangles in a dotted landscape, a desert where the earth is white and virginal, and three pyramids are standing mute like Robert Morris' triangles in space. The painting is dated 1969, painted in oil and magna on canvas and titled: "Study for the Great Pyramid." The second very "new" Lichtenstein is named "Red Barn II" It belongs to the Wallraf-Richartz Museum in Cologne, Germany, Collection Ludwig, and it is a typical "American landscape" reduced to essentials: Gabled roof, chimney, windows, a walk, a mountain-horizon, a sky, clouds...all those forms are "forms", stylized, cool,--and again I feel the children's book appeal, which was so visual and engaging with the painting "girl with a ball" done in the year 1961. Is it the landscape of tomorrow, the landscape that will be explored by artists who go out to dig holes in the desert, who want to reach the sky to paint on it with smoke, to dive to the Ocean Floor to build Oceanic Art (Peter Hutchinsson)...is Lichtenstein this time prophetic and perhaps predicting with a diagrammatic rendering of lines, dots and planes a direct and very simple expression? He seems to say to me with his latest work of 1969: That's a house in a landscape, a human shelter. We are still living, we are still human, aren't we? There is no "So what?" about it, no smart-alecky-grin, it is very banal "indeed"... but it is so far, so good....and OKAY.

imitations of American Cartoons are weak and humorless.

Roy told me in an interview in Southampton, where he shared a house this summer with Diane Waldman, the young curator of the Guggenheim Museum, who wrote the introduction to the Catalogue, that his grandfather came in 1887 from Germany to America. I mention this "German" descent because I think the talent of Roy for graphic-rendering is a very germanic-gift. At the heights of the Abstract Expressionist Movement, nothing was less liked, than "graphic" style. It seems to me, that with the beginning of Pop, the line, the dot, the sharpness of drawing came back to Art.

In the Victorian surroundings in Southampton, where Roy talked to me in an old-fashioned garden with green lawns and a white-washed criss-cross lattice-gate, he spoke about his love for "Picasso" and I asked him, if he makes Fun of artists work he translates into line, dots and planes.

He said: "I am not making fun of the original Art. But by the time I am finished with it, I am making fun. No-it's not a "Picasso" it's the way you might think of a Picasso or you might remember it." He talked to me about the "beginning" of POP-times.

When he, as he says "was interested in KAPROW'S Happenings, and he mentioned especially the Event at the Martha Jackson Gallery "TIRES" in the Garden of the Gallery, where hundreds of black Automobile tires had been stacked in a field, to a mass of objects, and we all walked over the fires and experienced the Art of participation. In retrospect he feels that he had been influenced and formed by "Happenings" like Claes Oldenburg,

"Lichtensteins." To become as a painter "A BRANDNAME" is something! + IN. SOUR QUICKLY CHANGING SCENE.

Roy is a very quiet and maybe shy man. He seems to me preoccupied with "thinking" about something he never talks about. I've known him for a long time, from the days of "Beginning of Pop." He had just started and Ivan Karp described the large graphically looking canvasses standing in the back room at the Castell Gallery, as "popular painting". Those works reminded me of a Victorian style "colorful illustrations of words" literary translations of a child's vocabulary, easy to grasp in one moment of looking.--and I told this to Mrs. Sonnabend, who was at that time (I think) still Mrs. Castelli. I was very much taken by the charm of Roy's work, because at that time, everybody got tired of the ACADEMY of Abstract Expressionist Schmeear, one craved for something "New, Newer, Newest." And there it was. Popular Art: Lichtenstein, Warhol, Oldenburg, Jim Dine, Wesselman, the quintet of Pop. And they will last, even so, when they are declared dead now, after Art went into the mini- conceptual-impossible-and what not.

Roy Lichtenstein got involved with form. He is the Formalist in the quintet of "POPists." His invention is the Benday-dot as a technique and the Art-Nouveau-Black-Line as a graphic tool, which he uses like color. He used the American Cartoon-image, because it satisfied his form-feeling. Cartoon-drawing is an American Folk-Art of great artistic value. The American Cartoonists are copied all over Europe, but all the European

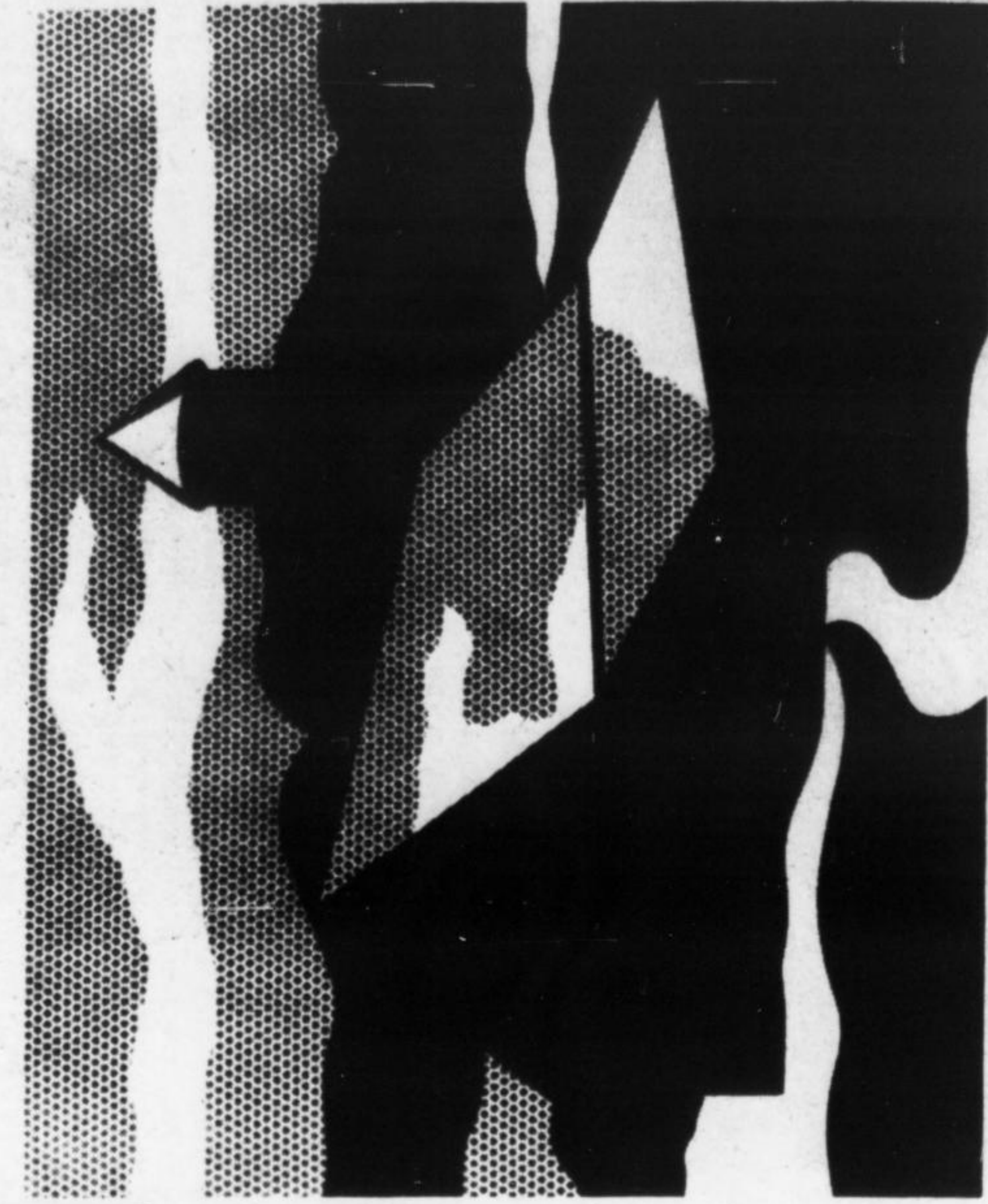
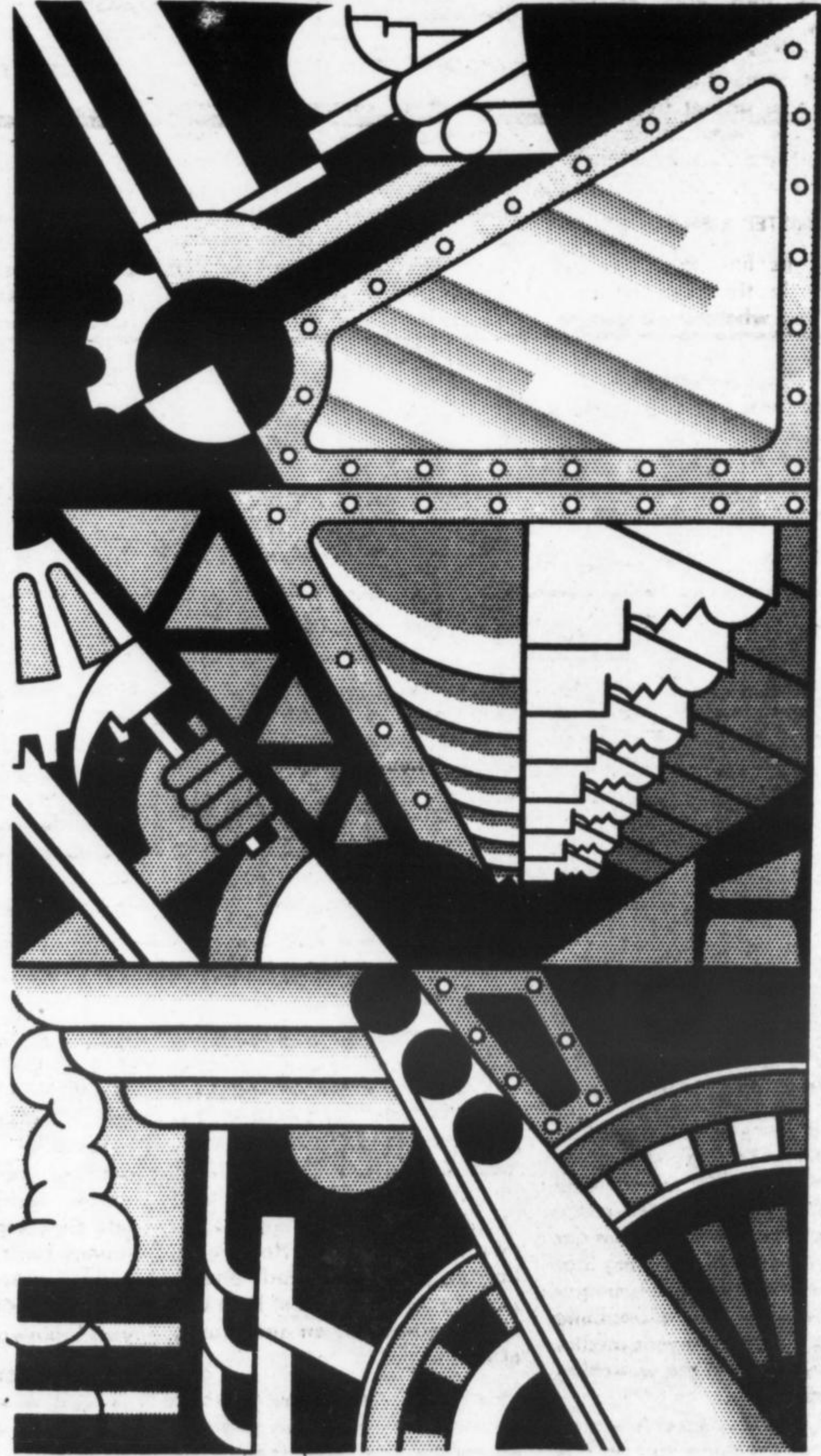
name "John" and have for company in their dislike for new and inventive art-forms a third "John", John Simon, who wrote in September Sunday Times a reactionary attack on the inventiveness in Art in general, titled "New-Newer-Newest" - He is joining in the "Duet for Cannibals" which will please all the Art-Squares, who dislike Change. I think it's so much better to try to be young, strong, inventive and experimental, than to be Old, Older, Oldest. The three John's indeed are really Old thinking...but in New York "It's smart to be Nasty!"

