The International Times No. 3 NOV. 14-27/1s.

WILLIAM BURROUGHS
JAKOV LIND
BERTRAND RUSSELL
RUBBER AND VIOLENCE
MORTON FELDMAN

CHALLENOR, EVANS ... ABERFAN ?

'The greatest travesty of justice this country has known this century'

—JOHN TAYLOR, on the FLETCHER CASE

These words were recorded for International Times by John Taylor, a quiet and serious man not given to sensationalism. In the next issue of International Times, we will publish his analysis of the Fletcher case and the evidence he has to support the allegations he makes. If what John Taylor says is true—and there seems little reason for him to risk so many come-backs if he is not sure of his case—then several questions of urgent importance need to be answered.

WHY HAS THE HOME SECRETARY TAKEN SO LONG TO START AN INVESTIGATION INTO THE FLETCHER CASE? WHY ARE THE POLICE IN A POSITION TO FABRICATE EVIDENCE? IS SIR EDMUND DAVIS COMPETENT TO HEAD THE ABERFAN INQUIRY? IF THE FLETCHERS ARE INNOCENT, HOW MUCH LONGER MUST THEY REMAIN IN PRISON?

The Home Secretary must give a speedy answer to all of these questions, and that can only be done by investigating the Fletcher case. If it is found that they are innocent, it would be necessary then to investigate the whole process of law in this country.

"MEMBERS of the jury, at about 14 minutes after midnight on the night of Sunday, the 28th of May last, a human being in a ground floor room in number one Alexandra Road, Bonsam Heath, came to a cruel and dreadful end. He was burnt to death. He happened to be a two-year-old half-caste child, but, of course, it goes without saying that in the eyes of the law, as in the eye of ordinary humanity, the life of that child was as precious as though he had been the Lord Mayor of this great city of Birmingham." Sir Edmund Davis, July 27, 1961, in Regina v Flecher, Fletcher and Zimnowodzki.

"I first met Roy Fletcher in prison where I was spending five years in respect of an office breakin charge of which I was not guilty. At the time I thought I was the only man in prison who was innocent. However, after a few months I did hear of other cases and met individuals who protested their innocence, one of whom was Roy Fletcher. For two years I watched Roy Fletcher running around, writing letters to "Justice" and other organisations and lawyers who review "doubtful" legal cases and make representations to the Home Ministry. Like myself, he got nowhere.

"Always the answer came back from the Home Office in the negative. The various public people that we approached — members of Parliament, members of the House of Lords, prominent figures in the legal world—always said that there was nothing they could do. Our cases would require to go to the Home Office as it was a matter for the Home Secretary.

"Eighteen months ago, Fletcher approached me to give him some assistance on his own case. I asked him for full details on his case. When he had finished telling me the full facts, I had no doubt whatsoever that he was **guilty.**

"But in prison we have this therapeutic treatment given by prisoners themselves to other prisoners. The authorities have no concern in it at all. You try to alleviate the sufferings of your fellow prisoner. So I agreed to do what I could with the Fletcher case, not because I believed he was innocent but because it would help to ease the agony in his mind. After a few short letters had been dispatched and replies received, I began to doubt for the first time whether the Fletchers were guilty.

"Now I can say, beyond all shadow of doubt, that the Fletcher case represents the greatest travesty of justice this country has known this century. Beyond all doubt, the whole of the evidence presented against the Fletchers during that trial was fabricated by the police. Beyond all doubt, law was abrogated during the trial.

"Presiding was Sir Edmund Davis; prosecuting, former Tory attorney general, Sir John Hobson; defending was King Hamilton, QC, newly appointed to the Bench of the Central Criminal Court at the Old Bailey. In addition there were two other QC's, one of whom has himself been appointed to head an investigation, Mr. James who defended Alice Fletcher. Mr. James probably displayed an unequalled example of defending by announcing to the court that he appeared on behalf of the defendant, Alice Fletcher, and never again raising himself from his seat or mentioning a word during the trial. Not once did he cross-examine witnesses. Not once did he make a submission on behalf of Alice Fletcher. Not once did he try to shake the testimony of police officers and other witnesses for the crown, despite the fact that most of this evidence has now been rebutted and was capable of being proved false during the trial.

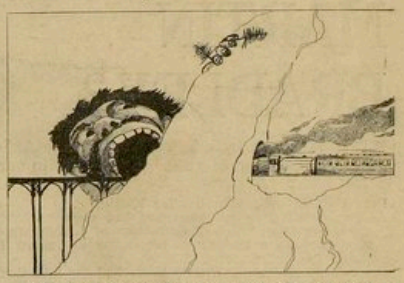
CONTINUED ON PAGE 11

24 HOUR CITY

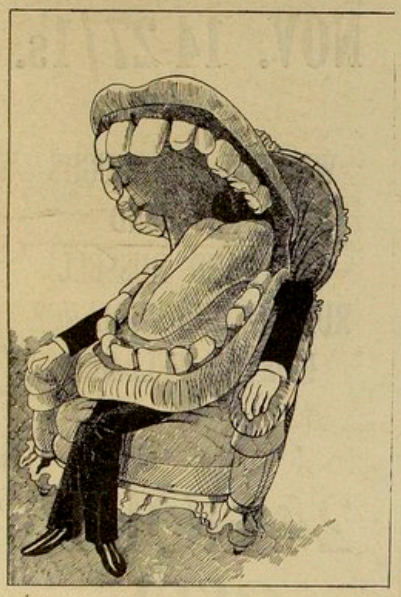
A SIMPLE editorial this, produced by years of walking home, drenched with rain, in the early hours of the morning, through the sleeping streets of London. A simple question: why can't we get the underground train system working 24 hours a day? Come to that, why can't we have everything working 24 hours a day? Reorganise our waking life patterns around a full-sized day? The advantages are obvious. Once the necessary reorganisation is accomplished, what would be the disadvantages?

In what other major capital city is it so impossible to do so many things after 11 pm? Fortunately there are several cities in the world in which things actually do swing for the full 24 hours. It is about time London followed suit. Electricity isn't a recent discovery.

But to begin at the beginning. IT intends launching a full-scale campaign aimed at changing the waking, sleeping (and no doubt sexual and, consequently, political) habits of life, not only in London but everywhere else in the world where dreary always-sleep-thru-the-dark habits prevail.



The first practical step, we think, is getting the transport organised. We hope to have a master plan by next issue. In the meantime, start thinking up every tactic available to us, from letters to MPs (or telephone calls at 3 am) to mass protest sleep-ins outside every underground station in London, home-run bus services, and so on. Send them in to us together with an undertaking to support IT in its campaign for a 24-hour life style. From such small beginnings . . . Well, don't undertake to support us unless you're prepared to get arrested.



The Editor Speaks

NOW that we've reached a third issue of IT, it seems time for me to live up to that big-mouth caricature I've been branded with. Since the beginning I've been called everything from a Fascist to a drug pusher. I hope some of my sound-off this week will clear up mis-understandings. I'm neither a Fascist nor a drug pusher: I'm much worse.

EZRA POUND

ITEM one this week is Ezra Pound who is conspicuously absent from our pages. The reason is a solicitor's letter we received, close to publication, on behalf of the trustees of the Ezra Pound estate claiming that we had no right to publish the speeches. So far as we know when we published the extracts and speech in IT2, we were using work on which there was no copyright. Now we have a solicitor looking into the matter on our behalf. Partly out of courtesy to the Pound trustees, whom we have no wish or need to offend, partly from anxiety to avoid any expensive legal entanglements over an issue that belongs more to the past, we have held over the two Pound speeches planned for this week. All going well, we should know whether we can publish them by the time IT4 is going to press.

Who is MARTIN BRADLEY?

ITEM two is an irate letter from George Andrews, the "man of grass" interviewed in our last issue:

Dear Tom McGrath, alias Bradley Martin.

As you didn't show me what you had written about me before you printed it, your "Man of Grass" interview contains a number of inaccurate statements I would like to correct.

Peter Owen assures me that he never had any intention of yielding to pressure and dropping the book. The delay was due partially to difficulty with his printers' schedule, and to one of the contributors who started his article in June but was unable to finish it until October. In any case, there is no question of a deliberate delay with the book, which will definitely be out in the middle of February.

Elfreda Powell has given me very valuable help during critical periods with the manuscript, and I don't like her being insulted.

It is not true that "nothing is known medically about this plant." It is true that very little is known about it medically.

Your interview at least showed me how incoherent I can be in conversation. Parts of it don't even make sense. For example, the reference to Nescafe and barbiturates is incomprehensible unless accompanied by the explanation that it is possible to make something which superfically resembles a block of hashish with a can of Nescafe, and if sleeping pills are mixed with it an inexperienced smoker may even think he is getting high. Of course, anyone with any experience would see that it was false almost immediately.

As to the statement that LSD is really what we need for the apocalypse: it is the only active force capable of uniting the whole world in estatic communion. True, it is dangerous for the unprepared, just as the initiation into the mysteries was in antiquity, when candidates were carefully prepared for a considerable period of time before being subjected to the experience. It is also true that we live in dangerous times, right on the threshold of the space age, and properly used this may be the medicine humanity needs in order to cross that threshold. I don't think that people will take it as lightly as some tend to do now when it is more generally realised that it is a preview of the death experience.

George Andrews

On the same subject from Peter Owen:

"On returning from a trip abroad I was surprised to see the interview with George Andrews. The facts as stated are inaccurate. Never have we been subjected to any outside pressure and the only reason why the book has been delayed was that Mr. Andrews was behind in delivery of the completion of the material. In actual fact the last segment of the book was only delivered one month ago and in view of this it is obvious that neither we, nor the printers, have been slow in production of the book."

Well, lets hope the argument about why the book was held up rests there. It doesn't matter too much: I've seen the book and think it's really good. If it's to be published in February, good.

TO drug OR...

George Andrews' letter raises several interesting points. Concerning the personality of the elusive Bradley Martin, I'm not sure who he is at all. It was not a "cop-out" for me to let Bradley take responsibility for the interview because it was Mr. Martin (or is it Mr. Bradley) who fed me with questions to put to George Andrews. In the event of any legal action being taken over the interview, the editor of the paper would surely have been busted along with George Andrews and Bradley Martin, if the police could find Bradley Martin.

In any case, let me reiterate that Bradley Martin and myself are not one and the same person. Further, Mr. Bradley's views, or those of any other contributor, do not necessarily reflect the editorial views of the paper. Although Mr. Martin maintains, whenever we can find him, that his column is primarily an information purveyors, it is obvious from a glance at what he writes that he readily accepts the assumptions behind the "drug scene." International Times' stance is quite distinct from this. We are interested in conversation—well-informed and honest, maybe ruthless conversation. The drug issue is one on which some open conversation is urgently needed. On the one hand there are the hysterical attacks and misinformations on drugs put out by so many of our newspapers and courtrooms for years; on the other hand, there are people slipping LSD in some unsuspecting innocent's coffee. Somewhere in between these two extremes, IT is convinced, there is another, saner, less dogmatic stance towards drugs.

..NOT TO drug

Throughout human history men have used drugs for internal effects—religious, artistic, kicks, or all three. Some drugs are used as much in other cultures as alcohol is used in ours. And who's to say alcohol is without faults? Opposition to drugs may be only prejudice based on fear, or a tactic in a vicious system of economic exploitation.

Enter the drug pusher.

On the other hand, drug addiction and mind or body damage caused by taking drugs, can result in extreme human misery. It is, therefore, maybe not so wise simply to start pushing "turn on, tune in, drop out" as a world-saving slogan. Perhaps if we ever get round to doing full serious research into the the effects of drugs—as we must do sooon—we might find no-one will want to use them again.

OK. Hevean or hell? That's the basic question we want to discuss on drugs. We believe it is an important discussion simply because so many people, particularly young people, are turning on. Drugs are an essential part of the rate of change of direction of the times we live in.

If you have anything to say on the subject, for or against, please let us have it.

IT STAFF

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BRADLEY MARTIN:

*****This is the non-events bureau/non-news through, out/innerspace/information negating contra-activity/feed channel 45/central memory bank/refer 01-905-9164/Out*****

Beirut: President Charles Helou last spring ordered the planting of hashish to be stopped. He did not give the police any alternative instructions. **London:** EMI are in the position to import an LP called "LSD" by arrangement with the US company Capitol. Publications are putting up their own bands on dealer advertising for this record. Your dealer will stock it if you ask long enough: money screams. **United Nations:** Feature-length 2-million-dollar epic called "The Poppy is also a flower" unable to get cinema release either in US or UK. According to the Guardian, it's a "luxuriant flower garden full of giggles" and profits go to UNESCO. Why no release? Money screams. **London:** Guardian again. Patient of leading London psychiatrist complains that halfway through a course, supplies of LSD have been cut off. He asks "Will the Dunlop Committee accept the responsibility for any further psychological damage or distress that I may suffer as a result of their apparently quite arbitrary and, so far at any rate, totally unjustified action?" **Reading, England:** Wave of busts in last three weeks has shocked all right-thinking heads in this sleepy Thames-side town. A couple of dozen souls running like hell, and another scene goes underground. **Royal Mint:** Every system contains its opposite (attributed: Karl Marx). Did you know that every half-crown made weighs exactly half-an-ounce. Half-an-ounce of just about anything. **London:** Joey Mellon has rewritten "Paradise Lost" in modern terms and has cast singer Julie Felix for Eve. Looking for a tune-writer for the musical bits, he hopes to present the production in the next few months at a small centrally-situated theatre. His objective: "Get the word on wax. Then it'll be too late for the adults." Mellon sees his idea as being analagous to Leary's current NY spectacular. **Amsterdam:** Bart Huges, original trepanned tripster, getting his autobiography published: upset that he has now been banned from entering UK. Mellon/Huges interview appeared recently in East Village Other. **The Market Place:** Amazing prize for IT-crossword solution in last issue. Influx of cut grass pushes down price of grade three score to around £4: likely to be a temporary low only. Hash steady at eight despite recent shortage. Ratio of lawyers fees to size of fine for small busts: about four to one. Maybe Sir Joseph was right after all. **Flipout section:** Methedrine anecdotes: 1. Who woke up who saying that Harry Roberts was about to be arrested at his Bayswater Hotel, at 8 a.m. one Saturday? 2. Who woke up who saying that 2000 police were waging war on the people in Earls Court, also at 8 a.m.? **Fuzz:** leave my favourite psychedelic boutique owner alone, you cancer.

A grass by the name of Joe—thickset, naive, socially—has been moving south of the park for some time. Due to be rubbed out, watch him evaporate.

IF TIME IS FREE DIAL 1-2-3.

INTERPOT REPORT NO. 4: BRAIN

Following the recommendation enshrined in Brain's 1965 panic-measure report on drug addiction, the Minister of Health has struck another blow for bureaucracy by setting up a "new advisory committee on drug dependence". Its terms of reference are "to keep the Minister informed on the misuse of narcotics and other addictive drugs and to advise the Minister, MPs and other interested bodies on remedial measures."

The 22-member committee including Lord Brain as chairman, has the usual cross-section of doctors, MP's, and acceptable TV image professionals. But none of the doctors known to prescribe junk for suffering souls, "heroes" as a Home Office official described them to me, are included. And not one literate user or ex-user.

Since IT's purpose is to carry information, here's a chunk for the record: more will follow as it appears. The members are:

Dr. Roger Bannister: consultant to the National Hospital for Nervous Diseases.

