



LOOK 4-PAGE UNDERGROUND
FILM FESTIVAL SUPPLEMENT

EUROPE CALLING— POUND SPEAKING

Ezra Pound Speaking

The Italian Radio acting in accordance with the Fascist policy of intellectual freedom and free expression of opinion by those who are qualified to hold it, following the tradition of Italian hospitality have offered Mr. Ezra Pound the use of the microphone twice a week. It is understood that he will not be asked to say anything whatsoever that goes against his conscience or anything incompatible with his duties as a citizen of the United States of America. . . . * *

EUROPE calling. Ezra Pound speaking. Idle darkness. You are in black darkness and confusion. You have been hugger-mugged into a war, and you know nothing about it. You know nothing about the forces that caused it, or you know next to nothing. I am in the agonised position of an observer who has worked 25 years to prevent it. I am not the only observer who has so striven. Apparently no man could prevent it, that is up to the point it was not prevented. But a belief in destiny does not necessarily imply a belief that we have no duty; that we should not attempt to learn . . . given a little more knowledge, given the elimination of a small number of shysters, the war need not have happened (July 13, 1942).

. . . and I think I am perhaps still speaking a bit more to England than to the United States, but you folks may as well hear it. They say an Englishman's head is made of wood and the American head made of watermelon. Easier to get something into the American head but nigh impossible to make it stick there for ten minutes. Of course, I don't know what good I am doing, I mean what immediate good, but some things you folks on both sides of the wretched Ocean will have to learn, war or no war, sooner or later . . . (December 7, 1941)

. . . and not even the lowest liar on the BBC has claimed that Germany started it. England is not making a glorious end. Oh I know that many many Englishmen think the only way you can delouse . . . England is by losing the Empire. But I'm not sure if the method is a wise one. I'm not sure if the mere impoverishment and ruin of the middle and upper middle and upper English working class in the interest of Jewry, in the interest of loan capital that can migrate and has migrated, I'm not sure that is going to land you in that garden suburb desired by you . . . It is a choice between Europe and Jewry. That at least is clear and out in the open and England is on the Jews' side against the rest of humanity, and in a subservient position at that . . . Above all, you cannot blame it on the small Jew, for he is in most cases as damned a fool and as witless a victim as you are . . . (May 16, 1943)

. . . The moment is serious, just as serious, and now a real danger affronts you. In fact several enemies confront you. Quite solid dangers. You have been stirred up against the Germany that did not

This photograph was taken by the US army signal corps. Official description: "SC 250735. Disciplinary Training Centre. Holding cells at Mediterranean Theatre of Operations. US Army, Fisa, Italy, May 4, 1946." The cage on the far left held Ezra Pound. It was reinforced because the US army was afraid the Fascist partisans would try to recapture him. Julian Cornel, Pound's counsel in his trial for treason, wrote: "At Pisa, Pound was confined in a cage made of air-strip, and in solitary confinement. Cage was in a yard with little shelter from sun or rain. Bright lights on stockade shone at night. Two guards outside at all times. Slept on cement floor with six blankets. Can for toilet. Allowed no reading matter except Confucius he was working on. Incommunicado. Was told nobody knew where he was." In the Pisan Cantos, Ezra Pound complained: "If the hoar frost grip thy tent/Thou wilt give thanks when night is spent." This was a direct reference to his imprisonment.



exist. For two decades your press had conducted a campaign of defamation against Italy. The campaign of lies does no-one any good, you included.

The usury system rocks the earth. It is a malady dangerous to all people, as your own slums can testify. The usury system has ruined millions of poor devils in England, just as it has brought misery to millions in India. And that system is shifting its centre. That shift represents no gain to your American allies. It merely means an increase of vigour, it means a new and more violent (infection?) of America's hundred and twenty million. And that infection will do you no good. Your middle class will be engulfed. London will feel the blow as Vienna felt the blow after the war. That is to say, even the glitter of scum and the feverish distribution of tit-bits among the privileged few, and among the old world surrounding society, will decline. . . . (May 23, 1943)

Well, the idea that a wrong idea could damage people here and now was, perhaps, not fully developed. The British theory was that free speech was an asshole. Let 'em talk and they will do nothing, Hyde Park Corner and so on. . . . Well, Gus Flaubert and I myself and divers others . . . saw nothing worse than just one bad idea, and that was the corruption of the whole and total means of communication of all ideas whatsoever. . . . (April 13, 1942)

" . . . you can put me in with Dante but I've got a pretty low opinion of Shakespeare . . ." (May 5, 1943) **SEE PAGE TWO**

* * This preceded all of Ezra Pound's wartime speeches from Italy. The text of this page is compiled from several of the speeches. Each extract is dated.



Official US Army comment: "Ezra Pound, author, radio commentator & adviser to Mussolini. He is an American citizen & is indicted by US Government for treason. He continues his work while in custody of the 92nd division, Counter Intelligence Corps" 16 May 1945.

ON CONTINUITY, July 6th 1942

(Editor's note: This text was edited from the two consecutive broadcasts, July 6 and 7, monitored by the Foreign Broadcast Intelligence Service of the US government and rendered into written form in the 56 volume edition of Federal Communication Transcripts of Short Wave Broadcasts (Rome), February 2 1941-45. The beginning of both broadcasts were lost because the monitoring service tuned in late.)

...the disadvantage of the radio form. Heaven knows when I shall be able to print the facts, or in a book, or books, available to the American and English public. Books in hand, the reader can, when he wishes, look back, take up the statements of the present, see where chapter ten hitches to chapter one. Nevertheless you may as well make the effort, with least effort, that there is a sequence in what I am saying, and that the conversation of February coheres with that of April. And if you in Iowa, Wyoming, Connecticut, don't make that effort, if you don't listen and try to get the main threads and cables of what I am trying to tell you, you will lose time just as writers who did not read *Little Review* authors lost time. Many never made it up. [Little Review: an American periodical edited by Margaret Anderson with the aid of her friend, Janice Heaps. Ezra Pound was foreign editor and a frequent contributor from April 1916 to May 1929.] There is no one of any literary size or even pretension among you who hasn't by now read the *Little Review* authors, or authors formed by the *Little Review* authors. Authors indebted to the *Little Review* and to its authors for their force, their take off, the initial jab that set them off.

It is that many got a fragmentary view. Joyce and not Eliot, Eliot and not Wyndham Lewis. I hear a million Americans have taken advantage of Mr. Hemingway's latest production (*For Whom the Bell Tolls*, New York: Scribner, 1940). And so they ought to, two million ought to read it, probably. I haven't yet seen a copy but that is due to the conditions of Atlantic transport.

There is so much else, so much essential else that they're unblissfully unaware

of. And honestly I do not know where they can get the essential parts of that "else" except from my broadcasts. And out of them, out of these talks the young men in England and America will have to build their souls, or at least their minds for tomorrow or lose time — never get into life at all.

They will not be tomorrow's Hemingways or even today's Clark Gables. They will just be shells, left on the cupboard floor, in this way ingloriously and unglorified back numbers before they're dated. Like the old Georgians who read Eliot fifteen or twenty years later and tried to cut out little inches in his outrageous cathedral (*Murder in the Cathedral*, first produced Mercury Theatre, London 1935), mouse holes in his choir stalls (alt; knock holes in his choir stalls). And after 100 broadcasts it is still hard to know where to begin.

There is so much that the U.S. does not know. This war is proof (alt; fruit) of such vast incomprehension, such tangled incoherence, so many strains of unknowing, I am held up enraged by the delay needed to change the typing ribbon, so much is there that ought to be put in young America's head.

I don't know what to put down, can't write two scripts at once. The necessary facts, ideas, come in pell-mell. I try to get too much into ten minutes. Condensed form is all right in a book, saves eyesight. The reader can turn back and look at a summary.

Maybe if I had more of a sense of form, legal training — God knows what! — I could get the matter across the Atlantic, or bally-old Channel.

Art, economics, pathology [alt; mythology]. You need to know more about all of them. Need to get out of this war, stay out and prevent the next one. Need to change the stinking old pathology, university de-system. Rotten art, artist boys. How come class war? What is it the professor don't know?

Got to choose between two and four subjects or I will get nothing over in any one talk. Very well, I will start with "How Come". Two bits of ignorance that have recently been rubbed into me by a mob of, or congress of, professional persons [alt; a mob of

bored Congressmen of professional clergy]. No, lets start on something that has been discussed in America twenty years, thirty years.

Doctor looks at literature.

All the silly talk about the diseased mind back of modern painting. It bores me to hell. It was mostly poor stuff, but the fault lay in its limitations and criticism, not in the main what caused half-educated medics to go into it. What was wrong with the criticism is the lack of proportion.

Health is more interesting than disease: health is total. Beauty more interesting than distortion. We have, most of us, been buffaloed, or at any rate, the intelligentsia is mostly misled, not from having no brains but simply from partialism, in the original sense of the word. Intelligentsia is mostly a nuisance because it runs on snobbism and fragments.

At the age of 15 a consumptive gave me a copy of *Salome* with Beardsley illustrations (*Salome* by Oscar Wilde, translated by Lord Alfred Douglas, London, 1894). I cut them out they were so ugly. But for more than ten years of my life I considered this an act of juvenile fanaticism. I came to see their damn it all, call it merit, of Beardsley's distortion . . . sadistic [alt; majestic] elite, superior sophomores.

Later a distorted but amiable female presented me coyly with an inferior Beardsley. It is a volume of distortions by a pink-nailed aesthete [alt; pink philistine]. The significance of their acts was apparent even to me. I don't think it was conscious on her part for it probably gave her relief or comfort which she could not have derived from Praxiteles or Botticelli. At any rate I was older and the drawings weren't even good Beardsley and I wasn't interested in pathology, so I have never mentioned the incident before.

Now the medicos who started worrying about the disease behind modern art were right. That is they were right to worry. They were mostly silly in their statements of detail. This is ignorance, lack of culture, but they were mainly on the right line. I affirm that future art criticism will be able to tell the components of usury intolerance, that is how far intolerance of usury prevailed, or did pre-

"Hitler taught the Germans manners"

Ezra Pound

"Don't let anyone wiggle out of local honesty by talking internationally."

Ezra Pound

"I see Roosevelt and his jews and his monopolists setting out on a scheme that implies very expensive trade routes..."

Ezra Pound

EDITORIAL

IF anyone asks me why *International Times* is publishing several of Ezra Pound's wartime speeches in entirety, I can only answer: because they exist. Whether I or the directors of *International Times* agree or disagree with what Pound said in his speeches is beside the point. (A glance at our staff box and at the general tone and direction of the paper should make it clear that we are not anti-semitic.)

The fact is that despite Pound's treason trial, the speeches have never been published in their entirety. We will not be publishing all of the speeches, but those that we do run will have been previously unpublished. Considering Ezra Pound's achievements as a writer, making work of his generally available would seem to need no excuse.

The publication of the first of these speeches coincides with Ezra Pound's birthday. As usual in *IT's* rushed and understaffed office, we have had to work much faster than we would have liked. The speeches have been extremely carefully edited, however, by Bill Levy who put the material at our disposal. In the next issue we will carry more of the speeches. It would seem that, whatever the unpleasant odour and uncomfortable feelings thrown up by anti-semitism, etc., Ezra Pound is still someone who must be listened to. We can never know what folly and what wisdom is in the speeches until we have had a chance to read them.

Tom McGrath

vail when a given picture was painted. [Pound believed there could be no good art without good government and a government that allowed itself or its citizens to fall into debt on rented money offered no liberty. He said: "Liberty is freedom to keep out of debt."]

There is beside, a sense of design. Precision of line will give way, interest in details, suggestions of luxury will augment as people lose the ethical basis of life. As they lose the passion for justice, as they lose the real distinction between one idea and another, diagnosis will replace love, analysis will give way to quarrel. They are the steps and slopes downward toward Nirvana. Falsification will enter. Honest men will, when a dogma or style has been falsified, turn analytical. They will be partial. The frank ones emphatic and vigorous. They will aim, that is the best ones will aim, at health. [alt: The first one is embedded in ignorance. They will aim, that is the best will aim, at help.] For example, Manet did both falsification of colour and academic painting. Monet reduced to a falsification of light and colour. Both made a distinct contribution to world art; Monet one of the world's greatest.

But what is temperament in a sound man becomes, by excess, disease in a weak man, unbalanced, hard to divide at certain points. And if one drifts with the current one grows tolerant first on weakness then accustomed to it, and then flops into squalor.