To leave now Critics and go back to Art and Lichtenstein and to the Bowery.

190 Bowery was in the old days a Manhattan Bank Building. Roy lives there, with his wife the beautiful Dorothy. Their pad is a large one and most of the furniture is old - Victorian and has the same quaint early American flavor, as the elevator, the shiny metal letter boxes on the ground floor of the building and the intricate artwork of decor which adorns the inside of the elevator. When I visited Roy's studio and living quarters last time the elevator struck me looking like a sculpture, the shiny brass only halfway cleaned, but the parts which had been restored to their old glamor looked just great...and maybe the sculptures Roy does lately, who have so much of the "old" in metal-work and linear design, have something to do with what Roy sees every day. Artist's eyes take in visual surroundings and pour it out somehow in form. That's what Lichtenstein does in Art...he looks at Art and he pours it out...he translates Artforms of the past and the present into

Roy Lichtenstein was born October 27, 1923 and is a Scorpio. His dealer, Leo Castelli, is, so I was told by Roy, A Libra. The two signs get along together. Roy lives at 190 Bowery, on Slum-Art-Lane, where it's "in" to live today, if you mean it seriously. I mean, if you are in for Art-Life-Style. It's a way of Life, not always easy, but better maybe today, than anything else. Anyone who wants to, can drop out any moment, nobody in our city would care, that's New York's Art scene, Baby. Who cares?

In the Lichtenstein - Cast of Art I care, that's why I'M POURING! It really got my gall to read two of the Lichtenstein attacks. The one by John Gruen, the "UNDERGROUND" Vogue columnist, who seemed to find it appropriate to give it to Roy. This "New York Magazine" New Bohemia fan, declares: Lichtenstein's painting "obvious anti-art gestures, so titillating and-or enraged the public, that before anyone could say 'So what?' Lichtenstein became a name with international reputation." And John the Gruen goes on to say, that "Now the Guggenheim has itself fallen for the hoopla, and by so doing has fallen into the trap of given thrilling credence to the fact that Lichtenstein is among our lesser talents." And it goes on with the ART-MURDER which seems to be this winter the NEW, NEWER, NEWEST thing to do. (after Violence gets off the TV for the good of the kids - we will get the Violence-Bid in Art-Criticism and so to give Roy the final "BLOW - WHAM - BANG" Gruen thinks and writes that "his, Roy's message, is so immediate as to render it obsolete in two or three seconds." It occurs to me while writing, that both critics, Gruen and Canaday, who hate Lichtenstein's work have the





THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER SPEAKS

POT AND THE GI IN VIETNAM

Well, for those of you that have been to the Nam, you know how it is. For those of you that have been spared, imagine yourself in the middle of a field. There is a small fire in the field, and that odor, yes that odor of that caresses your nostrils is marijuana. The whole field is just full of pot, some of the best grass in the world, almost free too. I guess that's why almost 75 percent of the GIs in Vietnam "TURN ON".

WHY ENLISTED MEN SMOKE

Hookay, its like this. You've been out in the field all day, sometimes a whole week or more.

David Crosby (of the Byrds)
Stephen Stills (of the Buffalo Springfield)
Graham Nash (of the Hollies)
Neil Young (of the Buffalo Springfield)
and...dream.

Charlie plays havoc with your nerves, the food is about as bad as the weather, and the brass sit on your head. You have slept in mud, weeds, and tents. Then Uncle Sam gives you a present, warm beer. If you are located in a safe area, or you don't go into the field, Uncle has set up recreational clubs for the purpose of relieving you of your pressures. Compare....

THE OFFICER CLUB

You sit in comfortable chairs, enjoy a good show, have a good meal, enjoy MIXED DRINKS, and sit in AIR CONDITIONED luxury. And believe me, when the Brass get drunk, they carry on just like you. I have seen Majors pouring their drinks down Warrant Officers shirts.

THE NCO CLUB

You sit in a club cooled by possibly 1 or 2 air conditioners, while you eat your bacon lettuce and tomato sandwich, sip on a MIXED DRINK and enjoy a good USO show. In the meantime all of the lifers are deeply engrossed in their card games. (Article 32, Gambling with subordinates applies).

THE ENLISTED MANS CLUB

Their club is usually not big enough to contend with all of the EM on a post. You sit on benches, eating a drigd out pizza, which has been over cooked, while you sip a cool BEER, no mixed drinks. There are no air conditioners, just fans, and they don't do anything but blow Vietnams hot, humid air

in your face. Sometimes you see a USO show, sometimes a movie, usually they stop selling BEER if someone gets drunk and throws a TEAR GAS GRENADE in the old mans hooch. Just like the Brass to be bigotive in their judgements.

Considering the fact that the enlisted personnel do all of the work, I mean some of the Officers think Manual Labor is the President of Mexico, and the enlisted personnel eat more shit then the rest of the UPPER CLASS, they are therefore in a greater position to try to escape from their pressures, but on what, BEER. The Brass won't let you drink unless you are 21 anyway, and the average age of the EM is between 18 and 21, what do you do?? Those that don't smoke, and can't get any hard stuff, you can

go to the village and get a piece of ass and the usual souvenirs that accompany it for about 300 piasters, or about \$2.80.

WHY SOME OFFICERS SMOKE POT

The Brass is not immune to the enticements of marijuana either. Some Officers were "AWARE" of marijuana during their high school and college years, so it was nothing to repeat their "AWARENESS" in Vietnam. Some have been turned on by fellow smokers. Many of the Officers who smoke and Warrant Officers WO1 and CW2, and company level officers, Captains, First Lieutenants, and Second

(Continued on Page 17)

James Lichtenberg—Wooden ships on the water very free

them. Lonnie Mack got it together for "Memphis" (recorded 7 years ago) and one beautiful ending that had his drummer, Mike Mahaney, out-grinning the light show... and was gone.

Purple light is a pearling of tiny circles of blue and red light. The light show had said good night. In purple light on they came. Their serene red and black and blue Martins up and waiting for

them. Ripples of ecstatic anticipation lacing the crowd.. And suddenly, Pow, Flash...there they were Crosby (in fringed leather), Stills (all smiles) and Nash.

(Continued on Page 18)

Some weeks are for writing, verbalizing; some are not and even though this is a lot of words to say I don't feel like it: I don't ...feel.....like....it.

