



EDITORIAL

NOY

EVERY day people pour into London to find out what is happening there. They have been told attractive stories — young, swinging, on the move, etc. — and they're keen for a taste. Frequently they are disappointed.

True, London is a comparatively free and happy city. But it isn't quite as switched-on as our ad-men make out. Things are happening all over the city, but there is a lack of togetherness: if you're on the jazz scene it's unlikely you'll be much in touch with what's going on in the art world, and vice versa. And, whatever scene you're on, with the possible exception of the pop music explosion, you're likely to discover that things aren't happening quite as they should.

Most of the "creative" people in the city—including everyone from paunchy, old artists to vague, smiling acid heads—seem agreed on the need for a change, a social change, a change in the quality of living. But no-one seems to be doing much about it.

A standard London process seems to be: things have to change . . . let's shake up this city . . . we'll start an avant garde theatre (or bookshop, or gallery, or political group, or newspaper, and so on) . . . but first we need bread . . . try the Arts Council . . . try and find a backer . . . set up a charity, maybe. A year later, if he's lucky, the change-maker has his particular Round House. Now he has to spend maybe another year in getting over all the legal hang-ups before he can use it.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6, COLUMN 4

WHO US? WHAT US? WHY US?

Charles Marowitz on Vietnam at the Aldwych

THE real test of any play about Vietnam must be an ideological one. Before we ask how well it is done, we have to concern ourselves with where it stands, and what it sets out to say. The Royal Shakespeare Company's production of *US*, ideologically speaking, cancels itself out. It says—in word and effect—Vietnam is a nightmare of contradictions; we can never disentangle all its threads. It goes on to say—illogically—we must come to terms with its complications because the responsibility is ours, and in a contemporary power-struggle, there is no such thing as a non-combatant. If the double-entendre of the title means anything, it means the Vietnam War, which is to say organised and accidental mass murder, systematic torture, brazen deceit and chronic duplicity is *us*, rebounds on *us*, is answerable to *us*.

In short, the play tells us nothing that is not already being said day in and day out on news broadcasts, in films, TV and the press. It does not presume to press home a personal viewpoint, although even the fairest assemblage of facts cannot help but indict American Far East policy. It thunders its righteous indignation, but never wells up into a genuine protest because it takes refuge in the very disorder and contradiction it has been made to indict.

The evening is a long one. The first act lasts two hours and is crammed with sloppy, demonstrational acting and familiar extracts from Vietnam folklore, ancient and modern. The poverty of imagination and the gaucheness of execution in the play's first two hours is staggering when one considers (1) the director is Peter Brook; (2) rehearsals were in progress for over four months; (3) the company had the services of Jerry Grotowski from Poland and Joseph Chaikin from New York. Like the *Marat/Sade*, units of the play open and close like a series of fluttering umbrellas, but unlike the *Marat/Sade*, there is no style or thrust to any of these sections.

At times, the company looks like a ragged collection of ex-Unity Theatre regulars vainly trying to recapture the glory of the old Living Newspaper days; at other times, like summer-stock troupers trying to make zeal and sincerity substitutes for skill and expertise.

The first act ends with actors, their heads wrapped in supermarket bags, grunting and groaning in some

kind of torturous symbol of the maimed and wounded, stumbling into the audience and flailing their way towards the exits. To call this pathetic audience intrusion a "happening" or anything like, only further debases a word which has already been raped into meaninglessness.

I assume the use of television monitors around the theatre was intended to provide other layers of meaning, but they blink and hum like unassimilated accoutrements and never re-enforce or counterpoint the main action to any good purpose.

* * *

The second act improves in one sense, because it stops trying so hard, but deteriorates in another, because the argument dwindles into a kind of romantic liberalism. Finally accepting the fact that it is not a revolutionary *Happening* but a rather old-fashioned dramatised documentary, it proceeds to concentrate on the spoken word, and on depicting social attitudes to the war.

The entire show is wedged into the framework of one of Adrian Mitchell's better poems about Vietnam, and to its credit, the production never sounds quite so natural and unstrained as when it stops circumlocuting imaginary theatrical heights, and returns to Mitchell's simple and direct verse-structure.

Glenda Jackson, wisely balancing casualness and fervour, gives a vivid rendition of the bourgeois argument against Vietnam sacrifice and then launches an unsparring attack on those of us who derive obscene satisfaction from the fact that human desecration is taking place thousands of miles away and



A scene from Royal Shakespeare Co. production of *US*. Photo: Nina Raginsky

CONT. BACK PAGE, COLUMN 1

RINE OTHER
SIA, BONUS ?

The EDITORS SPEAKS



writer or a telephone to call our own, but we weren't disorganised. Each of us knew, or thought he knew, what we were about. That was enough to go on with.

Time for confessions: earlier this morning I was talking on the telephone to someone involved in the Aldwych production of "US" which opens on the night before IT appears. I was trying to get him to give me some quotes on the mystery production. But he was committed to silence. Everyone connected with the production was. Nevertheless, his wife was able to drop some gossip to me as an individual. Not as a newspaperman. People are rightly afraid of telling newspapermen anything. I decided I didn't want to be a newspaperman.

Yet here I am introducing a newspaper (or failing to introduce it). Here I am, believing that the newspaper is an outmoded communication form, introducing a newspaper. What am I at? Well, I'm not too worried about the introduction part because I believe the best introduction you can have to IT is the paper itself. As for the fact that IT is a newspaper... lets say that for the moment it has to be.

In other words, IT might have been a radio station, a television network, a mass extra-sensory communication machine. It appears now as a newspaper simply because that form is tactically useful in London now (and in the world). Tactically? Yes, one thing everyone connected with

this paper agrees on is the need for change — a particular kind of change in a particular direction. And we have put out IT in the belief that many other people, particularly young people will agree with us.

I'm not going to attempt to define the kind of change we have in mind, partly because the contents of this paper and subsequent issues should do that in some detail, partly because in the present high-speed world our tactics and aims must be as flexible as possible, always ready to be redefined. I have a feeling that IT will produce hot-cold reactions. If you're with us, you'll know. And we'll probably be hearing from those who have no doubts they are against us.

Just as I was nearing the end of that last paragraph, a typical IT anti-office event took place: the man who owned the typewriter I was using came in. I had to move off quickly and find another office with another typewriter. This cooled my revolutionary fervour somewhat. But it was just as well. Forget all that crap I wrote above. IT is just for fun. Even when we're blasting off or being subversive, remember we're just in it because we like playing games. Also, we want to keep you informed of creative scenes throughout the world, and keep you up to date with what's going on in London. I hope you'll help us by keeping us informed. Yes, we're just a young, fun-loving newspaper. Remember that. Forget it! It's quarter past eleven.

IT is quarter to eleven in the morning, October 12. By quarter past eleven, I'm supposed to have completed an editorial introduction to International Times. The usual chaos. I should have written it days, weeks ago. But days ago we were still uncertain as to whether this newspaper would ever actually appear. And if it did appear, what would it be like? The editor's guess was as good as anyone's. Not that we were disorganised. We were trying to launch a newspaper without having an office, a type-

MAKE AND BREAK

Pass me the stethoscope of Albert Schweitzer.
Pass me the Lazy Dog of Mickey Spillane.
Put the mothers through the bacon-slicer,
Pick up the pieces and put them together again

Want to be humane but we're only human,
Off with the old skin
On with the new.
We maim by night.
We heal by day.
Just the same as you.

Fill all the area with whirling metal.
Five thousand razor-blades are slashing like rain.
Mr. Hyde has a buddy called Jekyll
Picks up the pieces and puts them together again.

Want to be humane but we're only human,
Off with the old skin
On with the new.
We maim by night.
We heal by day.
Just the same as you.

We treat the enemy like real blood brothers.
God made the family a blessing and pain,
Wives and husbands vivisect each other,
Pick up the pieces and put them together again.

Want to be humane but we're only human,
Off with the old skin
On with the new.
We maim by night.
We heal by day.
Just the same as you.

Adrian Mitchell

Above is one of the songs Adrian Mitchell wrote for the Royal Shakespeare Company's production of US at the Aldwych Theatre (reviewed by Charles Marowitz, page one). It seems generally agreed that the song sequences are one of the strongest points of the production. Charles Marowitz's review is critical of the production, but there is another aspect to it that he is unable to go into in any detail.

The US production has been the big theatre mystery of the year. From all accounts (usually delivered in hushed tones from behind the palm of a hand), it has been an unusual production, a drama all to itself. Where the author's name usually is, there are twelve names listed. It was a co-operative (or non-co-operative?) venture.

It seems that everyone involved lived a semi-monastic life while the play was in process, working from early morning until late at night, eating together, conferring together, cloaked in a vow of silence. The rumours were rife: Paul McCartney's offer to do the music was refused, a scene depicting President Johnson ran into censorship problems, there was a row in the monastery, and so on. At this point there is no saying whether these stories were ever anything more than rumour. And, apart from satisfying our own hungry curiosity, proving the rumours doesn't matter too much. The important thing is, of course, the play produced.

The Royal Shakespeare Company had, of course, a perfect right to their secrecy; it was a refreshing change from the usual PUBLICITY-PUBLICITY attitude most theatre companies have to adopt prior to opening night. But it would be interesting, perhaps inspiring, to find out just what each member of the twelve-man production team was trying to do with US. A mountain of thought and sweat has obviously gone into the production. There must have been several arguments. But just how much did personal commitment outweigh egotism? Just how much personally, was this theatrical production a form of political activity? And there's a load of questions lead on from there.

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LONDON . . .

The Emerging Scene

Miles

PLANS, projects, ideas, fantasies, total concepts, world plans, always circulate at this time of year. Usually about one quarter of them come off. Last year saw the start of the Traverse Theatre group in London, The Albert Hall Reading, Indica, and the birth of a number of little magazines. This year so far has seen the start of the London Free School, with its regular classes in boxing and children's painting, its mix-media dances, its events and happenings, its experimental and otherwise film-shows and its regular newsletter, "The Grove," which recently "went psychedelic."

This year also came IT which you are reading, the formation of the London Film Co-op headed by Paul Francis at 9 Gilbert Place, Museum Street, WC1, and the regular readings at Betterbooks and other places. Dan Richter's *Residu* mag-

azine, issue two, came out at last, and *Image*, in a new, improved form, will soon surprise everyone.

Just about to emerge is "Karma," a place where everything is beautiful and everything happens — selling good books, buttons, records, paintings and posters and Marijke's fantastic clothes. A little like a modern "Against Nature" it will be a place to go, to relax and meet people as well as to find out what's happening on a number of hard-to-find levels. Address: 28 Gosfield Street, W1.

Other ideas about are one for a radio-station (interaction of the air), the London film co-op going into a full scale distribution of experimental films, the production of multiple-edition art works by a number of good London galleries, further issues of IT, and an

equivalent amount action on the sigma London front to sigma Nederland. In Amsterdam, sigma now has a theatre backed with government money and the same could well happen here if played right. Peter Whitcombe, just back from Holland, is seeking to revitalise and expand the old sigma London and use it as an active catalyst for activity, a news service for passing on and distributing information quickly, and as a repository of documentation and information on what already exists. It needs premises, money and helpers.

The total idea is for an international charity. This would issue artists' certificates giving the bearer the right to pass freely through borders carrying his work with no fear of censorship or being refused entry for lack of visa, work permit, whatever. The charity would need sisters in America (in the form of a non-profit making corporation) and in Europe. It would need to be "respectable" so that its suggestions would be taken seriously by governments. If it recommends that a certain poet should visit Britain from America, then the British government should grant him a work permit. Vice versa when Bri-

tish poets visited America.

On an international front, the charity could organise amazing concerts, readings and shows and also could raise a great deal of money. It would be eligible for all the huge American grants, the less-in-number British grants and the strange European ones. The difference between the charity and the Arts Council of Great Britain would be that the charity would care about art whereas the Arts Council cares only about British art.

There would naturally be many, many problems to iron out to avoid the inconsistencies of the present Arts Council, and the structure would differ considerably. It would probably have to have a number of national boards, all linked by mail, telephone, and sometimes by travel.