Mediterranean vanity and beauty order . . . the way was saner when the cult of ugliness did not engage the attention of anyone. Oh I know all about chocolate box pseudo-beauty, and so

on, but deflection of the aim is a decadence. It is a false ripening. It is fruit going rotten.

Beardsley was a sick man. He knew he had to make a name quickly, if he wanted to make it. [Aubrey Beardsley died in 1898 at the age of 27 having suffered from constant assaults from tuberculosis.] Personal wish: not belief in what art is, or ought to be. When he had time to learn to paint his youthful impulse was toward pre-Raphaelite beauty. His early drawings like Burne-Jones, that's what he wanted. Yeats asked him why he hadn't stuck to it. Beardsley was no slouch. He was a courageous invalid. Up to the point of his force. He didn't lie to himself, nor to his friends in private. He said: "Beauty is so difficult." I repeat that: Beauty is so difficult.

We have all seen the cult of beauty turned and stopped (alt: slapped). The aesthete, is an artist who won't take pains. He will not face the work needed to paint a good picture or to write a good novel or poem. All fragmentary. Nothing total. And the great perversion, the great decadence, when painting is made to sell. That's what it is, when the painter stops wanting to live, wears his hair long, must eat but it is secondary to his desire to paint or to make. Then get rich. That is the end, the absolute end of a painter. Few men can resist the lure.

We all like comforts. That is my weakness. I've seen men who could do without it. I know no American will much believe this and some of the men who can do without it are lunatics and fanatics. And snobbism makes cronies of

them all.

So far as I know, nobody else has had the courage to point out that the German Pavilion, after nearly being burned in Venice four years ago was the best. All the little daubers in other shops doing Monet and Renoir sixty years late, were shocked by the hardness of outline. Yet it was almost the only Pavilion not rotted with slobber. Some more, some less.

The Futurist rooms are always an affirmation of propaganda that could get along by itself without any painting whatsoever. I mean the main line of the Futurist's propaganda is an idea, the painting an adjunct. An adjunct that proves the idea has other dimension than merely ideological. It is a good idea. It is not a whole idea. But it needs plastic expression. It has an imperfect plastic which is a sign of its force but it does not arise from a plastic need. (The Futurists were started in 1909 with Marinetti's manifesto which introduced into the generally static plastic inventions the time factor. They gained inspiration from the lyricism of power.)

Health is cruel, or rather health is often by what seems cruel to the bacillus. A man who is totally healthy don't worry about bacillus. Yet he is perpetually surrounded by patent-medicine bottles and disinfectants.

But for God's sake look at your art. When art is subordinate to the picture dealer, the United States gets what is left after the European connoisseur has taken the pick. . .

Ezra Pound speaking. I know I haven't got very far in this talk so wait for the next one. Health, damnit. Think about health in the interim. Pound speaking.

PETER BROOK: An Open

Letter To Charles Marowitz

Dear Charles,
In your review of 'US' you say that the theatre must stop asking questions and must start giving answers.
If this is so, it must surely mean that negative criticism is also at an end. In other words, if you as both a critic and a very active director discuss a show concerning Vietnam, you too

are challenged by your own words.
What can you suggest as a positive solution of the Vietnam horror? Note your own proviso—this must not be a formula already covered by news, broadcasts, films, TV, or the press.
Peter Brook
Royal Shakespeare Co.
Aldwych Theatre,
W.C.2.

CHARLES MAROWITZ:

Reply To Peter Brook

Dear Peter,
No one is wacky enough to suggest that a handful of writers and actors working off the Strand is going to arrive at a solution to a problem which has defied the best political minds in government today. One didn't expect a formula from the Royal Shakespeare Company, but a viewpoint. The press, TV and film coverage tends to be objective reportage; it doesn't presume to have a viewpoint. But a theatrical performance dealing with the same material must confer an attitude if it is to avoid being merely a re-hash. What the theatre can (and in my opinion should) do is put the issues in such a way as to make certain solutions visible to an audience. The first job is elucidating those issues, and this is urgently the case with Vietnam where everything is a welter of fact and pseudo-fact, half-truths and outright lies.
In effect, your letter is asking me to supply you with a viewpoint and my innate sense of tact must refuse to do that. If, however, you are asking me my own viewpoint and what line might have been laid down in such a production, I can suggest that. Three legitimate lines could have been these:
(1) Because of a long-standing political alliance strengthened by numerous economic ties, England and America maintain a special relationship. In the case of Vietnam, that relationship is threatened because Ame-

rica's stand is morally and politically insupportable. Line: Britain's underwriting of American Far East policy for political and economic reasons is partially responsible for perpetuating the war in Vietnam. At what point must political allegiance yield to moral persuasion?
(2) Vietnam, like Korea, is a pawn in the hotbed developments of Cold War strategy. People are being killed for the sake of ideologies they do not understand and which, in normal circumstances, would not affect them. Line: Dramatize these conflicting ideologies and show how small countries caught up in spheres-of-influence are victimized by East-West confrontations. Isolate genuine national crises from international manoeuvrings.
(3) Although Vietnam has a highly-tangled political history, there is one clear point of reference: the agreements reached by the Geneva Convention of 1954 in which free elections intended to unify Vietnam were recommended. The Diem government, supported by the United States, refused to honour those agreements and steadfastly resisted elections. From that point on the Vietnam situation deteriorated to its present abominable pass. Line: A graphic demonstration of the issues and undercurrents leading up to the Geneva Convention including the substitution of figureheads for freely-elected national leaders.
My main point is this,

HERE: MORTON FELDMAN

By Alan Beckett

COMPOSER Morton Feldman is in London for the second time this year. Feldman studied under Stepan Wolpe and Wallingford Riegger. He is forty and has spent most of his life in New York. Most of his music is prepared for small groups of instruments and his output includes works for pianos in various aggregations.

Feldman flew into London Monday night to find that his only London solo concert had fallen through. He is prepared to play on November 19th weekend if a suitable venue can be fixed (contact him via International Times).

He has collaborated extensively with John Cage, who will be in Paris next week, and thinks that his and Cage's work represents one direction in the necessary polarisation of contemporary Western music—the other being Stockhausen.

He believes that "ideas are more important than music at the present time", so his presentations will be mainly illustrated discussion. An interview with Mr. Feldman will appear in the next issue.

He will present a series of lecture-concerts as follows:

- Mon. Oct. 31: Royal College of Art (evening).
- Tues. Nov. 1: I.C.A. with Andrew Faye (evening).
- Thur. Nov. 3: Bath School of Art (evening).
- Fri. Nov. 4: Gazeley House, Huntingdon (evening).
- Mon. Nov. 17: Guildhall (5 p.m.).
- Tues. Nov. 8: Chelsea College of Art.
- Tues. Nov. 8: Chelsea College of Art, Science and Technology (5.30).



MILES

A chat column because I have left it too late before the wrath of McGrath. **IN TOWN THIS WEEK** was Kenneth Rexroth, the American poet and author of over 20 books of poetry, essays and translations from the Chinese, Japanese and Greek. He was here to look at the avant-garde theatre for the **San Francisco Examiner** and to record a programme for the BBC on "The Beat Generation."
Rexroth is now in Amsterdam, then to Stockholm, Berlin and maybe back to Britain (where he will need a furnished flat for himself, his daughter, Mary, and his secretary, not too expensive—if anyone has one please write to IT with details). If not Britain, then to India and Japan. His next book, "Collected Shorter Poems," comes from New Directions this autumn. He also shares a Penguin with Denise Levertov and W. C. Williams. This has reached proof-stage, but no date.

★ ★ ★

Jonathan Williams has finished walking over Germany, Wales, Scotland and England and left for the States taking with him the manuscripts for his next two books in the Jargon series. Both are by British poets: One by Pete Brown, "Brown's Black Greenhouse," and one by Spike Hawkins, "Spike Hawkins Vs. The Ba' People." It seems unlikely that Jonathan will be back for about two years.

Eric Mottram has returned from telling the Americans and will presumably be active in "Literary London" in his usual way.

★ ★ ★

Roy Fisher's "Ship's Orchestra" is the next book out from Fulcrum Press and should be ready in 3 weeks' time. Goliard press is running out of Charles Olson's "West" which they only printed 500 copies of about 2 weeks ago. This should encourage Cape to hurry up production of his "Selected Essays" which they are doing. Also from Goliard in the near future is Tom Rayworth's "Relation Ship" (another title taken from Robert Creeley).

★ ★ ★

Our Paris Correspondent, Jean-Jacques Lebel, has a new book on Happening's out called "Lettre Cuverte au Regardeur" at 7/6 from Librairie Anglaise 42 rue de Seine—Paris—6eme or Indica. It has 20 good plates, so the French text need not prevent anyone from having it. His other book "Le Happening" is still available at 2/6. Calder's English edition of it is still not coming out; after 2 years of waiting, there is not even a date set for it.

Fawkes Fireworks

NOVEMBER 5th is Fire Night! The blazing torch procession will start at the Rio Coffee Bar at 127 Westbourne Park Road, W.11, at 7.30 p.m. according to the posters of a committee called **DEFENSE**. Their motto: Guy Fawkes was right! Click! **DEFENSE** asks you to appear with your torch.

Charles Marowitz

sigmavision!

PETER WHITCOMBE and Tom Joseph, two young men who are working hard at setting up an active "sigma London," are at present looking for premises to house a sigma centre. A statement from them says that the centre will be used as an "Experimental Workshop where objects and ideas may be continuously presented on a non-commercial basis. With this structure an index of works will be compiled to provide a direct link between maker and market."

The active sigmatists in London at the moment are Whitcombe and Joseph (although strictly speaking there is no such thing as an inactive sigmatist). Alex Trocchi has made all the present resources of sigma available to them, including the sigma portfolio—a collection of writings to which anyone can subscribe. There is also an inventory of objects, manuscripts, paintings, and so on, donated to sigma by people like Burroughs, Creeley, Laing, Topolski, Trocchi.

It is hoped to find additions to this collection which will be used to raise money to extend the range

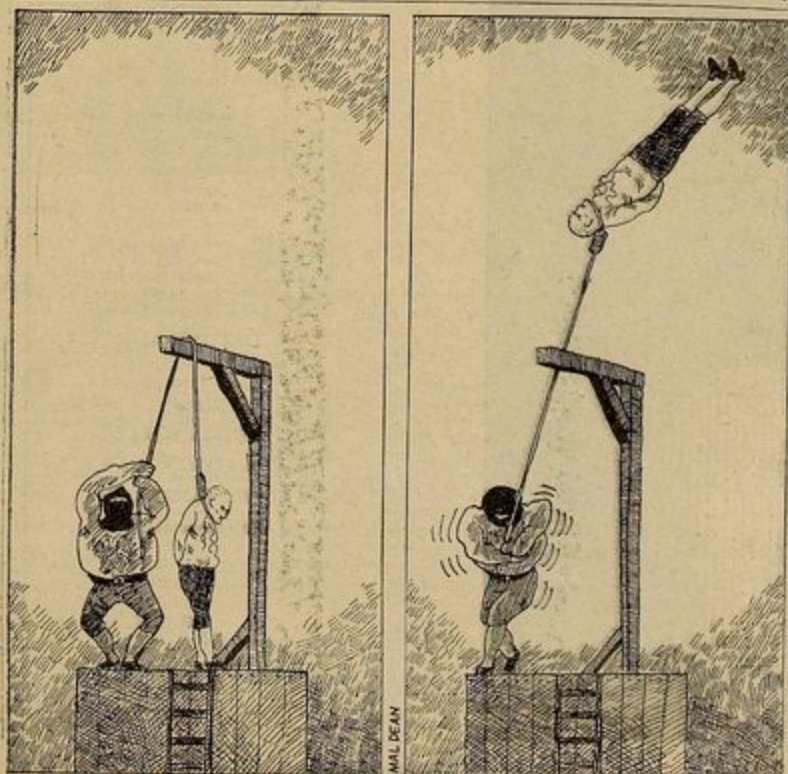
of sigma activities. Incidentally, the word "sigma" is always used adjectivally with a small letter, thus avoiding the organisational quality of the capital letter e.g., Her Majesty's Government.

Adding their resources to the premises project are Indica and International Times. Anyone with constructive suggestions, donations, interest, etc., should contact Project sigma, c/o IT, 102 Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

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**BRADLEY MARTIN
INTERVIEWS**

MAN OF

GEORGE ANDREWS and Bradley Martin sat side by side on the edge of a bed to make this interview for IT. George Andrews is in London for the publication of *The Book of Grass*, an anthology on Indian hemp edited by Andrews and the Dutch writer and sigmatist, Simon Vinkenoog. Andrews describes the book as having been "drawn from different historical periods and cultural traditions, what a lot of writers had to say on the subject, seeing it from many different angles . . . but it's not angled either for or against: it just says how things are." The list of contributors to the book ranges from Alexander Trocchi to Lewis Carroll. Even before publication, it has caused controversy, and, it is rumoured, opposition. At one point it looked as if the book might not appear at all.