And there are lots of worthy causes to talk about. There is The

Greatest Little Soul Band in the Land, and it has soul, it really does; and just because noone has maybe thought to listen to it, write a review about it, and otherwise use words like "funky" or "bluesy shit" or "rocking, deep sounds like JJ Jackson off on a trip into chitlinland" doesn't mean the

record doesn't deserve better yet. Certainly better than those idiot quotes. And there is the everflaming Film Festival, the latest embers of the phoenix being Susan Sontag's *Duet for Cannibals* and Erich Rohmer's *Ma Nuit Chez Maud*. These two are the most literary of the offerings

so far (that I have seen) and among the best films of a certain kind. The Rohmer film is a study in contrasts and similarities, a long cheeky dialogue between French Catholic-Jean-Louis Trintignant and French agnostic-marvelous Francoise Fabian. Trintignant has this long, ascetic

face and nose in particular and red ripe lips, making him perfect to play all kinds of erring angels, would-be good boys, nearly-there saints. Francoise Fabian plays a woman very well; one assumes she is one, too, after the manner of the more familiar Signoret, Moreau--although not in that age

(Continued on Page 14)

Lita Eliseu-Thilm

Katzman on Ginsberg

PLANET NEWS by Allen Ginsberg 1961-1967, The Pocket Poets Series, City Lights Books. \$2.00.

Allen Ginsberg writes a spiritual shorthand, collaging his myriad experiences around one emotional nova. "Many a being with a nose - and many with none but an ear somewhere next to a Yelling Star -". He is the prophet messenger at both ends of the microphone reporting through a mystic media. He is plugged-in to the wrenching of the Universe.

PLANET NEWS is sever years of the Cosmos speaking into his ear

at one moment; the simultaneity of spurt and gissom making words on the page. DESTINY CALLING. DESTINY CALLING. His prize poem, TELEVISION WAS A BABY CRAWLING TOWARD THAT DEATHCHAMBER is a breakdown of poesy, the overload input of his own celestial cortex. His spine is tingling with mutated energy scarfing up the speed of light and vibrating towards an anti-gravity of vision.

His poems are not poems which can be measured by any yardstick of known academic tools. They

imply a host of levels. TELEVISION WAS A BABY CRAWLING TOWARD THAT DEATHCHAMBER as a poem is unsuccessful on a number of readings unless one uses his body as an electronic mystery. Plug into Ginsberg's hand and let his fingers twist the futurity dial of unknown AM & FM. He is the Godhead FCC, the conductor to your brain's airways.

Life is waving, the cosmos is sending a message to itself, its image is reproduced endlessly over TV

over the radio the babble of Hitler's and Claudette Colbert's voices got mixed up in the bathroom radiator

Hello hello are you in Telephone the Operator's singing we are the daughters of the universe

get everybody on the line at once plug in all being ears by loudspeaker, newspeak, secret message

handwritten electronic impulse travelling along rays electric spiderweb magnetisms shuddering on one note We We

We, mustached disc jockeys trembling on mantric excitement, flowery patterns bursting over the broken couch,

This is a difficult poem because the center of the poem resides in the post himself. He creates a vortex of energy without once breaking the flow. The poem has lazar intensity, the message is cyclotoned into the bloodstream. People and critics who are not used to such high concentrated dosages will claim that "the man is mad and the structure cumbersome and faulty."

(Continued on Page 21)

Summery Of Motions Presented By Conspiracy Defendants To Judge Julius Hoffman

1. Motion for Inspection of Grand Jury Minutes and Transcript - DENIED 9-9

Because of the political nature of this case and because of the probability that the government used information gathered by illegal wiretapping before the Grand Jury, the defendants asked to inspect the minutes and transcript of the proceedings before the Grand Jury in order to protect their right to a fair trial and effective cross-examination of witnesses.

Denied - Judge Hoffman felt that the defendants could adequately prepare their case without this information.

2. Application for Disqualification of Judge Hoffman - DENIED 9-9

The defendants and their lawyers have on several occasions noticed Judge Hoffman's personal hostility to them and their political views and values. Also, Judge Hoffman and his wife have a financial stake in the continuation of the War in Vietnam because of stockholdings in corporations holding large contracts with the Defense Department.

Denied - This request for disqualification is decided by Judge Hoffman himself - he refused to remove himself from the case.

3. Motion to Dismiss the Indictment because of the Unconstitutionality of the Anti-Riot Act - DENIED 9-9

This defense motion raises fundamental constitutional issues of free speech and assembly, the right to travel, and the limits of Congressional power. The defendants hope to stop the government's use of broad sweeping statutes to suppress political dissent and constitutional freedoms.

Denied - Judge Hoffman summarily denied this motion because the Court of Appeals had previously found a similar challenge brought by National Mobilization to End the War in Vietnam insufficient. This fight will undoubtedly be carried to the Supreme Court.

4. Motion to Dismiss the Indictment for Failure to State an Offense - DENIED 9-9

The defendants claim that the indictment itself recites only vague and indefinite generalizations

and does not even allege facts that would, if proved, constitute a violation of any federal law. The indictment only notes that the defendants engaged in several exercises of constitutionally protected speech and makes other allegations that are so vague that no one could reasonably understand the nature of the crime charged and prepare a defense.

Denied - Judge Hoffman felt that such conduct could indeed constitute a crime.

5. Motion to Dismiss the Indictment for Bias in the Grand Jury - DENIED 9-9

This motion cites several improprieties committed by the U.S. Attorney and Chief Judge Campbell of the Northern District of Illinois which prejudiced the Grand Jury that handed down the indictments. It also points out that the Grand Jury was exposed to prejudicial publicity coinciding with HUAC hearings on the convention week disturbances.

Denied - Judge Hoffman ruled that there were not enough facts to sustain the defendants' claims. The indictment is "legally presumed" to be valid.

6. Motion to Dismiss the Indictment for Irregularities in the Selection of the Grand Jury - DENIED 9-9

This motion points out the fact that the Grand Jury, selected from lists of registered voters, did not truly represent a cross section of the community. The selection process systematically excluded the young, the mobile, and those alienated from the American political process and, consequently, denied the defendants their constitutional rights to an impartial jury of their peers drawn from a cross-section of the community.

Denied - Judge Hoffman denied the motion on the basis of a technicality that requires a challenge to the Grand Jury to be filed within seven days of the time the defects in the selection process should have been discovered. The Judge ruled that the seven day period began on the day the indictment was presented even though the defendants did not have lawyers at that time. This challenge will be made again and again to the petit jury.

7. Motion to Dismiss the Indictment on the Grounds of Double Jeopardy - DENIED 9-9

This motion asked for dismissal of the indictment on the grounds that several of the defendants had been charged with violations of state laws arising out of the same facts on which this case is based.

Denied - Judge Hoffman denied the motion because he felt the state prosecutions were not similar enough to warrant dismissal of the case. He also ruled that the charge of conspiracy to commit a crime may stand along with a charge that the defendant committed the act.

8. Motion Concerning Voir Dire - DENIED 9-9

This motion asked that the defendants' lawyers be allowed to examine prospective jurors individually concerning their express and implied bias toward the defendants. Such examination in most jurisdictions is the rule rather than the exception. The defendants feel such examination is vital to the selection of an impartial jury.

Denied - Judge Hoffman will pick the jury based on his own examination. The defendants may present questions for him to ask prospective jurors, but Judge Hoffman is not required to ask them.

9. Motions for Continuance - DENIED 8-27, 9-9, 9-10

The defendants asked the Court to delay the trial until the effects of prejudicial publicity had abated sufficiently to insure the selection of an impartial jury. Denied

A motion for continuance was made on August 27, when it became apparent that both Charles Garry, chief trial counsel, and William Kunstler, one of the three lawyers originally scheduled to conduct the trial, would be unavailable September 24, due to prior commitments to cases which now were coming to trial during September and October. Motions of this nature are generally granted. The motion was summarily denied on the grounds that there were other lawyers on record who could try the case, although it had always been clear that they would have no role during the trial.

An emergency motion for continuance was presented on September 9 because Charles Garry's doctors felt it was imperative that he enter the hospital for surgery at the end of September, precluding his serving as chief trial counsel until November 15. This appeal was denied for the same reason the previous motion was denied. An appeal to the Court of Appeals was denied on September 10. An appeal has been made to the Supreme Court.

10. Motions for Discovery and a Bill of Particulars

The defendants have made a series of requests for clarification of the indictment and for access to some films and statements which the prosecution has. The government has complied with a few of the requests, and the rest have been denied.

11. Defendant Davis' Request to Travel to Hanoi - DENIED 7-15 OVERTURNED

On July 15, Rennie Davis requested Judge Hoffman's permission to travel to Hanoi, North Vietnam to lead a delegation to bring home three prisoners of war released by North Vietnam as a gesture of goodwill. Such requests are usually granted. Indeed, Dave Dellinger had been allowed to go to Paris to negotiate this prisoner release. The prosecution joined in the motion, yet Judge Hoffman denied the motion and denounced the Otto Kerner of the Court of Appeals overruled Hoffman a few hours later.

12. Motions on the Use of Electronic Surveillance - DENIED 9-10

1. Defendants filed a motion asking for (1) a disclosure of all illegal electronic surveillance conducted by the government against the defendants; (2) suppression from evidence of all illegal eavesdropping and everything derived therefrom; (3) a hearing on the extent of the government's electronic surveillance and the effect of that surveillance on the government's evidence at trial and before the Grand Jury.