Surely the well-run organisation necessary to run such a project is possible without having too many ego-conflicts. The advantages are obvious. It is hoped that the project will gradually emerge from many different conversations and meetings into something tangible and workable.

When it does emerge from all the sweat and trampled feelings, it must MOVE and cause an energy-arc across the Atlantic and the Channel linking the minds of the 1970s.

AMERICAN IN LONDON . . . Piero Helizer

TIME EXPOSURE

War is in the air real war as they call it jeeps with helmeted chauffeurs are seen at night pressages in the streets someone somewhere must be sticking pins in a map flags of treason half blue as the sky are sewn clandestinely in apartments not fully realising that the ceiling is taking on the color of blood in the center a star it used to be the eagle now it is the star this is universally so

England will not fight the countries of the cross will not fight the new nations are beized gaming tables of outlaws tibet is green-beize ball is beize is paradise then a new nation blakes eyes unblinking shaped like the adriatic or atlantis are the color of noahs flood green grey or the earth seen under receding waters eden itself when they came to arrest him he climbed into a tree and said he was an angel

Russia will not fight every odd war finds her at brest litovsk and what heart has china to bomb chinatown who will fight honeycomb i ask you who will fight will lucifer again take arms against the sky no poets will cup their ears to the elegies of the storm tak-

ing to the sea in a rowboat the frontiers will be patrolled by generals writing casanovas memoirs and decamerons in the castles of the library loving marquis by wandering jews and the flying dutchmans night watchmans clock

will ring the key in the elegant maelstroms, and fingerprints of the physical map and its opium and psychedelic colors

i only went out to rinse my mouth but got pretty involved a palomino horse was hitched to a stake in the bush

waiting for a rider the wind which were on my peacock plumes waves in helmet my peacock banner larger than a horse and rider unfurled fluttered and waved the stars moving in an are grew peacock tails

at nine o'clock after a ride of six hours i went to bed my fists beat the straw like an infants hands on the breasts of its mother the centuries threw dies over my peacock clothes making love to her that night was like a bed time prayer

one big bruise one big bite what would you like for breakfast i sit on the toilet the bombing will begin

Harvey Matusow

London CIA vanishes

AT 2.20 pm on Monday, October 3, 1966, I picked up my phone and dialled GRO 9000.

A woman operator with an English accent answered and said, "American Embassy."

"Can I speak to the CIA?"

"Just a moment." Her moment turned out to be a 79 second wait. She returned to say: "I don't seem to have a listing for the CIA. Are you sure of the name?"

"Yes," I said. "I want the CIA."

"But I have nothing listed as that. What actually is it you wanted?"

"The CIA."

Ten second pause. "Just a minute."

Ten second pause. "Go ahead caller."

Man's voice: "Can I help you?"

"I want the CIA."

"I'm the security officer. Perhaps I can help you."

"No, I want the CIA."

"We have no CIA. Anything you have, I'll be glad to pass it on."

"No thanks, I'll make other connections"

I hung up.



Yoko Ono. Photo: John Prosser, Janus

ONO—WOMAN SHOW

AT Indica Gallery from November 9 to 22, there will be a one-man show of *Instruction Paintings* by Yoko Ono, photographed above performing her *Cut Piece* in the *Destruction in Art Symposium*. This will be the first showing of these works outside

of the USA and Japan and the first one-man show in which the audience will be directly responsible for the construction of the paintings.

Viewers of this show will be requested to participate in the actual making of the paintings. The blank canvases and other objects in the show each will evolve into perpetually unfinished works that will be for sale at any time during the show but will never be finished even after sale; the buyer and his audience are also instructed to continue adding or detracting from the works as long as they are in existence.

These instruction paintings and objects are designed and made for this show by other artists who have worked in direct con-

sultation with Yoko Ono. Also on exhibit and on sale for the first time in this country will be *Bag Wear*, a style of clothing that completely envelopes the body covering head to foot — said to be the next step after the topless look. Miss Ono has used the *Bag Wear* for her concerts in this country.

The public has also been involved in the creation of the show in that certain people have bought a limited number of shares of stock in a company created for this particular show only. Shares are offered at £50 each and cartels are invited.

This represents a new concept in the financing of a gallery show, much in the same style as that used in the film and theatre world. An artist's work may then be judged by the value of his shares on the stock market. Miss Ono is also conducting events daily at the gallery during the run of the show.

Mandarin Books
 Notting Hill Gate New College Parade
 BAY 0327 JUN 1692
 W.11 Swiss Cottage
 for all the books you
 want to read

Mime Classes in
 American Mime
 Tues. and Thurs. Evenings
 Phone Daniel Richter,
 PAR 0572



Photo: John Hopkins

The IT GIRL wears:

a new idea in jewellery made from dyed coral shells from the Philippines. Designers are brothers Alan and Jeffrey Hill who want to make jewellery more in tune with modern dress styles. "This is not a money-catching project. We regard jewellery-making as a craft. Each new piece we design will be unique. No mass production." They will have their jewellery on the market in the next two weeks. Any orders or enquiries can be placed with them at 18 Ormonde Mansions, 106 Southampton Row, WCI

(Cha 2506).
 The IT-girl's wig was supplied by Simon (Wigs), 2 New Burlington Street, W1 (Reg 3848). Unfortunately, we cannot give address and telephone number for our girl, but you can see her at the IT party, Saturday, October 15, in the Round House Chalk Farm. Tickets available from Indica, Better Books, Mandarin Bookshops, Granny Takes a Trip and Dubell's, price 5s. Or you can pay at the door—10s. (or 5s. in costume). Art copies of the IT-girl photograph will be on sale at the party. Hope she'll see you there.

This is the Non-Events Bureau / Bradley Martin speaking

WHAT is the London Free School? This is a question that has been asked by many people in the last seven months, and the fact that each person gets a different answer points to the existence of a curious situation in Notting Hill, where the Free School is based.

In spite of harassment by the Kensington and Chelsea Borough Council in the form of withholding of available funds, by the Special Branch, by the local coppers, and by the health authorities, something is happening in Notting Hill that is, apparently, resisting all attempts to stop it. There is a ferment going on in the district on a basic social level: housing, children's playgrounds, communal living experiments, entertainment, a carnival, street parades, a local news-sheet. Unremarkable, perhaps, except that the Free School generated them all.

Last week the bubble finally burst. The LFS gave birth to itself: a non-organisation existing in name only, with no elected officers

and no responsibilities. Each of the organs of this body became officially autonomous. As one musician put it, "all we really have is our relationships with each other". However, the beautiful thing about the whole business is the acknowledgement of the phoenix-like nature of communal activity. Usually, organisational forms outlive their usefulness: this time, the nature of what is, is nearer the surface. Consequently, Notting Hill is feeling what could be the first tremors of an upheaval whose limits are totally undefined.

If you have something to do, maybe the London Free School is your vehicle. See page 12.

Absent Friends Dept.

John Doyle has been incarcerated in Ibiza for the alleged theft of a motorcycle. His wife Monique is seven months pregnant and needs to get back to France. John needs £120 to get out of jail. Will anyone interested in co-operating to put on a benefit for him get in touch with Neil Oram c/o IT.

INTERPOT REPORT NO 1

Greece: The price of hashish in the archipelago is reported at £23 an ounce.

Sweden: A big bust at Lund University mid-September sent several students on a southbound plane trip in a hurry. Fifty or so more mysteriously failed to appear for their exams held the following week. At least one professor was involved, the reverberations were felt in Uppsala.

USA: Leary acquitted of possessing marijuana at Castalia, Millbrook. A prelude to bigger things.

Munich: Efficient fuzzi action renders continual shortage of psycho-vitamins. Pushers last about two days before getting busted.

London: Joe Mellen, who penned Julie Felix's furthest-out number yet, "Brain Blood Volume," decided to get permanently high by trepanning his skull. Using £20 worth of medical tools he set to work at six am one Sunday morning, having first taped shades to his forehead to keep out the dripping blood. Three hours later he had a hole in his head the size of a sixpence. At presstime, he was languishing in Brixton jail because the Drug Squad discovered a disused hash-

pipe in his pad.

George Andrews finally got proofs of his Book of Grass from publishers Peter Owen. The book was originally to be published in June, now set for December.

Pusher named Nigel in Chelsea area reportedly being supplied with anything he wants by the fuzzi, in order to set people up. Has red hair.

Organisation called Defence will help any Negro who needs a lawyer in a hurry. Ring CUN 3791.

Dr Halbach, head of the World Health Organisation's pharmacology and toxicology unit declared at a press conference: "alcoholism and drug addiction should be treated as a single problem and not classed separately."

According to Dr Chapple, consultant psychiatrist at a London hospital and expert on addiction, 80,000 working men in this country are incapacitated due to alcoholism.

In 1964, total strength of Britain's police forces was 90,473. Liquor sales climb, police recruiting drops. Will versus Anslinger be fought out in the green pastures of Whitehall? See next amazing issue of *International Times* the next round of Halbach

INTERPOT REPORT NO 2: LSD

February: Fuzzi made their first big test bust in the person of John Esam.

May: Jack Bond, a freelance TV producer working for the BBC, decided to stage a LSD party to collect material for his programme. *The People* newspaper ran a sensational front page lead next day: BBC got the horrors. No footage was ever released. And a short fat little publicity man scored for £100 for the tip-off to the paper (name on request).

August: First psychedelic boutique busts in Kings Road. The BBC screened a second attempt, this time introduced by TV interviewer Fyfe Robertson. LSD was socially disruptive, he said purposefully, clutching his script and dilating his pupils into the camera. The trippers didn't appear to be having any misgivings: after all, you don't get a free trip every day.

In the same month, from his Geneva hideout thoughtfully provided by the UN, Harry J. Anslinger pronounced LSD the most dangerous narcotic known to man. World Health Organisation agreed, proposed ban to member countries. Home Secretary Roy Jenkins quickly went on TV to explain that: "this will enable us to stamp on the marijuana trade, with all its misery, as hard as we can."

September: LSD became illegal, while Evening Standard readers blanched at reporter Aitken's harrowing experiences on a trip: "I had visions of hell. Continents dripping with blood. Black men fighting brown men fighting yellow men etc. Nobody should ever take LSD again." LSD busts were increasing in number.

YOU, WHO ARE LOOKING OVER MY SHOULDER, PLEASE SPEAK TO ME!

In an effort to break down the ever-mounting walls of non-communication between human animals, we print the above headlines as a public service.

It is suggested that whenever you see someone with whom you wish to communicate—particularly in tube, bus, queue, cinema or other crowded public place—you bring out this page and hold it up so that it inevitably catches their eye, on the inalienable principle that the news in the other person's paper is always much more interesting than the news in one's own.

In the further pursuit of this aim, we are prepared to manufacture and retail at little or no profit, badges bearing the words, "I AM TOO BRITISH TO START A CONVERSATION—WILL YOU?" to be worn under the lapel and flashed at appropriate moments.

We cannot disguise the fact that we have in mind particularly intercourse—verbal, that is—between the sexes, and for our really tonguetied readers we present the following tested and affirmed conversation-starters, guaranteed to win a response from the most determined buttoned-up mouths.

"Excuse me, are you afraid of spiders? There happens to be one on your coat."

"Have you change of a ten-pound note, by any chance?"

"I have seen you on the cover of *Queen*, haven't I?"

ADD MORE HERE FROM EXPERIENCE.

And, from then on, you're on your own. We've done our bit.