Andrews talks with as light speech impediment but confidently. In the course of the interview he smoked two or three joints of marijuana.

Andrews talks with a light speech impediment but my early years in New York City. My father was a doctor and I went through a normal schooling up until first year at university. Then I left during my sophomore year at Cornell. I told the Dean that college interfered with my drinking. Then I was psycho-analysed for about four years and then I started smoking pot. The psycho-analyst was rather intolerant in his attitude towards it. He wouldn't even discuss the idea that there could be a positive side to it. I broke off the analysis. I got married and began traevlling a bit. Hitch-hiked around Mexico and California and so on, and had a baby; then we had another baby. My wife is of Russian

origin, and was born and raised in France. So we went over to France and from there to Morocco. . . .

I've actually spent the last 14 years in Europe and North Africa. I'm now the father of five children. Most of this time my writing wasn't recognised. No-one knew about it. Its only recently that I began to have it published. I was just supporting us on odd jobs and things like that. In the last few years I've been published in small magazines. I met Peter Owen in Tangier and suggested this book to him. And that's what brought me to England.

Martin: What kind of problems have you had in getting this book out? There have been rumours that it was being deliberately held up. Is this so?

Andrews: Well, there have been a series of delays which remain mysterious. Anyway, at least the proofs finally arrived. There was an incredible delay with the proofs. Really, six months were lost waiting for the proofs . . . which were being promised weekly. And until the proofs were made I mean according to my contract Peter Owen could have delayed the book indefinitely. If he'd wished to he could never have published it. And I would never have been able to sell it to anyone else. I didn't know anything about contracts when I signed. I just knew I had to do this book so I just signed without even reading it. Its a reasonably fair contract but all the clauses slide his way. So he can do absolutely anything and my hands are bound.

Martin: Do you think he had any pressure on him from anyone?

Andrews: Well, I'm sure. This is a very explosive issue with a lot of things at stake. For example, there are a lot of people making money off the present situation. If the law changes they lose their source of revenue. This holds true much more in America than in England. In England it isn't really like an official racket, its just small groups. But in America the drug laws are just practically perfect for police corruption. Its just incredible . . . you have corrupt

policemen, gangsters who are also politicians. They are making more money off the present drug laws than they ever did during the prohibition era . . . I had a friend who brought some kief here from Morocco and he was busted because he was selling cheaper than local pushers . . . they didn't dig that so they had him busted. That was here in London.

Martin: What do you think of the pot scene here?

Andrews: I've ben smoking around London for about a year now and I think its a very good town as far as pot is concerned, because you get hash from India, really good quality stuff. I've smoked better stuff here than I did in Tangier. Although in Tangier there's some beautiful stuff. But they never had anything out there like that rangoon red which you have here, and a couple of certain kinds of very good hash which sometimes pass through town. The trouble is its usually quite expensive and in very small packages but still its quite good stuff.

One thing I've noticed here is that the way people smoke it a lot of stuff goes to waste. To have a really good smoke you have to caen it carefully. For example, its important to take out all the seeds. And you have to chop it fine for a smooth smoke. That's really all you have to do. In Paris I know that to turn over a tourist they'll take Nescafe and put some barbiturates in it. Real bad stuff. You have to be very careful what you buy. If you get bad stuff it can really do you serious harm.

Martin: Do you have specific ideas as to how marijuana should be legalised?

Andrews: I think it should be made available to those who want it. Those who want it would register and pick up a card to take to their local chemist. You just flash your card and pick up your ounce. And it would probably be taxed like whisky is. But the government would be buying it direct and you should be able to have a choice of the best qualities. There are different kinds of grass. And all that shit a government should study and decide on the best



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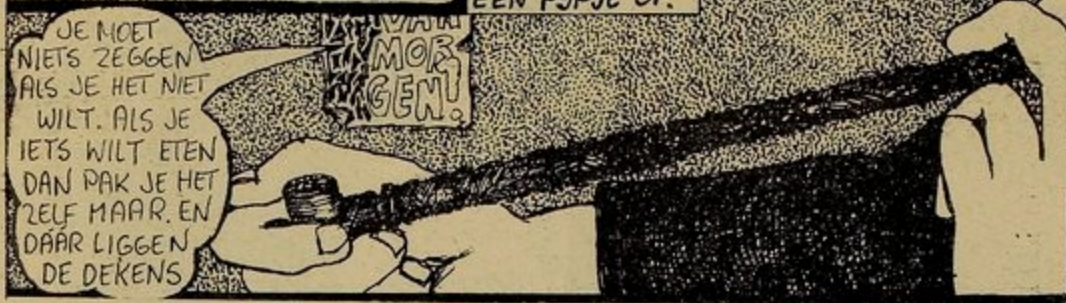
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10 A.M. - 7 P.M.

MON - SAT

HY GAAT RUSTIG ZITTEN EN STEEKT EEN PYPJE OP.



GRASS

Energy Commission looks on.

dissolve that whole bloody mess.

I was a writer before I started smoking. Its interesting to go back and compare what I wrote then with what I write now. My style's really much broader and richer. The first year I started smoking I stopped writing completely. I began to get very worried. Then when I finally came back I came back even stronger. It was a question of somehow entering into a new dimension in which the old laws don't operate any more... I've written a long story which will probably come out in a few months or so. That story takes in my experience from the first time I started smoking grass up until my first experience with real psychedelics like mescaline and LSD. It takes that whole period and compresses it into about 28 pages. That was about a ten year period.

The ideal thing is to be operating on all the levels simultaneously. Keep them all on balance and keep the whole thing going.

Martin: You wouldn't necessarily leave writing behind although you might have gone on to other things.
Andrews: Yeah.

kinds of grass to make available and so on. And you score your ounce in the chemist instead of in back alleys, that's all.

Martin: Of course governments aren't going to just do that. Do you have any methods in mind to convince them?

Andrews: I think the best way is to accumulate all the evidence available until it all becomes so crystal clear that it becomes unavoidable, that logically they have to face it.

Martin: Are there any tactics you would put down? People having "smoke-ins" and things like that?

Andrews: That can be very effective if its co-ordinated into a general pattern so that it takes place just at the right time.

Martin: What are your personal feelings about pot?

Andrews: I regard it as something that has awakened great areas of my being which I don't think would have been awakened otherwise. I feel it has tuned me in to areas of perception... if you use it right its like rocket fuel, you can really go places with it. You've got to treat it right and it treats you right.

Martin: Do you use it every day?

Andrews: I've been smoking night and day since the age of 21. I'm now 40.

Martin: And you still get pretty high?

Andrews: Yeah.

Martin: Have you had any experiences through smoking that were bizarre or profound, or psychologically revealing... You know?

Andrews: Yes but all those things go directly into my poems or the other things I write. That is really what my writing is about.

In the different countries where it grows, depending on the climate, the soil and the seeds, and everything, there are many different kinds of pot which give you different kinds of high. Very little is known about this. For example when I was living in Morocco the best pot seemed to come from one certain moun-

tain called Mount Katama. And the best pot off the mountain grew under cedar trees. And Lebanon is famous for its pot and famous for its cedar trees. So pot seems to grow particularly well on mountain slopes under cedar trees. Also its different colours from different regions of the world. There's Acapulco Gold, Panama and Rangoon Red, Kitama Green, Yucatan Blue, Congo Brown, Angola Black—it goes through the whole spectrum of the colours. And nothing is known medically about this plant. Botanically very little is known. Its incredible how little research has been done on it considering the fact that a large proportion of humanity has been using it daily since prehistoric times.

Martin: In communities where pot smoking is accepted socially and a large number of people have been smoking it for years are there any noticeable long-term effects?

Andrews: One of the main objections to legalising it is that if people get too stoned they won't work. And this is one of the problems societies in which it is completely legal have to deal with. I think that before making it legal a study should be made of the different kinds of marijuana. Because I know from experience in Morocco that there are certain kinds which have a much more paralysing physical effect. And other kinds which are especially esteemed and command a much higher price which give you the psychic lift without the heavy feeling. I think that properly used and dozed it doesn't need to make you heavy and sleepy. You become heavy and sleepy if you take more than you really need. And another thing that's important: if you use marijuana you burn up a lot of energy and its important to eat well and to sleep well. And if you don't eat well, or, for example, you take a lot of amphetamine and don't sleep well, you really get very run down.

Martin: What do you think of LSD?

Andrews: LSD is pot carried to the Nth power. I smoke pot every day. I take LSD about once every ten days. LSD is really what we need for the apocalypse. Its the only answer I can see to the atomic bomb. Its the only thing which can like

WAT MEN OP HET OGENBLIK OVER DE EXTRAS-VERLEKKERS KAN ZEGGEN BUITEN HUN IN-TREKKEDE BELANG. D.W.Z. HET BELANG DAT DE ERVARINGEN ERMEDE OP ETIES SOCIOLOGIES EN SPIRITUEEL TERREIN KIJKEN HEB-1 BEN, IS HET VOLGENDE: WANNEER ZIJ HET GORDEEL DES ONDERSCHETS WORDEN GE-1 BRUUKT, KAN ER EEN DIEPGANDE EN BELANG-1 RYKE VERANDERING VAN ONS BEWUSTZIN UIT RESULTATEN EN EIGENEN VAN DANZE GEDRAGEN EN DIT KAN EEN VERANDERING TEN GOEDE ZIJN. ALDOUS HUXLEY.



ALKOHOL IS EEN SCHADELIJKER VERDOOVEND MIDDEL DAN B.V. MARIJUANA OMDAT HET 2 N DRINKERS IN TEGENSTELLING MET HET MARIJUANA AGRESSIEF MAAKT. HET IS HET MIDDEL WAT DE WESTERSE BESCHAVING ZICHZELF HEEFT TOEGEGAN.

VERKLAARDE WILLIAM BURROUGHS OP 26-2-64 VOOR DE ENGELSE TELEVISIE.

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INTERPOT REPORT NO 3

Book of Grass publication date now February. Originally scheduled for publication in summer 1966 and first advertised as "a collection of essays by cannabis addicts", the book has suffered a series of mysterious delays. Notwithstanding a bitchy reply to last issue's Interpot report No. 2 from book editor Elfreda Powell, the recurrent delays are only making it easier for the three other writers busy on their respective books to make it out first.

However, time and tide — let alone fame and fortune — wait for no man. Not subject to any delays is the Trigram Press edition of Andrews' poems Burning Joy, which should be seen bought and read: costs 15/-. At presstime, Peter Owen is reported to have sold US rights of Book of Grass to October House, a New York publisher. So it finally got back home.

Inner Space new monthly magazine from New York, will be available in London soon, price 4s. Dedicated to the psychedelic time-travellers, it seems to be the natural successor to the now-defunct Psychedelic Review. The manifestos of the revolution are written in cloud chambers and chromosomes and, occasionally, in magazines like this. More later.

Mr. Ashley of Baltimore clipped the following from his local paper:

"Passengers at the Columbia Metropolitan Airport, picking their luggage out of the big pile which had been set down, were bypassing one bag as gingerly as if it were loaded with dynamite. Finally, it stood alone. Levi Samuel Davis walked over to pick up his suitcase — labelled in large letters: L.S.D."

Cancerous note: During last week's Round House IT — launch, John K. was standing watching movies. Two chicks moved in behind him.

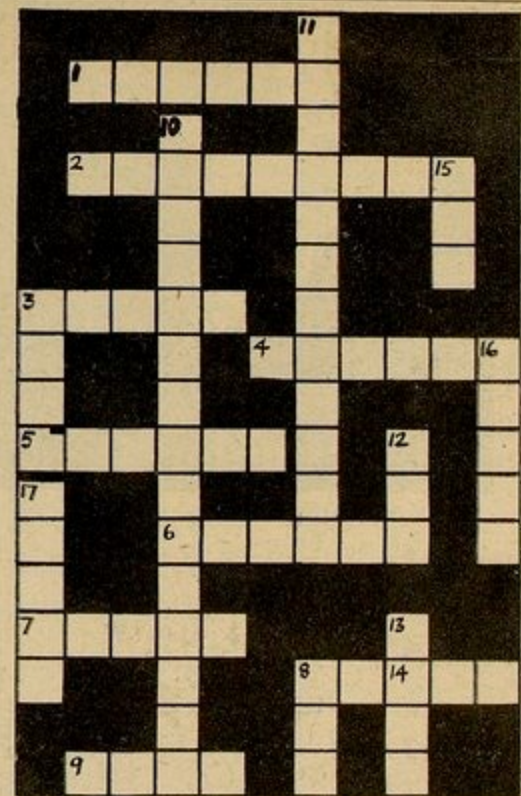
One called "John". He turned, didn't know them.