2. The government delayed answering and then filed a reply offering to turn over and suppress from evidence some admittedly illegally intercepted conversations subject to a "protective order" prohibiting the defendants from discussing with anyone, except some of their lawyers, the content of their returned conversations. The government also withheld other intercepted conversations pursuant to a claim that these conversations were legally intercepted. The government's theory for this claim of legality was that national security was involved. This justification has never before been advanced by the government and will be judicially reviewed for the first time in this case.

3. Judge Hoffman has refused to rule on the legality of the alleged national security wiretaps until after trial. Also, he has refused to hold any hearings on the nature and extent of the government's illegal eavesdropping at least until after trial.

4. The defendants have filed a petition for a writ of mandamus in the Court of Appeals asking the Court of Appeals to order Judge Hoffman to decide the issues raised; and Judge Hoffman was ordered to respond. A response was filed by the prosecutor, U.S. Attorney Foran, on behalf of Judge Hoffman. This petition was denied without oral argument on September 10.

SUMMARY OF MOTIONS PRESENTED BY CONSPIRACY DEFENDANTS TO JUDGE JULIUS HOFFMAN ON SEPTEMBER 24th

1. Renewal of Motion for Continuance on the grounds that the six-day cross-country transportation of Jerry Rubin and Bobby Seale kept them out of communication with their attorneys and co-defendants for the critical period before trial.

2. Renewal of motion to disqualify Judge Hoffman because of his use of Thomas Foran as his personal attorney in the mandamus proceedings and his mistreatment of Stuart Ball.

3. Motion to provide defendants with public trial open to all press and public. This will include an attack on the press restrictions, the size of the courtroom, etc.

4. Motion by an attorney for the co-conspirators to have them present in court.

5. Motion for the American Civil Liberties Union to have an observer, Alexander Polidoff, a Chicago attorney, present at all court sessions.

6. A motion to attack the composition of the petit (trial) jury on the grounds that it does not represent a fair cross-section of the community by excluding alienated people because of reliance on the voter registration lists.

7. A motion to give the defendants the right to question the prospective jurors instead of the judge.

8. A motion to give each defendant ten peremptory challenges, the number set forth in the Federal Rules of criminal procedure instead of ten for all defendants.

9. A motion to give defendants a list of the government's witnesses as well as their statements to the government as soon as the trial begins.

10. A motion to permit defendants Rubin and Seale to speak to the press.

Above motions were all rejected by Judge Hoffman. Re: No. 10, Kunstler - Weinglass were allowed one hour meeting with Rubin & Seale (with other 6 defendants present, also) following adjournment of court today.

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UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
NORTHERN DISTRICT OF ILLINOIS
EASTERN DIVISION
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

-VS-
DAVID T. DELINGER, et al.
AFFIDAVIT

No. 69 CR 180
RENNARD C. DAVIS, being first duly sworn on oath, deposes and says:

1. That I am one of the defendants in the above captioned matter.
2. That I am making this affidavit in support of an amended application being filed for the disqualification of the Honorable Julius J. Hoffman under the provisions of Title 28 of the United States Code, Section 144.

3. That I am a national coordinator of the National Mobilization Committee of End the War in Vietnam and was acting in that capacity since April 1968, during the entire period of the alleged conspiracy which is the subject matter of the charges in this cause. The Mobilization Committee is the largest coalition of anti-war organizations in the United States and its purpose is and has been to carry on an educational campaign about America's imperialist foreign policy and to organize massive demonstrations around the popular demand for immediate withdrawal of troops from Vietnam. Many of its constituent

Application Filed For The Disqualification Of The Honorable Julius J. Hoffman by Renard.C. Davis

groups have been involved in programs to expose the rule of American corporations directly involved in war production for Vietnam and to urge those corporations to relinquish their contracts with the Department of Defense. One such corporation involved in war production and a holder of large contracts with the Defense Department is the Brunswick Corporation. I am informed, and believe, that the Honorable Julius J. Hoffman, presiding judge in this case, was actively involved in the management of said company for a long period prior to his appointment as a judge; and his wife and members of her family are large shareholders and officers in said company. That the Brunswick Corporation makes and has been making for long periods of time, missile components and many other articles of armament which are presently being used in the war in Vietnam. I am informed and further believe that the efforts of our Committee to terminate the defense contracts of the Brunswick Corporation, if successful, would cause an adverse financial effect on Judge Hoffman and/or members of his family.

4. I am further informed and believe that the Illinois Institute of Technology, one of the nation's largest university centers for research and development in biological and chemical warfare research, has direct and close ties with the

5. On or about April 2, 1969, I had occasion to appear before the Honorable Julius J. Hoffman for the purpose of requesting permission to leave the State of Illinois to engage and consult with attorneys and meet with other codefendants in the State of California for the purpose of selecting attorneys and planning a defense of this case. That at said hearing, Judge Julius J. Hoffman summarily and unreasonably denied my request and indicated that I had already had ample opportunity to consult with and select an attorney. Judge Hoffman made this decision in spite of the fact that the Government had a minimum of six months' time in which to prepare its case, had unlimited funds, and had available to it all of the facilities of the enforcement agencies of the City, State and United States Government. Since that hearing, travel restrictions have been removed by agreement with the office of the United States Attorneys as to myself and all other defendants.

6. I further state that I am 29 years old and I am one of the leaders of a movement of predominantly young people. Many young people today reject the values and assumptions of the leading judges, professors, corporate executives, generals and politicians whose service is invested in the interest of the privileged and the military. They believe in the double standard of justice that allows anti-war leaders to be indicted for crimes of "intention", while war criminals like Lyndon Johnson, Robert McNamara, Dean Rusk, Richard Nixon, and Melvin Laird are not placed under arrest for the murder of Vietnamese and American G I's, and this is a mark of America's system of injustice. My ideas about justice, democracy, freedom and liberty are fundamentally in conflict with the practice of America's "older statesmen" who no longer comprehend the widening gulf between their political values and those of their children. That the Honorable Julius J. Hoffman is in excess of 70 years old and I am informed and believe that he is personally committed to maintaining institutions that I believe must be changed or abolished, which makes it clear that he will not be able to understand the motivations or the actions of people like myself and other people of my own age grouping. My participation in activities against the war in Vietnam and against corporate interests which are supporting or maintaining and

7. I have read the affidavit heretofore filed by Mr. William M. Kunstler and affirm the facts stated by Mr. Kunstler in said affidavit and do hereby adopt in this affidavit, the statements made therein as my own.

8. For the above and foregoing reasons, I believe that the Honorable Julius J. Hoffman has demonstrated a hostile attitude and has a personal bias of prejudice against me as a member and a representative of the organizations opposing the war in Vietnam, and in which war the Brunswick Corporation and the Illinois Institute of Technology have a personal financial interest in maintaining. I am further informed and believe that there is a conflict of interest between Judge Hoffman's duty as a judge and the interest of his family in this case in opposing all anti-war activity, with which activity I have been publicly identified. I further believe that Judge Hoffman will not be able to provide me with a fair and impartial trial and that therefore he should excuse himself as judge in the above-captioned matter under the provisions of Title 28 of the United States Code, Section 144.

Thilm

(Continued from Page 11)

category at all, just basic female wisdom. Many Americans and certainly many French will be bored by this cinematic dialectic, as the arguments about jansenism, jesuitism, Catholicism, christianity (and large C) and the power of the flesh, desire, fear and propositions, mathematical or otherwise, roll on all through the long provincial night. The delightful qualities of the film are all the ones which it is not wise to discuss, as they ruin the likelihood of enjoying the film. The philosophical currents, discussed, are boring. Problems of morality are...personal, and if one is responsible, solved.

Duet for Cannibals is a movie about grotesquerie, intensity, and relationships...a movie pervaded

with the sense of obligations which accompany dissertations on human nature, wants desire, need, and the other steps to: existence, complete. The movie made me remember that favorite poem for the *Great Wall of China* (which can be ordered from Unicorn Press):

If you would have men love you
Make them happy
Not Free.

The mind has walls
Of its own.

Which is a truth, not fact, and is partially the substance of this very impressive film; staggering might be a better word. Exhausting. It is a creative mental effort, problems posed, debated, toyed with, expanded, discovered and answered if not solved. Miss Sontag's literary intellect here uses film to even better offset, adding to her quite cerebral novels and non-fictions the dimension of simple 2-D vision, making the activities more perceptible. What happens when one has power over another; what is power; does it require complicity in both sides, is the victim always willing. Is there a victim, ever...

Duet for Cannibals will be released by Grove Press.