Mr. Kenneth Barraclough: Metropolitan Magistrate and chairman of the Poisons Board.

Dr. T. H. Bewley: Consulting chiatrist for the Alcoholism Psychiatrist Tooting Bec Hospital, honorary consulting psy-Unit, Wandsworth Prison.

Mr. Arthur Blenkinsop: Labour M.P. for South Shields, president, Public Health Inspectators Association.

Mr. Peter Brodie: Inspector of Constabulary.

Mr. J. C. Bloomfield: president of the Council of the Pharmaceutical Society.

Dr. P. H. Connell: child psychiatrist, physician, Bethlem Royal and Mandsley Hospital.

Rt. Hon. William Deedes: Conservative M.P. for Ashford.

Miss Monica Furlong: columnist.

Mr. Ronald Gibson: chairman of the BMA Council.

Dr. J. D. P. Graham: Reader in Pharmacology and Lecturer in Toxicology, University of Wales, Cardiff.

Miss Elspeth Hobkirk: Governor of Greenock prison and borstal.

Dr. N. B. Malleson: director of the Research Unit for Student Problems, University of London.

Dr. A. B. Monro: Physician Superintendent and Consulting Psychiatrist, Long Grove Hospital, Epsom.

Mr. H. J. S. Matthew: Department of Medicine, University of Edinburgh.

Miss E. C. Murphy: probation officer, Middlesex.

Mr. H. W. Palmer: general Manager of the Glaxo Group of companies.

Mr. Timothy Raison: editor of New Society.

Mr. Michael Schofield: sociologist at the Nuffield Foundation.

Mr. R. J. Werry: headmaster of the Pollington Park Secondary School, London.

Lady Barbara Wootton of Abinger: director of studies for tutorial classes, University of London, 1927-44, Justice of the Peace on the panel on the chairman of the Metroopolitan Juvenile Courts, 1946-62.

One hopes against hope that the committee will have the guts that the 1926 Rolleston Committee had when faced with the responsibility of advising the Minister of Health what to do about drugs. But even the last ten years show disturbing trends among the trendies. In 1955 there was a virtual revolution threatened by the medical profession when the government wanted to ban all heroin. Een Boothby got up on his hind legs and praised junk on account of his war wounds.

Now, Mafia junk has already appeared on the London scene: and there is talk of intense pressure to move towards the American system.

From last week's Evening Standard: "A National Association of Drug Addiction . . . launched . . . House of Commons meeting . . . Sir Cyril Black MP to be chairman . . . talk by representative from the American Congress . . . blah . . . blah . . .blah"

You have been warned.

MILES

FULCRUM, n. Means by which influence is brought to bear. [L]

Allen Ginsberg's "Howl" has sold over 100,000 copies, has been in half a dozen or more anthologies, and has been recorded. Lawrence Ferlinghetti's "Coney Island of the Mind" has sold over 150,000 copies in the American edition, has been recorded and the film rights have been sold. Gary Snyder, the Japhy Rider of "Dharma Bums", the book Guru to many of us in England who couldn't manage to be Dean Moriaty, has also enjoyed large sales; the collected poems, "Range of Poems", published here by Fulcrum Press, has sold over 750 copies since June, and must be a best-seller in the British poetry publising world where many large publishers print less than this for a complete edition.

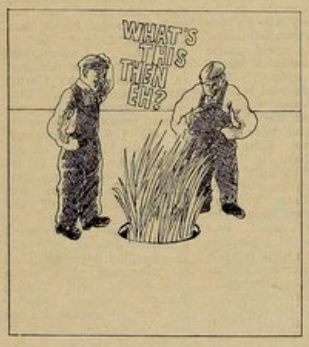
Yet it is difficult to find books by these poets in the bookshops, because the "beat generation," its predecessors and descendants are quite effectively banned. These books have underground sales, originally they were distributed in England by Migrant Press, New Departures, and a group of individuals. They were sold at readings, concerts and in coffee shops and little hole-in-the-wall bookshops like Pete Russell's gallery bookshop. The number being sold in Britain now by non-conventional means is considerable and these supplement the few "real" bookshops that specialise in this type of material. All of this, it seems, is overlooked by the literary establishments, who remain sitting back confident and sure in the knowledge that they dominate the poetry world in sales and reputation. But the revolution that is kicking the elder-statesman out of other walks of life has come to publishing as well; maybe they are beginning to realise that their sales are trivial compared to some of the giants of the new poetry, and that few young people have even heard their names.

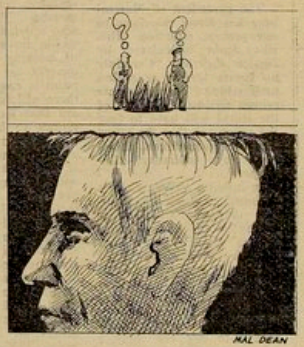
Maybe it was or wasn't an evil and vicious move in establishment power-politics, but one Donald Davie, professor of literature at University of Essex, became the first figure of the establishment to utter a squeal of fear at the growing importance of the British little presses. In an article entitled "Privately Printed" in the Nov 4th New Statesman he launches an attack attempting to discredit the Fulcrum press with a series of outright lies about their distribution and approach to authors. Usually small presses are effectively kept down by the establishment campaign of silence; Fulcrum, Marvell, Goliard, Migrant and all the others have to operate under extremely difficult conditions. Booksellers refuse their publications, won't take them except on a sale-or-return basis, and delay payment for months or don't pay at all, review copies often don't bring forth reviews, and there is always a lack of money.

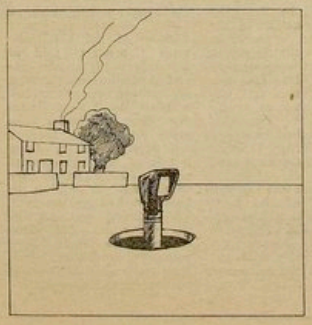
However they should not have to take a tissue of lies about them in a mass-circulation weekly. Davie says this type of work is found only in little magazines which are often given away and "distributed only through the post"; if **Evergreen Review**'s massive circulation of 72,000 copies can be described this way, Davie's perspective is indeed strange. Of Snyder's three major books before "Range of Poems", almost 10,000 copies have been sold. He says this type of literature is "hard to come by except by chance, or else after great and persevering exertions." Did he then miss the reviews in the **Sunday Times, Guardian, Tribune, Spectator, Times Literary Supplement, New Statesman** (sic), **Scotsman, London Magazine, Ambit, Agenda, Peace News** and **Critical Quarterly,** each one of which commands a wide readership and must have brought the fact of the book's publication before millions of persons? His own university declined the copy sent to their bookshop on sale or return. **"Range of Poems" has been better distributed and better promoted than almost any other book of collected poems in Britain. For this to be done by a press without full-time representatives and large capital should be commended by a teacher and poet such as Davie.**

Davie found that he wanted to read Snyder this summer and that copies were not available in Stanford, Calif., near the Bay area and the Sierras — Snyder's home territory, and that he would have had to send to London for copies. The book is not allowed to be sold in the USA for copyright reasons, but he only had to send to San Francisco or Berkeley for copies of Snyder's other books. However Davie is sure that Snyder "wouldn't have cared one way or the other — not because he's selling enough copies and making enough reputation and money (for I'm sure he isn't)." This is a direct accusation that Fulcrum doesn't do its job. Davie's own publisher refused to tell me how many copies of Davie's own books are printed or what his percentage is but I am sure that Snyder fares just as well financially and reputationwise, for his reputation stands solely on his work which is regarded for the most part as great (except in the **New Statesman** review which regarded his work as "a boy scout's diary").

Davie then looks into "Briggflatts" by Basil Bunting, of which he says "it is hard to regard "Briggflatts" as in any meaningful or normal sense 'published' at all." "Briggflatts" was reprinted from Poetry Chicago, circulation 5000. It was done in a small edition and set in large type for the poet's failing eyesight. The edition was small because a large publisher was planning to do an edition of it. Now that this has fallen through, Fulcrum is issuing a 10s. edition of 3000 copies this December. Maybe a final figure of 8,500 copies in print will satisfy Davie's quest for quantity. Since the book came out Bunting has received an Arts Council grant, lectured at Buffalo and is now on the Santa Barabara campus for a year — all because of Fulcrum's publication of his work. What more can a press do for its authors? Is this the work of a publisher who "turns out to be inefficient at the promoting of his stuff, as if this were a menial job he coudn't stoop to."?







Dutch Sigma Centre Opens

William Shari and Henry Howard in the Living Theatre production of Genet's THE MAIDS which will open the SIGMA theatre in Amsterdam on November 15.

In the following six weeks the Living Theatre will also perform "Mysteries", "The Brig" and "Frankenstein"—their current repertoire—in the SIGMA theatre and other theatres around Holland.

Along with visiting international companies, the SIGMA theatre will have its own experimental theatre group directed by Melvin Clay, a dance company, a cinema and a jazz workshop with John Tchacai. The SIGMA building will also have a meditation room and a vegetarian restaurant.

LONDON NEWS

Facts on the Stage

Mike Kustow writes: The Royal Shakespeare Theatre Club is holding a discussion called "Putting the Facts on the Stage" at the Mahatma Gandhi Hall, 41 Fitzroy Square, London W. 1., on Sunday November 13, at 7.30 p.m. Taking part so far: Peter Brook, Denis Cannan, Geoffrey Reeves, Michael Kustow, Albert Hunt (the "US" production team), James Cameron, Nicholas Tomalin, Harold Hobson, Irving Wardle, Peter Coe, representatives from the National Theatre and other theatres involved in this field. Many others are being invited.

MacDiarmid Reads

Hugh MacDiarmid, the most controversial Scottish poet of this century, will be reading his own poems at the Jeanetta Cochrane Theatre in a late-night programme on Tuesday, November 15, at 10 p.m. Now 74 years old, he has been politically active most of his life. He was a founder of the Scottish Nationalist Party and is a card-carrying Communist. He is remembered for standing against Sir Alec Douglas-Home in the 1964 election and polling a magnificent 27 votes.

In spite of all this his poetry is very hard to come by in London and his devotees anviously await his Collected Poems from Oliver and Boyd. His autobiography, "The Company I've Kept" (Hutcinson, 35s.), has just been published.

Viet Engines

One of those "reliable sources," very reliable, informed International Times recently that Fords of Dagenham have been sending diesel lorry engines out to Vietnam. The first shipment left from Middlesborough on October 22. The second is due to leave any day now either from Middlesborough or London. Source reports that "the Americans are getting a bit scrotty over the delay."

SAVILLE THEATRE
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TEM 4011

Michael White Presents

Merce Cunningham
and Dance Company

Music By ***John Cage***

From Wednesday, 23 November until 3 December

Matinee: Saturdays, 3 P.M.

Evenings at 8

Accidental Ballet

What amounts to an "accidental festival" of modern ballet is taking place in London this month. On November 15, the Royal Ballet opens its new season of modern ballets. This will include productions of "Rites of Spring" and Balanchine's "Serenade." Since all of the works are modern and no "big stars" are taking part, tickets should be less expensive and more easily available than usual.

The reformed Ballet Rambert opens a season of modern ballet at the Jeanetta Cochrane Theatre on November 28 for two weeks. Most of the works will be revivals of 1950's ballets, necessary in Britain where there is no equivalent of the German provincial ballet companies to keep modern works in performance. Tickets will not be too expensive and should not be too difficult to obtain. On November 23, the Merce Cunningham opens at the Saville Theatre for 10 days, with their programme of work in a style unlike anything being done in Britain today. It should be interesting to see how the split with Rauschenberg has affected the company visually. John Cage is still with them. In a sense so many simultaneous ballet events is unfortunate; ballet tickets are expensive. But the "accidental festival" provides a rare opportunity to compare the work of three important ballet companies performing modern works.

The Most Beautiful Apple

Yoko Ono, the Japanese avant garde artist-composer who has been in England this summer, is presenting an evening of new works entitled "Music of the Mind" at the Jeanetta Cochrane Theatre, Southampton Row, Holborn, on Thursday, November 17. This will be her last big concert in London.

Yoko Ono calls her works Events, a new form

CONT. ON PAGE 4

POETS IN PUBLIC v ARTS COUNCIL

by Pat Jones

The Arts Council has been considering proposals for the establishment of a poetry centre that would coordinate concerts, tours, readings and festival readings for poets, act as distributor for the many small poetry magazines and generally act as middleman between the poets and their audience in Britain and abroad.

Poets in Public last year submitted their proposal for a similar Poetry Secretariat, requiring an annual income of not less than £6,500, to negotiate concerts, act as managing agents for poets and raise funds for poetry —possibly for the future establishment of a formal poetry centre—with a national campaign to raise one million pounds.

Under the sponsorship of Charles Osborne, assistant literature director of the Arts Council, the Arts Council organised a meeting last spring to bring together the many groups in Britain interested in poetry and the promotion of poets, but opinions were so diverse that no decision about a coordinated centre could be made and the plans for some kind of a poetry centre are still hanging fire.

* * *

22 SEPTEMBER 1966

Dear Mr. Wightman,

At its last meeting, the Literature Panel decided for the time not to pursue further the idea of a Poetry Centre.

There is no reason, however, why **Poets in Public** should not apply for grant-aid for specific performances it may wish to organise.

Yours sincerely,
Charles Osborne.

5 OCTOBER 1966

Dear Mr. Osborne,

You have confused our application with that put forward by another organisation. We did **not** propose the idea of a Poetry Centre. We forwarded an initial application to the Arts Council on 6th October 1965 which is now **one year ago.** On the 22 December Mr. White stated that our application would be submitted to the Literature Panel at its first meeting towards the end of January. Nothing happened. Indeed I never received from Mr. White or the Arts Council the simple courtesy of a letter, let alone an explanation.

On the 7th March 1966, still having received no communication from the Arts Council, I forwarded a full list of commissions which Poets in Public had been asked to undertake since October by Festival Directors, Embassies and other bodies together with an outline of certain concrete plans we wished to put into action; all of which, as we stated, was dependent upon the establishment of a Poetry Secretariat with an executive director and office support. Most, because of the Arts Council's procrastination, we were unable to fulfil with the result that many audiences were denied the opportunity of attending a poetry programme and many poets were denied fees. In the meantime, Mr. White intimated to one of our committee that Poets in Public would receive a substantial grant to further its work.

On May 3rd you asked us to attend a Conference the purpose of which still eludes me as it does others who were there.

I should be most grateful if you would let me know:

1. Why, after the information we have laid before you over the past year, you have confused our application with that of another organisation.

2. If either you or Mr. White have submitted our application for a Poetry Secretariat to the body responsible for the distribution of the considerably increased funds for 'imaginative literature, including poetry'.

a. on what date was the proposal submitted.
b. who composed the body concerned.
c. what was the result of their deliberations.

3. If neither you nor Mr. White, after one year of delay and missed opportunity, have seen to it that the proposal was considered

a. why you failed to do so.
b. when you intend to see that it is considered.

Finally, you must also know that the Arts Council itself has forwarded requests sent to the Arts Council for full scale poetry concerts — from such organisations as the North Eastern Association for the Arts and the Theatre Royal, York — on to Poets in Public.

Yours sincerely,
G. B. H. Wightman.

10 OCTOBER 1966

Dear Mr. Wightman.