DISCURSO

for all the records you're unlikely to find in london
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london w.1
hyd 6939

John Lichtig I need a
128 New Highland French-speaking
Rochester, lyricist. Please write
New York, USA and enclose sample

J. I. Horwit Interesting and unusual
Antique Jewelry jewelry available.
94 Southampton Genuine £1 notes also
Row given in exchange for
W.C.1 above items.

get

it

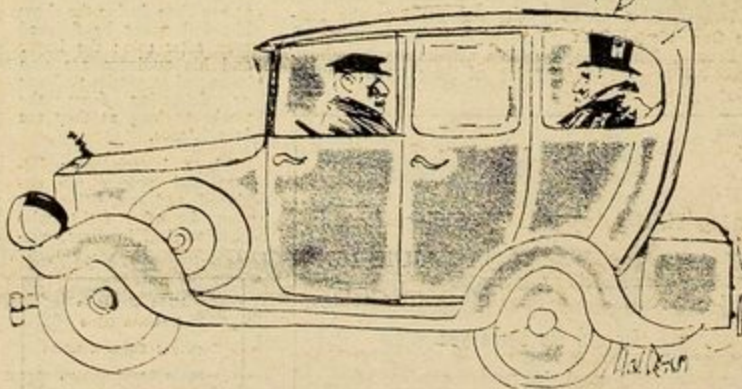
at

better books

4 New Compton Street

Charing Cross Road

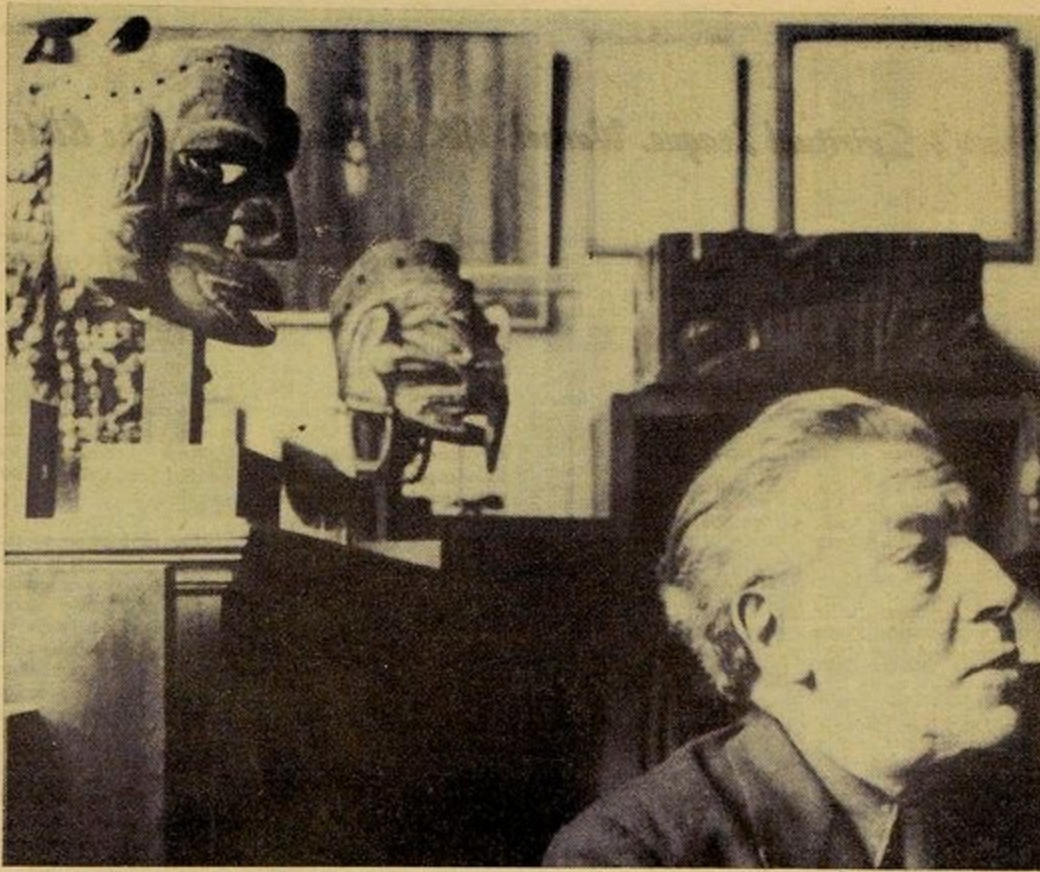
MUTINY IS AN UGLY WORD, CRAMPTON



PARIS...

On the Death of Andre Breton, 70

BY JEAN-JACQUES LEBEL



Andre Breton in his studio (masks from New Hebrides).

Photo: P. Volta.

AMSTERDAM...

-PROVO SUGGESTIONS

BY SIMON VINKENOOG

DIAS — organiser Metzger invited Amsterdam provos to participate in his positive destructive purposes: I gather that he even announced their appearance. They didn't show up — for several reasons: it's like asking soldiers to come and fight a battle (but bring your own battlefields along!). Also: they are the poorest nomads in Western Europe!

The provo happenings are strictly bound to the Amsterdam environment, where authority built up the necessary provocative circumstances: cruel beatings, police hound dogs, a Royal marriage, and unwise decisions, of a Lord Mayor who lost his head (without afterwards using his mind) and a Police Commissar who became fall guy.

The great thing about

provo activities is that a number of reasonable persons realise that no blame or guilt or responsibilities can be shovelled down someone's private back. A criminologist will announce that crime is a neurosis, as we all know, and the well-known novelist Harry Mulisch wrote in a three-week fit of anger and laughter a **Report to the King of Rats** in which he gives a detailed follow-up of events leading to the street riots of June 14 last.

There is not so much a "class struggle" as a "caste struggle" typically Dutch, he portends: the regent's mentality which gave the Dutch Establishment its public figures since the 17th Golden Century, a mentality which takes democracy in its stride and still has to learn some basic rules,

A provo happening in London would mean a number of things for which London activists have not shown enough initiative, energy and courage as yet. At least, I haven't heard of anything like the following: **throw a smoke bomb at the Queen passing by, make the horses of any parade nervous by spreading their way with lion's shit, ridicule the bowler hats, poke fun at tradition, empty the House of Lords, throw flower parties instead of tea parties, declare someone to be Imperial Wizard, Magician, have him take over the ceremonial functions, baptise slums, perform fake rituals, go with a dagger of hoaxes deep into the heart of dusty tradition, lay open the fact that most of what's being shown to English audiences is nonsense, tell to the TV audiences by visual means that the colourful, tourist-attracting by Age and Pomposity sacred traditions are Empty Meanings.**

This just a friend's suggestions: we all know these things — but as soon as you give some kind of public open form to the knowledge, you create a provocative atmosphere in which there is place for some changes.

Or at least: some reappraisals by those who haven't discovered yet that the kicks within them can be ignited again into a flame bursting out into action, the kind of surrealist (but REAL) agitation, that Breton — in liberty at last! — tried to weld together from Marx's changing society and Rimbaud's transforming man.

The actions are interlocked, man projected in the structures of the society he created himself, and within the context of evol-

ving revolutions around to be changed by all means. Rochefort's two constitutions are very valid nowadays: One: everything must go. Two: nobody is charged to execute this law.

You cannot change anything but yourself. Hans Tuynman, who got a three months prison sentence for having distributed pamphlets (he offered two to policemen-in-uniform who purposefully took him away) invited people to individually witness a forbidden demonstration, wrote a beautiful book in jail: **Full time provo.**

The Dutch publisher took a part-translation along to the Frankfurt Book Fair. It served one purpose: from the fees collected by sales, the provos bought a boat in which at least fifty people can sleep. They called it Hashimin and it's still moored opposite number 25, Jacob Catskade, Amsterdam.

They needed some place, and what with the housing-shortage — one of the war-neurosis which twenty-one years of "progressive" government wasn't able to eradicate — this solution is a gift from heaven.

Tuynman's sentence which was the more offensive since at the same time a number of students got a fine (money: Mammon) for having caused the death of one of their "noble" colleagues during one of their ancient rituals (his head covered with a sack full of coal dust, he asphyxiated on the way in a horse-driven carriage to the cesspit where he was going to be dumped for his "initiation" . . .).

More than a thousand artists and intellectuals put their signature to a text, published as an announcement in several newspapers, asking for a re-appraisal of JUSTICE. That's what provo is and means!

ANDRE BRETON died a psychosomatic death. They call it asthma. He was 70. That man was quite different from his legend, far more occult. It will take years to appraise the range of his artistic and human influence, but none, not even his worst enemies, deny that his was one of the great revolutionary minds of the century.

His failures were great too. They were mistakes of the heart. When asked in 1948 what his hopes and fears were for the future, he answered: "I believe we will soon come to the United States of the World."

Unlike those ex-surrealists who sold out to the cultural industry in exchange for power, like Aragon, or in exchange for money, like Dali, his intellectual integrity will remain for many of us (as well as for the coming generations) an everlasting source of inspiration. Along with Bataille, Joyce, Artaud, he was one of the-main lighthouses of his time.

I am not capable at this point of painting a panoramic picture of his life and work. All I can say is: he was my friend for fifteen years. My vision of him is purely subjective. How could it be otherwise? The tremendous importance of his writings is itself eclipsed by the beauties of the man.

As an adolescent they had me in a reform school and very near suicide — the darkness of that "social order" was too much to endure — but his answer to an SOS letter was the most illuminating gift from a poet of his calibre to a young man. Of course, later we had our fights, mostly about revolutionary tactics, but never was the high-power current of affect interrupted between us.

As I walked around him at the hospital morgue — with most of those who, in this damn country, ever wrote, painted or did anything worthwhile — he was concentrating and didn't want to be disturbed. He was in the company of his peaceful deities, lit by the Bardo of Liberation.

The next day, he had changed. Not only had his beard grown slightly, he showed psychic pain. He had the horrors. He was burning at the stake. I kissed his forehead and fled in despair.

Saturday, before the burial, I saw him for the last time. His peaceful deities had again taken over his body. But this time he was gone.

He was buried with the postcard of the aztec crystal skull I had laid at his feet amidst the flowers. Someone later slipped the card in the chest pocket of his pyjama. He rests with his best friend, the poet Benjamin Peret, at the cimetiere des Batignolles. Along it runs the rue St. Just.

International Times hopes to live up to its title by publishing as much news of happenings in countries other than Britain as possible. To do this we need the help of people close to the "scenes" in other countries. If you have anything to report on or blast off about from your part of the world, please do send it on to us. Copy can be in any language. Photographic material would be much appreciated, handled with care and returned when used. So lets hear from you, wherever you are—Peking or Wigan.

As a member of the Underground Press Syndicate, IT will from time to time reprint from overseas, particularly American publications. If you come across any article, cartoon, explosion, that might suit us, please send it on. Anyone who would like to act as a distributor for the paper is an angel.

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out end this month/n.y.
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space/reappraisal of
astrology/electron
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WARSAW . . .

AUTUMN PASSIONS

BY JOSEPH BALCERAK

FIRST of all, may I introduce myself: I am an average "tired European," a member of the "Family of Man," who likes, from time to time, "panem et circenses;" or, perhaps, "panem et festiva-lem." Frankly speaking, today's Millennium's Poland offers us a mushrooming multitude of music and song festivals. Of course, this helps to develop so-called "mass culture," but certainly most of the above mentioned enterprises are designed for closed circles of connoisseurs, partly for snobs and for "professional art globetrotters." As far as I know, the majority of such events have a tourist-financial aspect throughout the world. But not indeed in Poland.

Of all the festivals held in this country, taking into account the famous international Chopin Piano Competition, the International Song Festival at Sopot on the Baltic Sea, the International Jazz Jamboree, the newly instituted Musica Antiqua Europae Orientalis, to mention just a few — of all these festivals The Warsaw Autumn International Festivals of Modern Music, held September 17-25 at Warsaw, are considered to be of the highest quality.

The geopolitical situation has, through the Autumn Festivals, created an opportunity for interesting musical meetings of the Western and Eastern avant-garde.

This year — the 10th Warsaw Autumn IFMM — displayed the triumph of performers, not of compositions. All the "new things," "innovations," "laboratorial efforts" which shocked the audience in previous years, today have a new standard of judgment. Now we are quite sure what is based on real talent (or genius?), and what is imposition or the test of a search for new form, subject, sound. The audience, contrary to previous Warsaw Autumns, showed indifference toward some of the duplicators of yesterday's experience — speculating theoreticians, eclectics, "showmen," and "big noise groups."

Without question the main event was the "St. Luke Passion" (Passio et

Mors Domini Nostri Jesu Christ, secundum Lucam) by Polish composer Krzysztof Penderecki (born 1933) — author of the world-renowned Threnody to the Victims of Hiroshima,



Krzysztof Penderecki, composer of avant-garde "St. Luke's Passion".