Lions Love may provide deserved success for Agnes Varda, even if it must be of the fashionable variety; probably, very few people will give this film the credit it deserves. (Hopefully, this will make some people react and decide to 'like the film' just because...) Miss Sontag's movie is stark, spare, carefully created, with all subordinate to the story as mapped out; she herself noted that 95 per cent of the final shooting script was actually shot. Miss Varda's script is in the heart of her pride of actors, and the term is well chosen: Vival Jim Ragni and Jerry Rade all have hair, lots of it, like manes; even more, they are pride itself, smooth, carnal, supple animals making their way through a space in order to fill the time gracefully. It is unfortunate that the sound track is so very often poor; some marvelous *bon mots*

are lost (I hope the quality of deliciousness and precisosity comes through via use of the french term instead of english). Unfortunately, I can't remember any... "Let's go back to a time when men were men and women were... waitresses." "We aren't becoming decadent. We are decadence. Fight sex with sex" Jerry Ragni turning to the camera, laughing saying that everyone can be funny, but he's in a film, ha ha! and you aren't ha ha! and making it be funny as he smiles some enormous stretched out grin while he picks his toes or something. Shirley Clarke, playing the part of filmmaker called to Hollywood to, perhaps if she's lucky, get to make a film for a Big Company. Meanwhile, on TV, the Bobby Kennedy assassination, and Viva, wet hair streaming, hanging, getting dried, saying she believes it is a

Klu Klux Klan plot: Kennedy, King, Kennedy, get it. And moments of sheerest splendid wonder, as the film bathes its

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NEWS

HARVARD BREAKS LECTURER'S CONTRACT

CAMBRIDGE, Mass. (LNS) -- Harvard University has broken the

three-year contract of Dr. Jack Stauder, a lecturer in anthropology, in punishment for his part in last spring's anti-ROTC building occupation at Harvard.

Stauder will not be allowed to teach this term, and his case will be reviewed depending on his "good behavior." The university's contract with Stauder was

scheduled to go through June 30 1971.

GREEKS BUILD NEW JAILS FOR 1,000

ATHENS (LNS) -- Running a police state can run into money -- as the Greek fascist regime is beginning to find out. You can't keep half the country in jail if you don't have any place to put them.

In response to this dire need, the Greek government has announced plans to build three new prisons, each designed to hold 360 prisoners. And they're gonna have a helluva lot more prisoners than that if they keep jailing people like Efstathios Kondylis. Kondylis was sentenced to five years for "spreading rumors" that the regime was torn by disagreement and that its fall was imminent.

RE: DELINGER ET. AL. V. MITCHELL AND HOOVER

The defendants in the Chicago Conspiracy case have joined with several other political organizations such as the Black Panther Party for Self Defense, the Southern Conference Educational Fund, and the Catholic Peace Fellowship in a legal class action on behalf of "all who have political positions which are unpopular or controversial" against Attorney General John Mitchell and F.B.I. head J. Edgar Hoover. The suit seeks to enjoin the government's acknowledged practice of using various methods of electronic surveillance at will against political dissidents. The complaint charges that such wiretapping and "bugging" is violative of the First Amendment guarantees of free speech and assembly as well as the Fourth Amendment prohibitions against unreasonable searches and seizures. The plaintiffs point out that electronic surveillance carried out at the whim of Mitchell and Hoover without judicially issued warrants is an unconstitutional invasion of privacy and is used to suppress constitutionally protected political activity. The suit was filed in the United States District Court for the District of Columbia asking for a declaratory judgment that the wiretapping and "bugging" is unconstitutional, for an injunction against any future electronic eavesdropping, and for damages for the unconstitutional invasions of privacy already committed. The plaintiffs are now seeking by subpoena to procure testimony from both Mitchell and Hoover.

DEBRAY FASTS

(LNS) -- Regis Debray, French author of *Revolution in the Revolution*, and presently a prisoner in Camiri, Bolivia, went on a hunger strike last month. Debray is serving a 30 year prison term for his involvement with Che and the Bolivian guerillas. For eight days Debray refused to eat as a protest against prison conditions.

NOT GUILTY VERDICT FOR HALLINAN

SAN FRANCISCO (LNS) -- K.O. (Terence) Hallinan, a radical lawyer active in the Bay Area, was found not guilty recently on a felony charge of assaulting a police officer.

Hallinan was arrested last year when he tried to stop a cop from jabbing his nightstick in the stomach of Diane Freeley, a San Francisco State College student.

MILITARY DICTATORSHIP ESTABLISHES DEATH PENALTY

RIO DE JANEIRO (LNS) -- Brazil, long famous as a haven for all sorts of criminal elements, has begun to crack down. But not on the wide assortment of foreign tax evaders, embezzlers, etc., that find solace at her shores.

Instead, the fascist dictatorship, which overthrew the Constitution in 1967, has established the death penalty for crimes of "psychological, revolutionary or subversive warfare." The same act provides further penalties of life imprisonment, exile and seizure of belongings.

This act was put into effect 48 hours after Ambassador Charles Elbrick was set free by his kidnapers, the MRS, in exchange for the freedom of 15 political prisoners.

Until now, the constitution had provided for the death penalty only for crimes committed while Brazil was engaged in a foreign war. The last execution in Brazil took place 114 years ago.

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Letters

(Continued from Page 2)

hedges and paths and fountains where nobody can go. Next time we visit there (in two weeks) I'll try to take some pictures of it and maybe send you some. John really hates it there. There is racism and there is strict segregation and John doesn't even dare talk to any black dudes for fear of being lynched or something. We'll just have to get on an intensive campaign to get him transferred back to Jackson or to get him appeal bond somehow.

Pun & Ken Kelly went to Chicago yesterday to take our mimeograph machine to the Conspiracy office, so they could print a daily newspaper for the trials, and promptly got busted just outside the SEED office, along with Al Rosenfeld. They were just walking down the street when a pig car stopped, put them up against the wall and frisked them. Pun was charged with possession of some joints and Al and Ken with disorderly conduct. Bond fortunately was only \$150.00 for Pun and \$25.00 each for Ken and Al. We borrowed the money for the bond from the people in the SEED office and have to pay them back somehow. Pun now has 5 trials coming up against him: 3 for dope, one for obscenity (passing out White Panther Party literature to minors) and one for indecent exposure (pissing in the alley). But he's still out, at least.

Love, Leni Sinclair

Unstoned Freaks:

Remember last Spring? Last Spring there was still plenty of grass. There were leaflets, articles, letters, etc. on the urgency of planting seeds for the hard times that would surely follow. Some of our people

planted seeds in the country, and some in the parks and lots in the city. Most couldn't be hassled. Homegrown is weak and it is too much work to bend down a put some seeds under a half inch of dirt. Bullshit.

Now the only people with dope are those who planted, and the bourgoise weekend head with \$30 to spend on an ounce. All kinds of rumors are circulating about sprays, and the mafia, and U.S. Gov't. grass field purchasing, and border crackdowns. With pignix as prex, conditions are more likely to get worse than better.

When and if any more grass appears, it is of highest urgency that we all save the seeds to plant next spring, or in indoor gardens during the winter. Any plants growing now should not be harvested until seeds form, (October). (Quality is best when the seeds form anyway.)

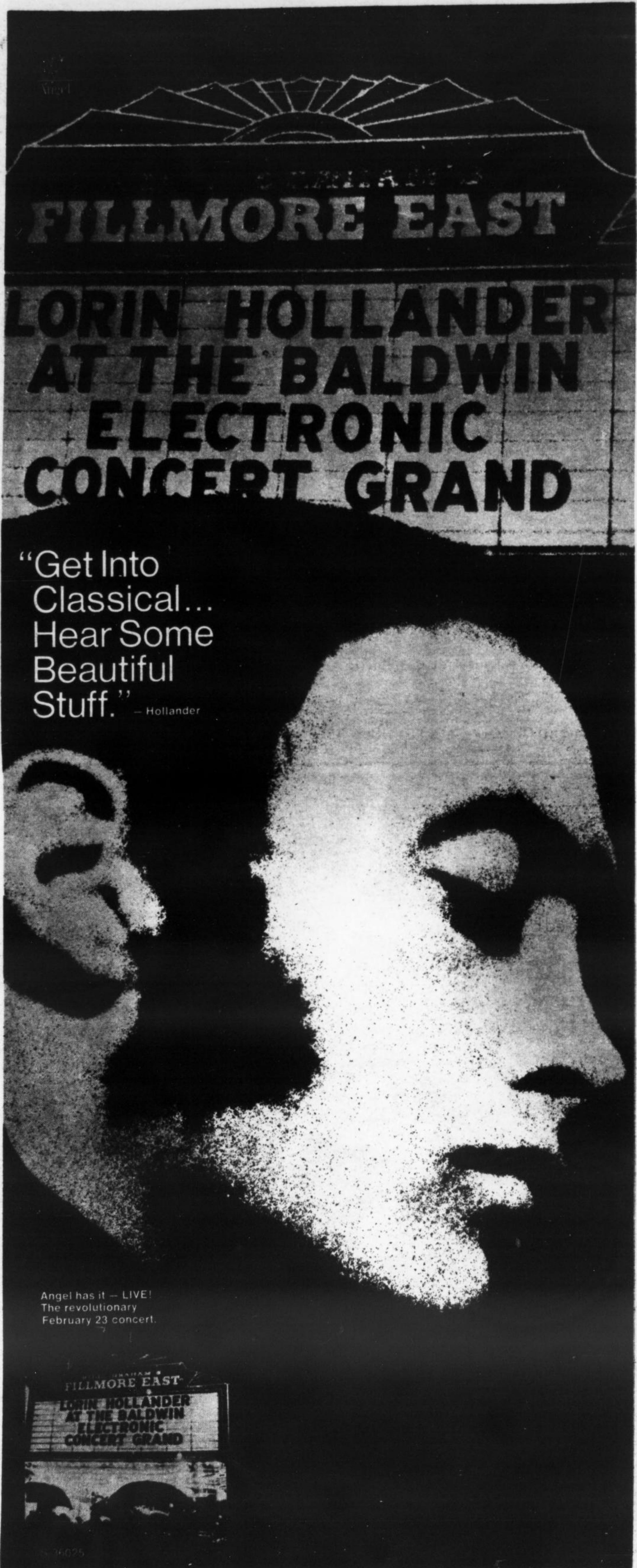
If you plant indoors, you need heat, light, rich soil (enriched with peat moss and-or manure) and moisture. Indoor gardening in the winter is less productive than outdoor summer gardening, but it is fun if you're into it. See any of the many articles and pamphlets on the subject.