Again, one called "John". He turned, saw nothing, shrugged. Minutes later, three identically dressed, clean-shaven six-foot "beatniks" brushed past him. One turned and drawled "Man, I'm on some sort of comedown, aren't you, John".

Which only goes to show that five into one went go, Sir Joseph.

You think that's funny? Read on.

The Royal Mint displays the Queen's Award to Industry, 1966 style, in its employment ads in the Evening Standard. More imaginary progress reports in next amazing issue of Inflationary Times.



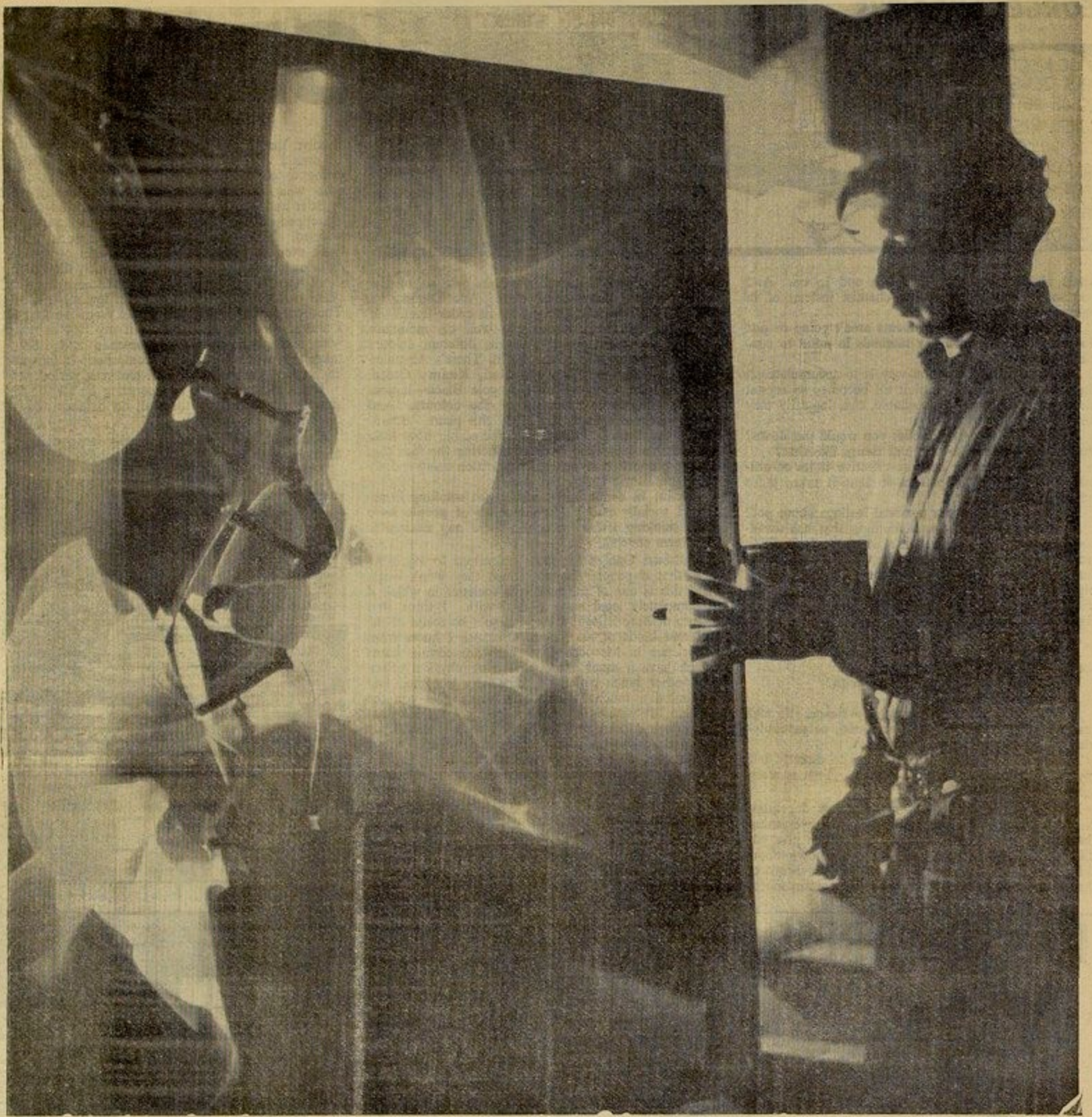
ACROSS

- 1a Helper at a bazaar
- b An angel on the end of a needle
- 2 An easy way over the alps
- 3 One area where poles always meet
- 4 An excited jelly does this
- 5 Infants feeding device
- 6 The worst snag
- 7 123 for 5
- 8 Disturbance caused by pricks
- 9 Head and shoulders above one in a gallery

DOWN

- 3 What is green and has four wheels? I'm not lying!
- 10 Parents-in-law coming for tea
- 11 Climbing trees (?)
- 12 Your bank manager has some
- 13 From heroine (one letter)
- 14 The mess
- 15 Found under beds
- 16 This is forbidden in certain zones
- 17 I am lying

By Roger Choules



Le Parc

Winner of Venice Biennale
November—December

Rive droite Recherches
Rive gauche Multiples

DENISE RENE, PARIS

JULIO LE PARC'S work will be shown

later this year at:

Op-Art Galerie

Esslingen

Bachstrasse 32

Germany

IT: UNDERGROUND FILM FESTIVAL SUPPLEMENT

Notes on the Film of Fact

The theatre of fact began in film. *Point of Order* was the first film or play which took verbal/visual documents and made them into something altogether new. Since 1961 when *Point of Order* was begun, there have been produced: *Hang Down Your Head and Die* by David Wright; *The Investigation* by Peter Weiss; *In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer* by Heinar Kipphardt; and in November two more will open in London: Michael Hasting's *The Silence of Lee Harvey Oswald* and Roger Smith's *Cuba*.

Point of Order has never been seen in this country in its original form. The ATV transmission last year added dogfood and deodorant commercials as well as the commentary of Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times*. The raw material from which I made *Point of Order* was 188 hours of film—every actual minute of the 1954 Army McCarthy Hearings. The film is not an editing or a summary or a reduction but a new event. Political theatre without explanation, to be perceived and felt rather than explained. So, in the original version *Point of Order* begins with a 59 second time/place soundtrack in my voice over an empty, dark screen. The picture itself has not one word of comment or explanation. Since history has no point of view, the original 188 hours had no point of view. *Point of Order*, however, does.

Which leads us to the question of cinema verite and direct cinema. Very serious French critics at the 1964 Cannes Festival presented *Point of Order* as the definitive expression of cinema verite. Cinema verite? Balls. Whose verite? Filming without lights and with small silent cameras doesn't make us objective or possessors of truth.

The term is a question beggar. Only god is objective and he doesn't make films. All a director can hope for is art and honesty. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 10)

EMILE DE ANTONIO

film

books

at

better books

4 New Compton Street

Charing Cross Road

RAY DURGNAT

British Critic: Provo Movies

A batch of offbeat Dutch movies brought over by Michael O'Casey for the London School of Film Technique's Students' Film Society were made by Provo fellow-travellers.

Their clarity of purpose, control of theme and tone, and well-aired, well-launders styles evoke the forcefulness that has made the Provos the shocktroops of the world layaboutsia.

The Scorpio group even conned £12,000 subsidy out of the Dutch government for *The Blue Light*. Technically their movies are the Rolls-Royces of the underground cinema, as well as anarchist, subversive, free.

Yet, taken as a group (in 1000 words they have to be) they left me feeling like the Scissors Man in *Struwwelpeter*. Too often I quickly got the basic mood or point, but the film went on making it, and on, till I longed to snip, snip, and snip.



Above and below: stills from *Prouu* film, Jozsef Katus

The first principle of that little-known science, aesthetic psychodynamics, lays it down that the emotional power of an idea, once grasped, is in inverse ratio to the amount of time that it's been central on the screen multiplied by the number of times it's been said in other terms already.

In other words, hit it and beat it, bat it and run, always leave 'em gasping, and skip the corollaries too, but get onto some unexploded consequence or development instead. The brusquer you are with each brilliant idea you've had, the more ideas you force yourself to have. The Scissors Man's rule of thumb is, cut, cut and cut again.

In each fat Scorpio movie there's a thin one struggling to get out. The fat one interests, the thin one is a punch in the spirited gut. Thus the first 120 seconds or so of Erik Terpstra's *Island* sensationally catch the epileptic aridity of bourgeois routine by rapidly intercutting quiet, quick, static shots of pillbox-faced people with massive zoomings piledriving back and forth. Alas, it then afflicts us with another 17 minutes' "quality" photography on the anarchists' partyline contrast between stuffed bourgeoisie and living lovers

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10



LONDON film makers CO-OP

A meeting at Better Books on Thursday October 13th finally set up the London Film-Makers Co-Operative. Similar groups of young film-makers are active in the United States and in countries throughout Europe. The London Co-op will collaborate with these and facilitate exchange of films and ideas.

Avant-garde low budget non-commercial films are today being made in London in greater numbers than most people realise. The Co-op will aid these film-makers by making available equipment and technical advice and by encouraging co-operation generally between members. The films will find audiences through shows put on by the Co-op and through a distribution scheme now being worked out.

Film-makers will be invited to loan copies of their films to the Co-op and these will be hired out to those wishing to show them. Fifty per cent of the hire fee will go to the film-maker and the other fifty per cent will be used to run and expand the facilities of the Co-op. Besides films from this country, the Co-op's film library will include films from America and the Continent.

A new film magazine will be published in connection with the Co-op. It is entitled CINIM, and the first number should be out in early November. Edited by Philip Crick, it will be a forum for new ideas and creative criticism. The first issue contains an open letter to film-makers of the world from Jonas Mekas, the founder of the New York Film-Makers Co-Operative. Jonas will be visiting the London Co-op in November and bringing programmes of films from the States.

The days after its inaugural meeting, the London Co-op put on an all-night show of experimental films at the Round House Party to celebrate the first issue of the *International Times*. Three further shows have already been sold. The Co-op's eventual aim is programmes seven nights a week in its own cinema.

The Chairman of the London Film-makers Co-Operative is Harvey Matusow, whose film "The Enchanted Pot" has been well received by several audiences recently.

Joint Secretaries are Paul Francis and Bob Cobbing. Paul will also look after the Distribution Library and Bob will be mainly concerned with membership and Viewing Sessions. John Collins is Treasurer. Better Books has made space available for a temporary headquarters.

An important feature of the Co-op's programme will be Open Screenings, when anything from rubbish to a masterpiece may turn up in the same evenings programme. Several of these Open Screenings have already been held at Better Books under the auspices of Cinema 65 which will be merging with the Co-op. The London Free School also sponsored a week of Open Screenings at the recent Notting Hill Festival.

Enough has been seen already to indicate not only the vast number of films likely to crop up but also the quality and range. The London Film-Makers Co-Operative will be of value if it brings these film-makers together and enables their films to be seen by audiences in this country and by like-minded audiences abroad.

International Times
London Traverse Society
London Film Makers Co-op



FESTIVAL

At the Jeanetta Cochrane Theatre, Southampton Row, W.C.1 Holborn Tube

MON 31 October

7.45 p.m. Set Programme
FIVE SHILLINGS Open Viewing

Willard Maas and Marie Menken:
GEOGRAPHY OF THE BODY
1942. The commentary, added later, is by George Barker. When George was in America a few years ago, he and Maas were talking about the making of GEOGRAPHY and in an inspired moment he cried, "Bloody Jesus, you know what? You are unique in the history of man, the first man whose balls have been seen by a million people!"

Antony Balch: TOWERS OPEN FIRE!
The following commentary is by William Burroughs for the film, "Towers Open Fire", in which he appears.

Kid—what are you doing over there with the niggers and the apes? Why don't you straighten out and act like a white man? After all, they're only human cattle, you know that yourself. I hate to see a bright young man fuck up and get off on the wrong track—sure it happens to all of us one time or another. Why the man who went on to invent shitola was sitting right where you're sitting now twenty-five years ago when I was saying the same thing to him—well, he straightened out same as you're going to straighten out. You can't deny your blood kid—you're white, white, white, and you can't walk out on life times change there's just no place to go.