The tone of your communication is noticeably boorish: this does not unnerve me as much as your lack of conciseness. However, I have now managed to finish reading your letter and since no doubt you have kept (and probably circulated) several copies, I shall merely reply briefly point by point.

1, I am certain I have not confused your application with that put forward by someone else: I find it difficult to imagine anyone else proceeding in quite your style and method. The conference was held because various people, yourself included, had made applications which contained certain common elements; and it was sanguinely hoped that a number of the applicants might combine for the common good.

2. I repeat my offer to you to apply for grant-aid for specific events. We have no funds available to float your "Poetry Secretariat". We have shelved the Poetry Centre question for merely a few months as we understand the situation may well have altered significantly by then. I am aware that the Arts Council has kindly recommended your organisation to promoters, since, in one of the instances you mention, it was I who did so. Fearful, however, of your wrath I shall refrain from doing so again.

1. You are mistaken.

2, 3, 4, and 5. The day-to day administration of this Department is no proper concern of yours. The Arts Council's Annual Report, available on October 13th at three shillings and sixpence, will include a section on the work and finances of the Literature Department.

Yours sincerely,
Charles Osborne pp
(dictated by Mr. Osborne and signed in his absence)

12 OCTOBER 1966

Dear Mr. Wightman,

In my letter to you of 10th October for "noticeably boorish" read "suicidally impertinent".

Yours sincerely,
Charles Osborne.

24 OCTOBER 1966

Dear Mr. Osborne,

Thank you for your letter 10th October 1966.

. . . . . .

Unless I am mistaken it would seem that the only way to obtain a satisfactory reply is through a question in the House.

. . . . . .

Yours sincerely,
G. B. W. Wightman.

CONT. FROM PAGE 3

Beautiful Apple

of concert art not to be confused with 'Happenings.' Her new opera, "Of a Grapefruit in the World of Park," will be presented for the first time in London.

Yoko Ono is currently having a one-man show of her Unfinished Paintings and Objects at Indica Gallery (6 Mason's Yard, Duke Street, Saint James, S.W. 1 until November 18). Work on mounting the exhibition went on until the early hours of last Tuesday morning. Around three a.m. a group of people pressed their noses to the Indica gallery window and demanded entrance. Included in the group was film director Roman Polanski, who rushed around the exhibits ecstatically, shouting "this is the most beautiful apple I have ever seen," and "that is the very essence of a needle." Or so the story goes.

Yoko asks anyone who is interested in performing and helping with the production of her concert to please telephone Holborn 4818; all persons who own bicycles are also asked to phone immediately.

MICHAEL WHITE &
THE TRAVERSE THEATRE
present
YOKO ONO

NOV 17
JEANETTA COCHRANE THEATRE
10:30 P.M. CHA 7040

WE are publishing below a statement by Bertrand Russell on the International War Crimes Tribunal to be held in Paris next spring. The Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation, sponsors of the Tribunal, are arranging for investigation teams to fly to Vietnam this winter in order to make first-hand reports to the Tribunal; they are also planning to fly over 200 Vietnamese to Paris to give evidence.

Patrick Jordan, who is organising the Tribunal in Britain, emphasises that all evidence will be gone over with the utmost care and detail by scientists, juridical and other experts. "The utmost care will be taken so that nothing could be taken as propaganda, but evidence that would stand up in a regular court of law," Jordan said.

To date, members of the Tribunal include Simone de Beauvoir and Jean-Paul Sartre of France, former President Lazaro Gardenas of Mexico, Professor Josue de Castro of Brazil, former head of the U.N.'s Food and Agricultural Organization, Isaac Deutscher, British historian, Peter Weiss, the Swiss playwright, Professor Sakata, the Japanese Nobel-prizewinner in physics; Stokely Carmichael, national chairman of SNCC, Lelio Basso, editor of International Socialist Journal, and Professor Vladimir Dedijer of Yugoslavia.

Anyone who wishes to suport the Tribunal should send money to Bertrand Russell, c/o the Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation, 3/4 Shavers Place, Haymarket, S.W.1.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

MY Appeal to the American Conscience poses to the American people the relation of war crimes in Vietnam to their Government, society—to their very lives. Not only the American people are confronted by these events. So are we all. World opinion and world action must halt these vast atrocities, or "Eichmann" will come to stand for Everyman. "We," said Eichmann, "only provided the lorries." "He who witnesses a crime in silence, commits it," said Jose Marti.

EICHMANN symbolises damaged humanity: those who do not know; those who do not think; those who cannot care. Marti expresses the quick, unfettered sense of human responsibility, of impatience with excuses for horror and of contempt for moral evasion. Who, among us, is not a witness to these crimes?

THERE can be few literate adults in the Western world unfamiliar with the war in Vietnam waged by the United States Government. The mass media of communications, notably television and news magazines, have displayed unremittingly the most graphic evidence of atrocities carried out by the American forces and those responsible to them in Vietnam.

The bombardment of hospitals, schools and tuberculosis sanatoria has been recorded unselfconsiously. The mere compilation of the photographs, reports and data from the Western Press affords a list of crimes as terrible as many of the acts for which Germans were executed at Nuremberg.

The precedent of Nuremberg has direct relevance to our present situation. This was again articulated by Justice Jackson: "Certainly no future lawyer or nation undertaking to prosecute crimes against the peace of the world will have to face the argument that the effort is unprecedented and, therefore, by inference, improper."

In holding a War Crimes Tribunal in 1966 we maintain that our situation is analogous to the circumstances which made necessary the Nuremberg trials. We feel, as people felt twenty-five years ago when Jews were being crammed into gas chambers. We are compelled to speak out, indeed to cry out, against crimes committed in Vietnam.

We maintain that there is overwhelming evidence of a prima facie character, evidence shown daily by the very media of communication of the Western countries. This evidence supporting the charge of war crimes has induced us to prepare the international Tribunal which will function as a commission of enquiry.

What, then, is the nature of this Tribunal? Witnesses who are under accusation are free to attend, but will not be compelled. It has no power to sentence the accused to carry out penalties. It is not the spokesman of any government. These facts rule out an adversary procedure because without the ability to bring the accused to give evidence in their defence a trial is impossible.

A mock trial would not serve the needs of the Tribunal, for its procedures would be inadequate to its purpose. The War Crimes Tribunal will, therefore be an international commission of enquiry which, as in the case of a grand jury, has prima facie evidence sufficient to investigate the crimes it believes to have been committed.

The weight and impact of the Tribunal will be a result of the eminence and representative character of its members. They will be men who are unimpeachable and whom no-one could accuse of treating evidence inadequately or unfairly. This point is emphasised because there will be some who will say that those who believe crimes to have been committed cannot judge the evidence impartially. This is to confuse an open mind with an empty one. We are not blank slates with no feelings or impressions. The Tribunal is called into being because of a passionate conviction that terrible atrocities and crimes against humanity are taking place at this moment against a small people. The Tribunal, like the grand jury which brings an indictment, will weigh evidence fairly but will hear that evidence because of its belief that crimes are being committed.

There will be the most precise examination of the characteristics, properties and effects of the chemicals, gas and other weapons used in Vietnam. More than two hundred witnesses and victims will come to testify from Vietnam. Scientists who have studied weaponry will give evidence. Doctors, nurses, newspapermen and witnesses will testify. Motion picture film and still photographs of the raids and the victims will be presented for the Tribunal's consideration. Documentary film will be made from the testimony of the witnesses, proceedings of the Tribunal and the evidence. Tape recordings will be made of the hearings and pressed into gramophone records for wide distribution. Full data and testimony will be published.

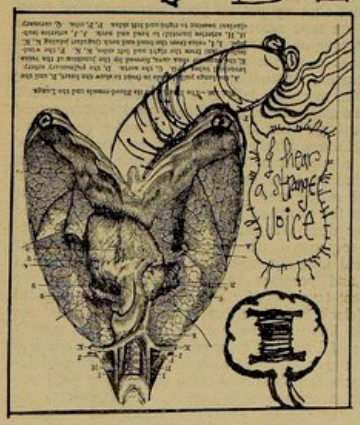
The initiative in forming the War Crimes Tribunal is that of the Bertrand Russe'l Peace Foundation. We have sought to invite esteemed and accomplished people who have made a special contribution to human civilisation. Several of them are experts in international law with particular knowledge and experience concerning war crimes. Because of the eminince of the Tribunal members, not all of them can be in Paris for twelve weeks. The legal staff of the Tribunal will take depositions from witnesses and present findings to Tribunal members where ever they are. At the conclusion of the hearings the judgement of the Tribunal will be printed. Support for this judgement will be solicited on the most intensive and world-wide scale.

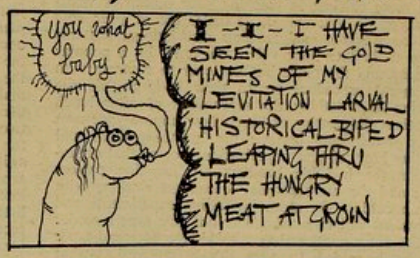
Although it is impossible to compel defence witnesses to appear, the Tribunal is prepared to hear witnesses for the defence, but only those who have been formally requested by the U.S. Government to appear on its behalf. Unauthorised witnesses canot be accepted in defence of the United States' actions because they would inevitably be considered inadequate or unfair by the U.S. Government, which would insist on regarding the matter of its defence to be its own concern. The serious and solemn character of the Tribunal proceedings require that Government approved defence only will be permitted where the U.S. is concerned. For these reasons, I have written President Johnson requesting him to appear in his own defence or designate persons to come on his Government's behalf.

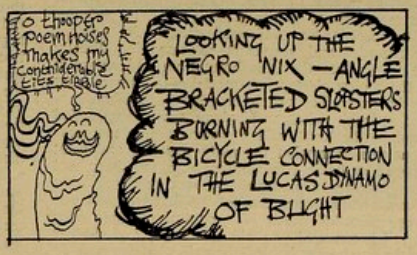
The Tribunal views its responsibilities to be to civilisation and to mankind. Chief Prosecutor Justice Jackson of the U.S. Supreme Court said at Nuremberg: "If certain acts and violations of treaties are crimes, they are crimes whether the United States does them or whether Germany does them. We are not prepared to lay down a rule of criminal conduct against others which we would not be willing to have invoked against us." This Tribunal was called in the conviction that these crimes have again been committed and that judgement must again be invoked against those responsible.

SLEEPY BEE

BY CRTON TOMAZOS







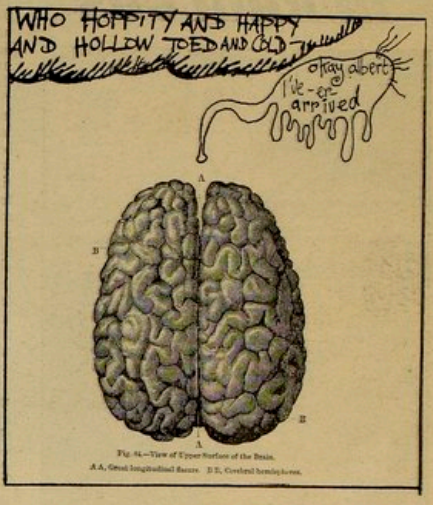
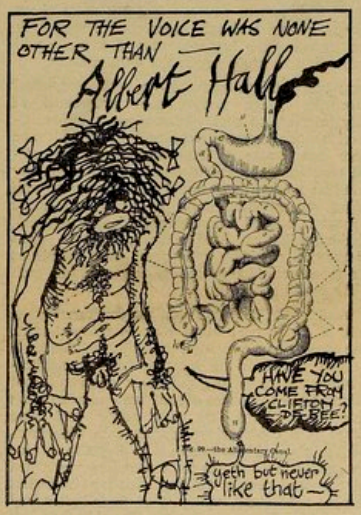


Fig. 84.—View of Upper Surface of the Brain.
A A, Great longitudinal fissure. B B, Cerebral hemispheres.



—FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE WHOLE OF THE BODY CONTOURS
Swimming brings into use many neglected muscles. Here, movements which copy those of swimming provide an excellent substitute. Above, sit, kneel and stretch clasped hands behind. Then lean forward as far as possible without falling, and hold the position for 5 to 10 seconds.

CENSORSHI P/T -2

Strass Paraskos, the 35 year-old Greek Cypriot artist, is still awaiting trial on charges concerning two pictures which the police removed from the Leeds Institute Gallery last April. One picture is being proceeded against under the Vagrancy Acts of 1824 and 1838; the second under both the Vagrancy Acts and the 1959 Obscene Publications Act. The charges are to be tried simultaneously, and Paraskos has chosen trial by three magistrates in preference to a jury.

* * *

On August 26 of this year, the stock copies of Hubert Selby's **Last Exit to Brooklyn** were seized from the offices of Calder and Boyars publishing house. John Calder and Marion Boyars have now been served with a summons under the Obscene Publications Act to show cause why the book should not be seized and forfeited. After a long series of enquiries and dismissals, Sir Cyril Black, MP (who also has it in for drugs these days) took on a prosecuting summons on his own.

The main concern here is with a story called "The Queen is Dead," about a drag orgy, replete with benzedrine and ultimate death. Apparently some MP's and newsmen were quite disturbed by the use of the term "she," in reference to the queers. They would have the author eliminate the confusion of genders; how understanding in a story whose basic premise is that very confusion. A typical example of the complexities of a case like this comes from Mr. Robert Pitman of the 'Sunday Express," who is against censorship, but thinks **Last Exit to Brooklyn** should not be circulated—this cowardly equivocation is rapidly becoming a basic subcategory which might as well be called Censorshit.

* * *

Item: a "Censorship-in-the-Arts" Teach-In will take place in Birmingham on November 16. Teachers will include photographer Jean Straker, publisher John Calder, and playwright Edward Bond.

Jean Straker writes: "It is significant that those who wish to suppress expression are reluctant to enter into public debate on the subject. When in fact the BBC invited me to a "ding-dong" with Cyril Black it was impossible to get Sir Cyril to rise even to the question:

"Do you believe that you were conceived in pornography?"

"I am sorry that you think like that," answered the man who is privately prosecuting John Calder and Marion Boyars over the publication of **Last Exit to Brooklyn.**"

"It is particularly interesting going to Birmingham to speak against censorship, because in the world of the theatre, the Birmingham Watch Committee has a reputation for being the Grundiest of all."

* * *

The following is the text of an insert from the November issue of **Playboy** magazine:

"At the insistence of its U.K. distributor, Seymour Press, Ltd., 'Playboy' has acceded to the removal of those pages in its November issue devoted to a strictly factual article reporting on an organisation in Northern California known as the Sexual Freedom League. The article—according to Counsel — might have contravened British law. No photographic or illustrative content was involved in accepting the decision or has been removed from the magazine. Because of the inability under British law to obtain any prior ruling on a matter of this sort 'Playboy' was left no choice but to eliminate the article thereby precluding possible court action against British newsdealers and distributors."

Don't fret though at ripped-away Page 121 in **Playboy.** The next issue of **International Times** will carry information about the Sexual Freedom League (which, by the way, is located in Berkeley, California), and more about the self - censorship of the pseudo-mag for American kings.

* * *

This informational column will be a regular feature of IT. If you have any information or material pertaining to present censorship or pornography cases, please let us know about it. We welcome you to the fight against censorship, and especially against those artists and publishers who deny themselves the right to be obscene.