Anaclasis, David's Psalms — played by the Philharmonic of Krakow under the direction of Henryk Czyz, with choirs, soprano (Dorothy Dorow, England), baritone, bass, and recitation. Penderecki gave to this Passion a form not pursued since the time of Bach. His desire was to revive, in the Twentieth Century, the special kind of oratorio which grew out of the ground of Catholic culture, with roots in the religious mystery of the Middle Ages, and join these traditions with the contemporary principle of compositional technique.

After nine full days of hard and controversial music, breaking off — from time to time — for funny instrumental and "murmur groups," (including the Contemporary Chamber Players of Illinois University), after hundreds of social gossips, toasts and speeches, friendly and malicious remarks and opinions, the spectacle ended.

NEW YORK . . .

BY BOBO

Leary's Spiritual League, Warhol, YMCA, Mark Lane, The Bible

In the beginning was the word and the word was handed down by Tim Leary on September 20 at the Village Theatre where a new religion had its Grand Opening Night, complete with cast party afterwards. Modern Day Gospels definitely get going with more style and glamour than most of the older varieties did. However, even Christianity didn't want to be outdone this fall, and John Huston gave Tim Leary a run for his money by opening **The Bible** on Broadway just two weeks later, complete with its cast party too. Of course, since contributions are requisite at the door rather than voluntary on a plate, it's a little easier to keep in the red these days. . . .

Tim Leary is cramming a two thousand seat movie house every Tuesday night with an incredible mixture of people—and I expect some of the audience will go to the same theatre the rest of the week to see **Divorce Italian Style**, which, ironically, is advertised on the opposite side of the marquee from Leary.

The coloured images projected on a screen are fascinating—ranging from fiery red and orange membranous images that float across the screen to pictures similar to a newsreel dore at double time. We are led through psychedelic explorations of our molecular compositions, sex fantasies, murder, and finally, the death of the mind. All this is accompanied by music and extraordinary sound effects, the plucking of a guitar, and of course Leary's narration as he sits cross-legged on a huge mattress in a kaleidoscope of spot light to one side of the stage.

The entire representation seems an accurate, if at times boring, account of the phases gone through by anyone taking LSD for the first time. The evening ends with a sermon comparing the League for Spiritual Discovery with the other religious which use trances — Mexican starvation, Indian Yogas, etc., and with that "most current and popular religion, Catholicism," which uses

bread and wine for its host rather than LSD in a sugar cube. The Message seems to be that the part is better than the whole—the fragments of experience and sensation more important than its entirety.

The death of the mind was represented by a flashing spotlight on a grey screen, followed by shrill laughter, after which a series of gentle kaleidoscopic images drifted across the screen as the synthetic experience drew to an end.

Leary predicts that 4 to 5 million Americans will take LSD this year, and if that is so there is no doubt that every member of his team of 19 young psychedelic experts who have given up their jobs to lead these hopeful pioneers into their subconscious will be kept awfully busy. If sex has anything to do with it and of course it's got Everything to do with it, Leary's film seems to be giving Huston a run for his money, even though it has not got girls and Huston has Eve. . . .

Andy Warhol's Exploding Plastic Inevitables are back at the Velvet Underground with Super-girl Nico and The Man With a Snake. Speaking of Andy, when he did his

famous series of hand-coloured illustrated books—"The Jump Book," "The Gold Book," "The Feet Book," etc.—in order to save money on the hand painted illustrations, he would give a very big IN party for his twelve most with-it friends and seat them around a table with little paper cups of paint, each numbered to correspond with pictures in the books in front of them, and he would proceed to have his friends — who might range from some diamond braceleted socialite to Cecil Beaton—fill in the illustrations—each book sold for about 35 dollars.

Another theatre making its debut in New York today (Oct. 7) — Richard Townsend's Playwrights' Place—their Place is a two hundred seat theatre in the YMCA on West 63rd Street. The theatre looks like a Gerneich print—all orange and magenta with a yellow ceiling. The audience sits around little pink and orange tables, where coffee is served, while watching

the play. After the performance the entire theatre becomes a discotheque and the audience is invited to use the stage as a dance floor. The music is wild-African, Japanese, Beatles, everything—spotlights play on the stage—and its a true theatre happening — the audience becoming the watched as well as the watching.

After an hour or so the second performance is given and the place closes around 1 or 2. All performances are of brand new plays by playwrights working in Mr. Townsend's workshop—but the casts are equity actors and actresses, many of them from the Studio. No one is paid, admission is free—only the coffee costs 75 cents, this of course made possible as the organization is under the auspices of the YMCA.

Emile De Antonio's film based on Mark Lane's book, **A Rush To Judgment** is finally done. It's a fantastic film, sure to make ALOT of people very uncomfortable.

**THE LONDON TRAVERSE THEATRE COMPANY
JEANNETTA COCHRANE THEATRE**

LOOT

A Comedy by Joe Orton

Directed by Charles Marowitz

Designed by Tony Carruthers

with

Sheila Ballantine, Michael Bates, Kenneth Cranham,
Gerry Duggan, David Redmond and Simon Ward

"If people had more sex, there might be less real vice in the world."
Joe Orton

One theatre manager presented with Loot found it "an insult to everything decent in England". Orton, cherubic with innocence, shrugs a half-amused, half-defensive reply to all of this: "You can't please everyone."

"One of the best comedies to come to London for a long time."
Financial Times

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Illinois University Contemporary Chamber Players play "Knocking;" group satirises modern trends in music, uses prerecorded tapes, tennis balls. Photos: A. Zborski.

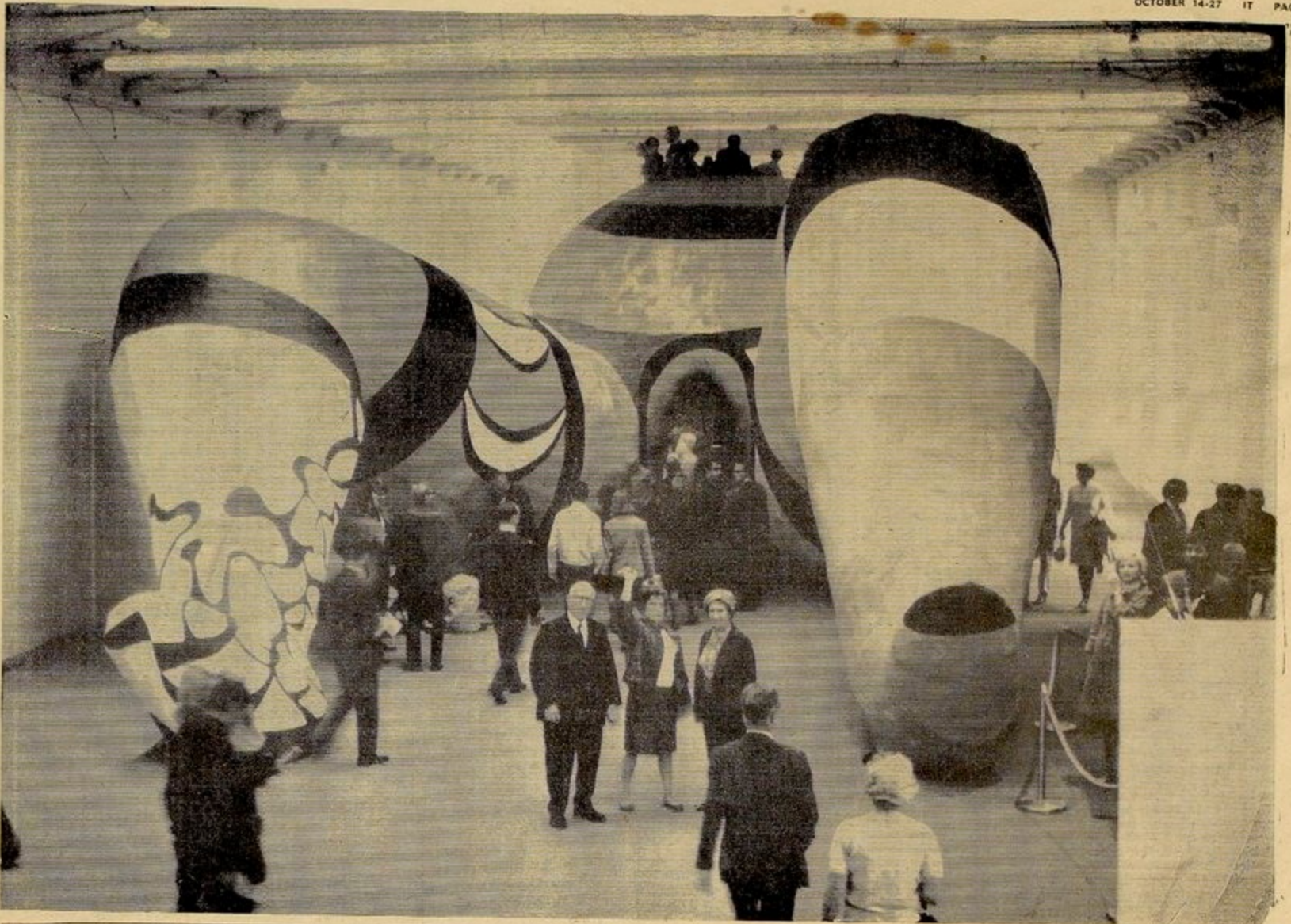


Photo: K. Knox

STOCKHOLM ...

SHE

SHE, the woman as cathedral, lay for three summer months in the Museum of Modern Art, Stockholm. She is 27 metres long (approx 90 feet), lies on her back, legs spread, covered in beautiful colours.

Large domes form her stomach and both breasts. As a cathedral, she is built in three storeys. In the black and white painted leg you can go sliding. In the other leg, with purple toes, you can see an art exhibition. In the arm, there is a Greta Garbo film showing non-stop. As soon as you enter her, you see a pond with large goldfish. There is a planetarium in one of her breasts. In her heart there is a man, watching a TV set which is throwing out waves. A mass of hands are fondling him.

There is a soft drinks bar in her stomach.

The waste from the bar is thrown through a drainpipe into a grotesque glass-crushing machine — one of several useless machines constructed in her body. Other aspects of her include a lover's nest, a viewing tower and a public telephone.

She is the group creation of three artists—Per Olof Ultvedt (Sweden), Niki de Saint Phalle (France) and Jean Tinguely (Switzerland). She took a month to be made. All three artists had wanted to work on a large work together for several years. The director of the Modern Art Museum finally gave them their chance.

Of course her construction was eventful. A half-ton automat was transported from Stockholm Central Station to be placed within her. Of course she shocked some people. But the only person really outraged was an American who turned up, thinking he was at an exhibition in honour of the Swedish Queen Christina.

She has now been disassembled. Critical reactions in Stockholm ranged from the ecstatic to accusations of "banality." Whatever, She is not likely to be forgotten by anyone who spent some time in her.

THE LONDON TRAVERSE SOCIETY

is a band of people who support our work at the Jeannetta Cochrane. Membership is only £1 a year (or ten shillings for students). Members of the Society will be able to attend events not open to the general public. These events will consist of:

Special Late-Night Performances

Such as Readings of:
The Bedroom Philosophers by the Marquis de Sade
An End to God's Judgement by Antonin Artaud

Celebrity Talks

Special lectures and discussions by leading writers and artists on relevant contemporary themes:
Saul Bellow, Mark Lane

Late-Night Film Shows

Films from the Underground, British, European and American Cinema never before seen in London, featuring the work of:
Kenneth Anger, Jonas Mekas, Stan Brakhage and Stan Vanderbeek, Gregory Markopolous, Jack Smith, Peter Whitehead.

Besides all of this, members will be put on a special mailing-list and invited to preview performances of Main-Bill attractions and Dress Rehearsals. They will receive advance information on all Cochrane events, and by joining the Society, help to make those events possible.

The Secretary, London Traverse Society, Jeannetta Cochrane Theatre, Southampton Row, W.C.1. CHA 7040

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CHINA

BY ALEX GROSS

WHAT have the Red Guards been doing, and what has in fact been happening in China?