Gentlemen—this was to be expected after all he'd been a medium all his life.

Lock them out and bar the door
Nook and cranny window door
Seal them out for ever more
Curse go back
Curse go back
Back with double pain and lack
Curse go back
Curse go back
Back with double fear and flak

Silver arrow through the night
Silver arrow take thy flight
Silver arrow seeks and finds
Cursing heart and cursing mind

Shift—cut—tangle—word lines

Sell at ten-minute intervals—track, tel and con—Burroughs B & M—Transvestite Airlines—Molex Capes—United Narcotics—Uranium Limited—Allied Drug—Lazarus Pharmaceuticals—sell 50,000 units at arbitrary intervals.

Dramatic relief from anxiety
Dimethyltriptyamine alarming and disagreeable symptoms
Anything that can be done chemically can be done in other ways

The use of opium and/or derivatives

Breaking bounds by flicker-flicker administered under large dosage and repeated later could well lead to overflow of the brain area seeing sounds and even odours that is a categorical characteristic of the consciousness expanding Grey Walter produced many of the phenomenon—

I wrote your fading movie—feed in all the words you think developed, pouring in the resistance message, hand-cutting dirty films here, hand takes—from vulnerable honesty to org in a leaky lifeboat takes action against time—This is the Mayan caper—Hand takes inexorably feeding board books ripping film flakes—shatter the theatre—the ovens—your two-bit narrative line to Wallgreens—the theme explodes strictly from moochville—poisoned techniques drop you can take that to the sky, that reboughbranch of Italian air—This is your last 'are you serious?' loud and clear—You Mr. D—you can't smudge two speeds—moving out cutting layout flying flags coloured with control thoughts, feelings, coolaco, junk, and cancer control shit—and you Mr. D. who under the name of Hassan i Sabbah feed into the machine on subliminal level unimaginable disaster of Nova, we feed in dismantle your miserable shit bodies—TOWERS OPEN FIRE!

TUES 1 November

7.45 p.m. Set Programme

Marie Menken: THREE FILMS
In VISUAL VARIATIONS ON NOGUCHI, Noguchi's sculptures spin and float as the camera swoops and plunges. It hurtles in and out and even through Noguchi's work at breakneck speed accompanied by Lucille Dlugoszewski's score which uses percussions, matches being lit, books dropped, paper torn, and techniques in the piano strings. HURRY! HURRY! is concerned with microscopic investigation of sperm cells looking for an egg to fertilize when there is none. The sound track is of aerial bombardment. DWIGHTIANA is the animation of beads, stones, pencils and brushes against Dwight Ripley's paintings. The utterly delightful sound track is by Teiji Ito.

Stan Brakhage: FILMS

THE WAY TO SHADOW GARDEN and REFLECTIONS ON BLACK. In the latter, a blind man walks along a street. The camera explores the region behind the man's eyes and shows what he would like to see, could he regain his sight. Visions of love, tenderness, promiscuity pervade the screen in ordered profusion.

THE WAY TO SHADOW GARDEN: A room suddenly comes to life in the movement of inanimate objects, and a young man caught in the prison of his fantasies abandons himself to violence, which is the beginning of the way to shadow garden.

WED 2 November

7.45 p.m. Set Programme

We hope to screen a feature-length film adapted by two leading American underground film-makers from an outstanding provocative stage play. A number of shorts will complete the programme, including MATCH GIRL by Andrew Meyer, a young American now living in London.

MATCH GIRL: "I started out knowing I was going to do a film based on Hans Christian Andersen's tale of the poor little match girl, which had been filmed by Renoir in 1927. However, this got mixed up in my mind with a poor little rich girl story about a successful but lonely fashion model... so I sort of wove the two stories together into that of a girl of the streets who imagines herself as a fabulous fashion model... which I, in turn, inverted into the story of a fashion model who idealizes herself as a storybook character."



Hilary Harris: FILMS

Thursday will see three films by Hilary Harris, LONGHORNS, GENERATION and HIGHWAY. HIGHWAY uses a swift jazz score, a mobile camera and incredible stretches of 'fly-over' highways to create a miniature symphony in sight and sound.

Kenneth Anger: INAUGURATION OF THE PLEASURE DOME — FINAL VERSION

Sacred Mushroom Edition
Spring Equinox 1966
otherwise known as
"Lord Shiva's Dream".

the virtue is that vast gain represented by the abyss between Man and God.

"A Eucharist of some sort should most assuredly be consumed daily by every magician, and he should regard it as the main sustenance of his magical life. It is of more importance than any other magical ceremony, because it is a complete circle. The whole of the force expended is completely re-absorbed; yet

"The magician becomes filled with God, fed upon God, intoxicated with God. Little by little his body will become purified by the internal illustration of God; day by day his mortal frame, shedding its earthly elements, will become in very truth the Temple of the Holy Ghost. Day by day matter is replaced by Spirit, the human by the

divine; ultimately the change will be complete; God manifest in flesh will be his name."—The Master Therion (Aleister Crowley), Magick in Theory and Practice.

Lord Shiva, The Magician, wakes. A convocation of Theurgists in the guise of figures from mythology bearing gifts: The Scarlet Woman, Whore of Heaven, smokes a big fat joint; Astarte of the Moon brings the wings of snow; Pan bestows the bunch of Baccus; Hecate offers the Sacred Mushroom, Yage, Wormwood Brew. The vintage of Hecate is poured; Pan's cup is poisoned by Lord Shiva. The Oregon enosis; a Magick masquerade party at which Pan is the prize. Lady Kali blesses the rites of the Children of the Light as Lord Shiva invokes the Godhead with the formula,

"Force and Fire." Dedicated to the Few; and to Aleister Crowley; and to The Crowned and Conquering Child. Credits: Conceived, Directed, Photographed, and Edited by Kenneth Anger, Costumes, Lighting and Make-up by Kenneth Anger. Properties and Setting courtesy Samson De Brier. Cast: Samson De Brier/Lord Shiva, Osiris, Cagliostro, Nero, The Great Beast 666; Cameron (The Scarlet Woman, Lady Kali); Kathryn Kadell (Is); Renata Loomie (Lilith); Anais Nin (Astarte); Kenneth Anger (Hecate); the late Peter Loomie (Ganymede). Music: Janacek. Filmed at Shiva's House, Hollywood, California; and another place. Printed by Kenneth Anger in Hand Lithography System on A, B, C, D, and E Rolls, on Ektachrome 7387.

OF UNDERGROUND MOVIES

You must be a member COMPLETE MEMBERSHIP FORM in dotted box below

FRI 4 November

7.45 p.m. Set Programme

Friday will see two more films by Kenneth Anger, FIREWORKS and SCORPIO RISING. SCORPIO RISING is one of the most powerful films ever made and in extremely beautiful colour. Elliot Stein of the Financial Times described it as "a throbbing work of vigorous and original genius."

FIREWORKS
Spring Equinox 1947
"This flick is all I have to say about being seventeen, The United States' Navy, American Christmas and The Fourth of July."—Kenneth Anger's Notebook. Credits: Conceived, Directed, Photographed, and Edited by Kenneth Anger. Camera Assistant: Chester Kessler. Cast: Kenneth

Anger (The Dreamer); Bill Seltzer (Show-Off); Gordon Gray (Body-Bearing Sailor); Members of The United States' Navy. Musie: Respighi. Filmed in Hollywood, California, on Black and White. Hand-tinting by Kenneth Anger with Spezzera Color.

SCORPIO RISING
Autumn Equinox 1964
"It may be conceded in any case that the long strings of formidable words which roar and moan through so many conjurations have a real effect in exalting the consciousness of the magician to the proper pitch—that they should do so is no more extraordinary than music of any kind should do so."—Magicians have not confined

themselves to the use of the human voice. The Pan-pipe with its seven stops, corresponding to the seven planets, the bull-roarer, the tom-tom, and even the violin, have all been used, as well as many others, of which the most important is the bell, though this is used not so much for actual conjuration as to mark stages in the ceremony. Of all these the tom-tom will be found to be the most generally useful."—The Master Therion, Magick in Theory and Practice.

A conjuration of the Presiding Princes, Angels and Spirits of the Sphere of MARS, formed as a "high" view of the Myth of the American Motorcyclist. The Power Machine seen as

tribal totem, from toy to terror. Thanatos in chrome and black leather and bursting jeans. Part I: Boys and Bots; (massive fascination with The Thing that Goes). Part II: Image Maker (getting high on heroes: Dean's Rebel and Brando's Johnny; the True View of J.C.). Part III: Walpurgis Party (J.C. wallflower at the cyclist's Sabbath). Part IV: Rebel Rouser (the Gathering of the Dark Legions, with a message from Our Sponsor).

Dedicated to Jack Parsons, Victor Childe, Jim Powers, James Dean, T. E. Lawrence, Hart Crane, Kurt Mann, the Society of Spartans, the Hell's Angels, and all overgrown boys who will ever follow the whistle of Love's Brother.

SAT 5 November

7.45 p.m. Stan Brakhage
movies plus a selection of the week's best. All programmes subject to alteration.

THE set programme above is only part of the story. Each programme will be filled out with a number of shorts, notes for which are presented below.

RECOMMENDED BY DUNCAN HINES:
A fresh, perceptive and amusing film by Peter Goldman whose ECHOES OF SILENCE (soon to arrive in this country) signalled a new and significant talent in American cinema.

WHOLLY COMMUNION:
The greatest show on earth. Under the big top of London's famed Albert Hall a menagerie of LSD-maddened poets strike fire from iron curtains and stiff upper lips. Ferlinghetti, Fairlight, Horowitz, Adrian Mitchell, Allen Ginsberg, Yevushenko and all. Filmed and edited by Peter Whitehead, the I-man crew, movie-straight back from his Irish safari with the Rolling Stones (Charley Is My Darling) on their concert tour. Peter Whitehead's Lorrimer Films also published the book of the film, and the translated script of Alpailla.—R.E.D.

ing, collaging, painting, etching and editing. A small colour section is out-take material supplied by Jack (Flaming Creatures) Smith from his movie The White Vampires. A goading, infuriating collage of out-takes, and cutups, a cocked snoot at the consensus.—R.E.D.

WAIL AND LIKE THE TIME IS NOW:
Jeff Keen makes films on shoestrings and then blows them up to 8mm. They race through the projector at 24 f.p.s. and it feels like 240 f.p.s. His middle name is Speedy-Gonzalez. His midge movies are the Mighty Mouse of the film world. His speed of light technique whips comicstrips, news images, doldrums and exhaust pipes into a St. Vitus' dance of death and life in death. But don't turn to your neighbour as the credits come up or you'll miss the whole movie. Jeff Keen also paints (joint exhibition with Jeff Nuttall) and edits The Amazing Ray-Day and Zipp-Zapp

from Future City Press, 14 St. Michaels Place, Brighton.—R.E.D.

TIME IS:
Not just an underground movie, but a clandestine one. Made for an educational film unit to explain the theory of relativity to college students and school-kids, the racing style makes time turn turtle and come up draped in the seaweed of Surrealism. Full fathom have the theories lie, and have suffered a seachange, into something rich and strange... Levy didn't let his producers see the movie until it was too late, and they couldn't do much about it. All they could do was cut out some of the "violence", and distribute a bowdlerised version under some such title as A Question of Time.

Don Levy, directed Ten Thousand Talents, a vicious expose of Oxbridge pretension (and masturbation), awarded at Knokke-le-Zoute and widely shown round Bleeker St. Putting the last snips to Herostatus,

two and a half spectrum colored hours on the admission London now.

THE MECHANICS OF LOVE:
An interpretation of the sexual act through symbols. Lewis Jacobs has described it as 'a daring and ingenious film; daring because of its 'forbidden' subject matter; ingenious because commonplace objects are uncommonly related to build an action without actors, yet the effect of which is vivid, witty and downright bold.' Produced by Willard Maas and Ben Moore in 1953 as a sequel to GEOGRAPHY OF THE BODY.

ALONE:
This film is just a concentrated look at a person alone, an example of what the camera can do. This intense looking at brings out the emotional and temporal qualities of aloneness and results in a probing and sensitive film. Steve Dwoskin is an American filmmaker now resident in London.

NOV 7-12

OPEN Screenings
8.30 p.m. AT BETTER BOOKS CHARING CROSS RD.