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WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS

the invisible generation

what we see is determined to a large extent by what we hear you can verify this proposition by a simple experiment turn off the sound track on your television set and substitute an arbitrary sound track prerecorded on your tape recorder street sounds music conversation recordings of other television programs you will find that the arbitrary sound track seems to be appropriate and is in fact determining your interpretation of film track on screen people running for a bus in piccadilly with a sound track of machine gun fire looks like 1917 petrograd you can extend the experiment by using recorded material more or less appropriate to the film track for example take a political speech on television shut off sound track and substitute another speech you have prerecorded hardly tell the difference isn't much record sound track of one danger man spy program run it in place of another and see if your friends can't tell the difference it's all done with tape recorders anyone with a tape recorder controlling the sound track can influence and create a film track he can influence and create events the experiments with tape recorders described here will show you how this influence can be extended and correlated into a precise operation this is the invisible generation he looked like an advertising executive a college student an american tourist doesn't matter what your cover story is so long as it covers you and leaves you free to act you need a philips compact cassette recorder as basic equipment a handy machine for street recording and playback you can carry it under your coat for recording looks like a transistor radio for playback playback in the street will show the influence of your sound track in operation of course the most indetectable playback is street recordings people don't notice yesterday voices phantom car holes in time accidents of past time played back in present time screech of brakes loud honk of an absent horn can occasion an accident here old fires still catch old buildings still fall or take a prerecorded sound track into the street anything you want to put out on the sublim eire playback two minutes record two minutes mixing your message with the street waft your little message right into a worthy ear some carriers are much better than others you know the ones lips moving muttering away like good ones carry my message all over London in our yellow submarine working with street playback you will see your playback find the appropriate context for example I am playing back some of my dutch schultz last word tapes five alarm fire and a fire truck passes right on cue you will learn to give the cues you will learn to plant events and concepts after analyzing recorded conversations you will learn to steer conversation where you want it to go the physiological liberation achieved as control word lines are cut will make you more efficient in reaching your objectives whatever you do you will do it better record your boss and co workers analyze their associational patterns learn to imitate their voices oh you'll be a popular man around the office but not easy to compete with the usual procedure record their body sounds the rhythm of breathing the movements of after lunch intestines the beating of hearts now impose your own body sounds and become the breathing word and beating heart of that organization become that organization the invisible brothers are invading present time and the more people we can get working with tape recorders the more interesting experiments and extensions will turn up. Why not give tape recorder parties every guest arrives with his recorder and tapes of what he intends to say at the party recording what other recorders say to him it is the height of rudeness not to record when addressed directly by another tape recorder and you can't say anything directly have to nip into the little boys room and record it first the coolest old tape worms never talk direct what was the party like switch on play back what happened at lunch switch on playback eyes old unbluffed unreadable he hasn't said a direct word in ten years and as you hear what the party was like and what happened at lunch you will begin to see sharp and clear there was a grey veil between you and what you saw or more often did not see that grey veil was the pre recorded words of a control machine once that veil is removed you will see clearer and sharper than those who are behind the veil whatever you do you will do it better than those behind the veil this is the invisible generation it is also efficient hands work and go see some interesting results when several hundred tape recorders turn up at a political rally or a freedom march suppose you recorded the ugliest southern law men several hundred tape recorders spitting it back and forth you now have a sound that could make any neighbourhood unattractive several hundred tape recorders could touch a poetry reading with unpredictable magic and think what fifty thousand beatle fans armed with tape recorders could do to shea stadium several hundred people in the street with recorders would be quite a happening in itself conservative m.p. spoke about the growing menace posed by bands of irresponsible youths with tape recorders playing back traffic sounds that confuse motorists carrying the insults recorded in some low underground club into mayfair and piccadilly this growing menace to public order put a thousand young recorders with riot recordings into the street that mutter gets louder and louder remember this is a technical operation one step at a time here is an experiment that can be performed by anyone equipped with two machines connected by extension lead so he can record directly from one machine to the other since the experiment may give rise to a marked erotic reaction it is more interesting to select for your partner some one with whom you are on intimate terms we have two subjects b. and j. b. records on tape recorder one j. records on tape recorder two now we alternate the two voice tracks tape recorder one plays back two seconds tape recorder two records tape recorder two playback two seconds tape recorder one records alternating the voice of b. with the voice of j. in order to attain any degree of precision the two tapes must be cut with scissors alternate pieces spliced together this is a long process which can be expedited if you have access to a cutting room and use film tape which is much larger and easier to handle you can carry the experiment further by taking talking film of b. and talking film of j. splicing the sound and image track twenty four alterations per second. as i have intimated it is advisable to choose with care your partner for such experiments b. finds himself talking just like j. j. sees b's image in his face they are continually aware of each other they are in fact becoming each other you see b. retroactively was j. by the fact of being recorded on j's sound and image track experiments with spliced tape can give rise to explosive relationships properly handled of course to high degree of efficient cooperation and instant report that made them an almost unbeatable pair at bridge they were frequently accused of signalling you will begin to see the advantage conveyed on j. if he carried out such experiments without the awareness of b. many applications of the spliced tape angle will suggest themselves to the alert reader suppose you are some creep in a grey flannel suit you want to present a new concept of advertising to the old man it's creative advertising so before he goes up against the old man he records the old man's voice and splices his own voice in expounding his new concept and puts it out on the office air conditioning system. splice yourself in with your favorite singer if you are interested splice yourself in with newscasters prime ministers presidents why stop there why stop anywhere everybody splice himself in with everybody else go out and buy three fine machines on credit call in the electrician to wire your machines for you and i warn you it will be expensive you need a switchboard that controls the machines tape recorder one playback five seconds tape recorders two and three record now say you are arguing with your boy friend or girl friend remembering what was said last time and thinking of things to say next time round and round and you just can't shut up put all your arguments and complaints on tape recorder one and call tape recorder one by your own name on tape recorder two put all the things he or she said to you or might say when the occasion arises out of the tape recorder now make the machines talk tape recorder one playback five seconds tape recorder two record tape recorder two playback three seconds tape recorder one record run it through fifteen minutes half an hour and now switch intervals run the interval switch you used on tape recorder one back on tape recorder two the interval switch may be as important as the context listen to the two machines mix it around now for tape recorder three you can introduce the factor of irrelevant response so put just anything on tape recorder three old joke old tune piece of the street television radio and program tape recorder three into the argument tape recorder one i waited up for you till two o'clock last night tape recorder three what we want to know is who put the sand in the spinach the use of irrelevant response will be found effective in breaking obsessional association tracks all association tracks are obessional get it out of your head and into the machines stop talking stop arguing stop complaining let the machines talk argue and complain a tape recorder is an externalized section of the human nervous system you can find out more about the nervous system and gain more control over your reaction by using the tape recorder than you could find out sitting twenty years in the lotus posture.

there are many things you can do with programed tape recorders stage performances programed at arbitrary intervals so each performance is unpredictable and unique concerts readings programed tape recorders can create a happening anywhere programed tape recorders are of course essential to any party and no modern host would bore his guests with a straight present time party in a modern house every room is bugged recorders record and playback from hidden mikes and loud speakers phantom voices mutter through corridors and rooms word visible as a haze tape recorders in the gardens answer each other like barking dogs

sound track brings the studio on set you can change the look of a city by putting your own sound track into the streets here are some experiments filming a sound track operation on location find a neighborhood with slate roofs and red brick chimneys cool grey sound track fog horns distant train whistles frogs croaking music across the golf course cool blue recordings in a cobble stone market with blue shutters all the sad old showmen stand there in a blue twilight a rustle of darkness and wires yes when several thousand people working with tape recorders and filming subsequent action select their best sound tracks and film footage and splice together you will see something interesting. now consider the harm that can be done and has been done when recording and playback is expertly carried out in such a way that the people affected do not know what is happening thought feeling and apparent sensory impressions can be precisely manipulated and controlled riots and demonstrations to order for example they use old anti semitic recordings against the chinese in indonesia run shops get rich and always give the business to another tiddly wink what pretty familiar suppose you want to bring down a neighborhood go in and record all the ugliest stupidest dialogue the most discordant sound track you can find and keep playing it back which will occasion more ugly sound track recorded and played back on and on always selecting the ugliest material possibilities are unlimited you want to start a riot put your machines in the street with riot recordings move fast enough you can stay just ahead of the riot surfboarding we call it no margin for error recollect poor old burns caught out in a persian market riot recordings hid under his jallaba and they skinned him alive raw peeled thing writhing there in the noon sun and we got the picture do you get the picture the techniques and experiment described here have been used and are being used by agencies official and non official without your awareness and very much to your disadvantage any number can play wittgenstein said no proposition can contain itself as an argument the only thing not pre recorded in a pre recorded set is the pre recording itself that is any recording in which a random factor operates any street recording you can pre record the future your future you can hear and see what you want to hear and see

the experiments herein described were explained and demonstrated to be by ian sommerville of london in this article i am writing as his ghost

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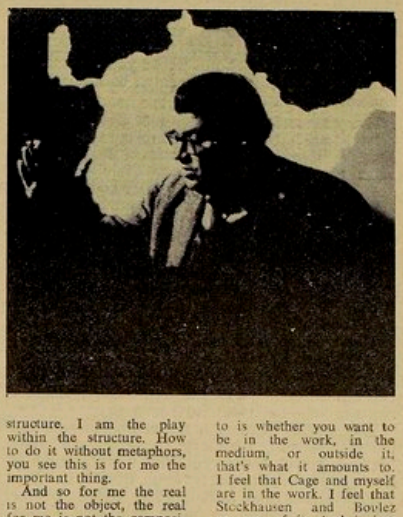
MORTON FELDMAN is as well-known for his conversation as for his music. One midnight he talked to Alan Beckett about his work his music and his relationship to "the environment."

He has just completed a two-week lecture tour around England. Last week at the Institute of Contemporary Arts he proposed that present day 'composers' are merely closing the barn door after the horse has bolted. The 'horse' is music. Among the 'composers' are Stockhausen and Boulez.

Later that night, he remarked that he felt the audience thought they had been taken for a ride. More likely, if you arrive on a horse you usually leave on it, and that may have been what happened to some people there.

Morton Feldman's conversation is not unlike his music— he speaks in slow short bursts, separated by silences of the same length. The silences may break syntax, sentence or even a word. The edited version below was taken from a one-hour tape.

MORTON FELDMAN



My whole background is quite conventional. I studied the piano and started to compose music from an early age. When I was sixteen, my teacher was Wallingford Riegger. And then we have a high school in NYC called Music and Art. It had the best of both possible worlds. And there I met some classmates who wanted to be composers; we formed a composer's workshop. This had no supervision from any kind of teachers. It was a marvellous thing, we made our own scene, and realised the need to take music out of the classroom into practical experience. Thank God we did it so early.

* * *

Then, when I was 24, I met John Cage quite by accident. I was at a performance of a Webern symphony at Carnegie Hall — Mitropoulous conducting with the Philharmonic — and it was just a shattering experience for me. I was standing in the hall all alone and out comes this man who I recognise, and I walked over to him, something I never did before and never did since, I just looked at him and I said "wasn't that extraordinary".

He was just shaking with, how shall I put it, well that's what he was actually shaking with, excitement . . . actually shaking . . . not little shaking . . . with this music.

He asked me what I did. John is a generation older than I am. (I'm 40). John's 54 now, I told him I wrote music, he said he would love to see it and I said "I would love to show it to you", and we made an appointment for me to go down to his apartment.

It was an unusual experience for me because I was brought up in a wonderfully middle class environment. It had the best elements of the middle class which are laissez-faire in terms of my own life. John was a Bohemian. a West Coast Bohemian. I went into this tenement.

I had to walk five flights up to the top, and into this magnificent room. Actually it was two rooms made into one with windows on three sides, with a magnificent view of the East River. You have all the beauties of New York and you look over to Brooklyn and it's really a wonderful view. And there it was right on top of it.

There were little mobiles on the wall. No furniture, just a bare straw mat, very unusual straw, it probably came from San Francisco or some place, it wasn't the kind of straw mats you buy in department stores, John wouldn't have anything like that . . . and you had this wonderful straw mat and some magnificent potted plants, and a long, long marble table with Japanese cushions around it. To one side of the room a Steinway with nothing on it. Then there was another room with a bed and a desk, a kind of drafting table with a fluorescent light, which I immediately imitated, and a little kitchen. I went out the next day and bought myself a drafting table and a fluorescent light. I am very happy to say that is the only thing I have ever taken from John. No, there was one other, a radiograph pen.

I dwell on how he lived because it opened up a certain alternative that was completely unknown to me. We lived in the suburbs in a very conventional apartment, conventional furniture. It was very important, the fact that Cage's room was so ascetic.

It wasn't like walking into the room of someone I know and looking at this beautiful Chippendale, his Picasso and his beautiful side table . . . you know, getting involved in the word of things. With Cage I had the world of non-things . . . I also entered a non-thing world in music as well.

Up until this point my music was personal. It was vaguely modernistic. It had the sound world of a Schoenberg or a Berg, but I wasn't a 12-tone composer. I wrote important things before I entered into this ascetic world. I think the ascetic world reinforced my feeling that they were important.

Let us say this was my last interview, that I'll be leaving this world soon and someone says to me, "What debt do you owe John Cage?" I think I would say that I owe him everything and I owe him nothing. He liberated me in terms of self-permission to go on with what I had decided I was going to do.

There is another, perhaps more important thing that I understood because of my relationship with John — he is a man who always wanted to go out into the world. He was always creating situations where the world could enter into him, where he couldn't distinguish which was the centre, life or him. At the same time I was leaving it, I wanted to get rid of it. I couldn't see what he saw in it. You get all excited about the environment and entering into it and the environment was just a big bore, you see.

By definition, the environment has no definition; the environment is what is passing by at that moment. I remember I was having a lesson with Wolpe and he had a studio on 14th Street. It's the proletarian's 5th Avenue and so Wolpe liked it. He was very socially oriented and he was talking about the man in the street and I was getting a scolding, and I was looking out of the window and there I saw crossing the street Jackson Pollock. I didn't say a word to Wolpe and he went on talking about the man in the street. But there was that crazy almost surrealistic contradiction. It was almost as if Jackson just came by just to get me out of this particular dilemma.

* * *

I don't think of myself as a composer, at the same time I am composing music, but you see that's my delusion. We don't remember when we came into the world and we don't remember when we die, that at both ends, and within is our structure, it's open the structure we feel that it's in Einsteinian terms, infinite yet limited . . . well that's my whole attitude to work. On the one hand I can't say I want it to be infinite, that's too sentimental for me. At the same time I don't want to create a finite thing, I don't want to make monuments to things or about things or about myself or combinations of both. I want it almost the way I live within this structure. I am the play within the structure. How to do it without metaphors, you see this is for me the important thing.

And so for me the real is not the object, the real for me is not the compositional system, the real for me is to what degree, almost in Kierkegaardian terms, I can exist, I can plunge, I can leap into this thing which I call life, which I call the environment.

Here I am in London, it's Saturday night, I go to a dinner party everybody there is from New York. I go to Paris. I just meet New Yorkers. I mean when I think about the world I think about Marco Polo taking a trip to China. He got into the world, you see.

And so, in a sense, getting into the world is a very interesting thing now, because if the artist doesn't get into the world immediately, he'll be out of it in two years. I think it's just self - evident that for example, say the art in Egypt lasted for how many thousands of years, and as we come into modern times each ethnic or person or contribution . . . two decades, one decade. Now it's one season — that's the world.