For outdoors, start planting wherever there is rich soil and lots of sunlight in March thru June or July (earlier the better). Pick areas where there is little shaa, and where tall weeds grow unmolested. Plant 1/2 to 1" deep.

This can be done guerilla style. all over the country side: To grow dynamite in your private patch add sheep manure, peat moss horse shit, etc. to the soil.

START SAVING YOUR SEEDS NOW. ONCE THE SUPPLY IS TOTALLY CUT OFF, IT WILL BE TOO LATE.

Keep Amerika Stoned
Ed Grassplanter




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Soldier

(Continued from Page 11)

Lieutenants. Not many of the Field Graders smoke marijuana, due primarily to their position, Army Indoctrination, and fear.

LACK OF ENFORCEMENT

Another major cause for the great amount of GIs that snoke would definitely be the lack of judicial punishment. People now in Vietnam or people who have been in the Nam will attest to this. The average enlisted man would probably get busted, confined to the post, or sent to the Long Binh Stockade for periods of about 6 months. After serving their time in the stockade (you are still paid when you are in the stockade) you are returned to your former company. You may even be able to get a joint or 2 while in the stockade. After returning to your company, you usually find the same pressures build up again, and you seek relief. The Brass refuse to alleviate the problem, but won't refuse to punish you. Now the Government has changed the Uniform Code of Military Justice otherwise known as the UCMJ.

THE MILITARY COURT....or....GUILTY UNTIL PROVEN GUILTY

According to the Constitution of the United States, any citizen is entitled to a Jury Trial by his peers. In a military court martial, which is similar to a Jury Trial, the accused is really given a Kangaroo Court. Officers are the Jury, Officers are the Prosecution, and Officers are lawyers for the defense. The enlisted man is the

defendant. Officers are not the peers of the enlisted men nor will they ever be. An Officer doesn't live like an EM. An Officer doesn't work like an EM. The Officer lives entirely different from the enlisted man. And yet they are the ones that decide the fate of the enlisted man. Sometimes the decision is made even before the formal trial.

It seems as if there is a conspiracy in the military to bust every enlisted man they get their hands on. The Article 15 is the worst form of Military Injustice. It consists of the Commanders Whim being enforced by his Will. Or in other words, Do it whether I am right or wrong, or I'll put you away.

Sometimes a company Commander will confer with a Battalion Commander about a punishment, and then decide on whether to give the man an Article 15 or a Court Martial. I know, cause they tried to bust me for, get this, distributing papers without a license, how does that grab you??? They actually conspired to have 2 Staff Sergeant Lifers sign statements saying I gave them papers. Now, nobody gives a Lifer Ice in the Winter yet alone underground material. This just goes to show you that the Brass will stop at nothing to silence dissident GIs. Well, anyway, they confer on the disposition of the EM in question, then they give him a HA HA Formal Trial, and then the "well thought over sentence." Oh, by the way, if the Commanding Officer wants to detain you in the stockade for pretrial confinement, all he has to do is fill out one simple form and you're gone.

Innocent Until Proven Guilty, Right?

KIM FOWLEY GOOD CLEAN FUN

Produced by Kim Fowley and Michael Lloyd
Imperial Records LP-12443



Of all the people who've been involved with rock 'n roll over the years, and there must be thousands of them out there throwing parties or pumping gas, there can't be many with more background in the music than Kim Fowley.

His first big record as a producer-composer was "Nut Rocker" by B. Bumble and the Stingers. From there, the Fowley fungus mushroomed; every time he dived into the studio he put down some history. Here now, in no particular order, is a list of the artists he's either recorded, jammed with, or generally messed around with.

His first band (while still at high school) included Sandy Nelson on drums and Bruce Johnston on bass. Kim was the equipment manager.

He was the founder-member of the Hollywood Argyles, and sang on "Alley Oop," co-produced "Papa Oom-Mow-Mow" with the Rivingtons, and jammed with B. B. King and Dee Clark.

Frank Zappa then asked him to join the Mothers which he did for "Help I'm A Rock." Kim formed Chatahoochee Records,

cut the Murmaids' goldie, "Popsicles and Icicles," then split for the first of his two visits to England.

He recorded Mick Fleetwood and Ritchie Blackmore (leader of Deep Purple) in London, let Gary Brooker of Procol Harum sleep on the floor of his Earl's Court pad, was P. J. Proby's dance instructor, body guard, confidant and record producer. He raised hell and recorded with Keith Moon, wrote the flip side of Cat Stevens' first hit, was the first person to record Family, gave the Rockin' Berries their only two hits, let himself be produced by Mickie Most who wasn't game to release the tapes, and cut the first discs ever made with Dave Mason and Jim Capaldi.

Back in the States, he formed the House for Homeless Groups which produced October Country and Steppenwolf (who paid him \$25 a week for food, advice and lodging), was named by Jim Morrison as one of his favorite poets, had a heart attack, loaned Van Dyke Parks \$25 and took him into his first recording studio.

He has made \$1,300,000 from the record business, and he now lives in a room above a garage with no sheets on his bed.

Wooden Ships

(Continued from Page 11)

/They pulled up the stools and sat down by the brace of microphones, Stephen and David with Graham standing between them holding something in his hand. They seemed as amazed to see us as we were to see them. Vibrations of delight going up like skyrocket in the wide-eyed breath-held "What are they going to play on two guitars?" Twelve sweet suite strings sounding in sunshining gentleness... "It's getting to the point where I'm no fun anymore..." Ohhh nooo, crash, shatter, flip. There they are! The threads of sanity burst like gravity at the instant of lift off. For just a moment, put aside all this electronic, psychedelic amplified wah-wah—two guitars, that's all it takes.

/Once everyone got over the initial hit, every phrase, every

note, every exchange of "too good to be true" looks between them was followed, breathed in, sucked down, rain on a dry river bed. And when they reached "Chestnut brown canary, ruby throated sparrow. Sing a song, don't be long. Thrill me to the marrow..." tears, freaking, startled screams of delight.

/People leaping up and down on their seats at the end of the song. Nash cool, Stills wreathed, Crosby flipped out all together. That was just the beginning. Getting it all down. Then Graham who by nature of his Englishness transcends the brother-feuds and ties them together, introduced Steve and Steve played Lennon-

McCartney's "Blackbird", and everyone held his breath, incredulous, waiting to see whether it was going to be as good as it had to be...unbelievable three-part harmony on "All you life..." It was. In an association of musicians each of whom gives extraordinary gifts, well, why divide. Stills plays incredibly beautiful guitar. That's all. Transparent, full, as spontaneous as a stream in the California mountains. It seems at every moment that his ears are dazzled by all the different, equally beautiful ways he can play the next phrase.

/Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, and the vine has it there's more to come. A delicate moment in evolving rock, the passage to the second generation. If the best elements of three of the finest groups ever, Byrds, Hollies, Springfield, get together and fuse

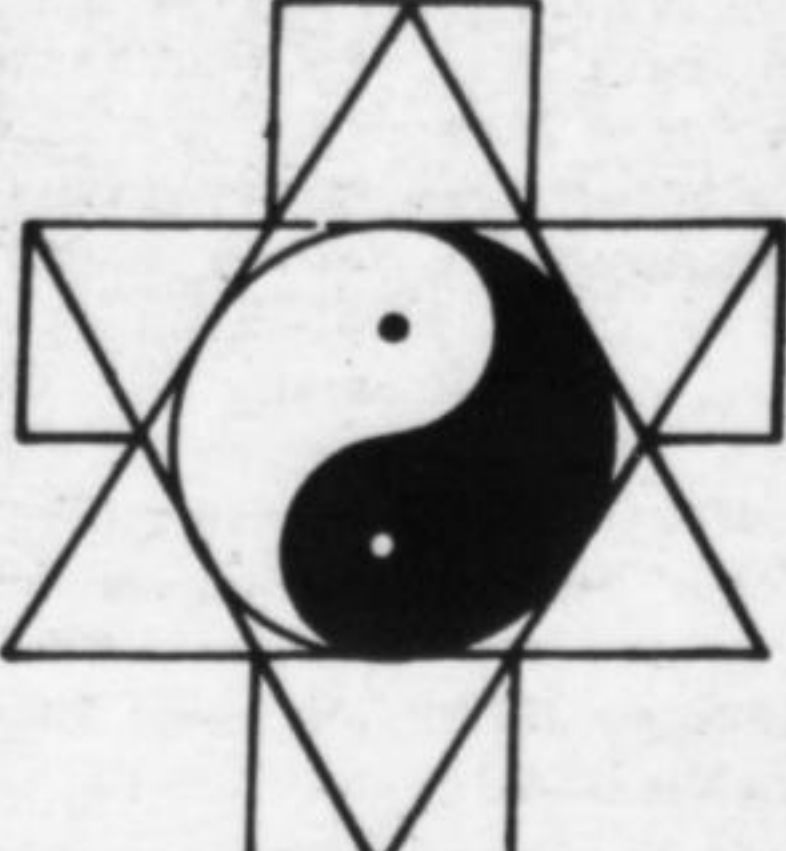
their talents, why then the music should be something all-surpassing.