STATEMENT: MEKAS

FIVE years ago, the young American Film-Makers got fed up with what we saw around. We started by abandoning all commercial illusions. We started from scratch. We did our work, no matter what distributors or film critics said. The new American cinema grew up like a child, from nothing, not even wanted. Our critics even say that, like children, we don't listen to our parents; we are irresponsible; we use dirty language; we masturbate; we are over-sensitive; and other such things of young natural growth. There is much that they don't like about us, there is much that isn't mature or 'perfect'. We aren't even 'beautiful' sometimes. Some of us have pimples on our faces, BUT

WE REFUSE TO USE PLASTIC SURGERY TO CHANGE OUR FACES AND OUR SOULS INTO THE FACES AND SOULS YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE. Take us as we are, or go your own way, we say. We keep seeing attacks and distortions of our work in French, German, Russian film periodicals — articles usually written by people who have seen only one or two of our films. We stopped bothering about them; we couldn't care less what they say, because we know that what we are doing is beautiful, is important, is changing the face of cinema around the world, is an expression of the changing times, is coming out of our hearts and out of the needs of our souls.



Barbara Rubin films Jonas Mekas in a New York Street. Photo: Adam Ritchie

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THUR 3 November

7.45 p.m. Set Programme

IT: UNDERGROUND FILM FESTIVAL SUPPLEMENT

ANDREW MEYER

American Director in London

HE moulds his film with the hands of a master: a young master, but one who already combines a keen, nervous irony with a warm and measured respect for the forms of human life. I would also, heretically, suggest that his use of literary and cinematic quotations, though equally outrageous, is better integrated and more rewarding, often, than Godard's," wrote James Stoller, a film critic for the *Village Voice*, earlier this year.

Now, this young American film-maker is living in London and hopes to make a film here. Two club showings of his films last month gave some of the London film audience a chance to measure Meyer's work against Stoller's claims for it. His films are being shown during this week's festival.

"I first started making films about two and a half years ago. I got an eight millimetre camera and started... Almost every film I've made, and that includes the first one, has been done with actors. In other words I don't go out and just shoot. First I had a story and the first thing I shot was a love scene. The labs didn't want to give this back to me at first because there was some nude footage. But then they decided that it was done for artistic whateveritis and wasn't pornographic, therefore they should return it to me. This was very encouraging because these lab people are generally known for their insensitivity to what they see on the screen aside from its technical qualities. I never thought the film was much. But in a way my whole film making career started out with a bang... I just wanted to make a film."

"After I had made several eight millimetre films I went to the film school at Boston University. Then I started using less of an 'underground' approach. I began to do what I felt and had



more feeling for the craft and technical side of film-making. It was there I made my first 16 millimetre film, 1 x 1. When the film was finished I felt there were a lot of dead spots in it. It was also my first sound film. I guess it was moving from the more poetic, silent form, where it just had to be visually beautiful, to trying to do a film that had... well I won't say a meaning... some kind of impact beyond sensual feeling to it.

Three months after that I started making *Match Girl* which I consider my first real film. It took about four months to make and I won three prizes for it. I was much more pleased with it mainly because it went much more inside the main character and I felt it said something about a general situation. I thought a lot more people could relate to it...

"In the original Hans Christian Andersen story of *Match Girl*, the girl freezes to death in the cold. In the film she doesn't freeze to

death—but she still feels the coolness and her only means of reacting to it is to retreat more and more into her Hollywood fantasies via television.

In the original story she lights matches. I have an alter-ego for her, the actor, Gerald Malanga. Even though he's absorbed into the New York scene, in a way he's gone through the same thing as she is. He has interior monologues in which he wonders what she thinks about him and so on. And he spends a lot of time watching television.

The main effect that I can talk of is made with the colour red.

"This has to do with the flashy entertainment world that she isn't really a part of. That's why I have her wearing blue, a kind of dreamy colour. At the end, when she's on a bed unconscious, the film goes red and that becomes the red of a discotheque. The same effect is in the dream sequence where she is wandering the streets wearing blue and violet and there are neon lights flashing red.

In *Match Girl* I had fictitious material which I wanted to make as real as possible—documentary material. In my next film *Early Clue to the New Direction* I had documentary material that I wanted to make as much of a fairy tale as possible. So I gave a portrait of the old man by putting him in relation to the young girl, the dancer, who captivates him and in the end seems to be able to carry him off.

"I would like the film I do here in London to be more polished than the previous two. I would like the story of it to be more real but the images to be more fantastic.

"A great deal of important ideas in film-making are cropping up in N.Y. and some beautiful films are being made, but on a world scale most of the important film-making activity seems to be going on over here, in London. I'm not sure why. Maybe the thing about London is that its such an open place you don't have to be a Londoner to feel what's going on. I don't know, I just feel there's some kind of transformation taking place here. It may take years but maybe that's why London feels so open.

"In a sense that's what the film I want to make is about."

EMILE DE ANTONIO CONT.

Which leads us to *Rush to Judgement*, the film made by Mark Lane and me. When I first proposed to Lane that we make the film, we already had a point of view. *Rush to Judgement* is totally non-objective and totally committed. It is, I

believe, the first time a film is an actual brief for the defense—presenting evidence, examining and cross-examining witnesses. *Rush To Judgement* is also the first film which has precise activist goals: discrediting the Warren Commission and those behind it with the

facts; reopening the investigation; and opening the Archives of the United States so that all the facts can be known. It is also, I believe, the first time that an actor in history, Mark Lane, is an actor in film playing the role he played in fact.

RAY DURGNAT CONTINUED

ecstatically giggling in the sensuous woods.

Similarly Jef van der Hyde's *The Blue Light* has a dreamlike police state as a not unobscure allegory for bourgeois conventions, but its last delicious, incestuous kiss should have come after 8 minutes, not 38.

One of the several unanswered objections to the first principle enunciated above is that many movies now are deliberately long, boring and meaningless, whether to reflect reality, or tease the squares, or any other reason. But there's still a distinction between plain tedium and creative boredom. The latter, by texture, context or magic, infuriates, obscures, or hypersensitizes you, or makes you quietly flip or crash psychic gears. If this inspiration isn't oozing out of it, boredom is just pretention.

Pim de la Parra's *Aah Tamara* is happy-go-lucky meta-Lola, with fizzing colour, a racing camera-eye and a tantalising Tamara. It makes up the quartet of Scorpio's snappier fun films, with *Ijdijk* and two nice

epidermal movies. Para's *Heart Beat Fresco*, concerns a guy who's paralytically accident-prone unless he's actually touching female flesh, and Renee Daalder's *Body and Soul*, recounts a body-builder's disenchantments mainly through the commentary's brilliantly gawky phrases, e.g., "He felt as if his clothes had conspired to make him conscious that he had outgrown everything. If he buttoned his top button he would be choked, that was clear."

Stylistically Scorpio is following New Wave footsteps (*Tamara* for Lolo, *Katus* for *Breathless*, *Schermerhoorn* for a Cocteauified *Les Mists*). A substantial originality is attained by Frans van de Staak and Karel G. Schmeink's *Freem*, (*The Painting*), not so much for the echoes and counterpoints between (on our left) characteristic modern visual experiences and (on our right) Evenbeem's "abstract" interpretations, "pixelated" into assembling and disintegrating themselves.

But my heart really went out to the three Sad Movies

by Wim Vanderlinden, each a sour gag pared to optimal length. *I Love You Because* gums together all the most twee self-conscious moments from post-war documentary styles, from House on 92nd St. through *Rouch* to the New York underground. In *Rape a nun out* communing with nature (especially the mushroom called *phallus impudicus*) gets it, and so does one I. Bergman, though its specialised film buffs who will best relish the lacerating parody of *The Virgin Spring*.

My own tin bouquet award goes to *Tulips*, one 2-minute take of tulips on a TV cabinet which has glasses where the image should be, while the soundtrack treats us to bursts of *Sayonara*, *King Kong*, and *Big Country*-type music.

Rush from your homes to see this kit on Dutch culture (tulips, glass, telly) for it stacks up alongside Jim Dine's targets and Jasper John's flags in riveting attention on formal next-to-nothings (a petal falls) and metaphysical jokes (is that a fly in the frame, or the grain of the print, or fluff in the projector?)

Ipsa Gaberbocchus dumeta per horrida siffans lbat, et horrendum burbuliabat iens!



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THIS is more a book for lovers of biographies than lovers of music. There was little enough direct connection between Webern's life and his music, and the prime virtue of this intense and excellent book is that it neither pretends any such connections exist and are important, nor attempts to structure any. As a straightforward portrait of a man who somehow created an amazing, if not enormous body of music, it is a 100% success.

The supplemental body of translated articles and the critical catalogue of his works reinforce this value. I am a great lover of Webern's music and I found the material in this book revealing, but in a purely supplemental way. I wonder, though, whether this biography, which costs as much as a gramophone record, will enhance anyone's appreciation of Webern as much as would a disc. For anyone who already owns a body of Webern's music in recordings (such as the now fast-disappearing Robert Craft almost complete edition) the book is certainly revealing and probably worth the unforgivable price.

(From the middle of page 114 to the end of page 117 is the most chilling and believable version of Webern's unusual death for the bookshop browser without thirty shillings.)

KIM FOWLEY is a hustler. He telephoned International Times and bombarded me with ideas. His main idea was that I should interview him and give his big personality a suitable space in the paper. To encourage me to do this, he helped arrange for EMI to put an advert in.

I decided to be tough about it: if I thought Fowley was a big lie, neither he nor his advert would get any space in the paper. Fowley arrived, height approaching seven feet, handsome face, and showered me with more ideas and more information about himself. We made a long tape in a cold basement room. By the end of it I had come to this conclusion about Kim Fowley: he is pretending to be a psychedelic freak who is pretending to be a pop singer. He is on everybody's scene and nobody's. If he cares about anything, it is himself. Yet with all that, I liked him and decided that whatever the hell it is he is doing, I go along with it. The safest description I can think for him is "a 1960's phenomenon; the description I think most fits his aura—unidentified flying object."

Below are some extracts from the tape I made with him.

"I've been in London for five months off and on. Off and on means I went over to Paris to do some television. I did some television in Holland, Germany, Sweden, and I did a song called 'Underground Lady' which is only available on a French EP called 'The Trip'... plug, plug. 'The Trip', of course, is a song that I recorded a year and a half ago in a happening in someone's kitchen in California. It sold 16,000 copies in California and approximately nine to ten throughout Western Europe. It is an improvisational happening describing what my friends and their friends were doing at the time...

It got on the radio by mistake and it sold very well. Then it got taken off deliberately. Eventually it was issued here on the Island label. It got banned by the pirate stations. One pirate station said that The Trip was the most evil record ever recorded.

Because of its connections with LSD?

I don't know. As far as I'm concerned, I always tell the people who ask me if I've ever taken LSD. I always tell them that LSD is three initials that not only

say this in rock and roll as such, but you can use it as a vehicle for any ideas people want to hear. There are people who want to hear things that I might be able to put into some form. It's easier to go dancing with your friends than it is to sit down and read it. I think we might use rock and roll... drumbeats to accentuate what's happening. The attention span of the average person who buys records... its not limited but its short: there are so many distractions in the mechanical age. Maybe 40 years ago you could have had your book. You had your F. Scott Fitzgerald, now you have Bob Dylan...

Don't you think that what you're trying is al-

actual happening... they all were kind of trembling pleasurable and saying 'Hey, man, we're really all together here'. They were looking for things to unite this feeling and I think they looked to the music... I think you'll find that the happenings in England here are going to get more... happening. And I hope that the people who play the music can get into the fact that there is violence afoot in the world... and I don't mean negative violence... a positive violence which has to get together. When it happens its very groovy. In America we're getting to 'freak outs' with between seven and twelve thousand people in Southern California with the Mothers of Invention. You take them

The very things that society said was wrong, they turned around and made right. Frank and the group saw the need to express this feeling musically.

They invited me to join their group which I did for approximately six weeks. The highlight of our association was when I guested with them at the Vietnam Artists Peace Tower project on Sunset Strip.

This was a tower five storeys high, all paintings. The artists rented the land themselves and erected this. Sunset Strip is very similar to Soho. All the right-wing bulldozers came beating along and there were several pretty bad scenes there. At one point in this project the money was getting low. So we decided to have a dance. While we were on stage a brick was thrown at us the size of a football. It was during the guitar solo and it was caught. While the tower was up all the people from national television came out and asked why the paintings which had taken months to prepare were rotting away in the elements. And the artists said it was because there were people rotting away in Vietnam.

How about your latest record?

My latest record starts out: See the sun shining in the midnight sky, high up in the clouds where the pretty airplanes fly... whatever that means. I don't know. I found a melody about 300 years old and I found another melody that was from equatorial Africa and I put it together with the instrumentation of a German marching band and a negro baroque band and I imagined I was ten years old, eating chocolate candy and looking awestruck into the air. And that's what the records about... And the other side is poetry recitation.