* * *

I'm trying to get back from hell. The environment. This world. Can we take it that seriously? We don't realise that you don't have to cope with things in hell. I would say that in my music too I had the same struggle, how to get out of this hell back to what I would want to call the real world of being involved with the moment. The French mind, say, the mind of Baudelaire, would call it the tyranny of the moment. I would call it the ecstasy. You see it's awfully hard for me to talk about music because, let's put it this way, in the Talmud they had an angel and his or her name was "Forgetfulness". I was blessed by this blessed angel, so when I work I forget.

There is still an incredible difference between Europe and America. In Europe what is presented is really a machine, and the human being who is doing it is left out of it — he's outside it, because he's surrendered to a conceptual, artistic life. Now, in New York, with myself, and much of the painting of the fifties, the man himself, his learning, his background, his perceptions, let's say that he is the machine. He gets rid of the machine in himself and then he gives you this art without this dialectical justification.

What it really amounts to is whether you want to be in the work, in the medium, or outside it, that's what it amounts to. I feel that Cage and myself are in the work. I feel that Stockhausen and Boulez are out of it. And it just becomes a question of temperament; I would like to go even further and say that if you want to be out of the work you want to be out of life. I remember the theories that first taught us to be out of the work were the Greeks, and Kierkegaard said they didn't know know what life really was because they had no guilt.

I think I realised I was thrown out of Eden . . . And by the sweat of thy brow thou shalt earn thy art, and I think Boulez and Stockhausen think they're in Paradise. Because evidently, the great idea, the great system, is analagous to Paradise, an intellectual Utopia. I know I was thrown out because I ate the apple — Stockhausen's just eating Wienerschnitzel. I don't know what Boulez eats.

So I can't relate or identify with any system whatsoever, not even that which I make myself. Even that which I make myself is a playback. Even if I invent something completely new, it's only because I want to return to Paradise, I want to cop out.

* * *

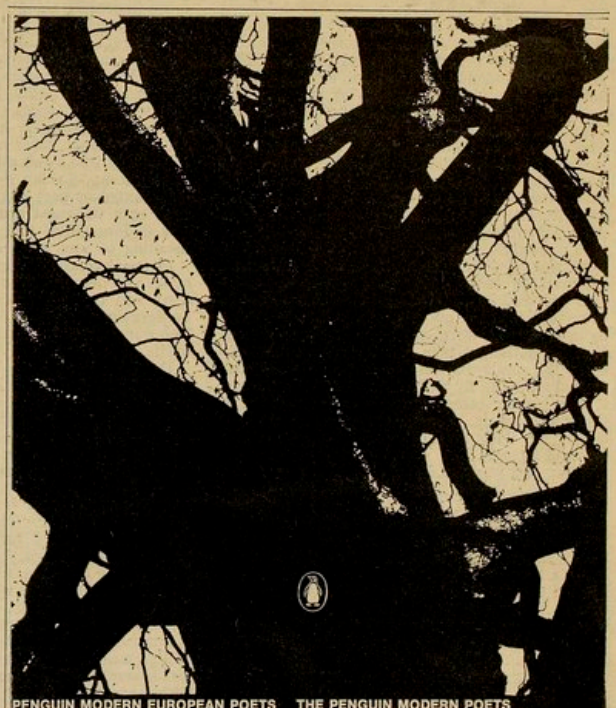
Oriental and Zen cultures?

My whole debt to Oriental culture is Chinese food. Other than that, the whole philosophy is not different from any philosophy or any system of thinking — each tries to find a justification for living in the hell and understanding it. A technical device is not a technical device — it's always really a philosophical excuse for living in the chosen hell of the artist that relates to this particular technical device. When a man talks to me about technique in music, I'm sorry to say I think of him as a fool. Obviously, if you settle for a system, which is like settling for a form of government, you cannot go farther than that system allows, you cannot go out of it, so you are also immediately back where we began. You could be someone like Stockhausen who would use many particular systems, many particular stances in the same piece, but they are all denying themselves immediately.

In my own artistic thinking I also have this dilemma about art and life. Also, I'm trying to bridge that but there is this something about art that aroused me to understand this whole business about loss of nerve.

I have a very dear friend, a great painter, called me up very upset, the work wasn't going well . . . he asked me to come to his studio — which I did — I looked around at the work, saw some sketches, drawings, large pictures, and I was very close to his work, intensely involved with his work, and he asked me, "what's wrong?". And I said "simply — a loss of nerve." And he was so relieved, he says is that all?

So don't talk to me about systems, don't talk to me about aesthetics, don't talk to me about life, in fact don't even talk to me about art, and let's end it with this thought: That it all has to do with the nerve, nothing else, that's what it's all about; so in a sense it's a character problem.



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NEW YORK...

JAKOV LIND: Of Cowboys and Cannibals

Right at the beginning there were at least four Americas. One was Shirley Temple and Mickey Rooney. The second Charlie Chaplin. The third America was called Al Capone and Chicago. The fourth was fiction (invented by the German writer of children books, Karl May)—Cowboys and Indians. Grown-ups knew of another America: the pushbutton-household-gadget-America for mothers; the Wallstreet-crash-1929-when-everyone-leaped-out-of-the-window-America for fathers. And yet—and yet . . . . Wallstreet or not, a big, free, beautiful country where shoeshineboys become Presidents and uncle Julius who had a pair of shoes with holes in them when he left his native Kolomes made a fortune with fountain pens. So it can be done. No one asks questions. No qualifications needed. Just hard work. America was the moon. People went there but no one ever returned. Two questions were asked in my class and nothing an immigration officer asks could have been more personal: Are you ready to live in Chicago? And. Would you rather be a cowboy or an Indian?

The first question wasn't difficult to answer for tough guys: Yes, I am not scared. The second puts a problem: Both parties were heroic. The cowboys had guns and were always winning it, the Indians were armed with bows and arrows and tomahawks, quick, cunning, wild and loud mouthed. They weren't as pitiful as uncle Tom, for whom one only could feel sorry, but Indians ultimately had to lose. Guns are deadly weapons . . . noisier than any Indian warcry. Bullets were not so easy to remove as arrows. They make holes in you. They always killed. The Indians were the heroes destined to lose. I chose the losers at the age of seven. This is thirty two years ago.

The German sun was darkened by two thousand tiny silver birds. An hour later the town of Mannheim had practically ceased to exist. Fire and smoke. Falling walls and sunken Rhine-barges. The cowboys were flying and shooting holes in the landscape. I had no problem but one: to survive the rain. To survive the carpet. The Indians had turned out to be bloodthirsty rascals, I had no objection to seeing them being wiped out. As long as the cowboys didn't hit the hostages and prisoners. But of course they did. Russian prisoners of war, Dutch and French slave labour and occasionally the cowboys blew up a prisoner-of-war camp of their own men. The Germans rejoiced. **Eighty-two bombardments I survived, in Berlin and Hamburg, in Heibronn and Glessen, in Koblenz and Mannheim and in every single place my ship stopped to load, the flying cowboys were after me. If bombs fall there is nothing a man can do but pray and observe the summerfly settling on the wall. If the wall shakes the fly will leave it for the ceiling, if the ceiling comes down, the fly will leave through the hole. Insects always get away. All a man can do is hold his breath and pretend to be dead already.**

After two years and 82 bombardments, I saw the first Americans in Brussels, still sharing out corned beef in tins, bacon in tins, breathing the air of a free new world: the smoke of Chesterfield. Two things were "in" this summer of 1945; The Soviet star with sickel and hammer, worn proudly on a lapel by everyone (the word communist meant: this man had been alright, he had been in the Maquis, he might have been a partisan, in short, a hero) and the carefree, jovial, friendly, generous GI. Socialism and democracy. The new world starting in May 1945 was a real new world. Lights in the windows after four years of blackout, stars and stripes and sickel and hammer. The black creeping swastika spider nowhere in sight. American, English, French and Chinese, Dutchmen and Russians in fact everyone who was not German or Austrian was your friend, your brother. Crying and kissing and laughing. Brussels, Amsterdam, Paris. Summer in the parks. Allied uniforms. Music from bars and dancehalls. Every day new Nazis caught. War still in far away Japan. But freedom here and now.

The summer of 1945 made even trainloads of hollow-eyed concentration camp inmates look like happy tourists on a daytrip to the sea. All men were brothers in this summer 21 years ago and the luckiest of my brothers left for America.

In 1950 after five years in Israel, five years in which I seemed never to read a newspaper, the Korean war started for me in Amsterdam one morning after breakfast. United Nations troops, 38th parallel, Chinese volunteers, MacArthur, the Atom bomb. MacArthur relieved by President Truman. No world war three yet. No world war three—yet, not for 16 years. Not yet. Suez—and the Russians threaten to intervene—but no war yet.

Hungary and the Americans mumble something about intervention—but no war yet. Cuba, Kennedy demands withdrawal of Russian missiles, the Russians withdraw their missiles—and there is no war yet. Another four years of no war yet. And now in May 1966, a quarter of a million American troops in Vietnam—and the question is whether American fighters will pursue North Vietnam and maybe Chinese planes over Chinese territory but only President Johnson can give permission to do so. (Fighter pilot: President, this is second-lieutenant Jimmy Flagerty speaking: Shall I go after this Chinese son-of-a-bitch. My gunner is ready. Over. President: Jimmy Flagerty, this is your President: Return immediately to base and don't bother about this one Chinese slob. Wait for your orders. Roger.) No war yet—not until further notice.

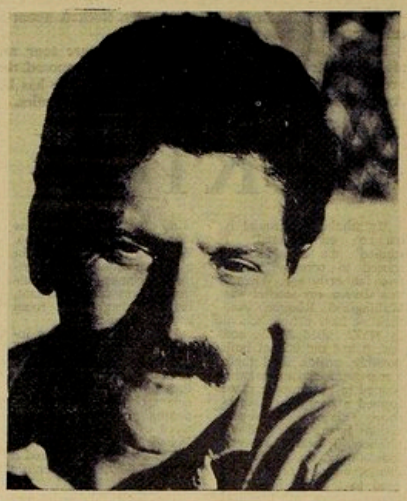
The New York scene is not all restaurants and parties, not only Ginsberg, the Fugs and Andy Warhol, velvet and sweet-silky underground of Evergreen on Ramparts from the West. The T-bone steaks and after theatre drinks at the Algonquin followed by more drinks at Caseys and the 55 with Anny, Rudi and Arnold and Sherry still leave your stomach empty and your pallet dry. There is Pannas party and Roberts party and there is more drink on Monday afternoon at the Pen club if you pay for it. Committed literati floating between the Brooklyn campus of Long Island University and Princeton's German 47 group guests don't make literature, unless the single swallow makes the summer. **Sex is in and beats are practically out; my impression is that LSD will soon be called overrated and pot, the oriental happinessmaker smoked as a protest against governmental Asian policy (no doubt), might soon be legalised and cease to provide a source of income for the Mafia and the police informer. Vietnam war opponents, left-wingers of all shades (I am convinced there are as many Marxists to be found in New York as in Moscow), do-gooders, professors, culture vultures, fringe poets, journalists and plenty of pretty neurotic Jewish girls (who sometime turn out to be Catholic by birth), the people I meet are all excellent, some more, some less, excellent Americans who by all differences have two things in common: Taking a good standard of living for granted as part of the American way of life (not even the most ardent revolutionary would like to forgo this) and a total ignorance of the meaning of war for a civilian population.**

Physical comfort coupled with total ignorance of war at home, are as dangerous as starvation diets and the ignorance of peace. A state of belligerency is taken for normal and granted. The war has become a thing, a condition, a thing on its own.

Do Americans hate Vietnamese? Of course not. Yet they destroy their country. Do Americans hate Communists? Certainly not. They are on quite friendly terms with Polish and Yugoslav Communists for instance, and they can certainly no longer hate Russian Communists as the Russians let them do whatever they like in Vietnam. Maybe it can now be said that Vietnamese hate Americans, but only in as far as they suffered directly by the war. I have never met the Communist who said: I hate Americans. An old argument, it sounds, but it has a new twist: Governments no longer fight each other because they hate each other's system. (Indeed, why not insist on a Communist Vietnam and make it a worthwhile trading partner, Communist Governments certainly prove to be "stable").

War, and this is the heritage of Hitlerist thinking, is conducted as a matter of principle. Under Hitler war had still a certain profit aim, this cannot be said for the war in Vietnam. This war is solely a matter of principle, yet war is not a matter of principle—but simple murder and robbery. Every war.

There is nothing, absolutely nothing to be gained by it, at least not directly. But indirectly there is a lot to be gained by it; the economic boom continues. The physical comfort of the greater part of the population has underwritten this war. American towns have never been bombed or destroyed in streetfighting, left wing protest or not: One gets away with it because



Jakov Lind. Photo: Leonore Mau.

America is a rich and powerful country. And it is also a free country. By its wealth and power and freedom everyone in this country (America) can live well (forget the unemployed, forget the povertypockets, their numbers obviously do not count), including my leftwing intellectual friends, who can live here even better than in a Utopian Socialist state that would straight away curtail the freedom of speech if not necessarily lower their standards of living. (We all know; the intellectuals live quite well in the East).

Something occurs here that has no parallel. First of all this country is neither Fascist nor Hitlerite. It has a freely elected Government and a free press.

Yet at the same time it has more wealth and military power than any dictatorship could ever control. I suggest, not the dictatorships but the free democracies are inhabited by citizens without a moral conscience, because their conscience is: their comfort, strength and their freedom. The evil of the Vietnamese war no one seems to want is the result of the silent co-operation of free and well-to-do ordinary men and women. The few shall suffer so the many can continue to live well.

In Hitler Germany ordinary citizens could plead innocence and ignorance, the atrocities committed in their name were state secrets, the same can be said to be true for Stalin's Russia. The dissidents, the objectors ended up in concentration and labour camps. The Gestapo had its eye everywhere. Terrorised and intimidated a man in Nazi Germany would hardly dare to express his opinion. Disagreement meant death. Disagreement here does not even mean the loss of a job.

I suggest: the moral conscience of the ordinary man here, buttered more or less by full employment, could only be shattered by the blasts of napalm and TNT, but who would wish this ordeal on ordinary citizens? Yet a free press, reports that ordinary citizens somewhere in Asia are daily being blasted to Kingdom Come, by mistake, by mishap, by some form of mismanagement of a war that no-one wants.

There is something, somewhere become insane or there maybe something everywhere that has always been insane. I am ready to believe that. I believe people, yes all of us with very few exceptions, are just that: totally insane. Insane murderers the lot. But not just killers, a little worse: cannibals.

Man eats man. No question about it. The usual reference to a cannibal is some association to an African or a New Guinea tribe that gobbles up the defeated foe, the explorer in tropical garment. White men on a higher level of organised society do just the same, not in an African fashion, and not in a New Guinea fashion but with the Nordic tradition of the Angmassalik Eskimo.

First the victim is closed into an igloo, the unfaithful wife, the hated brother-in-law. In this igloo the victim is held for between three to seven days, in special cases two weeks. The

CONTINUED ON PAGE 11

JAKOV LIND was born in Vienna in 1927. He now lives in London but is a well-known visitor to America. His books in English include Soul of Wood (Jonathan Cape) and Landscape in Concrete (Methuen). A new novel is planned for the near future from Methuen.