The information comes from many sources: Hong Kong, Tokyo, Singapore, Russia, Poland, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Reuters, AP, Tass, travellers and businessmen in China, refugees from China, the Canadian and American press, and finally the Red Chinese news services themselves, including Radio Peking, whose English-language broadcasts are heard on the 31 metre band between 10 and 11.30 p.m.

From all these divergent and inimical sources a picture is slowly emerging, partial as yet but far more complete than what has appeared in the London dailies. Here are a few of the stories which *The Times*, *The Guardian*, and *The Telegraph* did not see fit to print:

In Lan Chu, a city in the province of Kansu, Red Guards fought against workers in no fewer than eight bloody encounters which left 700 wounded, 225 of them in a critical condition. This story came through the Hungarian state news agency and was printed in the *Frankfurter Allgemeine* and the *New York Times*. It is based on the news — placards which were being posted all over Peking in a war of information between the Red Guards and representatives of the Party. Reports of the Lan Chu riots continued to emerge between the 22nd and 25th of September.

On the 27th of September the first reports were heard of street rioting in Chang Sha, a city in Hunan province. The leading party officials were accused of "inciting the mass of the people against the Revolutionary Youth and setting one part of the students against the other." The first reports of these riots came from the Russian press. These were confirmed by travelers reaching Hong Kong early in October. One report spoke of over a hundred dead, another of between 600 and 700 dead or wounded.

Citizens of Kwansi, capital of Kweling province, formed a "Dark-Red Guard" to halt the excesses of the Red Guards after they had announced "their intention of destroying all historical landmarks and monuments."

Tens of thousands of people marched through Enping in the province of Kwantung in protest against the Red Guard. The demonstrations were ended only after the Army led a charge against the marchers. Two hundred people were arrested, among them eight members of the Enping Party Committee.

As their wives looked on the directors of the Harbin Communist Party were arrested — their hands were bound and they were driven off in lorries.

In Foochow, capital of Fukien province, 1,600 Red Guards are said to have attacked and laid waste to the City and Regional Party Headquarters. Party officials were arrested and subjected to torture. A placard on a Peking wall described this episode as "a Pogrom that only appears to represent the ideas of Mao Tze-tung."

An article in the *New York Times* (September 25) told of a "young European who by some diplomatic quirk was permitted to travel in central China." In Wuhan and neighbouring towns and villages, he saw "literally thousands" of people paraded through the streets by the Red Guards. Many of them were escorted out of town. The Red Guards later returned alone.

The young man believed that the people were executed. "Their homes were emptied of all their furniture, which was stacked together. I saw similar stacks outside other towns."

In Wuhan he saw Red Guards beat victims with sticks until they lay lifeless on the ground. Men and women were paraded with sandbags around their necks to bow their heads. Their faces were blackened and they carried placards listing their alleged crimes.

"Most of the victims he saw were elderly people... attacked apparently because they did not have to work and were living a more comfortable life than their neighbours."

In all fairness, the *Times* article goes on to point out that sinologists in Washington had at that time heard no other reports of such massacres. Many of the reports have come from nations who have little reason to praise things Chinese. There is however the alarming circumstance that these reports, whatever the source, are beginning to agree in matters of detail.

At this point one may begin to be able to explain, if not to excuse, the failure of English newspapers to print the news from China in greater detail. Hunan, Wuhan, Kansu, Kwansi — the names convey very little to an English reader, and it is an established rule of journalism that a train wreck at home has greater news value than one abroad, unless some one prominent happens to be on board.

The fact is that a name like Yan Han-sheng is apt to strike the English reader as mildly ridiculous. A profusion of Chinese names, such as Yan Han-sheng, Chow Chu L, Lao She, may well make him think some one is having him on. Yet these names do in fact belong to three Chinese authors who have been denounced as dangerous elements by the Red Guards. According to reports from Hong Kong one of them, Lao She, has recently committed suicide.

Other writers who have fallen victim to the current Chinese power shuffle are the playwright Wu Han, who criticised the foibles of modern China in Classical parodies, and the satirist Teng Tuo, who disappeared last April. More recent are the vandalistic acts at the grave of the painter Shi Pai Shi and the condemnation of the atom scientist Hua Lo-keng on the grounds of his having studied and taught in America. The Chinese press has apparently been subjected to a thorough-going purge, and there are rumours of one in the Army as well. Several communist party officials have been attacked or demoted.

As we go to press, the future of the Red Guards is far from clear in one sense and only too clear in another. Lin Piao has promised that the Cultural Revolution will continue and the Red Guards will go on in "their campaign

FRANKFURTER ALLGEMEINE

LE MONDE

CORRIERE DELLA SERA

NEW YORK TIMES (American Edition)

THE TIMES

THE GUARDIAN

THE TELEGRAPH

EIGHT DAYS OF THE WORLD PRESS

Number of Words Printed on Events inside China

Thurs 22 Sept	Fri 23 Sept	Sat 24 Sept	Mon 26 Sept	Tues 27 Sept	Wed 28 Sept	Thurs 29 Sept	Fri 30 Sept	TOTAL
2,300	350	900	500	1,000	600	900	700	7,250
1,050	1,200	1,050	1,600	1,700	1,000	300	650	8,550
1,900	0	0	500	750	500	400	0	4,050
1,050	650	550	600	1,400	800	900	900	6,850
0	700	450	0	0	0	175	0	1,325
200	1,300	150	0	170	200	200	900	3,120
0	1,850	2,100	0	0	1,200	0	50	5,200

The table gives a partial summary of the world press in terms of words published on events inside China. Of the 28 incidents which have been reported in one or other of the three London papers, only three have not appeared in the foreign press. But no fewer than eighty other different episodes have been reported in the foreign papers without appearing in the English papers at all.

The *Telegraph's* long articles were interpretive rather than informative. Much of *Le Monde's* impressive word total was made up of long speculative essays. *Frankfurter Allgemeine* provided the greatest number of actual news stories — though sources were not always named. The *New York Times* presented the most complete selection from the various press services.

Two reports by Victor Zorza in the *Guardian* (September 23 and 30) were essentially background articles, ferreting out Sino-Soviet tensions. For one reason or another, the *Guardian* kept most of the news off their pages. Their coverage, like the *Telegraph's*, continues to be fragmentary. As for the *Times*, the less said the better.

Nor do the Sundays fill the gap left by the daily papers. During the week in question, a *Sunday Times* article tried to pooh-pooh Red Guard excesses into non-existence. The *Observer* and *Telegraph* published a scrap more of news but nothing that was much more penetrating. All three papers seemed more concerned with providing pleasant Sunday reading than with reporting the news.

against the Four Olds — old ideas, culture, customs and habits" and will carry on their struggle to eliminate "monsters and freaks."

Some of the Red Guards are busy practicing with grenades and machine guns and are to become a part of the Army. Others have been sent to the fields and rice paddies where they will help with the harvest and share their knowledge of the thoughts of Mao Tze-tung with the peasants. Still others, red-shirted and militant, are busy carrying banners and images of Mao and shouting slogans in countless demonstrations throughout China.

The Red Guards are being actively encouraged to act against party officials — something not even permitted to the Hitler Youth. The leaders of China have left the Class Struggle behind them and taken a gamble that they will be able to mobilise and control the tensions between conflicting generations. There is no precedent in history for this movement, unless it be the catastrophic Children's Crusade in the Middle Ages.

The programme of the Red Guards is anti-Russian, anti-American, anti-European, anti-Ancient-Chinese-Culture — it is pro-Mao. According to the *New York Times* there are six million of them. Plans have been announced to form an International of Red Guards. Its members must obey five regulations:

1. Accept Mao Tze-tung as head of the world revolution.
 2. Recognize Mao's thought as the highest point of Marxism-Leninism.
 3. Become an ardent propagandist of Mao's thoughts.
 4. Actively recruit new followers.
 5. Not be afraid of death.
- These are some of the reports which continue to filter through — we can only hope beyond hope that they have been exaggerated.

ACCOMMODATION

*

Flat hunting in London is of course one of the big drags. If you have had any particularly wild things happen to you while looking for a place to live, write and let us know about it. We are also keen to open an accommodation vacant/wanted column for artists, musicians and others with extraordinary needs. News of country cottages would also be useful.

*

Apart from the nervous breakdown brought on by this first issue of *International Times*, the editor has had two other major worries in his life. One of these was toothache. The other was finding a new flat for himself, wife and two children. Can you help. Unfurnished, not exorbitant rent, preferably near to some action. Also seeks warehouse "for private temple."

*

EDITORIAL, cont from p.7

Finally, once he's ready to start, having successfully played the money-power game, what does he do? He starts to play the art game. Now that he's got a theatre, it must succeed as a theatre. Now that he's got a bookshop he must sell books. Further, he is likely to have committees, a board of directors, an endless stream of meetings to contend with. True, things have changed to the extent that his project is a step in the right direction. But his project is caught in its own terms. It may well turn out to be a hindrance.

A typical example of what can happen from such attitudes: recently the Arts Council decided London needed a poetry centre. A number of people were invited to submit their ideas on the subject, with the tacit understanding that if their ideas were acceptable, they would be put in control. Now there are as many stories as to what went wrong and who's to blame as there were people invited. The poetry centre project has gone into abeyance.

No-one seems to have realised that a basement and a few notebooks, plus the necessary poets, could be a suitable starting base for a poetry centre. Every-one was too involved with the Arts Council and the money-power game such a body is bound to make you play. This is not to say that the people involved necessarily acted in bad faith, but more to point to where their approaches are confusing them.

Other examples can be taken from practically any so-called avant garde field: the nearest thing we have to an avant garde theatre in London at the moment is the Traverse. It is doing a good job presenting the works of new playwrights. But it is only succeeding in fulfilling a sacred traditional theatre function. Judging from the aspira-

tions and energy of its controllers, it should be doing much more with that money they have had to sweat to get.

Then there was that revolutionary art gallery that opened recently... then there was Sigma... the Free University of London. But the latter take us on to another London sickness—a form of psychic paralysis. It would be interesting to make a list of the number of ambitious and worthwhile projects that are launched but never continued in London each year.

Well, where does all that blast-off lead us to? At least it lets you know where *International Times* stands. We're not going to make any false claims on London's behalf—although we will boost anything that is moving somewhere and encourage others to move with it. But more than what it tells you about this paper, it brings us smack up against a basic problem: if you decide you want to change things at base, you are taking on governments, you are deciding to be your own government.

This doesn't mean that you're going to go out and do a Guy Fawkes, or even get as far as knocking a policeman's hat off. But it does lead to more direct, albeit sometimes devious, methods of social action. Examples: you know there is a housing problem so you start moving people in on all the disused warehouses and offices in town; the city is ugly so you start to paint it bright new colours; people are tense so you start a live-on-the-dole—don't rush to work—only work at what you enjoy—movement; governments are a drag so...

Change begins with you.

Two Views of DIAS

OCTOBER 14-27 IF PAGE 9

Jay Landesman

SEPTEMBER
IS THE
CRUELLEST
MONTH



DIAS secretary, Gustaf Metzger.
Photo: John Prosser-Janus.

"MORE breakage, less timidity," said American destroyer, Ralph Ortiz, summing up a week's destruction in London at the first world conference of "Destruction in Art Symposium" (DIAS). Ortiz is a master destroyer who sees the "object as the enemy." He doesn't mess around. When he's not destroying chairs, pianos, chicken, mattresses, etc., he's writing hot manifestos about this new art form that tried to get off the ground last month. He's a beautiful baby, built for the job.

So he was sitting in on a post-mortem at the ICA Gallery one evening, trying to level with the people assembled. "It's been a big disappointment," was his message. The medium we all knew. This was too much for Gustaf Metzger, nylon destroyer and chairman of DIAS. "Ortiz, your head is rubbing against the painting in back of you; particles of paint are being disturbed. You are committing an act of destruction at this moment."

Ortiz deliberately knocked over a glass of water; Alan Hansen grabbed the microphone and started reciting a funny, non-sense poem. For a moment it looked as if all hell would break loose. The Americans were trying to destroy a post-mortem, but it didn't catch on. Order was quickly restored by John Sharkey, of the ICA. "That was uncalled for," he said, and the revolution was over. The rest of the meeting was complete boredom. What an opportunity lost!