/No question at all that they feel eyes and expectant ears focused. And so, very cool and very step by step. "An association of musicians"...not a group. No hype. Get everything out front. The trust fund of music, success and fame to which they are heir would assure them of an easy dollar massacre. They are very, very far from this. As the chorus of pleas for the great old songs barraged the stage, Crosby shook his head benevolently. "No, man, we're not going to do that. We're going to play our new music. That's what gets us off." Applause of respect and surprise at how strong he said it.

/Four human beings, four musicians, four composers. Not four rock stars. In an ecstatic California shimmer was they are the "Band" of the West Coast, and if there were any somewhat freaky vibrations it came from the fact that Laurel Canyon is, after all, only a couple of miles from Hollywood Blvd. The pressure to "pop" and be a star when people who have nothing approaching their sublime talents have made their fortunes, is a pressure difficult to surf. Ego is a monster wave. Who do you know that hasn't been wiped out? Very few.

/Even Dylan had left his leafy hideaway (for a while say voices) to brave the freaky East Village and hear them Friday night. That has to do something to your head.

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Thilm

(Continued from Page 14)

actors in flush and glow, pale blues, violey whites, nude skins turned to marble, to cloud fog, to winter-mint, to tawny toasted honey; the lushness of Southern California, even the tinsel and gaudy pineapple lamps and fake rubber plants taking on a richness and pseudo-imperial quality. It's almost all splendour.

People are still fighting over distribution rights, although it has

been said that columbia secretly financed the film in part...well, we'll all know in a couple of weeks.

The Bresson film, *Une Femme Douce*, was a disappointment; after so many ritualized films of grace, salvation, and suffering, this one in color seemed force, too painful, impossible to watch-but not from agony or spiritually-inducing boredom; just from a knowledge of the stuffs of a Bresson film, the realization that the sublime was lacking here, making the process an unholy unsanctified torture. This is the Doestoevsky story retold, about a

young pure, gentle woman who wants to be free through knowledge, secure in her self, misunderstood and suspected by her jealous husband who cannot find the largeness in his bourgeois heart to see that her only love is knowledge, a thirst for life a willingness to suffer in order to reach heights of wonder.

The inevitable route of suffering, humiliation, degradation, and final release is followed out; the conflict between catholic belief and suicide again grandly met

with and reconciled. But somewhere is lacking the simplicity that hitherto marked all Bresson films, making them cinematic crosses of the rarest jewels, without an awkward line anywhere. Ah, it is terrible for a genius to be only as good as the best of the others.

Crosby, Stills and Nash and Taylor and Reeves played at the Fillmore to packed audiences. Saturday night late set was marvelous after the first number, starring Crosby, Stills and Nash

only, during which number they frequently sounded too stoned out to be able to properly hit notes or carry melody. After that, everyone got better, and the whole performance became memorable. The music is quite complicated, a comprehensive blend of an awful lot of music and sounds, simple C & V, R&B, harsh, full instrument. blues, reflecting more than the personal tastes of each musician but also the possibilities of sound today, taking from everywhere and creating a mature, full music which escapes 'eclecticism' and other idiot labels because it is so personalized, so much belonging to and understood by the people who create it.

Everyone's favorite moments were satisfied - the group playing together and individually, allowing Neil Young to do a whole solo section as way of introduction and affirmation.

I don't want to talk about the performance vs. the album; the music live is a much different totality indeed, reaching out in ways the record never approaches, making *A Long Time Coming* so powerful and strong that the whole auditorium seemed to live with song. Neil Young's "Broken Arrow" was again a simple ballad instead of the group arrangement used by the Springfield. Steve Stills was everywhere, his presence felt throughout the group arrangements, forcing the music on and off, into more space and tensions, trying more all the time, seeking to somewhere find the end of possibility.

Gee, they are so good. I don't care who thinks they are the "Lime-liters of rock" or that they are too creamy, over-arranged, too pristine, without life, too perfect. Shit, they make better music than almost a lot of musicians, and they are improving on their knowledge everyday. How many good musicians actually are better than the first 'perfect' album, and not only better, but more, and besides more and better, make you want to hear them again....

Howard Stein has begun his Fall music series, this time at Carnegie Hall.

Terry Reid's new album, *Terry Reid on Epic* is no comparison to the earlier ones. His voice has become grotty, reaching out to pure sound and wails, a male Mildred Bailey, and his group, as always, is excellent, the organ player, Peter Shelley being absolutely outstanding.

"It's one time I can play just the way I want to."

"The audience swept up by his unrestrained enthusiasm called for encore after encore until exhausted May left the stage after the fifth." Mark Pickett

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Ships

(Continued from Page 18)

And so a concert of taste and delicacy. When Neil Young was revealed he ambled on, cool and slow, to join the other while the Young Freaks in the audience got it off and calmed. On his own, he sat down, started to play, got up and changed guitars. "It's pretty funky, but it's a lot more comfortable" and got down to an all, alone "Mr. Soul". The richness and nuance with just his guitar and voice is phenomenal. And there it was, the whole thing set out:

"Oh, hello, Mr. Soul, I dropped by to pick up a reason
For the thought that I caught
that my head is the
event of the season.
Why in crowds just a trace of my
face could seem so
pleasin'.

Oh, cop out to the change what
a stranger is putting
the "t's" on."

He spent time tuning and talking. "This is the part of our albums that you never hear. What goes on between songs that they cut out." Changed his mind, took off the capo and the guitar was out of tune. "That's not supposed to happen, you know. It's not supposed to get out of tune when you do that." Graham who had joined him walked around and kidded him until he seemed to have it. "That's pretty good," said Graham and they were off.

"Eighteen years of American dream..."

He saw that his brother
Had sworn on the wall.
He hung up his eyelids
and ran down the hall. /His
mother had told him
A trip was a fall
And don't mention babies at all.
Did you see him?"

The most overwhelming, single impression of the evening is the richness, the stoned satisfaction of listening to brilliant musicians fill a huge concert hall with guitars

and their voices. Their sense of rhythm is so deep and together that the greatest drummer in the world would be slow and overstated. And when David drums with his hands on the body of the guitar and Steve strums as much for percussion as for tone your mind blows away. They did all the songs on the "Crosby, Stills and Nash" album except "Marrakesh Express" (cooly avoiding the easy hit) and "49 Reasons". Acoustically. Much as I dig the album, I would love an album of the way they were done in concert. David recounted that some people thought "Guinnevere" was a "stoned orgy song". It must be the part

"Late at night when she thought
that no one
was watching at all.
On the wall."

And he really rattled the collected mind with a total performance of "Long Time Gone". "Now we're going to do one of David's political songs," said Graham. "It's not political," said David, "Just pissed off." "Pissed off" has a new glory.

For me the crowning glory were "Wooden Ships" which projected over shadows of a modern agony a movie of some strange Middle English tale of towns in plague in the mind. Very wild. ...and "Helplessly Hoping" for its first morning on earth blend of voices and the way they changed the refrain, drawing out the resolution of the harmonies which delayed the last line and brought tears to the eyes.

Forewarned as we were, nothing quite prepared for the ambivalent shock of seeing the curtain part in a melodramatic curtsy as the bank of amplifiers moved

forward. Excitement, yes; if they could fill you up with just sweet wooden guitars what would happen with electricity? Seemed to make them a little nervous, especially Crosby who started doing these Swami bows as the electrical shore line came into full view. After that he never regained the same sweet cool. (At a certain point, toward the beginning, they were goofing around until Stills said "All right, time to get serious!" David straightened his mustache and stepped forward to the edge of the stage with an expression that stopped everyone in his mental tracks, stern as your Victorian Great Grandfather. "That's my, 'Good evening, officer, what seems to be the matter?' look", he grinned. Too much, it was.)

Dallas Taylor who plays drums on the album then joined them as did Greg Reeves (bass). "We needed a bass player," said Crosby, "And God smiled on us." Master Reeves had been playing bass for two years with Motown. Very puffy curls, sweet young face, boyish vest and prep-school prim yellow shirt and tie. Looked like the kind of Elizabethan actor who plays Rosalind in "As You Like It". (Uncomfortable jangle of ideas, "Let's hire a black bass player" liberal thinking stuff, and Taylor was somewhat creepy, too.)

Produced. From unimaginably fine authenticity to production. Everyone was nervous. nYeah. The music itself was moving but after the clear water clarity of the first part the amplification seemed to stir up the bottom. Both Stills (for "Bluebird Revisited") and Young played the organ. And you should know that Neil has written a song called

"Sea of Madness"...as spaced and magnificent as the Sea of Tranquility, except that it's the Sea of Madness. Not to mention "Down By The River".

"Be on my side, I'll be on your side.
There is no reason for you to hide.

Which is on his second album, in case you haven't gotten to it.