'Quit squirming until I slip these delightful thin rubber stockings on your scrawny legs to ensheathe your unsightly villous limbs in scintillating slick latex'

RUBBER with VIOLENCE

By Ray Durgnat

IN spirit **It** and **The People** have something in common. **The People** snoops, exposes, doesn't like people being conned by crooked business firms. **It** doesn't like people being conned by capital-c-Culture.

People readers must have been mystified, however, by a recent item. Their reporter found a little shop in W.1. Its window was empty but for a sinister black rubber curtain. Inside he learned of a cult whose practices struck him as so evil that it was all he could do not to rush off to the nearest phone-booth and dial 999. As it is he begs the fuzz to burst in.

His readers must by now have been very intrigued, but he can't bear to tell them what goes on. Clearly **It** will have to do **The People's** job for it.

The cult is wearing rubber clothes.

There are various rationalisations, both cast-iron ones. They can help you sweat and slim. They can blend the appeal of skintight stretch with a PVC-like texture. Indeed, if they'll never make the fashion parade it's for practical rather than aesthetic reasons. Rubber keeps you cold in winter and hot in summer, it soaks the skin in perspiration, it tears easily and slowly perishes in strong light. Some rubber has an odour and rustles (though other types can, we are assured, be worn under everyday clothes).

They occasionally appear on the fringes of the artscene. The rumour is that Sternberg discovered Marlene while she wore black rubber in licentious pre-Nazi Berlin. For **Le Testament d'Orphee** Jean Cocteau insisted on clothing his Muse in a tonnage of rubber clobber (she kept nearly fainting) while rubber togs appears also in **Orphee** and **Les Parents Terribles.** Proust has an eloquent passage on how lovely Albertine looks cycling around in her rubber mac. In **Come Spy With Me** Danny La Rue trumps the erotic appeal of leather-clad chorus-girls by towering over them in (shinier) rubber. (One of his gags is our headline). Emmanuele Riva wrote of her experiences while filming **Le Huitieme Jour:** "the whole thing became...filled with an artificial eroticism which I knew was exactly Hanoun's intention... He found the putting-on of rubber gloves particularly exciting, and made a great deal of the crackling noise they made and the vaguely sensuous idea of a second skin. I detested this.. "

Even as kinks go, rubbery is weird, for it isn't even naturally unnatural as, say, sodomy and buggery are. It can't have begun until rubber was industrially exploited (about 1870). Presumably it appeared about twenty years after rubber began to be used for babies' bottle teats and for putting in children's beds between their nappy stage and their attainment of nocturnal bladder control. Fixations at this level no doubt help to explain adult fetishisms.

But the cult's oddities require other explanations. For it links with leather kinks and kinky boots. Indeed the enthusiasts' magazine, **Rubber News** features speculations as to whether or not this will be a "boots winter" and tips readers off as to the best window displays (Annello and Davide's in Drury Lane and Russel & Bromley's being favourite venues, apparently, for impecunious nose-pressers). Many items in specialist catalogues are made in either rubber or leather, or in leather lined with rubber. High heels feature in the syndrome too, to judge from the American magazine **Bizarre** (£4 in Soho book-shops, £2 back on return).

Often rubber connoisseurs are highly specialized; liking **only** gloves, or macs, or whatever. Others are more eclectic, and, where such links exist, the rule of thumb is that leather fanciers are predominantly sadistic, rubber customers masochistic. Why? Leather looks hard and tough and is outer--directed; rubber with its odd sensuous qualities, is inner-directed. The sadist likes to wear leather to look powerful and to incarcerate his victim (to blot him out). The masochist likes to wear or wrap himself in rubber and likes to see his despot in either leather (more brutal) or rubber (more teasing).

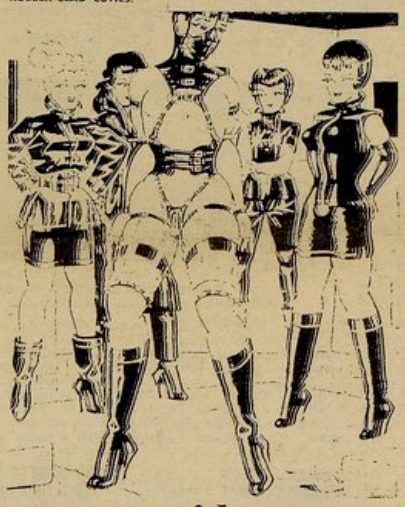
Thus the catalogues include such innocent, or rather orthodox, sexual items as latex slacks and blouse (which do give a nice cat-suit effect) or capes (a la Batwoman). The more esoteric items (in a special catalogue sold only at special request) include a cosmetic hood (50s.) which covers the face, zips down the back, buttons round the neck, and can be purchased with apertures at either nostrils or mouth (eyeholes optional). One may suspect that this could be used to intensify tying-up fun (referred to in a French film as 'the English game'). It's confirmed when we come across such erotic gems as Inflatable Unit (Mark 2) Fitted to Foam-Padded Metal Pad Gag (£7) or the padlock-begirt Female Chastity Belt. (The "result of careful design. Entirely effective. Can be worn for extended periods...£10").

Feminists will regret that for the male sex there is only an Imitation Chastity Belt (£5 10s.), which, though "striking looking," with its leather straps and rubber crotch-piece, is "not entirely effective."

The art of such gear is, to quote a satisfied user's letter, from Reader Mr. 466, London, S.W. 6, to "achieve the highest possible degree of restriction without undue discomfort for the wearer." For though "restrictive" interests often overlap with "corrective" (flagellation, etc.), the rubber faddists' interests in "undue discomfort" remain, it seems, on the fantasy level. Even then there's a stress on discipline regimes, on a controlled and controlling sadism, and a conspicuous avoidance of the convulsive coshes, knives, claws and fangs of popular iconography. Stephen Schneck's novel **The Night-clerk** has an atypical episode where a man kills his rubber-restricted victim.

Another common affinity is with transvestism. The "Vanquished Victim" of an American specialist comic-strip called **Subjugated in Rubber** is urged by his girlfriend to "quit squirming until I slip these delightful thin rubber stockings on your scrawny legs to ensheathe your unsightly villous (sic) limbs in scintillating slick hosiery so you will have on the proper hosiery for the rest of your fabulous feminine garb." (I'm not quite sure why all the characters speak in such emphatic alliteration).

FORCED TO STAND IN MUTED SHAME, STRINGENTLY SUBDUED IN BLOOMERS AND BOOTS, THE COWED CAPTIVE OF THE DISSOLUTE RUBBER DEVOTEE WAS CONTEMPTUOUSLY EXPOSED TO THE DISPARAGING JEERS AND INSOLENT HUMILIATING TAUNTS OF THE RUBBER-CLAD CUTIES.



One of the seven or eight fetish suppliers in England does offer a rubber 'vest" with built-on foam-rubber breasts. One suspects that many of the "maids' outfits" are in fact worn, in sad solitude, by males, though there is also a very hetrosexual-looking thick rubber vest with holes which allow only the breasts to protrude.

The underlying motivations of the fetish are laid bare, with respectworthy lucidity, in a booklet called **Rubber Clothing: Fashion??? Fetish??? or Fantasy???** (Arkinson Ltd., 1966, 5/-). As the author comments, rubber's stretch, smoothness and odour correspond very closely to those qualities of the human skin. In this sense rubbery is less perverse than, say, velvet-and-perfume eroticism. The tying-up aspect, where present, could be a form of swaddling, of caressing. Thus rubber garments are a fetish-form of the absent, but longed-for, mother.

But they are also a denial of flesh-and-blood. Rubber resembles skin, but isn't; it's manufactured, dead. The most popular rubber colour is black—overwhelmingly so in England, but also in America, despite the popularity there of red (for the manic? phallic? mother). Black is the colour of evil and mourning. Mother's dead.

The booklet follows up the association quite brilliantly. In white-skinned cultures, the funeral colour is black, but in China and the Indies, the funeral colour is white, i.e. the opposite of brown skin. Obviously cultural cross-influences, and the day-night polarity, have often overridden this. But the observation seems astute. To mourn one wears the colour-opposite of mother's life-giving body.

Presumably the rubber fetishist is "made" only when various paranoid mechanisms have convinced him that he can only love mother when she's evil and or dead. He can then get right inside her (whence hoods and the transvestite angle). But she wants her revenge, being restrictive or corrective (gagging, tying-up, whipping). The inflatable gag is clearly a breast-surrogate, a compulsory dummy.

Similar principles seem to underly leather-fetishism. Indeed, leather really is a corpse's skin. It's also "non-skin" (tougher, a more emphatic refusal of the body). For a fetishist, a "Mrs. Gale" in leather is a mother who has taken on the father's role and strength (even the kinky boots are phallic) and remoteness. Rubber, with its "sweat-appeal" and fleshlike elasticity, is an aberrant form of skin eroticism. Other variants focus on silk, velvet, fur, etc. PVC (half leather, half rubber) also appears in the catalogues (and of course has a general reputation as potentially kinky). The rubber-wrapped fetishist is snug in the dead, cruel womb.

Obviously few rubber fans are "hundred percenters," but in general their lot is not a happy one. Before they can get to that stage, their paranoid mechanisms must have deprived orthodox erotic, or even ordinary human, contacts, of much of their energy and meaning. The homosexual eroticizes real relationships with real people, whereas, as the booklet remarks, rubber fetishists tend to be in erotic "solitary.."

Not from choice. Female rubber-lovers are as rare as the female sadists of male fantasy. Girls are occasionally mental sadists, but those who are erotically interested in physical sadism are usually lesbians. Physical sadism is a primarily male attitude, and so, according to the booklet, is rubbery, being a "going back to mother" which women, being mother, rarely want, or need, to do. Attempts to start rubber clubs (one in Hampstead) floundered on too few girls and the blackmail and tumbling risks.

The great rubber sadness is that it's almost always performed in solitude or with prostitutes. One Bayswater card advertises a "Mrs. MacJoy" (the Mrs." is intended, presumably, to appeal to guilty Oedipus complexes—"I'm another man's wife"). Even the chain-sets are designed to be auto-removable (unless you go to an ironmonger's and buy padlocks).

The solitude is crystallised in a quite fantastic piece of equipment, the Inflatable Hood (10 gns), "Our own original design. Two hoods, one inside the other, sealed together with an airtight seal. Both fit loose, zip at the back and have a high collar. A breathing-tube is fitted through both hoods. When put on and zipped-closed, the space between the two hoods is inflated, giving a feeling of strange "remoteness" and isolation. There is also a degree of sound isolation, although this is not complete."

Why should the rubber-lover seek the isolation he obviously also dreads? It would seem that on any level the psychological convulsions characteristic of eroticism occur only when inner frustrations, tabus and longings are all at a high pitch, but in an unstable relationship (due to changing circumstances affecting them). Hence the inmate feels "cut off" (maximal frustrations and tabus), yet controlled by, and therefore in the exciting presence of the tyrannic mother. It's love's last gasp.

At this degree of perceptual interference, rubber fetishism almost reaches a drug-addict pitch of intensity, qualifying as the "anti-mescalin." This dreadful hood ironically recalls Paul Overy's description in **It** No. 2, of Graham Stevens' Battersea Park Airhouse, a PVC balloon inflated by a compressor, which could be entered by a zipdown door in the side:

"Inside you had that strange disembodied feeling of space...even more ambiguous because...the walls, puffed out continually...are constantly alive like a skin...the skin limits your vision, yet lets in quantities of translucent light. The space inside becomes very personal and comforting...you talk to people you've never seen before without apprehension, like going on holiday abroad..."

I suspect rubbery is an artificial womb for the lonely and anxious, it's an erotic symptom of our perceptually fidgety, emotionally dead culture. Linked with the everyday jokes about leather and P.V.C. kinks it expresses a minor, but significant, aspect of the zeitgeist. (Interestingly, its clientele are overwhelmingly upper-middle-class, professional people).

The People's frantic call to the cops is both futile and nasty. Indeed, rubbery comes within no conceivable definition of obscenity. It's a negation of nudity. One might as well prosecute shoeshops for selling kinky boots, or schoolteachers for threatening children with corporal punishment. Now that's an infringement on individual liberty which I could have at least a little sympathy for. . . . .

books

the exploits of the incomparable mulla nasrudin
by idries shah
jonathan cape / 30s

by Peter Stansill

Fresh hope for idiots

On being confronted with such a baffling name as the Mulla Nasrudin most infidels will probably search for a rounded feeling of his identity and manoevre it into some cosy European categorisation.

It's no great sweat to do that. One could, for example, say that he is the idiot Middle Eastern philosopher who was the spiritual forerunner of both Spike Milligan at his best and Bob Hope at his worst. Or that his message is contained in a garble of elephant-type jokes and goony situations somewhere in the Persian shrublands.

No doubt this is commendation enough—a rosy promise of many guffaws for connoisseurs of the unjoke, with the additional graphic delights of Richard Williams's screaching illustrations.

But the deeper dimension of Idries Shah's collection of platitudes, revelations and anecjokes cannot fail to haunt one like a siren through the book. Laughs congeal on the face into bewildered scowls, thoughts splutter around confusedly.

The Sufis, an ancient school of philosophy rooted in the Middle East, devised Nasrudin to illustrate their teachings. They made him indomitable, ubiquitoos, something to do with eternity; but they also made him say "I am upside down in this life."

This book introduces him and lets him speak for himself. The prose often seems bland but leaves the reader free to be confounded in an uncluttered sort of way. The drawings are very understanding.

Ablahi Mutlaq, a gentleman known in his time as "The Utter Idiot," is quoted at the beginning of the book thus: 'Mulla Nasrudin, Chief of the Dervishes and Master of a hidden treasure, a perfected man . . . Many say: I wanted to learn, but here I have found only madness. Yet, should they seek deep wisdom elsewhere, they may not find it'. That should give brave hope to all idiots.

the investigation
by peter weiss
calder and boyars / 35s

by David Mairowitz

No hope for theatre

At last, there is enough political theatre in the air for us to pull back the welcome mat and begin the arduous and endless process of critical discrimination. The written script of Peter Weiss' **The Investigation** (Calder and Boyars 35s, translated by Alex Gross) is worth talking about since we are unlikely to see it in an extended run in London after its disasterous box office in New York this autumn.

The play is a documentary built from the trial records of the events and figures at Auschwitz; its genius lies in its unrelenting, un-punctuated stream of facts and defence. No one blows his cool; empathy has been scarred beyond recognition. The Theatre of Fact, a terrible cliche long before half the world has heard of it, is demonstrated here to the Nth power.

Why did **The Investigation** fail in New York, aside from the obvious American disappointment with not seeing more madmen, sadists and nymphomaniacs from Weiss? It seems hard to take for anyone who has waited for this kind of play to save both the theatre and the world—but aside from a handful of devotees, no English speaking audience could sit through eleven Cantos or three hours of **this** investigation. Because of boredom? Not that so much as sheer frustration with the problems of **that** war, now almost three decades old. Of course, everyone knows the Nazis still exist, that they are high ranking businessmen and government officials in West Germany. Naturally, this has to be exposed over and over again, for the sake of those who still care. And this has its place in art, in the same way that today's events should call to mind the great mythic events which concretize evil and innocence in the world, its history, and pre-history.