That's the way most of the artists who had travelled far, and at their own expense, felt about the con-

ference. It should have been an historic occasion, instead it was riddled with bad planning and fear.

The artists were cautioned by Metzger not to go too far out. Is that the way to run a "Destruction in Art Symposium?" I asked Hansen why they put up with it. "It's their ball park; that's the way they wanted to play it," he said almost apologetically. "Wait until we have the next conference in America," Ortiz said, "you'll see some real destruction."

In spite of all the goof ups, there were some amusing bits and pieces, and one really serious work. Hermann Nitsch, the Viennese artist, worked over a skinned lamb like there was no tomorrow. It was a blood bath piece of theatre that makes a bum out of Osborne. Ivor Davis blew up a large pin-up photo of Mitchum that had a therapeutic effect on one of the spectators. "I feel cleansed," said a very pretty girl as Mitchum blew.

Hansen looked very striking in his fireman's helmet, but his happening didn't get off the ground. He made several abortive attempts at middle class destruction on Carnaby Street without any luck.

The most pretentious award goes to Wolf Vostell, the German artist. His act was to destroy a lecture. He had enough equipment (including 80 pints of milk) to start a blitzkrieg any-

where. Yoko Ono was mysterious and charming; one got the feeling she wanted to share the pleasures of destruction with her audience more than anyone else.

The whole thing went on too long. It might still be going on all over London (some of the parties I've been to lately showed signs of the influence of the symposium), two real life dramas came out of the conference worth mentioning. The police wanted to make some kind of arrest at the Nitsch happening, but were having difficulty finding out just what crime had been committed. They finally zeroed in on a film that was shown during the performance, alleging it to be obscene. They demanded the film, but it had been safely smuggled out of the hall. Someone finally gave them a reel of film of a travelogue. The cops didn't notice that it was 16m, and the machine 8m. They were further frustrated in their attempts to find the person operating the machine. In the end, they gave up, their authority completely destroyed.

The final act was Ralph Ortiz destroying a piano for the BBC-TV cameras. Everybody was happy at the conclusion of the performance except the owner of the piano — Ortiz had destroyed the wrong one. There's something scary about that if you think about it.

DIAS caused embarrassment everywhere; blood and ego-mania. The police were so polite, nobody got hurt (physically). But there were accusations of iconoclasm. An immediate attempt at classification? Maybe not. DIAS could become iconoclastic just as well as, if not better than anyone else. But it should be hard to classify an organisation that consistently maintains a high state of confusion within its own ranks as to just what its "ism" is. And that's the beauty of it. That's the art.

DIAS is/was only a group of artists, many of whom had never given a second thought to destruction in art, who were excited at the idea of a symposium between artists and the chance to express their art, which, more often than not, could not be confined to the four walls of formalism or the stasis of second dimensionalism.

Oddly enough, there were some clearly historical and ancient traditions expressed in the work. This went unnoticed in the blood and guts confusion. But there was a high level of creativeness that expressed the transitions of our times. Hidalgo's quiet in-scene at Africa Centre one afternoon. Latham's play, *Film*, went from a lush visual growth of colour combining actors and film, to a stark ritual dance between two demons who, now in newspaper white, went on to slowly rid themselves of their trappings. Yoko Ono's *Strip Tease for Three* had the audience stamping their feet before they realised that the piece had actually taken place, and *Line Piece* in which one profoundly

Painted a white line and another assistant, with still greater profundity, rubbed it out. Al Hansen finally succeeded in a successful definitive statement in his realisation of *Performance With Coins*, a sensitive slow action piece where the performers used coins, shaking them up, putting them in and out of their pockets, counting them and passing them from hand to hand.

For a very simple and unnoticed reason, the picture seen on this page, the words that have appeared in the press, the noises on radio and TV, the rumblings in the populace and the art world, and of course the sometimes poignant sometimes pathetic acts of the artists and non-artists themselves, all in connection with this thing called

DIAS, have been without a doubt ART.

That reason is that "time will tell" no longer applies in an age where instant communication is possible. Grind it through and get to the point, that's all we have time for. The FUTURE. Where are we going from here? Not necessarily how.

A situation is developing, made obvious by McLuhan, in which the first major change since the industrial revolution is taking place. The younger generation is already on it. The art of the future will envelope all our senses, including most likely, senses and physical properties of which we are at present unaware. The art of the future has been with us for some time, expressed in the subconscious art of the DADAists. The tools already being developed.



DIAS happening in the London Free School playground.

Photo: John Prosser-Janus.

ELIZABETH'S

WE ARE INDEED MOST PLEASED TO BE GIVEN THIS OPPORTUNITY TO EXPRESS OUR DEEP PLEASURE ON THE OCCASION OF THE FOUNDING OF THE INTERNATIONAL TIMES. THE EDITORIAL BOARD HAVE BEEN KIND ENOUGH TO OFFER SPACE TO US IN WHICH TO EXPRESS OUR WISHES FROM TIME TO TIME. WE WILL THUS BEGIN TO HAVE A NEW AND MORE GENIAL MEANS OF COMMUNICATION WITH OUR PEOPLE, AND WE SINCERELY HOPE THAT OUR PEOPLE WILL READ AND SUPPORT THIS

COLUMN

MOST FESTIVE JOURNAL. WE REGRET THAT WE WILL NOT ALWAYS BE ABLE TO CONTRIBUTE OURSELVES, BUT WE SHALL SEE TO IT THAT REGULAR NEWS RELEASES CONCERNING LEGISLATION, POLICE ACTION (OH, OUR BEAUTIFUL MEN IN DARK BLUE! EACH ONE GUARANTEED OVER 6 FEET TALL), AND PUBLIC OPINION CONCERNING US ARE REGULARLY INCLUDED. (see article below). WE WOULD ASK ANY ONE WHO HAS INFORMATION ON THE SUBJECT WHICH THEY HAVE IN THE PAST BEEN

UNABLE TO EXPRESS TO PLEASE CONTRIBUTE THESE TO THE INTERNATIONAL TIMES. THE JOURNAL WE ENDORSE.

The British Society for transvestite exploration, a one man Queen's Commission, has recently issued its report and it is full of disturbing and revealing statistics. On the last page in a section entitled SUMMING UP, the Commission reports that "a survey completed last month has revealed that more than 90% of all convicted criminals and mentally deficient come from heterosexual parents." With the homosexual law reform bill coming up in Lord's next month, this report should be food for thought.

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Presses

URBAN BLUES Charles Keil

Trained in sociology, anthropology, and musicology, Charles Keil also brings to this study the understanding of a working jazz musician. He examines the contemporary blues scene: interviewing career-conscious blues singers (including the incomparable B. B. King); describing the workings of the record business; giving a magnificent picture of performer-audience rapport at Bobby Bland's appearance at the Ashland Auditorium on Chicago's West Side.

Illustrated with photographs

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Group H, twenty-odd nuts in search of a feller named Bob Cobbing the noted sound poet, book-shop destructor, film maniac, ham actor and art commando. All right, Group H the well-known local art group — since 1951 purveyors of far-out art to the burglars of Hendon and points North with branches in the Charing Cross Road.

Jeff Nuttall — artist, teacher, poet, novelist, Trafalgar Square orator, Peace News writer — hits you in the eye as you go in, with his disgusting "Mantel" (I wouldn't like it in my drawing-room dear, would you?) but great.

John Latham is on the neighbouring wall — all the books are burnt — the skook towers burn — but not just books, this is art — in spite of itself — how often has this happened? You try to leave ART behind, you try to destroy it, and all that happens is that you create it. Latham has created it but good.

Upstairs all kinds of boxes. Boxes? Everyone seems to have gone crazy on boxes this time. Tall hanging boxes with silver paint saying COOLMILES COOLTRANE (Cool Box by Jeff Cloves), squat black boxes with mysterious holes where you are supposed to put your hand in go on I dare you wow (Haptics 1 and 2 by John Rowan), long open white boxes with lights raying round in them, split up by

walls of white, extended on fields of grey, turning to make new ray patters, fields of light (six light boxes by Jennifer Pike), standing coffin boxes with something inside, kind of squeezing out in places.

Maybe the man was in a hurry, maybe he wanted to get away somewhere else before the pubs closed? (Box by Jeff Nuttall), tiny boxes with cut-up nudes tastefully arranged in layers, miniature boxes, boxes to take home and meet your parents (Box Reliefs by Andrew Walters), boxes taken apart and put together again not quite right, some of the corners seem to have got into the middle, or is that a bit of side bent round to look like a corner, My God, that's Art! (Box cut by Dave Trace).

The noisiest exhibit in this dissonant exhibition is "Cacophonous Cleptomaniac" by David Rothman, now shown in an improved version with two separate switches for the loudspeaker and the bicycle wheel, "Ash-tray" by the same young shy Finchley guitar salesman lives up to its title extremely. He has gone far.

If you thought Franciszka Themerson only did little spindly illustrations to funny books, have a look at her bloodstained "Presences" in this show. Tatters of canvas, held together with blood, pus and drawing pins make an impact that has nothing to do with funny books — unless you think Naked Lunch is a funny book.

Somehow or other, in spite of everything, it is a group, and the show as a whole does make a kind of awful sense. If you wanted to tell somebody from outer space or Chester what art is like today, you wouldn't do much better than take them here, keeping the paper bag and the swearbox always handy, natch.

theatres

dialogue between xrts nouncil

of g.b. and lndxn truxrse co.

by Michael Geliot

Yes, sir, please, sir. You see there's this super new theatre, right in the middle of London, built by the GLC for a theatre design school and its not used all that often. . . .

Yes, yes, don't run on so. Enthusiasm is vulgar, and at a time of national economic crisis, misplaced. Please remember when you address us that there is virtually nothing we can do to help, even if we wanted to. Well now, what kind of theatre are you hoping (chuckle) to run?

Please, sir, we thought a — a—WRITERS theatre, sir, like the little toy theatre we built in Edinburgh, only the writers would be able to get their plays seen by lots more people, and Harold Hobson, Ronald Bryden and all the other grown-up critics would come and write smashing things about them. . . .

Don't you realise that London is no place for such a venture?

But please, sir, the grown-ups only come to Edinburgh once a year, and they're always in a terrible temper after coming all that way.

Never mind that. Don't you realise that there are far too many such theatres in London already? The Royal Court and, er, the Aldwych and, er . . . far too many. You know, there are only 12,000,000 people in Greater London, and the Royal Court alone can pack in over 400 a night.

Yes, sir, I know, sir. Sorry sir. But we aren't really going to do revolutionary

plays by people like Ben Travers, Shakespeare and Granville Barker. Just tiny little plays by living authors.

And how much is all this supposed to cost, may I ask?

About £1000 a week, sir.

WHAT? But that's £50,000 a year!

I know it sounds a lot, sir, but some people might pay to come and see the plays, sir. We only need £30,000 from you and our other uncles, sir, maybe less than that if people like our little plays.

But don't you realise I've just had to fork out £25,000 for Sadler's Wells to mount six performances of "Gloriana" — over and above their £1000 daily pocket money. Do you think I'm made of the stuff? And in any case, I'd have to ask your Aunty Treasury and she can't make the housekeeping go round as it is. Why she can hardly keep the larder stocked with bombs, and we seriously considered cancelling our holiday east of Suez only the other day . . . Look here, we are the Xrts Nouncil of Grxat Britxin. Note that, Great Britxin. How do you think we are going to keep the "Great" in our title, if we keep on fussing about the Xrts?

Sorry, sir. But what shall we do with the theatre then, sir?

Well, you just leave it where it is, and it can either stay nice and quiet and empty, or perhaps your Cousin Binkie or someone like that will come and run it at a profit. And you go and find a nice back room somewhere — London, if you must, but better still, Aberdeen or Llandudno. Then you can play quietly and let your poor old uncle sleep in peace. Here's 2/6 for some tuck. Shut the door quietly as you go out.

that my favourite moment was when the man with the dirt-smearred face lay between the girl's knees while she fed him through a baby's bottle full of milk held firmly teat-down between her thighs.