PORTRAIT OF A FREAK

stand for your money system but also stand for Lingering Sex Drive. Have I taken LSD or has LSD taken me... anywhere?

"I came over here because... when you make records that aren't played on the radio. Tom, you're in trouble because you have to get it exposed. You have to sell it yourself. Then you are competing with the rock and roll teenage idols at the same time. And that's hard. It got to a point five months ago where the record companies refused to take me seriously, or the music seriously, and I came in exile to Europe."

You don't consider yourself a rock and roll singer?

"No, I would say that I'm concerned with awareness expansion. You can't

readily happening anyway? The Beatles on a recent LP had one track with words taken from the Tibetan Book of the Dead. There's 'Say that you'll be with me every day' which is a song about a trip of one kind or another.

"Yes, I think these things are breaking through the barriers of conventionality—especially musically. And they're stimulating a lot of people to ask what's next, what's good and bad, what's happening... they are more or less conscience probers. Take your Chalk Farm happening last weekend. I think a lot of the people there were grooving on the anticipation... that it would continue to get better. I don't think people were concerned with the

around from happening to happening.

Can you tell me more about the Mothers of Invention?

"The Mothers of Invention are headed by Frank Zappa who is the Orson Welles of psychedelic freak music. Their musical roots are pre-Elvis. They were playing Spanish-American-Negro-Summertime-Cheek-to-Cheek music for a while and evolved to Louis-Louis, Wooley - Bully, Midnight Hour, and so on, then came out to Los Angeles from the hinterlands, at the tail-end of the folk-rock protest movement. In their negativity of protesting against conventionality they stumbled on a form of positive expression — freaking out.



45,000

READERS



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CONTROLLED FREAK-OUT?



KIM FOWLEY "LIGHTS"

Parlophone R5521



art

fun—and

a closing

by Paul Overy

Partly due to mismanaged publicity, or just plain lack of it, few people made the trip to Battersea Park last month to see the 'air-house,' designed and inflated by Graham Stevens and team from Sheffield University Architectural School. This came under DIAS although it seemed more constructive than destructive—an enormous patched sheet of thin red and black PVC held down round the edges by sandbags, under which air was blown by means of a compressor until, slowly bucking and bulging, this plastic monster came alive. When fully, or even partially inflated you could go in by a zip-down door in the side.

Inside you had that strange disembodied feeling of space you get in a large marquee, of being out in the open and yet also inside, enclosed. But the sensation inside the airhouse is even more ambiguous because of the translucence of the red and black PVC which, when inflated, becomes pink and green, and because the walls, puffed out continually by the air-compressor and buffeted by the wind outside are constantly alive like a skin. Because the walls, or skin, limit your vision yet let in quantities of translucent light. The space inside becomes very personal and comforting—like sleeping in a tent is. You are placed within a complete environment, divorced from what you are accustomed to. Relationships become completely changed; you talk to people you've never seen before without apprehension, like going on holiday abroad. The inhibitions of city life are temporarily gone.

Although not many people went specifically to see the airhouse it attracted much attention from people visiting the fun fair outside which it was inflated, and seems to have given particular pleasure to a number of small boys from the Battersea area who played truant

from school during the week when it was up. 'What's it for?', bystanders asked at first, but once they realised it wasn't for anything, except fun, their participation was complete. Here was a prefabricated fun palace that created no inhibitions amongst the public of being patronised or pandered to.

The studio show is a welcome return to an old practice. It helps to scotch the idea that art is something you only see in the carpet-hushed salons of the dealer's shop and the dead stone vaults of the public museums. Justin Knowles, some of whose work was seen at the 'New Generation 1966,' at the White-chapel back in the summer, and more recently at Hampstead Arts Centre, is having a show in his studio at 227a Maida Vale, London, W.9, until November 6th. Knowles is self-taught and worked until last year for Stuyvesant's who sponsor the 'New Generation' shows.

In his earlier works Knowles used shaped canvases, but not at all in the manner of Richard Smith who's supposed to be referring to packaging, cinema-scope etc. etc. Knowles uses the three-dimensional canvas shape to create an environment, to push the painting away from the wall into the space we move about in; yet it remains painting and not sculpture.

The liveliest gallery in London, Signals in Wigmore Street, has now closed down. Although it had barely been open two years, under its director Paul Keeler and artistic adviser David Medalla, Signals changed the London art scene. It was the first gallery to show kinetic art and reveal that the most important developments in abstract art were happening now not in the U.S.A. but in South America, holding one-man shows of major artists like Lygia Clark and Sergio de Camargo (Brazil) and Jesus-Rafael Soto (Venezuela).

Signals unorthodox methods of publicity understandably alienated some people, but if you could stomach the too strident blowing of their own

trumpet, there was much fascinating documentation to be found in the bi-monthly 'Signals Bulletin'. Signals also published illustrated monographs on Camargo and Takis and the first collection by a talented young English poet, Nicholas Snowden Willey.

theatres

in the matter of documentary theatre

by Alex Gross

The Oppenheimer play now on view at the Hampstead Theatre Club is probably the smoothest, best-written example of Documentary Theatre we have seen or are likely to see in London, and if part of its fluent control may be attributed to skilful editing of a ponderous original, we would probably do well to overlook this and give credit where it is due, principally to the direction of Peter Coe and to the expert character acting of almost all concerned, particularly Robert Eddison, Steve Plytas, and Milo Sperber.

It is rare to hear such a high level of argument on the stage, and one hopes the threats of lawsuits will come to nothing and the play can move out of its Club cocoon and into the West End. And yet certain doubts remain—so many aspects of the case are covered that one regrets the failure to discuss Russian atomic research at the time and how this may or may not have influenced the decisions of all concerned.

But the most important doubts concern the entire genre of Documentary Theatre which the Hampstead Club have been promoting as the "new development" in the British theatre in answer to the question "Who is my neighbour?" One would have imagined that even the phrase "new direction" was a bit timeworn, but this did not stop one of the critics from congratulating Hampstead for being first off the mark in the theatrical fashion race with their previous production, *Letters from an Eastern Front*, one of last season's Off-Broadway failures. The fact of the matter is that Documentary Theatre is neither new, nor British, nor even necessarily a viable direction, and that

Copies of these and back numbers of *Signals Bulletin* can be purchased at Indica and Better Books. The exhibition of kinetic work utilising electricity and magnetism by the Greek sculptor Takis, planned for *Signals*, will now open at the Indica gallery in November.

Hampstead's programme, subtitled *The Living Theatre*, is a rehash of last year's (almost last decade's) fashion in Germany with a slight bow in the direction of New York. *Letters from an Eastern Front* interspersed letters from German soldiers at Stalingrad with, according to the Club's original prospectus, "descriptions of Hiroshima written by children who were in the city when the first A-bomb was dropped... and some of the poetry of Wilfred Owen." It would appear that the latter was mercifully omitted in the final production. No one denies the intrinsic interest of the material—but is it theatre?

Or consider, for example, Hampstead's next planned offering, *The Silence of Lee Harvey Oswald*. Is it unduly arrogant to suggest one can predict the mood of this play—or will we be spared the worst of our fears? One foresees suggestive proings into old unknowns, gratuitous hintings of dark conspiracies which can be neither proved nor disproved at this stage of the game. Will Oswald be revealed as martyr, victim, misfit, or superspy—or perhaps all four? If this play proves to be really important, it will be because it avoids questionable conjectures about Oswald and lays bare the basic assumptions in our society (all societies) which allow an act of violence to be omitted.

It is not surprising that lovers of Documentary Theatre should often also be devotees of the Theatre of Cruelty (though both labels are wearing thin). There are those working in the theatre who consider it an abomination that anyone should for any reason derive any amusement from

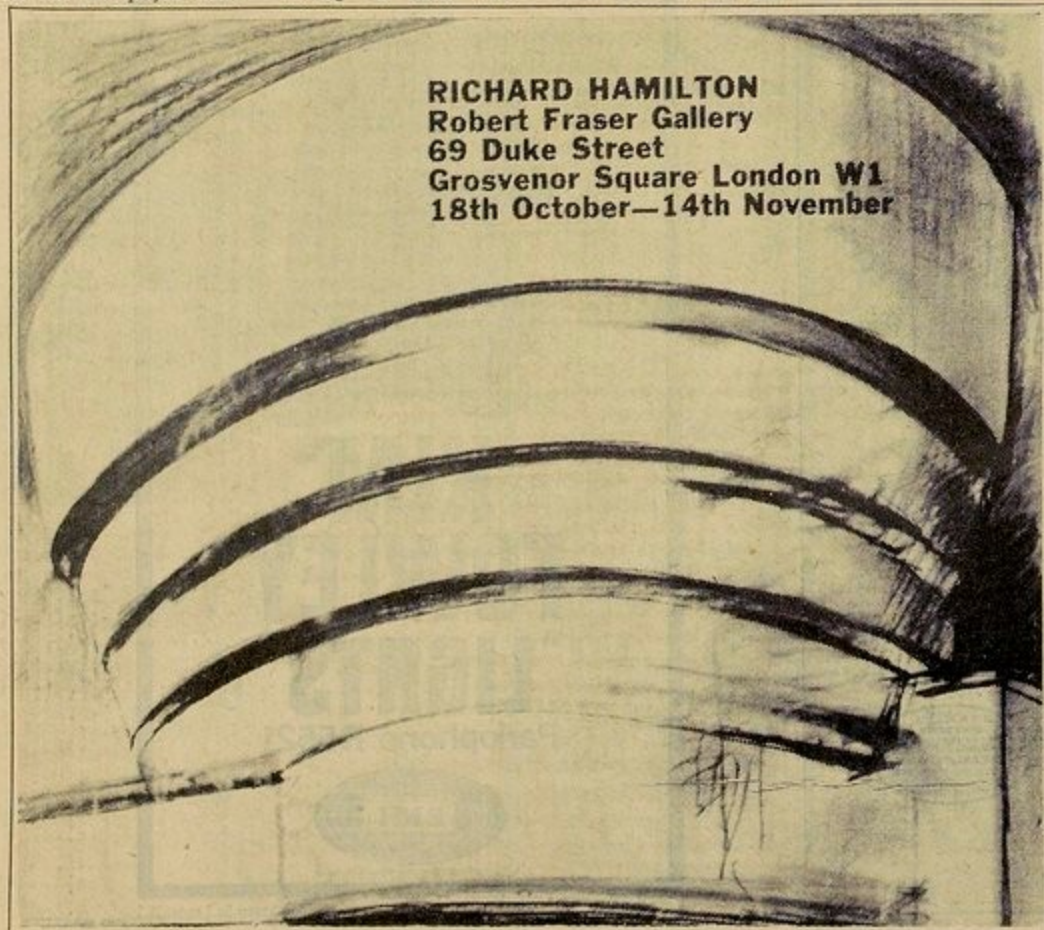


An Atomic Energy Commission witness cross-examined: In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer.

a play, even though amusement is one of the best didactic devices. And there are others who are only able to communicate with an audience by striking out at them because they have not bothered, for all their claims of humanity, to find out how the mind of another human being works, the human being on the other side of the footlights. They are like the impotent rapist who bludgeons a beautiful girl to death because he does not know how to make love to her and whose basic puritanism will not allow him to learn. It is not surprising to hear them maintain that today's theatre must take over the role once played by the churches. This idea needs careful examination. The churches today are empty. What will happen to our theatres?

None of this is to suggest that large modern themes should not be tackled on the stage—merely that a suitable theatre style must

be evolved to contain them, a task which may be more difficult than some are willing to admit. One may also ask, parenthetically, why it is that so many of these documentary works should concentrate on events occurring abroad, usually Germany and America. Has England really had no share of the world's stock of scandal, blunder, and bloodshed? How about a study of the events of 1940 (entitled perhaps *WHOSE FINEST HOUR?*) based in part on Laurence Thompson's new book or a music hall revue on the Golden Age of British Diplomacy, the Thirties, when war could have been averted and wasn't. In the meantime one wishes the Hampstead Theatre Club the best of luck, both with the Oppenheimer play and their plans for the future, with the possible reservation that while "Who is my neighbour?" is a fine question, an even better one is "Who are we and what do we really want?"



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GLIFTON DE BERRY BY JEFF SODALL



2500 Ball at IT-Launch

IT isn't so cool to rave about your own party, but the IT Rave-Up at the Roundhouse two Saturdays ago was such an event we decided it merited an IT report. It was mainly atmospheric: two and half thousand people dancing about in that strange, giant

round barn. Darkness, only flashing lights. People in masks, girls half-naked. Other people standing about wondering what the hell was going on. Pot smoke. Now and then the sound of a bottle breaking. Somebody looks as if he might get violent. There was a lot of tension about.