The Investigation adds volumes to our knowledge, but little to our indignation. It adds one very central sentiment: "We must get rid of our exalted attitude / that this camp world / is beyond our comprehension/". Yes, the cliches about German atrocities must be kicked aside. It isn't inhuman at all; it's as straight as something called history. The Second World War and its horror has been stomped out of immediacy by the films, by the "history books," by the groans of everybody's parents.

But while we flounder so, one political play after another bites the dust. There is no sense in heralding The Investigation, **even though it is superb in the achievement of its hard, factual goal. We're still intact after it is performed, whereas German Catholics and Cardinal Spellman in New York were stood on their heads after Hochhuth's** The Deputy, **a far more important and dynamic play.**

Both of these plays deal with virtually the same problem, but **The Deputy** had the greater virtue of stepping on slippered-toes and defrocking undercover popes. It trampled on the sacred and brought Nazis and Catholics together once again on the picket lines outside the theatres.

* * *

What then are the fitting topics for immediate theatrical investigation? This is almost anybody's guess. Perhaps the function of political theatre should be to present new evidence or information which would disappear in the glare of daily headlines, but could be repeated night after night in a performance. Perhaps the theatre can weed out what the press obscures and develop a sober theatrical analysis. What or who are we aiming at? And how much can we afford to let theatricality obscure a political premises?

Macbird is a very significant failure among political plays. (This play is not available in England. Copies can be obtained for 1 dollar from: Macbird, p.o. Box 2273, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017). Written by Barbara Garson of Berkeley, California, **Macbird** has been the recipient of supbstantial praise from leading American critics and writers including Robert Brustein, Eric Bentley and Robert Lowell. In a recent **Plays and Players**, Brustein described it as "one of the most brutally provocative works in the American theatre."

Lyndon Johnson is here the target for exposure, within the structural and lingual framework of **Macbeth.** Kennedy becomes Duncan, Bobby Kennedy Macduff, and so on. The parallels are terribly amusing, although not as surprising as American critics would believe. For the play is obvious and often politically naive. It makes the great American liberal's mistake of confusing dozens of issues at the same time. Berkeley, California, is certainly the centre of genuine political commitment and agitation in the United States, but not always the centre of intelligent politics. **And why do we need intelligent drama? Because we can't afford to be boring people when we should be kicking them in the stomach. Macbird condemns by implication, it explores no possibilities, presents no evidence. An LBJ Theatre must not ridicule, it must turn the man inside out, upside down. He is not a ripe subject for parody, unless the bite can somehow manage to approximate savagery.**

The formula recurs — **Macbird** will startle nobody, when and if it is played. In the Shakespearean parallels and references which occur constantly, lies an easy escape hatch for any audience; they can play at it all evening, and they probably will.

MIME CLASSES IN AMERICAN MIME
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the penguin john lennon
penguin / £1,000,000

by Selim

The PENGUIN JOHN LENNON is 13cm by 19.7 cm by 0.8 cm and will only take up 10.4 square cm of your valuable shelf-space. It is THE COMPLETE post-war BRITISH experience, the elaborate symbolism of Dinky Toys, Meccano and Enid Blyton books on war-time economy paper which used to grow strange mould on it if allowed to get damp. It is creepy stories of "Jack the Nipple" with insides out and the infuriating intellectualism of "Shamrock Womlbs" read under warm covers in the cold bedrooms of youth. Later it is the wild parties where: "puffing and globbering they drugged themselves rampling or dancing with wild abdomen, stubbing with wild postumes amongst themselves," after realising that the Famous Five never got any older and never never had sex, that there was no treasure in the back yard and not even a secret map in a rotting casket It is a wild shriek of freedom from Cassandra's endless complaints about the telephone operators, freedom from Wilsod and the "General Erection," telly, Oxo, coloured bus-conductors and policemats. In yards of line drawings, short stories and poems the collective psyche of a post-war British upbringing is doodled effortlessly onto the page for you to giggle over in cathartic laughter.

The 'Presence' of Le Parc

by P. R. Meed

Paris is presently entertaining an exhibition of the work of Argentina's Julio Le Parc at the Galerie Denise Rene. Le Parc, 37, won the Grand International Prize for his motorised op, skip and jump works. A founder of Paris' Groupe de Recherche d'Art Visuel (G.R.A.V.) which includes Garcia Rossi, Morellet, Yvaral, Sobrino, and Stein. The real interest of a painting, for Le Parc, is its visual presence. "Presence" in his work is felt by pressing buttons. He eliminates the human scale, and creates a world where science and art meet, where absurdity is fact.

The "Labyrinthe" is a formula G.R.A.V. chose in their Stockholm Manifesto of 1961, where they described their intentions: "The exclusive production for the cultivated eye, the sensitive eye, the intellectual eye, the aesthetic eye, must cease. HUMAN EYE is our point of departure." At the entrance of the first "Labybrinthe" in one of their exhibitions were the words: Forbidden Not to Touch. Forbidden Not to Participate. Forbidden Not to Break."

The relationship of the human spectator to all this is described by Le Parc himself: "The notion of 'show' (spectacle) integrated to visual art leads us to the notion of activated spectator or active spectator. One could in this line conceive sculptures to be fought, dances to be painted, etc. . . defined and programmed."

To this, the group adds: "We are sure that in physiologically activating a spectator we act on his psychology, and that in provoking new situations we also provoke different behaviour. We search to create a new situation where there would no longer be more or less enthusiastic specialists, and a vast indifferent public."

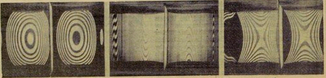
The last essay of G.R.A.V. in this sense has been realised in Paris on the 19th of April, 1966.

"The town is a bunch of habits and acts renewed each day," says G.R.A.V. "We think that the sum of those routine gestures can lead to a total passivity or a general need to react. We want for one day in Paris to add a series of punctuations deliberately orchestrated. We do not think that our experiment will break the routine of a day of routine in Paris. It can be considered as a displacement of situation. We look at it as an essay tending to overcome the traditional relationship between the work of art and the public."

Pamphlets were distributed announcing the timing of the programme in nine different spots of the town from 8 in the morning, with a distribution of surprise gifts to the passengers of the metro, to 2 the following morning, bombing the pedestrians in the streets with electronic flashes. It included the text of an enquiry on the sense of the manifestation which many people answered.

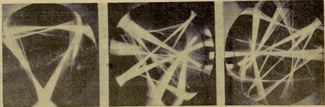
To a french art critic who recently asked Denise Rene the reason for choosing this form of art.

"To me no other expresses better man's domination of the world. For these artists there is no room for obscure forces, entanglements, decomposition, degradation. Because it is a sort of mental hygiene which is in opposition to the cult and to the exasperated "I" as the tachists practised it. The art I advocate is clear; it expresses intelligence and harmony, it is noble like certain modern forms which express power: a propeller, a skyscraper. It is a sort of shield against the spirit of destruction. It is optimistic, dynamic, constructive. It is normal that it be the art of a generation which finds itself in the very search of all human activity."



"Reliefs a deplacement du spectateur." These are boxes including a variety of themes. Mounted with reflectors or structured surfaces that decompose the vision of the theme at different angles.

"Une Journee dans la rue" Incognito/Unbalanced/Squar ed. April 19th 1966.



"Continuel-Lumiere" compositions of programmed light in motion projected into cylinders or boxes. Most projections include interchangeable filters that propose varying themes.

jazz

from sweden

Keith Knox writes:

Charlie Lloyd brought his quartet back into the "Golden Circle", Stockholm, at the beginning of November after an absence of some eight months. During his absence Lloyd and the quartet have been touring extensively throughout Europe, appearing at festivals and so forth, and over this period the music has changed noticeably. I find that the sounds hang together more of the time than was previously the case, and the canvas is wider. Lloyd himself has given up marching around the stand and seems more involved "in", as opposed to "with" the music.

No doubt about it though, when this quartet has got something really going it's one of the best sounds around, full of love, excitement and desire to communicate, and they find a groove at all tempos, calypsos, everything. It can be a drag waiting until they've got it all together but this has improved already, and I'm sure they'll get better and better if they can continue playing as a group.

Pianist Keith Jarrett is a complete gas, playing all over and inside the piano, clearly staking a claim as one of the best pianists playing today. Jack DeJohnnette has improved a lot since I heard him last and Cecil McBee is very solid and musicianly, not exactly wild, but he's right there where it counts and obviously enjoys playing with the group. Lloyd's flute gets better all the time, and he's got what I think is a bass flute now, which produces the most weird grumbling sound.

Something new is the wind trio, with Lloyd on flute, and DeJonnette and Jarrett playing alto and tenor recorders. This is a sound I've not heard before and it's very wild, with Cecil McBee knitting his bowed bass into the twitters.

Charlie Lloyd's tenor sounds maybe a little less of Coltrane and a little more of Rollins than it did, but really it's quite original and the way he blew OUT on a fastish "Speak Low" was as good as it gets, and no hate anywhere, just excitement, love and ecstasy.

Yes! it's a marvellous group.

from germany

Mike Mantler and Carla Bley will be at the Golden Circle in Stockholm on November 20 and 22. On the 26th they have a radio concert in Rome. Mike Mantler writes that "the time in between could be filled up in various ways. There are a number of South German clubs that want us approximately the same time we play in Stockholm. I imagine that could be juggled around — but I'm really sick of those German dinky little clubs, and if I can somehow manage I would rather not play those gigs . . . **so, that's where you come into the story — get me a gig in London and we can drop those gigs** . . . In Vienna I want to do a tape in a studio, which I'll try to sell in the States. The studio is good and I think cheaper than anywhere else in Europe. **How about London? Do you know a studio that will record us for free and also give me the tapes afterwards? This could be reimbursed if they sold eventually . . . We seem to have gotten quite a lot of publicity in England and should be fairly well known and draw a number of people to the club."**

Club owners, recording companies, promoters, please note.

films

onibaba

by kaneto shindo

cameo-royal

Violently dissenting opinions on any film are common, and as much as one would like to castrate critical opponents, there is virtually nothing to be done.

Two isolated critiques of the new Kaneto Shindo film, **Onibaba,** are worth mentioning, however, since they **totally dismiss** one of the most important films to come out of Japan.

Philip French, in the Sunday **Observer,** commented: "One can see it playing for a long time to audiences of lonely men in fawn raincoats and dedicated students of movie eroticism."

Richard Roud in the **Guardian** surpasses even the critic's normal mixture of nastiness and oh - so - cleverness with an incredible bit of undercover white chauvanism. He pokes fun at what he calls "grunting," which appears to be a reference to a typically Japanese form of utterance or exclamation, which can be isolated in any Japanese film. He then goes on to say: "All the actors are appalling unless one subscribes to the director's view that belching, slurping, grunting and dog-eating (literally, I'm afraid; there is a scene of them roasting and eating a dog) are somehow terribly **real** and meaningful, so is the film."

Naturally none of these things can approximate the experience-bloated and reality-crammed day of a British critic.

Whether or not you take to this film, it is obviously not Shindo's idea of a joke. It correlates some intense Japanese mythics with grassroots Freudianism, which results in a horrifying uncovering of the social and ego-oriented mask. Its eroticism is totally turned-on and worth seeing. **D.M.**

CONT. FROM PAGE 1

CHALLENOR, EVANS, ABERFAN

"There were major discrepancies in the evidence given by the various Crown witnesses. Someone in that court, either police officers or the prosecution, must have known that at least ten of the Crown witnesses were unreliable. These witnesses were put forward by the Crown as being honest, reliable and trustworthy witnesses. Beyond all doubt, their evidence resulted in the conviction of the Fletchers. Yet not one word was ever mentioned concerning the background of these witnesses—one of whom was there under an assumed name.

"The fundamental principles of law were completely abrogated by Sir Edmund Davis and Sir John Hobson. For example, in law it is quite impossible to be an accessory-before-the-fact unless you are absent from the scene of the crime at the time the crime was committed. Furthermore, in law, a conspirator is an accessory-before-the-fact. The Fletchers were charged as conspirators — therefore, accessories-before-the-fact to the murder of Melvin Stephen Smith. Yet the Crown's whole case was that they were **present** and actually did the murder. So if the case for the Crown had been proved, it would have demanded the acquittal of the Fletchers. Because they were **present** and could not, by definition, be conspirators. In evidence put to the Home Secretary, I have quoted the case Regina v Brown where a woman, indicted as being an accessory-before - the - fact of murder, was acquitted because it was proved she was **present** at the time the crime was committed.

"Law is by its nature complex and extensive. It would be within the bounds of human forgiveness for a judge to misapply law without being aware of his error. However, it is not within the bounds of human forgiveness for a judge, after many years of practice at the Bar, and many years experience on the Bench, to commit errors of elementary law. This happened in the Fletcher case. These errors were committed by Sir Edmund Davis.

"Its even more incredible that during the appeal of the Fletchers, the Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord Parker, closed both eyes to these errors of judgment and law. Indeed, the Fletcher case indicts the whole of the judiciary and all members of the Bar who were present during the trial. They showed no interest or curiosity at this peculiar application of law.

"Full evidence rebutting the evidence upon which the Fletchers were convicted, and full evidence proving the guilt of the police, has been in the hands of the Home Office for 18 months now. On the 26th October, this year, I handed into the Home Office, marked For the Attention of the Home Secretary, the full transcript of the trial, notes of evidence, and the judgement given at the appeal court. I also handed in all the relevant documents which support the facts I claim—(a) the Fletchers are innocent, (b) the police are guilty, (c) the law was misapplied by the respective judges. It may well be that the silence with which I have been greeted may be because the Home Secretary has ordered a diligent inquiry into the trial.

"However, as Sir Edmund Davis heads the investigation into the Aberfan disaster, I can't help but wonder whether it is a question of expediency, at this moment, to keep quiet about the Fletcher case . . . quite apart from the fact that it would unmask police criminals and give another example of an "Evans" case. It could throw doubt upon not only the integrity of Sir Edmund Davis but upon his ability. Maybe Sir Edmund Davis is a completely honest and public-spirited man. But from the example of the Fletcher case, it is open to doubt whether he has the ability to extract the truth from witnesses and apply the law where it should be applied."

art

east end

by Paul Overy

Kingsley Hall in Powis Road, near Bromley underground station in East London, has an interesting history. It was established in 1928 to provide social services for the working class population in this part of London. In 1931 Ghandi lived in a small cell on the roof, with a goat to provide milk, while he was negotiating with the British Government. Since 1965 Kingsley Hall has been loaned to the Philadelphia Association to establish a community which includes people suffering from schizophrenia who would otherwise be in mental hospitals.

Until December 2 there is a show by four young painters, all of whom are, or have been, students at Chelsea School of Art.

The exhibition is large, and a bit confusing at first because the works of all four painters are hung together rather than individually and because influences from each other, from artists who teach at Chelsea and from the London gallery scene are still strong, as is only to be expected at this stage. John Maizel's paintings are stained in acrylics and the influence of Morris Louis is still in the process of being digested; his drawings in magic marker on blotting paper seem to grow more spontaneously. Gabriel Weissmann's work has achieved a unity of style, a kind of painterly calligraphy that animates the surface in several levels, each level partially obscuring that underneath, creating complex figure and ground relationships. His works are very controlled and assured, although there is the danger here that style could harden into mannerism. John O'Connor's work is more eclectic, although there is a constant preoccupation with the spontaneous linear flowering of forms. His work is uneven, but his best paintings have the strongest imaginative vitality of those in the show; there is no feeling of ideas being cut and dried here.