Maybe it was the flaw that makes it all real and human. In richness of talent, promise for the future, innovation, perhaps the most important concert of the times (although "The Compleat Tommy" and new Airplane music are on the way). Having heard them here answers why Rolling

Stone gave them the only feally full musical coverage of anyone at Bethel (Woodstock). Although the presence and essence of Crosby and Nash are life's blood, like the bitterly bewept BuffaloSpringfield the tension and the energy of creation hangs between Stills and Young, both moving on new planes of energy, depth, expressive edge.

Whether we've arrived full circle as with the Beatles in 1963...heavy things to think. (In nightshade soulsearched truthfulness as a group they haven't reached Springfield heights.) But, Crosby, Stills, Nash, Young and ? (as David said, when he said "Good night" at the Fillmore)... "we love you".

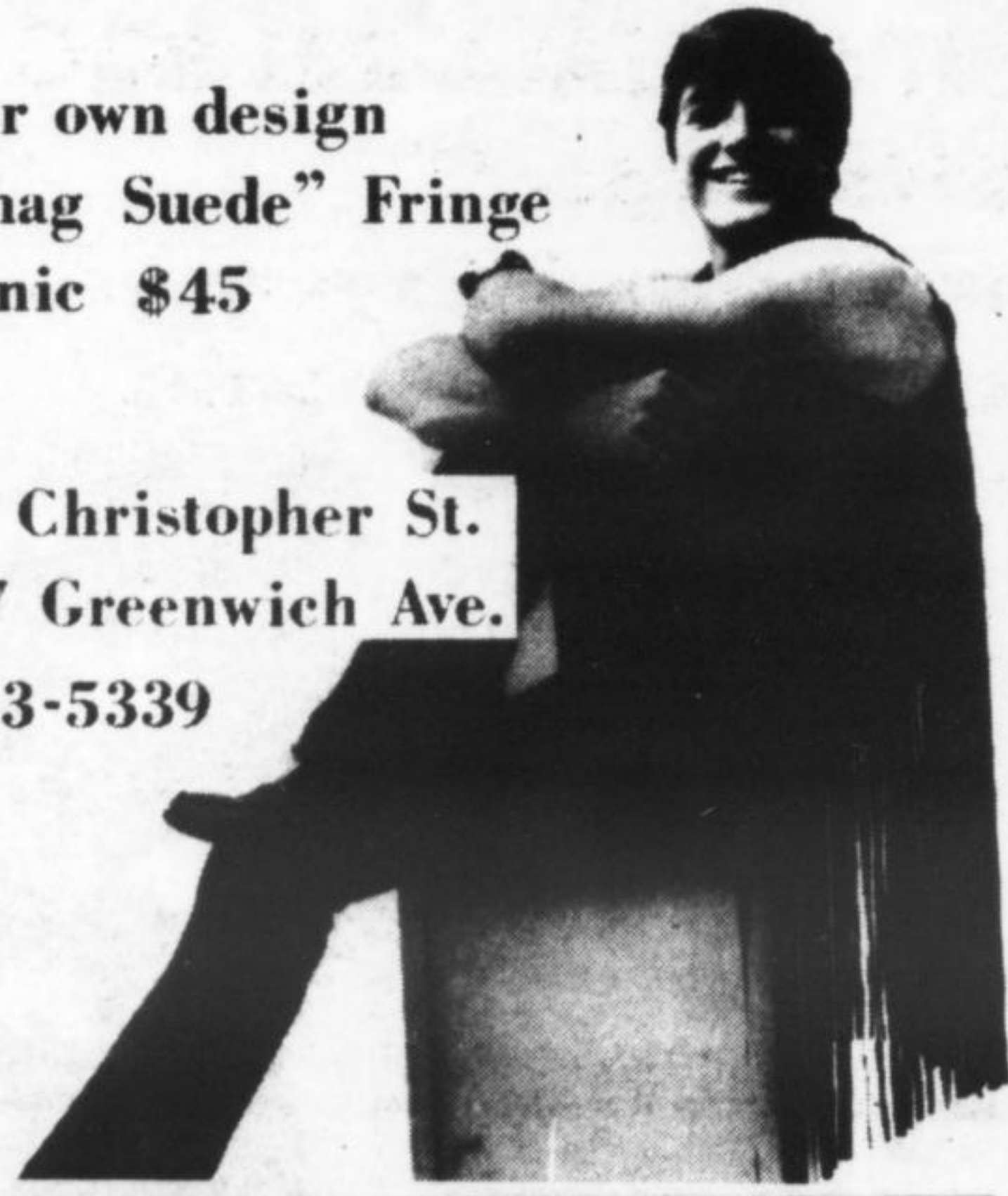
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GINSBERG

(Continued from Page 11)

If one wants to understand that this poem is more than mystic freakout, that it borders on the beginning of feedback and has its most prized possessions the reader as alternate current, than one should read Ginsberg's beautiful but common and straightforward poetic, 'SUNSET S.S. AZEMOUR to know where to begin:

As orange dusk-light falls on an old idea

I gaze thru my hand on the page sensing outward the intercoiled weird being I am in

and seek a head of that -

Seraphim

advance in lightening flash through aether storm

Messengers arrive horned

bearded from Magnetic spheres

disappearing radios receive aged galaxies

Immensity wheels mirrored in every direction

Announcement swifiting from

Invisible to invisible

Eternity dragon's tail lost to the eye

Strange death, forgotten births,

voices calling in the past

"I was" that greets "I am" that

writes now "i will be"

Armies marching over and over

the old battlefield

What powers sit in their domed

tents and decree Eternal Victory?

I sit at my desk and scribe the

endless message from myself to

my own hand

PLANET NEWS essentially has

two consistances of poems which

make up its message. There are

the cosmic adventures of the poet,

a white space suited wrestler in

the vacuum of of the galaxy

penetrated, bombarded and

emanating the spiritual asuce in

highly complex doses to other and

all beings. His claim of Blakes

vision on his brow is a radiometric

chalice to give the poem life.

Then there are the poems sought

in a common occurance. The

whisperings to a soft wind which makes for Gospel. The poet explains the machinazations for these poems in his eulogy for the dead poet Frank O'Hara in CITY MIDNIGHT JUNK STRAINS. The poem explores a scene back where it all began: The Cedar Tavern where old creators now meet in silent talky wake and one poet communicates with the dead and 'a common ear - for our deep gossip.'

Witchita Vortex Sutra is the more successful of his cosmic adventures. The poem taperecords the images in a sequential order of recognition. He deals directly with the world through language and events. The travelling aspect of the poem gives it impetus. One feels the ride of the car as radio headlines, lanscape and simultaneous recall blur into a Path and Way known as America. The midwest in which the poet is riding through becomes the center for his universe and the sanctity to recieve the impressions of the futurity of God's instant message. The poet plunges into the ecology of emotions which make up the horizons of America 1966.

Ginsberg's newest book has a Unitive Vision of concern which feeds on the wafer of the planet. His poems at moments transmutate into a holy amoeba absorbing instantaneous memory and existance and makes him breathe at the very moment the planet exhales and inhales. There are poems here which I do not care for, feeling the poet has let himself off the hook, not so much as to rest as to sit and fill up the pages for a book. There are quiet poems here which catch the tranquillity of romantic reason like *Wales Visitation*: "One Being on the mountainside stirring gently - Equisite scales trembling everywhere in balance, - one motion thru the cloudy sky-floor shifting on the million - feet of daisies - one Majesty the motion that stirred wet grass quivering - to the farthest tendril of white fog poured down - through shivering flowers on the mountain's - head -"

And there are funny poems like 'I AM A VICTIM OF TELEPHONE'

and 'TODAY.' The poet in both these poems understands his pretentions as visionary and seer and makes light of it by exploring the everyday particulars of annoyance which make up the outer life. He recognizes his safety in being there when he asks and answers his own ego-fears, "Was I seen thru? Too much happened to see thru All--", and when he decides to cop out by being just a person, "Today is slowly ending -- I will step back into it and disappear."

Some of these poems are just mere scribbblings of feelings which fall flat far before they make their way into poetry. Ginsberg's genius lies not in making poems as in making poetry. He leaps into himself and the ooze of ingenius being rather than the printed word or page. His poem 'THE CHANGE: Kyoto-Tokyo Express' is a pretentious bit of scream. Here Ginsberg tries to order his stanza forms.

LAST NIGHT IN CALCUTTA is a beautiful poem, filled with a quiet release. The poet's redemption is seen clearly by him in not suffering. His physical pain is tantamount to a lie and his mind wracked with eternity, a fiction of pleasure: "Skin is sufficient to be skin, that's all - it ever could be, the screams of pain in the kidney - make it sick of itself, a wavy dream - dying to finish its all too famous misery - --Leave immortality for another to suffer like a fool, - not get stuck in the corner of the universe - sticking morphine in the arm and eating meat."

Planet News is an important work for people to read. It will plug them into a vision that has more legitimacy to exist than any economic system could create. Poets will find that Ginsberg is the most aware poet writing in America today. His trip has been a consistant one, sometimes tottering on the edge of flames like the journey of a moth. But in terms of poetics, poets will find the least amount of pegs to hang their impetus on unless they live totally at the very beginning where poetry dances on the brain and the planet cries extra in the bloodstream.

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