Visually more "artistic," but no less paroxysmic, was a black-and-white film of Nitsch's *Self-Destruction*. A man's face is caked with —dough?—which he pulls apart as if it were his own putrescing countenance, and agonises in a space-time continuum which recalls now, a surgical operation, now a salt desert. Its blend of horror film, references to the clown-gore, and Surrealist symbols, hardly diminish its visceral impact; it has a kick like a Muhl.

Most of the DIAS films, from the Austrian KREN group, had lost their soundtracks, for technical reasons, but even so one proved outstanding: a montage of photo-portraits so tersely cut and neatly assembled that each face had scarcely appeared before it flicked into another. The effect was of the utter pulverisation of humanity in some Marienbadian dossier; in this concentratory universe, no-one's his own self, everyone's everyone and nothing. Ruthlessly executed, the formal idea becomes a gruesome philosophical jest.

Take another look at life soon.

books

chaos and night

by henri de montherlant

penguin / 6s

by David Maiorowitz

Chaos and Night is Montherlant's first novel in 25 years, the author having spent most of that time preserving austerity and a new classicism in the French theatre. For a writer to tell us, in this day and age, that everything plunges inevitably into a more formidable Nothing is no great trick. But for Montherlant to spit on the bullfight which formed the core of his youth, to cancel out masculinity and eroticism, is to recognize the decline of a man's own life as a completed literary event.

He is not a writer, but a "man of letters," in the Nineteenth Century sense of the term. Whether we like him or not, there is something in Montherlant's drama and fiction which compels us to treat these works with an inordinate amount of seriousness. They are to be taken as half a century's collection of events in the unravelling of a modern fate.

Chaos and Night, written in 1963 and newly translated by Terence Kilmartin, is Montherlant's flat NO to his own life and to the present outcome of the Twentieth Century. Celestino, a bitter but clutching Spanish revolutionary exile is forced to have all his foundations kicked from under him before he sees that Franco is here to stay. To this end—a lifetime of political dedication and destruction of personal relationships. Nada. Like all Montherlant fathers, he has failed to penetrate his daughter (perhaps in every sense of the word)—she is a political misfit, as impressed with modern Spain as any American tourist, in short, a Fascist. How stupid it sounds, but how more and more impossible the father-child relationship has become in the Montherlant canon.

Heroism and masculinity, too, have been replaced by the baldness, dizzy spells, and shrivelled members of

old age. All the young matadors have erections, and that is intolerable. Unlike Hemingway, Montherlant has let himself live to see 70.

But one comes away from this brilliant novel feeling moved by something other than the literary mundanity of "emptiness." The Civil War, in which all the great intellectual forces of the century met in combat, is dispersed among tourists and sunny olive groves. Along with it dies everything that signalled Montherlant (who is no revolutionary) an important alternative, i.e., the kind of literature that belongs to the clash of intellectual presumptions. Now he is in danger of being dispersed among the history books. Chaos and Night buries the Idea under an empty battlefield.

TRIP BLOW-OUT RAVE
All-Nite 15 Oct
see back page

films

first and last supper

by Raymond Dargnat

If you come to think of it, gluttony is the original erotic pleasure, and the drive behind man's intellectual achievement is indicated by the succinct phrase, Suck-It and See. Its no accident that cannibals and vampires are hardy perennials of every child's treasury of terrors, and it's a pity that Rodin's Thinker wasn't portrayed with his thumb in his mouth.

Like the good little boys they mostly are, artists (Dali apart) have been slow to emphasise that in true love some partners are to be tasted, others torn apart and chewed, and still others swallowed, digested and excreted.

Roman Polanski touched on the theme in his tantalising *Do You Like Women?* where the heroine is laid out on a big platter, garnished with gravy and, I think, pineapples, in the back room of a vegetarian restaurant. Alas, the diners at this love-feast are presented as villains. This paroxysm of conformity is redressed in Otto Mühl's *materialaktionen*, colour film records of which were, for many, the DIAS highlight.

The motif of *Mania and Papa* is a nude girl being merged with food and drink; *Leda and the Swan* has a more faecal tincture; in *O Tannenbaum* she is treated like a Christmas tree decoration; and in a

fourth film two frantically Lesbian ladies are drenched in powdered paint and and polythene. Soundtrack chokes and screams and jagged, achronological cutting prevent the films from being merely prosaic records of bizarre events, and none of the *aktionen* is as boringly reasonable as my indication of themes may suggest. On the contrary.

Throughout the four films one is as exhilarated as confused by a glorious mishmash of convulsive images, a pure purée of ambivalence: mayonnaise pouring over tittles, champagne trickling round haunches, and delicate canapes of private parts trimmed with shrimps, cucumber slices or sausages. The films have the best-ever movie representation of the feelings of copulation; a big red balloon jammed between an energetic gent's groin and a receptive lady's posterior.

The pleasures of taste and feel are enhanced by those of the eye: girls are sprayed or sprinkled in layers of paint till every nook and cranny of their intertwined bodies reveals its own blend of all shades from coppery green to brick red. (Paint as Clothes is a dawning art-form and an inherently auto-destructive one).

Since it has become the fashion for film critics to pose as reasonable and impartial, let me say at once

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WILLIAM JACKSON



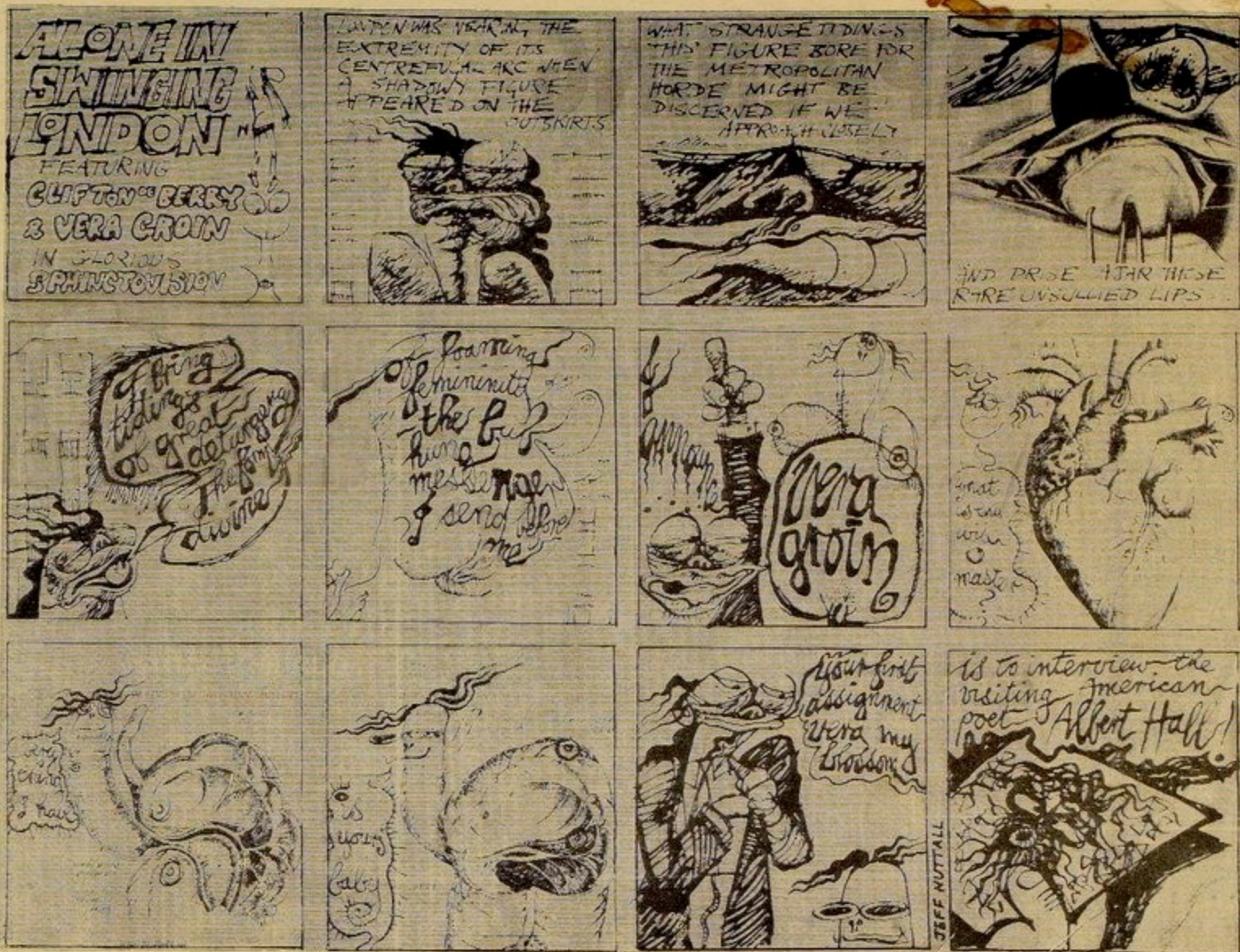
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POP.. POP.. OUCH!

by Millionaire

FOR the last couple of weeks, much of the interest of the pop world has been taken up by Thom Keyes' book, *All Night Stand*. With all the fuss that has been going on about the validity or otherwise of its contents, no one seems to have bothered to notice that it is actually a pretty badly written book. Few would deny that a lot of what Mr. Keyes writes about does indeed happen in the business, though perhaps not with the frequency and monotony that he describes, but it is doubtful whether, simply as a novel, the book deserves half the attention it has received.

I understand that Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich are considering taking legal action against the book on the grounds that "several passages in the book could be construed as referring to Dave Dee, etc."

I attended the Stones' concert at the Albert Hall which was fun though it turned out to be almost more of a happening than a concert. The voices of all the acts were almost entirely inaudible, due to an ineffective mike system, and most of the instrumental sound was lost or distorted in the vastness of the hall itself. Most of the first half of the show was taken up by the Ike and Tina Turner show,

which was superb. The power of Tina's voice almost managed to overcome the problems of the hall, and her dancing would overcome anything. The Ikettes leapt and shouted joyously, the band sang, Ike played a chorus or two of his immaculately soulful guitar and they went off to very considerable applause.

Then the compere, who, incomprehensibly, was Long John Baldry, had the almost impossible task of holding the attention of a screaming audience while the Stones' equipment was set up. He could hardly have done worse. He did nothing but mutter "It's about to happen, It's about to happen" over and over again until finally they came. No judgment can be made of the Stones' musical abilities under such circumstances, but even just as performers they were disappointing.

I had not seen them work for almost a year and had got the impression from other reports that Jagger had, in this time, turned into an effective and dynamic stage performer. Far from it. Standing in a flowered jacket that glittered as with pearls or sequins, with his head between his legs and his arms outstretched, he looked more like a gymnast in fancy dress than he ever did. Certainly the Stones generate

great excitement on occasions, and perhaps this was an off night. Either way, their effect on the audience can hardly be denied, and we were treated to all the visual goodies that usually accompany one of their shows — sobbing fans pouring on to the stage in hundreds and the beautiful Mr. Oldham waving his expensively suited arms decorously in the air.

I was most surprised, to discover at the reception that the Stones gave afterwards, not only the inevitable collection of pop stars and disc jockeys, and the even more inevitable Miss Barbara Rubin, but a stoned and bemused Michael Horowitz wandering about eating all of the free food that he could. He himself did not seem at all sure why he was there.

* * *

Peter & Gordon's new record is selling exceptionally well, despite accusations of being "morally sick" from Provosts and MPs.

Spencer Davis' new album is very varied — the more of Stevie Winwood that there is on each track the better it is. Honestly, Spencer should not sing!

How long is London to hold itself in readiness for Marianne Faithfull's comeback?

The Fugs' album is selling very well in America — it is high on Billboard's charts.

Disconcertingly prejudiced article about pot in "Fab" recently.

Watch for the Mothers of Invention!

**MARK LANE
RUSH TO
JUDGMENT**

INTRODUCTION BY
HUGH TREVOR-ROPER

'In an argument of devastating, cumulative force, Mr. Lane demonstrates that in case after case the Commission ignored or twisted the evidence before it, in order to reach a pre-ordained conclusion.'