Paul Kaplan's work stands apart from the others because of its simplicity of form and its non-linear quality; large areas of flat colour form loose emblematic configurations which hint at three-dimensionality without suggesting an illusion of depth. This creates a quiet but powerful presence. Two recent works, both called 'Pudding', introduce a bland humour into what otherwise might seem too poker-faced a stance.

It's in places like Kingsley Hall, in shows like this which they have organised themselves, that young developing painters should be seen, rather than in the West-End. It's a much more stimulating experience for spectator and artist alike spectator and artist alike

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

JAKOV LIND

murderer will not kill his victim in a rage, he argues, rightly, that death without fear is too short a ceremony. He wants his victim "to experience death" — not just to die. Every few hours he glances through a small hole he has left in the icewall. Their eyes meet. Not a word is spoken. The fear in the eyes of the victim is the murderer's satisfaction. Not the lifeless body, the fear of death he enjoys. After a few days of this watching and observing the killer will strike. And in the case of a "dangerous" enemy whose revenge he might fear, he will eat a piece, only a small piece of the liver. A small piece will do. It's merely a symbol. Cannibalism among the Angmassaliks at times of real starvation took also other forms, they would eat most of their victims not just the liver, in order to survive. This was East-Greenland back in the 1890's.

It started with Hitler, an Angmassalik Eskimo if there ever was one. Never before had people been destroyed under such conditions of humiliation and mental torture. Not only teeth of gold but also hair and bones were found useful, found their way into the economy of the country, symbolically absorbed. The "dangerous" enemy was eaten "skin, hair and all" as a matter of principle and to forestall revenge. The strong kill and eat the weak, merciless. No longer a balance of power between the two parties. Hitler's war against Jews and Gypsies was cannibalistic. The total annihibation of a much weaker enemy, without purpose, to no avail, this is the meaning of cannibalism in our time.

Yet it must not be forgotten, no killing took place without a so called reason. Jews and Gypsies were exterminated with the help of the law of the country and this law was based on such noble ideas as "the happiness and future of our people." It all made "sense" and not surprisingly did it make sense. To try to destroy the Russians and the rest of the free world made absolutely no sense. To annihilate the weak is possible and therefore permissable to the moral conscience of every ordinary citizen—providing he gets away with it. As the cowboys got away with it. Yet I for myself, I rather chose to be a Red Indian. Less guilty and more rewarding in the long run I guess.

CONTROLLED FREAK-OUT?

KIM FOWLEY

"LIGHTS"

Parlophone R5521

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What's HAPPENING

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

SUN 13 NOV

open discussion: "Putting the Facts on the Stage". RSC dismantles the label "Theatre of Fact", opens up theatre's new pull towards actuality. Those taking part will include:- Peter Brook, Denis Cannan, Geoffrey Reeves, Michael Kustow, Albert Hunt, ("US" production team) James Cameron, Nicholas Tomalin, Harold Hobson, Irving Wardle, Peter Coe, in the Mahatma Gandhi Hall, 41 Fitzroy Square, W.1. 7:30 P.M.

MON 14 NOV

lunchtime play: "The Bear" by Anton Tchekov at the Quipu lunchtime theatre club, New Arts Theatre, Great Newport Street, W.C.2. 12:15 & 1:15. Mem. 1/-, all seats 5/-, students 2/6. Until 18 NOV.

TUES 15 NOV

sound/light workshop: the Pink Floyd at the London Free School, All Saints Hall, Powis Gardens, W.11. 8 P.M. Experimentalists welcome.

folk: Dave Travis at the Troubadour Club, 265 Old Brompton Road, S.W.5 9:30 P.M. till late. Mem. 10/-.

poetry: Hugh MacDiarmid reads his own poems at the Jeannetta Cochrane Theatre, Southampton Row, Holborn. 10 P.M. All seats 5/-.

WED 16 NOV

celebration: "Nothing Doing in London". Film, music, poetry, etc. by Becket, Cocteau, Deguy, Lacerda, Milhaud, Norse, New York Art Quartet, etc. at Better books, New Compton St. W.C.2. 9 P.M. 3/-. COV 2161.

contemporary music concert: including Michael Finnissy: two extracts from "Horrorzone": soloist Elaine Hooker: at the Royal College of Music, S.W.7. 1 P.M. Free.

lunchdate play: "Caught in the Act" by Keith Johnstone, with Lucy Fleming, Benjamin Beelson, Tony Trent, & Richard Morgan, at the Jeannetta Cochrane Theatre, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.2. at 12:45 P.M. all seats 2/6. CHA 7040 Instant theatre — improvised comedy.

THURS 17 NOV

music of the mind: Yoko Ono presents the London premiere of her opera "Of a Grapefruit in the World of Park", and other events including "Chorus For Bags", "Message Passage", & "The Slipping Movement" at the Jeannetta Cochrane Theatre, Holborn, W.C.2. Details from the Box Office, CHA 7040. Yoko asks anyone who is interested in performing ... or helping with her production and especially those with bicycles (100 are needed) to please ring HOL 4818 or WHI 1424 immediately.

poetry reading: presented by "Ambit" Alan Brownjohn, John Horder, & Jeff Nuttal at Chalk Farm Library, Sharpleshall St., N.W.1. 7:30.

lunchtime films: at the Mermaid Theatre, Puddle Dock, Blackfriars. Today and tomorrow:- "The Meeting", "The Concert of Mr. & Mrs. Kabal", "The Seat", "Love", "Clap Vocalism", "Alf, Bill & Fred". All seats 1/- unres.

FRI 18 NOV

films: the Gothique Film Society presents a Peter Lorre evening with "M" by Fritz Lang, and "Stranger on the Third Floor" at the London School of Film Technique, 25 Shelton Street, W.C.1. 7 P.M. 30/- membership.

latenight jazz: the Graham Collyer Septet at the Jeanetta Cochrane Theatre, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.2. 10:30 P.M. all seats 7/6.

SAT 19 NOV

folk: Trevor Lucas at the Troubadour Club, 265 Old Brompton Road, S.W.5. 10:30 P.M. till late. Mem. 10/-.

late show: John Renbourn's first solo concert at the Jeannetta Cochrane Theatre, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.2. 10:30. All seats 7/6d.

SUN 20 NOV

folk: the Folk Singer's Committee for Peace present Ewen McCall, Peggy Seeger & the Critics Group at the "John Snow" public house in Broadwick Street, W.1. 8 P.M.

folk: Packie Manus Byrne at the Troubadour Club, 265 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.5. 9:30 till late. Mem. 10/-.

MON 21 NOV

lunchtime play: Quipu Lunchtime Theatre Club presents "Village Wooing" by George Bernard Shaw, at the New Arts Theatre, Great Newport Street, W.C.2. 12:15 & 1:15 P.M. Mem. 1/-. All seats 5/-, students 2/6. Until FRI 25 NOV.

TUES 22 NOV

sound/light workship: the Pink Floyd at the London Free School, All Saints Hall, Powis Gdns., W.11. 8 P.M. Psychedelic show.

carnival of poetry: at the Arts Centre, Lordship Lane, Wood Green. The Writers' Workshop has organised an evening during which performers present their poetry in song, in movement, in relation to music, in prose; poetry traditional and experimental; busking and science-fiction poetry. there will be an opportunity for anyone in the audience who so wishes to read their own work. Seats:- Reserved 3/-, unreserved 2/6; students 2/- & 1/6. Booking:- Norman Hidden, 2 Culham Court, Granville Road, N.4. tel. FIT 4054.

folk: Les Bridger at the Troubadour Club, 265 Old Brompton Road, S.W.5. 9:30 P.M. till late. Mem. 10/-.

WED 23 NOV

films: Raymond Queneau evening at Betterbooks, New Compton Street, W.C.2. Films "Zazie" & "Exersises in Style", poems, stories, etc. 8:30 P.M. 3/-.

folk concert: Julie Felix sings solo at the Fairfield Hall, Croydon. 7:45 P.M. There are a few tickets left at 17/6 & £1. Box off. CRO 9291

THURS 24 NOV

poetry reading: presented by "Ambit" Barry Bowes, Edwin Brock, Gavin Ewart, John Pudney, at the Central Library, Swiss Cottage, N.W.3. 7:30.

lunchtime films: at the Mermaid Theatre, Puddle Dock, Blackfriars; today & tomorrow:- "The Railway with a Heart of Gold" "Mr. Lewis", "Bread & Circuses". All seats 1/- unreserved.

FRI NOV 25

folk benefit: at Porchester Hall, Notting Hill. Ginger Johnson, Big Theo, Hope Howard, Doug Kennedy, Terry Masterson, Keith West, Steve Bromfield & The New Harvesters. 7:30 P.M.

latenight folk: Jean Ritchie, one of the greatest figures on the American folk music scene, at the Jeannetta Cochrane Theatre, Southampton Row, W.C.2. 10:30 P.M. All seats 7/6. CHA 7040.

SAT 26 NOV

folk: Pete & Marion Gray at the Troubadour Club, 265 Old Brompton Road, S.W.5. 10:30 P.M. till late. Mem. 10/-.

SUN 27 NOV

folk: Jack & Margaret King at the above address. 9:30 till late.

MON 28 NOV

benefit concert: in aid of the survivors of the Aberfan disaster. Bert Jansch, Davie & Toni Arthur, Les Bridger, at Wandsworth Town Hall. 8 P.M.

GALLERIES

exhibition of four artists:- O'Connor, Kaplan, Weissmann, Maizels, at the Kingsley Hall, Powis Rd., Bow, E.3. mon. thurs. fri. sat. 11 to 6 P.M., tues. wed. 11 to 1 P.M., sun. 2 to 6 P.M. Free. Closes 2 DEC.

exhibition of paintings: by Gianpistone & Luciano V. Pistone at the Newburgh Gallery, 26 Kingly Street, Regent St. W.1. Closes 29 NOV.

six Swedish painters: contemporary artists' work chosen in Sweden by Adrian Heath and prepared by the Moderna Museet, Stockholm. Represented are Lage Lindell, Olle Angquist, Lars Englund, Sigvard Olsson, Jan Mankers & P. G. Thelander. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James Square, S.W.1.

design: Half a Century of Modern Design at the Bethnal Green Museum, Cambridge Heath Rd., E.2. until 4 FEB 67.

Cambridge: In Motion — kinetic art, selected by Guy Brett. Ten artists are represented, six of them in some depth — Clark, von Graevenitz, Medalla, Soto, Takis, & Tinguely. Each illustrates a different aspect of this new medium. Arts Council Gallery, Cambridge.

Edinburgh: Young Contemporaries: Arts Council selection of about 30 works from the annual exhibition at the F.B.A. Galleries earlier this year, organised by the art students in London schools, and drawn from schools throughout the country. Now at the English-Speaking Union.

York: Pop Prints — 33 British & American pop art prints commissioned by Ever-Ready Personna. Artists represented include Allen Jones, Peter Phillips, Roy Lichtenstein, Jim Dine, James Rosenquist, and Andy Warhol. City Art Gallery.

Portsmouth: memorial exhibition of sculpture and drawings by Frank Dobson, one-time member of Group X. Cumberland House Museum.

Leeds: photographs by Eric de Mare of industrial buildings in this country at the time of the Industrial Revolution Institute Gallery.

St. Ives: Exhibition of internationally renowned local artists & sculptors at the Penwith Gallery, St. Ives, Cornwall.

CONTINUOUS

play: "The General's Tea Party", at the Jeannetta Cochrane Theatre, Southampton Row, W.C.2. by Boris Vian 7:45 P.M. tickets £1 15/6 10/6 5/- Booking CHA 7040.

exhibition: Feliks Topolski's Studio. Paintings, drawings & "Topolski's Chronicle" — Hungerford Bridge Arch, opp. artists' entrance to Royal Festival Hall — open to visitors on Saturdays only, from 11 A.M. - 6 P.M. Free.

mermaid films at lunchtime: — every Thursday & Friday at 12:10 & 1:10 P.M. All seats 1/- unreserved. Mermaid Theatre, Puddle Dock, Blackfriars. Box off. CITy 7656. Restaurant, licensed Bar & Coffee Bar. films exclusively from the Short Film Service, during current season.

jazz: Old Mill Jazz Club, Old Mill Hotel, Batheaston, nr. Bath, Somerset. Every Sunday, 7:45 - 11 P.M. London & local groups.

lunchtime folk: Bungies, 27 Litchfield Street, London, W.C.2 with Katy Partridge from Canada. Tuesday and Friday 12-2 p.m. 2/6.

underground film-makers who have films completed for exhibition but have no place to show them, please send their names, addresses, and titles or descriptions of their films to: Film Makers Co-op, 94 Charing Cross Road.

quipu lunchtime theatre club: New Arts Theatre, Great Newport Street, London, W.C.2. Membership 1/-, all seats 5/-, 2/6 for students. For details of programme see above: for further information, write to Quipu, 63 Cromwell Road, London, S.W.7. (FRO 5309) Permanent programme of short plays.

troubadour coffee house: Basement 285 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.5. Mon. Flamenco; Tues. Folk; Wed. Folk; Thurs. Modern jazz; Fri. Eric's Blue Jazz; Sat. Folk; Sun. Folk. See above for details of times and artists. Membership 10/-.

folk at the scots hoose! Every Friday and Saturday at 8 p.m. at Cambridge Circus, Charing Cross Road, London, W.1. Artists: Jansch, Campbell, Behan, McCarthy, Kennedy, Smith, Cattouse, Byford, Bridger, Lockran, Matt McGinn.

rumanian art of the 20th century: BRANCUSI and his countrymen at the R.C.A. Gallery, Kensington Gore, London, S.W.7. Until Sat. Nov. 19. Daily 10-5.30 p.m.; Thursday 10-8 p.m.; Saturday 10-4 p.m. 2/6, students 1/6.

jazz—all night session: Every Saturday at Ronnie Scott's Old Place, Gerrard Street, London, W.1. Midnight to 7.30 a.m. Featuring the Bob Stuckey Trio. Members 10/-, guests 12/6.

london film-makers co-operative: Write for details, catalogue, programme and membership forms to: Paul Francis, 9 Gilbert Place, W.C.1. HOL 1817.

vincent crane combo: Every Wednesday at the Witches' Cauldron, 50 Belsize Lane, London, N.W.3. 2/6.

jean straker photographic exhibition: 12 Soho Square. Mon. to Sat. noon to 9 p.m. 10/-. Art students half-price.

Ronnie Scott's: Closed for 2 weeks. Annie Ross opens 25 Nov.

camden junior artists' exhibition: (forming part of the Camden Junior Arts Festival). Central Library, Swiss Cottage, London, N.W.3. and Holborn Library, Theobalds Road, W.C.1. from November 7 for two weeks. Free. Mon.-Fri. 9.30 a.m. - 8 p.m. Sat. 9.30 a.m.-5 p.m.

little theatre club: Garrick Yard, St Martins Lane, London, W.C.2. (COV 0660). Theatrescope lunchtime plays at 12:15 and 1:15 p.m.

little theatre modern jazz club: Every night except Sunday, 10:30 p.m.

les cousins folk club: London folk and blues centre. 49 Greek Street, London, W.1. Weekdays from 7:30 p.m. Friday and Saturday all night from midnight. Membership 2/6 per year. GER 5413.

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