Plus the specifics: — The Pink Floyd, psychedelic pop group, did weird things to the feel of the event with their scary feedback sounds, slide projections playing on their skin (drops of paint run riot on the slides to produce outer space/prehistoric textures on the skin), spotlights flashing on them in time with a drum beat . . . more about them next issue.

— The Soft Machine, another group with new ideas, drove a motor bike into the place, in and around the pillars that held up that gallery we had been warned wasn't all that safe . . . more about them too. — a large car (some said it was an Oldsmobile, others a Cadillac) in the middle of it all, painted bright pop art stripes and explosions, by Binder, Edwards and Vaughan, New York Interior decorators who, someone said, put stripes over everything. Car was previously seen parked inside the Robert Fraser Gallery. Apparently the group has a juke box on show and in action in the Golden Egg on the Strand.

— Simon Postuma and Marijke Koger, the Amsterdam couple who are opening Karma (see Miles' column last issue), designed an interesting cubicle with coloured screens and nets, and within the box one of them, in suitable dress, read palms and told fortunes. — In another part of the Roundhouse, Bob Cobbing

and the London Film Co-op gave an all-night film show, featuring films like Scorpio Rising, Towers Open Fire, under the most difficult of conditions. The audience stood in front of the projectors, on top of the cables, on top of Bob Cobbing. Yet the films went on. It may, though, have been just the right setting for those particular films. Burroughs' inner space disappearance in Towers Open Fire somehow had more impact because of the vibrations from the "party".

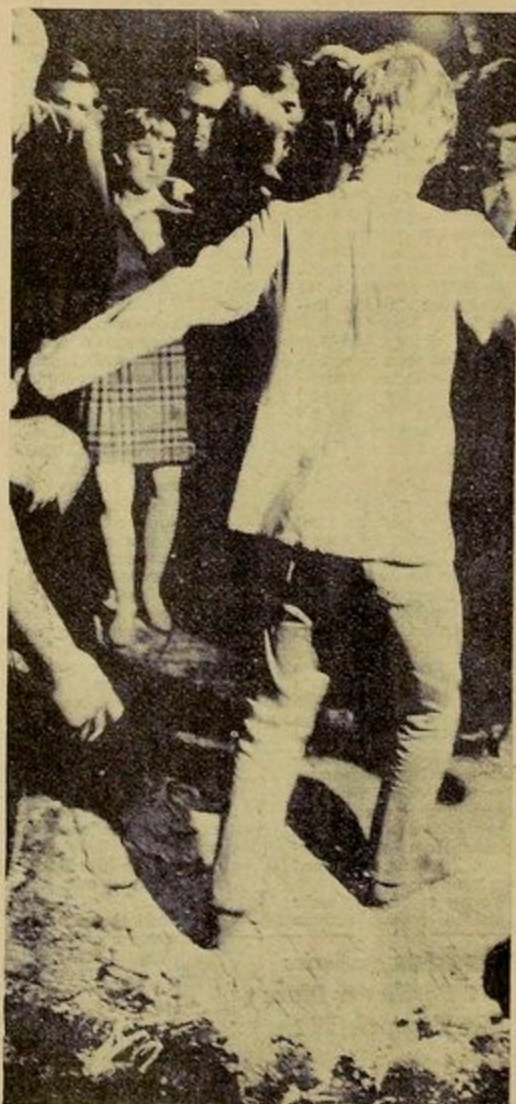
— "famous" people turned up: Antonioni and Monica Vitti, Paul McCartney disguised as an arab, Kenneth Rexroth, Peter Brook, Mickey Most and Tony Secunda. We also saw a well-known junkie, a notorious homosexual, and many happy people who were only known to their friends but who the hell cares in a scene like that anyway?

Of course several things went wrong. There was that narrow entrance for an unpleasant start. That communal toilet that ended up in flood. A giant jelly made in a bath for the party was unfortunately run over by a bicycle. How this happened, or what became of the remains of the jelly or the bicycle, no-one seems to know. After the party, the crowds caused a traffic jam in the streets outside. It should be said here that throughout the event the police were co-operative.

[Perhaps it was just relief that something has at last happened in the Round House. It was a good party, and just to prove that something really IS going on in London, another bigger, better one is currently being planned. Details next issue.]



Soft machine and 2-wheeled friend.



Man Stomps in paint.

Photos: Graham Keen

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BERLIN... The Living Theatre

FRANKENSTEIN

Not since the Twenties and early Thirties has the historical significance of the American exile been as great as it is in 1966. The rising tide of reaction, and a war that is in no way generated by prevailing intellectual precepts have caused many American artists to flee what they feel to be an onrushing disaster. The Becks and the Living Theatre company were not victims of the LBJ scare, as much as victims of

the singularly American atmosphere of political horror that allowed an LBJ to achieve power and near-dictatorship. American authorities will always find a perfectly valid excuse for stifling people like the Becks — and if they don't have a valid excuse (i.e. tax evasion), they will invent one. Since September, 1964, the company has toured Europe, often poverty-stricken, but always produc-

ing (according to all reports) more dynamic works than they ever did in their hovel-theatre on Fourteenth Street in New York. Their current repertoire consists of Genet's *The Maids*, and two improvisational works based on Artaudian precepts, "Mysteries and Smaller Pieces," and "Frankenstein."

"Frankenstein," the scenario of which is printed here for the first time in English, is an extremely flexible piece. The set, designed by Julian Beck, functions alternately as a ship, an apartment building, television screens, brain, torture chamber, cemetery, society — a continual flux of potential change from performance to performance. This has always been the forte of the Living Theatre, and is the reason why they have been the greatest Threat in the modern history of the American theatre.

Frankenstein

ACT I

A meditation the purpose of which is to lead to levitation. If it succeeds the play is consummated. If it fails it becomes a victimization. The net is thrown, the coffin is brought, the bells are rung. Someone says No. A Posse forms. Others say No. They are hunted, they are electrocuted, they are gassed, they are guillotined, they are racked, they are hanged, they are garrotted, they are beheaded, they are crucified, they are shot. They plead for their lives. Two survive. A storm rises. Dr. Frankenstein takes the heart of The Victim. The Dead shall be Raised. Burial by Church and State. They lower the Hanged Man. The Body is painted. The Workers scream. The Old and the Poor come with snow and hammer. How can we end human suffering? The Capitalist speaks. The Marxists march. The Oracle prophesies. The Body reversed. The Generals, the Capitalist, the Marxists, the Workers, and the Explanatory Voice speak of Automation. The laboratory is constructed. The Cabbalists build the Golem. The Doctor implants the Victim's heart in the Body on the laboratory table. Foot, brain and eye are grafted. The failure of the heart. A new heart is taken from another Victim. The failure of the heart. Paracelsus appears and directs the graft of the third eye. Freud appears and orders the sexual graft. Norbert Wiener appears and advises the use of electrodes. The electrodes are attached. The Creature moves.

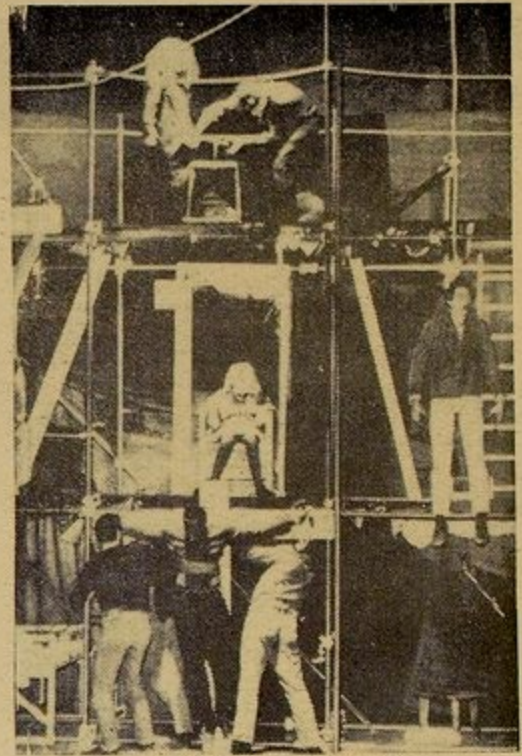
ACT II

Inside the Creature's Head. He opens his eye. He sees light. He functions. He experiences Miracles and Wonders as his capacities rouse. He sleeps.

He dreams of the sea. Shipwreck. Drowning. The brine bubbles up. He wakes. The Control Booth instructs him. Educational input. He learns of the world. He translates into the mythological theatre of prototype. Daedalus discovers how to fly. Icarus is launched. Europa is raped. Pasiphae seduces the bull. The Minotaur is born. The maze is made. The Young Men are sacrificed. Theseus kills the Minotaur. Icarus falls. He is instructed in the qualities. The Control Booth illustrates. He translates into the legend of the enlightenment. Instructions persist. The Wail persists. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse are riding. The Functions of the Head slash the Ego out into the world. The Body Vanishes. The Word is born. The Creature narrates his story. The Earth People flee. The Creature encounters Death. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse are riding. The Functions slash each other out into the world. The Police. The Siren. The Killing. He takes over authority. The Authorities take over.

ACT III

The Posse is searching. They say Yes. The Prisoners are fingerprinted, dressed and photographed. World Action. Arrests. World Action. The whistle blows. World Action. They move from cell to cell. World Action. The Doctor is arrested. World Action. A note is passed. World Action. The Prisoners eat. A knife is passed. World Action. The Prisoners sleep. The Jailbreak. The fire. Alarm. Death by Fire. The Creature counts. Man lives.



A scene from "Frankenstein"

STOCKHOLM...

Brain Waves and Space Noise

by Rita Knox

FYLKINGEN is a state-subsidised organisation with considerable resources including an electronic music studio and computers. It is staffed by straight musicians/composers, mathematicians, engineers, psychologists, etc. Anyone wanting to do something at Fylkingen can get a supporting grant after they have submitted plans and had them approved by the Fylkingen board. This is the country of the professional. Officially the amateur is not recognised.

One of the most striking exhibits at a Fylkingen congress recently was Ake Karlung's "Dr. Verwoerd's Arrival in Inferno." It consisted of a sound track, with voices dubbed in and ethnic South African music going in places. A film was projected on to a curved screen — wonderful colour, lots of change, striking images, use of puppets of heathen gods, toothbrushes, all giving war threats, unsullied simple joy, ancient beliefs, threats of annihilation. Above the screen was a platform where there were some lifesize shiny figures — not the thing to meet in the dark. The platform was in darkness during the performance except when illuminated by a high-power flash gun.

audio "read-out". By opening and closing his eyes he could block and unblock his alpha rhythms. Some loudspeakers were used to resonate percussion instruments. The waves, as well as being enormously amplified and sent through loudspeakers, are also sent through switches and gating devices which control storage tapes of precoded modified brain waves. So as well as opening and closing his eyes, the man twiddled knobs. The effect was more sonorous than melodic, more noisy than musical. Interesting, but what a load of expensive equipment to produce it.

An interesting piece by Blomdahl had sound material consisting of birdsong put together without any changes whatsoever from satellite signals, together with the same observatory's registering of magnetic storms caused by the sun's activity. The sound tape is combined with an image tape made up of sun pictures, various kinds of visual recordings (curves) of satellite signals and the magnetic field. The composition was performed in an enormous hall. A screen of fine white net hung across the hall and the film was projected on to it — so that viewing was possible from either side.

The music I thought best was composed by Iannis Xenakis, born 1922 in Rumania of Greek parents, an architect and a composer. He is the man who wants to solve the problem of big cities by putting them in beautifully shaped shells 5 km. high and wide. His comments on cities: "The distribution of people should be stochastic... a worker should have the chance to meet a scientist, artist and minister every day... If this doesn't exist the tension of the culture is low. It should be high, e.g. Paris."

"Music for So'o Performer" by Alvin Lucier, who is currently director of Brandeis University Electronic Music Studio, uses 10 cycle rhythmic brain waves as the primary sound source. The man sat down, a gorgeous girl stuck electrodes on his head, and he was in control of what was produced. This involved an electro-encephalogram type machine with a few bits more gadgetry plus an

I loved Xenakis. He really shines, has an aura. His theories of composition stem from a technically positive view on life: Art and music should be related to technical and scientific development, but art should not be based on its relation to culture but to nature. Music, even with the use of electronic tools, is still music. The human situation is so complex that no matter what technical advances there are, never compose art without the mind of man. He is concerned with total or global phenomena... galaxies of sound.



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