Conor Cruise O'Brien

'Rush to Judgment seems to me to be so formidably and irresistibly argued — and with admirable dispassion — that it leaves the Warren Commission Report demolished and discredited, and forces the door open on the new investigation that there surely must be now.'

Kenneth Allsop, B.B.C.'s "24 Hours"

'... a most serious and responsible enquiry into the facts. This cogent, factual, detailed book is of great importance... It is well-presented, indexed and referenced, with a forceful introduction by Hugh Trevor-Roper.'

NEW LAW JOURNAL

'Doubts about the Commission's conclusions are hardening into ill-ease as the most coldly forensic book on the subject climbs the U.S. best-seller list.'

Len Deighton, EVENING STANDARD

Bodley Head

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HAPPENING

Watts

This diary is for your convenience. It is not meant to duplicate or replace "what's on" features in other publications. Rather, we hope to find and publicise those events that don't normally get much publicity. Our first attempt at doing this is perforce incomplete. We are very dependant on your co-operation. If you have something happening you want publicised (anything from a psychedelic beat show to a reading of Donne's sonnets is eligible for inclusion), please do let us know about it.

OCTOBER 14 (Friday) —
folk concert: "The New Songs" Pat Sky, David Campbell, Leon Rosselson. Travera Theatre Co. Jeannetta Cochrane Theatre, 10.30 - Midnight.

pop dancer presented by London Free School at All Saints Hall, Powis Gardens, W.11. With The Pink Floyd — mixed media show, 8 p.m.

OCTOBER 15 (Saturday) —
jazz concert: Joe Harriot Quartet. London Travera Co. at Jeannetta Cochrane Theatre, 10.30 - Midnight.

more jazz: Bert Jansch, St. Pancras Town Hall, 8 p.m.
folk concert: Long John Baldry and Watersons, Les Cousins Folk Club, London. Folk and Blues Centre, 49 Greek St. W.1, 12.00 p.m. to 7 a.m.

OCTOBER 17 (Monday) —
folk curvy: Festival of Light and Folk Music of India, Albert Hall, 5/-, 7/6, 10/6, 15/-, 21/-.

OCTOBER 18 (Tuesday) —
cancelled: Steel Band Night at London Free School. Something else may happen. Phone PAR 1409 on Tuesday.

teach-in on the theatre: Theatre censorship, allocation of Arts Council subsidies, problems of provincial theatre, future of amateur theatre, monopoly in the West End where do you or can you fit into the future of modern drama. Guests include: Frank Dunlop, Peter Bridge, Charles Marowitz, James Roose-Evans, Patrick Wymark, John Mortimer, Michael Croft.

CONT. FROM PAGE 1
US . . .

therefore beyond our emotional frame of reference. This leads to an imaginary construction of what Vietnam have would wreak in a peaceful English society. This is the strongest writing to come out of the evening — or is it only Glenda Jackson's acting that makes it seem so? For a few taut moments, the historical abstractions are brought home with a punch, and one gets little glimmers of how the rest of the evening could have been more successful.

Despite the production's earnestness (and there is no questioning that; sincerity crackles from the stage like cannonfire), and despite its preoccupation with Buddhist burnings, Quaker sacrifices and civilian mayhem, its cruelty is not essentially political but aesthetic. Here, yet again, is another essay in Theatre of Cruelty replete with Artaudian effigies and theatrical stylisations. And, to show that it is *au fait* with the very latest trends in modern art, it ends with a deconstructivist exercise in which a live butterfly is burned. And, to demonstrate its fierce Brechtian integrity, the full cast sits on the stage refusing to end the play officially so that the decision to leave the theatre belongs to each individual spectator. Devices which are theatrically stunning, appear gimmicky and arbitrary because they do not reinforce any developing, ideological point. What should have been the evening's *coups-de-theatre* become consciously-chosen "moments" to be appreciated in isolation.

In an evening devoted to contradictions and ironies, the crowning irony is that the play winds up by saying: the situation is futile but we must do something about it. The crisis has become abstract and stalemated, but you must take it personally and work towards some humane solu-

Margaret Rawlings, Ronald Brydon At University College London. Enquiries: EUS 3611 (ext. 34 and 37). Begins at 5.30 p.m.

OCTOBER 19 (Wednesday) —
poetry: Elizabethan Verse with Edward Lucie-Smith and John Hargr. At Better Books, 94 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2, 9 p.m. 3/-.

improvisational experiments: "Caught in the Act". Keith Jonstone. London Travera at Jeannetta Cochrane Theatre, 12.45 p.m. - 2 p.m.

arts: "Appointment With Sex". Gwen Barnard, Pip Benveniste, Oswald Blakeston, Max Chapman, A. Oscar, Aubrey Williams, Aron Art Centre, High St., Arundel, Sussex. Thru Nov. 5.

OCTOBER 20 (Thursday) —
lectures: "The Nature of Perception." Illustrated lecture by Dr. Norman Dixon (arranged by SIA). ICA members 5/4, members and students free. Guests 5/- for the series. GRO 6186/6119.

send-off: Farewell "Deportation" Concert. Wex Garden. Travera Co. at Jeannetta Cochrane Theatre, 10.30 - Midnight.

films: New movies. London Film-maker's Coop. (First of series of regular showings). All Saints Hall, Powis Gardens, W.11, 8.45 p.m.

OCTOBER 21 (Friday) —
psychedelia: The Pink Floyd — mixed media show. London Free School at All Saints Hall, Powis Gardens, W.11, 8 p.m.
films: Dutch films. Cinema 65. Better Books, 94 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2, 9 p.m. Members only, 5/-. Also Saturday night, folk. Braverades. Mark Soedstra. concert by Travera Co. at Jeannetta Cochrane Theatre, 10.30.

tion. The task of dramatising, as opposed to merely positing, information has not even been tackled, let alone solved. The play has little theatrical life to speak of and relies heavily on a dramatic predisposition on the part of the audience. It is argument and counter-argument; fact and sub-fact; anecdote and ironic-implication of anecdote. Instead of elucidating the issues and arriving at a viewpoint it invites its audience to share, it merely dumps the whole kaboodle of conflicting evidence into the audience's lap and demands that they sort out what the show's planners have not managed to think out.

With a show like US, one's state on leaving the theatre is almost more important than the time spent at the performance. Leaving the Aldwych, I felt leaden and put-upon; a victim of an aggressive More-Committed-Than-Thou approach to life. The futility of the Vietnam crisis was even more intense (if that is possible) than when I entered the theatre. I had come—like so many people will come—out of a hunger to do something, see something, say something which cuts a path out of the chaos. One doesn't need a theatrical performance to explain we are all at an impasse. The role of the theatre in times like today is to elucidate and give a positive lead. A conventional play may end up in a state of fascinating ambiguity, but a social document dealing with a red-hot contemporary crisis cannot take refuge in artistic ambiguities, or else it becomes only another cinder in the eye.

A century ago, the theatre's task, according to Chekhov, was to ask questions. This has been superseded by a world-situation in which, if the theatre is to pull its weight, it must—at such times and on such themes—begin to supply answers.

OCTOBER 22 (Saturday) —
films: at Better Books. See Friday, Oct. 21.

folk: The Young Tradition, concert at Jeannetta Cochrane Theatre, 10.30 p.m.

OCTOBER 24 (Monday) —
lecture: Sir Kenneth Clark — "From the Few to the Many". Granada Guildhall Lectures. ICA members invited free of charge by Granada Television. Further information and tickets from Granada Television, 36 Golden Square, London, W.1.

OCTOBER 25 (Tuesday) —
lecture: "Absence of the Image" — or painting Beyond the Visible: an illustrated lecture with film and slides by Yaacov Agam. ICA members and students 2/6. Non-members, 4/-. GRO 6186/6119.

folk benefit: for Notting Hill Neighbourhood Service Centre. All Saints Hall, Powis Gardens, W.11, 8 p.m. Artists to be announced.

OCTOBER 26 (Wednesday) —
reading: by Elaine Feinstein, to celebrate publication of "Green Eye", at Better Books, 94 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2, 9 p.m.

OCTOBER 27 (Thursday) —
Demonstration: Presented by London School of Contemporary Dance. International Students House, Park Crescent, W.1. Admission 10/-, 7/6, 5/- at door.

Poetry and Jazz in Concert: devised by Jeremy Robson with Danny Apple, Douglas Hill, Vernon Skannel and others, and the Michael Garrick sextet, 7.30 p.m. Town Hall, Euston Road, N.W.1.

CONTINUOUS — (October 14) —
London Film-Makers Co-operative: write for details, catalogue, programme, membership forms. Paul Francis, 9 Gilbert Place, W.C.1. HOL 1817.

Underground film-makers, who have films completed for exhibition but have no place to show them, please send their names, addresses, and titles or descriptions of their films to INTERNATIONAL TIMES. In our 2nd or 3rd issue, we hope to publish the list and call it to the attention of those who may be in a position to exhibit the films.

The London Travera Theatre company: at Jeannetta Cochrane Theatre in Holborn will be operating a Film Club in the near future. The films will be shown primarily as late night attractions and will feature both art films and re-runs of period films, such as the early Tarzan films, the Flash Gordon Serials, and the Salvo Jones Short Subjects. The Club itself is the London Travera Society and membership has been open for some time.

Roland Kirk: at Ronnie Scott's, from Oct. 17 for 4 weeks, 47 Frith St., W.1.

Les Cousins Folk Club: London Folk and Blues Center, 49 Greek St., W.1. Weekdays, from 7.30 p.m. Friday and Saturday all night from mid-9. Membership 2/6 per year. Phone: GER 5413.

Group H Exhibition: until Oct. 28. Drury Galleries, Porchester Place, Marble Arch.

Folk at the Scots Moors: every Friday and Saturday at 8 p.m. Cambridge Circus, Charing Cross Road, W.1. Artists: Jansch, Campbell, Benar, McCarthy, Kennedy, Smith, Cattouse, Byford, Bridger, Lockran, Matt McGinn.

Folk-Wang Dang Doodle: Mike Raven. Every Tuesday at Railway Hotel, Harrow, Wealdstone.

Lunch-time Folk: Bungles, 27 Litchfield St. W.C.2. With Katy Partridge from Canada. Tues and Fri. 12 - 2 p.m. 2/6.

Jean Straker Photographic Exhibit: 12 Soho Square, Mon. to Sat. Noon to 9 p.m. 10/-, art students half price.

Hampstead Theatre Club: Poetry readings on Sunday nights, once a month. PRI 9301.

Greatest What's Happening of them All: **OCTOBER 15 (Saturday) —** All Night Rave to launch INTERNATIONAL TIMES. The Soft Machine, The Pink Floyd, Steel Bands, Strips, Trips, Happenings, Movies. Bring your own poison & flowers & gas-filled balloons & submarine & rocket ship & candy & striped boxes & ladders & paint & Rites & feet & ladders & locomotives & madness & autumn & blow-james. Pop / Op / Costume / Masque / Fantasy / Lion / Blowout / Drag Ball / SURPRISE FOR THE SHORTEST / BARRETT COSTUMES AT — The Round House, Chalk Farm Underground, 11 p.m. onwards. Advance Tickets 5/- at Indica, Better Books, Dobello, Granny Takes a Trip, Mandarin Bookshops — Notting Hill Gate, Swiss Cottage or Donation of at least 10/- at the door (5/- for those in costume). KUM.

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In almost every culture love is an intimacy between two particular people in which conventions that govern other relationships are set aside. In this respect it already suggests, even if only symbolically, the sacred rather than the profane, and the lovers' removal of clothes in one another's presence is already a sign of taking off the personal mask and stepping out of role. Only a society which is seriously ignorant of the sacred could regard the taboo, the secrecy of love, as a cloak hiding an unfortunate but necessary reversion into animality. But this is just what would be ex-

pected in a culture which conceives of spirit as other than nature, and which tries to dominate the order of nature with the order of the word. To such a mentality the identification of sexuality with the sacred is a far more serious threat than the most crass and brutish bawdiness. Its censorship can tolerate sexuality so long as it is a matter of 'dirty' jokes, or so long as it is kept at the merely physiological level of medical language, so long, in other words, as it is kept as far as possible from the sacred.

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